

in 1906--I came back from school on a vacation and Chief Left Hand was putting on a soup ceremonial. During a camp out here northwest of Calumet.

(What kind of a ceremony?)

Kind of a doctors--soup or stew ceremonial--pertaining to the clients of his form of faith--symbolism--doctoring. I think they were beavers. The "Beaver Clan." They have a bowl and they cook it. They have a fire and they have a kettle and they have--I don't know what kind it was--I didn't taste it--but anyway certain appointed men sit there and they sing and they offer prayers and they fumigate the fireplace where this kettle is boiling--these herbs--and one of these medicines--I think it's this "dog root." And Chief Left Hand personally took a stick. They have a little stick, you know. What they do, they have a stick about so long and they slit it and they put a little piece of wood in there to make the prongs stay open. They pried that in there and twisted it around and they got this herb out. And he gave me a piece of it. I was always keeping the fire up for them, you know. He gave me a piece of it and told me to chew it and swallow it. And he took another piece and gave it to those men that was managing that ceremony. And he, himself, took a piece of that. We all ate it. One man in Wyoming--I asked him if he knew of it--he spoke English. Henry Lee Tylor was his name. I asked him if they had an English name for that that they might have learned from those anthropologists or those men that studied their way of life. And he said, "The only name that we have established, which the white people that are interested in our problems understand also," is that we call