

PETER, RODOLPHE

ARTICLE

#8233

~~LEGEND~~ STORY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

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8225

Field worker's name Anna R. Barry

This report made on (date) August 9, 1937 1937

story

1. This ~~legend~~ **story** was secured from ~~(none)~~ "The Mennonite", Mission Number

Address published at Hillsboro, Kansas, November 10, 1936, Volume LI - No. 44

This person is (male or female) White, Negro, Indian,

If Indian, give tribe _____

2. Origin and history of ~~xxxxxxx~~ **story** written by Rodolphe Petter
who served as a Mennonite Missionary among the Cheyenne Indians
for forty-five years.

3. Write out the legend or story as completely as possible. Use blank sheets and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached sixty-three

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Anna R. Barry
Field Worker
August 9, 1937

Taken from The Mennonite Published
at Hillsboro, Kansas, November 10, 1936.

This Article was written by Rodolphe Petter.

Some Reminiscences of past years in my mission
service among the Cheyenne Indians.

"And when they were come and had gathered the Church
together, they rehearsed all things that God had done with
them, and that He had opened a door of faith unto the Gentiles",
Acts 14:27.

In accord with above Scripture quotation and conform-
ing with the wish of the Mission Board, I will endeavor to "re-
hearse some of the things that God has done with us." Neither
memory, nor space, nor time permits me to rehearse all that I
have experienced in the forty-five years of my mission service
among the Cheyennes. What God accomplishes in the mission
work from beginning to end, is as great as He is, with or with-
out or in spite of the men whom He calls, prepares, and uses
as instruments.

The call of God belongs to my first experience in
my mission service. For me this call was unequivocal. In

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the depths of the night the village's tocsin bell has startled me out of sleep and I say to my brother, " From now on I will devote my life to the service of God." Not long afterwards my brother wakes me up (we were in the same bed) and tells me "I just had a dream and saw you standing among Indians and speaking to them."

A few years afterwards I attended a large mission gathering, held near the shores of Lake Morat, Switzerland. What I saw and heard there, for the first time, made a deep impression upon me and I said to myself, " If only you, too, could become a missionary." Later came my religious instruction which was simple though proving of lasting spiritual value for me. The pastor was a man of God whose Bible teaching made a deep impression on us young people. One day, as he stood before us teaching, I heard in my heart an unmistakeable voice say " You, too, will some day preach the Gospel." But how could that ever become possible for me? The goal appeared so high and the means to reach it too few.

Sometime after this our Catechism Class was invited for a meal at the parsonage. There, as we sat at table, the pastor's wife asked him whether none of us young men had a

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call to devote his life for the Master as a missionary or pastor." "I know of no one," answered her husband. I was startled and then said in my heart "God helping me, I shall be one, although I know not how." The "how" was provided by the dear Lord through means and circumstances, all of which I will not describe here. In Lausanne, Switzerland, I was led into the circle of earnest Christians. Among them I met a blind evangelist and became his leader for nearly two years. I would accompany him wherever his work called him, in Switzerland, France and Alsace. My duty was also to read to him from books and take care of his correspondence. Through him I came into contact with many workers of God's Kingdom, also with teachers and students of the theological seminaries of Lausanne. It was there that I met the well-known pastor, Wagner-Groben, author of several German religious books. He advised me to go to Basel and there, in the Mission Institute, prepare myself for the mission work. A rich lady whose husband was an outstanding physician begged me not to become a missionary; "there were greater needs at home". All my expenses for my studies she and her husband would gladly pay. She added, "Rodolphe, you are like a son to us. As we are

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childless, we will adopt you as our only son and all we possess shall be yours." Well, not only would my widowed mother not consent to this, but the dear Lord had shown me plainly enough what He wanted of me. I could not be disobedient to Him. I went to Basel and entered the Mission Institute there.

The beginning was not quite easy, for I knew no one, neither did I understand German, the language of my teachers and co-students. But gradually the difficulties disappeared; after six years spent there, I was declared fit to become a missionary. The preparation had been a thorough one, consisting in theory and practice, learning and living in daily contact with very able, learned and experienced men in the secular domain and in all that pertains to the kingdom of God at home and abroad.

With the close of my studies I expected to serve as missionary for the Basel Mission either in Africa or India, but God led another way, which neither I nor my teachers had thought of before, nor chosen, namely, the war of the Cheyenne in Oklahoma.

At a conference of the Mennonite Church in the

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Swiss Jura Mountains, I was accepted as their missionary, and shortly after that Marie Gerber became my life companion and co-worker. We left Switzerland together in 1880 and embarked in Antwerp for the United States. The leave-taking from parents, brother, sisters, friends, countrymen and homeland is likely the first hard mission offering for mission workers going to far distant countries. The farewell mill grinds the heart, but is a preparation for further unavoidable "mills" in the mission service among heathen people.

We landed in New York, August 7, 1880, and went from there to Philadelphia, where Brother N. B. Grubb welcomed us to his home. With him and Bro. A. B. Shelley, the secretary of the Mission Board, we visited most of the Mennonite Congregations in Pennsylvania, being warmly received by all. From there we came to Ohio and Indiana, visiting the Swiss Congregations of Sonnberg, Bluffton and Berne. With them we almost found the homeland we had left. From Berne I went to Marion, South Dakota, to attend the General Conference in the fall of 1890. There I was definitely appointed as Missionary among the Oklahoma Cheyennes. First,

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my wife and I were to become fluent in English and towards this end spent the winter in Oberlin, Ohio, attending classes at the college and theological seminary. We were in a thoroughly English speaking atmosphere, where it was easy to become familiar with the language. In Basel I had had to learn German, here it was English, and that was not yet the end. A former Indian Missionary, living in Oberlin, came often to visit us and told much of his forty-two years' activity among Canadian Indians, which had value for our future work. In a measure we learned English; we became acquainted with people and customs of America, and we felt more at home. Only one day my dear companion could not help but cry the whole day long, not knowing why. Ten days afterward we received a letter from Switzerland telling us her mother had died that very day.

In the spring of 1891, we were back in ~~Berne~~, Indiana. From there we were called to Halstead, Kansas, where the Mission Board had a session. With some of the Board members we made a visit to the Oklahoma mission stations at Darlington and Cantonment, where mission school work had been carried on for a decade or longer. We then came back to Halstead, where at the home of

the dear Wirkler family we had our quarters while we visited the Mennonite Congregation in Kansas, to get acquainted with each other. This being done, we were ordained for our mission work in the Halstead Mennonite Church in the presence of not a few, who now have gone to their reward. Among these was the elder David Gerber, who mentioned the mother of my dear wife, how she had prayed for her children and children's children that they might live as Christians and serve their Master and Savior.

At last we were on the way to our mission field arriving at Darlington; we stopped there a few days, during which time Missionary H. R. Voth took us to several Arapaho villages. At that time the Indians were holding their "ghost dances" and there on the prairie, in the dark night, we saw for the first time the red men astir with their frenzied hope of a deliverer; heard the beating of their drums, their howling, and singing, and beheld them dancing in a large circle in the center of which a fire was kept burning brightly. This first contact with these Indians impressed upon us their spiritual night and their need of the light in Christ. How great was the task of dispelling that night was apparent, but we

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knew that God was greater than the task. Just at that time a strange idea and hope had taken hold of many Indian tribes in the West that an Indian Savior was coming, for whom they were to prepare themselves by painting their bodies, their skin, garments, their lodges and horses; by dancing in a circle at night, singing prayers, and howling until visions of their dead ancestors appeared to them to enliven their hopes. In their prayers they asked riddance of evil, victory over foes, and the driving away of all the white people. The old Shamans did not relish this new religious movement, for it bode fair to displace their own power and influence which they then had over the tribe. Had the Indians at that time had the Gospel in their own language, I believe they would have eagerly accepted it and turned their back to their heathenism, for they were weary of it and groped for something better. Alas, missionaries were not ready with the knowledge of the Indian language, nor had they yet the needed Bible translations.

We arrived in Cantonment the first of October, 1891. There in the mission school building we were given quarters with the mission school workers, so that, for the beginning we could give our undivided attention and time to the learning

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of the Cheyenne language and visiting the Indians in their villages and lodges. A large Cheyenne camp was near the mission school, so it became easy for us to be in constant contact with the Indians. However, we were deaf and dumb among them, for of the languages we knew was none they understood. Only pantomimes or gesticulations made it possible to get what we wanted. The Cheyenne language was then unwritten, so the sounds had first to be given letters before words could be written. When the latter could be put on paper they had to be tested over and over to assure they were correctly written.

This necessitated close attention and continual contact with the Indians in their villages and lodges, where we were from morning till late in the day, until all the Cheyenne sounds were fixed and words could easily be written down. The collecting of words and sentences had often to be done by pointing the finger to people, objects and surroundings. In the evening the gathered material was sifted and arranged, to be read to the Indians the next day. This was repeated and corrections were made, until the Indians could readily understand what we read to them. After a time a large number of words and short sentences were thus collected, but it was like a pile of building

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material; out of it was to come the structure of the language and it was late in the day until all the Cheyenne sounds were understood to bring God's message to the Cheyennes in their own tongue.

At first there seemed to be not one of the few English speaking young Indians able to translate or help to get hold of abstract terms. One of these so-called educated Indians said to me " The old men of my tribe say that no white man can learn to speak Cheyenne. I should not give myself trouble any longer, what the Great Spirit has given the Cheyenne was for them only."

Later I met a fine, English educated Cheyenne, Harvey whiteshield, who thought differently and was eager and interested to help me in the study of his mother tongue. With him I was able to gather many more Cheyenne terms and to begin the translation of needed Bible terms and portions. This enabled me to read the word of God to the Indians and also to get hold of valuable linguistic material. This done, the structure of the Cheyenne language was later erected in the form of a grammar with an extensive dictionary.

Meanwhile, the preaching of the Gospel was not neg-

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lected. Regular religious meetings could not as yet be held, but when visiting in the Indian homes and in conversation with individuals, we had not a few opportunities to read the translated Bible portions. They were eagerly and respectfully heard, yea, far better than is now the case among the younger Cheyenne generation. In the mission school, religious services were held daily, but they were in English, and only the Indian children attended them. In how far this early seed fell into good ground will the day prove when the angels of God shall separate the tares from the wheat, but in ^{the} measure younger Indians either do or do not now separate themselves from heathen ceremonials indicates the future harvest.

The beginning of 1893 saw us in Kansas where in the home of Dr. S. S. Haury, our daughter Olga was born. While we were there we learned of the burning down of the Cantonment mission building. All our belongings, save most of my books, had become ashes. No lodging place left for us except on the open prairie. There, in the midst of a large Indian village, I erected a strong wooden frame, over which heavy canvas was tightly stretched. That became our lodge, for nine months. We thus had an excellent opportunity to live among the Cheyennes, be-

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come thoroughly acquainted with their ways and customs, and become proficient in their language. Only the tent became hot with the summer days, and the keeping of food was hard. Our little girl sickened from day to day until her condition gave us grave fears, for she could not even open her eyes for sheer weakness. One evening Chief Thundernose came in, looked at the child, stroked her hands and arms, then turned to me and said "Your child cannot live much longer this way. I am going to call out in our camp that a young Cheyenne mother may come immediately and nurse Mokie (Olga's name)." Soon after he had called out, a young Indian woman entered our tent and nursed our child as if it had been her own. Next morning Olga was better, and after one week of Indian mother's milk, the child was so restored that we could undertake a long trip among the Cheyennes living along the Washita River.

At that time there were five Indian villages between Cantonment and Seiling (in the West) with a few logges in Fort Supply, seventy miles away.

Along the Washita, South Canadian, and Deer Creek Rivers were six Cheyenne camps. Then along the North Canadian

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River until near El Reno were further scattered Cheyenne villages. A circuit of over two hundred miles by means of a small "farm wagon", pulled by mules, we had visited all these places in 1892. (Later on such trips were made easier with a specially built camp wagon, made by J. J. Krehbiel of Newton, and donated by the Sewing Society of Bluffton, Ohio.) During that year the "Messiah Movement" was at its height among Arapahoes and Cheyennes, but the latter received us very friendly. At one place called "Dead Man's Foot" we came to a very large gathering of Indians who held "Messiah Dances". A chief, to whom I had read the Word of God, said to me, " Let us go up that hill, for I want the whole people to hear this message." As we stood on top of the hill, he asked me to read to him slowly sentence after sentence, the Word of God I had before read to him. I should stop between each sentence until he had called it out loud to the people below. So the Chief became my "Amplifier" and the Word was heard by the whole camp, the Indians standing before their lodges to hear. Years later the chief became a Christian, also his family.

On this circuit trip we came to El Reno, from there to Segar Colony, and then to the Washita River, where Mission-

ary John Kliemer, worked among the Arapahoes. Further up the River we came to a large Cheyenne encampment, not far from the present site of Clinton. The Indians were excited, painted dark red and black, adorned with crow and magpie feathers, dancing and howling, in a great circle, imploring their deliverer to come. When an old woman heard me read the Word of God in Cheyenne, she threw herself before me and addressed me in prayer. Unfortunately, my Cheyenne knowledge was yet too limited to be able to give the eager hearers all the information they needed. Here we met Chief Axhoni, (Mad-wolf), who later on became a Christian. He received us very amicably, saying, " You are friends, not foes, dwell with us in our tent, the meat you need shall be given you.. " I answered, " Water, good water, is now our need, for what we have has become undrinkable." He smiled and pointed in the direction of a high hill, said, " On top there is a spring of running water known only to us Indians; go there and drink." At dawn the next morning we drove up the hill, my dear wife doubting the existence of a spring on top of a hill. But lo, we found bubbling cool water, the which we had not drunk for a long time. With bread and butter it made a delicious breakfast.

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At that time there were no white settlers or towns where one might have bought food or provisions. We carried along flour, bacon, potatoes, butter and coffee. Meat was obtained from Indians, but there were many quails and snipes that I could shoot for our needs. The snipes were so fat that we used the surplus fat of them for butter, and also to grease our wagon wheels.

It had been told us that the Cheyennes living some forty miles farther upstream had no use for the white man, and would probably be quite unfriendly to us. We nevertheless left Axhoni's camp and started for Chief Redmoon's village, where we arrived in the late afternoon. It looked as if there was nobody there, all was quiet as we stopped near Redmoon's lodge. Soon, however, an old Indian stepped out of the tent, walked slowly toward us, stood still and looked steadily at us until I said, "Are you Redmoon? We would like to erect our tent here." He answered, "Who are you? Likely Zessemsze, for you speak Cheyenne." Then a smile lit his painted face as he added, "Yes, through our people in Cantonment, I know you to be a friend, our friend. Dwell in peace here in our village. The children will bring you firewood and the women water. Alas, there is no meat in the camp, but some of my men will just ride

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out after deer or wild turkeys, so you have something to eat tonight."

As we sat outside eating our lunch after our tent was put up, many Indian children stood about us, quietly watching us with great curiosity. Then Redmoon appeared on the scene saying to them, "Children, let these people in peace, a good Cheyenne should never gaze at somebody who is eating." A few hours later the hunters came back and a large piece of venison was brought to us. As long as we were there, the Indians provided us with firewood, water and meat.

The next forenoon Redmoon came to us with some of his leading men. All sat before our tent, smoked quietly for a few moments, and then Redmoon asked me why we had come to them. I gave him and his men to understand that we had come from very far away to bring to the Cheyenne Tribe the message of God in their own language. Redmoon nodded his head and said, "Very well, we shall like to hear what we never heard before. Tonight there in the woods is a place where we shall meet and listen to your message."

That evening as we went to the spot, we found Redmoon and all his men gathered around a fire, under high trees.

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Redmoon made an introduction, which I understood only partly, for my Cheyenne was still very young. Only one Indian youth was present who understood some English, but not enough to serve as interpreter. So I read to them selected bible messages which I had prepared with the help of Whiteshield, also explained to the assembled Indians the purpose of our Mission work among them. How eagerly and respectfully those men listened. Round about us the trees for walls, before us the squatting Indians in the firelight. I prayed in my heart that God's star might illuminate their hearts and lives. Today, forty-four years since then, stands not far from that place the Hammond Mission Station, where Cheyenne Christian Congregations were gathered through the faithful work of Missionary H. J. Kliemer, and his companion.

On that evening of long ago, after I had closed with prayer and the Indian Pipe had made the round of leading men, Redmoon expressed his appreciation of what had been heard, and then added: " We should hear more of this, do come often to us or send someone to live here with us, and explain the message further." Then a meal consisting of meat, Indian bread, and coffee, which the Indians had prepared, closed the gathering.

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It was Redmoon who decidedly opposed the sale of Indian land to the Government. In a speech to his people he held a silver dollar in his lifted hand and said: " Do you want to exchange our land for his money? On this money is the picture of a bird. Birds never stay in one's hands, they fly away. The money you take for our land will fly ~~out of your hands~~ and with it the land of our fathers. Ye shall be homeless. You want money, money! and for it, give away our land? I stand against this."

As we left Redmoon's village, he gave me his tobacco pipe, made with the legbone of a deer, as the sign of his friendship. I still have it. That was forty-four years ago. The old Cheyenne Chief is no longer living, the lodges of Redmoon are there no more, but not a few of his people have become Christians. Light after darkness!

In the summer of 1893, after the illness of our child, we made another tour of the different Cheyenne camps, and saw that the circuit was too long to do the work as it should be done. As the Episcopalians worked, among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes in the vicinity of Darlington and El Reno, later at the South Canadian River, then followed by the Methodists and

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Baptists in the region of the Redhills and Watonga, we limited our visits to the Cheyennes near Hammon and Clinton, until Missionaries M. Horsch and H. J. Kleimer built and occupied the Mission Stations at these two places. From then on our Mission activity centered in Cantonment and the Fonda District. The first religious service held there with the Indians was on a very cold, stormy winter day, but weather does not hold Cheyennes from gathering. The tent was full. At the close of the meeting, Thundernose stood up and said : " Why did the whites bring to us all sorts of bad things and have not let us hear this good message in our own language?" I answered him that from now on the Word of God would be brought to them in a measure it could be translated into Cheyenne.

West of Cantonment, along the North and South Canadian Rivers, for a distance of some twenty-five miles, were five Cheyenne encampments, which together were under the leadership of the Chiefs Whitehorse, Mower, and Yelloweyes, (in Cheyenne: Voxpoham, Oexova, and Heoveexansz). Voxpoham, a fine specimen of Cheyenne Chief, was contemptuous of the white people and avoided contact with them. So I was surprised when he sent one of his friends to me, telling me he would call his

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men together on the coming Sunday afternoon and I should come with Whiteshield and tell them the Word of God. When we arrived there, the large Chief Lodge of Voxpoham was already full of Indians waiting for us. (In those earlier meetings with the Indians only men attended, as the Cheyenne custom was). The place was in the woods, close to the river, near the spot where several years afterwards the Fonda Chapel was erected. How those Indians listened to the first Gospel message they had heard from a white man! At the close of the meeting, the Indians smoked the pipe as it was passed around and then Voxpoham said : " This was a beginning and it was good, our people want to hear more; appoint the time whenever you come to us. Oexova and I shall call our men together. " Then followed a meal of Indian bread, cooked dried berries and meat with coffee. In those days any important gathering was closed in this manner, as a symbol that the object of the meeting had been assimilated. This was the reason why for a number of years there was bread and coffee served at the close of our Sunday services. To this, the Indians also contributed.

That was the beginning of the Mission Work in Fonda and the district west of it. With the time the Indian

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lodge became too small for the gatherings, so Chief Oexova saw to it that a kind of large arbor became erected, which, however, could not be used during the winter. I decided to build a tent-house similar to the one we had formerly lived in at Cantonment. My young son, Valdo, was delighted to be with the Fonda Cheyennes, so he was eager to help me haul the material and set it up. First we sunk solid posts into the ground in the shape of a large rectangle. Then we nailed boards on the outside of the posts, which made rafters, and stretched heavy canvas upon them and part down the walls. The prairie ground was quite even there, so the floor cost us neither material nor work. The Indians liked this first chapel, because it was more like their ways. We had services there every two Sundays, but came usually the Thursday before and made the tent-house our home, as there was a small cooking stove in it. From there we visited the distant Cheyenne Villages. Each evening Oexova, his family, and not a few of the younger Indians would come to us. We sang and sang Cheyenne hymns and closed with the evening devotion. On Sundays we had divine service, usually with the tent full of hearers.

In 1907 a chapel was built there with building material taken from the Cantonment Mission School Building. Meanwhile, Voxpoham had died and Chief Oexova had taken his place. Oexova was friendly and well disposed. He encouraged his people to listen to the word of God and attend the Sunday services. When the Indians would be miles away, he always sent a messenger to them on Friday, so they could all attend the meeting on Sunday. He came often to me, his mind and talk being never on idle things. One day he said to me: "My attitude towards you and your work among us shows you that I am for the Christian religion. My people know that. Still, I hesitate to take the final step, for I know myself not yet strong enough to give up the religious inheritance of my forefathers." On Sundays he and his headmen were faithfully present in the church, sitting on the front seat together, each holding the Cheyenne hymn-book wrong side up, for none of them could read. But they sang, never-the-less, from sheer hearing of the words. The example of these men helped the Mission work among the younger Indians, who became thrilled by the narcotic effect of the Peyote. The former paganism had darkened the heart and life of the Indians, the Messiah Movement had brought

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a false light into the darkness, but now the Peyote, whose narcotic effect is held as a religious revelation, darkened mind and heart.

Then for a time Mormonism sought an entrance among the Cheyennes. Thanks to our work in Fonda, the Mormon Missionaries were received amicably by Chief Oexova and his leaders, and given an opportunity to speak for themselves. They began to speak of their belief, their book and their church, showing that only they had the truth of God, then ended by denouncing other Christians and saying that Missionary Petter was not bringing them the truth. When Oexova had heard this in all patience, he told the two Mormons, "Petter I have known for many years, you I know not. But the fact that you speak evil of a good man, right before his friends, proves that you are not true; here is my lodge door, go and come no more."

It was among that band of Cheyennes that bows and arrows were still used in hunting. When we first met them, they lived in the old-style Indian lodges, always kept in order. Their food consisted of Indian bread (when they had flour), parched corn, wild berries, meat and black coffee,

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without sugar. Their garments and shoes were mostly of their own make. Their amusements consisted of games, dances with pantomimes, and all sorts of races. It was then I witnessed the game of the "Netted Wheel", which now is entirely unknown to the younger Indian generation.

The tenthouse in Cantonment had outlived its usefulness for religious services and the Indians begged for a church building, promising they would help toward it. Had they not kept their word, the building would not have been possible, for the Mission Treasury sent only four hundred dollars. The building material had to be hauled from a fifty-mile distant town and across the mean Cimarron River. Of a morning ten Indian wagons and their teams were ready. Brother H. Weiss, (then Superintendent of our Mission School), and I accompanied them with a strong mule team and wagon. Next day all the building material was bought, loaded and we started for Cantonment. At the Cimarron Crossing we helped each other, and all the heavy, loaded wagons crossed the treacherous river safely. The Indians' teamsters were in good humor and the fourth day the building material was neatly piled up, close to the foundation of the new Chapel. They had do-

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nated their hauling of their own volition. Now others offered themselves to help with the building without remuneration, if only we would give them the midday meal, which we gladly did. The Indians of today would never do that!

Brother H. Weiss, who had been a carpenter, oversaw the work and Brother H. J. Kliemer, then teacher in the Mission Schools, (later Missionary in Hammon, Oklahoma), also helped in his free hours. By and by some of the Shamans and chiefs began to suspicion the building of the Chapel and set themselves against it. One of them came to me demanding that the building be stopped as the land belonged to the Cheyennes and they did not want any religion ^{to} supersede that of their forefathers. Whiteshield answered him: "You got up too late. The land is mine, and I gave the space for the Chapel which was built for the good, not the evil, of the Cheyenne Tribe." A few days afterward there was a ferment in the Indian camp against the tribesmen who were helping in the building. Then Chief Thunderose heralded loud that all of them should stop working. As this was not heeded, he announced that the next morning he would shoot down from the Chapel roof (which was being shingled) the first of the Indians

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who would climb up there to work. What to do? Thunder-nose's son came to me with a smile. "I know my father will never shoot me down. I want to be the first on the roof in the morning." So he was. Standing upon the roof, he lifted his hammer, laughed, shouting to his father, "Will you shoot me?" The old Chief growled like a bear, turned tail, and crawled into his lodge. The opposition was broken, and Thundernose seemed rather proud of his son.

As soon as it was finished, the Chapel was dedicated and then used every Sunday for the preaching of the Gospel to the Cheyennes in their own language. During an afternoon each week my dear wife had a sewing class for the Indian women who were anxious to make quilts and also little girls' dresses like the ones sent to their children by the sewing circles of our churches in the States. In the inter evenings Whiteshield and I had classes in which Cheyenne reading was taught. Nothing seemed to stand in the progress of the work.

But soon the storm broke loose. All the Indians had been called to Darlington, the main agency, and there someone stirred them against our Mission Work. Hardly had

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they returned, on a Saturday, that we heard how angry they felt against us. One, who was friendly towards us and soon after became a Christian, came that evening to us telling that the Indians were very angry and Thundernose had threatened to come to the Chapel the next morning and shoot me down from the pulpit. The man added: "The situation is bad for you; have no service in the morning, rather wait until this storm has blown over, as it will." We answered that we had been falsely accused, therefore feared not the threatenings. We knew that God was with us and we would hold the service that day as usual.

Next morning, as we entered the Chapel, we found it filled; most of the men were painted red and looked very surly at me. After the introductory prayer and reading of the Scripture, I told the assembled Indians that I knew how they felt, but that I was not afraid of them, for God was with us and knew that what had been told them against us was false and evil slander. We would not lose time in vindicating ourselves, but dwell only upon God's Word. After the service, the faces of the Indians were friendly, and Thundernose had not appeared. As they stood outside the Church, one

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of them shouted "Where is the man who threatened to shoot the Missionary? He must still be sleeping or is afraid!" That made the crowd laugh, and the storm had passed. A few days later, Thundernose came to me and said that he would prove from now on that he was the friend of the Mission work. He kept his word, and most of his household became Christians later on. He was Whiteshield's uncle and his nephew spoke oft to him about the Savior and God's Word, but the old Cheyenne could not decide himself for Christ. He came often to me for "talks", gave me many old Cheyenne terms and told a good deal about the history of his tribe. Through him, as well as from other old men, I learned that the former life of the Cheyenne was beset by many hardships. That was long before the white people had appeared. Oftentimes they subsisted only on roots and berries and were on the verge of starvation. Living in the Northern Country, they had to withstand rigorous winters and their life of wandering brought them face to face with many dangers, as violent storms, overflows of rivers, attacks by wild beasts, and by human foes, terrific prairie or forest fires, diseases and epidemics.

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Once the smallpox made its appearance in a large encampment and killed so many Indians that those who could, abandoned the sick and dying in their lodges and fled in terror, to never return. The younger Cheyenne generation seems to have forgotten what their old men told them, for they speak so much of the happy(?) days of the Indians before the white man came.

Forty years ago, the then ninety-year old Hotoanammos said this to me: " Our young people have no conception of the life we lived in former days. We knew very little of rest and safety. We were wanderers over plains and forests to find the needed subsistence. Not one night were we sure not to be attacked by foes. Sometimes we had an abundance of everything, then days and weeks would follow when we hungered and felt exhausted. Other times all our lodges and what we had in them became the prey of our enemies or of fire. Winters were always hard on us, especially when game was scarce." Another old Chief, Noxhoe-Voeta (Good Bear) told me: " Once in Northern Country we had no meat to eat in our camp. It was bitter cold and our children cried from hunger. To comfort them, a kettle of water with a few stones

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in it was set on the fire to boil. The children thought it was a kind of soup, drank some, and became quiet for a time. Our men who had gone after game came back, saying: Neither deer nor buffalo were in sight. I could no longer see the hunger of my people, and although a cold snowstorm was raging, I took my bow, arrow and knife to seek after game. Four days I thus hunted, without eating. The fourth day I spied two Indians at some distance, standing still in the snow. Foes or friends? I stood still, waiting. The two remained motionless. I came closer to them and shouted 'who are you?' No answer or movement on their part. I held my arrow ready on the bow walking to them. They were Pawnee Indians, made no sound or motions. Finally, as I touched them they felt stone hard, standing there frozen to death. I was cold and near the same fate myself, but I dragged myself further. At last I spied a deer floundering in the snow, and I shot him. I was so hungry that there was no thought of cooking some of the meat. I opened the animal, took out the liver and kidneys, and devoured them as they were. Then I dragged the deer as far as my strength permitted, then being not far from our camp, I cut out a

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large piece. With that I soon reached my lodge where I was greeted with joy, for I had been given up for lost and frozen. That evening great joy was in our camp circle, for we had food, and we knew that where one deer is found there are also others."

" Another time, not in winter, we had no meat for a long time. I swung on my pony and rode far out into the prairie until finally I spied a small bunch of buffaloes, led by an enormous bull. Instead of running away with his herd, the monster plunged straight towards me, bawling. My pony 'scared,' became unmanageable, and threw me right before the oncoming brute. Before I could stand up, the awful shaggy head was above me, coming down to crush my chest. I managed to quickly draw my knife, which I plunged in both eyes of the enraged bull. He raised his head immediately and bawling, sprang away, running uncertainly. I was in a bad plight, had a few ribs broken and my head was bleeding, alone in that place and horseless. Finally I crawled so long on my knees until I fell unconscious. Later on my men found me there and brought me to my lodge, where I lay sick many months. Again it was winter in the North Country. I was hunting for some

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needed game, when a blizzard came upon me. I was near timber, but could not start a fire. There seemed to be no shelter until I came to a large tree lying on the ground. It had a hole at one end, so I crawled into that as far as possible. It was very dark, but comfortably warm in there. I fell asleep and dreamed of ringing bells. I wondered whether I was in the lodge of Shoe-maha (winter personified.) I must have been there nearly two days. Finally I woke up, crawled out of my tree to see the sun shining and no storm barring my way to my home. Such experiences were many and I was not the only one to meet hard situations. I am glad to live now under far better circumstances." said Old Chief Good-Bear.

For many years he was, later, our church bell, for he heralded our Sunday services. Finally he accepted Christ as his Savior. When my children went away to school, Good-Bear would often remember them by climbing a high place and singing for them "In the far away." He no longer camps on earth, but has gone to the lodge where Jesus went ahead to prepare for His followers.

I have already mentioned Hatoanamos; were he living today, he would be one hundred and thirty-six years old. He was

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an outstanding Cheyenne Priest or Shaman. With his death a good deal of the tribe's history has been lost. He was anxious to tell it to me, only he did not want me to take notes. As he told the story four nights in succession, much of what he said became lost, for I could not exactly remember all he said. He started in a remarkable way. I had to bring a small pile of ground and place it in the midst of the room. He squatted close to it and told me I should be still and ask no questions until he signified to me I could do so. He then formed the ground into a nice hemisphere, upon which he placed cross-wise four Indian tobacco pipes. He next took up one of them, lit it from a burning coal, lifted it as if presenting the mouth point of it to a person on the four quarters, then above and below (sky and earth). Then he took several draughts of smoke, remaining motionless. After he laid the pipe aside, bowed his head, prayed, saying : " Help me to tell everything exactly to this white man. Should I omit or forget something, impute it not as evil to me; open and cleanse my mouth, also the ears of my friend here sitting," etc.

He again took a few draughts from his pipe and said slowly and very plainly: " In the beginning of all, there was

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no sky, no earth and no human being, only Maheo (the All-Being, All-Father) existed with His servants. One day He told them: ' I have created a new being and set him in the universe, go and seek him'. The servants did seek, but in vain. They returned saying to Maheo: ' We cannot find him'. Four times they went out, but found no one. Finally, Maheo told them: ' Go again, we shall find the new being in the midst of a cloud, bring it to me.' This time they found a little child wrapped in a cloud, and brought it to Maheo. He took the child in his arms and said : ' This is the human being I have created for myself, I shall always love it and care for it.' So was the beginning, remarked the old Indian. Then he smoked his pipe for several minutes, after which he remained motionless and speechless for a short while. Turning to me, he said: " When I smoke this way and have nothing to say, it symbolizes a long period of time of which nothing is known or told. Probably our original ancestors forgot it. There are many such pauses, do not ask me about them, for I can give no information concerning times unrecorded. But what you do not fully understand of the story, ask me at the end, after I shall have smoked for the last time, so facts

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be not mixed with explanations."

The rest cannot be told here. It refers to the ancient days and migration of the Cheyennes. They lived in a spacious and beautiful land across a large body of water. There were fair and wise people living in hill-like dwellings, the inside of which was beautifully arranged. The entrance of these abodes was guarded by large lions and bears. After they came to this country they had houses with doors for their dwellings, not wandering about. Then divers enemies attacked, pursued and oppressed them for a long period of time. They were forced to migrate eastward, then wandered back " where there are many lakes, " (northern Minnesota), living there on fish and fowls. In their tales, the expression is often heard, " Before we knew the buffaloes." Some forty-four years ago, I knew a Cheyenne woman whom the Indians said was a hundred years old, and who still remembered the songs in which the lakes, the fish and water-fowls were praised, " Before we came to the buffaloes."

Hatoanamos spoke also of the religious beliefs and ceremonials of his tribe deploring the fact that much that was good had been lost and very much that was bad was

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added or changed. " What we have now is no more that which our ancestors had, but all sorts of mixture brought on by dreamers or other Indian tribes. My great-grand-father knew nothing of the religious 'Sweat-Lodge-Sun-Dance' and other ceremonials we now have and which change with the years. It had never been said of an Indian doctor that he was 'Maheo'. I am one of the outstanding Shamans, but I detest to be called that way. Only God deserves this appellation, --- but I have not told or shown you everything. When springtime comes again, when Maheo will revive trees and all plants and the thunder shall call them out, then you shall come with me and I will show you all the herbs that Maheo gave us for food or medicine. In some plants only the smell is beneficial; that is extracted by rubbing the herb with the hands. Some other plants must be burned, others boiled, so the power Maheo gave them can be absorbed by man. Some wood, some plants, and some earth we used only in religious ceremonials --- but just wait until spring, you shall know all."

The spring came, but Hoanamos was gone from this earth; he had listened to God's Word sometimes, but thought he was too old to become Christian, having lived so long a pagan. His wish was though that his grand-daughter become

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a true Christian. It happened while he still lived.

In the winter of 1896-1897 a shadow came over us. My dear wife contracted a lung disease, probably from the sick Indians she visited. Dr. S. S. Haury urged us to try the California climate for six months, else the patient might not live two years more. That was for us like lightning out of a clear sky. It rained us to leave the work at that time and we naturally felt sad. But the dear Lord was gracious to us. The patient grew stronger, the fever left her, and we were able again to take up our Mission work. To be sure, I had used most of my time in California to work on the Cheyenne language, classifying my material and starting to write a thorough grammar. Besides this, I served the Mennonites in the neighborhood and preached the Word of God to them.

In the course of time a separation manifested itself among the hearers of Christian preaching. In a measure, the message of the Bible became more clearly understood. A Shaman said to me one day, " I come no more to the chapel, for when I hear God's Word, my duty is to live according to it. When I do not hear it, I feel unhindered to go my own way."

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One Sunday as I began to read the Ten Commandments, a woman who was very angry, stood up and shouted to me, "Who told you all this against us." Whiteshield could not keep from laughing and told her, "You hear God's own Law, given by Him very long ago. The Missionary is just reading it in Cheyenne." The woman not wanting to hear any more and snorting under the looks and smiles of the other Indians, rushed out of the chapel to be seen there no more. She remained unfriendly. Being the wife of the keeper of the Tribal Sacred arrows, the first commandment was too much for her. Never-the-less, several members of her family became Christians afterwards.

The opposition of the pagans became stronger, for, in a measure, Indians were on for Christ, for the leaders and Shamans saw their authority and material gain diminishing, and that the influence of Christianity was growing in the tribe. But among the pagans, the group of those who adhered to the "Messiah Belief" remained friendly to the Mission work until they too sank back into their former pagan religious life. However, another more dangerous form of paganism was rising and spreading rapidly among the young-

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er Cheyennes. It was the Peyote Cult, the latest addition or rung to the religious Cheyenne "ladder." The followers of this cult believed in the ~~chewing~~ and swallowing of a narcotic plant, (of the Cactus Family), the effect of which is regarded as a divine revelation, resulting in a mixture of heathenism and Christianity. A mongrel or a monster in religious aberration, and yet it is now called " The Native American Church", and has been granted a charter in Oklahoma and Montana. Today this Peyote Cult has taken hold of the majority of the Cheyennes, young and old, and has become a power in the tribe. It claims superiority over the former tribal religion, boasts openly of itself, and claims boldly that it will be the only religion of the tribe and drive away the Missionaries. Yes, certainly so, were God not greater than the gods. We sing with Luther " And though this world with devils filled, should threaten to undo us, We will not fear for God hath killed His truth to triumph through us."

As mentioned before, the erection of Mission Stations had taken place in the course of years and the word of God was being proclaimed in Cheyenne in Oklahoma. But

what of the Montana Cheyennes? Oftentimes the old Indians had told us of their tribesmen who lived in the North Country and from whom they had been separated years ago. The actual start of this separation was caused by the marriage of an Indian trader, William Bent, with a Cheyenne maiden, whom he met in an Indian camp close to the present Miles City. He had come from his trade post, Bent's Fort, in the Southwest, to trade with the Cheyennes and had spent the winter among them. He told the Indians how nice it was in the South, especially in winter time. But that year he could not in them to accompany him there. Only his Cheyenne wife and her family consented to go to the far Southern Country to see what it was. Coming back the following spring, they praised the Southland and persuaded not a few of their tribe to go South with them and live there. With years more and more joined them. Their habitat became the upper reaches of the Arkansas River, coming gradually down the course of the Rivers, South and North Canadian, Washita and Cimarron. During the years of 1860-1865 the Cheyenne became a difficult problem for the United States War Department. Later on, continuous fighting occurred and

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at one time over a thousand of the Northern Cheyennes were deported by force to Oklahoma. This effort to have the whole tribe on a reservation failed utterly, many of the Southern Indians returning to the North. Finally, order was restored and in 1884 the Cheyenne Group of the North were allowed to stay in Montana. Not a few of them resided at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, several years longer. After that, the three Cheyenne Groups had little or no communication between each other, except in the person of a few individuals who made the trip on horseback. The correspondence by letter was difficult, for few Cheyennes could write in any language. However, an older chief, called "Little Man" succeeded in sending a message to his friend called "Turtle-Following-His-Wife". He drew on a piece of paper a man, on whose head was the figure of a small man. Then came the sign of an open hand stretched towards a turtle which seemed to crawl back of a woman. Under this was a number of little circles. When the recipient of the drawing saw it, he understood rightly that Littleman was asking some money of him, "Turtle-Following-His-Wife". He sent his friend the money asked.

In 1889, when I was invited to visit the churches

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of the Northern District Conference, the Indians begged me to try and hunt up their tribesmen in Montana and South Dakota. Not a few gave me presents to take to relatives in the Herth. An old man, called Hone-Oxnokasz (Lonewolf), brought me a thin blue scarf in which he had made peculiar knots. He said to me " This is a message to my brother in Montana. When you are there and the headmen sit together, show them this scarf. My brother will recognize it and know what I tell him "

After my visit to the churches, I started from Avon, South Dakota, stopping at Pine Ridge to find out about the group of Cheyennes there. Not many families were left there; most of them being mixed with the Sioux by marriage. But they spoke Cheyenne, and received me kindly. From there I traveled west and north and arrived at the Crow Agency, Montana, where I happened to meet with a German Scholar, Dr. Von Ehrenreich, of the Berlin University. As he was anxious to study the Cheyenne in their anatomy and their pictorial writing and graphic adornment, he took the opportunity to go to Lame Deer, along with me. A Crow Indian and his wife drove us to our destination in a dilapidated "spring-

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wagon, which we had to fix up repeatedly. As we came to the mouth of the small Muddy Creek, we saw there Indians gathering hay, and I asked in Cheyenne if we were on the right road to Lone Deer. At first they were so surprised that they stood speechless. Then an old woman shouted "A white man who speaks Cheyenne, he must be the Messiah or sent by Him."

We arrived in the evening, but had difficulty in getting something to eat, as the landlady of the small boarding-house flatly declared she could not cook a second supper for us. The next morning Dr. Von Ehrenreich and I went to the Agency quarters to present ourselves to the Indian Agent. The man sat at his desk like a Pope and hardly noticed us. None of his clerks offered us a chair. Dr. Von Ehrenreich whispered to me "Hoefliche Beamten," then strode like a Prussian Officer to the agent's desk, made a bow, placed papers before the Government Official and told him in good English, "please look at these." Hardly had the man glanced at the papers when he stood up and said to his underlings. "I introduce you to Count Dr. Von Ehrenreich, of whom our Washington, D. C., Office writes we should receive him with honor and be helpful in his researches among the Indians."

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Instantly seats were offered to us and bows were made. Of course, on his account I was well received too.

The news that a white man who spoke Cheyenne had come spread swiftly among the Indians of the reservation. They came from all corners to see and hear me. At first they asked different things of me, just to make me talk Cheyenne and see whether really " their language would come out of my mouth." Hearing me, a look of mingled fear and astonishment appeared first on their faces, then they would laugh with delight, saying, " why sure he speaks Cheyenne." Many wanted then to hear of their tribesmen and relatives in the far Southland. Others brought dried berries, herbs and whatnots, that I should give to their folks in Oklahoma. One day, as many of the leading men sat in a circle, I took out the scarf of Lonewolf and held it up in my hand. Immediately Chief Twomoons stood up and said " This is for me from my brother Lonewolf in the South; he tells me that you are his friend." --- Later a younger Chief came to me to have a long, quiet conversation. At the close I read to him a Bible portion and he said, " My name is Vohokas, (Light). I long for light in myself and my tribe. Could you not dwell among us, and

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tell us this message of God in Cheyenne? And if you cannot now, do not forget, we want the light, may it soon be brought to us." Vohokas saw his heart-wish realized years after. He became a Christian and a light for his people, even if many of his tribesmen loved darkness more than the light. Although nearly fifty years old, he learned to read in Cheyenne, delighted in the Word of God, read it on his sick bed (at the hospital), and clasped the Book in his hands. He lived, suffered and died as a true Cheyenne Christian.

It became clear to our Mission Board that the Montana Cheyennes should be taken up as our future mission field, since we had the Word of God partly translated in their language and they called for us to bring it to them. True, in the long ago, between the years of 1861 and 1863, some Lutheran Missionaries had begun work among them while they roamed in Wyoming, but with the Indian outbreaks of the following years, the Mission work had to be abandoned. Old Lonewolf told me he had met these earlier Missionaries and helped them in learning some Cheyenne words.

Then near the year 1885, the Catholics had started a Mission School, near Ashland, Montana, but had not affected the

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rest of the Reservation Indians, as I assured myself on my first visit. I learned that they had discontinued religious services which were begun in a log chapel in Lane Deer. On my second visit to Lane Deer I was told by Catholics that no priest had come to them for the past six months. On the other hand, Government employes and the Indian trader urged that we begin Mission Work on the Reservation. That was in 1901, and I shall not soon forget that trip. An Indian had taken me to different places and one day the evening overtook us at the C. E. Ranch, which its owner, Mr. Busby, had recently sold to the Government. We found no one around and wondered what to do, when a rider appeared, Mr. Busby himself. "Oh," said he "I know the man who stays here now, it will be all right with him if we stop here for the night; let us go in by the window and find something to eat in the house, my former home." Once in, the man got busy and soon after we sat at table with meat, bread, and coffee. Of a sudden the door flung open and a man appeared at the head of our table, aiming a rifle at me. He was the care-taker of the place and knew Mr. Busby, but he seemed too drunk to recognize him. The latter called to him saying, "Captain, you know me. I am Busby. I

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invited these men in and you know nothing is out of the way. Come on, sit down, have a cup of good coffee." At last I saw the hole of the rifle lowered; the man let out a volley of oaths, saying he would get us yet, then sat down heavily, put the loaded rifle on the table at his right, and began to drink coffee. That sobered him some, but he still looked like a thundercloud. When I turned to look at the Indian who sat beside me, there was no one. He told me the next day that as soon as he heard the door open, he immediately sank under the table, crawled over the floor to the window, and leaped out. Well, it took Mr. Busby a long time to pacify the man. Finally, quite late, he got up, told me to follow him to a bedroom and said "I do not trust that man, he is dangerous, bolt the door after I am out, be on the floor, get up before dawn and slip out without noise. Should he wake up, I will divert his attention." So I did, but where should I go? Soon I espied a smoke in the distance and knew that Indians must be there. Yes, they were. I found them and my Indian sitting around a fire and eating dried meat with coffee. The Indian smiled at me, saying, "I did not think you ever would need a breakfast any more; eat now, I will hitch up my team and we will lose no time in getting out of

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these parts. "

I came a third time to this Cheyenne Reservation, this time with my family. It was to secure definite information about the prospects of our Mission Work among the Northern Cheyennes and especially receive the assurance of the Indians that the Government would allow the building of a Mission Station. The agent seemed to be friendly towards the undertaking, received us well and advised that we choose a place for our Mission Station near the new school building that was just being erected some distance up the Rosebud Creek. We went up there, selected a place and the man promised the matter would be finally adjusted in Washington, D. C. As Mr. Busby had established a store for the Indians in the neighborhood, the place was called "Busby". In 1904, when Missionary G. A. Linscheid, arrived at Busby, he and his wife had many difficulties to encounter. At last their station was built, as the promised help of the Government Official did not materialize. Concerning this beginning in Busby, Montana, Missionary Linscheid wrote an interesting pamphlet called "It happened so." which Mission friends should read.

My dear wife and I would have liked to be transfer-

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red to Montana, also her health was undermined and she could never have lived here through the winters. In 1909 we spent the summer in Kettle Falls, Washington, where in the midst of the mountains and spruce forest she recovered some strength.

The country and a few Swiss homes here and there reminded her of the Switzerland she knew she could never see again. She felt happy for the " substitute " God had granted her. ---

Back in Oklahoma, her vitality ebbed fast, she became bedrid-

den in the spring of 1910. At that time she wrote: " I ap-

preciate the loving assistance of sisters (meaning our co-workers, Sisters Kingsinger and Williams) very much indeed.

My dear ones and they are doing all they can for me. All

hardships here below are but a passing over to the real home

where the Father waits to welcome us and to wipe away our

tears." This happened on July 31, when she peacefully went

home while her dear children and I knelt by her bed. Valdo,

who followed his mother home last year, wrote of her, " The

hymn "Muede bin ich, geh zur Ruh" we sang so often in Chey-

enne with the Fonda Indians became eternally fulfilled for

my mother. Her weary human body was laid aside and she

went to rest with Jesus." In mourning for her, the Indians

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said " It is our mother who has left us." And that is what she was to them, a Christian mother, for she spoke to them simply of Jesus as she did to her own children.--- Yes, the staff God had given me, the Mary and Martha combined, He had taken from me and I felt the loss keenly in my home and in the Mission Work. However, the dear Lord had been gracious to us in preparing us long in advance for the blow. Of her life on earth little was told or known, but it is all on record in heaven. The prayers of her sainted mother were heard for her and her children.

The latter had had some schooling at home, also in Cantonment with other white children. Besides the usual lessons for their ages, they also learned to speak and write in French and German, and the constant contact with Indians had taught them the Cheyenne language. The knowledge of the two first languages was very useful to my son, Valdo, during the great war. Later on when he began his Missionary work in Ashland, Montana, he was glad to have the Cheyenne tongue at his command. After the death of their mother, my children went to Bethel College in Newton, Kansas. Before that time, Olga had attended the Newton Schools, being taken care of in

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the good home of Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Haury.

From the time the Cantonment Mission School was closed, the Sisters Kinsinger and Williams had been appointed to learn Cheyenne and do camp Mission work. In connection with this work, Sister Kinsinger wrote in long-hand my first sketch or skeleton of the Cheyenne Dictionary, as a basis for a larger and more thorough work to be done later on. Until now we had in print, a small reader, several hymns, the first trial translation of Luke and John, Bunyon's Pilgrim Progress and a grammatical sketch of the Cheyenne language. The rest of the Bible translations then extant was still in manuscript form only partly available to my co-workers at the different stations. There was considerable work to be done and I was alone on my Mission Station, even if the other workers still lived in the Mission School Building. But God, who knew the needs of the Mission Field, and those of my children and my own, had prepared another staff for me. He gave it to me in the person of Miss Bertha E. Kinsinger, who had had years of experience as a teacher in the Mission School and had made quite a start in learning the Cheyenne language. She became my life companion, and on the

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coming 28th of November, it will be twenty-five years since the good "Ohm", Rev. Gustav Harder, solemnized our wedding with the Word of God in the Cantonment Cheyenne Chapel. Until now we have labored and wandered as pilgrims together, led by the dear Lord through joys and pains, storms and sunshine.

In the course of 1912 - 1913 more portions of the Old Testament were translated by me and printed on the multigraph by my son Valdo. He also reprinted the Gospels of Luke and John, and now the print of an English-Cheyenne Dictionary became urgent for all the Cheyenne Missionaries. To do this, we decided that Mrs. Petter would hold the Cantonment Station with Sister Williams, while the children and I would go to Kettle Falls, Washington, there to do all the printing work. I wrote the complete manuscript of the Cheyenne Dictionary on the typewriter, while Valdo saw to the multigraph print. After some sixteen or eighteen months of steady work, from early morning till late in the day, a large book of 1126 words was produced, a good piece of work for a boy of his age. Not only did the late James Mooney of the Bureau of Ethnology and the writer, Geo. Bird Grinnell, appreciate and praise his

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to Valdo on that account.

To dwell on the Cheyenne language would prove a dry subject, however, a few remarks should not be left out. Although Indians are classed as a primitive people, the Cheyenne language is highly developed, admirably descriptive, has an exhaustive vocabulary, with thousands of verbal forms, many of which are not found in modern languages, neither in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Verbs will undergo as many changes as actions are done or compounded. Thus what is done or expressed or felt by mind, senses, words, motions, attitudes and postures demand different verbal forms. Further, what is done by means of head, eyes, mouth, teeth, arms, hands, legs, bones, water, fire, heat, striking or cutting, requires as many verbal changes, according as they become compounded or affected by animate and inanimate subjects or objects. The Cheyenne has five, where we have only three personal pronouns, four imperatives and can conjugate the numbers "ad infinitum". I have nearly ten large pages of different terms expressing "cutting, of course, without including the thousand forms that any of these forms can take. Then two or even three verbs can be compounded into a single one. Thus where we say "I sit and

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look; I lie, eat, and talk; I run and laugh; I come and buy; I look at him, so he asks; I make a sign to him he should eat; each of such expressions can be compounded in one verb. The language is so exactly descriptive that new words can be made with ease. So the Cheyenne has names for the different parts of the automobile. An auto dealer told me recently that the Crow Indians must use the English to denote the car's parts, while the Cheyennes have the names of the parts in their own language.

Besides the spoken language, the Cheyennes have the sign, the pictorial and ceremonial forms of expressing themselves. The sign language consists of easy and graceful hand movements which convey most of the common expressions. I saw a man tell the Lord's Prayer in it. However, it is hardly

acceptable to abstract objects. This "handsigning" is known

by most of the prairie Indians but not among Indians of the Pacific Coast. In it, I have been able to converse to some

extent with Arapahoes, Sioux, Pawnees, Kiowas, Shoshonees, Comanches, Crows, Flatheads, and some of the older Nez Perces.

The pictorial form of expression which was much used in earlier years is hardly understood by the younger

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Cheyenne generation. It was used or expressed in crude drawings and paintings, by arrangement of several colors, with porcupine quills or birds' feathers, with hair or head adornments, with beads, knots, sticks, bones, blankets, and what-nots. Thus the Cheyennes have many ways to express themselves without saying a word. In ceremonials, dances, and councils, this pictorial or symbolic language is greatly resorted to by the Indians. According as one is painted, the other Indians understand what he means to express. The adornment of shoes, lodge, or ponies always has a meaning. In religious ceremonies many symbols are used, as the sacred arrows, which only the Shamans understand. The younger Cheyenne generation is learning English seems to have lost the ingenuity of the older Indians in their unique way of expressing themselves. Not long ago a young man dressed with headfeathers, buckskin garments and moccasins, all beautifully adorned, but he was blissfully ignorant of the meaning of what he wore.

Many years ago an old Indian was to be baptized on Sunday morning. He came, but not with his face painted, his

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blanket and adornments. He had bathed, had on clean garments, was shod with new moccasins, adorned with white, blue, yellow and red beads. The Indians understood the wearing of this apparel was a confession or testimony in itself, that he had laid aside the old ways and had started a new way leading to peace and joy.

In a similar figure-speech, I saw once an older Indian show plainly to the others that the problems of his tribe had not been solved by a visiting official. The Indian sat in the council circle with a black piece of cloth tied around his head with several knots. At the close of the deliberations, he stood up and pointing to his head, asked the Washington Official if he understood the meaning of the headgear. "No", said the man. The Indian looked at him in contempt and said "If you cannot understand this, you can neither know or solve problems. I had hoped that while you talked with us, I would be able to loosen my knots one after another, for they represent the difficulties surrounding us. You have not solved them and knowest not even what they are."

In the fall of 1916 we were transferred to Lane Deer, Montana, where until then Missionaries P. A. Kliemär,

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Alfred Wiebe and H. Neufeld had been active one after the other. The main cause of this transfer was the hayfever which plagued me in Oklahoma. It disappeared entirely here in Montana. Since Missionary G. A. Linscheid pioneer work had started in Busby, twelve years before Christian Churches had been established there and in Lane Deer. At the last place we found a congregation of forty-two Cheyenne Christians. Since then nearly two hundred more were added, but in the course of years, many died and the present number of true, faithful Christians is not so large as that of the weak and indifferent ones. Others have fallen away from Christ, some from fear of the pagans, some others joining the Peyote Cult, the rest of them led away by Romish propaganda.

Soon after we arrived in Lane Deer, Vahokas came to greet us; he was the chief who had spoken to me so friendly twenty-seven years before. He soon became a Christian and a faithful member of the Lane Deer Cheyenne Church. Fearless and unmovable he withstood all the efforts of the pagan Indians to force him to renounce Christ. He remained true and loyal to his Savior, unafraid and unashamed. Never shall I forget the day when the Indian Agent, Mr. Buntin, was inves-

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tigating the immoral practices of Shamans. Vohokas was then "Chief Police", and had his hands full in keeping the angry and armed Indians in check. An Indian rider, carrying a rifle, passed before the Agency House; he shouted, "Vohokas should be shot." Immediately Vohokas stepped before the threatening rider and said, "Here is Vohokas, shoot me, I am as ready to die today as tomorrow, but you do not know where you go when you die." The rider rode away speechless.

From this day on the pagan Indians became bitter against our Mission, although they well knew that not we, but one of their leaders had revealed the immoral practices of the Shamans. In the following years, yea, until recently, many efforts were made among the tribe to intimidate the Christian Indians, while petitions were circulated and sent to Washington, D. C. to have the Mennonite Missionaries ousted from the Cheyenne Reservation. We know very well who was back of all this, not pagans, non-Christians or Indians. Well, if God is for us, who can be against us? We were very surprised last summer, as in a great gathering of the tribe, the bitterest opponents of our Mission Work, a Chief and a Shaman, rode towards us,

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extended his right hand to us, greeted us friendly in the presence of his people. We heard later that he had disputed with a peyote leader and told him that Christianity was better than peyote religion.

The Romish Mission has worked for over fifty years in Ashland, especially among the Indian children. Many Cheyennes came thus under the influence of Catholic teaching, but we know of none in the Ashland district who is not connected with pagan or peyote practices. They have not been told to break away from un-Christian practices. Probably the Catholic interpreters failed to inform the Catholic priests of what is going on, or they know not how to tell it, fearing their own people. We will pass no unkind judgment, but Jesus said "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Mission trumpet should be heard plainly and fully, not so much the teaching of men, but the word of God should be given them to satisfy their souls and save them. That is why my co-laborers and I felt the urgent necessity of the Cheyenne Bible translations. So I began to devote more of my time in the thorough revising of extant Bible portions and then translated the full New Testament from

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the Greek text into Cheyenne. The Old Testament portions were printed on the multigraph by Ernst King, one of our Indian helpers. While Anna Wolfname helped in the type-writing of the prepared manuscript. With these two efficient Christian Indians, the Gospels were also printed. The rest of the New Testament was then fully printed with the help of Miss Thierstein. The American Bible Society of New York very obligingly made a photo-print copy of the whole New Testament to reduce the size of the book and enable us to have many more copies. It also gave us two thousand Cheyenne New Testaments, charging only for a cheap binding.

Except for short vacations and five months of sickness, during which time I experienced God's gracious help in answer to many prayers, I could serve my Master without interruption during forty-five years. And last year came my real furlough and the trip to Switzerland for five months. This came not without a mixture of sorrow, for before my dear wife and I landed in Havre, France, my only beloved son had suddenly been called to the heavenly home from his Mission Station in Ashland, Montana. This made the second and heavy trial which God laid upon me during my Mission service. *but

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He bore with me and I understood Him. Now, two of my loved ones lie buried on the Mission field, while the dear brother whom I saw again in Paris last year after fifty-one years of separation, went to his rest this last spring. Not only they, but many other Godly leaders, collaborators, intercessors, helpers, friends and givers in the Mission work have also been taken from us within the forty-five years of my Mission service. Among them I also count the Cheyenne Christians who remain true to their Savior until He called them home. Their absence weighs upon our hearts, but we are encouraged by the assurance that they now form part of the "Cloud of Witnesses." And we know that the Gospel's seed is ripening for a glorious harvest.

Meanwhile the enemy of God and his kingdom grows not old in his destruction work among men. He has led and ruled the Cheyenne people in the night. He brought to them raw paganism, false gods, superstition, dream religion, false hopes, will-o'-the-wisp, and the narcotic peyote cult. That is what the father of lies and murder brought to the poor Indian people. And now, in the recent years it is being urged by higher circles that the Indians hold fast

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to the inheritance of their forefathers, that it is far better for them than what the Missionaries bring to them.

Because of such counter-influences, our Indians have as a people, sunk deeper than they were fifty years ago. The tribal leadership is in the hands of men who are far less able than the former old Cheyenne Chiefs. They are drunk with the new power and self-government granted to them from Washington, D. C., and act accordingly until chaos is fully reached.

The majority of our Montana Cheyennes stand now indifferent to the Gospel of Christ, except when one of them gets sick or dies. Under such circumstances, the faithful Christians have a hard stand. They are made to feel that they form a negligible minority in the tribe and leading positions are not offered them. Thus the small flock has much to overcome, but despairs not of the victory of the Gospel. They look for a morning when darkness will be followed by light, sorrow by joy, death by life and the cross by the crown.

This article is only a sharing of some of my experiences with the readers. My dear wife will add a sketch

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of the life of two outstanding Cheyenne Christians, who have gone to their rest.

Special work in the kingdom of God is above all His work. We should not think too much of the instrument and fail to give all honor to the Master. Were it not for God's own leading and preparation, even long before the Mennonite Mission started among the Cheyennes; were it not for the many intercessors, helpers and givers in our churches; were it not for the cloud of witnesses and circumstances of which we know nothing, there would be no Cheyenne congregation, neither in heaven nor on earth. May its actual existence in both places give us further joy, willingness, and strength to work toward its completion with heart, hands, sacrifice, and prayer. God in Jesus Christ will care for the growth and the perfection.

Signed

Rodolphe Petter