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A STUDY OF SOME ASPECTS
OF BERT HANSEN'S PAGEANT-DRAMAS

by

MAURICE FOSS LOKENSGARD


B.A. Montana State University, 1958

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Arts

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY

1959

Approved by:


Chairman, Board of Examiners


Dean, Graduate School

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CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM

I. INTRODUCTION

In November of 1954, a community pageant-drama, entitled "As Long As The Sun Shines," was presented in the Field House of Montana State University in Missoula, Montana. That pageant-drama, as a medium of communication, dramatized a history of the beginnings and growths of religions and churches of Western Montana. As a group of people representing ten different religious denominations, the citizens of Missoula and the Flathead Indians blended their ideas and efforts in a pageant-drama which told of the faith of their forefathers and of God's love for all people of all faiths.¹ Following the final performance of the pageant, Reverend Guy L. Barnes of the University Congregational Church of Missoula, wrote to Professor Bert Hansen the following letter:

University Congregational Church
405 University Avenue
Missoula, Montana
November 22, 1954

Friend Bert:

Now that it is over, I keep thinking of the Pageant; especially

¹Bert Hansen, "Indian Pageant," Social Order, Vol. V (January, 1955), p. 37.

the message you built into it.

Yesterday was Forefathers' Day in our churches. The sermon was titled "Walk Proudly, Friend!" (a topic borrowed from a paragraph I found voicing tribute to our Forefathers). One part of the sermon brought a response I wish you could have witnessed.

Coming home last night from the final performance of the pageant-- thinking of all who have worked to produce it since the idea was first communicated to us by Bert Hansen--thinking how the churches of our community have been able to get together--in this enterprise--thinking of the message of the Pageant--(You know who is the most powerful Christian preacher in Missoula? It is Bert Hansen--the sermon he built into the pageant is powerful)--thinking of these things--although I was very tired and could not quite see how I was to be ready for today's duties--I found myself walking with more sense of pride in our community than I have ever felt before.

It would have amazed you to stand at the exit with me after service and hear how many people said that they fully agreed with that part of the sermon.

Just wanted to pass this along to you.
And thanks for all that you are doing.

Guy Barnes²

That letter was typical of more than a thousand letters which Professor Bert Hansen has received in appreciative response to his pageant-dramas. "As Long As The Sun Shines" was one of forty pageant-dramas to which Professor Bert Hansen has given himself as a dramaturgist. Missoula, Montana, was one of many communities which have benefited from the effects of his pageant-dramas.

II. THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF THE PROBLEM

Pageantry is nearly as old as mankind. From the moment that man

²Letter from Reverend Guy L. Barnes to Bert Hansen, November 22, 1954, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

had a past to glorify, the time was ripe for pageantry. Pageantry has found favor in all times and among all people.³

The Dorians of ancient Greece used pageantry as long ago as 500 B.C.⁴ The early Greeks paid homage to Dionysus, their god of wine, and the early Egyptians celebrated their annual festival in honor of Osiris, their god of the dead, in a pageant form of celebration.⁵

The processions of triumph through the streets of Rome, and the great exhibitions in the amphitheater, were pageant expressions of the might of the Roman Empire. The Crusades of the Middle Ages brought contact with the East, and European pageantry found new charm in strange new costumes and peculiar music. Following the stress and tumult of the Dark Ages, elements of pageantry communicated the meanings of elaborate rituals of worship and court.⁶

Religious services were spoken in Latin around 300 A.D. when St. Augustine was believed to have started, in England, the presentation of dramatized scenes from the Bible. Because the masses of people were unable to understand the Latin services, those dramatized scenes served as illustrations which gave the people a greater understanding

³Ralph Davol, A Handbook of American Pageantry, (Taunton, Mass., Davol Pub. Co., 1914, 2d ed.), p. 24.

⁴Adele G. Nathan, "Pageant," Encyclopedia Americana, Vol 21, p. 97.

⁵Charles R. and Pollyann Trumbo, "History of Pageantry," Dramatics, Vol. XXX (October, 1958), p. 14.

⁶Esther Willard Bates and William Orr, Pageants and Pageantry (Boston: Ginn and Company, 1912), pp. 8-10.

of the scriptures. Churches and churchyards soon lacked the capacity to hold the large crowds which came to see the presentations. To solve the problem of incapacity, pageant wagons were built, one for each dramatic scene. The wagons were then drawn in succession through the market place for all to see.⁷

Courtly pageantry was a solemn function and expression of constituted authority. That pageant was usually a procession of marching legions and those persons who represented honored dignity. In 1236 the earliest recorded pageant of that type was given to King Henry III and Eleanor of Provence on occasion of their trip from London to Westminster. Thus pageantry was an important instrument in keeping alive the illusion of royalty.⁸

Water pageants were a favorite form of expression during the Elizabethan Age and the seventeenth century. Odd shaped boats covered with canopy cloths, supported with high Corinthian pillars were gaily decorated to give a festive air for the benefit of visiting dignitaries.⁹

The early recorded histories of drama and pageantry as drama seem to have gotten their origin in the Elizabethan Period from the liturgy of the church. The early mystery plays belong as much to the field of history of drama as of pageantry.¹⁰

In 1633 the people of Oberammergau, Germany, first presented their

⁷Trumbo, loc. cit.

⁸Thomas H. Dickinson, The Case of American Drama (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915), p. 153.

⁹Ibid., pp. 153-154.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 154.

Passion Play which has been presented every ten years since, except during the periods of World War I and World War II. That world famous play is an example of present day pageantry which has been inherited from the seventeenth century.¹¹

The cause of the birth and development of the early twentieth century pageantry in America seemed to be the force of social and artistic awakening.¹² In the year 1910 the American Pageant Association was formed. The purpose of that organization was to bring together teachers, dramatic writers, producers, and social settlement directors who were interested in pageantry as an educational and recreational medium. The American Pageant Association sought to create a standard of pageant form which would be an artistic composition.¹³

Early twentieth century pageantry was recognized as a branch of drama, and became a popular form of celebrating holidays and festive occasions in communities all over the nation.¹⁴ Social, educational, and cultural values of pageantry were recognized, but emphasis on the form as an art was considered equally as valuable as other characteristics of the pageants.¹⁵ Symbolism which was portrayed in many

¹¹Trumbo, op. cit., p. 15.

¹²Dickinson, op. cit., p. 160.

¹³Nathan, op. cit., p. 102.

¹⁴Mary Porter Beegle and Jack Randall Crawford, Community Drama and Pageantry (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1916), p. 12.

¹⁵Percy Mackaye, Community Drama (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917), pp. 45-46.

localities reached the point of absurdity. Almost any occasion seemed worthy of a pageant celebration, and thus the form came into ill-repute.¹⁶

Several large scale presentations of pageants were given during the twenties. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad made use of the pageant for a celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first railroad in America.¹⁷ During the depression years unemployed drama people were subsidized by the government to perform a type of pageant, "The Living Newspaper."¹⁸ The Army War Show caught the spirit of pageantry and toured the country during World War II.¹⁹

In 1944, a program of community unification through dramaturgy was established in Montana. The program was set up by a group known as the Montana Study. Bert Hansen's historical pageant-dramas originated through his association with the Montana Study.²⁰

III. STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

The purpose of this study has been to discover Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose and his methods of planning, writing, and producing pageant-dramas. The research was directed toward (1) an

¹⁶Nathan, op. cit., p. 101.

¹⁷Charles R. and Pollyann Trumbo, "Pageantry in America," Dramatics, Vol. XXX (November, 1958), p. 31.

¹⁸Nathan, op. cit., p. 101. ¹⁹Trumbo, loc. cit.

²⁰Bert B. Hansen, "Community Unification Through Dramaturgy," Players Magazine, Vol 22 (July-August, 1946), pp. 3-4.

examination of Bert Hansen's writings about pageant-dramas; (2) an examination of academic writings about Bert Hanson; (3) an analysis of pageant-dramas written by Bert Hansen; and (4) an evaluation of newspaper articles and private letters about Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas.

IV. DEFINITION OF TERMS

Several terms used in the writing of this thesis needed definition, identification, and explanation.

Pageant-drama. The word pageant-drama, used as a name for Bert Hansen's works, had its origin from the two words pageant and drama. A dictionary definition of the word pageant gave its meaning as "an outdoor drama celebrating a historical event or presenting, with local actors, the history of a community."²¹ From the same source, the word drama was given the meaning of "a literary composition that tells a story, usually of human conflict, by means of dialogue and action."²² Although Bert Hansen's works have not been entirely outdoor type presentations, the term pageant-drama is meant to communicate the sense of both words, pageant and drama. Because Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas were not intended to be chiefly an artistic form, they have been known also as "rehearsed community sociodramas."²³

²¹ Webster's New World Dictionary College Edition (New York: The World Publishing Company, 1957), p. 1050.

²² Ibid., p. 440.

²³ Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in a Small-Community Therapy-Program," Sociatry, I (March, 1947), p. 92.

The word sociodrama, coined by Dr. J. L. Moreno, had two roots; socius, which meant "associate," or "the other fellow," and drama, which meant "action." Sociodrama has meant action on behalf of the other fellow.²⁴ Sociodramas are concerned with exploration and catharsis of group problems.²⁵ Inasmuch as Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas were initially a function of group therapy, they have been known also as rehearsed sociodramas as well as pageant-dramas.²⁶

Bert Hansen. At present Bert Hansen is a Professor of Speech at Montana State University at Missoula, Montana. He was a student of George Pearce Baker at Yale University, where he received a Certificate in Fine Arts in 1928.²⁷ He has taught playwriting and produced dramas in Washington, Colorado, Kansas, and Montana.²⁸ As an associate member of the Montana Study from 1945 to 1947, he became interested in the application of drama techniques to community group problems.²⁹ The Montana Study was a three-year experimental project sponsored jointly by the University of Montana and the Rockefeller

²⁴Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama - A Methodology For Democratic Action." Sociatry, Vol. II (December - March, 1948), p. 162/350.

²⁵Hansen, op. cit., p. 93.

²⁶Hansen, loc. cit.

²⁷Statement by Bert Hansen, personal interview.

²⁸Robert Bartlett Haas (ed.), Psychodrama and Sociodrama in American Education (New York: Beacon House, 1949), p. 243/431.

²⁹Baker Brownell, The Human Community (New York: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1950), p. 48.

Foundation during the years 1944 through 1947.³⁰ His concepts of pageant-dramas originated primarily as a result of his association with the Montana Study. Since 1946 his pageant-dramas have been made available to more than thirty communities through the Speech Department and the Public Service Division of Montana State University.³¹

Evaluation. According to dictionary definition, "to evaluate" is "to find the value of, or to appraise the worth of something."³² The word evaluation, as it has been used in the thesis, means an appraisal of Bert Hansen's philosophy and methods in terms of what other people have written.

Analysis. "To analyze" means "to separate a unity into parts so as to find out their nature or characteristics."³³ One of the functions of this study was to analyze different aspects of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas.

Philosophy. In one sense of the word, philosophy means "the general principles of a field of knowledge."³⁴ In this study the writer tried to determine the general principles of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas.

Methods. A "method" is "a way of doing anything."³⁵ A purpose

³⁰ Ibid., p. 25.

³¹ Bert Hansen, "Historical Pageantry in Montana," The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly, Vol. 11 (Winter, 1959), pp. 9-12.

³² Webster's New World Dictionary College Edition (New York: The World Publishing Company, 1957), p. 502.

³³ Ibid., p. 53.

³⁴ Ibid., p. 1099.

³⁵ Ibid., p. 1242.

of this study was to determine Bert Hansen's methods of planning, writing, producing, and directing pageant-dramas.

Results. "Anything that comes about as a consequence of some action or process" is known as a "result."³⁶ The results of this study were determined through analysis and evaluation of Bert Hansen's philosophy and methods.

Planning. In this study the word "planning" has been taken to mean the methods of preparation for the pageant-drama prior to the writing of the script.

Writing. "Writing" has included the gathering, evaluating, choosing, and recording of source materials in the script for a pageant-drama.

Producing. In the sense of pageant-drama, "producing" is meant to communicate the meaning of making preparations for the presentation of the pageant-drama.

Directing. "Directing" refers to the planning of action and effect of the pageant-drama, and to the instruction of actors and technicians for the presentation of the pageant-drama.

V. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY

Throughout the ages pageantry has been recognized as a means of communication.³⁷ In the twentieth century its value was recognized as

³⁶ Ibid., p. 1242.

³⁷ Charles R. and Pollyann Trumbo, "History of Pageantry," Dramatics, Vol. XXX (October, 1958), p. 15.

a means of strengthening democratic life in the community, and as a method of promoting the ideals of a democratic society.³⁸ During the past thirty years there has been little written about pageantry.³⁹ This study was intended to be an addition to academic knowledge of Bert Hansen's contributions to pageantry as a valuable field of knowledge in democratic society.

VI. LIMITATIONS OF THE STUDY

The study was confined to a brief historical background of pageantry, and to Bert Hansen's contributions to the field of pageantry. Bert Hansen's philosophy and methods of planning, writing, producing, and directing pageant-dramas were the areas covered within the scope of the study. All other aspects of the history and development of drama in general were not included in this study.

VII. ORGANIZATION OF THE REMAINDER OF THE THESIS

The remainder of the thesis was divided into four chapters, the bibliography, and the appendix. Chapter II was a survey of the literature which was used for the study. Identification was made of source material used for a brief history of the origin and development of pageantry. Literature which contained Bert Hansen's stated philosophy and methods was identified in relation to articles which he had written. Books, periodicals, newspapers, and letters which had been

³⁸Percy Mackaye, Community Drama (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917), pp. 45-46.

³⁹Editors, "In This Issue," Dramatics, Vol. XXX (October, 1958), p. 6.

written by other people about Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas were also identified. The copies of nine pageant-drama scripts used for examination in the study were also identified.

Chapter III explained the method of procedure for the study. It explained what materials were examined and how those materials were examined and evaluated.

Chapter IV showed the application and the findings of the method of procedure of the study.

Chapter V included a summary of the findings of the examinations and evaluations performed in Chapter III. It stated the conclusions drawn from the study, and it suggested recommendations for further study.

The Bibliography was a listing of sources from which information for the study was obtained.

The Appendix included nine pageant-dramas written by Bert Hansen.

CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

I. LITERATURE ABOUT BERT HANSEN

Most of the available literature in the field of pageantry dealt with the background and development of conventional pageantry which was in use in America in the first quarter of the twentieth century. Relatively little literature has been written about Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas since their comparatively recent origin in Montana.

Baker Brownell, a Professor of Philosophy at Northwestern University and formerly a member of the Montana study, said:

Community Drama, of all the Arts, is probably the most appropriate to a program concerned with the enrichment of small community life. It is essentially an education in community response, and in these days of decaying rural folkways, disintegrating communities and declining family life, a program in community response is critically important... . It reaches both adults and young people. Either as players or audience participants, they enter into that organic unity of human cooperation, possible only in the small face-to-face community.¹

In his book, The Human Community, Brownell said that Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas were based on different principles than contemporary drama. Success of the pageant-drama was judged in terms

¹Baker Brownell, "The Community Drama in Adult Education," Teacher's College Journal, Vol. XVIII (November, 1946), excerpt.

of participation by members of the community and not in terms of artistic achievement reached in the performance of the play.² Brownell said further of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas that "they are, in a profoundly spiritual sense, creators of community."³

In The Christian Science Monitor, Nan C. Carpenter, a Professor of English at Montana State University, wrote that Bert Hansen's pageant-drama was a device for combatting communism in a positive way, inasmuch as the results of the pageant-drama in a community were feelings of pride, confidence, and solidarity among people of various heritages in the American community.⁴

In one of a series of eight articles about pageantry, which were published in Dramatics, Charles R. Trumbo described methods of gathering source material for pageants.⁵ Trumbo emphasized Bert Hansen's proficiency as a writer of historical pageant-dramas.⁶

Conrad Wirth wrote an article, published in The National Geographic Magazine, which commented upon the historical accuracy and the authentic presentation of Bert Hansen's pageant-drama written

²Baker Brownell, The Human Community, (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1950), p. 72.

³Ibid.

⁴Nan C. Carpenter, "Regional History Taught Through Drama," The Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Education Section, November 2, 1957, p. 6.

⁵Charles R. and Pollyann Trumbo, "Source Material for Pageants," Dramatics, Vol. XXX (December, 1958), p. 13.

⁶Ibid.

about the history of Yellowstone National Park.⁷

Another article published in The National Geographic Magazine described the realism of Bert Hansen's pageant drama presentation of part of the Lewis and Clark saga. Three Forks, Montana, was the location of the pageant-drama presentation where many of the historical incidents took place.⁸

H. G. Merriam, editor of The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly, wrote:

Professor Hansen, who is presently the director of the Missoula Branch, has been wakening Montana communities to their own identity since 1946. This has been a socially valuable work. An extraordinary combination of qualities is required in a man who goes into a community new to it, steep himself in its history, gains the co-operation of all sorts of people and organizes them into researchers, writers, actors, speakers, technicians, costumers, directors, financial managers, photographers, and others--literally hundreds of people co-operating in producing a pageant-drama that gives them pride in their community. No community life can remain uninfluenced by them.⁹

Henry Hewes, in an article about drama in the United States, for the Saturday Review, had this to say of Bert Hansen:

The summer historical drama or pageant is for the most part an outgrowth of the work of Paul Green at the University of North Carolina and Bert Hansen, Montana State University. They and their cohorts have succeeded in getting productions for numerous spectacles that glorify some particular person or event in the founding and settlement of our country.¹⁰

⁷Conrad L. Wirth, "Heritage of Beauty and History," The National Geographic Magazine, Vol. CXIII (May, 1958), p. 602.

⁸Ralph Gray, "Following the Trail of Lewis and Clark," The National Geographic Magazine, Vol. CIII (June, 1953), p. 738.

⁹H. G. Merriam, "Editor's Note," The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly, Vol. 11 (Winter, 1959), p. 12.

¹⁰Henry Hewes, "Drama in the Land," The Saturday Review, Vol. XXXVII (April 17, 1954), p. 40.

International significance of Bert Hansen's concepts of pageant-drama was found in a Canadian publication, British Columbia Drama. The editor said: "The concept of community drama evolved in Montana will be of interest to all those engaged in the activity in British Columbia."¹¹

Since 1945 Bert Hansen has produced more than forty pageant-dramas in various Montana communities, Yellowstone National Park, Denver, Colorado, and Manhattan, Kansas.¹²

Numerous newspaper articles and letters about Bert Hansen and his pageant-dramas have been kept on file at Montana State University and were made available to the writer of this thesis.

II. LITERATURE WRITTEN BY BERT HANSEN

Prior to his association with the Montana Study, Bert Hansen was Chairman of the English Department and Director of College Entertainment at Montana State College in Bozeman, Montana.¹³ While he served in that capacity he wrote "Entertainment Values," an article for The Eleusis of Chi Omega. In that article he said that people who have acquired standards of evaluation for entertainment "will find pleasure, not only in entertainment for its own sake but pleasure in sharing it and confidence in discussing it intelligently with others."¹⁴ He said that a person's

¹¹Editor's Note, British Columbia Drama, Vol. 2 (Autumn, 1951), p. 12.

¹²Merriam, loc. cit.

¹³Bert Hansen, "Entertainment Values," The Eleusis of Chi Omega, Vol. XLV (September, 1943), p. 443.

¹⁴Ibid., p. 446.

"value of entertainment depends upon his relation to it."¹⁵

During his association with the Montana Study, Bert Hansen wrote "A Project in Community Education," an article for The Journal of General Education. In that article he described democratic living in a community:

Democratic living is living as a whole human being. It is making choices and being responsible for choices; it is participating in essential community affairs; it is being active, not passive, in the expressive arts; it is promoting programs of common welfare; it is belonging to a group in an essential warm way; it is having dignity. Most people do not have any of these things in a large way, but in the small community unit these things are possible--possible for any man, for any woman, for any child. Without them any person feels insignificant, defeated, unnecessary in vital living.¹⁶

In that same article he wrote about the existence and purposes of the Montana Study.

In the summer of 1944 the State Board of Education in Montana, with encouragement from Ernest O. Melby, then chancellor of the university system, launched, as part of its system of higher education, a program of activated research in human resources known as the Montana Study. The purpose of the study was threefold: research concerned primarily with the conditions requisite to good living in Montana; community field work concerned with the developing of a community consciousness and understanding through study-group meetings, and stimulating community morale through the expressive arts, particularly dramatic art in the form of sociodrama; training teachers for the new community-centered conception of the humanities. Baker Brownell, professor of philosophy at Northwestern University, was given leave to come to Montana to formulate and direct the project which was financed initially by one of the foundations interested in the humanities. It was part of the plan of the Montana Study to draw help and inspiration from the faculty members of the various units of the system of higher education

¹⁵Ibid., p. 445.

¹⁶Bert Hansen, "A Project in Community Education," The Journal of General Education, Vol. I (January, 1947), p. 114.

as it is unified in the Greater University of Montana.¹⁷

"Sociodrama In a Small-Community Therapy-Program" was an article which appeared in Sociatry. In that article Bert Hansen described the activities of the Montana Study and explained his association with that group.

. . . it was considered important, at the end of the first year (of the Montana Study), that some central activity be advanced in the communities that had study groups in which a large number of citizens could work together towards an objective large enough to ultimately absorb nearly all of them. The answer seemed to be a program of community self-centered drama. I was given leave from my duties at Montana State College to develop this phase of the work.¹⁸

In that same article he described the method he planned to use to develop the program of community self-centered drama.

As I studied the project it seemed clear to me that sociodrama, originated and chiefly developed by Dr. J. L. Moreno, was the dramatic vehicle best suited to the purposes of the Montana Study. Of course, it has been necessary to make certain adjustments in the sociodrama techniques as outlined by Dr. Moreno, but in the over-all program as practiced in Montana, the principles are the same as those advocated by him.¹⁹

The rehearsed sociodrama which Bert Hansen used in his work with the Montana Study was described in an article that appeared in Western Speech, entitled "Sociodrama In A Speech Communication Program."²⁰ He explained:

Rehearsed sociodrama is a special kind of community drama. It

¹⁷ Ibid., p. 115.

¹⁸ Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama In A Small-Community Therapy-Program," Sociatry, Vol. I (March, 1947), p. 92.

¹⁹ Ibid., pp. 92-93.

²⁰ Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama In A Speech Communication Program," Western Speech, Vol. XI (April, 1947), p. 4.

must not, however, be confused with either regional or folk drama. Rehearsed sociodrama is not an art form. The drama is never an end in itself; it is always a means to an end. If the drama becomes an end product, then it ceases to be a sociodrama.²¹

He further gave definition to rehearsed sociodrama.

A rehearsed sociodrama is a drama conceived, written and produced by a people of a community, about themselves and for their own enlightenment and enjoyment. It can be effective as an activity which will unite nearly all the people of the community in a common effort. Its appeal is almost universal; it can communicate almost anything, and at the same time it can be made attractive on many appreciation levels. It cuts across economic, cultural, religious and racial barriers in its person-to-person relationships not only in performance and in rehearsal but in its long period of preparation. It can be used in small communities, and in large; in the classroom and as an extra curricular activity. It is one of the best integrating agents in our social structure.²²

The article, "A Community (Darby, Montana) Looks At Itself," was published in the Adult Education Bulletin. Bert Hansen said of that drama at Darby:

It was an analytical, critical study of its current problems related to the past, the present, and hope for the future--conceived, written, acted, and produced by themselves for themselves. This community drama resulted from a planned study program of their particular difficulties.²³

Bert Hansen further discussed the drama at Darby in an article, "Community Unification Through Dramaturgy," which was published in Players Magazine.²⁴ He said that one of the unique features of the

²¹Ibid., p. 4.

²²Ibid., pp. 4-5.

²³Bert Hansen, "A Community (Darby, Montana) Looks At Itself," Adult Education Bulletin, Vol. XI (April, 1946), an excerpt.

²⁴Bert Hansen, "Community Unification Through Dramaturgy," Players Magazine, Vol. 22 (July -August, 1946), pp. 3-4.

drama was that "fifty-three citizens had been involved in writing the evening's entertainment."²⁵ He declared further that "in nearly every case it was not only the individual's first experience in play writing but also his first experience in acting."²⁶

In The Quarterly Journal of Speech Bert Hansen's article, "A Tale of the Bitter Root: Pageantry As Sociodrama," described the need in America for a truthful form of community expression.

. . . The event to be celebrated (in many localities) is re-enacted as a colorful spectacle in which truth is sacrificed for effect, realism for sentimentality, simplicity for tomfoolery, and trained judgment for enthusiasm. As a result, the pageant, in spite of its popular appeal, has fallen into disrepute as a serious dramatic form and as a worthwhile community enterprise. There is, however, no good reason why the historical pageant, a community drama based on local history, performed out of doors by local actors, cannot be a theatrically effective medium for truthful community expression.²⁷

In "An Evaluation of the Montana Study," an article published in The Journal of Higher Education, Bert Hansen reviewed the philosophy of the Montana Study and evaluated the community work which had been done in a three-year period from 1944 to 1947.²⁸ He said that six of the fifteen study groups had written and produced dramas. Those dramas he said "were not perfected works of fine art, but rather, simple dramas of the life of the community involved."²⁹

²⁵Ibid., p. 3.

²⁶Ibid.

²⁷Bert Hansen, "A Tale of the Bitter Root: Pageantry As Sociodrama," The Quarterly Journal of Speech, Vol. XXXIII (April, 1947), p. 162.

²⁸Bert Hansen, "An Evaluation of the Montana Study," The Journal of Higher Education, Vol. XX (January, 1949), pp. 18-27.

²⁹Ibid., p. 21.

"Sociodrama - A Methodology for Democratic Action" was Bert Hansen's article included in the book Psychodrama and Sociodrama in American Education. He wrote:

Unless we accept a defeatist point of view, we must assume that the present national as well as international chaos is not the result of unsoluble problems, but rather is the result of our inability to communicate on levels which result in sympathy and understanding as well as positive action between masses of people.³⁰

He stated further:

In the struggle for a society of free men which always has been the ultimate goal of democratic thinking and planning, community sociodrama, a communication methodology of inter-group catharsis, can play a significant part.³¹

"Sociodrama in Community Integration" was an article published in Sociology and Social Research. Bert Hansen stated a philosophy of a socially and culturally integrated world through integrated community education.³² He said education should place emphasis on "cross-section community groups where all citizens may meet without domination in face-to-face free exchange of ideas on any and all matters of importance to the welfare of any and all of the people. . . ."³³

In an article published in Sociatry, "Sociodrama in the Class

³⁰Robert B. Haas, (ed.), Psychodrama and Sociodrama in American Education (New York: Beacon House, 1949), p. 348.

³¹Ibid.

³²Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in Community Integration," Sociology and Social Research, Vol. 32 (September-October, 1947) pp. 540-547.

³³Ibid., p. 547.

Room," Bert Hansen discussed the practicability of sociodrama.³⁴ He said:

It must not become an "Ivory Tower" pseudo-intellectual movement in a world of people so badly in need of methods and techniques to help them behave meaningfully in group and inter-group relations.³⁵

An article entitled "Indian Pageant" appeared in Social Order.³⁶ Bert Hansen said that many of his dramas which had been performed in Montana dealt with legends, true stories, and with factual historical material.³⁷ Of the Indian and non-Indian relationships developed through the pageant-dramas he said:

It may be assumed that a better understanding of each other has resulted from these mutually shared experiences by both Indians and non-Indians.³⁸

"Historical Pageantry in Montana" was an article published in The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly in 1959.³⁹ Bert Hansen explained that since 1946 his dramas have become known as historical pageants.⁴⁰ He said, "It is what they really are, for their primary purpose has been to strengthen community spirit and understanding by intra-community communication."⁴¹ He said that his pageant-drama

³⁴Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in the Classroom," Sociatry, Vol. I (December, 1947), pp. 333-334.

³⁵Ibid., p. 334.

³⁶Bert Hansen, "Indian Pageant," Social Order, Vol. V (January, 1955), pp. 37-38.

³⁷Ibid., p. 38.

³⁸Ibid., p. 38.

³⁹Bert Hansen, "Historical Pageantry in Montana," The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly, Vol. 11 (Winter, 1959), p. 9-12.

⁴⁰Ibid., p. 9.

⁴¹Ibid.

program has had four purposes:

One purpose was having a large percentage of the people working together in a program related to their community-- not in a statistical or commercial sense, but in an emotionally responsive sense.

A second purpose was to produce plays intended to recognize the achievements in a community's development, using not only contributions made by "old timers," but present residents of the community as well.

A third purpose was to create a desire on the part of newcomers to blend into the community life that they had seen dramatically presented, and to help them to become an emotional part of the history of the community they had adopted.

A fourth purpose was to stimulate the youth of the community, not only through witnessing the history but participating in its dramatic presentation, so that they would desire to continue to live in their community rather than seek cities to replace what previously had seemed to them to be "just a dull, small town."⁴²

In that article appeared a list of communities in Montana, Colorado, and Kansas where more than forty of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas have been performed.⁴³

III. BERT HANSON'S PAGEANT-DRAMAS

The writer of this thesis compiled the following list of each of Bert Hanson's pageant-dramas to date. Included with the title of each pageant-drama was a description of the sponsoring organization, the location of each presentation, and the dates of each presentation.

"Darby Looks at Itself," was presented in Darby, Montana. It was a community drama written by the people of Darby, Montana, about

⁴² Ibid.

⁴³ Ibid., p. 12.

themselves and for themselves; produced on the evening of December 7, 1945.

"A Tale of the Bitter Root" was presented in Stevensville, Montana. It was a historical community pageant-drama written and produced by the people of Stevensville, Montana, on August 18, 1946, and July 19 and 20, 1947.

"The Story of Lonepine" was presented in Lonepine, Montana. It was a historical drama written and produced by the people of Lonepine, Montana, on March 7 and 8, 1947.

"A Tale of the Shining Mountains" was presented at Post Creek, Montana. It was a historical pageant-drama written and produced by the Salish and Kootenai tribes of the Flathead reservation in conjunction with the Dixon Agency Montana Study Group and the Full-Blood Flathead Indian Montana Study Group on July 4 and 5, 1947.

"A Tale of the Bitter Root" was repeated in Stevensville, Montana, July 19 and 20, 1947.

"As Long As The Grass Grows" was presented in Missoula, Montana. It was a historical pageant-drama sponsored by the Missoula Kiwanis Club and the Salish tribe of Indians. It was presented on Dornblaser Field of the Montana State University campus on July 16 and 17, 1949.

"Traveling Treasure Trails" was presented in Butte, Montana. People of Butte, Dillon, Deer Lodge, and Virginia City worked together to produce that historical pageant-drama during the summer of 1950.

"As the Water Flows" was presented in Missoula, Montana. It was a continuation of the historical pageant-drama presented the previous year and was again sponsored by the Missoula Kiwanis Club and the Salish

tribe of Indians. It was presented on Dornblaser Field of the Montana State University campus on July 15 and 16, 1950.

"Corridor of an Empire" was presented in Three Forks, Montana. That pageant-drama was the first of a series written about the Lewis and Clark expedition. It was sponsored by the Three Rivers Chapter of the American Pioneer Trails Association, and was presented on July 29 and 30, 1950.

"Fiesta de Coronado" was presented in Denver, Colorado. That pageant-drama was sponsored by the Latin American Educational Foundation and the School of Speech, University of Denver. It was presented in Denver University Stadium on August 13, 1950.

"Let's Have Some Music" was presented in Missoula, Montana. It was a story of the century's growth in music in a frontier town of the Northwest. It was presented in the Student Union Building of Montana State University for the Northwest Division of the National Music Educators' Conference on March 27 and 28, 1951.

"Two Captains West" was presented in Three Forks, Montana. It was the second pageant-drama written about the Lewis and Clark expedition. It was sponsored by the Three Rivers Chapter of the American Pioneer Trails Association, and was presented July 21 and 22, 1951.

"From Copper Camp to Copper City" was presented in Anaconda, Montana. It was a historical pageant-drama sponsored by the Anaconda Chamber of Commerce and presented at Mitchell Stadium on August 4 and 5, 1951.

"Winning the Wild High Border" was presented in Cut Bank, Montana,

It was a pageant-drama sponsored by the citizens of Cut Bank and Glacier County, their civic organizations, agencies, and business firms, and was presented July 19 and 20, 1952.

"Homeward Bound" was presented in Three Forks, Montana. It was the third Lewis and Clark pageant-drama to be sponsored by the Three Rivers Chapter of American Pioneer Trails Association. It was presented July 26 and 27, 1952.

"Gold is Where You Find It" was presented in Deer Lodge, Montana. That historical pageant-drama was part of a centennial celebration of the first discovery of gold in Montana and the Northwest. It was sponsored by the Powell County Civic Association and the Powell County-Deer Lodge County Fair Board. The pageant-drama was presented at the Powell County Fair Grounds August 20, 21, 22, and 23, 1952.

"A Tale of the Milk River Country" was presented in Glasgow, Montana. It was sponsored by the Valley County Fair, and was presented at Bob Cross Memorial Park August 30, 31, and September 1, 1952.

"This is Our Land" was presented in Conrad, Montana. That pageant-drama, which was concerned with early history and development of Pondera County, was sponsored by the Conrad Educational and Recreational Association, and was underwritten by the Conrad Lions Club. It was presented at the high school football field July 18 and 19, 1953.

"Louisiana Purchase Explored" was presented in Three Forks, Montana. It was the fourth historical pageant-drama about the Lewis and Clark expedition which was sponsored by the Three Rivers Chapter of

the American Pioneer Trails Association, and was presented in connection with the 150th Anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase celebration on July 25 and 26, 1953.

"Years of Conflict" was presented in Polson, Montana. That pageant-drama was sponsored by Polson Outdoors Incorporated, and was presented in connection with Polson's centennial celebration on August 8 and 9, 1953.

"The Mysterious Marias Pass on the Wild High Border" was presented in Cut Bank, Montana. That pageant-drama was sponsored by the citizens of Cut Bank and Glacier County, their civic organizations, agencies, and business firms, and was presented at the Athletic Field on August 22 and 23, 1953.

"Tall Tales of Old Fort Benton" was presented in Fort Benton, Montana. That pageant-drama was part of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the creation of the Nebraska Territory. It was sponsored by the Fort Benton Kiwanis Club and was presented July 3, 4, and 5, 1954.

"From the Lodge of the Deer to the Valley of the Poeples" was presented in Anaconda, Montana. That pageant-drama described the development of industry in Montana, and was sponsored by the Anaconda Chamber of Commerce and the Anaconda American Legion Post No. 21. It was presented in Mitchell Stadium July 31 and August 1, 1954.

"One Hundred Years of Achievement" was presented in St. Ignatius, Montana. It was produced in connection with the centennial celebration of the St. Ignatius Mission, and was presented on September 24, 25, 26, 1954.

"As Long as the Sun Shines" was presented in Missoua, Montana. That pageant-drama was produced under the auspices of many churches of Western Montana and the Religious Emphasis Week Council of Montana State University. It was presented in the Field House of Montana State University, November 18, 19, 20, 1954.

"The Lonely Man Who Came to Jesus on Easter Morning" was presented in Livingston, Montana. It was an Easter Sunrise Pageant sponsored by the Protestant Churches of Livingston. It was presented Easter Sunday, 1955.

"The Manhattan Story" was presented in Manhattan, Kansas. It was a historical drama of Manhattan, Kansas, and was presented in Ahearn Fieldhouse of Kansas State College on April 28, 29, 30, 1955.

"Down the Yellowstone" was presented in Billings, Montana. That pageant-drama dealt with local history of the Lewis and Clark expedition and was part of the Lewis and Clark Sesquicentennial Celebration. It was presented in 1955.

"Outward Bount" and "Homeward Bound" were presented in Three Forks, Montana. Those two pageant-dramas were sponsored by the Three Rivers Chapter of American Pioneer Trails Association, and were presented alternately with "Outward Bound" being presented July 24 and 26, 1955. Those performances were part of the Lewis and Clark Sesquicentennial Celebration.

"Your Land Forever" was presented in Missoula, Montana. It was sponsored by the Missoula Kiwanis Club and was presented at Dornblaser Field, Montana State University, August 12 and 13, 1955.

"Glendive Creek to Gate City" was presented in Glendive, Montana.

That historical pageant-drama was produced in connection with Glendive's 75th Anniversary, Diamond Jubilee by the Diamond Jubilee Committee. It was sponsored by the Glendive Chamber of Commerce and was presented at Perham Field on July 3 and 4, 1956.

"A Miniature of the West" was presented in Lewistown, Montana. It was sponsored by the Central Montana Chamber of Commerce, and was presented July 6 and 7, 1957.

"Move Over, Indian" was presented in Missoula, Montana. It was sponsored by Montana State University and was presented at the Field House August 14, 15, 16, and 17, 1957.

"The Birth of Yellowstone National Park" was presented at Madison Junction, Yellowstone National Park. That pageant-drama has been presented on September 12 and 19, 1957, 1958, and will be presented again in 1960.

"Miracle of the Musselshell" was presented in Roundup, Montana. It was produced by the Roundup Civic Woman's Club, and was presented at the Roundup County Fair Grounds, July 2 and 5, 1958.

"Gold is in the Grass" was presented in Deer Lodge, Montana. It was sponsored by the Powell County Civic Association and the Powell County-Deer Lodge County Fair Board. It was presented August 20 to 24, 1958.

"The Birth of Yellowstone National Park" was repeated in the summer of 1958.

"Cow Country to Cattle Capital" was presented in Miles City, Montana. It was sponsored by the Miles City Diamond Jubilee Entertainment Committee in connection with the 75th anniversary celebration

of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association. It was presented May 20, 21, 22, 23, 1959.

"I Lift my Eyes Unto the Hills" was presented near Arlee, Montana. It was a production of the Salish tribe of Indians, assisted by Bert Hansen's university pageant-drama class, and was performed on May 31 and July 12, 1959.

The following is a list of years, locations, and dates of presentation of each of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas.

1945:

Darby, Montana, December 7.

1946:

Stevensville, Montana, August 18.

1947:

Lonepine, Montana, March 7, 8.
Post Creek, Montana, July 4, 5.
Stevensville, Montana, July 19, 20.

1949:

Missoula, Montana, July 16, 17.

1950:

Missoula, Montana, July 15, 16.
Butte, Montana.
Three Forks, Montana, July 29, 30.
Denver, Colorado, August 13.

1951:

Missoula, Montana, March 27, 28.
Three Forks, Montana, July 21, 22.
Anaconda, Montana, August 4, 5.

1952:

Cut Bank, Montana, July 19, 20.
Three Forks, Montana, July 26, 27.
Deer Lodge, Montana, August 20, 21, 22, 23.
Glasgow, Montana, August 30, September 1.

1953:

Conrad, Montana, July 18, 19.
Three Forks, Montana, July 25, 26.
Polson, Montana, August 8, 9.
Cut Bank, Montana, August 22, 23.

1954:

Fort Benton, Montana, July 3, 4.
Anaconda, Montana, July 31, August 1.
St. Ignatius, Montana, September 24, 25, 26.
Missoula, Montana, November 18, 19, 20.

1955:

Livingston, Montana, April
Manhattan, Kansas, April 28, 29, 30.
Billings, Montana, July 2, 3, 4.
Three Forks, Montana, July 23, 24, 25, 26.
Missoula, Montana, August 12, 13.

1956:

Glendive, Montana, July 3, 4.

1957:

Lewistown, Montana, July 6, 7.
Missoula, Montana, August 14, 15, 16, 17.
Yellowstone National Park, September 12, 19.

1958:

Roundup, Montana, July 2, 5.
Deer Lodge, Montana, August 20, 21, 22, 23.
Yellowstone National Park.

1959:

Miles City, Montana, May 20, 21, 22, 23.
Arlee, Montana, (2) May 31 and July 12.

CHAPTER III

METHOD OF PROCEDURE

I. KINDS OF MATERIALS OBSERVED

The kinds of materials observed in the study were: (1) articles written by Bert Hansen, (2) academic writings published in books, periodicals, and newspaper articles about Bert Hansen and his pageant-dramas, (3) pageant-dramas written by Bert Hansen, and (4) newspaper articles and private letters appraising Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas.

II. KINDS OF OBSERVATIONS MADE

For the four kinds of materials observed, two kinds of observations were made: (1) Articles written by Bert Hansen were observed for Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose and for methods of planning, writing, and producing Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas. (2) Academic writings published in books, periodicals, and newspaper articles were observed for Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose and for his methods of planning, writing, and producing pageant-dramas. (3) Pageant-dramas written by Bert Hansen were observed for philosophy of purpose. (4) Newspaper articles and letters about Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas were appraised for philosophy of purpose and for methods of planning, writing and producing.

Justification for the kinds of observations made was based upon

statements of recognized authorities in the field of drama. Brooks and Heilman in their book, Understanding Drama, said that drama was "a special form with methods and characteristics of its own." They said that an understanding of drama could be achieved not only by studying the author's personality and ideas of expression, but also by studying and analyzing concrete examples of the author's work.¹

In his book, Producing the Play, John Gassner gave the following definition of drama:

Drama is a way of regarding humanity, individually or collectively; a way of observing it in moments of maximum tension; an art of condensing human experience so that its dynamic processes--i.e., those that determine or change human destiny--will become evident.²

Gassner said that the play gives the basic content of a dramatic production and within limits determines its shape.³ He said that every play is subject to varying treatments, and that it was impossible, in advance of its presentation, to pronounce any one method better than another.

Selection of the plays observed in the study was done through personal interview with Bert Hansen. The pageant-dramas selected were determined to be representative of his work.

III. TREATMENT OF THE OBSERVATIONS MADE

From the observations made of the material examined, two

¹ Cleanth Brooks and Robert B. Heilman, Understanding Drama (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1945), p. ix.

² John Gassner and Philip Barber, Producing the Play and New Scene Technician's Handbook (New York: The Dryden Press, 1953), p. 16.

³ Ibid., p. 16.

⁴ Ibid., p. 220.

generalizations were made about Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas: (1) generalizations about philosophy of purpose in Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas, and (2) generalizations about methods of planning, writing, and producing Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas.

CHAPTER IV

FINDINGS

I. ARTICLES WRITTEN BY BERT HANSEN

The Philosophy of Purpose in Bert Hansen's Pageant-dramas.--In the initial stage of development of his community pageant-drama program, Bert Hansen decided that the dramatic vehicle which would best accomplish the purposes of his program was rehearsed sociodrama.¹ In an article which appeared in Western Speech, he described the rehearsed sociodrama:

Rehearsed sociodrama is a special kind of community drama. It must not, however, be confused with either regional or folk drama. Rehearsed sociodrama is not an art form. The drama is never an end in itself; it is always a means to an end. If the drama becomes an end product, then it ceases to be a sociodrama.

A rehearsed sociodrama is a drama conceived, written and produced by a people of a community, about themselves and for their own enlightenment and enjoyment. It can be effective as an activity which will unite nearly all the people of the community in a common effort. Its appeal is almost universal; it can communicate almost anything, and at the same time it can be made attractive on many appreciation levels. It cuts across economic, cultural, religious and racial barriers in its person-to-person relationships not only in performance and in rehearsal but in its long period of preparation. It can be used in small communities, and in large; in the classroom and as an extra curricular activity. It is one of the best

¹Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in a Small-Community Therapy-Program," *Sociatry*, Vol. I (March, 1947), pp. 92-93.

integrating agents in our social structure.²

Since their origin during the period of the Montana Study, Bert Hansen's rehearsed sociodramas have become known as historical pageants or pageant-dramas, though the methods of rehearsed socio-drama have been adhered to. Bert Hansen explained that change:

These dramas were organized, prepared, produced, and acted by the local people under the technical direction of a member of the staff of the University of Montana. These dramas now have become rather widely known in the state as historical pageants. It is what they rely on, for their primary purpose has been to strengthen community spirit and understanding by intra-community communication.³

Some of the purposes of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas were described in his article "Historical Pageantry in Montana":

One purpose was having a large percentage of the people working together in a program related to their community-- not in a statistical or commercial sense, but in an emotionally responsive sense.

A second purpose was to produce plays intended to recognize the achievements in a community's development, using not only contributions made by "old timers," but present residents of the community as well.

A third purpose was to create a desire on the part of newcomers to blend into the community life that they had seen dramatically presented, and to help them to become an emotional part of the history of the community they had adopted.

A fourth purpose was to stimulate the youth of the community, not only through witnessing the history but participating in its dramatic presentation, so that they would desire to continue to live in their community rather than seek cities to replace what previously had seemed to them to be "just a dull, small town."⁴

²Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in a Speech Communication Program," Western Speech, Vol. XI (April, 1947), p. 4.

³Bert Hansen, "Historical Pageantry in Montana," The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly, Vol. 11 (Winter, 1959), p. 9.

⁴Ibid.

A purpose of the pageant-drama was to strengthen democratic living in the American community. In The Journal of General Education, Bert Hansen described democratic living in a community:

Democratic living is living as a whole human being. It is making choices and being responsible for choices; it is participating in essential community affairs; it is being active, not passive, in the expressive arts; it is promoting programs of common welfare; it is belonging to a group in an essential warm way; it is having dignity. Most people do not have any of these things in a large way, but in the small community unit these things are possible--possible for any man, for any woman, for any child. Without them, any person feels insignificant, defeated, unnecessary in vital living.⁵

The purpose of the rehearsed sociodrama was to reawaken the spirit of American democracy. Of that purpose, Bert Hansen said:

In the struggle for a society of free men which always has been the ultimate goal of democratic thinking and planning, community sociodrama, a communication methodology of inter-group catharsis, can play a significant part.⁶

The purpose of improving community living by providing an integrating activity was expressed in Bert Hansen's description of the drama aspects of his program. He said:

. . . the drama aspect has not been an end, it has always been a means to an end. And that end in all cases has been improved community living through an integrating activity.⁷

One of the purposes of the pageant-dramas was to provide for the community a means for solution of community problems. Bert Hansen

⁵Bert Hansen, "A Project in Community Education," The Journal of General Education, Vol. I (January, 1947), p. 114.

⁶Robert B. Haas (ed.), Psychodrama and Sociodrama in American Education, (New York: Beacon House, 1949), p. 348.

⁷Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in a Small-Community Therapy-Program," Sociatry, Vol. I (March, 1947), p. 93.

described that purpose:

Community sociodrama is founded on the conception that the problems of a group find better solutions for the group within the group rather than from without the group.⁸

Another purpose of the program was to provide a means of exploring group problems and giving them expression. Of his pageant-dramas Bert Hansen said:

They are true sociodramas in that they are concerned with both exploration and catharsis; they were a collective experience involving nearly all the people of each community either as participants or spectators; and they dealt with social realities in terms of the common man, not in terms of sophisticated art nor in imitation of the commercial theatre.⁹

A purpose of the rehearsed sociodrama was to cut "across economic, cultural, religious and racial barriers."¹⁰ Bert Hansen described that purpose of his pageant-drama program in Stevensville, Montana, where Indians and non-Indians worked together in a common effort:

. . . Stevensville is acquiring an integrated social life. The choruses of its three churches--two Protestant and one Catholic--are united in a pageant choir. A group of young people, who last year were skeptical about the success of the pageant, are now active in a drama group working on spontaneous sociodrama. A research and writing committee--made up, in part, of a Harvard graduate, a day laborer, the wife of a ranch foreman, and a Catholic priest--are reorganizing the

⁸Hansen, op. cit., p. 349.

⁹Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in a Small-Community Therapy-Program," Sociatry, Vol. I (March, 1947), p. 93.

¹⁰Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in a Speech Communication Program," Western Speech, Vol. XI (April, 1947), p. 4.

script for this year's production. Altogether Stevensville's pageant sociodrama has centered community interest in a common endeavor.¹¹

The purpose of cutting across racial barriers in his pageant-dramas was described after the performance of a pageant-drama project in Missoula, Montana, which involved people of ten different religious denominations. Of the Indian and non-Indian relationships he said: "It may be assumed that a better understanding of each other has resulted from these mutually shared experiences by both Indians and non-Indians."¹²

Enrichment of the community's cultural life was another purpose of the pageant-drama. Of that purpose he said:

The pageant was held not to celebrate any particular event, but as part of the community's program to build an enriched cultural life within itself and to provide a central activity around which people in all walks of life could work together toward a common objective.¹³

The purpose of the pageant-drama was more than entertainment alone. As Bert Hansen said: "The purpose of the drama was not entertainment alone but the exploration and analysis of the community's resources in human terms."¹⁴

The pageant-drama program has had also a purpose of developing

¹¹Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in Community Integration," Sociology and Social Research, Vol. 32 (Sept.-Oct., 1947), p. 545.

¹²Bert Hansen, "Indian Pageant," Social Order, Vol. V (January, 1955), p. 38.

¹³Bert Hansen, "A Tale of the Bitter Root: Pageantry as Sociodrama," The Quarterly Journal of Speech, Vol. XXXIII (April, 1947), p. 165.

¹⁴Bert Hansen, "An Evaluation of the Montana Study," The Journal of Higher Education, Vol. XX (January, 1949), p. 21.

pride of the citizens in their community. Of that aspect of purpose

Bert Hansen said:

It was to be a kind of drama that would not only give them an understanding of the community's place in history but give them a pride in and awareness of the fact that their town did have an interesting and extraordinary history.¹⁵

Another purpose, that of providing an interesting, wholesome activity for all age groups was described by Bert Hansen in The Adult Education Bulletin as he referred to the Darby, Montana, drama. He said, "The oldest member of the case was seventy-nine and the youngest, three. In many cases there were parents and children; in one case a grandparent, children, and grandchildren."¹⁶

Participation in all phases of the planning, writing, producing, and presentation, by many sorts of people has been another purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-drama program. Self-realized rewards of a social, cultural, and educational nature have been achieved by the participants. As Bert Hansen said: "When a large group of people work long and hard to produce their own story, they manifest a great interest in the historical drama of their own community."¹⁷

He said further that when people explore their community for backgrounds, "they find that their historical heritage is not only

¹⁵Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in a Small-Community Therapy-Program" Sociatry, Vol. I (March, 1947), pp. 94-95.

¹⁶Bert Hansen, "A Community (Darby, Montana) Looks at Itself," Adult Education Bulletin, Vol. XI (April, 1946), an excerpt.

¹⁷Bert Hansen, "Historical Pageantry in Montana," The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly, Vol. 11 (Winter, 1959), p. 9.

fascinatingly significant but inspirational to them.¹⁸

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas has been to provide the community with a means of dynamic expression. Bert Hansen said in an article published in Sociology and Social Research:

In all times, community drama has been a means of dynamic expression which, when made available to people, not only arouses curiosity but, at the same time, through its emotional appeal, creates a common understanding of problems and starts a united action in their behalf. There are four reasons why this is true. First, it operates at the level of illustration, the level least abstract and closest to the fact territory and for that reason it is an easy and clear method of transmission. Second, the nature of dramatic presentation is a person-to-person relationship not only between actors participating in the drama, and between observers participating with each other as observers, but between actors and observers participating mutually in the unfolding action. Third, it is an imitation of real life, and as such is an indirect approach to a problem--it allows the observers to draw their own inferences, a procedure which is the opposite of the didactic method wherein the speaker makes the inferences. Fourth, it can communicate almost anything and can be made attractive on many appreciation levels at the same time.

Of course, this kind of drama must not be confused with the drama of the commercial theater or the art theater, nor must it be an imitation of either. It must be a drama which frankly is concerned with a motive of creating an understanding of social and cultural difficulties and remedies for their cure.¹⁹

Bert Hansen's Methods of Planning, Writing, and Producing Pageant-Dramas.--Bert Hansen's methods of planning, writing, and producing pageant-dramas were found to be inherent in the purposes of pageant-drama. Bert Hansen's method has been to give technical direction and

¹⁸
Ibid.

¹⁹Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in Community Integration," Sociology and Social Research, Vol. 32 (September-October, 1947), pp. 541-542.

advice to the citizens of the community who are participating in the activities of planning, writing, and producing pageant-dramas.²⁰ He has followed the procedure of the rehearsed sociodrama which he described:

The method of procedure asks that a number of citizens form a discussion group to consider problems that are concerned with the community's welfare. These problems are organized into a series of dramatic episodes which are then written in committee. Each episode must be returned to the group for final approval and arrangement. When the writing phase has been completed, directors are selected for each of the episodes, who, with the help of the group, cast it. In the writing, directing, staging, and acting, all the people of the community who are interested should be included.

Both the group and the sociodramatic director should always keep in mind that the drama and its production are a means to an end, not an end in itself. If the drama becomes an end product, then it ceases to be a sociodrama.²¹

In an article published in *Sociology and Social Research*, Bert Hansen said:

It is inherent in the method that all phases of the sociodrama, even the most technical preparatory steps, are initiated within the group situation and not outside it. It is this fundamental principle of sociodrama that makes it so valuable in social integration. Nothing is imposed upon the group; therefore all the exploring, the analyzing, the finding of remedies are the end products of the community mind.²²

An example of Bert Hansen's first application of the method was the drama at Darby, Montana. He said:

A community drama was conceived, written and produced by the

²⁰Bert Hansen, "Historical Pageantry in Montana," The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly, Vol. 11 (Winter, 1959), p. 9

²¹Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in a Speech Communication Program," Western Speech, Vol. XI (April, 1947), p. 5.

²²Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in Community Integration," Sociology and Social Research, Vol. 32 (September-October, 1947), p. 546.

citizens of Darby about themselves, and for themselves. When it was staged on the evening of December 7, 1945, nearly everyone in the town and from the countryside either took part in the drama or came to see it.²³

He described the participation of the citizens further as he said "52 were active in writing the drama," and "135 took part in its production."²⁴ He described the nature of the drama: "It was an analytical, critical study of its current problems related to the past, the present, and the future."²⁵

Darby, Montana, was one of the communities with which Bert Hansen worked as a member of the Montana Study. That pageant-drama was an experiment in community therapy, which established the methods of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas that have been applied in other communities of Montana, Colorado, and Kansas. Those methods, of course, have been modified, changed, and applied by Bert Hansen to meet the needs of each community where his pageant-dramas have been performed.

II. ACADEMIC WRITINGS ABOUT BERT HANSEN AND HIS PAGEANT-DRAMAS

The Philosophy of Purpose in Bert Hansen's Pageant-Dramas.--Baker Brownell, a professor of philosophy at Northwestern University, was a member of the Montana Study. He witnessed the initial performances of

²³Ibid., p. 544.

²⁴Bert Hansen, "Community Unification Through Dramaturgy," Players Magazine, Vol. 22 (July-August, 1946), p. 4.

²⁵Bert Hansen, "A Community (Darby, Montana) Looks at Itself," Adult Education Bulletin, Vol. XI (April, 1946), an excerpt.

Bert Hansen's newly developed community pageant-dramas. Brownell recognized participation by members of the community as one of the purposes of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas.²⁶ He also recognized the integrating effect of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas as he said "they are, in a profoundly spiritual sense, creators of community."²⁷ The pageant-drama, as a means of enriching small community life was described by Brownell in an article published in The Teacher's College Journal:

Community Drama, of all the Arts, is probably the most appropriate to a program concerned with the enrichment of small community life. It is essentially an education in community response, and in these days of decaying rural folkways, disintegrating communities and declining family life, a program in community response is critically important. . . . It reaches both adults and young people. Either as players or audience participants, they enter into that organic unity of human cooperation, possible only in the small face-to-face community.²⁸

Murray, Barnard, and Garland recognized the democratic principles on which Bert Hansen's program was based.²⁹ They described his use of rehearsed community sociodrama in their book Integrative Speech:

Bert Hansen of the University of Montana has pioneered in the use of the socio-drama. He has shown how, when it is properly

²⁶Baker Brownell, The Human Community, (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1950), p. 72.

²⁷Ibid.

²⁸Baker Brownell, "The Community Drama in Adult Education," Teacher's College Journal, Vol. XVIII (November, 1946), excerpt.

²⁹Elwood Murray, Raymond H. Barnard, and J. V. Garland, Integrative Speech, (New York: Dryden Press, 1953), p. 241.

used, socio-drama becomes a thoroughly democratic method which enlists people's active participation in developing their community and solving its problems. In times such as these, when the power of decision seems to be going more and more out of the hands of the people and into the hands of officials who may or may not be equipped to decide wisely, we may do well to consider Hansen's methods. . . .³⁰

Hansen's basic philosophy is that the decisions of independent, thoughtful, informed people on matters related to their interests are thoroughly to be trusted. They are preferred, in fact, to the decisions of so-called "authorities" and "experts." Hansen believes that people's problems in a community will find their best solution among the people themselves.³¹

Nan C. Carpenter, a professor of English at Montana State University recognized the pageant-drama purposes of creating feelings of pride, confidence, and solidarity among people of various heritages in the American community.³² She said of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas:

The positive values resulting from these community projects are legion. Of course, the pageant-dramas calls attention to historical significance of the locality, emphasizing important episodes in the community's past. For instance, anyone in the community who wishes to take part in a drama is encouraged to do so; the play is definitely not meant to be put on by the elite of the town.

Great flexibility in the script is the rule and it allows for many walk-on parts. Older people are especially invited. Many a retired husband and wife will come to rehearsals, spend a great deal of time assembling costumes, and become an integrated part of the project. The same is true for young people. Family participation is emphasized, for many scenes include children who come regularly to rehearsals with their parents.³³

³⁰Ibid.

³¹Ibid.

³²Nan C. Carpenter, "Regional History Taught Through Drama," The Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Education Section, November 2, 1957, p. 6P.

³³Ibid.

Bert Hansen's purposes and methods of pageant-drama were described by the editor of The Montana Institute of The Arts Quarterly, H. G. Merriam:

Professor Hansen . . . has been wakening Montana communities to their own identity since 1946. . . . He gains the cooperation of all sorts of people and organizes them into researchers, writers, actors, speakers, technicians, costumers, directors, financial managers, photographers, and others--literally hundreds of people cooperating in producing a pageant-drama that gives them pride in their community. No community life can remain uninfluenced by them.³⁴

In an article, "Drama in the Land," which Henry Hewes wrote for the Saturday Review, Hewes described a purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas. He said that the pageant-drama was presented to "glorify some particular person or event in the founding and settlement of our country."³⁵

The editor of British Columbia Drama referred to the values to all people which were exemplified in the purposes and methods of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas. He said: "The concept of community drama evolved in Montana will be of interest to all those engaged in the activity in British Columbia."³⁶

A master's thesis, A Study of the Educational, Cultural, and Social Values of the Pageant-drama in Montana, written by Leland Schoonover, described the objectives of Bert Hansen's pageant-

³⁴H. G. Merriam, "Editor's Note," The Montana Institute of the Arts Quarterly, Vol. 11 (Winter, 1959), p. 12

³⁵Henry Hewes, "Drama in the Land," The Saturday Review, Vol. XXXVII (April 17, 1954), p. 40.

³⁶Editor's Note, British Columbia Drama, Vol. 2 (Autumn, 1951), p. 12.

dramas.³⁷ In some cases, the objectives were synonymous with Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose. Schoonover listed the general objectives of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas:

THE GENERAL OBJECTIVES OF THE PAGEANT-DRAMA

- I. The educational values of the Pageant-drama are of noteworthy importance because they provide a positive approach to democracy:
 - A. By awakening the community to its rich background of history;
 - B. By creating a pride in the community that is not easily destroyed; by being able to visualize through the community's background its social, economic, cultural, and educational development;
 - C. By helping reawaken the spirit of American democracy in bringing together people from all walks of life in the community to work together on a common project that will be enlightening and satisfying;
 - D. By re-creating among the citizens of the community the senses of patriotism, honor, and justice that were the creeds of the pioneers, and imbuing them with the true spirit of Americanism;
 - E. By helping build a more democratic attitude in community relations through cooperation on a common project for enjoyment rather than of necessity; and
 - F. By giving an opportunity for critical analysis of the community by the people themselves, which is essential to wholesome community living.
- II. The values of community enrichment and culture are to be gained:
 - A. By providing enlightenment through the portrayal of the community's background;
 - B. By providing a means of self-expression for the people of the community; and

³⁷Leland H. Schoonover, A Study of the Educational, Cultural, and Social Values of the Pageant-drama in Montana, (published Master's thesis, Montana State University, Missoula, Montana, 1956), p. 24.

- C. By providing a means of mass community recreation and wholesome entertainment.

III. Economic values to the community are to be gained:

- A. By enriching community income for all; and,
- B. By promoting community development.³⁸

Bert Hansen's Methods of Planning, Writing, and Producing Pageant-dramas.--Bert Hansen's method of writing pageant-dramas was described by Schoonover: "Mr. Hansen has adopted the technique of never taking any liberties with historical fact. This principle must be carefully adhered to if the true objectives of culture and enlightenment are to be attained."³⁹ The following descriptions of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas bear out Mr. Schoonover's statement concerning Bert Hansen's accurate handling of historical materials, and his authentic production.

Ralph Gray described the realism brought about as a result of Bert Hansen's method of writing with historical accuracy, and his method of producing pageant-dramas on the original setting as far as possible.⁴⁰ In a National Geographic Magazine article, he said:

What I saw at this birthplace of the Missouri (Three Forks, Montana, 1952) brought me to a startled halt. Eight Indians were creeping up on four white men asleep on the ground. The redskins rushed. The attacked men jumped up, guns and knives in hand. Protecting their horses, the whites killed two Indians.

We had stumbled on the re-enactment of the only fatal encounter

³⁸ Ibid.

³⁹ Ibid., p. 26.

⁴⁰ Ralph Gray, "Following the Trail of Lewis and Clark," The National Geographic Magazine, Vol. CIII (June 1953), p. 738.

between the expedition and the redskins. The fight in which Reuben Field knifed one Indian and Lewis shot another, was being rehearsed for the Three Forks pageant based on the Lewis and Clark Saga. Next evening, watching it from the bleachers, we looked down on a drama whose stage was the site where many of the incidents took place.⁴¹

In The National Geographic Magazine was an article in which Conrad Wirth described the 1957 presentation of Bert Hansen's pageant-drama, "The Birth of Yellowstone National Park."⁴² He said about the history of the National Park System:

It is the history of an idea that came to fruition at a campfire in Yellowstone on the night of September 19, 1870. I had long known the story, of course, but it came really alive for me last fall, when I saw the scene re-enacted by park personnel and students of Montana State University on the original spot.

The boys looked authentic in their period costumes, and the horses and pack mules were genuine down to their whinnies at sight of the audience assembled on a grassy meadow. So were the natural noises real--quavery voices of owls on the steep wooded slope of National Park Mountain, the greedy sound of a trout sucking in a grasshopper, the distant song of a coyote.

While the campfire danced under the starry sky, the men discussed what should be done with this country they had been exploring for nearly five weeks. In the group sat General Henry D. Washburn, Surveyor-General of Montana Territory; Nathaniel P. Langford, vigilante law enforcement officer who later became Yellowstone's first superintendent; and 2d Lt. Gustavus C. Doane, U. S. Army.

At first they argued about staking personal claims but Cornelius Hedges, a judge in Montana Territory, demanded that Yellowstone's unique natural beauty not be owned by a few individuals. "I feel it should be a national park," he said.

The other leaders agreed, and promised to urge the proposal as

⁴¹ Ibid.

⁴² Conrad L. Wirth, "Heritage of Beauty and History," The National Geographic Magazine, Vol. CXIII (May, 1958), p. 602.

vigorously as they could. These men kept their word, and such was their prominence that Congress passed the Yellowstone establishment act two years later.⁴³

III. PAGEANT-DRAMAS WRITTEN BY BERT HANSEN

The Philosophy of Purpose in Bert Hansen's Pageant-dramas.--In the search for philosophy of purpose in Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas, the following observations were made.

"A Tale of the Bitter Root" was a pageant-drama presented in Stevensville, Montana, during the summers of 1946 and 1947. Bert Hansen described that pageant-drama in an article which appeared in The Quarterly Journal of Speech:

The pageant told a true story of what happened to a tribe of peaceful, kindly and intelligent Indians who were, in a period of fifty years, abandoned by a church they had welcomed with simple faith; lied to and tricked by a government they had wanted to respect; corrupted and cheated by "the superior race"; and at last ejected from their ancestral home by an army they had on occasion saved from disaster in battle against hostile Indians. It was a drama of willful aggression, the tragedy of a minority people first frustrated, then demoralized, in order that the aggressor might take over their lands.⁴⁴

That pageant-drama was divided into four episodes which Bert Hansen described:

The first episode dramatized the arrival of the "Black Robe" missionaries in September, 1841, at the site of Montana's first mission, where Stevensville now stands. . . . The second episode dealt with the charge, issued in 1850 from the General Mission in St. Louis, to abandon and sell the property of St. Mary's mission. . . . The third episode was written around a New Year's party in 1866 held at Fort Owen--formerly the Mission--

⁴³Ibid.

⁴⁴Bert Hansen, "A Tale of the Bitter Root: Pageantry as Socio-drama," The Quarterly Journal of Speech, Vol. XXXIII (April, 1947), p. 163.

celebrating the establishment of Stevensville as a trading center and the performance of the first white marriage in the Valley. . . . The fourth and last episode dramatized the final departure of the Indians from the Valley for the Jocko reservation. . . .⁴⁵

After having read the script for that pageant-drama, the writer of this thesis was compelled to agree that "A Tale of the Bitter Root" fulfilled its purpose as a "medium for truthful community expression."⁴⁶ Certainly the content of that pageant-drama was a "critical and analytical way"⁴⁷ for a community to look at its past, and undoubtedly many citizens of Stevensville were embarrassed. As Bert Hansen said:

This was the pageant the Stevensville people had the courage to conceive, to write, to produce, to see, and to let others see. They were fully aware, of course, that it was not without a contemporary parallel.⁴⁸

"Winning the Wild High Border" was a pageant-drama presented in Cut Bank, Montana, during the summer of 1952. That pageant-drama was written in six episodes. The first episode dramatized a conception of the earliest arrival of a paleface in a Blackfeet Indian camp approximately 250 years ago. The second episode was a dialogue, between Father DeSmet and Father Point, which took place September 15, 1846. The dialogue described Father DeSmet's life and travels among the North American Indians. Historical documentation for that episode was said to have come from three volumes of Father DeSmet's Life and Travels Among the North American Indians and from Indian

⁴⁵ Ibid.

⁴⁷ Ibid., p. 162.

⁴⁶ Ibid.

⁴⁸ Ibid., p. 163.

and White in the Northwest.⁴⁹ The third episode dramatized the Black-foot Indian Council of October 17, 1855. Careful documentation of that episode came from the original notes of James Doty, Secretary of the Commission, which are on photofilm at the State University Library, and other documentary historical materials. The fourth episode dramatized a post-roundup cattle shipment supper dance in Cut Bank of 1905. The fifth episode dramatized the "Honyocker Days" of Cut Bank in the year 1911. Brother Van Orsdel and Charles Russell and local personages carried on conversations with the newly arrived homesteaders who were beginning a difficult life of farming in the Cut Bank area. The sixth episode was a dramatization of the departure of local young men, both Indian and white, who were going away to the armed services to fight for their country in World War I.

The writer of this thesis concluded that the purpose of that pageant-drama was to give the citizens of that community a realistic awareness of their historical background and an understanding of their cultural heritage.

"A Tale of the Milk River Country" was a pageant-drama presented in Glasgow, Montana, during the summer of 1952. That pageant-drama was written in five episodes. The first episode was a conception of an Assiniboine Indian camp in the summer of 1723. It was a dramatization of the first experience the Assiniboine Indians had with a white man, his horse, and his gun. The second episode described life at the Fort Peck Trading Post in July of 1873. Among other historically

⁴⁹Bert Hansen, "Winning the Wild High Border," Appendix B.

important personalities, who were introduced in that episode, were James Stuart, now famous for the first discovery of gold in Montana, and Colonel Peck, for whom Fort Peck was named. The third episode described the spirit of a roundup celebration in cowtown Glasgow of 1887. The problems posed to cattlemen by cattle rustlers were described in that episode, and the anticipation of the coming of the railroad was also mentioned. Brother Van Orsdel was introduced in that episode and was described in the dialogue as "the greatest preacher in all Montana territory."⁵⁰ One of the characters in that episode, Pat O'Hare, gave an interesting description of the "real" Montana cowboy:

What do you mean, good old cowboy days? Sure they was nice in many ways, of course. But I'll tell you what cowboying chiefly was. It was dust, dust, dust, until the whole insides of you was black, and it was prairie fires and long days and longer nights. It was getting food cooked on the run, stale water to drink, and sometimes not even that. In the winter it was blizzards and deep snow, and cold. Not blizzards sitting in a house, but riding the range on a cold, tired horse trying to save calves and mother cows. And in the lovely spring you know what you had to do? You had to carry on the back of your horse a buffalo overcoat and a slicker both at the same time because you never knew from one five minutes to the next whether the weather was going to be a rain storm or a blizzard.⁵¹

The fourth episode described events which took place not only in Glasgow, but in Hinsdale and Opheim as well. Jim Hill, the builder of the Great Northern Railroad, presented a speech in Glasgow in 1910. That speech was presented in the first scene of the fourth episode. Brother Van Orsdel's church service in Hinsdale was described in the

⁵⁰Bert Hansen, "A Tale of the Milk River Country," Appendix C.

⁵¹Ibid.

second scene of that episode. The third scene described planning of the people of Opheim for bringing a railroad to their community. The fifth episode dramatized a community meeting of October 14, 1933, in which various local people and outsiders discussed possible solutions for their problems of drought and depression.

The purpose of that pageant-drama was to present an accurate description of historical events not only of Glasgow, but of several communities in the surrounding vicinity of Glasgow. The integrating of people through a knowledge of and a pride in the history and culture of the area was the strongest impression received by the writer of this thesis.

"Glendive Creek to Gate City" was a pageant-drama presented in Glendive, Montana, during the summer of 1956.⁵² The first episode described Captain William Clark and part of the Lewis and Clark Expedition's encampment at what is now known as "Glendive Creek," on August 1, 1806. The second scene of the episode described the origin of the name Glendive, and the third scene described the founding of Camp Canby in 1873 as a depot of supplies for an exploration expedition by the government in the interests of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Episode two related early events in the history of Glendive. The first scene told of the arrival of the first "work train" of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Glendive on July 5, 1881. The second scene dramatized a highway robbery just outside of Glendive in 1883. The

⁵²Bert Hansen, "Glendive Creek to Gate City," Appendix D.

third scene depicted Glendive as a railroad, cattlemen's, and homesteaders' town in 1886. Edpsode three described the last Indian crisis which occurred in Glendive in the summer of 1888 in one scene, and in another scene described a charivari for a bride and groom who were among many homesteaders in Dawson County in the year 1910.

The purpose of that pageant-drama, as the writer of this thesis determined, was to accurately dramatize historical events related to the life of the community and awareness and a pride in their heritage.

"Move Over, Indian" was a pageant-drama presented in Missoula, Montana, during the summer of 1957.⁵³ A prologue, lecture, and epilogue, "The Struggle of the Flathead Indians to Save Their Ancestral Home from Invasion by White Men," was written by J. W. Smurr of the Montana State University Department of History. Scene one described the departure from Stevensville, Montana, of the Salish Indians. Scene two described the reaction, or lack of reaction, of the people of the city of Missoula as Chief Charlo went past that city with his tribe of Indians. Scene three described the arrival of the tribe at the Jocko reservation which was to be their new home.

The purpose of that pageant-drama, as the writer of this thesis realized from study and analysis, was to dramatize the social problems the Indians have had with the whites, and develop an understanding of

⁵³Bert Hansen, "Move Over, Indian." Appendix E.

the history of the Salish Indians for the citizens of western Montana.

"The Birth of Yellowstone National Park" was a pageant-drama presented in Yellowstone National Park during the summers of 1957 and 1958.⁵⁴ That pageant-drama described the Washburn-Langford-Doane expedition, the first official exploratory party, as it moved into the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon Rivers on their last night in the Yellowstone country, September 19th, of their memorable expedition, in the year of 1870. Factual information which described the conception of the idea of making that area a national park was presented in dialogue.

The purposes of that pageant-drama were to describe the origin of the Yellowstone area as a national part, and to pay tribute to the founders. These two purposes were the strongest responses which the writer of this thesis received as the pageant-drama was studied and analyzed.

"Miracle of the Musselshell" was a pageant-drama presented in Roundup, Montana, during the summer of 1958.⁵⁵ That pageant-drama was written in six episodes. The first episode described roundup time in Musselshell country in 1884. The second episode described the arrival of the first group of miners in Roundup June 22, 1907. Episode three described Roundup as the fading frontier. The first scene in the episode dramatized the murder of Sheriff Webb, March 27, 1908.

⁵⁴Bert Hansen, "The Birth of Yellowstone National Park." Appendix F.

⁵⁵Bert Hansen, "Miracle of the Musselshell." Appendix G.

The second scene described the affair of "Pride of Forsyth." That affair was based on illegal betting on horses, and was highlighted by Colonel E. J. Crull's racetrack speech. The incident occurred Sunday afternoon, October 24, 1909, at a temporary racetrack just outside Roundup. Episode four was entitled "Roundup Becomes a Melting Pot." Scene one told of the arrival of people from many nations in Roundup to work in the coal mines. Scene two depicted the wedding festival of a young couple who hoped to settle down to a life of farming. Scene three showed the young couple's arrival at their new homestead. The fifth episode described in one scene the discovery of oil in November 1919 in Devil's Basin near Roundup, and the second scene showed the effect of that oil discovery on the people of Roundup. The sixth episode portrayed the twentieth anniversary celebration of Roundup as a town on July 4, 1928.

The purpose of that pageant-drama was described in the dedication of the presentation of the historical pageant-drama: "We feel it is an honor to have the privilege of dedicating this presentation as a humble tribute to the pioneers of this area--those who are still living as well as those who have crossed the Great Divide to greener pastures."⁵⁶ The writer of this thesis could determine no other purpose for the pageant-drama.

"Cow Country to Cattle Capital" was a pageant-drama presented in Miles City, Montana, during the spring of 1959.⁵⁷ That pageant-drama

⁵⁶Ibid.

⁵⁷Bert Hansen, "Cow Country to Cattle Capital." Appendix H.

presented the history of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association. Dramatization was started in the prologue describing the formal establishment of Fort Keogh as a Military Post in 1877. The first scene of episode one was a re-enactment of the Montana Stockgrowers' Convention held at Miles City on April 3 and 4, 1885, and the consolidation of the Eastern Montana Stockgrowers' Association and Montana Stockgrowers' Association at a meeting in the Court house April 3, 1895. Scene two depicted a Montana Stockgrowers' Convention at Miles City on April 19 and 20, 1886. The third scene dramatized the action of the Vigilante Cattlemen against cattle rustlers in the summer of 1886 northwest of Miles City. Scene four described a social hour of the Stockgrowers' convention at the McQueen House on Tuesday evening, April 19, 1887. The first scene of episode two described the problems between the homesteaders and the cattlemen in eastern Montana in the summer of 1910. The second scene of episode two described the Golden Jubilee of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association held in Miles City on May 24, 1934. The epilogue was a dramatization of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association meeting held in Miles City, May 20-23, 1959.

The purpose of that pageant-drama, as viewed by the writer of this thesis, was to describe the history of an organization through the dialogue and actions of its many members who are remembered not only for their work with the Stockgrowers' Association, but for their contributions to life in Montana, and the United States as well.

"I Lift My Eyes Unto the Hills" was a pageant-drama presented

twice during the summer of 1959 near Jocko, Montana.⁵⁸ That pageant-drama was presented in five scenes. It was a pageant-drama based on "Indian legends and true stories" which had been passed down from one generation to the next through the years. The first scene was entitled "Big Medicine." It described the ancient Indians' conception of the power of the medicine man. The second scene, entitled "The Message," told the story of the Indian whose wife passed away. The third scene, entitled "Sacred Tepee," dealt with Little Mary's vision of the Holy Mother and the Christ Child. The fourth scene was divided into two parts: first, the arrival of the first horses long before the coming of the paleface to western Montana; and, second, the manner in which the Indians, good-naturedly, stole horses from early white men in Montana. Scene five described a vision which Pierre Pichette had in 1944.

As the writer of this thesis could determine, the purpose of that pageant-drama was to create a better cultural understanding of the background heritage of the Selish Indians. Another purpose was to provide the citizens of that rural community with a means of expression.

IV. NEWSPAPER ARTICLES AND PRIVATE LETTERS

APPRAISING BERT HANSEN'S

PAGEANT-DRAMAS

Newspaper Articles Appraising Bert Hansen's Pageant-Dramas.--From

⁵⁸Bert Hansen, "I Lift My Eyes Unto the Hills." Appendix I.

a sampling of newspaper articles, the following excerpts became an appraisal of Bert Hansen's purposes of pageant-drama, and methods of planning, writing, and producing pageant-dramas.

The appraisal written by Dan Whetstone of Cut Bank, Montana, was an indication of Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose and methods inherent in the pageant-drama, "Winning the Wild High Border."

He wrote:

Those from afar and those at home and nearer home were unanimous in their praise of the competence of those who read the script and dramatized it over the loud speakers, of the acting that kept perfect pace with this dramatizing, with the scenic "props" and with the unfolding of the role our Blackfeet Indians played coincident with the coming of the White Men to the land beyond the Rockies and the Northern Plains, down to the old cattle days and invasion by the homesteaders.

These incidents were portrayed with romantic overtones and historic accuracy under the direction of Professor Bert Hansen, who was careful to make sure that the historic happenings were presented with fidelity to facts, yet naturally and justifiably with a garnishment of the romantic, but only in an incidental way.⁵⁹

Bert Hansen's purpose and methods were described in the appraisal of "A Tale of the Milk River Country." Sam Gilluly said:

"Our medicine was strong," commented Joshua Wetsit (Chief First to Fly) of the Assiniboine Indians, who had an important part in "A Tale of the Milk River Country," pageant presented at the Valley County Fair Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights.

Mr. Wetsit referred to the activities of the Assiniboine medicine man, Henry Blacktail, who led ceremonies at the Indian camp asking for at least one good night of weather for the show. The Great Spirit did better than that, and it was all part of a moving and entertaining drama.

Hollywood has spoiled the word "epic" but it can be used accurately for "A Tale of the Milk River Country." It was big in every way--cast, production staff, sweep of time and space and in the great story it told of northeastern Montana.

"My, what a lot of work!" seemed to be the comment of many spectators who packed the stands the first two nights. And that is correct. Throw together the efforts of 300 or 400 people, co-ordinate them, and something is bound to happen.

That is one of the fine things about the pageant--its by-products in community efforts (seven of them in the county) and the resultant feeling of working together, along with a realization of historical background.

Because the pageant-drama was such a big thing, any list of credits defies publication; it would take columns of space. Bert Hansen, Montana State University professor, author and director, richly deserved the appreciation and gift given him on closing night.

One man left the grandstand declaring, "Those actors must have been talking; you can't tell me it was someone else's voice." This is a tribute to the careful rehearsals. It is also a tribute to the work that began almost a year ago to start the pageant when the script committee began working with Mr. Hansen.

One thing the audience should understand. The episodes and scenes were not aimed to be historically correct to the letter in setting or place. But the historical information itself was accurate as it can be with careful and painstaking interviews with many of the protagonists.

Say it in a few words, the pageant-drama was an entertaining and dramatic presentation of Valley County history. We all learned something, and we all enjoyed it in the learning.⁶⁰

Philosophy of purpose and methods of planning, writing, and producing "As Long as the Sun Shines" was described in the Daily Missoulian:

The smooth, friendly way in which the scenes telling of the

⁶⁰Sam Gilluly, Editor, The Glasgow [Montana] Courier, September 4, 1952.

early Missoula churches passed from one group to another seemed to indicate the close co-operation existing today among churches of this city.

"As Long as the Sun Shines" is a mammoth production, coordinated and handled in such a way that, complicated as it is, it seems simple, as it should.⁶¹

Bert Hansen's methods of writing employed in preparation of a pageant-drama for the community of Manhattan, Kansas, were shown in the following excerpt:

Committee members said they feel that in Bert Hansen they have selected one of the outstanding historical drama directors in the United States.

Present plans call for the script writing committee to discover historical material and send it to Hansen for screening, then turn out the script from the screened material.⁶²

An appraisal of part of Bert Hansen's pageant-drama purposes and methods employed in Three Forks, Montana, was found in the following excerpt:

Professor Hansen has seen fit to devote one month to the show instead of the usual two weeks. He requested that he be considered as one of the community and not an outsider when we work on this and so be one of us in producing the show. . . .

The basis of any country is the tradition that it grows with. In this, only can the youth of this nation see what they have inherited first hand and in the actual circumstance that it took place. . . .

We, of this community, have the opportunity in this year to bring this to national prominence and to its just place in the history of this country. In so doing we shall also give

⁶¹ News item in The Daily Missoulian [Missoula, Montana], November, 1954.

⁶² Bill Weir, "Hire Director for City Centennial Play in '55," Manhattan [Kansas] Mercury-Chronicle, September 2, 1954, p. 1.

our little community the just praise that it so richly deserves and also do more for the future of the town than anything that has happened in the past or will happen in the near future. . . .

The area that we use at the headwaters is the great thing, we merely do our poor share in honoring it. This spot on the map was the important opening thru which this area of the whole Northwest received the benefits of these great United States. It was the opening for the farms, settlements, industries, churches, railroads, commerce and all the allied activities of civilization. Were it not for this, these accomplishments might not have been under the flag that we live. This opening has also been in a large measure responsible for the wealth that is so great that only recently church leaders in the nation have recommended should be shared with the starving peoples of the world.

When we look at this cloudburst of work in this light and in this soul inspiring, patriotic manner, we can all see our way clear to work to accomplish the tasks that must be done. We should all come forth with effort without being asked, if merely our thanks for what these men and one woman did for us and our country.⁶³

The following excerpt from a news item in a Glendive, Montana, newspaper showed Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose and methods of planning, writing, and producing pageant-dramas:

The several thousand persons who sat or stood at Perham Field in the gusty rain of the evening of July 3, or the chilly winds of July 4, to see Glendive's out-door drama, "Glendive Creek to Gate City," seemed unanimous in their approbation. The historic accuracy of the scenes portrayed, the splendor of the panoramic presentation, and the dramatic clarity of the action bore witness to the experience of the writer, Professor Bert Hansen, of Montana State University.

Now only was the audience amazed at what their fellow townsmen could do in the way of community drama, but many were entranced with the realism of the play itself.

Frequently the comments were heard, "the biggest thing Glendive has ever done," or "it could be done again for the Centennial."

⁶³Dr. E. E. Bertagnolli, "The Sesqui-Centennial Pageant," Three Forks [Montana] Herald, May 19, 1955, pp. 1, 4.

The patriotic citizens of Glendive were properly thrilled to see the impressive flag-raising at the establishment of Camp Canby and the smart-stepping National Guard, uniformed in the authentic blues of 1873, marching in review.

The presence of a group of Assiniboines in full tribal regalia added much to this scene and the one which followed, when the action of the story made it possible for the Indians to stage their ceremonial dances at both ends of the field in a manner to fascinate old and young. . . .

Not only did Glendivians and many visitors enjoy a thoroughly good show, well presented, but they felt that the cooperation and community endeavor which contributed so much to the success of the play was very fitting in celebration of our 75 years⁶⁴ of progress, and a guarantee of continued unity in the future.

Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose and methods of planning, writing, and producing "The Miracle of the Musselshell" were appraised in the following excerpt:

The real "Miracle of the Musselshell" has turned out to be the historical drama of the same name which was presented on Wednesday and Saturday of last week in conjunction with Roundup's Golden Jubilee. Before a capacity crowd which taxed the Musselshell County grandstand, as well as an additional bleacher section, the locally produced play has been acclaimed an outstanding success by both Musselshell county residents and visitors.

Written and directed by Bert Hansen, Professor of Speech at Montana State University, Missoula, in collaboration with a local script committee, the play, liberally spiced with humor and historically accurate throughout, proved to be real entertainment.

The approximately two hundred members of the cast, ably backed by an estimated additional two hundred who assisted with the production, turned out an amateur performance that bordered on the professional. Whatever shortcomings there may have been in the production were more than made up by the enthusiasm and spirit of the performers.

Interest of the crowd never lagged from the first round-up and

⁶⁴ News item in the Glendive [Montana] Daily Ranger, July, 1956.

naming of the town to the portrayal of Roundup's 1928 Fourth of July celebration and parade.

.....

"The Miracle of the Musselshell" can only be described as a complete success--artistically, historically and financially. Congratulations are due all hands.⁶⁵

The following excerpt is an appraisal of Bert Hansen's purposes and methods of planning, writing, and producing "Cow Country to Cattle Capital."

Bert Hansen, Missoula, drilled Miles City and area amateur actors in a dramatic presentation of the history of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association in an outdoor pageant that played before capacity crowds in the football stadium every night of the convention.

The story was so well told, the actors so well characterized, that one felt he might walk forward to the stage and shake the hands of such cattlemen immortals as Col. T. J. Bryan, Granville Stuart or Conrad Kohrs. It was Hansen's 38th pageant, and his masterpiece, a production and story that will be remembered by those who saw it all the rest of their lives.⁶⁶

The social and cultural aspects of Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose, and his methods of planning, writing, and producing were found in the following excerpt:

Indian visions of God and Indian fun were portrayed in "Chen-ats-ches-mok" pageant-drama presented last weekend by Salish (Flathead) tribal members.

On a stage of a grassy, sun-drenched field, with green hills and Mission Mountains as a mighty backdrop, Indians in bright costumes acted out the stories, with voices coming through

⁶⁵ News item in The Roundup [Montana] Record-Tribune, July 10, 1958.

⁶⁶ Larry Gill, Livestock Editor, "1,700 Cowpokes Register at Jubilee," Miles City, Montana, June 1, 1959, pp. 8, 45.

loudspeakers in the tops of tepees which formed part of the setting.

.....

Favorable weather added to the success of the pageant, and there was talk of making it an annual event. It was the first time the Indians had organized such a show themselves. Much credit for the successful staging goes to Professor Bert Hansen of the State University Public Service Division, who skillfully turned the Indian stories into a script and brought some of his students to help in the production. . . .⁶⁷

Private Letters Appraising Bert Hansen's Pageant-Dramas.-- From a sampling of private letters which were written to Bert Hansen and former President of Montana State University, Carl McFarland, about Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas, the following excerpts were taken. Inasmuch as many of those letters described both the purposes and the methods of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas, no attempt was made by the writer of this thesis to report the findings as separate units of purpose or of methods of planning, writing, and producing. They were reported instead in the chronological order in which they had been written.

In June of 1946, Bert Hansen reported his pageant-drama activities of the Montana Study to the Third Regional Conference on the Humanities in Estes Park, Colorado. V. Duckworth Barker, Director of the Radio Division of the United Nations, was also in attendance at that Conference, and after having heard of Bert Hansen's pageant-

⁶⁷John A. Forssen, "Tales of Their Forefathers Enacted by Salish in Colorful Pageant," The Daily Missoulian Missoula, Montana, June 7, 1959, pp. 17, 26.

drama activities, he wrote to Bert Hansen:

. . . I was determined to write and thank you for the extraordinary treat which you gave us all in your talk about the Community Drama Scheme. The only reason why I did not congratulate you that same evening was that it was difficult to reach you through so many grateful admirers. Moreover, I had the unenviable responsibility of speaking later in the programme and I withdrew from the gathering for a moment in order to try to think up a few cracks by which to hold the interest of an audience whom you had so effectively dazzled. I would really like to make you understand how much pleasure your speech and the whole idea behind it gave to me. You modestly described it as the work of a simple man, chosen because of your facility in getting the butcher to call you by your first name. May I say that, after hearing your speech, I feel that the butchers are unduly privileged.

If there is any material on paper about your experiences at Darby, I should be delighted to know where I can find such material, as I am sure it would be interesting to many people in Europe.

There are many things about Estes Park which I shall never forget, and the pleasure of listening to you is certainly one of them.⁶⁸

In reference to "A Tale of the Bitter Root," when it was performed in Stevensville, Montana, in 1947, former Chancellor of The University of Montana, George A. Selke, had this to say:

I wish to commend you for the successful pageant which I attended on the evening of July 4. I shall never forget that lovely evening and the colorful presentation which fitted so admirably into the beautiful setting. I marvel at your success in gaining the cooperation of the whites and Indians in the development of such an outstanding community activity. I am indeed happy that it was possible for me to be present.

You stated that it would not be a polished performance. Truly, it is obvious that the people are not professionals and that they have not rehearsed week after week. In many ways, however, this not only adds strength to the performance, but also justifies

⁶⁸Letter from V. Duckworth Barker to Bert Hansen, July 11, 1946, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

it. I know it would be possible to import a relatively small group of professionals who would present a more finished performance, but that would eliminate local interest and the participation of the many which is the particular interest we wish to achieve.⁶⁹

W. S. Thompson, Manager of the Butte, Montana, Chamber of Commerce, said in a letter to Bert Hansen:

It would be most difficult to estimate in dollars what real value there is in this great land of ours in perpetuating the "American Way of Life," at least to some extent, by historical pageants. We are so thoroughly convinced that every forthright citizen in America should be made fully aware of his priceless heritage of citizenship that we should employ every possible means to see to it that people everywhere are given more education along this line.

. . . Many circumstances can arise in giving an out-door spectacle in this climate which may seriously affect the gate. The management of a production must necessarily be in the hands of several competent people, and it is equally important that persons in all walks of life participate in the actual performance. We tried to do both during the month of August this year in Butte. In some of these respects the pageant in Butte was outstanding, but we did run into some difficulties which certainly can be remedied on another occasion.

To summarize, I would say on behalf of the Committee, that I truly believe community participation in a spectacle which has as its objective a better understanding of America and its Constitutional privileges and freedom is important and should be perpetuated. I realize that it is also extremely important that no financial loss of consequence should be sustained in these productions. The arrangements should be so perfected as to guarantee an even break. We all learn by experience.⁷⁰

Karl D. Ernst, President of the Northwest Division of the Music Educators National Conference had this to say of the pageant-drama, "Let's Have Some Music":

⁶⁹Letter from Chancellor George A. Selke, July 9, 1947, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

⁷⁰Letter from W. S. Thompson to Bert Hansen, November 7, 1949, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

As outgoing president of the Northwest Music Educators' Conference, I wish to express the appreciation of our organization to you for the splendid pageant which you directed in connection with our 1951 convention.

All of our people were deeply impressed by the program, and many of them expressed to me personally the satisfaction which they experienced from participating in this program. I know they received not only a great deal of enjoyment from it but, in addition, creative ideas which will help them in producing similar programs in their own communities.

We are most grateful to you for this fine contribution.⁷¹

Matt J. Kelly, the Production Supervisor for the pageant-drama presented in Anaconda, Montana, wrote about the pageant-drama in a letter to Montana State University President, Carl McFarland:

The work that Professor Bert Hansen is doing is of great value to our State, our communities and the people in general, who are not reached by our higher school system. The rank and file of the people feel isolated from the higher educational system, unless they are college graduates, or such as professional people, teachers, or similar people. Maybe for this reason it is hard to make them understand the needs of the University, when it comes to bond issues, etc.

Looking at the activity or service, from what went on in Anaconda, the results are far reaching. It has made the people here conscious of their own history in a dramatic way that will remain with them throughout their life. I believe the youngsters will have a background of their local history implanted in their mind that will not be irradiated in the years to come.

But this work or teaching of the Public Service Division is different. To me it seems a remarkable service to the people of our State. It makes them want to preserve their ideals, their history and the articles of remembrance to their community. They want to do something about it, as has happened here, to hear them talk, as I have this past two days. Why can't we do something about it. Have a pageant every year, form a museum, write Anaconda's history. Preserve the reminders of their past.

⁷¹Letter from Karl D. Ernst to Bert Hansen, July 6, 1951, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

I believe the University system, for itself would gain a great deal, both in advertising and good will through such service as Professor Hansen is rendering. A greater good will than could be purchased through any other method by an expenditure of ten times the amount.

We in Anaconda, who had the opportunity of working with and under Professor Hansen, and observing the results here, feel that the University would be doing a great good for the State of Montana by enlarging upon this sort of program.⁷²

R. L. Irle, Superintendent of the Glasgow Public Schools,
Glasgow, Montana, wrote to Bert Hansen:

Last night I read for the first time the completed script entitled, "A Tale of the Milk River Country." Here are my congratulations on the excellence of the work. To me it was historically correct and dramatically written. In fact I had difficulty in controlling my emotions over some of the scenes. I hope it can be portrayed as well as it is written. I'm certainly going to urge my whole staff to attend the performance as a necessary step in getting oriented to this country.⁷³

Lowell Adams of Polson, Montana, wrote to President Carl McFarland about Bert Hansen's pageant-drama, "Years of Conflict":

This is a belated, but none the less enthusiastic, "thank you!" to the University and to Bert Hansen for his fine work in producing "Years of Conflict," the Polson pageant last summer.

As you no doubt know, the pageant was considered an outstanding success by all who were in any way concerned with it--both the spectators and the many participants. And this acclaim is joined by Polson Outdoors, Incorporated, an organization which "lost" some \$600 on the project.

It seems that these pageants that Professor Hansen has developed and produces in Montana are of value in three ways especially: As a form of art, as an educational vehicle to give the people an awareness of their historical heritage, and as a social enterprise which brings members of the community to work together

⁷²Letters from Matt J. Kelly to President Carl McFarland, August 7, 1951, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

⁷³Letter from R. L. Irle to Bert Hansen, July 15, 1952, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

on an enterprise of mutual interest. Such values are to be cherished for their immediate and for their long-range beneficial effects.

Professor Hansen's handling of the production activities was a splendid example of the techniques of applied human relations. I marveled at the calm, "easy" way he accomplished the "impossible" task of organizing a group of several hundred men, women, children, horses and mules into a finished theatrical production in just nine evenings of practice. The people of Polson think he is great. And we are proud of the University that furnished such competent help in our study of our social heritage.⁷⁴

In a letter written to Bert Hansen, the following statements were made by S. A. Sollid, a distinguished citizen who located hundreds of families on homesteads in Pondera County:

I doubt if the pageant could have been done any better than it was. Brother Van had his place just like it used to be. The Wandering Jew with his pack was there. History shows that a great many of these pack-packing Jews became bankers and businessmen, and in some cases, leaders in state affairs and otherwise. The committee that gathered information for your pageant are all sons and daughters of pioneers. How they managed to separate the truth from a lot of junk, I can't tell, but they did and made a good job out of it.⁷⁵

Following the presentation in Missoula, Montana, of the pageant-drama, "As Long as the Sun Shines," President Carl McFarland wrote to Bert Hansen:

Please accept my congratulations on a superb production last week. Missoula people are now echoing those from St. Ignatius, Anaconda, and Cut Bank who say, "I don't see how he does it!" Once again you have demonstrated your ability to stage a smooth

⁷⁴Letter from Lowell Adams to President Carl McFarland, November 22, 1953, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

⁷⁵Letter from S. A. Sollid to Bert Hansen, March 9, 1954, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

production with a minimum of practice.⁷⁶

A member of one of the several churches that worked together in the production of "As Long as the Sun Shines," was Agnes Brown, who wrote:

The many fine comments I have heard indicate that the congregation as a whole considers the pageant a very fine religious as well as an excellent community experience--one that will long be remembered with pleasure by many. The final episode was, in the minds of all, a beautiful, thought-provoking and moving climax for the pageant.

Personally, I want to express my appreciation of the opportunity I had of working with you and seeing the "inner workings" of a big pageant. It was interesting and inspiring. Your direction from beginning to end was expert, smooth, certain and seemingly effortless--yet the production must have meant untold work and time on your part.

My thanks go to you and to all your helpers who assisted with properties, stage and sound. All were kind and helpful-- a fine lot with which to work.⁷⁷

From Billings, Montana, where the pageant-drama "Down the Yellowstone" was presented, Peter Yegan, Jr., wrote to President Carl McFarland:

You have one of the best public relations departments that I have ever had the privilege of observing.

Professor Bert Hansen came to Billings and prepared and presented an historical pageant which completely won over the audiences. His charming manner, his great ability, and his infinite patience enabled him to do a great job in short order. What he presented was thrilling, educational, and authentic to the highest degree.

Thanks to you for having a gentleman like Bert Hansen on your

⁷⁶Letter from President Carl McFarland to Bert Hansen, November 22, 1954, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

⁷⁷Letter from Agnes L. Brown to Bert Hansen, November 26, 1954, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

staff--and for making him available for communities such as ours.⁷⁸

The pageant-drama "Glendive Creek to Gate City" was presented in Glendive, Montana, and brought the following response from W. W. Wetzel, Superintendent of Glendive Public Schools:

I want to express my sincere appreciation to you for the wonderful job that you did in staging the Pageant here in Glendive. Although my interest in it was purely that of an onlooker and a participant, I could see that there was a tremendous amount of benefit to the community from the pageant.

People will continue to talk about it for a long time to come. I have met people from the rural areas and from the neighboring towns and their comments were the same--that the pageant was outstanding.

There are many people who wished that we could have had it a third night, but one never knows what the reaction will be. I realize that the pageant required a lot of time and effort on your part, and I want you to know that we were happy to have you here.⁷⁹

The following statements were written to President Carl McFarland about the Glendive pageant-drama:

This show brought much credit to the town of Glendive from all over eastern Montana and western North Dakota. It was also a credit to the University to have had such a distinguished performance. Professor Hansen is certainly an able and pleasant person.

This was definitely one of the high lights in Glendive's seventy-five years of history.⁸⁰

⁷⁸Letter from Peter Yegen, Jr., to President Carl McFarland, August 10, 1955, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

⁷⁹Letter from W. W. Wetzel to Bert Hansen, July 10, 1956, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

⁸⁰Letter from John M. Cross to President Carl McFarland, July 11, 1956, files of Bert Hansen, Montana State University.

Henry H. Dion wrote about the Glendive pageant-drama in a letter to President Carl McFarland:

On July 3rd and 4th I had the pleasure of participating in Glendive's Diamond Jubilee Pageant, "Glendive Creek to Gate City," written and directed by Professor Bert Hansen of the University.

It was very entertaining for those who saw it and it also served to bring to the surface many historical facts that were rapidly becoming lost. These have now been catalogues and many added to our local Historical Museum.

I want to express my appreciation to the University for loaning us Professor Hansen for the writing and for the several weeks of rehearsals that were necessary to make the Pageant the big success that it was.

We have quite a number of University graduates here in Glendive and it is so seldom that we have any contact with Montana State University because of the great distance to Missoula. I'm sure that we all feel quite a lot of pride in that our Montana school was the one able to furnish the talents of Professor Hansen.⁸¹

A letter from A. W. Elting of the Montana State House of Representatives stated:

This is to express my personal appreciation of the splendid Montana Stockgrower's Jubilee Pageant and your talent and efforts that made it so successful.

I realize from first hand appraisal how many and how large were the problems that you had to overcome in its production-- problems that you handled with patience, consideration, and remarkable persistence.⁸²

⁸¹Letter from Henry H. Dion to President Carl McFarland, July 23, 1956, files of Bert Hansen, Montana.

⁸²Letter from A. W. Elting, Montana State Representative from Custer County, to Bert Hansen, May 28, 1959.

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY

Many times during the application of the procedure in the study, the writer found frequent recurring statements about certain aspects of Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose and his methods of planning, writing, and producing pageant-dramas. The writer of this thesis made generalizations of these recurring statements which were, in his judgment, the conclusions to be recognized as Bert Hansen's philosophy of purpose, and Bert Hansen's methods of planning, writing, and producing pageant-dramas.

I. BERT HANSEN'S PHILOSOPHY OF PURPOSE

IN PAGEANT-DRAMAS

The following statements were, in the writer's judgment, representative of Bert Hansen's purposes in his pageant-dramas:

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to provide, for the citizens of the community, a means of strengthening their democratic way of living.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to provide, for the citizens of the community, a means of intra-community communication.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to provide, for the citizens of the community, a community activity which cuts

across economic, cultural, religious, and racial barriers.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to provide, for the citizens of the community, an activity which promotes tolerance and understanding of racial, religious, and economic differences among people.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to provide, for the citizens of the community, a means of social and cultural integration.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to provide, for the citizens of the community, a truthful means of group expression.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to provide, for the citizens of the community, a means of learning about their historical and cultural heritages.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to provide, for the citizens of the community, a means of paying tribute to their forefathers' achievements in the history and development of their community.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to help the citizens of the community to recognize and appreciate their rights and responsibilities in a democratic way of life.

A purpose of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas was to develop, in the citizens of the community, a patriotic pride in their community and nation.

II. BERT HANSEN'S METHODS OF PLANNING, WRITING, AND PRODUCING PAGEANT-DRAMAS

The basic philosophy of Bert Hansen's methods of planning, writing, and producing was that those areas should be done in group cooperation, because the decisions of the group are representative of the group and are thoroughly to be trusted. Bert Hansen has adhered to that philosophy, and has served the communities as a technical advisor for the various developments of the pageant-dramas. In the planning for a pageant-drama, decisions were reached by the group through group participation. In the writing of a pageant-drama, Bert Hansen has done the technical work while the citizens of the community have cooperated among themselves in the research for material, and they have decided themselves, with Bert Hansen's advice, what material was to be used in the writing of the pageant. The method of production of Bert Hansen's pageant-drama involved group participation and group decisions, except for technical matters in which he has given technical direction.

In the course of the study, so many comments were found to be made about Bert Hansen's personal qualities and his expert abilities applied to the field of human relations, that it seemed appropriate to pay tribute to Bert Hansen in the words of former President of Montana State University, Dr. Ernest Melby: "In our best leadership practice, the expert is one who knows how to release the creative talents of those with whom he works."¹

¹Ernest Melby, "Leadership is Release of Creativity," School Executive, LXVIII, November, 1948.

III. RECOMMENDATIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY

The writer of this thesis considered the following recommendations worthy of consideration for further study:

1. A study of Bert Hansen's playwriting techniques in his pageant-dramas.
2. An analysis of all of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas to further determine his philosophy of purpose and methods of planning, writing, and producing.
3. A study of historical qualities in Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas.
4. A study of Bert Hansen's techniques of spontaneous and extemporaneous sociodramas.
5. A study of Bert Hansen's pageant-dramas as types of pageantry.

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- _____ . "Move Over, Indian."
- _____ . "A Tale of the Bitter Root."
- _____ . "A Tale of the Milk River Country."
- _____ . "Winning the Wild High Border."

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX A

"A TALE OF THE BITTER ROOT"

HISTORICAL-PAGEANT DRAMA

EPISODE I.

Scene 1.

"Little Mary's Vision"

(Adapted from the story related by Pierre Pichette of the Flathead tribe.)

SETTING: An Indian mother and father are in a tepee with their little girl who is dying.

FATHER: I am afraid we will lose our little girl. She will soon pass away to the place beyond.

MOTHER: She will go to the heavenly home of the Black Robes.

FATHER: I do not know about that.

MOTHER: Our little child has been baptized into the faith of the Black Robes by the Catholic Iroquois and has been given the name of Mary, in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

FATHER: We do not know about these Black Robes except from the Iroquois who may not be telling us the truth. Twice have we sent men to this St. Louis, for the Black Robes to come, and no one has. Maybe there are no Black Robes.

MOTHER: Mary must not hear you say so. She believe body and soul in what the Iroquois have said. She must not know that you have doubts.

FATHER: I cannot help but have doubts, nor can many others, when nothing comes of our pleas to have these Black Robes come among us.

MOTHER: Let us rest for awhile. Little Mary seems to sleep quietly.

(THE OLD FOLK LIE ON THE GROUND. SOON A BRIGHT LIGHT APPEARS AT THE OPENING OF THE TEPEE. MARY SITS UP IN BED. A WOMAN ENTERS DRESSED IN A LONG WHITE ROBE CARRYING A BABY IN HER ARMS. SHE MOVES OVER TOWARD MARY. MARY SEES HER.)

VIRGIN MARY: Little Mary, this child I am holding in my arms is my son, who is called the Son of God. I am his mother, the Blessed Virgin. I am going to tell you, Little Mary, that the place where you are lying now, and suffering, will, in a few days, be

EPISODE I. Scene 1. Page 2.

the spot where you will die. Later on the time will come when a house will be built over your grave, which must be on the spot where you are now lying. This house will be called the House of God, and will be, what is called, a church. When you die, Mary, I am coming after you and I want you to be with me, where I came from. Soon the Black Robes will come among you, like the Iroquois have said. You must tell your father and mother and all the members of your tribe to wait for the Black Robes. They alone have the true religion.

(THE LIGHT GOES OUT AND THE LADY WITH THE BABY IN HER ARMS DISAPPEARS. THE MOTHER AND FATHER SIT UP. THEY ARE SURPRISED TO SEE MARY LOOKING SO WELL.)

MOTHER: Why, Little Mary, what has happened to you? You look like you are all well again.

LITTLE MARY: Didn't you see the one who entered, wearing a dress?

(THE FATHER AND MOTHER EXCHANGE PUZZLED GLANCES.)

LITTLE MARY: It was a lady who came into our tepee, and the moment she stepped in everything brightened up. She came and stood right by my bed. She told me that a church would be built where I shall die, and that we are all to wait for the Black Robes, like the Iroquois have said.

(THE FATHER AND MOTHER KNEEL AND CROSS THEMSELVES.)

LITTLE MARY: You believe what I told you is a true story?

FATHER AND MOTHER: (together) We believe what you have told us.

LITTLE MARY: I am so happy and I feel so good. We must send more of our people to St. Louis, to beg the Black Robes to come.

FATHER: I will speak to the Chief as soon as it is light and he will tell the people this true story of what has happened here tonight. I know we will send more people to the home of the Black Robes and that this time our hopes will be answered.

HISTORICAL-PAGEANT DRAMA

EPISODE I.

Scene 2. 1841

SETTING: An Indian village in the Bitter Root, smoke rising from the fires within the tepees. Children and dogs run about at play. Some of the old braves sit in front of their tepees smoking while the squaws are busily engaged with their household duties.

An Indian gallops up on his horse shouting excitedly as he dismounts, "The Black Robes are coming! They are coming at last! They are but a mile down the river!"

The Indians come running from their tepees and gather in one group, jabbering excitedly and pointing down the river. Soon another rider comes galloping in, calling, "The Black Robes are crossing the river! They will soon be here among us!"

Excitement grows and one youth, looking towards the river, exclaims, "Here they are now, just rounding the bend in the trail."

At this moment the Black Robes appear, riding into the village and led by Father De Smet, who is mounted on a very fine horse. He stops and throws his arms out in a welcoming gesture as he addresses them all.

CHIEF: We bid you welcome, Great Spirit.

DE SMET: Thank you, Noble Chief of the Selish, so this is the spot that has been selected. God, indeed, has been good to us, conducting us safely, at long last, to our journey's end. (He dismounts and continues.) Let us here erect a cross to commemorate this miracle; let it stand as a monument to our faith in God and our hope for success in this, our holy venture. Men, give me a hand; these two cottonwoods were indeed made for our purpose. (They cut down the twin cottonwoods and erect a cross.) Here, beneath the shadow and the protection of these majestic mountains we shall soon erect a mission. We shall call it St. Mary's Mission, in honor of our blessed Lady whose feast day falls on this date. Let us also call the beautiful stream we have just crossed, St. Mary's River, and yonder highest peak,

EPISODE I. Scene 2. Page 2.

St. Mary's Peak. And now, may we not all smoke the pipe of peace together, in order to cement our friendship and dignify our common aim."

Indians and whites all sit around in a semi-circle and the pipe of peace is passed around as the dialogue continues.

INDIAN CHIEF: You have kept your promise to us. You have returned to the land of the Selish, just as you said you would when we parted at the Beaverhead rock a year ago.

FATHER DE SMET: Yes, but I shudder when I recall how close I came to breaking that promise. When I return to St. Louis I learned that there were no funds available for the journey. The thought that the undertaking would have to be given up, that I should not be able to redeem my promise to my faithful friends, the Selish, pierced my very heart and filled me with greatest sorrow.

CHIEF: Tell us, dear Father, how did you surmount the difficulty?

DE SMET: My confidence in God was not abated. With permission from my superiors, I straightway journeyed to the great cities of New Orleans, Philadelphia and others, where I told my story. You would be astonished as I, my Indian children, to discover how many friends you have in these remote places, anxious, to the point of giving, for you to enjoy the same religious privileges which are theirs. Why, in New Orleans, I raised nearly a thousand dollars and some of the women even donated their jewels. Philadelphia was almost as generous. It warmed the heart!

CHIEF: And these Black Robes with you, are they also willing to stay here in the wilderness with us and teach us the ways of the Great Spirit?

DE SMET: Aye, more than willing--they are eager! They are from many lands, and it is to be hoped that their diverse nationalities will foreshadow the cosmopolitan character of this northwestern country. Here, at my right, is Father Mengarini, an Italian, accomplished in medicine and music--a good linguist; and at my left is Father Nicholas Point, for four years president of St. Charles College in Louisiana. These three lay brothers who accompanied us are also good and capable men, eager to help us in our proposed venture. William Claessens is a Belgian blacksmith and Charles Huet a carpenter, also late of Belgium. Joseph Specht is a German and an excellent tinner and factotum. It is on the shoulders of these good men that the building of our mission will rest.

CHIEF: My people and I bid you welcome. May your days with us be happy ones.

EPISODE I. Scene 2. Page 3.

DE SMET: Others in our party may have been known to you--at least by reputation. Thomas Fitzpatrick, our Irish friend here, has conducted many parties across the plains and is familiar with the Oregon Trail we have been following. John Gray has lived many years among you as a guide and hunter and perhaps you have crossed trails with some of my five teamsters during your journeyings from one camp to another.

CHIEF: Welcome to you, also! Tell us, Father, did you meet our escort at the proposed time and place?

DE SMET: No, but that was no fault of theirs. They arrived at the meeting place at almost the very hour designated. We were almost fifteen days late. My heart was indeed gladdened to see so many of my old Selish friends among the group. Gabriel Prudhome, tell your kinsmen of your adventures along the way.

PRUDHOME: There is not much to tell, Father. We Indians are used to hardships, and privations. I wish, however, to commend our good friend Old Simon, who rode as fast as any, looking, speaking and acting as though his youth had come back to him. And young Ignace here traveled for four whole days and four whole nights without a bite to eat that he might be among the first to welcome the Black Robes.

DE SMET: Very fortunate were we to secure the services of John Gray to be our guide and hunter along the way. Had it not been for his skill in plains and wilderness lore, we would never have reached the meeting place in the Wind River Mountains. John, tell these new friends of your search for the hunters near Fort Bridger. They will be interested.

GRAY: Aye, Father. When we hit Fort Bridger, a fellar at the Trading Post said he seen a party of Injuns camped at the foot of the mountains. Said they stayed there for many days--till they run plumb out of grub and had to make fer the hunting grounds fer to git some meat. I trailed 'em for a couple o' days till the trail got lost in an old rocky river bed. Then I wandered around careless like, till I run into a nice mess o' fresh elk tracks. I follered 'em awhile because I figgered mebbe the Injuns had seem 'em too. Twarn't many hours before I run plumb into their camp. I set down and et a big meal with 'em--moose meat--so tough you couldn't drive a nail thru the gravy, but I chewed out the juice and got the nourishment--best meal I ever et! When I told 'em I was guide for the Black Robes, they was sure excited! Packed up their meat and pulled up camp right away and rode steady till we made connections. Our horses was plumb wore out and so wuz we!

DE SMET: By this time, our supplies were also beginning to run low,

EPISODE I. Scene 2. Page 4.

so we hastened to Fort Hall, having first dispatched Gabriel to find us fresh horses for the remainder of the journey. Young Francis and I rode on ahead in order to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady at the settlement. The rest of the party joined us next day and a few days later Gabriel arrived with the fresh horses, the gift of another Flathead tribe camped in the Beaverheads. We remained at Fort Hall for two weeks in all. The hospitality of the Hudson Bay Company there will long be remembered by us.

CHIEF: Were you molested by any hostile Indians along the way?

DE SMET: Aye, that we were. On our way up the Snake River we were accosted by a band of about fifty Bannocks who are, we understand, bitter enemies of the Selish.

GRAY: And if it hadn't a been for the Black Robes, they would a tackle us! They stalked us fer about three days, but couldn't get up enough courage to a tackle, they was thet awed by the Fathers!

FATHER MENGARINI: Yes, John, that was the second time we frightened away the foe. Remember the night the coyotes howled so mournfully and didn't stop until I started singing and frightened them away?

GRAY: Aye, Father, and you had a stiddy job from then on!

CHIEF: From Fort Hall, what trail did you follow?

DE SMET: We followed the Snake River up to the headwaters of the Beaverhead where the main body of the Flathead tribe was encamped, and where we spent a few days of happy and peaceful rest. It was there that we decided upon this spot as the most likely place for the new mission.

AN INDIAN: Yes, the very place where Little Mary said the House of Prayer would be built!

DE SMET: AH yes indeed. I remember your telling me of Little Mary's Vision. What a beautiful story. There is more than mere coincident here. It gives us yet another reason for erecting the mission upon this spot! And how nice that her name is also Mary! It is almost as if God had intended that she should share, with the Blessed Virgin, the glory of the name we have decided for this place, river and mountain! But we digress! There is so much to tell that it will take many days of talking to spend our tongues. We had many trials on the way but such experiences are soon forgotten in the joy of a safe arrival and in the warmth of your hearty welcome!

EPISODE I. Scene 2. Page 5.

CHIEF: For many moons we have awaited this hour. To us, it is like a dream fulfilled.

DE SMET: We must build your dream into a reality. By the grace of God, and with the help of many willing hands, it will someday come to pass. I have but to shut my eyes to visualize this spot, a year from now. First, the chapel, the cornerstone of the settlement, with its white cross silhouetted against the majesty of St. Mary's Peak. Around it other log structures are clustered and then, ere another season rolls around, green fields of grain to frame the beautiful picture our dream of the past and our hope for the future!

CHIEF: Father, if you are rested there is something we would like to ask of you.

DE SMET: I am indeed rested--in spirit as well as body. Rested and ready to begin the work for which I have come.

CHIEF: Then Father, will you not lead us in the Great Prayer? We have waited so long and are so anxious to receive the help it brings to all who say it reverently!

DE SMET: I would be very happy to do so. Indeed, nothing would give me greater pleasure, but must I not first teach it to you?

CHIEF: We will need much instruction before we say it perfectly.

DE SMET: Can it be that you already know it, even in a small way?

CHIEF: Yes, Father. We learned it from the Iroquois, who taught it to a few of us, that we might teach the others.

DE SMET: Even in my fondest hopes, I could not have asked for as much as this. Surely my cup runneth over! This is, in truth, the greatest moment of my life! Come, my children, here beneath the shadow of the cross, let us say the Great Prayer together!

Mass

HISTORICAL-PAGEANT DRAMA

EPISODE II.

SETTING: St. Mary's Mission at Stevensville, November 5, 1850.
Scene opens with Father Joseph Joset, Father Michael Accotti, Father Mengarini, and Father Ravalli gathered around a stove in the Mission. Fathers Ravalli and Mengarini are welcoming Fathers Joset and Accotti.

FATHER RAVALLI: What time do you expect Major Owen?

FATHER JOSET: Any time, Father Ravalli, he said he would be here about noon.

FATHER RAVALLI: Today is November 5, 1850, nine years and 30 days since Father De Smet arrived on this spot. It was a great day for the Indians. I have heard them recount all the events that took place so often. All this that we are about to do is, indeed, a sorry climax.

FATHER JOSET: You are bitter, Father Ravalli.

FATHER RAVALLI: No, I am not bitter; I am sad. There is a difference, you know.

JOSET: In the Church we must accept any decision that is made as being made in the best interests of the church and its missions.

RAVALLI: I accept them, and I hope not ungraciously. However, that does not alter the fact that I am grievously disappointed that St. Mary's is about to be abandoned; not only abandoned, but sold.

JOSET: It grieves me to be the one sent by our very Reverend Father General at St. Louis to close St. Mary's Mission, but our General Mission in St. Louis is so short of funds and with the tremendous stampede to the gold fields of California we find that these new fields require all available funds and priests. So you see why the less important mission here at St. Mary's has been ordered abandoned and sold.

RAVALLI: But Reverend Father, our accomplishments here have not been so unimportant--much headway has been made in converting our Indian friends, the Selish, to Christ, as Father Mengarini will testify.

MENGARINI: Yes, we have done much here. Father Ravalli has taught our Indian friends to work in order to conserve. Agriculture has been started among both the Indians and Whites. Father Ravalli has built a small flour mill and sawmill, much has been done in the way of irrigation, and Father Ravalli has introduced modern medicine and surgery.

EPISODE II. Page 2.

JOSET: Our General Mission at St. Louis is well aware of all these good things. However, we have had to weigh in our minds charges and complaints that some of the failures of your mission has been due to too much idealism and righteousness on too high a plane for the Indians to grasp, and unfortunately for greedy white settlers and traders to comply with.

(AT THIS POINT VARIOUS INDIANS AND WHITES BEGIN ENTERING THE MISSION AND THE DISCUSSION OF THE PRIESTS AMONGST THEMSELVES ENDS.)

CHIEF VICTOR: Indians do not like mission to be sold and Black Robes to leave us.

RAVALLI: Black Robes do not like it either.

CHIEF VICTOR: Selish Indian never kill white men. The Crows, Snakes, Sioux, Nez Perces not like that. They want to kill white man. Why Black Robe leave Selish?

RAVALLI: It is a little difficult to explain.

INDIAN: You tell me. Indians want to know.

RAVALLI: It is that there is a greater need for Priests in a country called California.

INDIAN: Why?

RAVALLI: Gold has been discovered and there has been a rush of people to California, not all good people, and the Black Robes are needed.

INDIAN: Indian do not understand--gold.

RAVALLI: It is something the white man holds very dear--why is not always clear.

INDIAN: Selish is Black Robes friend, why Black Robe leave him?

RAVALLI: We do not leave you in spirit, only in the flesh, and I pray, indeed I do, that that will not be for long.

INDIAN: Indian do not like. (Turning to Joset) You tell me truth.

JOSET: Father Ravalli has told you the truth.

INDIAN: Why you sell Mission built for Indians?

(BEFORE JOSET CAN ANSWER, AND TO HIS RELIEF, JOHN OWEN ENTERS WITH HIS BROTHER, FRANK, AND EVERYONE'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED--THE INDIANS FORGOTTEN.)

EPISODE II. Page 3.

OWEN: Good evening dear Fathers--good evening dear friends. I trust that I have not kept you all waiting.

JOSET: Indeed you have not Mr. Owen. We have been simply going over the successes and failures of the Mission--weighing it in the balance, as it were.

OWEN: I wish to compliment the Fathers Ravalli and Mengarini for the good work they have done here for our Indian friends and the white settlers. They have not only made great headway in Christianizing the Indians but also for better or for worse have established the Stevensville area as a civilized community. It is really too bad that certain squatters and mixed bloods after abusing the hospitality of the Mission have in revenge for being turned out, sought to poison the Indians against the good Fathers.

JOSET: We have heard this too, at St. Louis, and now hearing your comments are convinced that the Mission has been slandered grossly by malicious men. However our Reverend Father General has decided to close St. Mary's. Oh, would that our priests were more plentiful and more funds available so that this step would not have to be made.

ACCOTTI: Father Joset has not mentioned the fact that the Blackfoot Indians are at present a constant source of trouble and danger.

JOSET: Much as I may regret the step, however, a decision has been made and I must obey my orders from the Father General. And so if Mr. Owen has the written contract and bill of sale with him, let us get down to business.

OWEN: Yes, I have a written contract, drawn up according to our agreements. Bill of Sale of St. Mary's Mission claim, Flathead Country, Bitter Root Valley to Jno. Owen., November 5th, 1850. This is to certify that I, P. J. Joset, Catholic Missionary, party of the first part, have bargained and sold all property at St. Mary's Mission, Flathead Country, known as the Church Improvements unto Jno. Owen, party of the second part, for the sum of Two Hundred and fifty Dollars (\$250.00), the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged.

It is ready to be signed. Before we do so, however, I should like to add another clause. A clause to the effect that if you missionaries return, let us say, before January 1, 1852, that a part of the property be returned to you to carry on your good work.

JOSET: Please do so. (Major Owen writes in the clause and reads as he writes:)

EPISODE II, Page 4.

OWEN: The said Jno. Owen receding back to the church that portion of the improvements known as the fields and mill property providing said Church establish another mission here on or before the 1st day of January, 1852. Signed.

Your signature, Father. (Joset signs) and my brother, Frank's signature as witness.--(As Frank signs Owen says to Ravalli) That gesture of good faith should please you, Father Ravalli.

RAVALLI: May God bless Major Owen in his venture in the fort he is about to build. This is very generous of you.

OWEN: Dear Fathers you over rate my generosity. For I am about to receive a most excellent piece of property for \$250.00. I would be most ungrateful indeed if I had not made the offer Father Joset has just accepted.

INDIAN CHIEF: Dear Fathers, all this is very fine for white men. What good is it to the Indians?

OWEN: Permit me to answer this. On my word of honor as a Christian gentleman, I promise that I will always be the true friend of the Indians and that they will always be treated fairly and squarely.

JOSET: I feel that in view of all the assurance that has been given that we should proceed with the signing of this bill of sale.

OWEN: As a student of history, I am not unmindful of the fact that this is somewhat of an historic occasion.

JOSET: Just what do you mean, Mr. Owen?

OWEN: To my knowledge, this is the first legal contract to be signed in this territory, the sort of thing people will write about in later years.

RAVALLI: I should like to offer a prayer.

(THEY ALL BOW THEIR HEADS.)

May God grant that all future Montana contracts be as just and as generous as this first written contract. To all you loyal parishioners and friends, whether Indian or White, who have stood by our Mission of St. Mary's in the years it has stood as a monument to zealous men's effort to spread the kingdom of Christ on earth, I assure you that Major Owen's offer has filled my heart with great hope and joy. I have drawn plans for a new mission to replace the present one. God granting me strength and health, sometime, somehow, I shall return.

(END OF EPISODE.)

HISTORICAL-PAGEANT DRAMA

EPISODE III.

SETTING: Yard of Fort Owen, New Year's Day, 1866. Enter Mr. Houck, Winslet, and adopted daughter, Indian girl, Mary, followed by a new settler, John Jessup. Major Owen comes out of Fort, shakes hands with each as he speaks to them.

OWEN: Well, good morning, good morning, gentlemen. A happy New Year to you all on this fine morning.

HOUCK: (as he shakes hands) It's a little late for a good morning, but a happy New Year to you, Major.

WINSLET: (as he shakes hands) Must have been celebrating a little last night, Major Owen.

OWEN: I confess, Mr. Winslet, that to my mind at least, the new year of 1866 warrants a good celebration to bring it into being. Should be a very prosperous year for our growing community of Stevensville. (Puts hand on Mary's head) And how are you, little Mary Winslet, studying hard, I hope.

MARY: Yes, Major Owen.

WINSLET: She's a regular student, Major. Now that Father Ravalli is back, the two of you are going to spoil her for sure with all your book learning.

OWEN: We'll need a good scholar to record for history the events happening in the Bitter Root in our time. I can think of no one better qualified to do it than a bright little Indian girl like your adopted daughter, Mary.

(NANCY OWEN COMES OUT OF FORT. SHE STARTS TO CROSS YARD.)

OWEN: Where are you going, Nancy?

NANCY: Take a walk into mountains.

OWEN: Why don't you take little Mary here with you. You won't mind, Winslet?

WINSLET: Not at all. I'm sure she would like to go. Wouldn't you Mary?

MARY: (NODS APPROVAL) Yes. Yes.

NANCY: (After a moment's hesitation) Come then. (Two exit, men watching.)

EPISODE III. Page 2.

OWEN: It will do Nancy good. She misses not having children of her own. Besides with the little girl along she'll be home now before night fall. Nancy doesn't care much for these big parties we have at the Fort.

WINSLET: Most Indian women don't. Very sensitive people, Indians. They seem not to understand much our kind of celebrating. By the way, Major, this man here is John Jessup, a new settler in the lower valley. We ran across him while we were looking over your new mill.

JESSUP: Howdy, Major, I've been wanting to meet you. Got some things I'd like to discuss with you.

OWEN: Welcome to Fort Owen. I hope you can stay to take part in our celebration.

JESSUP: Glad to, Major.

WINSLET: We think that new grist mill of yours, Major Owen, is going to mean a lot to the community. Houck and myself here plan to do a little expanding during the year and develop our place of business into something beyond a trading post.

HOUCK: The lay-out must have cost you a tidy piece of money, Major. Mind if I ask how much.

OWEN: Not at all. It cost a good deal of money, I can assure you; about all I had, as a matter of fact. Around \$15,000. All the machinery and much of the material had to be shipped up the Missouri to Fort Benton and then freighted across the mountain to Fort Owen from there. Of course, the timber was here and, as you know, we make our bricks although they cost me about five dollars a hundred, believe it or not. Now that it's completed, I hope I'm not like the man who bought an elephant--couldn't find enough to feed it after he had it.

JESSUP: Well, Major, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I suppose you figure as to how the Indians is agoin' to raise the grain you'll be aneeding to run that there mill.

OWEN: That is my thought.

JESSUP: I heered you had a lot of faith in them Indians, Major, but you know, as well as I do, that they're a lazy, good-fer-nothin' lot that nobody can depend on nohow. Now a lot of us new settlers figure, Major, that you all will get behind us we cin run them all out of here and open all this here valley up to us whites. Why in a few years we'd sure enough have something in this here Bitter Root Valley and no mistake.

EPISODE III. Page 3.

OWEN: Where do you plan the Indians could go after you have, as you say, run them out of here.

JESSUP: Up North in some of that reservation land.

OWEN: But that land isn't as good as this land.

JESSUP: That there is just the point. Them Injuns ain't never been any good in this here valley. It's too good fer them. What have they ever made of it, I'd like to know.

OWEN: They'd made it their home for many generations. The Selish are a good people. None better. When the Black Robes first came in the early forties, they were as fine a domestic and honest people as you could find anywhere.

JESSUP: Ain't that the point, Major. They were. They jist don't go fer white's ways, so we got to get rid of 'em.

OWEN: He goes too much for the white man's ways, if you ask me. That's what's wrong with him, as far as anything is wrong.

JESSUP: Jist the same, if you'd help us open this here Valley, all of it, to white settlers, ther's no limit to what they wouldn't do with it.

OWEN: I'm sure there isn't. That's what I'm afraid of.

JESSUP: Well, what do you want to do with this here land? Jist let it set here? Why should we, I'd like to know, jist fer a bunch of savages.

OWEN: As I said, it happens to be Indian land. There has been too much moving them out of a country just because it happens to appeal to the white man. I saw what happened to the Indians when they moved them out in the East. It's got to stop some place.

JESSUP: You ain't got much faith in the white amn, I'm afraid, Major.

OWEN: I have faith in the white man, and I am not opposed to his coming in, but it must be done fairly and with the honest consent of the Indians. They must not be pushed out to have to make room for a few restless white men.

WINSLET: Well, let's not argue about it on New Year's Day, Jessup. Besides, here comes Father Ravalli.

(THEY GREET FATHER RAVALLI.)

WINSLET, HOUCK, AND OWEN: (speaking together) Good morning, Father

EPISODE III. Page 4.

Ravalli, happy New Year to you, we are glad to see you out on this pleasant day.

RAVALLI: Happy New Year, gentlemen. Major Owen, I've just been looking over your new mill and I congratulate you. It's a fine job, a fine job, indeed. It makes me almost want to cry when I think of my first grist mill, it seems to insignificant when compared with yours.

OWEN: There was nothing insignificant about your first grist mill, Father Ravalli. I only hope mine will play as important a part in the valley as yours did.

RAVALLI: Very nice of you to say so, very nice. And how are you gentlemen this grand winter morning?

WINSLET: It certainly doesn't seem like New Years without any snow.

RAVALLI: It's been a very mild winter. But we must have snow soon to prepare the ground so we can raise plenty of good grain, now that we have the Major's new mill to grind it for us.

HOUCK: Sounds like we're getting civilized here in the Bitter Root, Mr. Houck, I hope weather and crops are all we will have to worry about.

OWEN: I see what you mean Father. How are the plans coming for the new church, Father?

RAVALLI: Very well. It should soon be completed and ready for service. Ah, some guests are beginning to arrive.

OWEN: And about time, too, with the wedding only a half hour off.

(TWO MEN RIDE UP ON HORSE BACK AND GET OFF.)

OWEN: (Going up to greet them) Well, I do declare, if it isn't my old friends, Higgins and Mr. Wordon, and a grand Scotch friend from Fort Connah, Angus McDonald. Am I glad to see you. Happy New Year and welcome to Fort Owen. How are you, Angus?

ANGUS: Fine. I brought you some new books I got from Scotland.

OWEN: Is that all you got from Scotland?

ANGUS: Well, no--and I've brought some of that along too. I'll take them over to the Fort, if you don't mind.

OWEN: Do, and I'll join you later.

(EXIT ANGUS McDONALD)

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OWEN: (Turning to Houck, others) These two men turn a mill down at Hell Gate. Higgins and Worden, real old timers by now. You know, Hell Gate, a spot in the road down by the river.

HIGGINS: Not Hell Gate, Owen, Missoula, as you well know.

OWEN: With all due respect to you, Worden and Higgins, you can't start a town down there, men. Stevensville is the only town we need in these parts for years to come.

WORDEN: That's what you think. Give us a couple of years or so and we'll push your town of Stevensville right off the map.

HOUCK: All you have down there is some wind blown sage brush.

HIGGINS: We're on the direct line between the east and the territories of Washington and Oregon, and that's what'll count.

OWEN: What we need is a good road between here and Hell Gate and it'll be an end of your Missoula. What a name for a town anyway.

WORDEN: It's a good name. Called after the Clear River that flows by the settlement--"Shimmering Water," the Flatheads call it.

HIGGINS: Yes, sir, I tell you, Major, you made a big mistake building that fine grist mill up here in Stevensville. Ours in Missoula can take care of everything.

WINSLET: Stevensville is a better place for a mill. What could you raise down at Hell Gate besides hell. The Major will have some real crops to run his mill, you know. You can't raise grain around that God forsaken country.

HIGGINS: Let them haul their grain down from here. We'll even help you get that road in. Your women folks can come along and do a little real shopping for a day or two while your men folks can be--well, looking the town over.

OWEN: Well, I'll take my chances here, I guess.

WORDEN: Ain't no use, Major, you'll go broke sure as thunder. Too many Indians for one thing.

JESSUP: That's what I was telling him a few minutes ago, but we aim to get rid of them pretty soon.

RAVALLI: What's that? What's that?

OWEN: He's just hoping, Father. Well, gentlemen, among other things we're going to treat you today, it is the first white wedding in these parts.

HIGGINS: White wedding? Well, that will be something to celebrate the New Year. I guess, at that, it will be the first white marriage in the Bitter Root--least I never heard tell of one before. We've already had at least one wedding at Hell Gate that I know of--my own.

OWEN: We've had a lot of firsts here in Stevensville; First church, first grist mill, and first sawmill, both built by Father Ravalli. He also opened the first drug store, first irrigation ditch, and I signed the first legal contract here myself--in fact Stevensville has all sorts of things to be proud of if she'd only wake up and realize it.

HIGGINS: I guess she has at that. Real old settlement here all right.

HOUCK: Yes, you folks from your Missoula are always going to be newcomers to us Stevensville folk.

(DURING THE CONVERSATION MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ARRIVING, IN BUGGIES, ON HORSEBACK, ON FOOT. THE MEN HAVE JOINED THE GROUP, THE WOMEN HAVE GATHERED IN A GROUP BY THEMSELVES, AND THE CHILDREN ARE RUNNING AROUND PLAYING. NANCY AND THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL HAVE COME BACK AND STAND ASIDE FROM THE GROUP WATCHING, ALSO SEVERAL INDIANS HAVE APPEARED.)

A MAN CALLS: Here comes the bride and groom.

(MISS EVA JOHNS AND MR. CONE APPEAR ALL DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION FOLLOWED BY A SMALL PARTY.) (AFTER SOME TUNING UP, ETC., THE CHOIR SINGS "LOVES OLD SWEET SONG." WHEN COMPLETED THEY APPLAUD THEMSELVES AND SOMEONE YELLS: "GO AHEAD FATHER, LETS GET THEM HITCHED." "HOG TIE HIM TO HER" ETC. FATHER RAVALLI MARRYS THE COUPLE.)

RAVALLI: George Cone will you take Eva Johns here present for your lawful wife.

CONE: I will.

RAVALLI: Eva Johns will you take George Cone here present for your lawful husband.

EVA JOHNS: I will.

RAVALLI: (With Cone repeating it after him) I, George Cone take thee Eva Johns for my lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part.

RAVALLI: (With Eva Johns repeating it after him) I, Eva Johns take thee George Cone for my lawful husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer,

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in sickness and in health, until death do us part.

RAVALLI: By the authority committed to me, I pronounce you united in the bonds of matrimony.

CONE: (Repeating after Father Ravalli) With this ring I thee wed and I plight unto thee my troth.

MAN: (When it is over) I'm agoina kiss the bride.

CONE: You try and I'll put a bullet through your head.

ALL CHEER: That's the kind of a husband he's going to be.

BOYS YELL: Old man Pete tried to kiss the bride.

SOMEONE YELLS: Speech from Father Ravalli, speech - speech.

RAVALLI: Parties, New Year's day celebrations and weddings are hardly times for serious discussions, but the events you are witnessing today portend great things for Stevensville and the Bitter Root. Major Owen's mill, just completed, is the sign of our future dreams for great material growth and wealth--the new mission being built just a mile south is here to provide for your spiritual needs--I hope for years, yes hundreds of years to come--the great institution of matrimony shall, according to its purpose, serve to populate your valley, for married couples have received their command from God to increase and multiply and fill the earth. This day of January 1, 1866, is in truth the day of fulfillment for me--the day on which those dreams I had sixteen years ago when diverse circumstances forced us to leave these hallowed hills, have finally been realized, and when I can say that I have kept my promise and have returned to spend the rest of my days, laboring among you, but for you and with you in the vineyard of Almighty God, not as a companion nor friend, but according to the grace of my calling, your Father--spiritually it is true, but still with all the love and solicitude than any Father has for his children. God Bless all of you. (Applause)

SEVERAL CALL: Major Owen! Major Owen!

OWEN: Father Ravalli spoke truly when he said that today is the day of fulfillment, not only for him but for all of us. It is the birthday of our town--the day on which all life begins and we hope and pray that in this case the life of Stevensville and the Bitter Root shall be strong and vigorous--ever growing--ever increasing in size and strength and influence--so that, in the words of Mr. Jessup, in a couple of years or so we will push the infant town of Missoula right off the map. But let us make an end of speeches and on with the celebration--a double celebration--New Year's day and the first White marriage in our territory.

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There's refreshments for the men in the Fort and for young men and women here in the yard.

(ALL SING "OH, SUSANNA.")

SOMEONE YELLS: Let the newlyweds lead the first dance.

(THE FIDDLERS GET ON THE PLATFORM AND THE DANCERS LINE UP. SQUARE DANCING STARTS.)

FINIS.

HISTORICAL-PAGEANT DRAMA

EPISODE IV.

SETTING: An Indian Camp just outside of Stevensville on the evening of October 14, 1891.

(A POWWOW IS TAKING PLACE IN THE BACKGROUND. IN THE FOREGROUND A LARGE CAMP FIRE IS BURNING AND INDIAN TORCHES MAKE A HUGE FIERY CROSS. CHIEF CHARLOT AND HIS OLDER BRAVES SIT BY THE FIRE. GENERAL CARRINGTON APPEARS FOLLOWED BY MAJOR RONAN, AMOS BUCK AND PETER WHALEY. CHARLOT MOTIONS THEM TO SIT DOWN. THE PEACE PIPE IS PASSED.)

GENERAL CARRINGTON: I hope that by now, Charlot, Chief of the Flatheads and his children have decided to leave tomorrow as planned.

CHIEF CHARLOT: Charlot does not know why he should go.

CARRINGTON: Charlot, it is like this. Big train coming down the track and a little calf is on the railraod in its way. Big engine blows its whistle and says, "Little calf you must get off the track or you will be crippled or killed." Big Chief at Washington is the train. Charlot is the calf. I am the whistle. I come to warn you; to tell you that you must get out of the way, for the train is coming. Indians must move to Jocko.

CHARLOT: Flathead is like white flag. He never shed white man's blood. The Crows, Snakes, Sioux and Nez Perce, they like red flag. They want to kill white man. Flatheads fight for white man. Chief like that. He never killed white man. When Charlot fight for white man he see Indians kill Chief Victor. He catch Chief Victor in these arms when he fall. Charlot Chief then. Nez Perce drive white man into big holes. Nez Perce all around white man. Flatheads come. Flatheads drive Nez Perces away. White man lives. No white man hates Flatheads. White man drives Flathead away. Charlot wants white man to live. White man wants Charlot and his children to die. Charlot has spoken.

CARRINGTON: Chief Charlot, I am your friend. I love your children. I will do all I can for you, but I must do what Big Chief tells me to do. You must leave your homes, Charlot.

CHARLOT: This Bitter Root has been home of Flathead for long time before white man came. Bitter Root land belong to Flatheads not to white man.

CARRINGTON: Big Chief in Washington will pay you good price for your lands and will supply you with fine homes in Jocko Valley. He promises that you will not go hungry any more. You will have plenty of money for your needs.

CHARLOT: Flathead always tell truth to white man. White man always lie

EPISODE IV. Page 2.

to Flathead. Many times white man has lied to Charlot. Charlot still fights for him. White man wants Charlot's home for lies. Charlot not go even if he sees the money.

CARRINGTON: I am your friend, Charlot. These men here are your friends. Our hearts go out to you but I must tell you again that for the sake of peace between your people and mine that you must obey the will of the Great White Chief in far off Washington and leave the Bitter Root as has been planned. We, your friends, are sorry, but you must go. It is final this time, Chief Charlot.

(CHARLOT GETS UP AND RETREATS INTO THE SHADOWS, HIS BRAVES FOLLOWING.)

AMOS BUCK: Today I do not feel proud that I am a white man when I think of Chief Charlot and his 200 remaining Indians being moved from their old tribal lands here in the Bitter Root Valley to the Jocko Reservation. General Carrington, I feel ashamed when I think of the deceit of those in high places at Washington.

PETER WHALEY: Do they have to be moved, General?

CARRINGTON: I am a soldier. I have my orders!

MAJOR RONAN: The chief difficulty all along has been that the government and most of the people, including the bulk of the settlers in this very valley, have never understood the Indian; never seen him as a human being with emotions of love of home, or love of justice and fair play. To the white man the Indian is a savage, a beast lower than his own domestic animals. This attitude has made a frustrated being out of the Indian and has demoralized him.

BUCK: What will you do General, in case Charlot persists in his refusal to go?

CARRINGTON: Mr. Buck, a good army officer never crosses a bridge until he comes to it.

RONAN: And that, if I may be allowed to say so, General, is what is wrong with army officers.

CARRINGTON: You are allowed to say so, Major.

(CHARLOT RETURNS WITH HIS BRAVES TO THE CAMPFIRE.)

CHARLOT: White Chief, Charlot and his children will go. Not for money, but Charlot wants peace with his white brother. Braves tell my people.

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CARRINGTON: (Deeply moved) I promise you the White Chief wants only peace with their friends, the Flatheads. And again I say your people shall not go hungry again. They shall be well taken care of in their new homes.

CHARLOT: Be that as it may. Charlot and his people leave the home of their fathers tomorrow. Braves tell my people.
(Carrington exits)

(BRAVES LEAVE TO GO INTO SHADOWS. SOON THE POWWOW STOPS AND ALL IS STILL.)

BUCK: Charlot, we have been good friends; the people of the Bitter Root love you. You must come back often to visit your old home.

CHARLOT: Charlot no come back; maybe some of his people come back, but Charlot no come back.

(BUCK EXITS)

WHALEY: Charlot we must always be friends. Even if you will not come to see us, we will come often to see you.

CHARLOT: Charlot will be glad to see his friends.

(WHALEY EXITS)

RONAN: So at last, Charlot, you and your people go.

CHARLOT: My women and children are hungry. My men are weakened by sickness, they can no longer fight. For their sakes I go.

RONAN: You must not feel bitterness, Charlot. You are merely leaving your old home for a new home. Your beloved Bitter Root Valley will still be here.

CHARLOT: A good Indian does not look back. Charlot is good Indian. I shall never return. The White Chief has taken the land of my fathers away from me and my people. It is his. Let him do with it what he will.

RONAN: As superintendent of the Jocko Reservation, I shall see you often. Whenever you have any problems bring them to me and I will do all I can to help you. I shall never be false with you. I go now and will be at Arlee with my friends to greet you when you and your people arrive at your new home.

CHARLOT: That is good.

PRIEST: When the Flatheads leave tomorrow for their new home, St. Mary's Mission will no longer exist. It has been here all of

EPISODE IV. Page 4.

these years to serve the Indians of this valley. The Priests of the Mission will go with you to your new home. Others will be there to welcome you, and us, when we arrive.

(THE POWWOW STARTS UP AGAIN, SOFTLY AT FIRST, BUT GETTING LOUDER TOWARD THE END OF THE SCENE.)

CHARLOT: Long ago my fathers made many trips to far away for Black Robes to come to Flathead to teach them the Great Spirit. The Black Robes have done well.

PRIEST: It has not all been as we had hoped, God moves in His own way, but He does not forsake His people.

CHARLOT: Charlot and his people believe in the Great Spirit of the Black Robes.

PRIEST: Then there is hope; all is not lost.

(EXIT PRIEST)

(THE POWWOW BECOMES LOUDER. SIX BRAVES COME FORWARD AND DO A WAR DANCE AROUND THE FIRE.)

(IN THE REAR THE INDIANS BEGIN TO PUT THEIR THINGS IN WAGONS AND TAKE DOWN TEEpees. SOON THE LINE FORMS AND WITH CHIEF CHARLOT AT THE HEAD THEY SILENTLY PASS INTO THE NIGHT AND OUT OF THE BITTER ROOT.)

END OF PAGEANTS.

APPENDIX B

"WINNING THE WILD HIGH BORDER"

WINNING THE WILD HIGH BORDER

EPISODE I

BEGINNING AT 8:00 O'CLOCK THE INDIANS WILL BEGIN MOVING ABOUT OVER THE STAGING AREA. TO THE LEFT IS AN INDIAN CAMP WITH TEPEES, CAMP FIRES, ETC. THERE WILL BE NO FORMAL PLAN ABOUT THIS, JUST MOVEMENT AS IF IT WERE AN EVENING 250 YEARS AGO AND NO AUDIENCE IN FRONT OF THEM. IN THE BACKGROUND IS MUSIC OVER THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM. IT IS NOT INDIAN MUSIC, RATHER ATMOSPHERIC MUSIC OF A SOFT AND WISTFUL NATURE, CLASSICAL, BUT WITH THEME.

AT CURTAIN TIME THIS MUSIC BECOMES INDIAN DRUM AND SINGING MUSIC PLAYED ON STAGE. FROM THIS THE INDIANS MOVE INTO A DANCE. NOT A WAR DANCE BUT A SPIRITUAL DANCE OF SOME KIND. AS THIS DANCE NEARS ITS END, A PROPHET APPEARS ON THE MOUNTAIN IN THE REAR STAGE AREA. BESIDE HIM IS AN OLD MAN.

PROPHET: (All turn attention to him) Our very old man who sees things as they are to be has been ill for some days now. Last night a spirit from above came to him and whispered that tonight at this spot and before this small segment of our Blackfoot people, a strange vision of what is to be, will appear before us. The very old man feels within him that now, very soon, this strange happening will take place. Let us all now kneel and sing in prayer that we may be ready for whatever will come before us.

THE INDIANS ALL KNEEL AND A PRAYER IS SUNG. FROM THE RIGHT, AFTER A MINUTE, APPEARS A WHITE MAN WITH A BEARD, CARRYING A GUN AND SMOKING A PIPE, ON A HORSE FOLLOWED BY A PACK HORSE. THE WHOLE IS A PRETTY WEATHER BEATEN OUTFIT, NO "PRINCE CHARMING."

AS THE MAN APPROACHES ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF DISTANCE TO INDIAN GROUP, HE STOPS.

WHITEMAN: Doggone, if'n it ain't a bunch of Injuns. Bet them ain't seen no white man yet, no horse, nor beard, or no gun. I'll shoot off this here old musket. That'll scare 'em so they won't do me no harm, I'll betcha.

HE FIRES THE GUN. (FROM BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN WE WILL SHOOT OFF A LARGE FIRE CRACKER OR SOMETHING WHICH WILL MAKE A VERY LOUD NOISE. ALSO WE WILL RELEASE A LARGE AMOUNT OF SMOKE. IN OTHER WORDS, THE ATOM BOMB OF 1700.)

THE INDIANS JUMP UP, FRIGHTENED, START TO RUN IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THE WHITE MAN LAUGHS LOUD.

WHITE MAN: (laughing) Figured that would scare the pants of 'N ya.

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OLD MAN: (very loud over the mike) Be not afraid, my people.

THE INDIANS STOP, TURN TO LOOK AT FUNNY WHITE MAN.

WHITEMAN: Don't be afraid, eh? Here, take a look at this. (He takes a second gun from saddle, points at a large piece of pottery and shoots. The pottery falls to pieces. This time the noise is centered on the breaking up of the piece of pottery.)

Don't be afraid, you say? I can shoot you all up, all over the place. (he laughs)

OLD MAN: Be not afraid. This strange creature is not all bad. He is also some good. Go look at what he has, but do not harm him.

WHITEMAN: (laughs) Hadn't better harm me or I'll shoot your heads off.

THE INDIANS COME TOWARD HIM. THE WOMEN TO THE PACK HORSE. IT INTERESTS THEM.

WHITEMAN: You squaws sure like them pack horses. Look him over, ladies. Walk him around. (he drops lead rope)

THE WOMEN WALK THE GENTLE PACK HORSE AROUND.

INDIAN WOMAN: Him good. Carry much. Save hard work. Him big dog.

WHITEMAN: Yea. Women are all alike. All they want to have is something to save them work. (The Indian men have some moved to broken pieces of pottery) Take a look at what you can shoot with this good old gun. It can kill deer, elk, moose, buffalo, anything you want to aim at. Kill your enemies too, men. You can teach any kid to do it for you. All they got to do is aim and pull a trigger. (to a group of men admiring the horse) This here horse don't jest walk, he runs. Here let me show you. (He trots the horse forward a bit and then back. A young Indian is jumping up and down calling, "Me! Me! Me!" White man get off)

All right, let's see what you can do, young buck.

YOUNG INDIAN GETS ON HORSE, RUNS IT WILDLY AROUND, YELLING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE. INDIANS ARE ALL EXCITED AND IMPRESSED.

WHITEMAN: Hey, come back here.

PROPHET: (loud once more) Return the animals to the man. Let him go on his way.

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INDIAN YOUTH STOPS, GETS OFF HORSE, LEADS IT TO WHITE MAN, AS SO THE INDIAN WOMEN WITH THE PACK HORSE DO.

WHITEMAN: (As he gets on horse) You Injuns had me scared for a minute, myself. Now, got to be on my way. But don't worry, you'll see lots of my kind with guns, and horses and big dogs. So long. Got to cross this here wild, high border country before it starts snowing again up in them higher mountains.

EVEN AS HE GETS ON HORSE AND TALKS, THE DRUMS, SOFTLY AT FIRST, START BEATING OUT A WAR DANCE.

OLD MAN: This is the vision the spirit whispered to me, we would see this night.

WAR CHIEF: Vision! Vision! That was no vision. That was real. Come on, warriors, Dance! A new day has come to our people.

A WILD WAR DANCE, WHICH HAS BEEN GROWING BURSTS INTO FULL BEING TO END EPISODE. (MUST NOT BE TOO LONG)

PROPHET: (As Indians retire) And it came to pass that these men, strange at first, were not so strange as they came in great numbers and changed the whole pattern of life for the native Indians on the wild, high border country.

WINNING THE WILD HIGH BORDER

EPISODE II

SETTING: "I PERFORMED THE OCTAVE OF THE NATIVITY OF THE HOLY VIRGIN IN THE OPEN AIR, UNDER A BOWER OF GREEN BOUGHS, THE WORK OF THE INDIANS. THE FLATHEADS AND THE BLACKFEET RECITED IN THEIR OWN TONGUES. I MADE THEM A LITTLE ADDRESS." Sept. 15, 1846. Father De Smet's Life and Travels Among the North American Indians, p. 593, Vol. II, Francis P. Harper, New York (Publishers) 1905. (Other material in this scene and episode is taken from Vol. II, pp. 584-599, and Vol. III, pp. 946-956 of the above, and Palladion Indian and White in the Northwest, ch. XXV, p. 188 and p. 191.)

DURING DIALOGUE THE INDIANS ARE GATHERING, COMING FROM TEPEES, ETC. THEY FORM A SEMICIRCLE BEFORE BOWER, SOME STANDING, SOME SITTING. THE DIALOGUE OF FATHER DE SMET AND POINT STARTS AS THEY ARE APPROACHING BOWER AND CONTINUES BEFORE THE BOWER. LAYMEN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS AROUND BOWER FOR THE SERVICE.

FATHER DE SMET: You really think, Father Point, that there will be many here at this service?

FATHER POINT: They asked for it, Father De Smet, when word came that you would be visiting us.

FATHER DE SMET: And they will sing this service in their own language?

FATHER POINT: Yes. The Blackfeet have learned how to do it from the Flatheads, many of whom are visiting here now.

FATHER DE SMET: Ah! From good old St. Mary in the Bitterroot. I established that mission in 1841; let's see, five years ago.

FATHER POINT: Yes, I know. It's the Flatheads, along with some very good missionary work done by the Fathers from Canada, that makes the Blackfeet so--well, so ready to accept our religion and the word of God.

FATHER DE SMET: It really is wonderful the way these primitive people take the word of God.

FATHER POINT: Yes, in the main they are embracing our conception of religion very well. Some already know what they must believe, and do have the faith. Several hundred men and women and children among the Blackfeet have accepted the baptism. The Catholic prayers, at their request, have been translated in their own tongue, so they may say them morning and evening in their own homes.

FATHER DE SMET: It is very gratifying to know things are going so well.

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FATHER POINT: I must confess, of course, that many of the young and middle aged men, as I'm sure you know, join the worship because they think if they receive baptism they can conquer any enemy whatever. They think the baptism gives them the necessary courage it takes to kill their enemies.

FATHER DE SMET: I was afraid of that, from my experience among Indians of other tribes.

FATHER POINT: As a matter of fact, one of the chief things in our favor here among the Blackfeet is that they are very sure that the Flatheads have been much braver since the St. Mary Mission was established and gave that tribe daily recourse to the teaching of the Blackrobes.

FATHER DE SMET: (sighs but says somewhat lightly) At least receiving our baptism is less primitive than their old Blackfeet custom of cutting deep gashes in their bodies and catching the blood crying: "I do thee this favor, Apsitotokio, I give thee my blood; do me also a favor on the war-path, and when I come again I will worship thee with the scalps I take from my enemies."

FATHER POINT: If saving the souls of these poor people wasn't so vital, it would seem amusing. I don't like to face it, but in spite of all we have accomplished, through religion, war nowadays between the tribes has become more fierce and more frequent than it was before the white man came.

FATHER DE SMET: How do you account for that?

FATHER POINT: In my opinion, it all centers around the continued number of white traders coming into the country wanting hides of all kinds, and more hides. Take the buffalo as an example. At the rate they are being killed now on the plains, it is probable that with the next dozen years the only buffalo left will be those in the Blackfeet tribe's area.

FATHER DE SMET: Why does that make a problem for the Blackfeet?

FATHER POINT: With these animals gone from the plains, what can be used to feed the hundred thousand Indians of that region?

FATHER DE SMET: Well?

FATHER POINT: What it means is that the Plains tribes will hunt nearer and nearer to this Blackfeet territory, and that means war; war to the death over food and hides. I really fear that the last of the buffalo may result in a last fight between the unfortunate remnants of these unhappy tribes of the plains and of this high border.

EPISODE II. Page 3.

FATHER DE SMET: That sounds very serious.

FATHER POINT: It is already so serious that women constitute two-thirds if not three-fourths of their whole number in a tribe. This is the direct result of the increasing warfare between Indians.

FATHER DE SMET: What is to be done about it?

FATHER POINT: Everything depends pretty much upon what the United States Government can and does do.

FATHER DE SMET: In what way?

FATHER POINT: Well, the Federal Government must make a sincere and effective effort to protect the Indians in their territories against everything that could be harmful to the natives. After all, the United States took the territory over, and with that they took over an obligation. I know they are beginning to realize this and are making plans to cope with the situation.

FATHER DE SMET: Just what should they do, in your opinion?

FATHER POINT: Make treaties between the Indians; set aside areas for certain tribes; teach them trades; introduce agriculture and stock raising. If our kind of civilization is moving on Indian territory, then let the natives know how best to fit into it.

FATHER DE SMET: And where do we, the Church, fit into all this?

FATHER POINT: Oh, it's a two-fold job, really, and the Church and state must work together. The winning of this wild high border to the common good of both Indians and non-Indians isn't going to be easy. It will be a question of properly adjusting temporal matters on one hand, and ecclesiastical matters on the other. It is, as I see it, the major responsibility of the Federal Government in the first area, and the responsibility of the representatives of the spiritual world--both Catholic and Protestant--in the second area.

FATHER DE SMET: And what are some of these spiritual adjustments that must be made? More baptism?

FATHER POINT: I could baptize a much larger number of adults than I have, they seem to desire it ardently, but these desires do not, as yet, spring from the true principles of religion.

FATHER DE SMET: How do you mean?

FATHER POINT: For one thing, there seemed to exist among them, as I

said, a persuasion that when they receive baptism they can conquer any enemy, thus some who seek only to kill their neighbors were the first to be baptized. They also think that we, the priests, excite diseases and for that matter cause thunder to roll. Therefore at all costs, they must be good to us, do what we say in order not only to receive benefits, but also to avoid evil. Not long ago a Blackfoot robbed me of three mules and died the day after. So, they say, "Woe to him who robs the Blackrobes."

FATHER DE SMET: Still, we have made much headway among the Flatheads in the last five years and we will among the Blackfeet in the next five. I noticed this at a recent visit to an Indian powwow where the Flatheads were camped near the Nez Perces, who have not had the advantage of our Catholic training. The Flatheads before they would eat anything put their hands to their foreheads, made the sign of the cross, then spoke a good prayer, whereas the Nez Perces fell upon the food like starved animals. Sunday the Flatheads sat quiet in their lodges, thought only of praying to God and encouraging another in well-doing, while the Nez Perces put on their fine clothes and scattered here and there, for more harm than good. Flatheads see that our God is good to the good, but also that when he chooses, he knows how to find the wicked, to punish them as they deserve.

FATHER POINT: Oh, I do not say that the situation is helpless, I merely say it is a task full of difficulties and obstacles. Furthermore, it isn't a task that can be effectively completed in a few months, or for that matter a few years.

FATHER DE SMET: You are right. It is a task requiring the zeal and courage of an apostle for these Blackfeet. I shall also try, when I get back to St. Louis, to make it possible to establish a mission among these Blackfeet.

FATHER POINT: I shall be most grateful for the opportunity to work among them.

DE SMET HAS NOW FINISHED PUTTING ON HIS ROBES.

FATHER DE SMET: You are truly a great man of God, Father Point. I see the Indians have all taken their places. I had better go before them.

FATHER POINT: Yes, go. And may this be but the beginning of many years of service for our Lord among these people.

FATHER DE SMET: (Turns to the Indians) To lead your great Blackfeet tribe in the Octave of the Nativity of the Holy Virgin in the open air of God's great wilderness, is a fulfillment of my fondest

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dreams. Surely my cup runneth over! This is, in truth, one of the great moments of my life.

As we are gathered here, I remember so well the first prayer I performed for the Flatheads, your neighbors, at St. Mary Mission. That was in the fall of 1841. Now, five years later, in the year of our Lord 1846, I speak the Great Prayer again before you Blackfeet, with some of the Christian Flatheads among you.

It is my wish that you Blackfeet may learn better the true ways of the Lord, from your neighbors the Flatheads who, in the five years of the mission's history, have learned much of His ways. So, my children, here, beneath the shadow of the cross, let us say the Great Prayer together.

THE SCENE ENDS AFTER THE SERVICE HAS BEEN PERFORMED.

WINNING THE WILD HIGH BORDER

EPISODE III

NOTE: All portions in this scene that are in quotations were taken from the original notes of James Doty, Secretary of the Commission, a copy of which may be found on a photofilm at the State University Library. Other sources used are an article "Blackfoot Indian Peace Council," "Sources of Northwest History No. 3," by Albert J. Partoll, which appeared in the Frontier and Midland, Vol. XVII, No. 3, Spring 1937, and also The Life of General Isaac Ingallis Stevens, Vol. II, chapters 12 and 13, by his son, Hazard Stevens.

THE INDIANS ARE GATHERING TOWARD CENTER COMING FROM THE INDIAN TEEPEE VILLAGE ON WEST END. A COUPLE OF ARMY TENTS ARE UP ON EAST END. AN ORDERLY COMES FROM CENTER AND SPEAKS TO THE GUARD IN FRONT OF STEVENS' TENT WHICH HAS FLAG ABOVE IT. SCENE IS AT THE MOUTH OF THE JUDITH RIVER, THE DATE OCTOBER 17, 1855, THE TIME, NOON.

ORDERLY: The Indian interpreters is all there now, a waiting for the Council ta begin the session.

GUARD: Are the Chiefs there too?

ORDERLY: Nearly all of them. Them that ain't is on the way.

GUARD: Shall I call Gov. Stevens?

ORDERLY: It don't make no difference to me what yah do. I'm jest told to tell ya the interpreters is ready.

GUARD: You don't have to get smart about it!

ORDERLY: You do your job, and I'll do mine.

GUARD: What's the matter with you? Who you mad at?

ORDERLY: I'm jest sick of seein' Indjuns and buffalo and listenin' ta talk, talk, talk.

GUARD: What you want to see--girls?

ORDERLY: Ja, and I don't want none of 'em to talk neither. (Walks away)

GUARD: (turns to tent, all military) Gov. Stevens, sir. Gov. Stevens.

STEVENS: (coming out of tent) Yes, John, what's up now?

GUARD: The interpreters and Indians are ready, sir.

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STEVENS: Good. Call my good friend Alexander Culbertson in the next tent, and Commissioner Cumming in the one beyond that.

GUARD: Yes sir.

GUARD GOES TO THE FIRST TENT.

GUARD: Mr. Culbertson, sir.

CULBERTSON: (from inside tent) What is it?

GUARD: They're ready for the Council, sir.

CULBERTSON: Good. I'll be right out.

GUARD THEN GOES TO CUMMING'S TENT. MEANTIME STEVENS AND A MOMENT LATER CULBERTSON COMES OUT OF TENT.

GUARD: Commissioner Cumming.. Commissioner Cumming.

CUMMING: (inside tent) I'll be right out.

STEVENS: Well, are you ready to begin again, Culbertson?

CULBERTSON: Yes, indeed.

STEVENS: Well, I think we'll be able to get the treaty signed today by all the Indians, all right. A Blackfoot Chief visited me this morning. They seem to have settled most of their difficulties last night.

CULBERTSON: You've done a very good job in handling these Indians, Stevens; coming as they do from all these different tribes. And tribes that have been at each others' throats since heaven knows when.

STEVENS: Lot of tribes represented here all right. The Blackfoot nation, consisting of the Piegan, Blood, Blackfoot, and the Gros Ventres tribes. And the Flathead nation, with the upper Pend d' Oreille, Kootenay, and Flatheads from west of the Divide. Ah, Cumming, are you ready?

CUMMING JOINS THE TWO MEN.

CUMMING: Yes. Too bad the Crows and Crees saw fit to leave before we got around to signing the treaty.

STEVENS: Well, it is the 17th of October. I suppose if a winter storm did develop before they get home, they might have a hard time making it, short of horses as they are, and traveling with many women and children.

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CUMMING: I'll take care of them later. I'll see to it that they sign.

STEVENS: I know you will. The Snakes too, I hope.

CUMMING: They'll agree to what the rest sign. As a weak nation they have nothing to lose.

AN INDIAN WOMAN COMES OUT OF THE TENT AND UP TO CULBERTSON.

CULBERTSON: My wife would like to come along, if you don't mind, Governor.

STEVENS: Sure, that's fine. Good morning, Mrs. Culbertson.

MRS. CULBERTSON: Thank you.

CULBERTSON: As you know, she's a Blackfoot princess and her presence might help.

STEVENS: I'm sure it will. Well, are we all ready?

CULBERTSON: All ready, sir.

STEVENS: (as they move forward to center) There still must be some careful handling. I'd like to get it over today if I can, so I can start back toward the Pacific coast.

CULBERTSON: You'll go by way of Hellgate, I suppose, on the new road Mullan is planning?

STEVENS: Yes. I know there's a shorter passage over the mountains directly to the west, but I can't get the Indians to guide me through it, or for that matter, even admit it's there.

CULBERTSON: Are you sure there's one? You know Meriwether Lewis got into his trouble up here fifty years ago hunting for that pass everyone is so sure is there.

STEVENS: I wasn't sure until today. But the Blackfoot Chief who came over said the main point of contention among the Indians here is the use of such a shortcut route from the Flathead area, west of the Divide, to the eastern buffalo hunting grounds.

CULBERTSON: It would certainly make a difference for the railroad plans to the northwest if we knew of it. Is James Doty over there?

STEVENS: I'm sure he is. (move toward center)

THE GROUPS APPROACH THE CENTER GATHERING. DOTY IS AT A TABLE SET UP AS A DESK. HE TAKES NOTES. THE INTERPRETERS ARE ALSO THERE.

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STEVENS: Good morning, men. Or has it turned afternoon?

DOTY: It's just 12 noon.

STEVENS: (looking at Doty's record book) I see you have it down, Wednesday, October 17, 1855, 12 noon. The ever faithful secretary. I hope it's the last day you'll have to make an official record for this affair.

DOTY: If it is, the Council will have been in session only three days. Very fast work, I'd say.

STEVENS: Considering the vast territory involved, I should agree. But I think, in the main, the Indians are satisfied.

DOTY: They all seem very pleased about everything, and very good natured this morning.

STEVENS: Those Indian Chiefs were still holding meeting at midnight when I turned in.

DOTY: The meeting ran on until daylight. But as near as the guards could tell, it all ended up without too much dissension.

STEVENS: According to a Blackfoot that visited me this morning, the difficulty seems to be concerned with hunting privileges and roads leading to them.

DOTY: Yes, that seems to be the main difficulty.

STEVENS: Well, here goes. (He now turns to the Indians to address them.)

DOTY: Good luck, sir.

STEVENS: (speaking slowly, deliberately) "My children, my heart is glad today again. It is good to see Indians sitting down together to make peace among themselves. We want peace also with absent tribes; with the Crees and the Assiniboines, with the Snakes, and yes, with the Crows."

"I shall say nothing about peace with the whites. No white man enters a Blackfoot or a western Indian's lodge without being treated to the very best. Peace already prevails. We trust such will continue to be the case forever."

"My heart must express its gratitude to you all for the kindness you have shown to me and those connected with me during what is now nearly three years that I have lived and worked among you."

"We have kept no guard. We have not tied up our horses, all has been safe. Therefore, I say peace has been, is now, and will continue between these Indians and the white man. There is no need of more words. It is a fixed fact." We will be happy to hear what the Chiefs have to say. (Alexander stands) Yes, Alexander, head Chief of the Kalispell tribe of the Flat-head nation?

ALEXANDER: "We Indians were all well pleased when we came together here in friendship." It is the wish of Indians to live as the white man lives, to learn to do things as he does them. The Indian wants to keep many of his own ways, but he knows he can live better by doing what the white man tells him to do. The Indian knows that many, many white men are coming into his country as they did in the country of the Indians of the east. The Indian doesn't wish to fight with the white man. He wants to learn his ways so he can live in peace with him. "But now you come and tell us what we must do in our own country, among our own tribes. I do not like that. Some of my Indian friends west of the Divide do not like it."

STEVENS: Just what do you mean, Alexander? Speak your mind freely.

ALEXANDER: "Now you point us out a little piece of land to hunt our game on. When we were enemies, I always crossed over there and why should I not now, when we are friends? Now I have two hearts about it--why cannot I go there? What is the reason? Why do you point us out a small place?"

CUMMING: (somewhat crossly) I have something to say on that, Stevens.

STEVENS: Go ahead Mr. Cumming.

CUMMING: (to the Indians) "It is the wish of your Great Father in far off Washington that the Indians remain within their own countries except when going to the country of neighboring tribes for the purpose of visiting or trading. The arrangement we have made will not prevent you from visiting each other as friends. The Great White Father wishes to encourage you in this."

ALEXANDER: (ignoring Cumming) Why can we not go on the old road? I ask Governor Stevens.

STEVENS: What road is that, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: When my father was living, he told me there was an old road for our people.

STEVENS: (with great patience) "Which of these Blackfeet Chiefs (pointing to the Blackfeet) says he is not to go there? Which is the one?"

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LITTLE DOG: (very war-like fellow) "It is I." (He confers with a couple of Blackfeet Chiefs in sign language.) "It is not because we, the Blackfeet who are here have anything against the friends from across the Divide. We are friendly. But the north Blackfeet are bad, it might make a war if you hunted near them. Do not put yourselves in their way."

ALEXANDER: "The White Soldier Chief tells us that we are all, all us Indians, to eat out of the same plate, one plate. Now you tell me to quit crossing in the north. I wonder how this can be."

"If you wish to come to my country we will not tell you to go back. If in my country, I saw you coming I would be very glad. I want you to speak. What are your minds?"

STEVENS: Little Dog, the western Indians do not wish to hunt on ground set aside for you alone. But they do wish to hunt buffalo on a common hunting ground. They want, as Alexander says, to journey along an old road Alexander's father told him about, to hunt buffalo on the plains of the upper Missouri. We think that talk is good. What does Little Dog of the Blackfeet say?

LITTLE DOG: We do not speak of this road Alexander talks about.

ALEXANDER: They do not speak of the road because the buffalo are not so many anymore. They want them only for their own people.

LITTLE DOG: The Crows come. If we do not have war with them like the treaty says, there will soon not be enough buffalo for all people west of the Divide and any left for us.

ALEXANDER: "A long time ago our people, our ancestors, belonged to this country. It was common hunting ground. I speak of this because when I am hungry, I go in the north and hunt a few buffalo and return home soon."

BIG CANOE STANDS.

STEVENS: Yes, Chief Big Canoe, of the Pend d' Oreille?

BIG CANOE: "I am glad now we are together. I thought our roads would be over all this country. Now the Blackfoot tell me not to stop over that way. I have a mind to go there."

STEVENS: "Alexander and Big Canoe have spoken of friendship and peace. It is right. We expect them to be good friends with the Blackfeet. Let the Indians pause now and not give a quick answer. But to listen to their Father."

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CUMMING: I'll have a word.

STEVENS: Yes, Commissioner Cumming.

CUMMING: The object is not to prevent social intercourse between the tribes. It is only to preserve their hunting grounds distinctly apart. The Blackfeet will always be glad to see the Flatheads. The Blackfeet invite you to come and see them at all times.

LAME BULL: "It is not our plan that these things are going on. I understood that what the White Chiefs told us to do, we were to do, both sides. It is not we who speak. It is the White Chiefs. Look at those tribes, (pointing to the western Indians) they are the first to speak, making objections this morning. We intend to do whatever the government tells us; we shall take care to try and do it. We shall consider what the White Chiefs wish us to do, and I think we shall do it. They have done much and intend much more for us. Let us listen. We shall abide by what the White Chiefs say."

BIG CANOE: "Don't let your war parties hide from em. Let them come to our camp as friends."

STEVENS: "We want to establish you in your country on farms. We want you to have cattle and raise crops. We hope through the long winters, bye and bye, the Indians in this country will not be obliged to live on poor buffalo meat but will have domestic cattle for food. You know the buffalo will not continue forever. When you sign this treaty, the Great White Father in Washington will get farms and cattle for you in time. But I think Alexander is right. The buffalo he speaks of on the north side of the Missouri plains are on a common hunting ground. He should be allowed to go there. So now let us live in friendship and peace."

ALEXANDER: The Great White Soldier Chief talks. He says we are here to make peace. The Blackfoot say we are here to learn what the white man wants. Let me hear what is in the hearts of the Blackfeet.

LITTLE DOG: (after again conferring with Blackfeet Chiefs) "Since Alexander of the Kalispells speaks so much of it, we will give him liberty to come up north on the road he speaks about." But we cannot speak for the north Blackfeet who are not here.

STEVENS: (much relieved) I am glad to see the Blackfeet agree. I am glad their new friends will be able to come this way without having to fight their old enemies, the Blackfeet. Just where is this road you speak of?

THERE IS DEAD SILENCE.

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LAME BULL: (after a significant pause) It is not a road, it is a way. We do not know of a road.

STEVENS: (knowing he is denied) I see. Well, are there any more points you Chiefs would like to talk about? We are here to listen to all of your thoughts. (Lame Bull stands) Yes, Lame Bull, Chief of the Piegans?

LAME BULL: "The Assiniboines, Crees, and Crows are not here to sign this agreement. What if they come to steal our horses?"

CUMMING: I will see to it that they sign.

LAME BULL: What if they do not sign?

CUMMING: "You are to follow the thieves, retake your horses, if possible. When you return, report the theft to your Indian Agent."

LAME BULL: I do not know what you mean - report to Indian Agent.

STEVENS: When the treaty of friendship and peace has been signed the Great Father in Washington will send you what is called Indian Agents to live at the forts. These men will be your father. When you have trouble with the laws made here in this treaty, go to him as you would go to your father.

LAME BULL: It will be good.

STEVENS: "The Great Father thinks much of farms, schools, mills, and shops, and he wants you to consent, if he thinks best, that no goods shall be sent you, but all be given to farms, Your own wishes will be consulted in this respect. But the Great Father, as I said, does not want you to starve when the buffalo passes away. Therefore he will do all he can to get for you farms, cattle, horses, and some sheep, and teach your children and women trades. Do the Indians have more to say? (Victor stands) Yes, Chief Victor of the Flathead nation?"

VICTOR: What will happen when the Blackfeet come into my Bitter Root Valley to steal my cattle and spoil my farms.

STEVENS: "We want, as we have said, the Indians to be the friends of each other, to be the friends of the whites. If the white man takes your property, the Great Father will make it good to you. If any of you take the property of a white man, you will make it good to him. If Indians steal from each other, the same rule will apply as in the case of Indians stealing from whites."

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VICTOR: Who will make the rules of the treaty work? The Blackfeet?
(a general, cynical laugh)

STEVENS: If there is trouble the Indians are to tell the Indian Agents I spoke of, who will see to it that the laws of the treaty are carried out by all who sign.

VICTOR: Will the Indian Agent fight the Blackfeet?

STEVENS: The treaty will also be signed by myself, who you all call "The Great White Soldier," and the Agent will tell me.

VICTOR: It is good.

STEVENS: Are there other Indians who wish to speak. (Three Feathers stands) Yes, Three Feathers, Chief of the Nez Perce?

THREE FEATHERS: "I come here to hear what the Blackfeet would say concerning a peace. We on the other side have already received laws from the whites. We came to see the Blackfeet receive laws and make peace with all their neighbors. We are friendly to them. Let the Blackfeet show their hearts."

LAME BULL: "The Blackfeet have fought too much with our Indian friends from the Flathead country. We want to have peace now with our brothers from west of the Divide. It is best for all people."

THREE FEATHERS: "It is good, if the Blackfeet agree. We of course agree. We came here to make friends with these people and we are ready to sign the treaty."

ONIS-TAY-SAY-NAH-QUE-IM: (a very old Indian) I am now an old man and I have this to say.

STEVENS: Speak, Onis-tay-say-nah-que-im. We all wait on your words.

ONIS-TAY-SAY-NAH-QUE-IM: (English translation: The Calf Out of Sight) "I wish to say that as far as we old men are concerned we want peace and to cease going to war, but I am afraid that we cannot stop our young men. The Crows are not here to smoke the pipe with us and I am afraid our young men will not be persuaded that they ought not to war against the Crows. We, however, will try our best to keep our young men at home." Even if the Crows do come to our land to steal and to kill.

STEVENS: "Your Great Father wishes you to be on friendly terms with all the tribes, to keep peace with the Crows as well as with all others, but he does not wish you to lie down and be killed. You have a right to defend yourself, and if the Crows come into your country to make war and to steal your horses, drive them out and kill them, but do not go into their country to war.

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"Your father here, Commissioner Cumming, has an Agent among the Crows. He will let the Crows know your wishes. That you want peace. Send messages to them and if they come to your country as friends treat them friendly. I trust that they will not come as enemies."

CUMMING: "I am alike the father of the Crows and the Blackfeet, their Indian Agent, the words I have this day said to the Blackfeet, I will say also to the Crows. I will tell them that the Blackfeet have made a treaty of peace, and that you will all consent to send out no more war parties."

"Where a young man of the Blackfeet is lost in battle, there is a great lamentation in your lodges and so when a young man of the Crows loses his life. He lays down in death upon the prairies, but in the lodges of the Crows there is weeping and every night they cry for the dead. Tell your young men that your Great Father wishes all his children to live in peace; if you do not live in peace, and continue to go to war, he will be mad with his children. He will be ashamed of his children, and will not send you blankets and provisions, coffee, and tobacco. Tell your young men to take wives and live happily in their own lodges, then the old men will see their sons. Your sons will see their children, and you will be happy. Remember my words. I will say the same words to the Crows."

STEVENS: The treaty is ready to be signed. "I hope it will be agreeable to my Red children. It is what the Great Father says to them. Is there anything to which you object?"

ONIS-TAY-SAY-NAH-QUE-IM: It is as we all want it to be. There has been enough trouble. It is hoped that there will be peace now among the people for long years to come. That peace can come best if there is also plenty of such things as food and horses, and even guns, if they are not used to kill or steal.

STEVENS: Has Lame Bull more to say?

LAME BULL: Lame Bull and the people of the Blackfeet nation are well pleased.

STEVENS: And Victor?

VICTOR: The people of the Flathead nation think it is good to have such a treaty as this one with the Blackfeet.

STEVENS: And Three Feathers?

THREE FEATHERS: The Nez Perce are satisfied.

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STEVENS: Does any Indian here have anything more to say? (a pause)
If not, are you ready to sign this treaty which the Blackfoot
Indian Council has prepared?

GENERAL APPROVAL IS MADE BY ALL.

STEVENS: "Now, what we have said to you is written in this paper.
If you like it, you will sign it, you will agree to be friends
with the western Indians. This paper will be sent to your
Great Father. If he thinks it good he will send it back. It
is a long distance there and you cannot hear from it until
next year. If is sometimes the case, the Great Father thinks
it may be changed a little. He is very wise; wiser than my
brother and myself. But he will send back the alterations to
see if you consent to them; if you do then it is a bargain."

"But I think, and my brother thinks, that the Great Father will
think that paper good and will approve it. You heard the paper
read when we started the talks. The corrections made in council
are being written by Mr. Doty. You know Mr. Doty, and that
he has never spoken a lie. Is it good? Speak out your hearts
and let us know if you all like it." We are now ready to sign
the paper. If any Indian wishes to speak, let him do so.

ONIS-TAY-SAY-NAH-QUE-IM: We are all satisfied now. I, an old man,
speak for all old men.

ALEXANDER: We are satisfied with the treaty now that we may pass the
short way to the hunting grounds without fighting the Blackfeet.

STEVENS: "We will give plenty of goods and presents to everybody
here when the treaty has been signed. They will be given out
this afternoon. For those who are absent--the Crees, the Snakes,
the Assiniboines, and the Crows--goods will be given them when
they sign. I presume this arrangement is agreeable to the
Blackfeet, let them say if it is not." (no objection) Then it is
agreeable. We will now sign the treaty. For the Great Father in
Washington, I will sign first as Governor of the Northwest
Territory, and Indian Commissioner for the same; then Commissioner
Cumming of the Crows and Crees and also the Blackfeet, will sign,
and then, last, as special agent, my friend Alexander Culbert-
son who is a good friend of all Indians.

THE THREE COMMISSIONERS SIGN AND THEN THE INDIANS LINE UP AND
SIGN. THE THREE WHITE WALK BACK TOWARD THEIR QUARTERS.

STEVENS: (as they walk) "Well, everything has worked out to my
entire satisfaction, beyond even, my most greatest expectations.
All the Indians present seem to sincerely want peace."

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CUMMING: And we want them at peace and on reservations so we can better control them.

STEVENS: There is nothing wrong with that, as I see it. We are going to make their lives better and easier.

CUMMING: I still think the \$30,000 is too much to spend annually in trying to educate them in agriculture and the teaching of their children.

STEVENS: It is much less than we would have to spend to keep them suppressed by military means.

CUMMING: You can never teach them the white man's ways. They are primitive savages. I doubt even the value of the treaty just completed. You can't trust them.

STEVENS: I think that's not true. "The Blackfeet have expressed a strong desire for farms, schools, mills, and shops. They are quick to learn, have a great curiosity to handle tools and implements, and are excellent holders of animals. The women are proverbially industrious, many of them expert in the use of the needle, and persons of both sexes seem to fall readily into the ways of the whites, given a proper opportunity."

CUMMING: What about the country? Do you think this wild high border can be turned into an agricultural land?

STEVENS: "The surveys and the calculations from the surveys would seem to indicate that, in the main, it is an exceedingly fine grazing country, with a good climate. A portion is scantily watered, but not so seriously to affect its capabilities as a grazing country, or to interfere with emigration. At the base of the mountains, throughout nearly the whole length of the Blackfoot country, the soil is good, in many places exceedingly rich, and the grasses abundant and of the finest quality." I have every reason to believe that this country has a very great future.

CUMMING: I should like to be here to see it in, let us say, a hundred years from now.

CULBERTSON: By that time our treaty, and we along with it, may have been forgotten. My son, the other day, asked me where I'd be when he is grown. I asked him where he thought I would be. "Under the ground someplace, I suppose." he said.

STEVENS: Well, I hope I'll not be "under the ground" for at least twenty-five years so I can have a hand in the development of the terms of this treaty we have made today, and see to it that

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the provisions, as well as the spirit, are carried out.

CULBERTSON: When do you plan to leave for the Pacific coast, Governor?

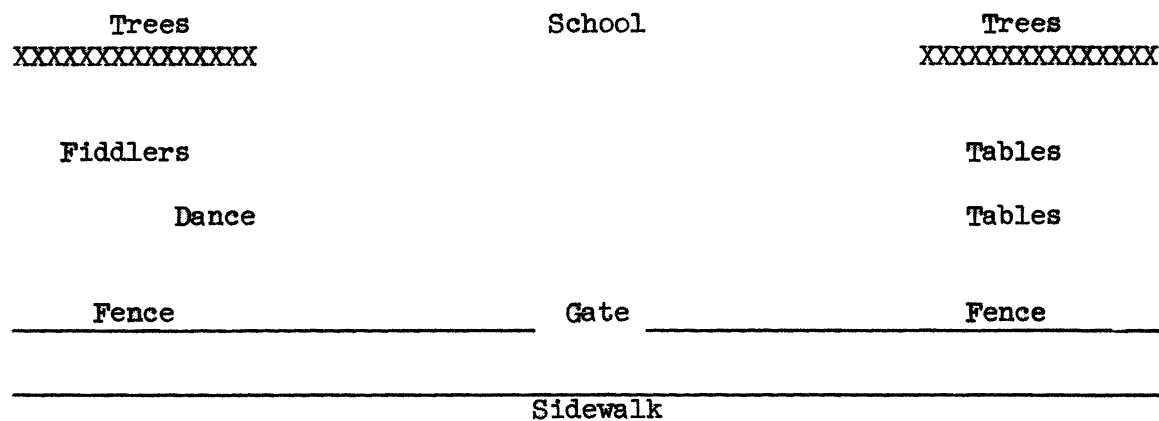
STEVENS: In the morning. But not, I'm afraid, by the shortcut "way" over the Divide.

BY THIS TIME THE MEN ARE AT THEIR TENTS. THE INDIANS HAVE SIGNED AND ARE RETURNING TO THEIRS. THE LIGHTS FADE OUT.

WINNING THE WILD HIGH BORDER

EPISODE IV

A POST-ROUNDUP CATTLE SHIPMENT SUPPER DANCE. CUT BANK IN 1905. A SOCIAL AFFAIR AND OUT-OF-DOORS--A SIDEWALK--A FENCE--THE FRONT OF A SCHOOL--TO THE RIGHT DANCING ON THE LAWN--TO THE LEFT LUNCH AND GROUPS TALKING--CERTAIN SCENES TAKE PLACE ON THE SIDEWALK. SQUARE DANCING AND EATING AT TABLES GOES ON DURING PARTS OF THE SCENE.



NARRATOR: So now in the fall of nineteen hundred and five--fifty years after Governor Stevens had completed the Blackfoot Treaty Council--we find a new country--a country that seems to have forsaken its ageless habits and given way to a new race of people who, in moving in, accepted without thought or knowledge of history, the rights and privileges of ownership over all they surveyed.

Actually these new people were a democratic, kindly people, free and independent. That they lacked a sense of the past, was, perhaps, not their fault as individuals, or even their fault as the collective population of the era. They were merely following the accepted tradition of the ages--the powerful and aggressive take over.

Tonight we will see them naturally and leisurely behaving themselves at a post-roundup supper dance and basket auction at a country school house where later Cut Bank was to grow and prosper.

FOLLOWING THIS NARRATION WAGONS OF ALL KINDS ARRIVE BRINGING FAMILIES. THE WOMEN CARRY BASKETS OF FOOD INSIDE THE FENCE: THE KIDS PLAY AND RUN AFTER EACH OTHER: THE TEEN AGERS ARE SHY, GIRLS TOGETHER, BOYS TOGETHER, ALL SELF-CONSCIOUS OF EACH OTHER: MEN GATHER IN GROUPS TO GOSSIP. THERE IS AN UNDERCURRENT OF MUSIC.

RANCHER JONES: So, I sez, sez I, all we need is rain in Montana to make it Heaven. And you know what he sez?

RANCHER WORDEN: No, what'd he say?

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R. JONES: He sezs, just like this he sezs--that's all Hell needs.
(they all laugh)

R. YOUNG: Sure is a card, the Texas guy.

R. JONES: Sure is. Keeps the boys on the ranch in good humor, rain or shine.

R. WORDEN: Looks like it might rain tonight, at that.

R. YOUNG: Sure could use a little out our way.

R. JONES: Sure could out our way, too. Getten' awful dry.

THEY PASS ON THROUGH GATE INTO YARD. WE NOW PASS TO A SMALL GROUP OF LADIES STANDING JUST INSIDE THE GATE BY THE TABLES.

MRS. OLIVER: So, I wrote her a letter and said, "Montana women are ready to join the Women Suffrage Movement and fight for the cause of equal rights for women."

MRS. WORDEN: Well, I'm in favor of organizing a women's club right here in Cut Bank to push the cause in our state.

MRS. YOUNG: Let's make Montana the first state in the Union to pass a Womens' Suffrage Law!

THEY GET BUSY SETTING TABLES. WE NOW TURN TO A YOUNG MAN AND HIS GIRL WHO HAVE DRIVEN UP IN A BUGGY.

JANIE: But Mamma won't let me marry any boy who can't milk a cow.

JOE HART: No man in these parts knows how to milk a cow.

JANIE: But Mamma says---

JOE: You tell your Mamma, she isn't living in Ioway no more.

JANIE: You don't talk about my Mamma like that, Joe Hart!

JOE: Well, I ain't goin' to learn to milk no cow.

JANIE: Well, Joe Hart, you aren't going to marry me then. So there!

SHE HURRIES THROUGH GATE. BOY SLOWLY TIES HORSE TO RAIL. WE NOW PASS TO A GROUP OF TEEN AGE GIRLS. THEY COME WALKING FROM EAST.

RUTH: I'm just not interested in boys of any kind or shape. I'm going to have a career.

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ANNE: A career? What's that? A new kind of dress? (they all laugh)

HELEN: I'm going to marry the Prince of Wales when he comes to his ranch in Canada this summer. (they think that funny)

RUTH: Well, anything would be better than these would-be cowboys we'll have to dance with tonight.

ANNE: Square dancing! That's all the awkward boobs know how to do.

HELEN: I'd just love to waltz with a beautiful boy in beautiful clothes.

THEY PASS THROUGH GATE. NOW WE TURN TO A GROUP OF EIGHT OR SO BOYS WHO ARE STANDING OUTSIDE THE GATE, WEST. THEY WATCH GIRLS GO IN.

JAKE: What I hate about these affairs is girls. They're so darn silly.

ART: Ya. Not a brain in their heads.

DON: All they're doing is waiting for the dancing. Square dancing.

CLYDE: If any of them tried to waltz they'd fall all over themselves.

JAKE: How would you like to see a beautiful girl in beautiful clothes walk through that gate?

ART: I hate these silly affairs. Let's go up to the pool hall.

DON: No. My Mother would die of disgrace if'n she found out.

JAKE: We just got to stay here and take it, I guess.

ART: Oh boy. There's the Square Dance caller. Let's go.

THE BOYS RUSH IN, EACH PICKING OUT A GIRL WHO GLADLY ACCEPTS.

SQUARE DANCE CALLER: All right folks. Gather 'round. The Square Dance is starting.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN'T GET THERE FAST ENOUGH, OTHERS FOLLOW. ALL ARE IN THE SQUARE DANCING AREA EXCEPT SOME OF THE OLDSTERS-- WOMEN FIXING FOOD AND MEN TALKING IN GROUPS. SEVERAL RANCHERS COME OUT TOWARD THE SIDEWALK, TALKING. DURING DANCE THE MEN WATCH. A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING MAN JOINS THE GROUP OF MEN. HARDY, TOWARDS END OF DANCE DRAWS SMITH ASIDE.

TOM HARDY: Say, Fred, isn't that fellow in the slouch hat the new-comer the boys are suspicious of rustling their calves?

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FRED SMITH: Ya, name is Wilson. Wonder what he's doing here?

HARDY: Well, even a skunk gets lonely, I guess. Know him well enough to introduce me?

SMITH: Sure. Going to do anything about him?

HARDY: Well, I've been investigating him this week and think he's guilty all right. Of course, you can't prove anything, no mark on the calves or anything else like that. But I got to tackle him--might as well now in front of a group. (they move over to a group of cattlemen--all turn to them)

SMITH: Howdy, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON: Howdy, Fred.

SMITH: Glad to see ya. Let's see, Mr. Wilson, how long you been in this Montana country?

WILSON: About ten months or a year now, I guess.

SMITH: Figure on staying around awhile, Wilson?

WILSON: Giving it some thought.

SMITH: Don't know as you know my friend Tom Hardy here.

WILSON: Howdy.

HARDY: Howdy, Wilson. Been hearing about you.

WILSON: Well, what of it?

SMITH: Think I ought to explain to you, Wilson, that Mr. Hardy is President of the Northwest Montana Cattlemen's Association.

WILSON: Pleased to meet you. Wanting me to join?

HARDY: No, I think not. I rode by your place three, four times last week. I saw you had an awful lot of calves around your place.

WILSON: Quite a few, I guess. Why?

HARDY: Must be that those few cows you got is all having twin calves and even sometimes triplets.

WILSON: Could be. What you driving at?

HARDY: Well, it seems like a lot of the cattlemen around have been having an awful lot of barren cows.

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WILSON: Too bad.

HARDY: Funny thing, too. These barren cows have been envying your cows with twins and triplets so much that they've taken to bawling and lamenting their own childless state around your corrals.

WILSON: What you accusing me of?

HARDY: Nothing at all, Wilson, nothing at all. But Granville Stuart tells about a similar case over in eastern Montana where the cattlemen called on the man with too many calves and threatened to hang him if'n his cows had any more twins.

WILSON: You accusing me of something?

HARDY: Don't say that I am, don't say that I'm not. Just thought you might see some relation between your case and the case of the man who nearly got hung.

WILSON: (very nervous) I guess I do. If you don't mind I'll run along. I've got some business to attend to.

SMITH: (with sarcasm) Better stay and have some of the free lunch the ladies are fixing, Wilson.

WILSON: No, thanks. I'm late now.

HARDY: (calls after Wilson) And Wilson, if you want to leave some of those twin and triplet calves, I'm sure those lonely old cows would sure like to adopt them.

THE MEN LAUGH AND WILSON ALMOST RUNS OFF.

SMITH: Good work, Hardy.

HARDY: Well, could have been more pointed, I guess.

SAUNDERS: Don't see how.

HARDY: Anyway, I reckon he is guilty all right.

PORTER: He sure is. The dirty, lying coward.

SAUNDERS: Yap. We sure seen the last of him.

WE NOW RETURN TO ANOTHER SQUARE DANCE. AN AUCTIONEER NOW CALLS ALL OVER AND STARTS TO AUCTION OFF SOME SOCIAL LUNCH BOXES. THIS GOES ON IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE FOLLOWING SCENE. THE AUCTION IS IN PANTOMIME DURING THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE.

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PORTER: Suppose we should go down?

SAUNDERS: Naw. That's young folks stuff. Our old ladies will just open each other's boxes later and we'll all kick a couple of bucks and eat together.

HARDY: Yaw. Might as well take it easy and smoke a pipe, I guess.

PORTER: Here have a seegar. Got myself a new grandson last week.

TWO MEN WALK IN FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION IN WHICH THESE
CATTLEMEN SIT.

HAL BERGDAHL: (STATION AGENT) (they stop and look into the yard)
Don't look now, but we're in luck. That little group over there
is made up of the biggest cattlemen in these parts.

ARTHUR PETERSON: (Great Northern Land Agent) Do they use our
railroad?

BERGDAHL: They ship cattle in and out and take their wives on the
yearly winter trips to Chicago, and thereabouts.

PETERSON: Friendly people?

BERGDAHL: I'd say so. Though I don't think they'll go for your
homesteading ideas.

PETERSON: Well, let's go over and see. (they walk over to group
who stand)

BERGDAHL: Gentlemen, this is Mr. Arthur Peterson, General Land Agent
for the Great Northern Railroad. He's looking our country over
for a few days. Art, this is Mr. Tom Hardy. (introduces the
men who shake hands, say how do you do, etc.)

HARDY: Welcome to Cut Bank, Mr. Peterson.

PETERSON: Thank you.

BERGDAHL: And this is Fred Smith, and this is Mr. Saunders, and let
me see, you're---

PORTER: Bill Porter.

BERGDAHL: Oh, yes. Mr. Porter, Mr. Peterson.

PETERSON: Glad to meet you.

BERGDAHL: Guess I don't know all you fellows. Better come in and
get acquainted.

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HARDY: I'm afraid that's what all us cattlemen has got to do sooner or later.

PETERSON: Hope you'll drop around next day or so. Got some statistics I'd like to show you.

HARDY: What's the matter, Mr. Peterson, aren't you well pleased with the business your railroad has been getting?

PETERSON: That depends upon you. We are well pleased if you are well pleased.

SMITH: Well, we get good service all right. But rates are much too high. Might still be cheaper to trail the cattle in and out like we used to in the good old days.

PETERSON: I'm afraid those "good old days" are gone forever.

SMITH: What do you mean?

PETERSON: Well, after all this is 1905--the good old days belong back in the 80's and 90's, not in the new century.

SMITH: What's new about it?

PETERSON: You've got to realize that the wild and woolly west is on the way out. There's got to be a new self-sufficient west to replace it. You've got to learn that on this wild high border.

SMITH: What you mean by "a new self-sufficient west?"

PETERSON: I mean you got to raise your own hay and grain to feed your own pure bred cattle instead of sending half starved Texas Long-horns to Iowa for the farmers there to fatten and make most of the profit you fellows should have.

SMITH: Well, we just ain't that kind of ranchers, that's all.

ANDY RICE: You can't fatten cattle on just grass. We know that. But we're doing all right.

PETERSON: What percentage loss do you figure you take on your cattle each year?

HARDY: About ten per cent.

SMITH: What's that got to do with feeding cattle?

PETERSON: It's got everything to do with feeding cattle. Your stock dies in severe winter storms because they're in weak condition due to lack of feed. Bring them into the ranch during the winter,

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feed them and you'll cut your loss in half.

RICE: And I suppose in the bargain our cattle will become nice and fat for the market in the spring.

PETERSON: That's the idea.

RICE: And where are we going to get all this nice hay and grain and the like?

PETERSON: Bring in some farmers. I'm of the opinion this is good farming land.

RICE: Thought there was something fishy about you.

HARDY: Mister, if what you're driving at is that the Great Northern Railroad is thinking of bringing in a lot of Honyockers to these parts, we cattlemen around here just ain't interested.

PETERSON: Don't get me wrong. If this area is opened to homesteading it will be the Federal Government who will do it, not the Great Northern Railroad.

SAUNDERS: We're not dumb, feller, we know something about how the government works especially under the Republicans.

PETERSON: Don't misunderstand me, men. I'm not advocating anything. I'm just looking the country over. Of course you all know that the Great Northern which serves you people so faithfully, is losing money on our hauls through this country.

PORTER: Yaw, we heard that someone of your officials said Jim Hill would like to jump his trains from Fargo to Kalispell.

PETERSON: If we were thinking only of money, that jump would certainly pay off.

HARDY: Don't figure us wrong, Mr. Peterson. We just don't think this is homestead country and we don't want a lot of people interested in anything but the cattle around. We see the open range disappearing too fast anyway, and we think moving in a lot of homesteaders would end the cattle era.

RICE: Yes, sir, this here is cattle country and we cattlemen intend to keep it that kind of country. We got the county divided among ourselves and we don't want no one interfering.

A MIXED BLOOD INDIAN WHO HAS COME INTO THE SCENE DURING THIS CONVERSATION SPEAKS UP.

WOODCOCK: You own this country, pardner?

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RICE: Who you talking to--you mixed blood bastard you.

HARDY: (seeing Indian for the first time) Now, see here, Henry Woodcock, we don't want no more trouble with you Injuns.

WOODCOCK: I just asked this guy who's going to keep this county cattle range, if he owned it, that's all.

HARDY: We've been over that time and again, Henry, and it doesn't get us anywhere. We know the Indians were here first and all that stuff---

WOODCOCK: I just asked who owns this range he's talking about. (turns directly to Rice) You own it?

RICE: No, I'll admit I don't, except by right of occupation. But my range is my range by common consent and if you bring any sheep down this way from the reservation again, by gad, we'll--- we'll---

WOODCOCK: I'm going to bring five thousand sheep to graze this country next month and while you're thinking all you're going to do to me, let me remind you that I just got out of prison for shooting one sonofabitch like you, and I'd just as soon go back for shooting another. (he walks off)

RICE: (angry almost beyond words) And me without a gun.

HARDY: Never mind, Rice. We don't want no more trouble with Henry Woodcock or any other of those mixed bloods. You just got to learn to live with them that's all.

RICE: I'll learn to live with them like I learned to live with cayotes and wolves and rattlesnakes.

HARDY: (firmly) That will be all, Andy.

RICE: Everytime there's any kind of doing in town, those damn mixed bloods get crazy Indian drunk.

HARDY: He's not drunk, Andy. He's just plain mad and you can't blame him too much. (turns to Peterson) Mr. Peterson, I apologize for this scene. We here are like most people. We don't like too well to change our ways. But here in this country around Cut Bank we like to feel at least we're open minded. So why don't you look around, Mr. Peterson, for a few days.

PETERSON: I'll do that Mr. Hardy.

HARDY: Then if you think you've got anything you'd like to take up

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with the folks around, we'll call a general meeting and we'll all come and talk it over.

PETERSON: That sounds very reasonable, Mr. Hardy. We'll be pleased to do that, that's if it looks like we could work something out together.

SMITH: Looks like it's beginning to rain.

SAUNDERS: Drops as big as buckets.

SMITH: Drops big enough to cool you off, Andy?

RICE: It will take more than rain to cool me off.

THE PEOPLE BEYOND THE FENCE ARE ALL RUNNING INTO THE SCHOOL HOUSE

MRS. YOUNG: (to men in front) Come on, you fool men, quit arguing and come in. It's raining.

MEN CALL: We'll be along. Keep your shirt on, etc.

HARDY: Why don't you and Mr. Bergdahl come on in to the party, Mr. Peterson? Give you a chance to get acquainted with the people.

PETERSON: Thanks, we'll do that, Mr. Hardy. (they start to run toward the school house)

HARDY: (who is last to go) Boy, I'll bet those women folk and kids will keep us here dancing and eating until day light.

THEY ARE ALL INSIDE. THE HORSES STIR AND CRY A LITTLE IN THE RAIN. THE LIGHTS GO OUT EXCEPT INSIDE THE SCHOOL FROM WHICH COMES THE COZY NOISE OF A FRONTIER GOOD TIME. FOR ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE RUSTLER AND THE INDIAN, BOTH OUTSIDERS.

WINNING THE WILD HIGH BORDER

EPISODE V

A SCENE ON A STREET IN CUT BANK IN 1911, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE HOMESTEAD FILING ERA. STREET HAS THE FRONT OF A SALOON; A HOTEL CAFE, AND THE CHIEF CENTER OF HOMESTEADER INTEREST--A GOVERNMENT LAND OFFICE. NEAR THE LAND OFFICE ARE LOCATOR TENTS WITH SIGNS AS FOLLOWS:

"PLOWING UP DOLLARS IN MONTANA"
"LAST CHANCE ON THE LAST WEST"
"FREE HOMESTEADS: ANOTHER BIG OPENING"

SIGNS IN FRONT OF SALOON, HOTEL CAFE, ETC., ALSO

Tents	Land Office	Hotel Cafe	Saloon	Tents
		Sidewalk		

NARRATOR: Cut Bank grew and prospered in the next few years. Like any frontier town in the process of finding itself, it had its moments--some up, some down, as it worked its way toward its destiny. And no single moment represented the whole. In its earlier days, even as today, the behavior of the people of Cut Bank was capable of sudden shifts in mood. It was often said of the town as it was said of the weather--If you don't like it, wait five minutes. It will change.

JACK LESTER: I'm not fooling ya, and I know what I'm talking about because I've seen it happen before and I say it again. I've been preaching it here ever since that darn fool Jim Hill built his crazy galloping goose. It's as true as I'm living.

BARTENDER BILL: What you talking about, Jack Lester?

LESTER: What am I talking about? I'm talking sense, that's what I'm talking. I've been---

COWBOY JUD: Jack you ever hear one of them there gramophones? You know what plays things what people say or sing through a great big horn-like thing.

LESTER: Of course, I've heard them, you fool. What of it?

JUD: Well, I was just thinking, you know Jack, if you made one of them things maybe back east, you know, what they call records, and you could buy one and play it to yourself.

LESTER: What good would that do, you fool?

JUD: You could save both you and us a lot of work.

LESTER: How would that save you and me work?

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JUD: Well, when you start on Jim Hill and the railroad, you always just say the same thing over and over again and it just seemed to me you could save yourself a lot of talking and save us folks here a lot of listening, and that's saving work.

LESTER THROWS A ROCK AT JUD WHICH GOES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

BARTENDER BILL: (comes running out) Lester, you'll pay double for that. It's the second time this week you've got mad and broke my window.

LESTER: (throws a handful of silver dollars at him) That will pay ten times what it cost, and keep your mouth shut!

DAN WHETSTONE: (who has been listening and watching) Mr. Lester.

LESTER: Who you talking to, me?

DAN: Yes. I'm interested in your point of view on the railroad and the homesteaders.

LESTER: Not homesteaders--honyockers.

DAN: As you will. As I said, I'm interested in your points.

LESTER: Who are you?

DAN: I happen to be Dan Whetstone, editor and publisher of the Pioneer Press and as I say---

LESTER: I thought that was who you was. Well, it so happens that I don't like you either.

DAN: I've heard that rumor. However, it doesn't make any difference to me. As I said, I'm interested in your point of---

LESTER: I don't like anybody new coming into the country around here. And, I don't like them least of all if they got a lot of new fangled ideas, see?

DAN: Thank you for the interview. (starts off)

LESTER: I thought you wanted my point of view.

DAN: I have it, and as I said, thank you.

LESTER: What is my point of view?

DAN: That you are against.

LESTER: (as Dan walks off) Now what in hell can you make of that?

TWO "HOSTESS GALS" ALL VERY DRESSED UP, MORE BY REASON OF BOREDOM THAN BUSINESS, PASS BY. THE MEN LOOK THEM OVER, "HI SAL" "HOW YA, ROSE" AND SO ON. FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION COMES THE "ANGEL," A SIMPLY DRESSED YOUNG SCHOOL TEACHER.

AS SHE APPEARS THE MEN REALLY GO TO WORK. THEY STRAIGHTEN THEIR HATS, PULL UP THEIR PANTS. WIPE TOBACCO JUICE FROM THEIR MUSTACHES, ETC. "HOW DO YOU DO, MISS DOOLEY," ETC. THEY BOW, SMILE, AND GENERALLY REALIZE AN "ANGEL" IS PASSING. THE "ANGEL" LOOKS NEITHER RIGHT NOR LEFT: ALTHO SHE IS WELL AWARE OF THE SPECIAL ATTENTION. THE TWO "GALS" LOOK HER OVER, SLOUCH THEIR BODIES, LEAN HEAVILY ON A HIP.

SAL: Now what's that school marm got we ain't got?

NO ONE, OF COURSE, ANSWERS. THE "ANGEL" IS JUST PAST THE ADMIRING MEN WHEN A VERY, VERY FANCY "COWBOY" ON A VERY FANCY HORSE RIDES UP FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION THE SCHOOL MARM IS GOING. HE JUMPS FROM HIS HORSE, SWEEPS HIS BIG HAT IN A LONG BOW. THE "ANGEL" IS DELIGHTED AND AS SHE HAS PASSED THE "BAR FLIES" WITHOUT A GLANCE, SHE GOES ALL OUT FOR THIS GUY. SHE TAKES HIS ARM AND THEY WALK ON DOWN THE STREET, THE HUMBLE HORSE FOLLOWING. THE "CROWD" ON THE SIDEWALK HAS BEEN WATCHING WITH INTEREST AND NOW RELAXES.

SAL: Now, who in hell is he?

ROSE: That's the Virginian! (she sighs)

A TRAIN WHISTLE IS HEARD. THE MEN START TO LEAVE FOR THE STATION

LESTER: That must be the honyocker train. Come on, let's go on down to the station to see what they look like this time.

JUD: Maybe they'll have some good looking gals.

LESTER: Who ever heard of such a crazy idea.

JUD: A guy can always hope, can't he?

LESTER: He can also learn.

JUD: (stops) I'll bet ya five bucks that someday a good looking gal will get off a honyocker train.

LESTER: I'll bet you.

COWBOY: (Running up to them) I'll hold the stakes.

LESTER: (as they go on) Oh, no ya don't. If'n you got ten bucks you'd blow for Canada. (they pass out of sight)

TWO CATTLEMEN FROM EPISODE IV COME OUT OF THE SALOON. TWO YOUNGER MEN FOLLOW LATER.

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TOM HARDY: Sounds and looks like they're expecting another homesteader train in.

FRED SMITH: Ya. One was due in about noon, I understand. That's why I came to town. Jake, the land locator with all the fancy signs there, is going to locate me a dozen young suckers if he can, to file on those sections to the north, between my place and the Canadian border.

HARDY: What ya goin' to do, make it easy or hard on 'em?

SMITH: Well, I got more sense than to be hard on 'em. That is not until after they've proved up on their places.

HARDY: I heard something about that plan of yours. You get the bank to loan them money on a mortgage and then freeze up on 'em soon they got the deed to the place.

SMITH: Well, sometimes I do that way, but mostly I don't have to. You see by the time they're ready to prove up they're so sick of homesteading and farming that they'll sell out for a railroad ticket back home.

HARDY: (as they walk off) You know, it's a funny thing who these suckers are. Why there's doctors even, and ministers and teachers, all coming out here to file on homesteads, and all expecting to get rich by just owning a piece of land.

SMITH: Ya. "Go West Young Man." Well, lots of 'em have tried in past years, but darn few have lived to tell the tale.

THE TWO OLDER MEN ARE OFF. ONE OF THE YOUNGER ONES SAYS
CONFIDENTIALLY TO THE OTHER:

WILL OWEN: You listen to a couple of buzzards that have been here fifty years and to hear them talk you'd think they was all that knew anything.

ALEX BLACK: Ya. They think they own this place, all right.

OWEN: Why, I got a scheme that has got their's skinned to pieces.

BLACK: What's your scheme?

OWEN: Well, those old cattlemen are right about one thing. No matter what the railroad says, you can't make a living on a small piece of land in this country, no matter how careful you farm or how much you know about farming.

BLACK: Well, so what?

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OWEN: Well, I know this here is wheat land if I ever knowed anything. What I'm going to do is get these suckers to file on a piece of land, fence and plow, work their heads off, and then when its all over, buy their land for a song and go in for wheat raising on a big scale. I'll have these suckers to work for me during the sowing and harvesting seasons. Them that's any good, I will.

BLACK: You mean year after year you'll plant wheat on them dry benches and harvest it? How many bushels of wheat do you expect to get an acre with that kind of farming?

OWEN: Oh, five, ten, fifteen. That's enough to make me a fortune in a few years.

BLACK: But, you'll ruin the land, man. A dry year and a big wind and all the top soil is gone--gone for good. It's thin you know.

OWEN: What do I care. I'll be living on oranges in California the year around when that time comes.

BLACK: (as they walk off) Where you going to get money to finance that kind of a deal?

OWEN: Eastern bankers. They are just as big suckers as these honyockers.

THEY GO OFF. FOUR WOMEN PASS.

MRS. O'HARE: I just have to hold my nose when I pass these awful saloons. The smell of stale beer just gets me.

MRS. STUART: (very shocked) You mean you like it?

MRS. O'HARE: Gracious no! I hate it. (she takes a big smell)

MRS. MARSH: What gets me is the cigar smoke. How can men stand it inside of those awful bars!

MRS. FREDRICKS: I put my fingers in my ears so I can't hear their awful swearing.

MRS. O'HARE: (confidentially to second) I've heard her husband swear louder at her than any of these men can.

MRS. FREDRICKS: (stops very angry) How dare you say a thing like that about my husband.

MRS. O'HARE: (very confused) I thought you said you had your fingers in your ears.

EPISODE V. Page 6.

MRS. FREDRICKS: Only the one toward the saloon. (as she walks on very angry) At least my husband doesn't hang around those terrible hostesses.

MRS. O'HARE: How do you know he doesn't?

THEY ARE OUT OF SIGHT BY NOW AND INTERESTING AS IT MAY SEEM, WE WILL HAVE TO PASS IT UP.

IN THE MEANTIME THE HOMESTEADERS TRAIN HAS COME IN. THE CROWD FOLLOWS JAKE STROM UP TO THE FRONT OF THE "LAND OFFICE." THE BAR FLIES FOLLOW IN REAR.

JAKE STROM: All right now, folks, you have at last arrived in our beautiful Cut Bank, the land of great opportunity and promise. Now for a fee, no more than you've got, me and my partners will find a great and wonderful homestead for you that you will get absolutely free from the government, the one and only United States of America. Now, just stand here, men, women and children. Let the town folks welcome you to their beautiful city and we'll be back in a few minutes with transportation to take you out into the country to show you the land and help you file. Some of you might want to stay overnight. If so, there's rooming houses and a hotel in our fair city at very reasonable rates. So, make yourselves at home, folks. The refreshing mountain air is free.

THE HOMESTEADERS ARE GROUPED, STANDING FORLORN IN THE STREET. THE LOCAL FOLKS GIVE THESE WIDE-EYED PILGRIMS SOME DIRTY LOOKS. A FEW HOMESTEADERS TRY TO ENGAGE THE TOWN FOLKS IN CONVERSATION, BUT WITHOUT LUCK. IT'S HARDEST ON THE KIDS WHO ARE LOOKING FOR "COWBOYS" AND ON THE WOMEN WHO REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO COME WEST IN THE FIRST PLACE.

FRED STONE: (nice looking homesteader to Lester) Nice day, isn't it?

LESTER: Hadn't noticed.

STONE: Do you usually have an early fall here?

LESTER: Most all honyockers has an early fall from a cowpony if'n they got guts enough to ride ~~one~~. ~~(all bar flies laugh--the man walks away puzzled)~~

MRS. BROWN: (nice looking elderly woman--she goes up to another citizen) Do you have a Methodist Church in Cut Bank?

LAZY JIM: Not that I hear'd of, but could be. I wouldn't know.

MRS. BROWN: Do they have Ladies Aid Societies?

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LAZY JIM: Don't know as I ever seen any ladies 'round these parts.
(again it is very funny to the locals)

MRS. BROWN: (puzzled) Are you being rude to me?

LESTER: Grandma, we speak American in these parts. We ain't dudes--
see fellers, rude--dudes--she don't know the difference. (again
they laugh--nobody knows why)

MRS. BROWN WALKS BACK TO HER CONSTANTLY PUZZLED HUSBAND.

JOHNNY BOY: (to his mother, pointing to Jud) Mother, is that man
over there a real cowboy?

MOTHER: I don't know, dear, why don't you ask him?

JOHNNY BOY: Do you think he'll talk to me?

MOTHER: I'm sure he will.

JOHNNY BOY: (goes up to Jud) Are you a cowboy?

JUD: Me? Hell: no! I'm a heep big Injun. (makes face and jumps at
boy who, frightened, runs to mother)

JOHNNY BOY: (crys) Mother! Mother! What is it? What is it?

MOTHER: (on her knees consoling boy) Quiet Johnny boy. Never mind,
never mind. It will be all right. Don't cry dear.

LITTLE GIRL: (clinging to her mother, crying) I want to go home,
mother, I want to go home. I don't want to stay here. I want
to go home.

MOTHER: (with sadness of the ages) I know, sweetheart, I know.

OTHER CHILDREN START TO CRY SOFTLY, CLINGING TO MOTHERS. AN
OLD FOREIGN LOOKING WOMAN, MRS. HANS LAURSEN, GATHERS HER FAMILY TO
HER. THEY KNEEL AND BEGIN IN DANISH TO PRAY.

LESTER: What's that crazy bunch doing?

LAZY JIM: Who can tell. Can't you see them is foreigners.

LESTER: What kind?

LAZY JIM: Crazy ignorant Swedes, I guess. Can't talk a word of
English, I'll betcha.

THEN BROTHER VAN AND CHARLIE RUSSELL RIDE UP

BROTHER VAN: (as he rides up to homestead group, closely followed by Charles Russell) I see we have gathered here before a new group of Montana citizens just arrived to bring praise and glory to our great state. We are indeed blessed twofold to have these pleasing and gracious people among us bring their children and their old folks to add grace and dignity to our beloved country. Let us all join in the singing of one of the God's great hymns, "Diamonds in the Rough."

IT IS CHIEFLY BROTHER VAN WHO SINGS, ALTHOUGH TOWARD THE END THEY ALL ARE, BOTH LOCAL PEOPLE (SEVERAL MORE INCLUDING WOMEN AND CHILDREN COME RUNNING) AND STRANGERS.

BROTHER VAN: (at end of song) And now let us pray.

MOST OF THE PEOPLE KNEEL. ALL OF THE HOMESTEADERS DO.

Dear Lord: as we gather here to give welcome to these brave souls who have left their homes to seek a new life on our Montana frontier, let us be thankful to God that they, as His pilgrims, have come among us. Let us be kind to them and help Him, our Lord, in making their lives among us fruitful in His work.

And to you who come among us with faith and hope, bear with us in those moments when we may not seem as friendly and kind as we should. In the end all will accept you with open hearts and in humility. You may have lonely and sad hours among us. You who came among us will make mistakes and we, who were here when you came, will make mistakes. But that is God's way. Be content to wait during those hours and days, knowing full well in your hearts that this land one day will be home to your children and that if you are patient, one day this place, which may seem strange and forlorn to you now, will also be home to you.

I myself came into this God's country many, many years ago. Before most of you were born. Like you, my friends, I came with my heart full of hope and not much else. But even in my fondest dreams, I could not have wished for a better life than this country of wide plains, deep valleys and shining mountains has given me. And so as it has been and is with me, likewise, with God's will, it will be with you.

And so our new-found friends, may you all find peace, prosperity and contentment in your new homes. Amen.

THE WAGONS AND A COUPLE OF OLD FORDS COME UP THE STREET.

JAKE: (from one of the Fords) Now folks, we'll take you on a tour

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of the country and show you land you can file on. If'n you see something that pleases you, you can go to the Land Office when we get back to town and talk to them there and file on a claim if you want. Like I said, if'n some of you decide to stay on, there'll be places you can stay in town while your're getting settled if you want to, or you can hitch a tent over there on the honyockers lot if'n it suits you better. And right now, get in and we're off.

THE HOMESTEADERS NOW IN A GOOD MOOD GET INTO THE WAGONS, BUGGIES AND CARS AND AWAY THEY GO.

HANS LAURSEN: (coming up to Brother Van) May I ask your name, preacher?

B. VAN: My name is William Wesley Van Orsdal--better know in these parts as just Brother Van.

HANS LAURSEN: (shaking hands) I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, Brother Van.

MRS. BROWN: Are you a Methodist preacher, Reverend?

B. VAN: I'm the Methodist Superintendent of the Montana District, my good lady.

MRS. BROWN: Then there are churches?

B. VAN: Many of them, Madam, and many wonderful people that you will meet later.

MRS. BROWN: Glory be to God. Glory be to God. (she almost kisses his hand) I am so grateful.

B. VAN: With women like you coming into our fold, Madam, we are many times blessed. (Mrs. Brown joins others with the news)

Mrs. Brown is consoled for a moment and then turns to another homesteader's wife, with an audible sob: I want to believe Brother Van, that there are Christians out here, but what kind are they? Are they our kind?

When we left Booneville, Indiana, I told John that I would have courage, go anywhere he went, just to get free land and make a new home. But it's going to be hard to be so far from our folks, good old Pastor Lumpkins, the friends in the Epworth League, the church festivals and all that. Maybe time will bring these things out here, for us and the children. Guess we must be hopeful and try to be happy.

MRS. BROWN: (in a joyful sad voice) She has looked forward to a new life on the land for so many years. I have been afraid we were

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too old to homestead.

B. VAN: In the eyes of God you are His people. He will take care of you.

MR. BROWN: I am afraid no longer. (he walks off, a happy man)

VAN MOVES AMONG THEM DURING THE FOLLOWING SCENE BETWEEN WHETSTONE AND RUSSELL.

DAN WHETSTONE EYES CHARLIE CAUTIOUSLY, TURNS THE PAGE OF HIS NEWS PAD WITH PRECISION, ADJUSTS HIS GLASSES WITH DETERMINATION, THEN MARCHES UP TO RUSSELL.

DAN: Mr. Russell, may I have an interview?

RUSSELL: Howdy, young feller! Don't reckon I carry any with me--er--you want a what?

DAN: An interview--with the man I consider the greatest living cowboy artist.

RUSSELL: (chuckling in flattered amusement) Artist, eh! Who are you?

DAN: I'm Dan Whetstone, a Republican and editor and publisher of the Cut Bank Pioneer Press.

RUSSELL: Didn't know Cut Bank had a Pioneer Press.

DAN: I'm it.

RUSSELL: You must be an Easterner!

DAN: That's right. From Minnesota.

RUSSELL: (as he turns to walk away) Well, good luck to you.

DAN: (writing) May I quote you?

RUSSELL: Quote me saying what?

DAN: That you wished me good luck with the Pioneer Press.

RUSSELL: I wished you what?

DAN: You said, "Good luck to you."

RUSSELL: You win--go ahead--say anything you like.

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DAN: Thank you. (waves a hand politely, makes another note, hurries down the street)

CHARLIE RUSSELL TAKES OFF HIS HAT, SCRATCHES HIS HEAD, SHAKES IT. PUTS HAT ON FIRMLY AND JOINS HIS FRIEND, BROTHER VAN. MEANTIME, WHEATSTONE, HURRYING DOWN THE STREET, MUMBLES TO HIMSELF AS HE WRITES:

WINNING THE WILD HIGH BORDER

EPISODE VI

SCENE OPENS WITH EXPLOSION OF BOMB AT LEST FIELD DURING BLACKOUT. SPOTLIGHT ON LONE FIGURE IN OPEN FIELD AT LEFT IN WORLD WAR I ARMY UNIFORM PLAYING BUGLE. (Audience hear faintly familiar but unrecognizable first phrase of "Over There" played on trumpet; band then picks up the full melody) AS MUSIC FADES, LIGHT GOES ON RIGHT FIELD WHERE SEVERAL DIGNITARIES ARE SEATED ON A PLATFORM, ONE OF WHOM RISES. IN FRONT OF PLATFORM AND MOSTLY FACING IT ARE A CROWD OF PEOPLE MAKING FAREWELLS TO FOUR YOUNG MEN. SIX CHAIRS ARE IN FRONT OF THE PLATFORM. MAX LITTLE DOG STANDS IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE CHAIRS OBSERVING THE FAREWELLS IN THE ALOOF DIGNITY OF A FULL BLOOD BLACKFOOT. NATHAN WOODCOCK IS SLOUCHED OVER ANOTHER CHAIR IN PATHETIC LONELINESS. THESE TWO AND THE FOUR YOUNG MEN IN THE CROWD TAKE THEIR SEATS AS SPEAKER BEGINS:

My friends, the drums of war are rolling in Europe. Our ships have been sunk without warning and our fellow citizens drowned in the sea. There is a smirch upon the lag of our great country.

We have here among us brave young men who will shoulder their muskets to remove that stain, shoulder the responsibility to keep the world safe from tyranny, shoulder the burden of free men to fight for freedom wherever it is threatened.

They are the sons of brave men who struggled against men and the violence of nature to win from this once wild High Border Country the homes which are the pride and warmth of our hearts. Let us honor them as they stand to be counted in the cause.

AS HE READS EACH NAME ONE OF THE HONORED YOUNG MEN MOVES BRISKLY TO HIS APPOINTED STATION ON THE FIELD WHERE HE STANDS AT "PARADE REST" AS APPROPRIATE SECTION OF CAST FORMS IN PYRAMID BEHIND HIM.

Joseph H. Hardy, grandson of a cattleman of the old days.

Max Little Dog, great, great grandson of Chief Little Dog of the Blackfeet, one of the signers of the Blackfeet Treaty Council with Governor Stevens in 1855.

Jacob E. Laursen, whose grandparents migrated to Glacier County directly from Denmark a generation ago to become established citizens.

Danny B. Lester, whose father in the old days, along with some of his friends objected to the incoming homesteaders.

Hiram J. Brown, grandson of a retired Methodist minister and his wife who dug up their roots to transplant culture to the soil of Glacier County.

EPISODE VI. Page 2.

Nathan Woodcock, in whose veins runs the blood of the sturdy Blackfeet warriors and hunters--and the blood of the pioneers who ventured west to Win the Wild High Border and learned that all men must unite to make their homes safe and prosperous and free and keep them so.

Duty and adventure call these young men from the High Border. Though they may go to far distant lands, suffer many hardships and fall in the blood and turmoil of battle, and though many of their brothers may shoulder their muskets to follow them in the months and years to come, they will still be defending the thresholds of their fathers laid down for them.

It is for us who remain here to keep the home fires burning for your return. I remember well the words of Brother Van when the homesteaders came to Cut Bank. Be content to wait, he said, through loneliness and mistakes, knowing full well in your hearts that this land one day will be home to your children, and as it becomes home to your children, it will, in turn, become home to you. And he, in his God blessed wisdom, was right. Cut Bank and Glacier County is home to scores of us now, and so I say to you young men that while you are away to hold back the tide that threatens us, we will guard well all that you cherish here. For it will likewise one day become home to your children after you have returned and as priceless to you as to us who remain.

Let us, everyone within reach of my voice, who have seen and heard the story of the Wild High Border, look up and sing the anthem of the nation that keeps us free.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

End

APPENDIX C

"A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

"A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

Outdoor pageant-drama held in connection with the

Valley County Fair at Glasgow

August 30 and 31, and September 1, 1952

Written by Bert Hansen of the State University of Montana, with

the guidance and cooperation of the following local script committee:

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JOE SKLOWER, Glasgow, past Secretary, Glasgow Chamber of Commerce
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NORMAN FULLER, Fort Peck, Recreational Director
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MRS. MARGARET HANSEN, Hinsdale, Community Representative
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J. B. LONG, Poplar, Special Advisor on Indian Traditions and Author
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MRS. WAYNE PUTZ, Sr., County Superintendent of Schools, Glasgow,
Chairman

Production Staff

Director-----Bert Hansen
Production Manager and Associate Director-----Ernie Logan
Assistant Director in Charge of Readers-----Mrs. B. W. Alt
Executive Chairman-----Stephen Urs

" A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

EPISODE I.

PLACE: INDIAN ASSINIBOINE CAMP OF MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN. IT IS DUSK, THE WORK OF THE DAY IS OVER. CHILDREN PLAY GAMES, WOMEN SIT OVER FIRE AND GOSSIP. THE MEN SIT ASIDE TALKING ABOUT THE EVENTS OF THE DAY. IT IS A PEACEFUL, DOMESTIC AND TRANQUIL SCENE.

TIME: SUMMER OF 1723

THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE IS DONE WITH MUCH PANTOMIME.

YELLOW HAWK: Tell us some more, Red Eagle, about this Pale Face man you see across many plains.

RED EAGLE: (Stands and goes through movements) He come to plains country now. Want furs, hides. Give Indian nice things. Women like what he give too. This Pale Face not so big, but move very fast. Hurry all the time. He go through Indian land like gopher to his hole, much fast. Does not know much but talk all time. Sioux Indians say some Pale Face come in black robe, dress like squaw, talk about the Great Spirit, say Medicine Man no good. Nobody scare of this man. He no have thing you call gun.

YELLOW HAWK: What is this - gun?

RED EAGLE: Ah, gun. Gun make big puff, much noise, everybody run. Indian no like.

YELLOW HAWK: You think this Pale Face man come to our country?

RED EAGLE: Many pale faces once journey to setting sun. See heap steep mountains, much snow, thick trees. No like. No like, no come. Pale Face like slow river, soft grass, gentle breeze. Make powwow by big, big pond. I think no come here for long time. Too far from his powwow.

YELLOW HAWK: He got dogs?

RED EAGLE: Got big dog. Very big dog. He ride big dog.

YELLOW HAWK: Ride big dog? How you ride big dog? Big dog sit down, you ride him. (In pantomime show how it can be done)

RED EAGLE: No. Pale Face big dog no sit down. Big dog walk, see. (he demonstrates)

AT THIS POINT AN INDIAN BOY COMES INTO SCENE LEADING A GENTLE

EPISODE I. Page 2.

MARE WITH A PACK ON HER BACK. RED EAGLE TURNS IN HIS DEMONSTRATION AND SEES HORSE. FALLS ON HIS KNEES.

RED EAGLE: Pale face big dog. See.

THE INDIANS ALL TURN, KNEEL WHEN THEY SEE THE HORSE. THE BOY FRIGHTENED, RUNS INTO THE GROUP. THE WOMEN DO NOT KNEEL BUT GO UP TO THE HORSE WHO, UNCONCERNED, IS EATING GRASS. THE WOMEN ALL GATHER ROUND.

FIRST SQUAW: Big dog carry much chuck-a-way, much food, tepees, hides.

SECOND SQUAW: Big dog, go fast, go long time. Big dog good thing for squaws. Go good in deep snow. He very good for squaws.

VERENDRYE NOW COMES SLOWLY RIDING IN. LOOKS WITH QUIET INTEREST AT THE SCENE. THE MEN BOWING, THE WOMEN HANDLING THE HORSE.

RED EAGLE: See--pale face--pale face come. See--pale face ride big dog.

THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR THE MEN. THEY QUIT PRAYING. THEIR CURIOSITY MAKES THEM GO FOR MAN ON HORSE, LIKE THE WOMEN DID FOR SUPPLIES ON HORSE.

RED EAGLE: (To Verendrye) Me see Pale Face man before. Me know all about pale face ride big dog. (To Yellow Hawk) Like I tell you, him ride big dog.

VERENDRYE: Not big dog. Horse. Say horse.

RED EAGLE: Horse. Horse.

VERENDRYE: You ride horse, Indian.

RED EAGLE: No. No. Cannot ride horse. Cannot do.

VERENDRYE: Easy. See.

VERENDRYE HAS HORSE GO THROUGH MANY PACES, WALK, TROT, RUN, ETC. INDIANS ARE DELIGHTED. FOLLOW AFTER HIM, ETC.

VERENDRYE: (riding up to Red Eagle and getting off) You ride horse!

RED EAGLE: No. No. Cannot do.

VERENDRYE: Come on, don't be afraid. She's as gentle as an old dog.

THE MEDICINE MAN NOW APPEARS, RAISES HIS ARMS.

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MEDICINE MAN: (all is quiet) This is great day for Assiniboines if big dog will let Indian ride. Red Eagle will get on big dog pale face call horse.

ON COMMAND RED EAGLE GETS ON HORSE. FIRST CAUTIOUS, BUT AS HORSE MOVES QUIETLY, RED EAGLE GOES THROUGH THE ROUTINES THAT VERENDRYE DID.

THE INDIANS CHEER. IN THE BACKGROUND THE WOMEN ARE LEADING HORSE WITH PACK, AS MUCH INTERESTED IN THE BEAST OF BURDEN AS THE MEN ARE IN THE BEAST OF TRANSPORTATION.

MEDICINE MAN: The Great Spirit has given to the Indians a new and great thing. Now we can travel better. It will be good for our food and our tepees for we can go farther into hunting areas.

YELLOW HAWK: We can better kill our enemies.

MEDICINE MAN: Quiet. One must not see in things that are for good uses, things that are for bad uses. Let us now dance to the great spirit in thankfulness for what he has sent us. Let us also honor the pale face who the Great Spirit has sent to bring this great new horse to us. Let us do prayer dance.

THE INDIANS DANCE WITH VERENDRYE IN A PLACE OF HONOR BESIDE THE MEDICINE MAN. THE FIRST IS A DANCE OF PRAYER WITH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN. THE NEXT IS A WAR DANCE. WHEN THE WAR DANCE STARTS VERENDRYE SPEAKS.

VERENDRYE: There's the war dance. It doesn't matter what group of men you come across. Anything that will help them in war comes first to their minds.

THE WAR DANCE CONTINUES. LIGHTS GO OUT.

"A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

EPISODE II

SCENE: THE TRADING POST AT FORT PECK

TIME: July of 1873 - NOON.

A PRIEST IS TALKING WITH SOME INDIAN CHILDREN AND WOMEN. A GRANDMOTHER IS SHOWING OFF BABY TO PRIEST. A TRADER, WARREN KING, IS BARTERING WITH A GROUP OF INDIANS.

PRIEST: It is a beautiful child.

GRANDMOTHER: You like?

PRIEST: Yes. You must bring him up to be a good Catholic.

GRANDMOTHER: You mean like Black Robes?

PRIEST: Yes. Follow the words of the Black Robes.

GRANDMOTHER: Some come who are not in Black Robes and talk to me.
What I do?

PRIEST: You must choose.

PRIEST WALKS AMONG THE CHILDREN

COL. PECK AND HIS DAUGHTER WALK INTO THE SCENE.

COL. PECK: Who is that Priest, Nellie?

NELLIE: I think it is Father Ebersch Weiler.

COL. PECK: Father De Smet doesn't come here anymore?

NELLIE: No. Not for some time now.

COL. PECK: Who's that trader over there skinning the Indians out of their furs and hides by trading a little colored cotton cloth?

NELLIE: That's Warren King, Father. But the trader doesn't skin the Indian anymore, as you say. Indians have become awfully clever, Father. The traders are lucky nowadays if they aren't skinned!

COL. PECK: Yes, it didn't take the Indians long to learn all the white's tricks and to beat them at their own game.

NELLIE: You mustn't be bitter, Father.

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COL. PECK: Oh, I'm not, Nellie, really. Just getting old, I guess. Many years watching this country change has its disadvantages. Frankly, I don't like trading posts, or boats, or highway routes, not anymore, I don't.

NELLIE: And you have the most important trading post in the region named after you.

COL. PECK: Yes, and the steamboat down in the old Missouri that I came up on last night is named after you. The Nellie Peck.

NELLIE: I must be getting old, too, Father.

COL. PECK: Yes, all of eighteen.

NELLIE: I'm getting married, you know.

COL. PECK: Yes, my little girl.

JAMES STUART HAS BEEN COMING IN AND REACHES THE TWO AT THIS POINT.

JAMES STUART: Good morning, Nellie. Well, good morning, Col. Peck. I'm glad to see you back on this old stamping ground.

COL. PECK: (standing up and shaking hands) Well, James Stuart, of the famous Stuart brothers, discoverers of gold in the Northwest. What are you doing here?

JAMES STUART: Well, Sir, I'm acting as post agent during the absence of Major Simmons.

COL. PECK: Gone in for that sort of thing? You who are one of the really great pioneering explorers in this region? What's the matter, not feeling well?

NELLIE: Please, Father, you're embarrassing Mr. Stuart.

COL. PECK: Embarrass that poker playing frontiersman? Nonsense.

NELLIE: Father, James Stuart is the best liked, most respected man by both Indians and whites we've ever had here.

JAMES: Now, you really are embarrassing me, Nellie.

NELLIE: And he isn't feeling well, either, Father.

COL. PECK: I'm sorry if I was burlesque. What is the trouble, James? With your health, I mean?

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JAMES: Liver, I figure. Been reading in my medicine book about liver fever and as near as I can figure, that's it.

COL. PECK: I remember you're something of a doctor. But, you'll get over it. You couldn't kill a Stuart if a mountain fell on him.

A PONY EXPRESS MAN RIDES UP.

JAMES: Excuse me, I've got to take care of this fellow.

COL. PECK: Who's that, Nellie?

NELLIE: The Pony Express man. I want to see if I got a letter.

THEY ALL GATHER AROUND THE PONY EXPRESS MAN. STUART IS HELPING HIM CHANGE SADDLES FROM ONE HORSE TO ANOTHER, TAKING HIS MAIL, GETTING MORE FOR HIM, ETC.

JAMES: Have any trouble with Indians, Tom?

TOM: Only one what took a shot at me from across the wide Missouri. Followed me for about three miles, but I out-ran him.

JAMES: Make pretty good time today?

TOM: Yaw. Good roads this time of year.

NELLIE: Any mail for me, Tom?

TOM: Didn't look, Miss Nellie. Might be. Well, I got to get going. Got some important mail for Fort Benton.

JAMES: Take it easy. You got plenty time.

TOM: Can't tell what you might run into. (on his horse). I forgot to tell you. There's a stage train coming in from the east.

JAMES: (yells) How far out?

TOM: (yells as his horse rides off) Just right here. Coming right in now.

THE THREE WAGONS OF THE TRAIN APPEAR. THIS IS NOT AN EMIGRANT TRAIN, BUT A PASSENGER WAGON TRAIN. GOOD HORSES, STAGE COACHES.

JAMES: (as train approaches) I wonder why they came off the Fiske Route to come down to Fort Peck?

NELLIE: Maybe my fiance could be with them!

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COL. PECK: I'm sure if he is, he talked them into going a day out of their way to accommodate him.

PRIEST: (to James) I wonder if I could possibly get a ride into Helena with these people?

JAMES: I'm sure you can if you ask them, Father.

WARREN KING: (whose Indians have left him) Just as I was finishing off a good deal, this has to happen.

CAPT. GRANT MARSH: (coming into scene) Well, I'm glad to see something can move in this dry weather.

JOE BUTCH, LABORER WHO CUTS LOGS: They is so many of these stage trains coming along lately, seems like I have to find something else to do besides cut logs for steamboats.

BY THIS TIME THE STAGE TRAIN HAS ARRIVED. ALL AT FORT PECK HAVE GATHERED AROUND TO WATCH.

DRIVER OF THE FIRST STAGE: We got three folks for Fort Peck, so I thought we might all drive down to look you over and rest a bit.

JAMES: Glad to have you. You know since Fiske ran his route north of here, we don't see many travellers anymore down here at Fort Peck.

SEVERAL MEN GET OUT OF THE STAGE COACH. WHEN THE FIRST GETS OUT, NELLIE PECK RUNS UP TO HIM. THEY DO NOT EMBRACE. SHE TAKES HIM TO HER FATHER. SEVERAL IMPORTANT-LOOKING MEN GET OUT.

FIRST BUSINESS MAN: Man, is it good to get out of that box and stretch your legs.

SECOND BUSINESS MAN: Look what was waiting for that Army Lieutenant.

THIRD BUSINESS MAN: No wonder he didn't talk on the way out.

FIRST BUSINESS MAN: Say, that's Col. Peck. His daughter, Nellie, I bet.

SECOND BUSINESS MAN: Heard she was a beauty.

WHEN SECOND STAGE COACH COMES UP WE FIND IT IS A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES. THEY GO OVER TO THE SIDE, PRAY AND THEN LOOK AROUND. THIS GROUP IS MADE UP OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. NO DIALOGUE, ARE IN SILENCE.

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THIRD STAGE COACH WHICH IS TIMED TO COME UP AFTER THIS ACTION, CONTAINS "HOSTESS GIRLS" AND GAMBLERS, AND SALOON KEEPERS, ETC., ON THEIR WAY TO HELENA.

MAN: (going up to Stuart) Anyplace to buy a drink around here?

STUART: I'm afraid not.

MAN: What do I do?

STUART: Wait till you get to Fort Benton, I guess.

MAN: How long will that be?

STUART: About two or three days.

MAN: Two or three days? Are you crazy? (shakes his head in sorrow)

GAL LEADER: Come on girls, let's dance. It will limber us up.
Come on.

FIRST GIRL: No music.

GAL LEADER: We can sing our own music, can't we? We're supposed to be entertainers, you know.

SECOND: What'll we sing?

LEADER: O Suzanna. That's western, isn't it?

THIRD: It will be some singing.

FOURTH GIRL: (as they start) And some dancing.

ALL TO THE DELIGHT OF ALL BUT THE OLDER MISSIONARIES WHO DO NOT, HOWEVER, TURN AWAY.

PRIEST: (going up to the driver of the first stage coach) I wonder if I could engage passage from here to Helena.

DRIVER: You sure could. That's our business, freighting passengers along the Fiske Route.

PRIEST: How much will it be?

DRIVER: I don't know. You can pay at headquarters when we get to Helena.

PRIEST: Where do I sit?

DRIVER: In the first coach. Where that there guy with the girl

EPISODE II. Page 6.

got off. He ain't going no further and I can sure see why not now. (He walks with the group and calls) All right, first coach. We're taking off right away.

DRIVER OF SECOND STAGE: All right, you folks. We got to get moving.

THE MISSIONARIES GATHER AROUND. WE NOW SEE THAT TWO ARE TO BE LEFT, A MAN AND A WOMAN.

LEADER OF MISSIONARIES: (as he holds their hands) And may God bless you and keep you well in your work among the Indians of this region. May you spread the word of God among them to their own salvation.

ALL BUT THE TWO GET INTO STAGE. MUCH CRYING, ETC.

DRIVER OF THIRD STAGE: All right, people going to Helena. Get in.

LEADER OF GIRLS: Come on, girls, we haven't got far to go.

GIRLS GET INTO STAGE AS THEY TALK

FIRST GIRL: What do you mean--not far to go?

SECOND GIRL: The driver said five days to a week to get to Helena.

THIRD: I can see why nobody ever comes back to civilization once they get talked into coming out to this God-for-saken country.

FOURTH GIRL: Who was this guy that said, "Go West, Young Man, Go West"?

FIRST GIRL: Horace Greeley.

FIFTH GIRL: A lot he knew about it.

SECOND GIRL: I hope a lot of young men take his advice, now that I'm out here.

THIRD GIRL: Want to get yourself a man, eh?

SECOND GIRL: What else?

BY NOW THE THREE STAGE COACHES OF THE TRAIN ARE OFF AGAIN, LEAVING THE GROUP STANDING AROUND. NELLIE WALKS OFF WITH HER MAN. PECK FOLLOWS JAMES TO THE POST STORE. THE MISSIONARY AND HIS WIFE TALK TO JAMES AND THEN FOLLOW HIM INTO THE STORE. THE INDIANS WANDER OFF AND THE TRADER PICKS UP HIS WARES. ALL THIS WITH SOME DIALOGUE.

"A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

EPISODE III

COWTOWN GLASGOW IN 1887, THE FIRST SUMMER OF THE RAILROAD. IT IS LATE FALL AFTER THE ROUNDUPS ARE OVER. WHEN THE SCENE OPENS THERE IS NO ONE ON THE STREET. IN THE BACKGROUND AND COMING FROM THE SALOON, THE ONLY FRAME BUILDING, WE HEAR "MUSIC BOX" TUNES. THE SWINGING DOOR OF THE SALOON OPENS SUDDENLY AND WITH GREAT FORCE. A BIG BOUNCER BARTENDER HAS A SMALL MAN, ELMER, BY THE COLLAR. HE KICKS HIM INTO THE STREET. (THIS WILL HAPPEN SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE EPISODE)

BARTENDER: Now stay out this time and don't come back in no more.
You - you - bar bum - you!

A WELL-DRESSED, RATHER YOUNG MAN, ARCHIE, WALKS UP. IT SEEMS AS IF HE HAD BEEN WAITING.

ARCHIE: Hurt you, my friend?

ELMER: No, that big slop can't hurt me!

ARCHIE: I'm so glad.

ELMER: Where's my hat?

ARCHIE: (picking it up) Here it is. (man grabs it) It's dusty.

ELMER: (he jams it on his head) That don't make no difference. (he starts into the saloon)

ARCHIE: Do you have to go into that sinful place again?

ELMER: Nobody can keep me out. (he goes in)

ARCHIE: Oh, dear, oh, dear, why must the poor man be so weak!

HE WALKS AS TWO FINE LOOKING CATTLEMEN, JOE WADE AND FRED CUMMINS, RIDE IN FROM THE WEST. THEY TIE THEIR HORSES TO THE HITCHING RAIL.

JOE WADE: (as he rides up and gets off) So we didn't have any rain for six solid weeks and the grass is just being pulled up by the roots by hungry cattle and that's all there is to it.

FRED CUMMINS: Well, I always say all you got to be is patient about weather in Montana. Besides I'm of a mind that if you had too much rain here, we'd have the range settlers moving in to clutter up our customary range claims.

WADE: Oh, I ain't afeared of no settlers, not even with the damn

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railroad coming in. (they are about to enter the saloon, when three cattlemen ride in from East. They are Pat O'Hare, Joe McGill, and Jack Olson.) Hey, here comes Pat, Joe, and Jack!

Hi, Pat. Hi, Jack. Hi, Joe. Hi, Wade. (these are readings read by readers after men shake hands)

PAT O'HARE: (getting off horse) Hi, you fellers. (all five men shake hands)

WADE: Where you been keeping yourself, Pat?

O'HARE: Me? I've been over at the meeting of the Montana Stockmen's Association in Helena.

CUMMINS: What in hell did they do there?

O'HARE: Like always, they did nothing in the end. We talked mostly about cattle rustlers. Why we couldn't let them be taken care of by the Justices of the Peace instaed of by the cattlemen themselves.

CUMMINS: Why don't the Justices of the Peace take care of them?

O'HARE: Well, they don't admit it, but what it amounts to is that the job of enforcing law in this cattle country is too big for the government.

CUMMINS: In other words, the Stockman's Association is bigger than the territorial government, or the railroad or anything else.

O'HARE: That's right. Though they don't like to admit it. Neither do I.

JACK OLSON: I was telling Pat on the way over here he's too civilized, wanting to depend on the government too much. I say to him what's the matter with having the association handling things, including rustlers.

O'HARE: Ah, you got to grow up with the times. Those rustler hangings and things like that, are affairs of the past. This is 1887 and pretty soon we are going to have a state of Montana. Why, we got some guys even homesteading, and a railroad coming in!

OLSON: (with scorn) A railroad! You sure said it. I don't like nothing about it.

O'HARE: There you go, Jack. In a few years we'd be so far behind times we might as well give up, if we didn't have a railroad.

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OLSON: What's the matter with the good old cowboy days?

O'HARE: (disgusted) What do you mean, good old cowboy days. Sure they was nice in many ways, of course. But I'll tell you what cowboying chiefly was. It was dust, dust, dust until the whole insides of you was black, and it was prairie fires and long days and longer nights. It was getting food cooked on the run, stale water to drink, and sometimes not even that. In the winter it was blizzards and deep snow, and cold. Not blizzards sitting in a house, but riding the range on a cold, tired horse trying to save calves and mother cows. And in the lovely spring you know what you had to do? You had to carry on the back of your horse a buffalo overcoat and a slicker both at the same time because you never knew from one five minutes to the next whether the weather was going to be a rain storm or a blizzard.

CUMMINS: Well, the railroad will mean homesteaders, and anything would be better than that.

O'HARE: Okay. It will mean homesteaders. They'll likely be darn nice people--men, women and kids--and we can stand some more people in these parts.

JOE MCGILL: I'll bet the President of the Stockman's Association didn't say nothing like that.

O'HARE: Naw. (it is funny to him) He made a speech and he said, "If you just give the Montana stockman feed and water nothing can break him." He said we should make the motto of the state "Water and Grass," not the Latin for "Gold and Silver" like the Butte fellows want.

OLSON: That's what I was telling Pat on the way over. This is cattle territory. All the cattle and horses in the world can find plenty of grass on the plains of Montana. There's no need to worry. Why, we got the best grazing land in the United States right here.

O'HARE: That's true now, but you can't over-graze a country with all the cattle you want without ruining it.

WADE: Over-graze? What's that? Never heard of that sort of thing.

O'HARE: Well, if you live long enough, you'll hear about it.

OLSON: I'd say the trouble with Pat is he's always aworrying about the future. Live today, I say. He ain't got faith in good old Montana.

CUMMINS: All you got to have, Pat, is plenty of rain.

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McGILL: That's all you got to have in Hell, as the guy says.

O'HARE: Maybe so, but in Montana you can't depend on the weather.
(they have now entered the saloon just missing the drunk
being thrown out again) We ought to have learned that last
fall when the winter set in early and we all lost hundreds
of cattle.

BARTENDER: Now stay out of here this time.

ARCHIE: Hurt you any?

ELMER: No, that big slop can't hurt me!

ARCHIE: I'm so glad.

ELMER: Where's my hat?

ARCHIE: (picking it up) Here it is. (man grabs it) It's dusty.

ELMER: (he jams it on his head) That don't make no difference.
(he starts into saloon)

FOUR VERY FANCY DRESSED GALS, ROSE, SAL, MAY, AND DIANE, COME
DOWN THE STREET. THE DRUNK STANDS BY WITH A BOW WHICH NEARLY THROWS
HIM AS THEY ENTER SALOON.

ELMER: (stands and stares and is suddenly quite sober; turns to
Archie who is also staring; speaks slowly) I don't suppose you
saw anything come down the street?

ARCHIE: Sin has arrived in Glasgow.

ELMER: You're right about me. I've been drinking too much. I'm
seeing things.

ARCHIE: First wine and now women and song!

ELMER: (putting arms around Archie) My friend, you're right. I'm
going to reform. I'll never touch another drop as long as I
live. When you get to seeing things---

ARCHIE: You weren't seeing things. Those sinful women were real.

ELMER: You mean you saw them too?

ARCHIE: With mine own eyes I saw them.

ELMER: You mean you saw some women walk down the street and go in
there?

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ARCHIE: Woe to mankind when Eve appeared to tempt him.

ELMER: (very alive) Whoopee--whoopee! (runs into saloon)

ARCHIE: Woe to mankind. Woe to our little town. (he starts down the street and then stops) Shall I too go back and see how terrible it is in there? (pauses, nearly turning back, then running off yelling) Get behind me Satan, get behind me.

A GROUP OF COWBOYS RIDE THROUGH THE STREET SHOTING INTO AIR AND YELLING. BARTENDER COMES CAUTIOUSLY OUT OF SALOON FOLLOWED BY GALS.

ROSE: Who are they?

BARTENDER: Some cowpokes from the Diamond Bar Ranch, I reckon.

MAY: Who are they shooting?

BARTENDER: (offhand manner) Nobody. They're just having fun.

SAL: If they think that's fun, I'm going back to St. Paul.

SHE STARTS DOWN THE STREET WHEN COWPOKES COME BACK AGAIN

BARTENDER: (running out in street and yelling) Hey, you bums. Look what I got for you! (points to gals and yells again) Take a look, you bums.

ONE OR TWO COWPOKES STOP, LOOK AND CAN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES. THE GIRLS GO INSIDE.

BARTENDER: Come on. They're real show gals. The first drink is on the house.

COWBOYS ALL GET OFF THEIR HORSES AND WITH THESE EXPRESSIONS THEY GO TO BAR.

A TRAVELING MERCHANT MAN DRIVES UP THE STREET IN HIS DEMOCRAT WAGON. HE SEES COWBOY, WHO HAS BEEN LATE IN GETTING OFF HIS HORSE, GOING INTO SALOON.

COHN: Hey, you, my name is Abe Cohn. Where's everybody?

COWBOY RUDY: I don't care what your name is and everybody is in the saloon. Can't you hear? (he goes in--music and singing coming from saloon)

COHN: (yelling) People, may I have your attention for a moment? Outside the door here I have the finest line of merchandise your little city has ever seen. And for cheap. You never have seen

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anything like it. And precious jewelry which I will give to the lovely ladies for free. Follow me!

HE GOES TO THE WAGON. REACHES FOR THE JEWELRY BOX, TAKES OUT A FEW PIECES. BY THIS TIME ALL HAVE COME OUT OF SALOON, PEOPLE COME ALONG STREET. GOOD SIZED CROWD. GIRLS IN FRONT.

COHN: (well pleased) I am about to present these four beautiful young ladies each with a present of beautiful precious jewelry. After that I will put up for sale my first class merchandise, in the form of shirts, pants, stockings, neckties, and plenty of red underwear to keep you warm during the long, cold winter nights, which reminds me of a little story: A dude lady said to a cowboy, "Have you read Shakespeare?" "No," said the cowboy, "but I have red underwear!" (no laughter) Sorry, I should have remembered you cowboys don't know your Shakespeare. All of this, gentlemen and ladies, is for the cheapest prices you can buy anywhere.

(comes down from wagon and up to girls)

COHN: (as he gives each a piece of jewelry) (to Rose) For you my dear young lady, (to Sal) and for you, you darlin' (to May) and for you Blondie, and (to Diane) what a sweet thing you are. (he pinches her on the cheek and smiles).

A LARGE, HANDSOME, WELL DRESSED COWBOY STEPS OUT. HE TAKES OUT HIS GUN AND SHOOTS AT THE FEET OF THE MERCHANT.

VIRGINIA JIM: Sir, these are respectable gals, and I'm a southern gentleman. I demand you apologize for your liberties with the young lady.

COHN: You nearly killed me, you big bum---

ANOTHER SHOT

COHN: (meek) I apologize young lady. (gets back to the wagon) Now how about some sales? (his spirit is gone)

COWBOY DON: How about a jig, Mister?

COHN: I don't jig!

SEVERAL COWBOYS: Oh, no? You'll learn, etc. (they fire guns at Cohn's feet)

COHN STARTS JIGGING FOR ALL HIS LIFE TO THE AMUSEMENT OF ALL COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, SEEN BY NO ONE, COMES

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BROTHER VAN RIDING HIS WELL KNOWN HORSE. HE IS FOLLOWED BY AN OLD MAN ON AN OLD HORSE.

BROTHER VAN: (loudly) What a beautiful morning to be alive!

THE SHOOTING STOPS. THE LAUGHING STOPS. THEY ALL TURN TO BROTHER VAN

RUDY: (calls) Hi ya, Brother Van.

BROTHER VAN: And how are you, My Friend? As I was saying, it's such a beautiful day to be alive. I must sing; will you all join me in a song?

THEY ALL SING "DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH" BROTHER VAN LEADING FROM HIS HORSE. WHEN IT IS OVER, BROTHER VAN RIDES THROUGH THE CROWD.

BROTHER VAN: And may God bless you all, everyone.

RUDY: (yells) Where you going, Brother Van?

B. VAN: (as he goes on) To save a soul for the Lord.

WADE: (who, with Pat, Fred, Joe, and Jack, has been watching on the outer edge of the crowd) Where do you suppose he's going?

CUMMINS: It's hard to tell.

O'HARE: Say, that old feller following Van is the guy that lives in that old sod hut with a pal who's supposed to be sick and dying.

CUMMINS: So he hunted up Brother Van for his pal.

O'HARE: That's right. The old fellow that's dying I remember is full of religion.

CUMMINS: And Brother Van came.

O'HARE: Brother Van will ride clear across Montana to help someone in need.

THEY WALK OFF DURING THOSE LAST SPEECHES. ALL HAVE GONE INTO THE SALOON. COHN HAS SADLY RIDDEN OFF HAVING HAD ENOUGH OF THE FRONTIER BUSINESS FOR ONE DAY.

DIANE: (stands looking after Brother Van and asks cowboy beside her) And who is he?

RUDY: That's Brother Van. The greatest preacher in all Montana territory.

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DIANE: There must be something awfully nice about this country when a man like him will stay here.

DON: There sure is, Girlie. Take a look at me!

DIANE: (stamps her foot) Oh, you foolish, conceited young man. You make me sick. (she storms into the saloon)

DON: (following her) That's what I like in a young girl. Fire and spunk.

THE BARTENDER AGAIN KICKS THE DRUNK FROM THE SALOON AND AGAIN OUR ARCHIE IS WAITING.

BARTENDER: Now stay out this time and don't come back in no more. You - you - bar bum - you!

ARCHIE: Hurt you any?

ELMER: No, that big slop can't hurt me!

ARCHIE: I'm so glad.

ELMER: Where's my hat?

ARCHIE: (picking it up) Here it is. (man grabs it) It's dusty.

ELMER: (he jams it on his head) That don't make no difference.

ELMER STARTS BACK TOWARD THE SALOON, BUT TURNS AND LOOKS AT ARCHIE

ELMER: You know, I'm getting awfully tired of this. Nobody appreciates me.

ARCHIE: Reform now! Reform!

ELMER: You know, I haven't eaten for three days nor slept for three nights.

ARCHIE: Yes, I know. Come with me now and I'll feed you and take care of you.

ELMER: I think I'll do that.

THEY START DOWN THE STREET.

ARCHIE: Together we'll start a Temperance Society.

ELMER: Just who are you, anyway?

ARCHIE: I didn't think you knew. Can't you remember? I'm your

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brother. We both work on the railroad together. We're from North Dakota. Remember now?

ELMER: Yaw, yaw. Now I remember. How's Mother?

ARCHIE: Oh, she's just fine.

BY NOW THEY ARE OUT OF SIGHT AND THE STAGE IS BARE.

"A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

EPISODE IV

SCENE: THE BACK OF THE GREAT NORTHERN STATION AS IT FACES THE STREET. IN THE MIDDLE IS A DOOR THROUGH WHICH HILL AND PARTY WILL COME.

ON THE STREET THERE IS A GOOD SIZED CROWD GATHERED - TYPICAL GLASGOW FOLKS OF THE PERIOD. SOME WAGONS, SOME BUGGIES, SOME COW PONIES, AND SEVERAL BICYCLES, AND AN AUTOMOBILE OR TWO OR THREE.

TIME: NOON ON JULY OF 1910.

JOE WADE: (coming over to Fred) What's this gathering?

FRED CUMMINS: Jim Hill is in the depot there. I guess he's going to mkae a little speech.

JOE WADE: Where's Pat?

FRED CUMMINS: In there with Hill. He's the one that's going to get him to talk. Pat goes for this homesteading stuff, you know.

JOE MCGILL: Yaw. Wants to be a Congress man or something, I guess.

FRED CUMMINS: No, Pat's sincere. He's not just jumping on a band wagon.

JACK OLSON: (comes up) Hey, what's going on? A circus?

JOE WADE: I'll say. Jim Hill is going to make a speech.

JACK OLSON: No.! I'll not stay!

JOE WADE: You'd better. Your friend Pat is going to introduce him.

JACK OLSON: That's the last straw. I used to trust that guy.

FRED CUMMINS: Well, maybe he's right, at that. Times are changing. Nobody but a lugerhead refuses to change with the times. Here comes Hill.

PAT FOLLOWED BY JIM HILL AND THREE OR FOUR OTHER RAILROAD DIGNITARIES COME THROUGH DOOR INTO THE PLATFORM. THEY ALL STAND. PAT COMES FORWARD.

PAT O'HARE: Folks, I'm mighty proud to be here to present Montana's great citizen to you. He is on his way through to the coast and is just stopping off for ten minutes while his special train is being cleaned out and so on. But he agreed to talk to us about the future of Montana, particularly this part we live in. Folks it will be an "off the cuff" speech which will

EPISODE IV. Page 2.

make it all the better. Friends, I present our friend, the great Jim Hill, Empire Builder.

THERE IS THE USUAL APPLAUSE - NOT TOO MUCH. THE PEOPLE ARE NOT SURE.

HILL: (coming forward) As our friend Pat has said, I haven't planned to make a talk here at Glasgow, but when our friend asked, I couldn't resist. He's a fine citizen and he has my support in whatever undertaking he chooses for himself.

JOE WADE: (whisper) What'd I tell you. Congressman Pat.

HILL: I am, however, always pleased to talk to the Glasgow people. It was the first division in your great state of Montana although at first it was then known only as Station 47.

VOICE: (with Swedish accent - yells) How'd you happen to name us Glasgow, Jim?

HILL: I didn't name it. A telegrapher in Williston named it, I understand. Maybe he was a Swede and wanted to forget it.

SOME LAUGHTER

HILL: But seriously, I have been and I am interested in Glasgow. It started as a Great Northern town and has grown and will grow with our railroad. I am sure that I can say by the first of the year, your Chamber of Commerce's slogan "5000 by 1910" will be fulfilled.

CHEERS AND YELLS.

VOICE: I thought a few years ago you was going to fly your train from Minot to Kalispell, Jim?

HILL: That was a few years ago. In the meantime, I have had some agricultural experts, headed by Professor Thomas Shaw, studying the vast areas of open land in Montana and making sound scientific reports on their findings to our railroad.

They reported that the soil of this entire area is essentially a clay loam, very rich in mineral matter and has great staying power. The native grasses are more than ordinarily abundant and in this fact is evidence of producing power that can be relied on. The water supply is relatively good. In much of this area it is possible to secure a quarter section without a single foot of broken land on it. Portions of this region have been homesteaded for the past two or three years by persons who have prospered since they came.

The winter climate is less cold than that of eastern Dakota. The snowfall is also usually considerably less than that of the Red River Valley. There have been no records kept of the rainfall for any lengthened period, but it is safe to conclude that it is not far different from the rainfall of Williston in North Dakota. This would mean the average rainfall is about 15 or 16 inches in a year, sometimes running higher than 18, sometimes, but rarely, as low as 11 or 12. This is not high rainfall but is sufficient to grow crops fair to excellent on summer fallow land any season.

The statements are not mere guesses. These open lands comprise 1,400,000 acres. Giving each man who files 160 acres, this area will furnish 8,750 farms. At first thought it might seem to be many months before all these farms would be taken. If any cherish such a view they will be greatly disappointed. It is questionable if a single farm will be left unfiled one year after the opening of the lands for entry which was on March 1 of this year, 1910.

VOICE: You're plum crazy, Jim Hill.

HILL: If I am, a lot of other people are, too. As you know, we have been meeting annually in Billings at the Dry Farming Congress which is really a scientific institution concerned with what I call conservation of soil and human resources. There is an immediate shortage of foodstuff for America's growing population. This is due to the fact that the land is "worn out" in many parts of the east and middle west, and the west coast. We got to dig up the virgin soil of the western prairies if we are to survive.

VOICE: (yells) What'll we do after these virgin prairies are "worn out"?

HILL: We got that answered. The agricultural scientists have come out with this long range program of agricultural practices for the northern plains country: first, deeper plowing; second, repeated cultivation of the soil; third, rotation of crops; and fourth, the raising of livestock on all the farms as an off-season source of work and income.

VOICE: That means the end of cattle ranging, and that means the end of Jim Hill and his railroad.

HILL: It means the end of cattle ranging in the old-fashioned sense. This vast land of Montana must be made available to the land hungry people of the United States. With careful, industrious farming, we can and will put a family on each 160-acre to 320-acre tract in the state. And a lot of these will be right here in the lower Milk River country.

EPISODE IV. Page 4.

Gentlemen, Montana has a destiny, Glasgow has a destiny. It will be the greatest state in the Union, the breadbasket of America.

AS HE LEAVES THE PLATFORM AMID CHEERS, YELLS, AND BOOS:

VOICE: (yells) You'll never bring anything out of this country but buffalo bones, Jim Hill! You wait and see!

AS THE CROWD BREAKS UP THERE WILL BE COMMENTS, ETC. THE SCENE ENDS AS THE LAST LEAVE.

"A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

EPISODE IV

Scene 2

THE INTERIOR OF A CHURCH IN HINSDALE, YEAR OF 1916. A GROUP OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE GATHERED IN THE PEWS. THERE IS A PULPIT AND AN ORGAN. THE LOCAL MINISTER IS STANDING IN FRONT LEADING THE GROUP AND SINGING HYMN "SUNSHINE OF THE SOUL" AS THE SCENE OPENS. THE SONG IS IN A FAIRLY FAST TEMPO. BROTHER VAN NOW AN ELDERLY MAN, SITS WITH HIS EYES CLOSED ON PLATFORM. AT THE END OF THE SONG (NOT TOO LONG) THE MINISTER TAKES OVER.

MINISTER: Friends, neighbors, brothers and sisters, we are gathered tonight to hear the Rev. Van Orsdel, our beloved Brother Van, who has come to our little church as District Superintendent to gather some of our friends into our fold. May there be a good response when our dear superintendent takes over and calls on you to come forward on your knees to be accepted into our church.

THIS MINISTER SITS DOWN, ALERT, AS BROTHER VAN SLOWLY COMES FORWARD.

B. VAN: Children, we are indeed blessed many fold. Here in our small community of Hinsdale we have built in this year of Grace, 1916, a beautiful, beautiful church. And we have a fine young man as preacher and even a grand organ and a dear lady to help make our songs that praise the Lord more beautiful still.

How well I remember that once I passed by this place on my way to Cowtown Glasgow when the railroad was new. I rode the horse we all called Doughty Jonathan instead of the iron railroad horse I now ride.

I had a dream then that all along the new railroad there would come to be many small communities of God's people. Later when Jim Hill talked of his dream I knew my own would be fulfilled. And indeed it was. Thousands of good people came into all this North Country--thousands of good home-seeking, humble folk with wives and children. None of these good people could think of settling and building homes without a beautiful church in which to worship as they build our Montana into a great state in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

For there can be no true community without a church--a center where folks may come together to worship God and to sing His Glory. Only in a House of Worship can people find expression of their faith and joy in living in His Word. For

EPISODE IV. Scene 2. Page 2.

Hinsdale this beautiful church is God's Home for you to come with your sorrows and in your joys.

Let us all join together in singing one of my favorite hymns: "Jesus Loves Me." (Van leads) Half way through the hymn, Brother Van raises his arms and calls:

Now let those who would join the Church come forward!

FOUR MEN, ONE WOMAN, SIX CHILDREN: 4 BOYS, 2 GIRLS, AGE 14 TO 17, COME FORWARD AND KNEEL ON THE RAILING.

THE HYMN REACHES A FASTER TEMPO AS THE PEOPLE KNEEL.

BROTHER VAN TAKES THEM INTO THE CHURCH, AFTER THE HYMN IS FINISHED.

B. VAN: Your minister has already officially accepted you good people. It is my privilege on behalf of the District Conference to welcome you as new members. Let us pray.

"Oh, Heavenly Father, wilt thou be with these brethern and sisters who are joining our church today. Wilt thou strengthen them in their faith and keep them in thy fellowship and help us to give them strength and faith and courage in Jesus Christ."

B. VAN: And now let all come forward to welcome these new-found members into our church as we sing--"Palms of Victory."

THE FIRST TO SHAKE THE HANDS OF THE NEW MEMBERS ARE BROTHER VAN AND MINISTER. THEY THEN GO TO THE REAR AS THE CONGREGATION FILES BY EACH, SHAKING THE HAND OF THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH. SINGING GOES ON. THEY SHAKE THE HANDS OF BROTHER VAN AND REVEREND AS THEY LEAVE THE CHURCH. THE LAST HEARD IS THE ORGAN MUSIC AS IT GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER BEFORE IT FADES.

"A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

EPISODE IV

Scene 3

A TEMPORARY CAMP JUST SOUTH OF THE CITY LIMITS OF OPHEIM. IT IS PART OF A GRAIN WAGON TRAIN CAMP WHICH WILL JOIN OTHERS IN THE MORNING TO HEAD FOR RAILROAD CENTER OF GLASGOW. THERE ARE TWO OR THREE GRAIN WAGONS. A WAGON BOSS OF THE TIMES WILL DRIVE DURING THE SCENE, UNHITCH THE HORSES, CARE FOR THEM, ETC.

TIME: MAY 16, 1925.

A GROUP OF GRAIN WAGONS ARE DRAWN INTO SCENE WITH A NUMBER OF MEN ON HORSEBACK ALONG SIDE:

WAGON BOSS: All right, men. We stop here for the night and then go in to meet the main train of grain wagons going to Glasgow in the morning. If you guys want to practice that horse quadrille you're so fond of, well, go ahead.

SONG LEADER: What you say, men?

FIRST MAN ON HORSE: We'd better if you're goin' to take part in the home talent show that the folks in Glasgow are getting ready.

SECOND MAN ON HORSE: That's right, if we're going to do it good, we better practice, I'd say.

THE HORSE QUADRILLE GOES ON WHILE THE FOLLOWING TAKES PLACE

THREE OLD-TIME COWBOYS RIDE ONTO SCENE ON HORSEBACK. THEY STOP AT THE EDGE OF THE CAMP.

SONG LEADER: (goes up to horsemen) Well, if it ain't some of the old-time cowboys. What you going to do, Boys, roundup some wheat shucks and brand them?

NELS: You needn't get too cocky, Feller. This here wheat stuff is jest temporary. We'll be running cattle over your graves before we're through.

SONG LEADER: That's what you think! (he laughs and the others laugh also as they go back to singing)

PETE: Not so much different from the old cattle roundup camp at that. Except for the women and kids.

NELS: They'll leave them behind tomorrow.

EPISODE IV. Scene 3. Page 2.

JOE: Well, this singing 'round a campfire may be the same, and the guys may be like we was, but they don't know nothing about cows or saddle horses.

NELS: Nor nothin' about trying to move some cattle what are half starved in a snow blizzard or trying to stop a stampede caused by a roaring prairie fire. These guys here is just grain haulers and a grain hauler ain't no cowboy if'n you ask me.

PETE: Well, these grain haulers has their troubles, too. Today happens to be a nice day and the week is nice. But they'll be hauling back and forth for another three, four months. Next week could well be rain, and sleet and mud up to the axles, and if'n you think that's fun and not plain grinding hard work to keep the horses goin' forward and the wagon straight twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day, you're crazy.

NELS: Yaw. I guess you're right. I guess keeping on the trail, even if they call it a road, isn't so easy in a blizzard either.

JOE: They sure get all kinds of weather all right, I guess, on any one round trip. In the fall and winter it can change over from one kind of weather to another in five minutes here in Montana.

PETE: You got to be young to take it, I guess, like we once was. After all, we was young bucks in 1900, but this here is 1925.

SONG LEADER: Hey, what you say we sing a good cowboy song? There's some old timers right over there.

SEVERAL: Sure. Let's show them how, etc.

SONG LEADER: What you want us to sing, Old Timer?

PETE: Why don't you sing "Home on the Range" if you can.

SONG LEADER: We sure can.

JOE: Ain't bad fellers at that.

ATTENTION NOW TURNS TO A SMALL GROUP OF LAND OWNERS. UNDER-CURRENT OF GUITAR MUSIC. ALL ARE PLEASED AS THE COWBOY SONG IS SUNG.

FARMER CARSON: I'll lay you a bet it will be rain and mud a foot deep before this round trip is over.

F. MARCH: And snow and ice the one after that, even if it is getting on toward spring.

EPISODE IV. Scene 3. Page 3.

F. CARSON: No worse than the dust in summertime, I guess.

F. JACKSON: If the roads could stay good the hauling wouldn't be so expensive.

F. MARCH: Well, if we wasn't getting any rain we'd be hollering louder yet.

F. CARSON: You know, these roads could be paved.

F. MARCH: Paved? Are you crazy? How could they pave a road from Opheim to Glasgow?

F. CARSON: They do in cities like Chicago and New York.

F. JACKSON: Listen to the fellow; he thinks we could be like they are in cities. Where'd you get the money to pay for a road like that? Taxes, I suppose.

F. CARSON: Well, maybe the federal government could help.

F. JACKSON: Heavens, you sure are a dreamer of ideas.

F. CARSON: We raise wheat for everyone all over the country to eat, don't we? Besides a lot of people besides us make a profit on what we raise.

F. JACKSON: I'll say they do. What we need is a railroad.

F. MARSH: That's what I say, but how you going to get it?

F. OAKS: Maybe something will grow out of the meetin' they're having in Opheim right now.

F. JACKSON: What meetin' is that?

F. OAKS: Kahle and Rosholt has got some big shots from the Great Northern meeting with some of the Opheim folks right now. They been looking the country over all day.

F. JACKSON: Even if something should come out of the meetin', I'll bet it'll be years before we really get us a railroad.

F. OAKS: Kahle is talking about getting one right away. Next year.

A HORSEMAN RIDES UP, JUMPS OFF HIS HORSE.

F. CARSON: I heard it, but I'll believe we got a railroad here at Opheim when I see it with my own eyes.

F. MARSH: No one ever does anything for farmers.

EPISODE IV. Scene 3. Page 4.

HORSEMAN: Hey, them big fellers from the railroad is coming to see this here grain train and talk to you.

F. CARSON: (yells) Well, I'll be darned!

F. OAKS: (yells) Hey, Boys, start singing "Workin' on the Railroad," or something like that.

SONG LEADER: Good idea.

THE MEN STAND AND SING "WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD" AS THE CAR, 1925 MODEL DRIVES UP WITH KAHLE AND ROSHOLT AND THREE RAILROAD OFFICIALS

OAKS: Hello, Kahle, Hello, Rosholt--How are things going?

KAHLE: Oh, fine! Boys, I want you to meet these men from the Great Northern Railroad. They've been in Opheim talking to some of the citizens about bringing in a railroad. Among the chief things they wanted to see was some of our folks that load grain wagons. Boys, this here is Mr. L. C. Gilman, Vice President and General Counsel, and this is James Robinson, Traffic Manager, and this last one is Chief Engineer, Mr. Hogeland. By the way, Mr. Gilman, I want you to meet "Daddy" Opheim--after whom the town is named.

F. CARSON: What you going to do? Run us fellows out of a job hauling grain by building a railroad?

GILMAN: We'll give you a job on it when we get it built.

SONG LEADER: That'll be something. To watch a blizzard from a caboose while we're hauling grain.

F. MARSH: What about me getting a job, too, Mr. Gilman?

GILMAN: If I can believe Mr. Kahle and Mr. Rosholt, there's going to be such an increase in grain acreage, if the railroad goes in, that you'll all have a half-dozen jobs.

KAHLE: And that's no joke, Mr. Gilman. Oaks, come over here and tell Mr. Gilman how much grain you hauled.

F. OAKS: (coming over) Well, I raised 15,000 bushels of Durum wheat last year. I live 64 miles from the nearest market. My four horses haul only 100 bushels of wheat and that takes on the average of a week for them to get that to Glasgow and get back home again. So it would take me a 150 weeks to haul what I raised to market if I did it myself.

GILMAN: How did you manage that?

EPISODE IV. Scene 3. Page 5.

F. OAKS: Well, of course, I hired a lot of it hauled. Even so, I hauled all winter and I'm still going strong now that it's come May.

GILMAN: What is it costing you?

F. OAKS: If roads are muddy or snow-packed, which they mostly are in the fall, winter, and spring, it costs me 45 cents a bushel. I also paid 15 cents a bushel to have it threshed, and 3 cents for twine. That makes threshing and hauling cost me 73 cents a bushel.

GILMAN: It's a wonder you stay at it year after year.

F. OAKS: Well, I happen to like raising grain and we got a pretty good friendly bank in Glasgow.

KAHLE: But most farmers don't stick it out like Oaks here has, Mr. Gilman. So what do they do after losing all they got with good crops? They quit, that's what they do. Only about 15 per cent of the land best suited for small grain is being cultivated at the present time in and around here. Even so, around Opheim and 25 miles east, we raised 5,694,445 bushels of wheat, flax, rye, and barley the last three years, averaging about 1,989,148 bushels a year. With a railroad in here, we'll raise 3 to 4 times that much and you sure ought to be able to make a branch pay with that kind of business.

GILMAN: Could all right, if you can depend on a yearly crop like these last years' have been.

RISHOLT: I don't know why we couldn't. We got the land. All it takes is rain and we got plenty of that.

OAKS: Well, we sure got to have a railroad to get out and it ain't fair or just to not give us one.

CARSON: Jim Hill, he promised us a railroad when we homesteaded.

GILMAN: Jim Hill meant it, too. But it's not Jim Hill now; it's a Board of Directors.

MARSH: What are we going to do, Mr. Gilman? It's like Oaks says-- we just got to have a railroad.

GILMAN: As you perhaps know, I just attended a meeting with a number of Opheim citizens working out a plan. I've got to get back to Glasgow but I'm sure Mr. Kahle will explain it to you.

KAHLE: I'll stay and do that, Mr. Gilman.

EPISODE IV. Scene 3. Page 6.

GILMAN: (getting into car with others) Well, Mr. Rosholt, shall we get underway?

ROSHOLT: Yes, Sir. With this new Buick I'll have you in Glasgow in three hours.

GILMAN: Well, good-bye, Men. (he stops, looks around) I'll want a picture of the whole grain wagon train you men join tomorrow morning. We'll put it up along our main line and call it "Hauling grain before the railroad came to Opheim, Montana; the greatest primary grain market in the world."

OAKS: We ain't interested in no pictures. We're interested in a railroad brought to Opheim.

THEY GET IN THE CAR AND DRIVE OFF.

OAKS: What's it all about, Kahle? They goin' to really build one?

KAHLE: To come right to the point, this Gilman thinks they can make money operating the branch line. But it's the cost of building it that the Board of Directors balk on.

JACKSON: Can't they charge, say an extra 10 cents a bushel as a bonus, for building the line?

KAHLE: They thought of that, but they say the Interstate Commerce Commission won't permit it.

CARSON: What they goin' to do? Give up the idea? Gilman didn't sound like it.

KAHLE: They left it up to us.

OAKS: What do you mean, left it up to us?

KAHLE: Mr. Gilman told us this at the meeting a few moments ago: "The Board of Directors of the Great Northern have agreed to build this line if the people around Opheim will buy \$250,000 worth of stock at par value. At par, \$100 a share."

JACKSON: Can't believe it--\$250,000 worth! At \$100 a share!

KAHLE: That's it. And it's only fair to say that the same stock is selling on the market for \$.61 a share.

JACKSON: So Opheim is to build its own railroad at 61 cents on the dollar.

CARSON: It can't be done. No need to try it.

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HARDY: I'm afraid that's what all us cattlemen has got to do sooner or later.

PETERSON: Hope you'll drop around next day or so. Got some statistics I'd like to show you.

HARDY: What's the matter, Mr. Peterson, aren't you well pleased with the business your railroad has been getting?

PETERSON: That depends upon you. We are well pleased if you are well pleased.

SMITH: Well, we get good service all right. But rates are much too high. Might still be cheaper to trail the cattle in and out like we used to in the good old days.

PETERSON: I'm afraid those "good old days" are gone forever.

SMITH: What do you mean?

PETERSON: Well, after all this is 1905--the good old days belong back in the 80's and 90's, not in the new century.

SMITH: What's new about it?

PETERSON: You've got to realize that the wild and wooly west is on the way out. There's got to be a new self-sufficient west to replace it. You've got to learn that on this wild high border.

SMITH: What you mean by "a new self-sufficient west?"

PETERSON: I mean you got to raise your own hay and grain to feed your own pure bred cattle instead of sending half starved Texas Long-horns to Iowa for the farmers there to fatten and make most of the profit you fellows should have.

SMITH: Well, we just ain't that kind of ranchers, that's all.

ANDY RICE: You can't fatten cattle on just grass. We know that. But we're doing all right.

PETERSON: What percentage loss do you figure you take on your cattle each year?

HARDY: About ten per cent.

~~SMITH: What's that got to do with feeding cattle?~~

PETERSON: It's got everything to do with feeding cattle. Your stock dies in severe winter storms because they're in weak condition due to lack of feed. Bring them into the ranch during the winter,

EPISODE IV. Scene 3. Page 8.

MAN'S VOICE: To celebrate the coming of a railroad to Opheim?

SONG LEADER: But you ain't got no railroad yet.

WOMAN'S VOICE: No, but we will have!

SONG LEADER: Folks, after this news, who wants to go to bed? What you say we have a bit of good old-fashioned Square Dancing?

CRIES FROM THE GROUP IN FAVOR.

SONG LEADER: Hans, I see you got your fiddle out. Let her go!

SQUARE DANCING FOR A PERIOD TO END SCENE

"A TALE OF THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY"

EPISODE V

SCENE: A COMMUNITY HALL MEETING IN VALLEY COUNTY. NUMBER OF PEOPLE, MOSTLY MEN, ARE GATHERED. WOMEN ARE ALSO THERE AND CHILDREN. THE MEN ARE MAD, NOT AT ANYTHING BUT EVERYTHING. THE WOMEN ARE FRIGHTENED BUT DETERMINED. THE CHILDREN ARE LISTLESS. THERE IS A PLATFORM AND WHEN THE LEADERS ARRIVE THEY GO TO THE PLATFORM. UNLIKE THE CROWD THEY ARE, IN THE MAIN, FORCEFUL, OPTIMISTIC AND BETTER DRESSED. THEY HAVE JOBS. AS THE SCENE OPENS SOME OF THE CROWD ARE INSIDE THE HALL, OTHERS GATHER OUTSIDE. THERE ARE A FEW CARS, BUT ALSO WAGONS AND HORSES. ONLY THE REAR WALL OF THE COMMUNITY HALL IS USED. THREE SIDES ARE OPEN.

TIME: OCTOBER 14, 1933 - WEDNESDAY EARLY EVENING.

AS THE SCENE OPENS A FINE LOOKING MIDDLE AGED MAN, FRANK STEVENS, AND FAMILY (WIFE, BOY AND GIRL) DRIVE UP IN A WAGON. MORE COME AND OTHERS GATHER IN GROUPS, ETC., DURING FOLLOWING DIALOGUE. MAN, PETE PETERSON, COMES OUT OF GATHERING UP TO THE WAGON THAT HAS JUST DRIVEN UP.

PETE PETERSON: What's the matter, Frank, Buick break down or something?

FRANK STEVENS: You know why I'm driving a team instead of a car.

PETERSON: No gas, eh?

STEVENS: No only no gas, but plenty of time on my hands to come the slow way now that the crop fizzled out again this year.

PETERSON: Oh, well, next year it'll rain. How are you, Elsie?

ELSIE: I'm fine, Pete. Have you seen Muriel about?

PETERSON: She's over there with that bunch of women. Figuring out a new way to use hamburger, I guess. (Elsie gets out of wagon and goes over - a boy of ten and girl of twelve get out)

GIRL: Hello, Mr. Peterson.

PETERSON: Hello, Sis, a lot of kids are gathering over there by the car.

BOY: Don't they want to play?

PETERSON: Don't seem to play so much now. Don't know what's the matter. (children run out to join others) Maybe we talk too much in front of them about this here depression.

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STEVENS: What else is there to talk about?

PETERSON: Nothing much, I guess, with wheat selling today at 25 cents a bushel.

STEVENS: I ain't got much to put on the market. Best I could do on that upper eighty of wheat was eight bushels to the acre.

PETERSON: If'n we only had a little rain and less wind, we could live all right these days, even at 25 cents a bushel.

STEVENS: Yaw, with prices down, we could get along all right, if we could only get a crop. As it is, I got to get myself a job some place this winter or we'll starve.

PETERSON: Might be something come out of this Fort Peck Dam deal they're setting up with the government at Washington.

STEVENS: Nothing will happen about that but talk. They haven't got any more money at Washington than we got. What's this meeting about tonight? You chairman?

PETERSON: Yaw. I'm chairman. We got a Federal Relief Agency man and some agricultural economist, or something, and Henry Lantz is going to explain his Malta plan and, of course, Wilson, the County Agent.

STEVENS: Bureaucrats. I don't know why I came.

PETERSON: Talk is cheap, don't cost anything and it's a way maybe for some folks to get something off their chest.

STEVENS: All I can afford in these times is talk.

PETERSON: Here comes their car now. Excuse me, Frank. I'd better meet them.

PETERSON GOES OVER TO CAR WHICH CONTAINS MONT SAUNDERSON, AGRICULTURE ECONOMIST FROM THE STATE COLLEGE; STATE AND FEDERAL RELIEF AGENT, TOM SPAULDING; HENRY LANTZ; AND COUNTY AGENT, MR. WILSON. STEVENS JOINS A GROUP OF MEN.

PETERSON: Well, I'm glad you got here all right, Wilson. But you guys got plenty of gas to get places.

WILSON: (laughs) The number of meetings these fellows have, it would be pretty hard to make it on foot, even for a County Agent like me. (turns to the men who are getting out of car)

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WILSON: Men, this is Mr. Pete Peterson, everybody calls him Pete. He's organized this meeting here tonight. Pete, this is Tom Spaulding who is in charge of all State and Federal Relief Programs in this Glasgow area as I understand, and this is Mont Saunderson from the State College, and you know Henry Lantz from Malta.

PETERSON: Glad to meet you. Well, I suppose you're in a hurry. Folks most of them here. Might as well go in.

THEY FOLLOW PETERSON INSIDE TO PLATFORM. OTHERS FOLLOW. ROOM FILLS, FRONT SEATS LAST. THERE IS NO TALKING. A TENSE SILENCE; A "SHOW ME" ATTITUDE OF SILENCE.

PETERSON: (comes forward on platform - he is humble) Folks, we called this meeting here today in the hopes we could together do something to keep ourselves going in these bad days. We mustn't give up. We mustn't stay home and worry. We all got to get out, to get together as neighbors to comfort and help each other. So we got three men besides the County Agent, who's always around, and they have come to talk to us about some plans and things and I hope we can all benefit from what they say. Also, you can ask them any questions. Just speak up from the floor anything you want to.

JAKE: (a big, nervous, tense man, half crazy with worry - he is poorly dressed, no hat - he has a Polish accent) What I'd like to know is this - have they got any jobs; I mean jobs for right now?

PETERSON TURNS A LITTLE HOPEFULLY. COUNTY AGENT, AGRICULTURE ECONOMIST, AND LANTZ SHAKE HEADS NO.

TOM SPAULDING: I'll have a little something to say about that.

PETERSON: Two of these men will talk about long-range plans, but the Relief Agent here will have something to say about work.

JAKE: I said, has he got any work, not what he's got to say about work!

SEVERAL CALL: Sit down, Jake! Don't spoil it before we get started! Have some patience, Jake. Let somebody else talk for a change. Quit fussing.

JAKE SITS DOWN BITTERLY.

PETERSON: Well, I think the best thing is to call on Mr. Tom Spaulding first and let him have his say. Go ahead, Mr. Spaulding.. Folks, if you don't know, this here is Tom Spaulding, State and Federal Director of Rural and City Relief.

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SEVERAL CALL: We know him, all right. I wish I didn't have to know him. Hi, Tom, anything cooking? (they are all feeling better now)

SPAULDING: (grinning from ear to ear) Well, folks, I don't happen to smell anything cooking. What's the matter with the women folks?

ELSIE: You bring out the food and coffee and we'll cook it, don't you fret.

HANS OLSEN: (with Danish accent) You're the only one that's got any money.

SPAULDING: Well, my friends, next time, maybe. Prosperity is just around the corner.

JAY DOOLITTLE: (eastern accent) My word, it's Mr. Herbert Hoover.

JACK MOORE: (Middle West accent) I suppose next he'll tell us all we got to fear is fear itself.

SPAULDING: Well, there's something to that, as I'm sure we all know by now. Seriously, Folks, there isn't much news since I saw you last. Congress is working on some new legislature that will bring relief for farmers. But we could take some more boys on C.C.C., if you haven't enough at home to keep the whole family busy.

JAKE: What about those P.W.A. projects in Glasgow?

SPAULDING: They aren't taking up the unemployment line in Glasgow even. But at the moment there isn't anything new starting, I'm sorry to say.

JAKE: What about this Fort Peck Dam project?

SPAULDING: Well, I talked with Leo Coleman today. He's Mayor of Glasgow, and chairman of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce Committee that set up the Fort Peck project. He told me they were having difficulty in Washington in getting a way to finance the deal. But they think they can do it by adding an amendment to President Roosevelt's W.P.A. bill because it has already been rated as a meritorious project and approved by the Board of Army Engineers.

JAKE: Nothing will come of it. They'll let our kids starve first, then they'll appropriate the money.

SPAULDING: Not if Coleman can help it.

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JAKE: But what you're really saying now is, no work and no money for the farmer.

SPAULDING: Well, something like that.

JAKE: Say it out and be done with it. Don't beat around the bush.

SPAULDING STARTS TO SPEAK BUT CHANGES HIS MIND AND SITS DOWN.
NOT MAD, BUT HELPLESS.

PETERSON: (taking over) Tom Spaulding has a hard job. He can't do nothing with nothing. He does the best he can and for my money, that's good, all things considered.

JAKE: He rides around in a new government-owned car with government-bought gasoline, doesn't he? Who pays taxes, anyway!

A STILLNESS COMES OVER THE AUDIENCE.

PETERSON: Jake, you mustn't take it out on Tom, like I said. (turns to Spaulding) Tom, Jake's got eight kids to feed and clothe.

SPAULDING: I know. I understand. If I didn't, I couldn't go through this day after day. (Pete pats Tom on the shoulder and then returns to the speaker's stand)

PETERSON: Folks, I'm going to call on Mont Saunderson. He's a Professor, but, folks, he's done a lot of reading and studying about farming and is what is called an agricultural expert. But, I hear he knows his stuff. Mont, go ahead. Tell us what to do.

MONT SAUNDERSON: (coming forward) Steve isn't joking, as most of you know. If studying the general agricultural situation in an attempt to apply it specifically to an area's need is what leads a man to be called an expert in agricultural economics, I'm it. What I found out was that real farming isn't a hit and miss affair and that if any man is to succeed through the years he must approach his job scientifically and intelligently. A decade ago, during the homestead days, we were led to believe anyone could be successful on a farm. All one had to do was own a piece of land and a good living, by that fact, was assured him from year in and year out. We know better, now. We have learned to know better the hard way.

PAUL OWEN: How does anyone learn to make a living on a farm these days?

SAUNDERSON: He'll have to read, to study, and most important, attend meetings called by your County Agent. Read the literature he has in his office. Do this with an open mind, really to learn what you can and practice what you learn, and you can make a living on a farm even in these days of drought and depression.

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JAKE: All right, College Professor, tell us how to get some rain. They all say, you know, all you need is rain to keep a Montana farmer from going broke.

SAUNDERSON: That's true. But there isn't anything you can do about rain and sun and wind and snow and cold. We have to learn to live with what nature gives us through the years. Learn to best the elements at their own game.

JAKE: In the meantime, tell me what you are going to do about starving cattle that stand and growl at the roots in the soil that won't give up a single blade of grass for them to eat. Tell me that, College Professor!

STEVENS: Come on, Jake. Let's do like Pete said. Listen with an open mind. Go ahead, Mont, how do you deal with the lack of rain and too much wind in the Milk River Country?

SAUNDERSON: Well, we've worked out four approaches. First, we'll have to try contour and strip farming. It will save water run off, and erosion. I've got a pamphlet here that will tell you all about it.

JAKE: What if I can't read?

MURIEL: (stands up in disgust) Oh, shut up. This isn't funny. You men make me sick. Let's try to learn something that will get us out of this mess. (a small round of applause from the women)

OLSEN: That's telling him, Muriel. Maybe you can shut him up. We can't. Go ahead, College Professor.

SAUNDERSON: The second thing to try is summer fallow. It's another solution to the drought situation. This pamphlet will tell you all about it.

OWEN: You mean by summer fallow we got to let part of our land be idle each year?

SAUNDERSON: Well, yes. The land is idle, but you can't be. You'll have to take care of it just as faithfully as if you had a crop in. Plow it, to keep down weeds and keep the soil from hardening.

JAKE: Are we going to starve while we work our heads off on our own land that isn't producing?

SAUNDERSON: No. The government will pay you to keep your land idle and to work on it.

DOOLITTLE: Whoever heard of a government paying a man for producing nothing.

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SAUNDERSON: You've never heard of it, because there's never been a government like the New Deal before.

MOORE: (with sarcasm) I'll say there hasn't.

STEVENS: What else you got in mind, Saunderson? What's your third point?

SAUNDERSON: Well, you'll have to turn to a program of increased mechanized farming. Forget about your horses, for example, and buy machines. It's the only thing that will pay out in the long run.

JAKE: Now listen to the Professor talk. Thank you, no. Do you know how many weeks, and months I'd have to work to get enough to pay for one of those tractors they make in Detroit? No, Sir, my friend. I'll spend my money at home where I earn it, if I ever earn any.

MOORE: You don't seem to know, my friend, our farms don't earn enough to buy this machinery you fellows like to talk about.

SAUNDERSON: That's my last point. You'll need larger farms to keep both you and your machinery busy when you are properly adjusted.

JAKE: Bigger farms he wants now. And where will we get the money to buy them?

SAUNDERSON: Long range payment loans from the banks.

JAKE: Listen to the bureaucrat. He isn't satisfied we farmers sell out to the big eastern harvester companies. We are now asked to give a second mortgage to the bankers in case the easterners don't break us.

SAUNDERSON: As I said, it's long-range planning. We have to think in terms of the future if this depression we are going through now doesn't happen time and time again.

JAKE: But what about food and clothes and coal? NOW--TONIGHT!? What do we care about long-range planning when we're hungry and cold and there aren't no shoes for the kids to go to school.

SAUNDERSON: (he is subdued) I'm sorry. I have no answer for that.

JAKE: (yelling with a sob in his voice) Then what good do you think you're doing here?

SILENCE

STEVENS: (someone has to save the day) What's Lantz got to say?

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SAUNDERSON: That's right. I've had my say. Henry Lantz has a more practical plan. I'm going to turn the meeting over to him. (he sits down. Peterson comes forward)

PETERSON: Folks, as you know, Henry Lantz was County Agent over in Phillips County for some time. Well, Henry worked out a re-settlement program of some sort for the farmers over there. It was so good they called him back to Washington to discuss it and he came back to Montana with some sort of high-falutin' job. What we want Henry to do tonight is tell us about this Malta plan of his in simple words and see if we can do anything like it here. Go ahead, Henry.

OLSEN: (as Lantz comes forward amid very mild applause) So you're a Washington bureaucrat now, Henry! Remember me anymore?

LANTZ: Sure, I remember you, Hans. I don't like a bureaucrat any better than you do. But something has to be done right now or we'll lose our top soil and our grass. And without them, land is no good. It isn't only that we lack rain and that there's a depression, but we, ourselves, are to blame some, because we've mis-used the land and mis-guided the people on it. It's time we let somebody who knows tell us what to do.

DOOLITTLE: How are you going to correct this mess we're in now?

LANTZ: I'll try to give you my idea in a few simple words. Sometimes I may seem a little blunt, too straight to the point maybe, but these are pretty critical times and we should face things squarely. But, however I say it, I want you to know what I'm planning seems to me to be the best thing for Montana - for Montana people.

JAKE: Let's get down to earth. Let's not just talk, talk, talk.

LANTZ: Okay. As Pete Peterson said, we worked out a plan at Malta called "The Malta Plan of Resettlement." Back at Washington they gave me the go-ahead light to develop it, not only around Malta, but other places in Montana, too.

JAKE: What's it going to do for us farmers here in Valley County? Right now. That's what we want to hear.

LANTZ: I think it will make it possible for you farmers in Valley County to stay right here and prosper in spite of the times.

MOORE: How you going to bring this miracle about?

LANTZ: My plan calls for redividing the land among yourselves so that there can be more diversified farming. Right now, too, many of you are putting all your eggs in one basket and when

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something happens to that basket you lose everything. What you need is a dozen baskets with fewer eggs. That'll not only keep you from going completely broke every so often as you do, but you'll be happier because you'll have more jobs to do on the farm and they'll keep you busy the year around.

DOOLITTLE: Did I understand you to say we were to redivide this Valley County land among ourselves?

LANTZ: That's what I said. After the land has been classified and reclassified by experts to determine the best land usage.

DOOLITTLE: You're crazy, Lantz. Nobody is going to re-shuffle their land like a deck of poker cards.

LANTZ: Some will. As a matter of fact, John Survant and B. D. Phillips have already started the ball rolling by selling several sections of irrigated land at the government's offer.

JAKE: Yes, but what about the other big shot cattlemen? What will they give?

LANTZ: They will be asked to give up river bottom irrigated land which now they only grow hay on, and to take the bulk of this new good grazing submarginal land. In the end they will prosper better that way; so will you, the small farmers in this area.

OWEN: Just how are we going about this here in Valley County?

LANTZ: We're going to study every soil type, every water resource and adjust them to their best use like we did in Phillips County. In fact, we have already just about closed a deal with the Durrells just east of Glasgow. Then every farm family and every community will be assisted to provide for themselves the best security the resources of the area can furnish for their own social and economical betterment.

JAKE: Who's going to do all this "assisting?"

LANTZ: The federal government.

DOOLITTLE: You don't really think people, cattlemen, for example, are just going to turn their irrigated land over to us dry farmers without any money for it just for the benefit of society do you?

LANTZ: No, I don't.

DOOLITTLE: Then how's the government going to get this land for re-settlement?

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LANTZ: They'll buy it, ditch, drain and level it for good irrigation and then resell it to both you dry-land farmers and the cattlemen on a long-range loan basis, say 40 years.

DOOLITTLE: Do you mean to say the government is going to force this program on us?

LANTZ: No, not the government. But time, circumstance, and necessity will.

DOOLITTLE: That means the same thing. Men, a moment ago this man said the government would assist. What he really means is that the government will insist!

LANTZ: Yes and no. I've always said we have two kinds of dry land farmers in this area: those who are actually farming and grazing the land and those who are paper farming the government by getting what seed loans, feed loans, relief loans and Red Cross help they can. Most of you are living on good farm land that will produce in years of good rainfall and many of you are living on land so shallow and alkalied you can raise nothing but umbrellas, dust and lots of hell. Some of you are trying to make a living on land that was passed up by jack rabbits and coyotes. The government may have to insist that some of these kind of people have a decent chance at farming if not for their own sakes, at least for their families. If drought and depression times haven't proved anything else, they have proved that some people just have to be told what to do.

MURMERS FROM THE CROWD. DO YOU MEAN INSISTING, NOT ASSISTING!
THAT'S REVOLUTION! HE'S CRAZY! HE'S A RADICAL! HE'S ALL RIGHT.
THAT'S WHAT THE NEW DEAL IS! HE'S SEEING TOO MUCH OF ROOSEVELT,
THAT'S WHAT!

JOE SMITH: (a new voice of a young farmer yelling above all this) We in our own country are going to own this land, not the federal government. We'll manage it ourselves all right.

LARRY BURKE: (another young voice yells) What we got County Commissioners for?

LANTZ: It's too big a job for the County Commissioners. They haven't the money or the know-how. It's a federal project.

DOOLITTLE: Don't let this bureaucrat fool you. It's Fascism pure and simple. I told you the fellow was a radical, a state Socialist of some kind.

LANTZ: It's time we quit calling names and started thinking about what's good for the country and its people. It's time we think about what people need and what community results may be. We

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advocate area planning, land adjustment and proper land utilization depending on soil types and water resources. To save your county you've got to listen to us and your federal government in Washington.

SMITH: If your plan is a good one, why do we bother with Washington? Why don't we take over the land ourselves? Right here and now? Run things ourselves!

JAKE: (gets up and goes to platform) You said something for the first time tonight. All this is just a lot of baloney talk by bureaucrats. Let's kick them all out and start a party of our own, a party to take over. Let's do it now--tonight. I'm sick of no work, no money, no food, and kids crying and sick with fear. Let's quit talking and get some action.

THE CROWD IS ON ITS FEET YELLING. THROUGH THE CRIES COMES SUCH PHRASES AS, DOWN WITH BUREAUCRACY. LANTZ IS RIGHT. JAKE IS A BOLSHEVIKI.

JAKE: (yelling above this) Let the government put us to work. We don't want a handout. Let them get a new government. Talk! Talk! I'm sick of talk! Let's organize a People's Committee right now. We got to do something. My kids can't go to school when it snows. No shoes. I have no coal. Let's start---

DURING THE CONFUSION A CAR RIDES UP OUTSIDE; LEO COLEMAN JUMPS OUT OF THE CAR, COMES INTO THE ROOM YELLING ABOVE ALL THE TALK, "I GOT IT, FOLKS, I GOT IT!" HE REACHES PLATFORM AS JAKE IS FINISHING THE ABOVE LINES AND TAKES OVER. JAKE STANDS ASIDE.

COLEMAN: (waving telegram as he takes over) Here it is, Folks, here it is! A telegram from Washington. Work on Fort Peck Dam is going to start right away.

OWEN: Who in hell is this guy?

SMITH: That's Leo Coleman, the Mayor of Glasgow Spaulding was talking about.

OWEN: Something must have happened about Fort Peck. What do you mean, right away?

COLEMAN: At once. In a few days.

SMITH: (very loud) Is there any money?

COLEMAN: Is there any money? \$20,800,000 to start work on right now!

SMITH: What we got to do to get the job?

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COLEMAN: Have an axe, a pick, or a shovel.

MOORE: When we to start?

COLEMAN: Let's see, this is Wednesday, October 14. Let's say we start Monday the 19th (cheers from crowd) Jake, I'll recommend you for the job as foreman.

JAKE: (slams his fist on the table) Where do I come and when do I start?

COLEMAN: We'll start you tomorrow. Come to my store at 8 O'Clock. I'll turn you over to Captain Wolf of the Army Engineers, who will hire the men. He'll be in on the morning train.

JAKE: I'll be there with shoes on.

COLEMAN: I'll see all the rest of you men Monday. We got to start clearing out the sagebrush and things like that. (Coleman starts to leave) I'm on my way to spread the news to all.

DOOLITTLE: What if we haven't an axe, pick or shovel?

COLEMAN: (stops at the door) The Army Engineers will supply them for you. They'll be ordering a carload in the morning. (hurries out to his car)

THE CROWD BREAKS UP. THEY ARE ALL HAPPY, SLAPPING EACH OTHER ON THE BACK, LAUGHING, WOMEN CRYING, CHILDREN RUNNING AND PLAYING.

PETERSON: Well, I didn't think our meeting would end this way.

SAUNDERSON: No. But you never know these days.

SPAULDING: It is wonderful. Old Fort Peck really saved us. I don't know what we would have done without it. The people were really desperate.

LANTZ: It's the same way all over the country. Without work and security, people do insane things.

PETERSON: That's right. But they're like Jake. When he goes mad, he's not thinking of himself. He's thinking of his wife and kids.

LANTZ: That's right.

SAUNDERSON: Well, I'll admit in the face of all this, my long-range planning sounds pretty academic. What will happen to your re-settlement plan now, Lantz?

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LANTZ: This will help it. After they've had a job for awhile, got their bellies full, some new clothes and even saved a little money, they'll listen. Right now they're worried and confused, but in the end you can always depend on the American people to do the right thing. Besides a good reservoir is what I need. My plan is no good without irrigation water, electricity, and power. Fort Peck Dam, besides giving immediate employment, will in the end give this country the security it has lacked.

SPAULDING: I guess you're right. In America we take care of our problems.

WILSON: (as they get into car) Well, Pete, I suppose you'll be around.

PETERSON: Like the rest of them, I'll be around Fort Peck on Monday and stay there until that job's done. By then I'll be on my feet and ready to start all over again, only in a smarter way. Hope I live to see that reservoir full of water before I die.

SPAULDING: Good for you, Pete.

WILSON AND ALL: (as they drive off) Well, good night and good luck!

PETERSON: Good night, and God Bless America!!

TO A RECORDING OF "GOD BLESS AMERICA" THE PEOPLE LEAVE HAPPY AND EXPECTANT. THEY GO ON FOOT, IN THEIR WAGONS, IN THEIR CARS, AND ON HORSEBACK. THE MUSIC ENDS ON AN EMPTY STAGE.

FINAL NARRATION

And so, Folks, you have seen and heard this year's "Tale of the Milk River Country"--your country and mine.

Of course, we end the story at the beginning of a new era. So very much, we know, has happened since these now historic days of the early 1930's. But that is another story, to be told at another time; next year, we hope.

So, Good Night, and we'll be seeing you.

APPENDIX D

"GLENDIVE CREEK TO GATE CITY"

"Glendive Creek to Gate City"

A Colorful, Historical Drama of Glendive



Souvenir Edition

July 3rd, 4th, 1956 – Glendive, Montana

SCRIPT WRITTEN BY BERT HANSEN
Professor of Speech, Montana State University, Missoula

PRODUCED BY DIAMOND JUBILEE COMMITTEE
SPONSORED BY GLENDDIVE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Written and Directed by Bert Hansen, Professor of Speech of Montana State University, upon the direction of the local script committee.

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THANKS: To the many citizens of Glendive, members of organizations, and individuals who have given so generously of their time and service to assist in making this pageant, "Glendive Creek to Gate City," a success, we offer our sincere thanks.

Glendive Main Street --- 1887



Chief First-To-Fly



DEDICATION

It took perception to see beauty and possibilities in the "badlands", the big sky, and the wide open spaces of eastern Montana in the 1880's. Those who first looked upon the valley of the Yellowstone and found it good were not drawn to this country because they expected to get rich, strike gold, or even oil, but they came and stayed because they liked it. Because of what they did, we like it here, too. As an humble tribute to their stout hearts, high spirits and foresight, we dedicate this play to "The Old Timers".

EPISODE I

SCENE I

CAPT. CLARK AND CORPS HOMEWARD BOUND

NARRATOR: The first record we have of white men passing down the Yellowstone River was in the summer of 1806, when Capt. Clark and part of the Lewis and Clark expedition crossed the Bozeman Range from Three Forks to Livingston. They walked and rode their horses down the Yellowstone River to the site near Laurel where they found cotton wood trees large enough to make boats to float down the Yellowstone River to its mouth where they planned to meet their other members of the expedition, which had taken different routes through Montana on their homeward-bound trek. Clark kept a careful record of his journey down the Yellowstone, and left a remarkably accurate description of the country through which they passed. On the late afternoon of August 1, 1806, 150 years ago, Capt. Clark, with Sacajawea and her man Charbonneau, and their son Pomp, along with other members of the corps stopped at what is now known as Glendive Creek and decided to camp there for the night. During the day the men had killed four buffalo and were planning a rather elaborate meal for them in honor of Capt. Clark's birthday, which was August 1st, the day of their arrival at Glendive Creek.

Stage directions: We see them now in the late afternoon just before their evening meal is to be served. On the right some of the men are skinning the buffalo, wrapping the meat. In the center others, including York, Clark's negro slave servant,

are preparing the meal. Somewhat to the left Capt. Clark is dressing a bruised knee of one of his privates, and a little beyond them Sacajawea sits playing with her 18month old baby, called Pomp. As the lights go on Clark has just finished dressing Gibson's knee. The rest are busy with their various tasks.

CLARK: Well, Gibson, I think that knee will feel better now that I have a good, tight bandage on it.

GIBSON: Well, thanks, Captain, it was sure clumsy of me to fall over that rock after killing that big buffalo, but I guess I was excited.

CLARK: Well, you killed him anyway and we're having him for our meal tonight. We did pretty well today with four buffalo and they're skinning them over there now.

GIBSON: Yes, sir, I sure shot that fellow all right, and when I ran over to put another hole in his head, I tripped right over that rock.

CLARK: Well, it will be all right in a day or two. Take it easy now. Tomorrow just sit in one of the cottonwood boats as we float on down the Yellowstone.

(CLARK NOW WALKS OVER TOWARD SACAJAWEA AND POMP)

LABUICHE: (nudging Charbonneau and speaking to him in a French accent) Ah, my friend, Charbonneau, I see Capt. Clark again goes over to see your woman.

CHARBONNEAU: I not worry, I watch him all time.

HALL: You fellows make me sick. The only thing Capt. Clark cares about is that kid, Pomp. He's crazy about that boy like all the rest of us are.

CHARBONNEAU: I know that much, but Sacajawea, maybe she like Capt. Clark too much I think sometimes.

HALL: Why shouldn't she, he saved her life at the flood of the great falls of the Missouri, didn't he, and took care of her when she was sick. What did you ever do but beat her up?

CHARBONNEAU: What I do to my woman is no one's business but my own.

CLARK: We've already named too many things after me. Not much of a river besides.

SHIELDS: Going to name it something, Capt. Clark?

CLARK: No. I've run out of names. Let someone else do it later. (Clark now walks over to the group where Charbonneau, Labuiche, and Hall are skinning the buffalo). Well, I see the skinning of the buffalo we shot is well underway.

HALL: Yes, Capt. Clark, we only got one left to skin.

LABUICHE: When you think we'll get to the Missouri River, Capt. Clark?

CLARK: Within the next day or two. I don't know how far it is. The water in the river looks much as it did when we passed it in April, 1805, and thought it might be the Missouri River.

WINDSOR: Do you think we'll find Capt. Lewis and Sergeant Ordway and the others waiting for us when we get to the Missouri, Capt. Clark?

CLARK: Well, I hope so. We've been pretty lucky getting together so far. If we don't find them at the mouth of the Yellowstone, we'll camp there a few days.

WINDSOR: I hope the mosquitos won't be too bad.

LABUICHE: That's crazy idea. We've had nothing but mosquitos since we left Fort Mandan over a year ago. At the Gates of the Mountains, the Three Forks, in the Bitter Root and worst of all at Fort Clatsop, by the sea, where we spent the winter.

HALL: Perhaps Capt. Lewis will have got that far and gone on already.

CLARK: That doesn't seem likely, as this trip down the Yellowstone has been pretty fast--faster than Lewis and his men could have gone over land--as many miles as they had to go.

SHIELDS: Besides, they had to stop, and pick up the cache at the great falls of the Missouri River, and the mouth of the Marias River.

CLARK: That's right. Well, I guess when our meal is over we'll not go on but get a good night's rest, try to make about twenty-five miles down the river tomorrow.

HALL: It has been a pretty miserable day--rained all the time.
A good night's rest will do us all good, also, a little
wind that will drive the mosquitos away.

CLARK: Well, it looks like it's clearing up. I guess I'll go
over and play with Pomp.

CHARBONNEAU: Pomp asleep. Anyone can tell that.

CLARK: Then I'll talk with Sacajawea.

CHARBONNEAU: Don't forget, that is my woman and my child,
Capt. Clark.

CLARK: (Sharply) I'm aware of that, Charbonneau, but what
difference does it make? Is there anything wrong with my
being interested in both Sacajawea and Pomp?

CHARBONNEAU: She told me last night that you was talkin' to
her about goin' to St. Louis after we come to our home at
Fort Mandan again.

CLARK: I think it's a good idea.

CHARBONNEAU: Well, I don't think it is good. Remember she is
my woman and if I say she no go, she no go!

CLARK: She made it perfectly clear to me, Charbonneau, that
she would not go unless you approved of the idea. (He
walks away over toward Sacajawea and Pomp).

LABUICHE: (As Capt. Clark leaves) Well, there you go,
Charbonneau, try to keep a Captain away from your woman!

CHARBONNEAU: Don't worry, I will be watching him.

COLTER: You two fellows are sure looking for trouble, aren't
you?

LABUICHE: Not lookin' for it, just talkin' about it. All
Frenchmen like to talk about trouble, but they never like
to get into trouble.

CLARK: (As he comes over to Sacajawea and looks down at Pomp
who is now asleep in the cradle on Sacajawea's lap).
Well, Sacajawea, I see Pomp is sleeping like a tired
little kitten.

SACAJAWEA: Yes, right away after you talk the wind come up
and horrible "musqueters" go away. That what you call
ginger good for little Pomp's bites.

CLARK: Yes, I know.

SACAJAWEA: I think these things happen, Capt. Clark, because you are good man at all times. Many things have come to happen when you have spoken.

CLARK: Sacajawea, you can think of nice things to say, just like white girls. You really should come with us to St. Louis. You'd like it, and I'll educate Pomp like a white boy.

SACAJAWEA: Oh, I want to, Capt. Clark, very much, but Charbonneau says he will not come. (Sacajawea, sadly) If Charbonneau not come, then I not come.

CLARK: You could come without him and bring Pomp--or let me take Pomp alone.

SACAJAWEA: Charbonneau is my man. I must do what he tells me to do. (Pomp stirs). See, he hears you. He is awake and smiling at you.

CLARK: Dear little Pomp. How lonesome all of us would have been without him--and without you, too, Sacajawea.

SACAJAWEA: (Softly) You very nice man, Capt. Clark.

EPISODE I

SCENE II

THE NAMING OF GLENDIVE CREEK

NARRATOR: "The name of the City of Glendive has been generally supposed to have originated when the Northern Pacific Railroad reached the Yellowstone River in 1881-82, as did the names of Miles City, Billings, and Livingston", said the late David Hilger, former secretary of the state historical library in an interview several years ago. "The fact is that Glendive was named for Glendive Creek, which empties into the Yellowstone River near the town. Government maps note Glendive Creek in the early sixties and the W. W. DeLacey map of 1864 has Glendive Creek marked. On July 5, 1881, the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed to the Yellowstone and the settlement of Glendive was ushered into existence.

It is now generally agreed that the City of Glendive takes its name from the creek of the same name--Glendive Creek, which was given its name by Sir George Gore, an Irish sportsman who came up the Yellowstone and visited the vicinity with a hunting party in 1855. Sir George Gore camped very near to where now the City of Glendive prospers.

Scene: In the middle of the staging area is a tent of 1855 vintage opened so that the audience sees what takes place inside. Sir George Gore sits at the table formally dressed, and is waited on by a servant behaving in due form. Just outside the tent to the left Jim Bridger approaches the tent. He is intercepted by a member of the party.

MAN: Did you wish something, Mr. Bridger?

BRIDGER: Yeh, got a couple things I want to talk to the big boss about.

MAN: Sir George has just finished his dinner and is now participating of his after dinner wine.

BRIDGER: Well, don't see any reason why I shouldn't join him. But I'll be darned if I'll drink any of his wine.

MAN: You have been with us, Mr. Bridger, ever since we wintered last year at Fort Laramie. By this time you should know that Sir George lets nothing interfere with his meals.

BRIDGER: Pretty fancy man, all right. Thought maybe he had toned down a little bit since he sent most of his private "army" of 40 men, with 112 horses, 14 dogs, 6 wagons, and 21 carts on to Fort Union. Thought maybe he'd decided to float down the Yellowstone in a fairly humble and respectful manner.

(SIR GEORGE NOW GETS UP FROM THE TABLE WIPING HIS LIPS, DIPS HIS HANDS INTO A FINGER BOWL, STRAIGHTENS HIS CLOTHES, AND STARTS OUT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE TENT.)

MAN: What Sir George intends to do, Mr. Bridger, is for him to decide--not you or me.

BRIDGER: Well, that's one of the things I wanted to see him about. Better be careful or some of these Indians are going to do some deciding for him.

(SIR GEORGE COMES OUT OF THE TENT AND SEES BRIDGER AND THE MAN.)

SIR GEORGE: Ah, my friend the mountain-man, Jim Bridger. I'm glad you're on hand. I wanted someone to talk to this beautiful evening.

BRIDGER: Well, I've been wanting to see you too, George, but this man of yours says you shouldn't be interrupted.

SIR GEORGE: Well, under ordinary circumstances that is the case, but tonight I feel very relaxed. Wanted to take a walk down to that beautiful brook to the south of us. (As he walks over looking down toward the creek he continues). The stream and surrounding topography remind me so much of a stream in my native Ireland. Everything is so calm, lovely, beautiful--fresh spring water flowing quietly on its way to the river. All seems sort of lovely, and innocent. Soon it will be the warm, muddled

muck of the Yellowstone and Missouri, until finally it reaches St. Louis and the Mississippi and on down to the Gulf of Mexico where it will have lost its innocent beauty, beaten down forever, away from these beautiful surroundings and into the miseries of the work.

BRIDGER: Sounds kind of nice but don't know what you're talkin' about.

SIR GEORGE: Sorry, I'm in one of my rare moods. Does the creek have a name, Mr. Bridger?

BRIDGER: I never heard it called nothin'. Likely as not no one bothered to name a little creek like this anything.

SIR GEORGE: Doesn't need to be necessarily big to be important, Mr. Bridger. As a matter of fact, I'm inclined to believe that simple, innocent things are not only more beautiful but more important. So I am going to name this brook, Mr. Bridger, after the countryside of my boyhood home in Ireland. So, in honor of my great and glorious land, I hereby name this creek and the surrounding country "The Vale of Glendale", and long may it live in its innocence and beauty, and may many people come here in later years and admire it with the same sense of its beauty and importance as I do now.

BRIDGER: Well, I guess you got a right to do that. If you want to call it Glendive Creek go ahead.

SIR GEORGE: Not Glendive, Mr. Bridger, Glendale!

BRIDGER: Well, Glendive or Glendale, whatever you like. I'll tell the folks about it, and if you come back here later, people will be calling it, not just an old creek, but the "Vale of Glendive".

SIR GEORGE: Not Glendive, Mr. Bridger! Glendale!

BRIDGER: Well, I can't see that it makes much difference, Glendale or Glendive.

SIR GEORGE: These Americans! What a race of people! Did you come here to see me about something, Mr. Bridger?

BRIDGER: Well, yes, George, I came up to talk to you about what some Indians over on the Crow reservation and also on the Blackfoot reservation have been talking to me about earlier this evening.

SIR GEORGE: Indians from reservations! What's that, Mr. Bridger?

BRIDGER: Fancy name Governor Stevens out there in Washington territory gave them a year ago. You see Stevens, he knows the white mans coming here, so he fixes places for Indians to live--not only Crows--them places set aside for them to live and calls 'em Indian Reservations. You see, Stevens and the government know white mans coming out through this here country--goin' to build wagon roads, even railroads, right on out from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. So, they got to have the Indians pushed unto reservations for they can't do any monkey business.

SIR GEORGE: But why do the Americans want a railroad out here?

BRIDGER: Well, according to what I hear there's lots of tradin' done by businessmen in the East with the Japs and Chinks --Chinamen you know--and these businessmen don't want to ship their stuff clear around Cape Horn, want to just run it across the country from coast to coast. Well, when Jefferson was President, he sent an army corp to explore the country headed by a couple of captains named Lewis and Clark to see if maybe a water passage couldn't be worked out, you know, rivers and canals and the like.

SIR GEORGE: Surely not through the mountains?

BRIDGER: Well, nobody knew nothing about the country but when Lewis and Clark got back, they straightened them out. So they got to figuring other ways--like I said.

SIR GEORGE: What about this country here? Did they see it?

BRIDGER: Sure, Capt. Clark and about half of the party came down the Yellowstone here and gave good reports on it. From what I hear they are figuring a railroad would work out through this country someday, and not too far off.

SIR GEORGE: Well, I'm not interested in Indians or railroads, Mr. Bridger; bears, buffalos, deer, elk and antelope are my interests.

BRIDGER: You mean dead ones.

SIR GEORGE: Well, after all, Mr. Bridger, I came on a shooting excursion in the wilds of America. What should I do--just look at them?

BRIDGER: I reckon not you. Well, anyway, these Indians are pretty interested in buffalos and things like that too. Not only do they have to have these buffalos for food, they need their hides to make clothes and teepees out of.

SIR GEORGE: What has that got to do with me?

BRIDGER: Well, they just thought maybe you didn't have to shoot and kill so many of them, you know, just like shooting at a target, or something like that. Thought maybe you would leave the buffalos alone so they could get them for themselves, 'cause with them, it's not a sport, but something they live on. You see, George, they don't just shoot them and let 'em lay there. They shoot and use both the flesh and hides for food and clothes, and to build teepees, like I said. About all they got to live on. You don't like nobody interfering with your meals, George; well, the Indians ain't much different.

SIR GEORGE: Hm, you have a point there. Tell me, how far are we from the Missouri River, Mr. Bridger?

BRIDGER: Oh, about thirty miles.

SIR GEORGE: Well, I'm a little bit impatient to be on to Fort Union, and visit with my friend Major Culbertson. So, from now on I'll leave their buffalos and bears alone. Thinking pretty seriously of going back to England for a year. After that, I'll take a little time off to shoot some tigers, lions, elephants and a few hippopotamus in South Africa. They tell me that is a great sport. Maybe the natives there won't be quite so hungry, and I understand they don't wear much--ah--clothing.

BRIDGER: Well, that's fine, George, just so you leave these Indian hunters something to hunt. They had in mind to jump on you, but I'll keep 'em away--tell them you're going to leave things alone.

SIR GEORGE: That will be magnificent. I'm not looking for trouble, you know, Mr. Bridger.

BRIDGER: I'll fix it, George. (As he starts off toward the creek he calls back) And I'll not forget, George, to say that you named this here creek properly "Glendive Creek", like you said.

SIR GEORGE: (After a moments pause) Glendive! Uh! Incredible people!

EPISODE I

SCENE III

THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES OF THE FOUNDING OF FT. CANBY

NARRATOR: The Glendive Creek area next became prominent when the United States Government, in 1873, established Fort Canby as a depot of supplies. On July 5th of that year, a ceremony was held which officially established the post.

Scene: Toward the rear center the Captain and Lieutenants stand in front of a platoon. To the right, slightly forward to this group is a drummer and bugler. In the middle of the area slightly to the right of the drum corp is the flag staff. Standing prepared to raise the flag on command are two non-commissioned officers. On the upper end of the field facing the soldiers with backs to the audience are, in the first row: Capt. H. J. Hawkins, center, to his left, W. Milner Roberts, the Chief Surveyor of the Surveying Crew of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and on his right, Colonel Lewis Merrill, a retired Civil War officer, who is interested in promoting the sale of land around the area. He is not in uniform. He is about 35 years old. Standing behind these are: Capt. Wm. Ludlow, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., army surgeon Wm. Barbour, and other officers, including the adjutant of the company. Between these and the audience are a group of mountain men, ranchers, farmers and some Indians.

On a command from Capt. Hawkins to Capt. Britten the men are ordered to present arms. Capt. Britten then motions

to the bugle corp and they start playing "To the Colors". As soon as the bugle corp have started the sergeants raise the flag. After the flag has been raised, the order is given to the men to stand at attention. After the raising of the flag, Lt. P. M. Thorne step forward and reads the proclamation.

THORNE: (reads) Washington D. C., June 1, 1873. By the order of the Secretary of war the post Camp Canby, under the command of Capt. H. J. Hawkins, 6th Infantry, is to be established as a depot of supplies for an exploration expedition sent out by the government from the Missouri River in the interest of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

(AS HE FINISHES THE PROCLAMATION, CAPT. HAWKINS STEPS FORWARD).

HAWKINS: I consider it a very great honor to be the commanding officer of Companies "E", "F", and "G" of the United States Infantry, as of now established as Camp Canby, the first army post established on the Yellowstone River. I wish now to present Mr. W. Milner Roberts, head of the surveying crew for the Northern Pacific Railroad, which is moving westward from Minneapolis and eastward from Tacoma in Washington territory. It will, within a few years, reach this point, build a bridge across the Yellowstone River, establish a town which will be a division center for the Northern Pacific Railroad, the first such railroad center to be established in Montana territory. I now present Mr. W. Milner Roberts, head of the surveying crew of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

(MR. ROBERTS COMES FORWARD).

MR. ROBERTS: The Northern Pacific Railroad is exceedingly grateful to the U. S. Army for establishing this post in the interest of the men who are now surveying the proposed route, and others who will be working later on the building of the bridge and laying tracks up to and beyond this point. We are especially grateful that they saw fit to send such a capable and remarkable officer and gentleman to head this post as Capt. Hawkins. (He returns to the group).

CAPT. HAWKINS: (comes forward) And now it is my very great pleasure to present Colonel Lewis Merrill, retired Army Officer in the Civil War in which as a young man he served with unusual distinction. Colonel Merrill.

MERRILL: Thank you, Capt. Hawkins. As many of you know, I am looking over the country with the idea of later establishing some kind of a land colonization company. Its purpose will be to sell the land-hungry American, on long-term payment, the land the Northern Pacific Railroad will acquire from the government. There had been a couple of agricultural specialists also surveying the country around this area and they found it to be an exceedingly fine territory. Literature is being prepared explaining the potential possibilities. When the railroad is finally completed this literature will be sent all around our country and to European countries describing the wonderful opportunities for farming and ranching and the building of many fine stores and homes in the town to be established. Thank you, Capt. Hawkins, for the opportunity to speak on this occasion.

(CAPT. BRITTON NOW GIVES THE ORDER AND THE SOLDIERS MARCH TO THE LEFT AND THEN PASS IN REVIEW BEFORE THE OFFICERS AND THE PEOPLE AS THEY LEAVE THE STAGE. AS THE LAST SOLDIER LEAVES, CAPT. HAWKINS SHAKES HANDS WITH COLONEL LEWIS MERRILL AND THE CHIEF SURVEYOR OF THE SURVEYING CREW OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD).

MERRILL: (After the review is over). While I know it will be sometime, Mr. Roberts, before you really get that bridge built here, and start erecting a roundhouse, shops and depot and things like that, I've got in mind what I'd like to have the place called.

MR. ROBERTS: Well, fine, what would you like to call it?

MERRILL: Well, the name I want to suggest is Glendive, named after that creek that flows into the Yellowstone down there.

MR. ROBERTS: Oh, I didn't really know the creek had a name.

MERRILL: Yes, it was named actually in 1856, by an Irish gentleman named Sir George Gore, who was on a hunting expedition in these parts. He so named it, I understand, after his home country in Ireland.

MR. ROBERTS: Glendive! I come from Ireland. I heard of Glendales, Glencree, Glenalough, but never heard of a Glendive!

MERRILL: The government maps ever since 1860 have registered it as Glendive Creek, and when W. W. DeLacy made an official government map in 1854, he marked it very clearly Glendive Creek.

MR. ROBERTS: Well, that's fine. I see no reason why it shouldn't be so called. I'll write to the Northern Pacific Railroad officials and suggest it. They can then include the name in their literature--it it meets with their approval.

MERRILL: I suggested the name to some people and no one objected to it--in fact, they like it, so I'm sure it'll be all right.

MR. ROBERTS: Fine, Colonel Merrill. We'll give you the credit for naming the town.

(AN OLD TIMER MOUNTAIN MAN, KNOWN AS "LIVER EATING" JOHNSON COMES FORWARD).

JOHNSON: Guess you fellers ain't never heard of me, but I'm "Liver Eating" Johnson, old timer mountain man and friend of the Injuns.

HAWKINS: What can we do for you, Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON: Capt. Hawkins, just tell me, what is the purpose of puttin' up a post here--in the interest of the Injuns in this here part of the country, or in the interest of the Northern Pacific?

HAWKINS: Well, in terms of the development of the Northwest, the two should be pretty much one and the same thing.

JOHNSON: Lot of the Injuns think that them there soldiers are here to protect the workin' men from the Injuns and to keep them from stealing the supplies.

HAWKINS: Well, there might be something to that.

JOHNSON: Well, they don't like it much, and there's an Assiribone Injun Chief here who'd like to have me interput something for him to you to give you an idee of what the Injuns think of it.

HAWKINS: That's fine. Bring him over.

JOHNSON: Hey, Chief Long Hair, come on over. (The Indian, using his own language with many gestures, talks to Mr. Johnson). This chief here says that the Injuns don't want no railroad a'comin' through here. They don't

know much what it's all about, but if the railroad comes through they're a'thinkin' that a lot of settlers will come here, so they wanta know what a'goin' happen to their huntin' grounds.

HAWKINS: Well, we're here to help prevent any Indian trouble, but we hope the Indians can be made to understand that we're thinking in terms of progress, building a railroad clear across this great and glorious United States, from coast to coast. First one in the Northern part of the country.

JOHNSON: Well, that'll be a little hard to explain to the Injuns, 'cause they got it figured out this way--this is their land and they feel that the white men shouldn't jist be a'movin' in with anything they please jist to suit their convenience, without thinkin' about what the Injuns want.

MR. ROBERTS: We run across that sort of attitude on the part of the Indians right along. However, the government has given the Northern Pacific the right to build a railroad from Chicago to the Pacific coast. If the Indians want to take it up with the government, that's their privilege, but as far as I'm concerned, me, being the chief of the railroad surveying party, and Capt. Hawkins, under Army orders, are here to carry out instructions we have received from men higher up. After all, the country must progress and progress can't be delayed by the Indians.

CAPT. HAWKINS: Maybe you can help the Indians to realize they will gain something from the railroad, too, and that they are not to go on the warpath over it.

JOHNSON: Well, I see what you mean all right, and I've been around long enough to know that when the army starts to do something in Injun territory, they go ahead and do it. I'll try to explain it as good as I can.

CAPT. HAWKINS: Thank you. I'm sure that with a little explaining they'll all realize that what we're doing is for the good of all people, including the Indians.

(THE CROWD HAS NOW DISPERSED PRETTY GENERALLY AND CAPT. HAWKINS AND THE CHIEF SURVEYOR WALK OFF TO THE LEFT).

MR. ROBERTS: The Indians are quite a problem.

CAPT. HAWKINS: Yes, indeed. But two or three demonstrations of the power of the army in this part of the country during the last few years has had a tendency to subdue

them and I don't anticipate any trouble here.

MR. ROBERTS: I hope not, because this railroad will be built and it will operate and serve the people and the government for many, many years to come.

(ALL THE LIGHTS ARE NOW TURNED OUT EXCEPT FOR A LIGHT SHINING ON THE AMERICAN FLAG).

EPISODE II
Scene 1

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN

NARRATOR: The first Northern Pacific train into Glendive arrived on July 5, 1881 - 75 years ago the day after tomorrow (1st night - "75 years ago tomorrow", 2nd night). It was a work train loaded with men who were to continue laying the rails on westward, but even though it was a work train, and there was little time for celebrating, the town made a festive occasion out of it. The railroad meant a great deal to a small community whose livelihood would depend to a great extent upon its cattle production, buffalo hides, and other commodities which required shipping east or west.

Glendive at the time was little more than a collection of hastily tossed up shacks and log huts and occasional tents. It had been surveyed and laid out in the late summer of 1880 on a tract of land originally belonging to the railroad company and which had been transferred to the town by the Yellowstone Land and Colonization Company. Colonel Lewis Merrill was president of this company and it was under his direction that the site was chosen and the town plotted and named.

As we move into the day of July 5, 1881, we see the crowd - cattlemen, railroad men, farmers, and Indians - awaiting the coming of the first train to arrive at Glendive.

Scene: Small platform set up in foreground. Depot where train will make its entrance is in background. Crowd of cattlemen, roughly dressed cowboys, and a few women and children are milling around platform - all are excited. Between depot and platform a group of Indians are speaking in sign language. Off to one side in the foreground sits an old chuckwagon where cowhands are preparing for the big feed which is to be served after the train arrives.

There is a little group of three men leaning on one corner of the platform near the audience. These men are all cowboys and are discussing the coming of the train. Among them are Marron and Parsons.

PARSONS (a cattleman): Well, Marron, it will sure be a great day in Glendive for us cattlemen.

ED MARRON (a cattleman): Yep, Parsons, we can almost feed and load our steers right here in the depot.

KIRK STANLEY (cowboy): When they get your "44" brands down here, Parsons, and Marron's H-S stock, and then when all the other ranchers start shippin', too, we'll make Glendive into a regular little Chicago.

PARSONS: No more of this walking the meat off them. Every mile costs a man a lot of good beefsteak, and beefsteak is the same as money to me.

MARRON: Wonder where that railroad train is. Haven't heard any whistles yet. And speaking of whistles, I'm going to have to wet mine down if I stand here in this dust much longer! How about it, Parsons and Kirk?

STANLEY: Shore thing!

PARSONS (AS THEY START TOWARD BAR TENT) Not a bad idea, only one drink is all Kirk Stanley can have.

STANLEY: That's what you think!

(THEY TURN TO LEAVE, HEADING FOR THE TENT OVER TO ONE SIDE, LABELED "BAR")

MARRON: (STOPS, CALLS TO MOUNTAIN MAN WHO HAS BEEN STANDING BY) Mountain man, want to come over and have a drink?

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: Who, me?

MARRON: Sure, why not? You're here to celebrate the coming of the railroad, aren't you?

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: Me? No, no, I'm not any more than the Injuns are. We think it's a rotten thing to have a train coming, steaming through the country, killing the game and destroying our hunting lands.

MARRON: Well, I can see your point - but time changes things.

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: Well, hunters, trappers, and Injuns don't like it.

MARRON: Too bad. But nothing you can do about it, I'm afraid. Sure you don't want a drink?

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: Not me. I'm goin' over to where the Injuns are. Like 'em better than white men.

(THE THREE MEN GO TOWARD "TENT BAR" OVER AT ONE SIDE. MOUNTAIN MAN, LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON, GOES OVER TOWARD INDIANS.)

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: Hey, Chief Red Stone.

CHIEF RED STONE: What you come here to do?

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: To see you Indians, that's what.

CHIEF RED STONE: You no celebratin' coming of what Indians call "Iron Horse"?

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: Not anymore than you are.

CHIEF RED STONE: Indians will do war dance when Iron Horse comes.

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: Better do one now, before Iron Horse comes.

CHIEF RED STONE: If you say, we do.

LIVER EATIN' JOHNSON: I say.

(THE INDIANS DO A WAR DANCE. AS IT IS COMPLETING, A RIDER COMES IN FROM ACROSS THE AREA WHERE THE TRACKS ARE.)

RIDER: Whoopee! Whoopee! (SHOOTS PISTOL) She's coming, folks, she's coming, with her belly full of fire and her nose ablowin' smoke and steam a mile high!

(HE RIDES OVER TO CROWD AND DISMOUNTS. SEVERAL EXCITED TOWNSPEOPLE SURROUND HIM AND START TALKING TO HIM, AND IN GESTURES. INDIAN DANCE BECOMES LOUDER AND MORE FIERCE. MEN TURN BACK FROM BAR AND RESUME FORMER POSITIONS NEAR PLATFORM, ALONG WITH SEVERAL OTHERS, INCLUDING DOUGLAS, THE STOREOWNER. THE TRAIN COMES IN AND THE ENTIRE CROWD WATCHES. EVEN INDIANS STOP AND LOOK AS TRAIN PULLS IN. AS TRAIN STOPS, WORKMEN DISMOUNT AND COME OVER TO PLATFORM ON STAGING AREA. THEY ARE ACCOMPANIED BY THE ENGINEER AND A PASSENGER, FRANK FLEMING, WHO'S ALL DRESSED UP IN TYPICAL DUDE CLOTHES OF THE PERIOD. AS THE WORKMEN MOVE FROM TRAIN ACROSS FIELD, PARSONS, MARRON AND STANLEY CONTINUE CONVERSATION; BARTENDER HAS JOINED THEM.)

PARSONS: (WHILE THE PEOPLE ARE COMING) Well, Ed, they made it. Maybe a little late, but I'll stake my money on a train before I would another long cattle drive any day.

MARRON: They would have to be a long time late before I would try walking mine very far to market again. Don't

imagine they run into Indian trouble much any more, but I guess those buffalo do a lot to hold the trains up.

BARTENDER: You know, a herd of them things could almost wreck a train if it didn't stop for 'em. They sure are big and powerful, and three or four thousand of them cuttin' across a track could slow even an Iron Horse down!

(THERE IS SOME DISCHARGING OF GUNS INTO AIR AND THE CROWD BECOMES NOISY. DURING THE ABOVE CONVERSATION, THE WORKMEN HAVE MADE IT TO THE PLATFORM AND BEGUN MINGLING WITH THE CROWD. THE PASSENGER, FRANK FLEMING, COMES AHEAD OF THE OTHERS AND LOOKS AROUND IN A CONFUSED WAY.)

LEM: Hey, fellers, we got a city slicker what's gonna dance for us. Hey, you (TO FLEMING), come over here, dude!

FLEMING: Are any of you gentlemen Mr. Douglas?

LEM: Do we look like we was a storekeeper?

FLEMING: It's all...it's very confusing. Not at all like Boston.

LEM: No, it ain't. So the first thing for you to do in the west, is dance a mighty fine jig.

FLEMING: But, gentlemen, I don't know how to jig. Besides, there's no music!

BILL: (LAUGHING) He's right - there ain't no music, gentlemen, so looks like we're gonna have to rustle up some of our own. (LAUGHS AGAIN, AND SHOOTS INTO AIR.)

TED: O.K., Dude, when we play, you dance. (TAKES SHOT AT FLEMING'S FEET.) Come on, Dude, let's really lift them store-bought shoes high. (HE FIRES THREE OR FOUR MORE TIMES AT FLEMING'S FEET. FLEMING JUMPS ABOUT.)

FLEMING: Gentlemen, gentlemen!

(SUDDENLY, MR. DOUGLAS AND MR. MEAD HURRY OUT OF THE CROWD AND MAKE FOR THE COWBOYS AND FLEMING.)

MEAD: Hold it, men. You're shooting up my new bookkeeper. (MEN STOP SHOOTING.) You shoot him and all three of you will spend the rest of your days counting out crackers and measuring gingham, instead of him.

(COWBOYS STOP AS MEAD AND DOUGLAS APPROACH. MEAD TURNS TO FLEMING.)

MEAD: Who are you, a new clerk named Fleming?

FLEMING: Yes, sir. I hope you're Mr. Mead.

MEAD: (LOOKING HIM OVER) I am.

FLEMING: Thank heavens! What strange hospitality!

DOUGLAS: Oh, don't mind them. The boys don't see a city fellow with store clothes like yours very often. It excites them. (SMILES) Well, you might as well get on over to the tent there. (POINTS TO STORE.) We got a thousand dried buffalo hides to ship out on the train when she leaves.

FLEMING: But...I...I've never loaded buffalo hides before, wet or dry. I'm a bookkeeper!

DOUGLAS: Oh, that's all right. You'll get used to them. Frank Mead, my partner, will show you how. It's just like 100-pound bags of beans or salt, except the smell's a little different.

(SENDS FLEMING OFF AND MOVES BACK INTO CROWD.) AS

DOUGLAS AND MEAD MOVE BACK INTO CROWD, THERE IS A

SLIGHT DISTURBANCE ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ASSEMBLY,

AS FOUR MEN EDGE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE PLATFORM.

THESE MEN ARE MR. McCONE, MERCHANT AND MAILCARRIER

AND LATER DISTINGUISHED SENATOR OF DAWSON COUNTY,

COLONEL MERRILL, MR. CANFIELD (STATION AGENT),

JOEL GLEASON (ENGINEER OF THE FIRST TRAIN TO ARRIVE
IN GLENDIVE), AND JOHN BENDON, LOCAL TOWNSMAN. AS
THESE MEN REACH THE PLATFORM AND BEGIN TO MOUNT IT,
THE CROWD QUIETS DOWN SOME. THE INDIANS COME OVER
AND STAND ABOUT). (NOW McCONE STEPS UP TO SPEAK.)

McCONE: Citizens of Glendive, we have two reasons for welcoming the railroad into our town today. Both of these reasons are kind of selfish. As you know, this railroad will bring new people from all over the world, not only to live and work around Glendive, but all over Montana. It isn't a question of how much land you can have--it's how much can you handle? My second selfish reason involves a lot of pride in our town here. I think it is significant that today, the 5th of July, 1881, just one day after Independence Day, an event should take place which will be almost as important for our territory as that which we celebrated yesterday. Cattlemen, business men, farmers, with this road here to keep things flowing east and west, the only limitations left are your own abilities. And Glendive isn't a watering spot for cows and horses any more--it's a railroad station now, that will put your beef on every table in New York and San Francisco. And now, citizens, I wish to introduce Mr. Canfield, our new Glendive station agent. Mr. Canfield.
(CROWD CHEERS.)

CANFIELD: Thank you, Mr. McCone. It's an important event for Glendive and for the Northern Pacific Railroad. We're over half way between Chicago and Tacoma, terminal points of our railroad, and Glendive is one of the vital links in the chain that binds the east coast to the west coast. As for keeping the system on time, that will depend upon men like Joel Gleason here, who, as an engineer, will run the engines when the tracks are finished. (CROWD CHEERS. CANFIELD STEPS ASIDE SO THAT GLEASON CAN SAY SOMETHING.)

GLEASON: Well, Mr. Canfield, you keep the switches open and keep the buffalo off the track and me and my pile of steam will do the rest. (CROWD LAUGHS AND CHEERS AGAIN.)

McCONE: And now I wish to present Colonel Lewis Merrill, President of the Yellowstone Land & Colonization Company.

MERRILL: Ladies and gentlemen, I am very happy to welcome the coming of the railroad train to our town of Glendive. As Mr. McCone has said, and as you all know, I've organized the Yellowstone Land & Colonization Company, and that company owns the land on which the town of Glendive will be built. As a company, of course, we are anxious that a town of stores, hotels, restaurants, livery stables, and so on, be built as soon as possible, for we have many other acres of land in this part of Montana Territory, and we want to, and will soon start, bringing in settlers by the hundreds. However, it is essential that we must build a town that is a town--not a row of tents and shacks as we now have here in Glendive. So, I am, as President of the company, willing to let prospective businessmen have town lots at a very low price. I might add that if Glendive doesn't take advantage of its opportunity, it will be necessary for us to promote a settlement elsewhere. So, let's all get busy and build a real town of Glendive.

McCONE: And, now, as everyone knows, we have some very good Indian friends here. I would like to ask Chief Red Stone if he has anything he has to say. (CHIEF RED STONE MOVES FORWARD.)

CHIEF RED STONE: Long ago, this was country of my people. Now, we live on little place called reservation. We now think this railroad comes and will run out our buffalo. My people feel like it is stealing Indian's cache. The white man comes more and more. He will come as long as he lives, he will take more and more from Indians, and like his Iron Horse, he dirties what he leaves.

McCONE: Chief, you must know that what the white man does is not intended to hurt the Indians.

CHIEF RED STONE: No? You friend here. What you all call Colonel Merrill, he lie like devil, because he want flat lands and soft grass which he will sell to more white men, not for the good of the many, but to make money. When will you be satisfied? (HE WALKS OFF. THE CROWD IS SILENT.)

McCONE: The Indians are our friends, and we are friends of the Indians. Of course, it will take some time to make all the necessary arrangements. But now, we have our good friend here, John Bendon, who has brought in his chuckwagon and is going to feed us all, and then we'll dance on into the long hours of the night in celebration. Come on, John, tell the folks about it. (CROWD CHEERS. AT THIS POINT, JOHN BENDON, THE LOCAL TOWNSMAN, STEPS UP AND RAISES HIS HAND FOR SILENCE.)

BENDON: Folks, all this fuss and fume has whupped up an awful appetite inside a me, and I'll bet it has inside you all, too. So, I think now's the time for a little food and after that dancin' and celebratin'. You all know where the chuckwagon is, so step right on over and help yourselves. (CROWD APPLAUDS. MEN LEAVE PLATFORM AND HEAD FOR CHUCKWAGON. CROWD FOLLOWS AND EVERYONE IS SERVED. INDIANS DO SECOND WAR DANCE AT SIDE, AND AFTER THE WHITE FOLKS EAT, THEY STAND AROUND AND WATCH.)

EPISODE II
Scene 2

THE PAYMASTER ROBBERY

Even though in 1882 the Northern Pacific Railroad was operating as far west as Miles City on a good and regular schedule, the country could not as yet abandon other means of transportation. Boats carried goods and passengers up and down the Yellowstone River, and stagecoaches still made regular trips to points in all directions from Glendive, in connection with the railroad.

There were, on the stagecoaches, hold-ups by highway robbers, which occurred in 1883, only a year after the first train entered Glendive. The following scene depicts one of such hold-ups which occurred a few miles out of Glendive, as the army "pay-wagon" by-passed Glendive on its regular monthly trip carrying gold from Ft. Bufort, which had come up the Missouri by boat to Fort Keogh.

Setting: There will be some trees on the southwest corner of the athletic field. Behind them, the four robbers are hiding. The two wagons should come up from the creek bed to race track, then pass in front of the grandstand. The scene opens with the four robbers--the leader is crippled and called "Gympy"--visible to the entire audience. The wagons are not seen, at first. In the first wagon are the Paymaster, Captain Whipple, and a driver, Slim. In the

second wagon, a driver, Bill, and Private O'Brien and Sergeant Conrad.)

GYMPY: No, fellers, I've watches this thing for the last three months, and I know just what happens, so you three guys do what I say and we'll get the gold from the Paymaster when he rides out of that gulch into this here road, then we'll head for Dakota Territory, hide out for a month or so, divide the money, then each get out of the country in his own way.

JACK: All right, Gympy, you tell us what we're to do.

GYMPY: Well, as I told you, this is the day the Paymaster comes through here bringing gold from Ft. Buford to Ft. Keogh, where there is a company of soldiers. They don't go through Glendive, but come on this side of the river, so there ain't no danger of any Glendive folks seein' us or hearin' us if we have to shoot.

FRED: I ain't much interested in this here shootin' business.

GYMPY: No special reason why we should have to do any shootin' if we handle this thing right. Them guys don't own the money, so what do they care what happens to it? Least ways, not enough to start a shootin' over it.

FRED: You say there are always two wagons, eh?

GYMPY: Yeah, always two. I've watched it every time it comes through for the last three months, like I said. Every time the clerks have ridden in the first wagon and the Paymaster, name's Captain Whipple, has the gold in the second wagon.

JACK: What if they change it around this time?

GYMPY: There ain't no chance of that. After all, the reason the clerks come on before the Paymaster isn't only to check everything when the fellows are being paid, but also to act as a bodyguard for the second wagon which has the Paymaster and the gold in it.

FRED: How close are those two wagons together?

GYMPY: Well, that's the point of being here where we are.

You see, they've got to come up Devil's Gulch onto this here coal-bank hill. Now, every time I watched 'em come by here, the first wagon has always been quite a ways ahead of the second wagon, which lags a little bit right here where we are. So, we'll let the first go by and get the second. We'll do it as quiet as we can, with no shootin', if we can help it, so as the first wagon won't know the second one has been held up.

JACK: Which one of us is going to get the gold and which is going to use the guns?

GYMPY: Pete, you and Fred take the guns and hold 'em on 'em. There never has been more than two in the Paymaster's wagon. I'll get in front of 'em with a gun, too. Jack, you get up there in the wagon as soon as we stop 'em and get the gold from the Paymaster. Throw it on down to me and I'll run on down to the Gulch. Then you fellows follow me on down to where our horses are and we'll get out of here.

JACK: O.K. Sounds easy enough. Wonder why the government don't give more protection to their Paymaster.

GYMPY: Heck, there ain't enough people livin' in this country yet to make highway robbery a common thing.

PETE: When do you expect them?

GYMPY: Any time now.

PETE: You got any chewin' tobacco, Fred?

GYMPY: Don't take no chewin' tobacco now. Might get excited and swallow the stuff.

PETE: Wouldn't be the first time.

GYMPY: Well, I'm tellin' you not to take any until we get this job done.

FRED: Hey! Here comes a couple wagons now on the other side of Devil's Gulch!

GYMPY: That's them, sure enough. Now, get down behind them trees and let the first one pass. Soon as it's past, we'll get out there and get that gold. (THE AUDIENCE NOW SEES THE TWO WAGONS COMING DOWN THROUGH THE CREEK

BED, THE FIRST WAGON WAY AHEAD OF THE SECOND. THE FIRST IS DRIVEN BY MULES. AS THEY GET ON TO THE RACE TRACK, THE DRIVER SPEAKS.)

SLIM: (DRIVER FOR CAPTAIN WHIPPLE) What'll we do, wait for the other guys?

CAPTAIN WHIPPLE: No, keep on going. They've got a faster team than we have and they'll catch up with us.

SLIM: I thought they were supposed to act as our guards.

CAPTAIN WHIPPLE: Who's going to hold anybody up here in this Godforsaken country? Keep going. (THE DRIVER GETS THE MULES INTO THE RUN AND THEY GET AROUND THE BEND BEFORE THE SECOND WAGON COMES ONTO THE TRACK. THE ROBBERS ARE WAITING AND WATCHING.)

GYMPY: O.K., fellows, here's our wagon. Pete, you go on that side (MOTIONS); Fred on this side. Jack, be ready to climb into the wagon as soon as they stop. I'll get out here in front of 'em. Put your masks on.

FRED: We got to wear them?

GYMPY: Sure. Too many folks in Glendive know us.

(THE SECOND WAGON SEES THE ROBBERS WITH GUNS, AND THE DRIVER STOPS.)

SERGEANT CONRAD: (SITTING IN FRONT SEAT, STANDS UP)
Hey, what are you guys tryin' to do?

GYMPY: This is a hold-up, Whipple. We want the gold that you got there for the soldiers at Fort Keogh.

CONRAD: Heck, Captain Whipple isn't in this wagon. He's in the wagon ahead.

GYMPY: Don't try no lyin' or rough stuff with us. Hold up your hands or we'll shoot.

CONRAD: Heck with you. Get out of the way. (STARTS TO WHIP THE TEAM WHEN A SHOT RINGS OUT AND HE FALLS OUT OF THE WAGON ON THE SIDE OF THE AUDIENCE, DEAD. THE OTHER TWO MEN, NOW FRIGHTENED, STAND UP.)

GYMPY: O.K., which one of you is the Paymaster?

O'BRIEN: There ain't no paymaster here, like he said.
He's in the wagon ahead. (SECOND SHOT RINGS OUT.
O'BRIEN GRABS HIS SHOULDER.) You shot me, you
darn fool, in the shoulder.

GYMPY: All right, you guys, that should be enough.
Hand down that gold.

BILL: Listen, we ain't got it.

GYMPY: Get up in the wagon and get it, Jack. (JACK GETS
UP IN THE WAGON. O'BRIEN AND BILL STAND WITH THEIR
HANDS UP AND ARE SEARCHED.)

JACK: There ain't no gold bags in here, boss.

GYMPY: What's the matter with ya, there must be.

JACK: Maybe the guys weren't lyin'. Maybe it was in the
first wagon.

GYMPY: Help me into the wagon and let me look around.
(HE GETS IN THE WAGON. FRED YELLS.)

FRED: That other wagon is comin' back here. They got their
guns and will kill us all.

GYMPY: No gold in here. Let's beat it. (HE JUMPS OUT OF
THE WAGON AND THE FOUR OF THEM RUN DOWN INTO THE
GULCH, THE CRIPPLED MAN LAGGING BEH'ND THE REST.
THE SOLDIER IN THE SECOND WAGON PICKS UP A GUN AND
SHOOTS. JACK FALLS DOWN, HIT. SOON THE PAYMASTER
ARRIVES.)

WHIPPLE: What happened here, men?

BILL: Some robbers stopped us. Thought this was the
Paymaster's wagon.

WHIPPLE: My, gosh! That sure was a lucky break for me.
It's the first time I haven't been in that second wagon
for four months, at least.

BILL: They sure thought you was in here. I shot one of them
darned robbers. You can see him from here.

WHIPPLE: Where are Sergeant Conrad and the soldier with him,
Private O'Brien?

BILL: They shot Sergeant Conrad and he just fell out.
Looks dead to me. They also shot O'Brien here.
(CAPTAIN WHIPPLE GETS OUT OF WAGON, TURNS SERGEANT
CONRAD OVER.)

WHIPPLE: (IN A SOFT TONE) He's dead, all right. Poor
Conrad. He was sure a fine soldier. What about you,
O'Brien?

O'BRIEN: I'm all right, I guess, but shot through the left
shoulder and I'm bleeding bad. Got to get to a doctor
quick, I think, or I'll bleed to death.

WHIPPLE: (TO SLIM) Slim, you and Bill pick up Sergeant
Conrad here and put him in the wagon. And get him
and O'Brien over to Glendive as soon as you can--
along with the gold.

SLIM: What are you going to do, Captain Whipple?

WHIPPLE: I'm going to follow the tracks of these thieves
and see what I can find. I'll come along in the
second wagon later. Bill, you wait for me here.

O'BRIEN: But should you do that, Captain? There are three
of 'em left and all got guns. Could be hiding any
place down there. They'd get you for sure.

WHIPPLE: Well, I guess you're right. I was only thinking
I'd like to get the fools that killed Conrad. You're
right, O'Brien, thanks. We'll turn that job over to
the U. S. Marshall when we get to Glendive. (COMES
OVER AND WATCHES CONRAD BEING PLACED IN WAGON.)
Terrible, Sergeant Conrad being shot dead. Slim,
you get that wagon and watch over Sergeant Conrad.
I'll drive this one. O'Brien, you better ride
with me. (CAPTAIN WHIPPLE AND O'BRIEN GET IN FIRST
WAGON.)

O'BRIEN: Sure hope I get to Glendive in time to get some
doctor's care, before I die myself.

WHIPPLE: We'll get to Glendive as quick as we can, get
you taken care of. Those robbers really had a plan,
but they sure messed up.

O'BRIEN: Yeah, they sure did. But most of 'em do, 'cause
robbers are dumb.

WHIPPLE: Well, they might have got away with it, except we just happened to change places today. Pay-wagon went ahead for the first time in four months.

O'BRIEN: The Marshall and his posse can follow their trail 'til they get to the horses, 'cause their leader was crippled.

WHIPPLE: Yes, then they can follow the horses' tracks all right.

O'BRIEN: What will the Marshall do to them if they catch them?

WHIPPLE: Try them in Federal Court and hang 'em, I hope. After all, they killed one of our best sergeants.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT AS WAGONS RIDE OFF.)

EPISODE II
Scene 3

SCENE IN YELLOWSTONE HOTEL

NARRATOR: On August 22, 1883, the Northern Pacific had completed construction of its railroad--the crews building from the east meeting with the crews building from the west at Gold Creek, Montana. It was an occasion of considerable celebration and many distinguished visitors came to Montana for the driving of the "Gold Spike" by ex-President Ulysses S. Grant. After Glendive had been created as a division point on July 5, 1881, it grew rapidly. By 1886 it had established itself not only as a railroad center, but as a gathering point for stockmen, railroad employees, storekeepers, and a few settlers. The distribution of literature describing the opportunities for settlers in the area, published and handed out at all points east by the Yellowstone Land & Colonization Co., of which Colonel Lewis Merrill was President, was beginning to lure into the country a fair number of land-hungry settlers who established themselves on land bought on a long-time payment basis, or homesteaded in the area that had been created as Dawson County in 1883.

Men and women were of the hardy, frank, and outspoken nature, who had a flair of frank, vigorous argument, so while conflicts between them may have seemed rough and rugged, underneath it all there was a common love of the

country and, fundamentally, a love for each other. There have been several days of rain and, generally speaking, everyone was feeling good.

Scene: The two rooms in a hotel, separated by a wall, which are connected by a large arch-like door. The small room to the left is a waiting room with a hotel registration desk. The second room is a bar and gambling room. (Dialogue may take place in one room and flow to the other room during the course of the scene. It will be perfectly clear to the audience which scene is being represented, by the dialogue, in terms of the people who are speaking.)

At one of the front tables there is a poker game going on, which includes, among others, Captain Marsh, a couple of railroad men, both local doctors--Dr. Duncan and Dr. McIntosh--and a number of cattle ranchers, including Pierre Wibaux from Mingusville (later town of Wibaux), Henry Hodgson, and Bernie Kempton. Time is early summer. Several stand at the bar with drinks, and over near the left side of the bar is a free-lunch counter. On the other side is a piano with a man and young woman working out a new tune. The girl entertains guests in the evening by singing songs with this man as her accompanist. They are now re-working a new song of the 1880's, which she will sing that evening. (MUCH OF THIS SCENE WILL HAVE TO BE RECORDED AND WILL BE PLAYED SOFTLY.)

The manager of the hotel stands behind the desk, reading a paper. A cowhand, slightly out of hand by love and spirits, gazes worshipfully at the girl singing, who pays not the slightest attention to him.

COWHAND: (IN LOVESICK TONE, AS THE SONG FINISHES) That was wonderful, Susie.

SUSIE: (LOOKS UP) You still here? (TURNS TO PIANIST, CALLED "PROFESSOR") Professor, do you think it should be a little slower?

COWHAND: It was wonderful, Susie.

PROFESSOR: I don't know. Maybe should be after midnight.

COWHAND: It was wonderful, Susie.

SUSIE: (SOMEWHAT ANGRY) Will you shut up, whoever you are?

COWHAND: I'm Joe Doke. I come to hear you sing every time I come to town. I think you're wonderful, Susie.

SUSIE: Then please get away from me.

PROFESSOR: (REACHES IN POCKET, BRINGS OUT A SILVER DOLLAR AND HANDS IT TO JOE) Here, go buy yourself a drink, cowboy.

COWHAND: Thanks, Professor. You're wonderful too, but not so wonderful as Susie. (HE GOES TO THE BAR)

SUSIE: That's a lovely song, isn't it, Professor?

PROFESSOR: Yeah, got lots of melody. Let's start over again.

(SOON AFTER THEY START, A MAN RUSHES FRANTICALLY ACROSS THE STREET INTO THE HOTEL.)

MAN: Hey, are the doctors in here?

HOTEL MANAGER: Both are over there, sitting around one of the card tables.

MAN: (RUNS INTO BAR TO CARD GAME TABLE) A guy has just been hit by an engine over here in the roundhouse. He's all knocked to pieces and bleeding bad. Can one of you come right away?

DR. DUNCAN: (TAKING A DECK OF CARDS, TO DR. McINTOSH) Low card goes. (EACH TAKES A CARD. DR. DUNCAN HAS A JACK; DR. McINTOSH DRAWS A 5-SPOT. DR. McINTOSH SIGHS, GETS UP, PICKS UP HIS BAG, STARTS OUT THE DOOR. MAN GETS UP, TOO.)

RAILROAD MAN: (AT CARD GAME TABLE) Well, I guess I'd better go too. I'm off duty over at the roundhouse, but maybe I can do something. (A MOMENT LATER DR. DUNCAN GETS UP ALSO, GETS HIS BAG, AND ALL THREE FILE OUT THROUGH THE LOBBY, ABOUT FIVE YARDS APART, AND CROSS THE STREET INTO THE DOOR OF THE DEPOT. EACH LEAVES HIS MONEY AND POKER CHIPS AT HIS PLACE AT THE TABLE.)

PIERRE WIBAUX: (AT TABLE) Sounds serious.

HENRY HODGSON: One thing about accidents at a ranch--no doctor.

BERNIE KEMPTON: (WHO WAS DEALING) How many cards, Pierre?

WIBAUX: Three.

KEMPTON: You, Hank?

HODGSON: Pass.

KEMPTON: (LOOKS AT HAND, TAKES TWO CARDS.)

(THE GAME GOES ON IN SILENCE. MEN IN THE ROOM STAND AT BAR OR WATCH GAME. THE PIANIST AND THE SINGER HAVE AGAIN STARTED WORKING ON THEIR SONG. THEY HAD STOPPED PLAYING WHEN THE MAN CAME IN LOOKING FOR A DOCTOR. NOW THE RECORDING CAN BE MADE LOUDER, AS FOR

SEVERAL MINUTES OUR ATTENTION WILL BE ON THESE TWO.
THERE IS A TRAIN WHISTLE AND A TRAIN PULLS TO A STOP
BACK OF THE DEPOT. THIS WILL BE A RECORDING, ALSO.
COMING OUT OF THE DEPOT DOOR IS TEDDY ROOSEVELT, A
YOUNG MAN DRESSED IN SOMEWHAT WESTERN STYLE, BUT
LOOKING MUCH LIKE HE DID IN HIS LATER YEARS--MOUS-
TACHE, ETC., BUT NOT STOUT. HE WALKS INTO THE LOBBY
OF THE HOTEL. A FEW OTHERS COME OUT OF HOTEL--MAN
WITH WIFE AND CHILDREN, ETC.)

HOTEL MANAGER: Well, I'll be darned if it isn't Teddy Roosevelt. How are you?

ROOSEVELT: Bully, bully.

HOTEL MANAGER: What are you doing in our town of Glendive?

ROOSEVELT: Had a little business to attend to down in Miles City before I leave your great western country.

HOTEL MANAGER: What do you mean? You ain't quittin', are ya?

ROOSEVELT: Well, yes, I'm disposing of my ranch over at Medora and heading back East.

HOTEL MANAGER: What are you going to do back East? Not leaving for good, I hope.

ROOSEVELT: I'm afraid so. I'm going to enter politics in New York City--try to clean up some of that mess I've been reading about in the papers, and learning from what my friends write. Some want me to run for City Attorney in New York.

HOTEL MANAGER: Things look pretty bad back there, all right. According to the paper, Tammany Hall is getting to be quite a corruptible outfit.

ROOSEVELT: Always has been, and I've always wanted to do something about it. Of course, I just came out here,

not to stay permanently, but to get a feel of the West and strengthen my physical being. I think I've done pretty well on both.

HOTEL MANAGER: You sure have. When ya leavin' for Miles City?

ROOSEVELT: I'm going on the train that just pulled in. I just ran over for a minute while they're changing engines. Thought I might see some of my friends here.

HOTEL MANAGER: (GETS UP) Well, being an off-season, good many cattlemen hanging around the bar. Captain Marsh is in there, too. Better have a drink on me, as sort of a farewell gesture, Teddy. You've been a great man to have around the country.

ROOSEVELT: Well, not a drink, but I do want to say "goodbye" to my friends here.

HOTEL MANAGER: Lot of 'em heard about you, Teddy, even if they don't know you personally. (HOTEL MANAGER WALKS TO THE DOOR WITH TEDDY.) Fellows, our old friend, Teddy Roosevelt, from just across the border in Dakota territory. Going to go back to New York City and clean up their corrupt town. Going to run for City Attorney or something.

CAPTAIN MARSH: (GETS UP FROM CARD TABLE) How do you do, Mr. Roosevelt? (COMES UP AND SHAKES HANDS.) Sorry to hear you're leaving Montana territory.

ROOSEVELT: Sorry to go, but duty calls, Captain Marsh.

MARSH: Bet you get to be Governor of New York, before you get through.

HODGSON: (AS HE SHAKES HANDS) Ol' Teddy will never stop at being Governor. He'll go on to be President of the United States!

ROOSEVELT: Well, you are very flattering, I must say, Hodgson.

1ST RAILROAD MAN: You can't tell me that that ain't your ambition.

ROOSEVELT: I don't deny that I hope to go far in politics.

KEMPTON: What about that cavalry of ranch riders you was always talking about organizing here in the West, Teddy?

ROOSEVELT: Still think it's a bully idea. If we go to war with Spain ~~over Cuba~~, I'll be out here to enlist all of you.

ALL: (SEVERAL YELL AT THE SAME TIME) We'll sure be with you. You can count on me. (Etc.)

(WIBAUX COMES UP.)

ROOSEVELT: Well, my good friend, Pierre Wibaux. What are you doing here?

WIBAUX: Had some business in Glendive.

ROOSEVELT: Playing poker with this gang of rough fellers. I'm surprised a Frenchman would so engage himself. (LAUGHS HEARTILY.)

WIBAUX: You never can tell what a Frenchman will do.

ROOSEVELT: Hear they're going to name a town after you, a little east of here.

WIBAUX: Which is proof that you never can tell what an American will do.

ROOSEVELT: Come to see me when you're in New York.

WIBAUX: Governor's office or City Attorney?

ROOSEVELT: City Attorney--at first. Well, I've got to be going, gentlemen, on my way to Miles City. Goodbye, Captain Marsh, and the rest of you. It was nice seeing you again. Train stops just about 15 minutes. Good luck to you all.

CAPTAIN MARSH: Good luck to you, Mr. Roosevelt.

ALL: Good luck to you, Teddy. (Etc.)

(HOTEL MANAGER FOLLOWS ROOSEVELT INTO THE LOBBY, WHERE THEY SHAKE HANDS.)

HOTEL MANAGER: Well, if you ever come out this way again, Teddy, we'll give you the best we have in Glendive. By

the best, we mean the Yellowstone Hotel.

ROOSEVELT: I certainly expect to be back many times. This is a grand country. Goodbye now.

(TEDDY LEAVES, GOING OVER TO DEPOT. SOON A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN AND SOME CHILDREN COME OUT OF THE DEPOT DOOR, HEADED BY A SALESMAN FOR THE YELLOWSTONE LAND & COLONIZATION COMPANY, ALONG WITH COLONEL LEWIS MERRILL.)

MRS. HASKELL: Oh, Mister, I am Mrs. Haskell and I had a letter from my mother that a Mrs. Crawford might be on this train. Could you call her for me?

SALESMAN: Certainly, Mrs. Haskell. (CALLS) Is Mrs. Crawford here? (ONE LADY RAISES HAND AND COMES FORWARD.) Mrs. Haskell here wants to see you. (LADIES GREET EACH OTHER.)

MRS. HASKELL: I just had a letter from my mother, saying you might come on this train. I do hope you will stay with us tonight.

MRS. CRAWFORD: We would love to. Here is my husband. (INTRODUCES HUSBAND.)

MRS. HASKELL: How do you do, Mr. Crawford? We are so glad you are coming to Dawson County to live.

MRS. CRAWFORD: Maybe we could listen to what this man has to say before we leave.

MRS. HASKELL: Please do.

SALESMAN: Now, folks, there are two or three hotels here in town, some more expensive than others. One across the street, and some on further down. Tonight at 8:00, you will all come to the office of the Yellowstone Land & Colonization Company up the street about a block and a half. Now, I want to introduce the President of the Company,

Colonel Lewis Merrill, who will give you all the details about buying a tract of land on long-payment basis in this grand country.

MERRILL: Look over the literature I have just given you and get an idea of how prosperous you will become when you decide to buy some land. That will be all now until tonight at 8:00 when I see you all again.

SALESMAN: If you want to walk around town and get acquainted with this fine community of Glendive, do so. Walk down the street, go in the stores, see that our prices are fair and reasonable, and you can buy anything here you could buy at home, whether you come from Denmark, Germany, Chicago, St. Louis, Minnesota, or Popunk, North Dakota. So long for now, then.

(THE GROUP SCATTERS, SOME ENTERING THE STORES, OTHERS GOING ON DOWN THE STREET. MERRILL AND SALESMAN WALK TOWARD THE OFFICE.)

KEMPTON: (LOOKING THROUGH THE DOOR AS THE HOME SETTLERS COME THROUGH THE DOOR TO REGISTER.) Well, I see the Westbound train brought in another bunch of suckers for the Land Company.

HODGSON: Yeah. Most of 'em won't last long. Come with too little money. Ain't had no experience, either ranchin' or farmin'. Believe everything they've heard and read.

KEMPTON: Same time they're taking good land away from us, putting it under fences.

HODGSON: Wouldn't have all the pests around if it hadn't been for that darn railroad company.

CHARLIE KRUG: Well, maybe not, but remember, also, that if it wasn't for our "darn railroad", lots of you would still be driving all the fat off your cattle before you reach the market.

KEMPTON: Got an answer for that, Hodgson?

HODGSON: No, guess not. Got to take the bad with the good, I reckon.

KEMPTON: Well, all we got to do is just hang on a while.

Ain't none of them going to last. Be a big drought in a year or so now, which will last a couple of seasons, and we'll be able to buy the land back for a pittance.

HODGSON: Well, Teddy Roosevelt couldn't make a go of it. Don't know how these folks expect to.

WIBAUX: Teddy Roosevelt knew even less about cattle ranching than I do.

KEMPTON: Well, at least you two have some sense.

HODGSON: Yeah, I guess there's something to that. Nice guy, though, that Teddy.

KEMPTON: Yeah, and I'm not so sure that it was such a big joke when you said he'd be a future P^resident of the United States.

HODGSON: Well, if he ever runs, he'll sure get my vote.

KEMPTON: I thought you were a Southern Democrat, Hodgson.

HODGSON: Well, what's Roosevelt? He's a liberal guy. You'd think he'd be a Democrat.

WIBAUX: I talked to him once, and he's what you Americans call a "dy: l in the wool" Republican.

(THE TWO DOCTORS NOW COME OUT OF THE STATION TOGETHER AND WALK OVER TOWARD THE HOTEL.)

WIBAUX: Here come those two doctors. Wonder what happened to that fellow over in the roundhouse. (DOCTORS COME IN, SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE, AND A HAND IS DEALT FOR THE NEXT ROUND.)

WIBAUX: What happened to the man that was run over, Doctor?

DR. DUNCAN: Too late.

WIBAUX: What kind of a person was he, a local fellow?

DR. DUNCAN: No, a newcomer. The foreman's trying to find out something about him. Only been here a couple days.

(THEY ENTER CARD GAME AGAIN.)

(OUR ATTENTION IS SHIFTED BACK TO THE PIANIST AND GIRL)

PROFESSOR: Let's try that Red River Valley Song, Susie.

SUSIE: I'd like to liven it up towards the end, if you don't mind, professor.

PROFESSOR: It's all right, I guess.

(SUSIE SINGS "RED RIVER VALLEY")

SUSIE: That's what I like to do. Well, I'll see you tonight around 9:00.

PROFESSOR: Right. Better get a little rest. (SUSIE LEAVES. PIANIST, DURING REST OF SCENE, PLAYS SOFTLY.)

COWHAND: (COMING TO PIANO) Where did Susie go? She's wonderful.

PROFESSOR: You still around?

COWHAND: Professor, I don't like to...like to...

PROFESSOR: (REACHES IN POCKET FOR ANOTHER DOLLAR) All right, but this is the last.

COWHAND: Thanks, Professor. (STARTS TOWARD BAR, TURNS.) You know what I think, Professor? (PROFESSOR IS PLAYING SOFTLY) I think you're more wonderful.... I think...I think (STAGGERS TO BAR).

(A BIG TALL, YOUNG NORWEGIAN COMES UP TO THE HOTEL MANAGER'S DESK.)

OLE: (THIS WILL BE LATER TRANSLATED INTO SCANDINAVIAN BROGUE) Hey mister I just ban come to this country. Spent all my money to get out here to your town, Glendive, You get me a job?

HOTEL MANAGER: What kind of job?

OLE: Would like to work on what you call sheep ranch, something like that. Save enough money to buy piece of land myself.

HOTEL MANAGER: plenty of cattlemen in there will hire you. But don't mention sheep if you want a job. Go on in and ask one of them.

OLE: (POINTING TOWARD BAR) In there?

HOTEL MANAGER: Yeah.

OLE: Now?

HOTEL MANAGER: Yeah, now.

OLE: What do I say?

HOTEL MANAGER: Say you want a job.

(OLE GOES OVER AND STANDS IN THE DOOR, SOMEWHAT FRIGHTENED. NO ONE PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO HIM. HE HEARS THE MUSIC, GOES OVER AND LISTENS TO THAT FOR A WHILE. THE PIANIST IS PLEASED THAT SOMEONE GIVES HIM SOME ATTENTION. WHEN HE FINISHES, OLE SPEAKS.)

OLE: Music I like very much. Good.

(PIANIST LOOKS UP AND FINALLY SAYS)

PROFESSOR: Anything I can do for you?

OLE: Yeah, I want job.

PROFESSOR: What kind of job? Cattle ranching?

OLE: Jest a job!

(PIANIST LOOKS HIM OVER.)

PROFESSOR: Guy over there looking for a cow hand. (LOOKS AROUND) There he is. (CALLS) Hey, Hodgson, here's a guy that wants a job on a cattle ranch.

HODGSON: (LOOKING OLE OVER) Do you drink?

OLE: Oh, yeah, got to drink or die.

HODGSON: What do you drink?

OLE: Water. Maybe milk sometimes.

(ALL THE MEN LAUGH.)

HODGSON: What can you do on a cattle ranch?

OLE: Work. Work hard.

HODGSON: That will be something of a novelty. You're hired. Get your stuff together and wait out there in the lobby for me. We'll be going home in about 15 or 20 minutes.

OLE: I thank you very much.

HODGSON: Don't thank me, you'll hate my guts, I'll work you so hard.

OLE: Thank you. (GOES IN, PICKS UP HIS BAG, FACE RELAXES, FULL OF GRINS) This very fine town, this Glendive. I like it. I going to live here.

HOTEL MANAGER: That's the way we all feel about it around here. Just have guts enough to stick it out and you'll become one of the guys in there.

OLE: Yes, America's free country. Wonderful. Fine, free country.

EPISSDE III

SCENE I

THE INDIAN SCARE

NARRATOR: In the years following the coming of the N. P . Railroad Glendive grew and prospered until by 1888 it had a population of about 500 people. In addition to the growing business establishments it had two churches - a Catholic and Protestant - and a good school for its many children.

It was still, however, a frontier town with many of the problems of the frontier west still remaining -- as the following scene illustrates.

SETTING: Glendive in 1888. There should be a Catholic Church to right, a Methodist Church to the left. Some buildings are in between which should include a hotel which has a bar, and also a vacant "lot" where they all gather later in this scene. The audience will look through the rear of each of the buildings -- the entrance facing a street which will be on the opposite side of the audience. As the scene opens there are several men sitting around in the hotel lobby and some in the bar killing time by playing cards or just standing around. The opening scene will be the end of a morning Mass in the Catholic Church. The audience in this Mass will include men, women, and some children and should be done in regular form. Even as the Catholic Mass is ending other citizens--men, women and children are moving into the Methodist Church where services are about to begin. In a period between the end of the Catholic scene and the beginning of the Methodist service the following dialogue takes place in the hotel. Dialogue starts

as the Catholic Mass is over and the congregation moves out of the church, stopping in groups and talking to each other.

HENRY DION: The Indians are causing a lot of trouble again. On the war-path, I hear.

DOMINIC CAVANAUGH: That 'ol 'Sitting Bull! He and some of his braves never did accept the idea of Indians living on reservations and the railroad coming on through, and us white folks having ranches and the like.

ED O'NEIL: Think they'll bother us up here in Dawson County?

DION: Hard to tell what an Indian will do.

CAVANAUGH: Well, tell you the truth I wouldn't be surprised much if they did get after us here in Dawson County. This was a great buffalo country in the old days.

ED O'NEIL: Well, what are we going to do here in Glendive in case they do start on the war-path and come this way?

CAVANAUGH: Well, we'll just have to organize our men folks to put up some sort of defense, and get all of the women and children into some building.

DION: What building?

CAVANAUGH: Well, that brick schoolhouse down there seems like the safest place.

DION: We got enough ammunition around here to put up any kind of fight?

CAVANAUGH: I don't know.

DION: Maybe we ought to check on what we have got in terms of guns and ammunition. There are about 500 people livin' in Glendive now you know.

O'NEIL: Well there's no sense in looking for trouble before it comes.

(SERVICES START IN THE METHODIST CHURCH. PASTOR STARTS LEADING THE CONGREGATION IN THE SINGING OF AN OPENING HYMN. AS THE HYMN IS STARTING AND THE CATHOLIC MEMBERS ARE DISPERSING A MAN RIDES IN VERY RAPIDLY ON A PONY AND YELLS.

RIDER: The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming! They're going to come right in here and wipe out every white man in Dawson County.

(EVERYONE STARTS RUNNING AROUND HERE AND TO, YELLING TO EACH OTHER. A MAN ENTERS THE HOTEL AND BAR.)

DION: A guy out here says the Indians are about to attack Glendive.

(MAN RUSHES INTO CHURCH)

WILLIAM LOWE: Hey, Rev. Hoskins, a guy just rode up and said the Indians are on the war-path and heading toward Glendive.

REV. HOSKINS: (TURNS TO CONGREGATION) Let us all kneel in prayer.

(ABOUT HALF THE PEOPLE IN CHURCH RUSH OUT, WHILE THE OTHERS KNEEL IN PRAYER WITH REV. HOSKINS. THE GENERAL DIALOGUE IN THE STREET IS AS FOLLOWS:)

CHARLES THURSTON: We've got to have someone to organize. Where's General Haskell? He knows everything about this sort of thing. He'll know what to do.

DION: I told you we ought to have checked the guns and ammunition. But there ain't enough around here to make any kind of fight against those Indians.

LOWE: Somebody find General Haskell

(SOME MEN RUN DOWN THE STREET)

(VOICES IN THE CROWD)...

What're we going to do?

Maybe we can get enough horses around here to get out of town.

That don't make no sense.

What about the women and kids?

What're we going to do with anybody if we don't get guns and stuff?

Are you sure this guy knows what he's talking about?

Guess he does, or he wouldn't come rushing in like this.

(SEVERAL OF THE MEN GATHER AROUND THE RIDER).

MORRIS CAIN: Where did you get your information about the Indians?

RIDER: Came from Poplar. Lots of folks there saw them coming out of the badlands heading west for the Yellowstone River.

ALEX GILLESPIE: Sure sounds like they're hittin' Glendive--it being the railroad center.

LOWE: Darn that railroad! Never did want it.

(BOYS AND GIRLS ARE RUNNING AROUND PLAYING INDIANS, SHOOTING EACH OTHER, FALLING OVER DEAD, ETC. THE WOMEN JUST STAND AROUND HELPLESS, SOMEWHAT FRIGHTENED WITH THEIR SMALLER CHILDREN CLINGING CLOSE TO THEM. GENERAL HASKELL COMES RUNNING INTO SCENE FROM THE NORTH.)

DION: Here comes General Haskell. Let him take command of everything. Whatever he says goes. He knows what he's doing when it comes to fighting Indians or anything else.

HASKELL: Where's the man that brought the news about the Indians?

RIDER: Right here.

HASKELL: Are you sure that this is authentic?

RIDER: No question about it, sir. I'M in the army myself--an Indian Scout. Sioux coming in from the Dakotas, Sitting Bull leadin' 'em. They figure at least 500 Sioux Indians. The best they could figure out was that they're headin' toward Glendive by way of Poplar.

HASKELL: Sitting Bull huh? Well, if he's in charge we're up against it.

SEVERAL: You organize us General. What're we going to do? What about the women and children? Have we got enough guns and ammunition?

HASKELL: Wait a minute now, folks, let us not all get excited. Let's stay calm. (HASKELL TO RIDER) Ride back from where you came from as fast as you can. Soon as you hear something come back and give us the news. Someone get him a fresh horse.

SEVERAL: Take mine. Take mine. Here's one, etc. (MAN RIDES OFF ON A FRESH HORSE.)

HASKELL: The first thing we've got to do is take care of the women and children. Where would be a good place for them?

DION: What about the schoolhouse?

HASKELL: Yes, I was just thinking about that. It's a new good brick building. Bullets are about all the Indians would have, and a few bows and arrows, so that would be perfectly safe for them in there. Joe, you, Pete, and Fred there get the women and children organized inside the schoolhouse, Jim, you own the grocery store. Pick up enough groceries for them to last at least 24 hours, and get some boys to help take them over to the schoolhouse.

SNYDER: Who pays for it General?

HASKELL: We'll all pay plenty if those Indians really come. Now get the food and forget the pay.

SNYDER: Just as you say General.

(SEVERAL BOYS FOLLOW HIM INTO A GROCERY STORE.)

HASKELL: All right, Men, now line up over there in pairs of two.

(SOME OF THE YOUNGER FELLOWS LINE UP WITH THE MEN.)

Nobody under eighteen.

HARRY JOHNSON: I got a gun and I can shoot as good as anybody.

HASKELL: Well, all right, Harry, nobody under eighteen unless he has a gun. (THE MEN LINE UP). All right, how many you got guns and amunition? (ABOUT 1/3 OF THE MEN RAISE THEIR HANDS. MOST OF THEM SAY:)

MEN: I got a gun, but this not being hunting season I'm awful short on cartridges.

HASKELL: Joe, you sell the guns and amunition. What have you got on hand?

WIDMYER: Well, General, I've let the stock get awful low, this being the summer months. I'm expectin' a shipment any day, but right now I only got two or three shotguns, 1/2 dozen boxes of shells, and only one or two hundred rifle cartridges on hand.

HASKELL: Well, it doesn't look like we got much amunition here. Is the telegraph dispatcher here? (ONE MAN STEPS OUT).

DISPATCHER: I'm off duty, but I can send any message you like General.

HASKELL: Would you send a message at once to Ft. Keogh telling them to send us over troops and amunition right away.

DISPATCHER: I'm not sure I can telegraph Ft. Keogh.

HASKELL: Well, then send a wire to Miles City and instruct them to get it out to Ft. Keogh as soon as possible. Tell them the Indians are on the war-path and might attack us here at any time.

DISPATCHER: I'll get the wire off right away. (A MESSAGE WAS IMMEDIATELY SENT).

HASKELL: All right men, we'll organize ourselves into patrol squadrons. The men two by two will go on sentinel duty. Organize yourselves so that you can patrol the whole area around Glendive. Some out in groups of eight. Each of you choose a leader and Group I cross the track to the east and patrol an area about 1/4 of a mile. Group II take up from where they end, until the town is covered.

(THE MEN GO ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS DUTIES AS THE LIGHTS FADE AND SOON IT IS DARK. WE SEE SENTINELS KEEPING WATCH AT KEY POINTS.)

NARRATOR: So, long into the night the men folks of Glendive kept vigilence over their town, and their wives and children in the red brick schoolhouse. The children quieted down after their first thrill in anticipation of actually being a part of a real Indian battle. Many of the mothers became frightened for the first time, now that they had time to think. During the afternoon and early evening they hardly realized the danger, but now as darkness settled in and they watched their children sleep in peace and serenity they began to realize to some degree the consequences of the possible real battle. But, this was difficult for actually most of the women had had little or no contact with the Indians, except the old men and women who came peacefully and humbly to their

doors from time to time, begging for a little food and clothing.

The men were more aware of the pending danger, for they knew how deeply the Indians resented the white man's intrusion into the buffalo hunting grounds which had been the source of their livelihood. That this might actually result in blood shed between the two races was hard for them to believe for they knew that the Indians could only lose in the end. Furthermore, they saw no reason why this land was not justly their own, for it had official sanction of the United States Government. That there was an element of unfairness in aggressively taking over lands that had belonged to the Indians Tribe since time immemorial did not enter their consciousness. They simply did not, could not, or would not understand the Indians' point of view. (LIGHTS START COMING ON.)

As dawn came, However, and light replaced darkness these moments of fear that had crept into the minds of both men and women during the long night gave way again to the complacent self-confidence that characterized the white man in his relations with this minority race, the determined, but helpless, Indians.

CAIN: (TO GENERAL HASKELL) Well General, we got through the night all right.

HASKELL: Yes. If only nothing happens today I'm sure we'll have some troops and ammunition from Helena by night.

MRS. SEARS: (COMING FROM SCHOOL HOUSE). General the children are waking up. We can't keep them all inside. What will we do?

HASKELL: Isn't Hetty Harpster in there with you? Couldn't she read to them? Or you can let some of them out. But don't let them get far enough away from the school that they can't be herded back in on a moment's notice.

MRS. SEARS: General, we'll try, but--I'm--I'm, well you know boys.

HASKELL: If you have any trouble I'll send some men over to help you.

MRS. SEARS: Thank you, General. (SHE RUNS BACK).

REV. HOSKINS: General, don't you feel a morning prayer would be in order, thanking God for keeping us safe throughout the night?

HASKELL: You mean call the people here?

REV. HOSKINS: Certainly, General Haskell.

HASKELL: I don't see how I can call them now. It's still a serious situation. After the trouble is over, maybe, Rev. Hoskins.

REV. HOSKINS: As you say, General. I will then give a silent prayer.

(AS THE REVEREND MOVES OFF, HIS LIPS FORMING A PRAYER, THE CHILDREN ARE LET OUT OF THE SCHOOL HOUSE AND YELL AT THE TOP OF THEIR VOICES AS THEY RUN AROUND, "BANG BANG, YOU'RE DEAD," "I'M SITTING BULL" ETC. AFTER A MOMENT OF THIS THE INDIAN SCOUT IS SEEN RIDING UP TO THE GENERAL.)

MAN: General, here comes the Indian Scout.

HASKELL: I hope he has good news. (THE CHILDREN SEE HIM, AND IN SPITE OF THE MOTHERS RUSH UP TO THE SCOUT AS HE RIDES UP AND JUMPS OFF BESIDE GENERAL HASKELL). What's the news?

INDIAN SCOUT: Good news for you folks, General.

HASKELL: What is the good news?

INDIAN SCOUT: Sitting Bull and his band of Indian braves have gone on down toward Sidney and passin' up Glendive.

CAVANAUGH: Maybe we ought to organize and help the folks down in Sidney.

HASKELL: I'll send the troops that arrive from Ft. Keogh on down to Sidney.

(THERE ARE CHEERS AND YELLS FROM THE MEN AND CHILDREN. ALL COME RUNNING UP TO THE GENERAL AS A MAN ON HORSE BACK RIDES UP).

MAN ON HORSE: Did you get the news, General?

HASKELL: Well, I hope it's the same news this fellow just brought.

MAN ON HORSE: Well, I don't know what he said, but the Indians have by-passed both Glendive and Sidney and are on their way to Dakota.

(CHEERS AND YELLS).

HASKELL: Why is that?

MAN ON HORSE: Sitting Bull was killed. (MORE CHEERS & YELLS.)

HASKELL: Well, I hope you know what you're talking about. But we'll not disband our voluntary militia yet. Anyway, someone go notify the women and children they may come out of hiding.

MAN: Nobody left over there, General. They're all here. Let us organize ourselves a first class party here and celebrate.

MOST OF THE MEN START TOWARD THE BAR. SOME BOYS START PLAYING INDIANS AGAIN.)

BOYS: YELLING AT EACH OTHER AS THEY START TO PLAY). The Indians aren't comin'. We're safe! You're Sittin' Bull. I killed you. I ain't Sittin' Bull, no more. You was last night, but he's dead now, etc.

REV. HOSKINS: Gentlemen, and Ladies, let us remember that it is our Savior we have to thank. Let all remain silent while I give a prayer to God Almighty for saving us, His children, in this perilous hour. (BOWS HIS HEAD)
O God, we humble people of Glendive thank Thee from the bottom of our hearts for saving us in this perilous hour. Dear Lord it renews our faith in You...

(LIGHTS FADE OUT AS NARRATOR TAKES OVER)

NARRATOR: Although the report that Sitting Bull had been killed made the people of Glendive feel safer, the fact remains that this information was rumor. Actually Sitting Bull was not captured until several days later in Wyoming and was later released by the army on promises of good behavior.

EPISODE III

Scene 2

THE MINSTREL SHOW

NARRATOR: The Indian warpath uprising by Sitting Bull in 1888 proved to be one of the last in Montana and the last in this area. After Montana became a state in 1889, Glendive continued to grow and became a prosperous and well-populated community. Among the many traditions that have persisted in Glendive to the present day, was the ever popular "Minstrel Show". The following scene is a combination of the 1894 and 1899 programs, copies of which were presented by George Hollecker to the Public Library and are on file there.

CAST OF THE MINSTREL SHOW

Interlocutor: C. W. Butler

End Men: G. D. Hollecker
F. M. Grace
William Young
J. H. Miskimen
Barney Agnew
W. B. Foster

Chorus: J. H. Ray, Director
D. H. Driscoll
Clarke Brooks
Ira Bendon
G. W. Morton
T. J. Pollard
R. S. Hedges
E. B. Kennedy
W. E. Tinling
Earl Reynolds

Songs: "Up and Down The Minstrel Show"
Medley of Old-time Songs

EPISODE III

SCENE III

THE HEART AND HAND BRIDE

NARRATOR: By 1910 the area of Dawson County was steadily increasing its population of homesteaders. The country was changing from a wide, free range into smaller cattle ranches and agricultural districts. During this period people from countries in Europe, particularly Scandinavia, came to Dawson County, attracted by the opportunities for obtaining 160 acres of good fertile land on which they could farm and raise livestock.

Homestead life was isolated with only an occasional wagon trip into Glendive for supplies and the latest news. Families were closely knit and people who homesteaded as far apart as 60 miles were neighbors and friends. Because of the isolation of the homestead, the scarcity of women, and the hard work, bachelors found little time or opportunity for courtship. Consequently, marriages were often arranged after brief acquaintance, or through advertising in publications. In the case of Ole Lindstrom and his bride, Elizabeth MacDongall, from Scotland, courtship was carried on through correspondence, after Ole had seen Elizabeth's picture at the home of a friend. They were married a few minutes after the train brought her to Glendive and have spent a day on the road and a night at Dad Hamilton's half-way house. Now we see Ole and his bride, Elizabeth, arriving at the homestead.

SCENE: The Homestead of Ole Lindstrom. Center-left is the small one-room shack with a neat rick of firewood stacked nearby. A well is in foreground left. A small corral with a few cattle, and a haystack is nearby and is in background left. An indistinct road comes from the direction of Glendive to the right, sweeps past the shack and on to other homesteads to the left. A wagon comes from the right laden with trunks and supplies. It stops far right of scene. On the seat are Ole Lindstrom and his bride, Elizabeth MacDongall.

OLE: (SCANDANAVIAN BROGUE) Vell, so ve are here.

ELIZABETH: (SCOTCH BROGUE) This is your claim?

OLE: Ya! (WITH SWEEPING GESTURES) From those hills over dar to the ravine you see dar; the line I showed back dar and off ahead as far as ve can see.

ELIZABETH: But it's so large! It isn't at all like the "crofts" in Scotland.

OLE: Ya, Aimee MacDonald told me about your crofts--like our small farms in Norway. These homesteads are fine--160 acres.

ELIZABETH: There are no houses anywhere near.

OLE: O, shure! Just over there maybe ten, fifteen miles is the MacDonald's.

ELIZABETH: Ten miles? She said in her letter she lived near you. Oh, I'm so anxious to see her!

OLE: Ya, you vill soon. Over east is folks ve saw at half-way house last night. The Baldwins and the Fergusons. You know? (ELIZABETH NODS). You liked dose people at Dad Hamilton's last night? By golly, dat sounded goot to hear you vemon laugh and talk in your room.

ELIZABETH: Yes, they were all so friendly and kind. They wanted to know all about Scotland--and I showed them my lace curtains and grandmother's china. They...they all like you.

OLE: Ya. They goot friends.

ELIZABETH: They don't seem to think anything about you're being so much older--I mean, my being so much younger.

OLE: Ya. I forget you don't know how I look. I see your picture at Aimee's and think you make fine home like MacDonald's have. (STRIKES UP HORSES) In this country we don't think so much about age--there's too much to do.

ELIZABETH: I don't see your house.

OLE: Ya, right here. (BRINGING UP TO RIGHT OF SHACK).

ELIZABETH: Oh! Is this it? Oh dear!

OLE: (JUMPS DOWN) So now ve are home. (COMES AROUND TO ELIZABETH'S SIDE OF WAGON).

ELIZABETH: But it's so little.

OLE: Ya, just ven room. There's the vell--the vater's clear and cold. Over there's the corral--the pen for cattle. Ve'll have a garden there. (BREAKS OFF AS ELIZABETH BEGINS TO CRY SOFTLY).

ELIZABETH: I thought it would be like hom--like back in Scotland. It's so little! How can I use my curtains and my beautiful china?

OLE: (HELPS HER FROM WAGON. BOTH ARE SHY AT TOUCHING EACH OTHER) Sure, it is little. All by myself I never think of it small.

ELIZABETH: I can't live in just one room! (GOES TO DOOR TO LOOK BRIEFLY INSIDE).

OLE: You vait--ve see about the house. By golly, I got a wife I got to have a house!

ELIZABETH: Oh yes, please, could you? One like at home--a great room with an inglenook and rooms on each side. Oh look! (POINTS LEFT) (WAGON LOADED WITH TWO MEN AND TWO WOMEN AND SEVERAL CHILDREN APPROACHES RAPIDLY).

OLE: By golly, here they come!

ELIZABETH: Someone is coming to visit with us?

OLE: It was a surprise for you. The MacDonalds and the Stuarts. They vant to welcome you. (OLE WAVES IN ANSWER TO CALLS FROM WAGON).

MACDONALD: Hello! How' s the old married man? (LAUGHTER AND CALLING FROM WAGON).

AIMEE MACDONALD: O h Mac! Look at the poor lass standing so lonesome. I should have been here when they arrived. (WAGON STOPS AT LEFT OF WELL. CHILDREN CLIMB OUT OF BACK RUNNING TOWARD CORRAL TO PLAY. MEN JUMP DOWN THUMPING OLE ON BACK AND LAUGHING). Come now help Mary and me down. I want to get to the lass. (MEN HELP AIMEE AND MARY FROM WAGON. AIMEE HALF RUNS TOWARD ELIZABETH. THEY MEET WITH ARMS OUT STRETCHED. MARY FOLLOWS MORE SLOWLY, A SMALL GIRL IS AT HER SIDE.)

AIMEE: Ah girl! Let me look at you. Just like your mother looked when I left Scotland. Mary look at her. Is it any wonder Ole fell in love with her picture? Elizabeth, this is Mary Stuart, your nearest neighbor.

ELIZABETH: Oh, Mrs. MacDonald, I'M so glad you've come (CRYING). Everything's so strange--the country's so big and the house so small, and I was married so soon after getting off the train--I just don't know what to think!

AIMEE: There, there, now. (PUTS ARM AROUND HER) It's a long trip across the ocean and all of America to get to Montana, I know. But you'll like it when you've had time to rest. The prairie will remind you of the rolling moors back home.

MARY: Of course, you'll like it child. We all felt strange when we first came here to homestead, but it is such a wonderful country we'd none of us change now. It depends upon your man, and Ole is such a fine man.

AIMEE: You mustn't worry about that, Elizabeth. Ole will be a wonderful husband. I wouldn't have written you and your mother about him or encouraged him to write to you if I hadn't thought so.

MARY: And, Elizabeth, Ole told me he wanted to marry you because he liked a home like Aimee's--all clean and pretty with good smells coming from the kitchen and flowers growing around the door. (MARY'S LITTLE GIRL, ALICE, MOVES AWAY FROM HER MOTHER AND TUGS AT ELIZABETH'S SKIRT)

ALICE: Where's your little girl, Mrs. Lindstrom?

ELIZABETH: Oh the darling! I haven't a little girl, dear.

ALICE: Is that why you're crying? (ALL LAUGH).

MARY: Alice thinks everyone should have a little girl.

ALICE: Mother will let you borrow me for a few days. (ELIZABETH LAUGHS AND HUGS HER).

AIMEE: There now, I promised your mother I'd look after you--and now even the children are adopting you.

MARY: There's Mac and Bill dying to meet you and Ole dying to show you off.

(THEY TURN TO THE MEN AND AS INTRODUCTIONS ARE MADE TWO WAGONS COME FROM THE RIGHT. BOTH ARE FILLED WITH NEIGHBOR HOMESTEADERS. MUSICIANS ARE PLAYING--PERHAPS AN ACCORDIAN, A "FIDDLE" AND A GUITAR--AND ALL ARE SINGING. THE WAGONS PULL UP TO THE RIGHT OF OLE'S WAGON, TAIL-GATES TURNED TOWARD AUDIENCE.)

OLE: (BESIDE ELIZABETH, MOVES TOWARD THE WAGONS) This is the surprise for you. Aimee calls it a wedding reception-- so all the friends can meet you.

ELIZABETH: Oh! Isn't this fun!

(SINGERS ARE SINGING A PHRASE OF "HERE COMES THE BRIDE". THEY FINISH WITH LAUGHTER AND CLIMB DOWN FROM WAGONS, GATHERING AROUND OLE AND ELIZABETH, GREETING THE MACDONALDS AND THE STUARTS. CHILDREN JOIN OTHERS IN GAMES.

WOMAN IN GROUP: Elizabeth, I've been telling the girls about the beautiful things you showed us at Dad Hamilton's last night--they all want to see them.

CHORUS OF WOMEN: Oh yes, Please do! I want to see your grandmother's china, etc.

ELIZABETH: (PROUDLY) I'd love to show you--of course we've just gotten here and I haven't anything laid out. But my trunk is right here in the end of the wagon.

WOMAN: You should see her beautiful linen!

(ALL MOVE TO OLE'S WAGON. SOME MEN ARE TENDING HORSES. AIMEE AND MARY ARE HURRYING BETWEEN THEIR WAGON AND THE SHACK WITH COFFEE POTS AND PANS. MACDONALD MOVES AMONG THE MEN BRINGING SOME OF THEM TOGETHER AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND TALKING TO THEM. TWO MEN "STEPPING OFF" THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE).

MACDONALD: (CALLS) Elizabeth, Elizabeth girl, cover over here, we've got something to tell you.

ELIZABETH: (MOVES LEFT FROM GROUP OF WOMEN) Yes, Mr. MacDonald, what is it?

(WOMEN STARTING TO SET FOOD OUT ON TAILGATES OF WAGONS, HELPING AIMEE AND MARY. CHILDREN CLAMOUR FOR FOOD).

MACDONALD: Ole, here, sayd he wants a bigger house for you. He can get a load of lumber this week and next Sunday we'll all come and have a house-raising.

ELIZABETH: A house-raising? You mean you're all coming to build a house for me next Sunday? Oh! How wonderful!

OLE: We want you to tell us how the house should be.

ELIZABETH: Ole was right--you're all wonderful people. And I'm so happy! I want a big room with windows to look over the moor (ALL LAUGH) Oh dear! You call it a prairie here, don't you? And I want an inglenook.

BILL: A what?

MACDONALD: She means a fire place.

MAN: Yes, mamm, I can build a fireplace of native rock.

OLE: Go ahead, tell them about the other rooms, just like you want it. In the house is some paper. You draw what it looks like.

(ELIZABETH, MACDONALD, AND AIMEE ENTER THE SHACK. MUSICIANS ARE GATHERING DOWN CENTER FRONT. CHILDREN ARE MUNCHING FOOD AND DRAWING NEAR THE MUSIC. MEN AND WOMEN ARE VISITING, LAUGHING AND EATING IN GROUPS. SOME DRIFT TOWARD THE MUSIC AND FORM A SQUARE FOR DANCING. CHILDREN BEGIN TO DANCE IN A GROUP. ELIZABETH AND OLE MOVE CENTER STAGE WATCHING THE DANCING.)

ELIZABETH: (PLACES HER HAND ON OLE'S ARM). Ole, Sonny I'm sorry that I cried this afternoon. It was just that everything was different than I expected.

OLE: Ya, I know (PLACES HAND OVER HERS).

ELIZABETH: I want you to know I feel differently now. This has been a wonderful day. And I'm so happy about the new house.

OLE: Sure, that is what I want too. You make a good wife, planning the nice home. It will be a good life.

ELIZABETH: Yes, awfully good. I feel at home already.

(AIMEE AND MAC JOIN THEM AND STAND TALKING AND WATCHING THE DANCERS. AT THE END OF THE SET THEY ARE CALLED BY THE DANCERS AND MUSICIANS TO JOIN THE DANCING. ANOTHER SQUARE BEGINS.)

NARRATOR: Dancing, feasting, and visiting continued on through the night for these neighbors made the most of their occasional visits and did not start back to their own homesteads until dawn. Sleepy children were bedded down in the wagon boxes. Tired dancers rested and exchanged plans for their homesteads and hopes for the future prosperity of Dawson County.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT).

EPILOGUE

NARRATOR: Glendive and Dawson County grew and prospered in the years beyond 1910, and many of the pioneers depicted in this story of Glendive have become distinguished men in Glendive Dawson County and the State of Montana. It had its ups and downs, the prosperous years of the 1920's, the depression years of the thirties. But through it all the same friendly spirit of America and the West was forever there. Schools, churches and business houses multiplied rapidly and while changes took place during the years, in both town and country, the community atmosphere was always characterized by optimism, good will, and an ever present spirit of well being. While never a placid city, Glendive did receive a stimulating jolt in 1951, when...

1st Voice: Oil has been discovered in Dawson County!

2nd Voice: You're kidding!

1st Voice: Who's kidding? Every Oil Company in the country is sending representatives to buy up the land and start digging oil wells!

3rd Voice: So what?

1st Voice: We'll all get rich. Eastern Montana will become more famous as an oil country than even Texas, or Oklahoma ever dreamed of being.

We now see on parade the latest equipment. After five years this enthusiasm has leveled off, but there is still the belief and hope that the discovery of oil in Glendive will bring a new and great era of prosperity to the town and country. So the story of Glendive Creek to Gate City may grow beyond all hopes of the early pioneers, but whether this becomes true or not, this fact will remain-- Glendive is, and will always be a grand place to live, raise your children, as it continues to be a substantial part of the great and free United States

APPENDIX E

"MOVE OVER INDIAN"

The First Annual

WESTERN MONTANA INDIAN FESTIVAL

August 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th, 1957



Move Over, Indian

The Tragic Story of the Exodus of the Last Flathead Indians,
Under Chief Charlot, From the Bitterroot Valley in 1891

by

BERT HANSEN

Author and Director, Department of Speech

A Prologue Lecture and Epilogue

**The Struggle of the Flathead Indians To Save Their Ancestral
Home From Invasion by White Men**

by

J. W. Smurr

Department of History

Sponsored by the Montana State University at the Field House
as an annual event

Price: 35c

THE STRUGGLE OF THE FLATHEAD INDIANS
TO SAVE THEIR ANCESTRAL HOME
FROM INVASION BY WHITE MEN

by J. W. Smurr

Americans living in the nineteenth century usually explained the mistreatment of Indians as the inevitable result of the clash of a superior civilization with an inferior one. They doubted that Indians could ever be made to fit into a white man's world.* Among the Indians of the Northwest who might have proved the argument false, had they been given a proper opportunity, were the three tribes forming the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Indians of western Montana, known to history as the Flathead Nation.

The upper Kootenai lived in the Tobacco Plains to the north and along the river which bore their name. They were the least important of the three. On both ends of Flathead Lake and as far south as the Clark Fork river dwelled the upper Pend d'Oreilles or Kalispel. Their life came to center at the St. Ignatius mission, established in 1854. Below them in the Bitterroot Valley were the famous Salish, sometimes called Flatheads by Indians to the west because these other Indians deformed the heads of infants while the Bitterroot Salish left heads "flat" on top--nature's way. At what date the tribes entered these places no one can say for certain. When questioned by the early whites they spoke as if they had always always lived there. In historic times they got along well with their Indian neighbors until the Blackfeet turned on them. The Blackfeet

*Our Indian friends do not like the use of "whites" to describe the settlers whom they came into contact with, believing that this represents a hangover of racist thinking that should not be used today. I agree with them, but since the term was so widely used in the last century I thought it best to use it in this lecture in order to recapture the authentic atmosphere of the times.

quired firearms from Canadian fur traders and not only drove in whatever members of the Confederated Tribes lived east of the Rockies, but raided their homeland as well and committed many depredations. As a result of their misfortunes the Flatheads developed an interest in Christianity and made several trips to St. Louis in the 1830's in an attempt to attract missionaries. The Reverend Father Pierre De Smet, S.J., answered the call, and established St. Mary's mission near Stevensville in 1841. Even before that the Flatheads showed a certain affinity for the white man's faith.

They were known to the early traders as a straightforward and hard-working people, well worth meeting and doing business with. They were quite versatile and engaged in many enterprises, from buffalo hunting to horse raising. The trader John Owen established a post near St. Mary's church in 1850 and lived in peace and harmony with them for more than twenty years. He was dependent on their good will and honesty and rarely had occasion to question either. Although the Salish in particular paid a heavy price for their friendship to the whites, a friendship dating back to the visit of Lewis and Clark, the worst-abused among them gave way to complete disillusionment only as the result of events described in tonight's performance.

In 1855, Governor Stevens of Washington Territory met with the Confederated Tribes and tried to talk them out of their homeland. He was looking forward to the day when a railroad would come through, and in addition he naturally wanted to avoid the usual land squabbles between Indians and whites by clearing up the ownership ques-

ion before settlers entered in large numbers. Although the treaty signed with them that year was a success from his point of view, the Salish did not accept his interpretation of it, and if Stevens had tried to enforce it immediately he might have had trouble.

The Hellgate Treaty of 1855 brought to the United States the greater part of the land claimed by the Confederated Tribes and left the Indians with a substantial remnant known in later years as the Jocko reservation. But the area south of Lolo Fork--the Bitterroot valley--was not to be opened to white settlement until the president of the United States had an opportunity to examine it. If he found it to be more suitable than the Jocko site it would be used as a reservation instead. Some of the Salish believed, or were led to believe, that in all probability the Bitterroot would become the center of a reservation, not the Jocko. They signed the treaty with that in mind.

An interesting feature of it was the provision that the president could carve up the Jocko reservation at his discretion, on application of the Indians concerned, if any of them desired to have their own plots instead of living on land held in common by the tribes. This provision anticipated the famous Dawes Act of 1887, which extended the promise of "lands in severalty" to most of the Indians in the country then living on reservations.

Until the gold rushes began in 1862 there was little pressure put on the Salish to move. The growing realization that mountain valleys in the western part of Montana could be turned to good account by using them to grow foodstuffs and livestock for the miners

duced an entirely new situation. Although the governor reported only about seventy white families in the valley in the year 1869, fear was expressed that the Federal government would put a reservation there anyway, squarely on top of the whites. That is what the whites objected to, he said. Had that been the reason it would have been a simple matter to renegotiate with the Salish and try to get them to accept a reservation elsewhere in the valley. In any case, the whites were squatters without any legal claim to the land because it had not been surveyed and opened to settlement, and could not be until the president took action under the Hellgate Treaty of 1855.

Another possible solution was to permit the Indians to remain if they agreed to accept individual farms. Many whites objected to that also, and toyed with the idea of provoking an Indian war in order to force Congress to evict the Indians as troublemakers. It was nevertheless the solution proposed to the president by the Territorial delegate from Montana, William Clagett. As it was obviously more fair than anything the local settlers desired it was the scheme adopted.

By executive order of November 14, 1871, President Grant announced that he had decided not to put the reservation in the Bitterroot, and he directed that the Salish still there be removed as soon as practicable. Certain privileges were extended to the Indians. Those who agreed to go to the Jocko would be paid the value of the improvements made by them on their Bitterroot lands up to that time. Those who wished to become American citizens and stay

at the Bitterroot on land "not exceeding in quantity what is allowed under the homestead and pre-emption laws to all citizens" might do so. Under these two land laws a single person who understood the art of manipulating red-tape could sometimes acquire as much as 320 acres. That part of the offer was a fairly generous one. But the privilege could not be seized unless the Indians agreed to become citizens--and this meant surrendering their tribal life, something they had long refused to do. As holders of patented lands they would also be subject to local and Territorial taxation. The privilege was therefore meaningless.

The refusal of the Salish to leave the valley gave rise to a less generous offer by Congress itself. A law approved in June the following year specified that all members of the Flathead nation, pure blood or mixed, were to be moved to the Jocko. Those who wished to remain were to receive only 160 acres, and not all could qualify. Before getting the land they had to promise to abandon their tribal relations. If they accepted the new proposition they could do worse in a material way, and would lose the tribal connection without a guarantee of citizenship to replace it. If the president's offer was unsatisfactory, this one was even more so.

Fearing an outbreak of violence, Congress dispatched the future president, James A. Garfield, to talk with Chief Charlot and other Salish and try to obtain a voluntary withdrawal from the Bitterroot. Charlot was well aware of the poor conditions at the Jocko reservation and had no intention of going there anyhow. Not all the members of his band were intransigent. Some of them hit

pon a scheme of accepting patents to land in the valley and then combining them, in that way getting a reservation in fact if not in law. For various reasons the plan could not be put into effect and never came to anything. Garfield proceeded to draw up an agreement and succeeded in getting the signatures of the second and third chiefs, Arlee and Adolph. It was not much of a victory for the government. Prominent though Arlee was, the Salish looked to Charlot for direction. Only a few of them deserted Charlot.

When the Garfield agreement was published Charlot's signature appeared on it along with the others. Major Peter Ronan, the Flathead agent, inspected the original in Washington and found that Charlot's mark had been forged. His wife apparently believed that Garfield was the forger. The Federal government did not attempt to justify the deceit but it declared the Bitterroot open to settlement and recognized Arlee as the head chief of the Salish. Charlot never spoke to him again. The Kalispel and Kootenai proved easier to deal with because the Jocko reservation was reasonably close to their former homes. As time went on, scattered groups of Charlot's band joined them. His young braves took to hanging around saloons and leading a life of indolence. Those who sought useful work could not always find it. Charlot nevertheless remained firm in his intention to stay in the valley.

In view of the manifold indignities heaped upon Charlot, many wondered what his attitude would be when the Nez Percés of Idaho commenced their ill-advised retreat across the Lolo Trail and into the Bitterroot in 1877. The Flathead Nation and the Nez Percés

ad long been friends. Some writers on Nez Percés history believe that Chief Joseph and his band had an understanding with Charlot that he would guide them around the white population of Montana over little-known trails. There is no proof of this. Joseph knew that the Salish always favored the whites and probably would not switch sides so late in the game. He himself had gone to war with the greatest reluctance. Others have supposed that Charlot planned to rob the Nez Percés of their horses in the long retreat up the Bitterroot, and refused to aid them for that reason. That seems no more likely, because the reservation Indians also pledged themselves to oppose Joseph if he attacked the settlers.

Charlot was reported to have confronted Joseph with indignation, saying:

"Joseph, I have something to say to you. It will be in a few words. You know I am not afraid of you. You know I can whip you. If you are going through the valley you must not hurt any of the whites. If you do you will have me and my people to fight. You may camp at my place tonight, but tomorrow you pass on."

Stories of this tenor, true or false, were widely believed in Montana at the time, and Charlot was praised for his honorable conduct. Tales of his duplicity during the Nez Percés war were either later additions, born of bad conscience, or the hysterical outpourings of a population which feared an attack by two mistreated Indian tribes instead of one.

In 1883, Senator Vest of Missouri and Martin Maginnis, the territorial delegate to Congress, were sent to Montana to report on

the Indian situation. Their meeting with Charlot was courteous but dramatic. Charlot said he would never go to the Jocko alive. The white man had forged his name on a piece of paper. Why should Charlot trust his word now? Vest and Maginnis sympathized with the chief and later criticized Garfield as much as they dared. With nothing settled they prevailed on Charlot to go to Washington and present his case to the president.

The following year Charlot visited Federal officials and once again refused to leave his beloved Bitterroot. The government treated him with marked respect, even seeing to a successful operation on his eyes. He was offered many things, including headship of the reunited Flathead Nation. It was no use; he was adamant. Faced with another troublesome stalemate, the government then conceded the major point and agreed to let him remain in the valley. It went even further than that. The agent was privately authorized to call another council soon and try his blandishments once again, but if Charlot stood his ground Major Ronan might issue agency supplies to the non-reservation Salish. Rarely has an Indian won such a victory. Behind it was Ronan's shrewd surmise that the Indians could not withstand the hostility of the settlers forever and would someday move to the reservation voluntarily.

The council duly convened and some of the Salish agreed to go to the Jocko. Charlot had only 342 Indians under him as a result of these and earlier departures. More settlers moved into the valley. More Indian boys and girls fell into bad habits. Charlot seemed as likely to be defeated in peace as Joseph had been in war.

In 1889 Arlee died and Ronan quickly renewed conversations with Charlot. He reported to Washington that the old chief seemed to be wavering in his resolves. The Federal government jumped at the chance to settle the problem at last. The sequel of the story is related in tonight's pageant.

* * * * *

MOVE OVER, INDIAN

Scene 1

SCENE: AN INDIAN CAMP JUST OUTSIDE OF STEVENSVILLE ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 14, 1891. A POW-WOW IS TAKING PLACE IN THE BACKGROUND. IN THE FOREGROUND A LARGE CAMPFIRE IS BURNING AND INDIAN TORCHES MAKE A HUGE FIERY CROSS. CHIEF CHARLOT AND HIS OLDER BRAVES SIT BY THE FIRE. GENERAL CARRINGTON APPEARS, FOLLOWED BY MAJOR RONAN, AMOS BUCK, PETER WHALEY, AND THE LOCAL ST. MARY'S MISSIONARY PRIEST. CHARLOT MOTIONS THEM TO SIT DOWN. THE PEACE PIPE IS PASSED.

CARRINGTON: I hope that by now, Charlot, chief of the Flatheads, and his children have made up their minds to leave tomorrow, as I have planned for them.

CHARLOT: Charlot does not know why he should go.

CARRINGTON: Charlot, it is like this. Big train coming down the track and a little calf is on the railroad in its way. Big engine blows its whistle and says, "Little calf, you must get off the track or you will be crippled or killed." Big chief at Washington is the train. Charlot is the calf. I am the whistle. I come to warn you, to tell you that you must get out of the way, for the train is coming. Indians must move to Jocko.

CHARLOT: I tell you, Flathead Indian is like white flag. He never kill white man. The Crows, Snakes, Sioux, and Nez Perce, they like red flag. They kill white man. Flatheads fight for white man. White man lives. No white man hates Flatheads. White man drives Flatheads away. Now white man wants Charlot and his family to leave old home. White man wants Charlot and his children to die in new land. Charlot has spoken.

CARRINGTON: Chief Charlot, I am your friend. I will do all I can for you, but I must do what Big Chief in Washington tells me to do. So, I say again, you must leave your home.

CHARLOT: This Bitterroot has been home of Flathead since beginning of time. Bitterroot land belong to Flathead Indians forever.

CARRINGTON: Big chief in Washington will supply you with fine homes in Jocko Valley. He promises that you will not go hungry any more. You will have plenty of money for your needs.

CHARLOT: Flathead always tell truth to white man. White man always lies to Flathead. Many times white man has lied to Charlot. Charlot still fights for him. White man wants Charlot's home for lies. Charlot not go, even if he sees the money.

CARRINGTON: I am your friend, Charlot. These men here with me are your friends. Our hearts go out to you, but I must tell you again that, for the sake of peace between your people and mine, you must obey the will of the Great White Chief in far-off Washington and leave the Bitterroot, as has been planned. We, your friends, are sorry, but you must go. It is final this time, Chief Charlot. You will have to believe that.

CHARLOT GETS UP AND RETREATS INTO THE SHADOWS, HIS BRAVES FOLLOWING.

BUCK: Today I do not feel proud that I am a white man when I think of Chief Charlot and his few remaining followers being moved from their old tribal lands here in the Bitterroot

Valley to the Jocko Reservation. General Carrington, I feel ashamed when I think of the deceit of those in high places at Washington.

WHALEY: Do they have to be moved, General?

CARRINGTON: I am a soldier! I have my orders!

RONAN: The chief difficulty all along has been that the government and most of the people, including the bulk of the settlers in this valley, have never understood the Indian; never seen him as a human being with emotions of love, of home, or love of justice and fair play. To the white man, the Indian is a savage, a beast lower than his own domestic animals. This attitude has made a frustrated being out of the Indian and has demoralized him.

BUCK: What will you do, General, in case Charlot persists in his refusal to go?

CARRINGTON: Mr. Buck, a good Army officer never crosses a bridge until he comes to it.

RONAN: And that, if I may be allowed to say so, General, is what is wrong with Army officers.

CARRINGTON: You are allowed to say so, Major.

CHARLOT RETURNS WITH HIS BRAVES TO THE CAMPFIRE.

CHARLOT: White chief, Charlot and his children will go. Not for white man's gold, but Charlot wants peace with his white brother. Braves tell my people.

CARRINGTON: (Deeply moved). I promise you the White Chief wants only peace with his friends, the Flatheads. And again I promise your people shall not go hungry again. They

shall be well taken care of in their new homes, homes the government will build for them.

CHARLOT: Be that as it may. Charlot and his people leave the home of their fathers tomorrow. Braves tell my people.

CARRINGTON EXITS. BRAVES LEAVE TO GO INTO SHADOWS. SOON THE POW-WOW STOPS AND ALL IS STILL.

BUCK: Charlot, we have been good friends; the people of the Bitterroot love you. You must come back often to visit your old home.

CHARLOT: Charlot no come back. Maybe some of his people come back, but Charlot no come back.

BUCK LEAVES.

WHALEY: Charlot, we must always be friends. Even if you will not come to see us, we will come often to see you.

CHARLOT: Charlot will be glad to see his friends.

WHALEY LEAVES.

RONAN: So at last, Charlot, you and your people go.

CHARLOT: My women and children are hungry. My men are weakened by sickness, they no longer fight. For their sake I go.

RONAN: You must not feel bitterness, Charlot. You are merely leaving your old home for a new home. Your beloved Bitterroot Valley will still be here.

CHARLOT: A good Indian does not look back. Charlot is a good Indian. I shall never return. The white chief has taken the land of my fathers away from me and my people. It is his. Let him do with it what he will.

RONAN: As superintendent of the Jocko Reservation, I shall see you often. Whenever you have any problems, bring them to me and I will do all I can to help you. I shall never be false with you. I go now and will be at the Jocko Agency with my friends to greet you when you and your people arrive at your new home.

CHARLOT: Maybe that is good. Maybe it is not good.

PRIEST: When the Flatheads leave tomorrow for their new home, St. Mary's mission will no longer exist. It has been here all of these years to serve the Indians of this valley. The priests of the mission will go with you to your new home. Others will be there to welcome you, and us, when we arrive.

THE POW-WOW STARTS UP AGAIN, SOFTLY AT FIRST, BUT GETTING LOUDER TOWARD THE END OF THE SCENE.

CHARLOT: We will see what we will.

PRIEST: It has not all been as we had hoped. God moves in His own way, but He does not foresake his people.

CHARLOT: Charlot and his people do not know what to believe now.

PRIEST: You must have hope; all is not lost.

PRIEST, AFTER A MOMENT, LEAVES. THE POW-WOW BECOMES LOUDER. SIX BRAVES COME FORWARD AND DO A WAR DANCE AROUND THE FIRE. IN THE REAR THE INDIANS BEGIN TO PUT THEIR THINGS IN WAGONS AND TAKE DOWN TEEPEES. SOON THE LINE FORMS, AND WITH CHIEF CHARLOT AT THE HEAD, THEY SILENTLY PASS INTO THE NIGHT AND OUT OF THE BITTERROOT.

Scene 2

CHARLOT PASSES THROUGH MISSOULA IN OCTOBER, 1891

NARRATOR: Word that Chief Charlot and his Indians would pass through Missoula on their way from the Bitterroot to Jocko Reservation on the following day, October 15, reached Missoula. This movement created very little interest or excitement. The Missoulian, however, was interested in a story and sent a reporter to meet them as they passed around, not through, the city of Missoula. Of course, some old-timer friends of the Indians were also there to greet them. Although the characters in the following scene, except for the Indians, are fictitious, the situation is relatively similar to the greeting, or lack of greeting, the last of the Flathead Indians received as they passed through Missoula from their ancestral home to the Jocko Reservation.

SCENE: A ROAD NEAR MISSOULA. TWO OLD MEN ARE SITTING ON A RAIL FENCE, SPITTING TOBACCO, WHITTLING, AND REMINISCING. A THIRD MAN, FRED, JOINS THEM. A TEEN-AGE BOY, GRANDSON OF JOE, IS ALSO PRESENT.

FRED: Here to see old Charlot and his bunch of Injuns go through, eh?

JOE: Yup! Hear'd they was goin' to leave the Bitterroot this morning, bright and early.

FRED CRAWLS UP ON FENCE.

JOE: Won't be much to see, I reckon.

PETE: I reckon not. They ain't what they used to be.

FRED: Saw Charlot the other day. Didn't speak, just grunted. Seems like him and the rest of them is run down the hill pretty bad.

PETE: You know, when I first came to this here country in about '63, the Indians wasn't bad and we got along with 'em real nice. That was only a few years after Governor Stevens had sorta hoodwinked Victor, and the Flatheads was still afeelin' that they could keep the white man outa the Bitterroot.

Lots of good Injuns around in those days. Take you in for the night any time and feed you the best they got--real friendly--especially those Bitterroot Flatheads.

JOE: Injuns is still friendly, even today, after all we done to them. Do anything for you even yet.

FRED: A Injun can make a white man seem foolish just by keepin' his mouth shut. Injuns know it, too.

JOE: They sure do. Let an Injun get in a tight spot and he shuts up like a clam. A white man gets in a tight spot and he yells his head off!

PETE: I hear'd a man who said--hey! What's this here a comin'?

A YOUNG MAN AND A YOUNG WOMAN IN FANCY DRESS APPEAR ON A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

PETE: Lots of fancy folks running around Missoula lately, it seems to me!

JOE: Yup, town is gettin' out of hand, it seems like--gettin' civilized.

YOUNG MAN: (As they stop in front of the men). Indians gone through yet, old timers?

PETE: Now, just what in heck are you?

YOUNG MAN: I'm a reporter from the Missoulian.

FRED: What's the gal? Is she a reporter, too?

REPORTER: No, she's my wife. She's going to write the Great American Novel. Right now it's going to be about the Flathead Indians.

WIFE: He thinks he's funny. But he's not. He just thinks so. Besides, they aren't Flatheads, that's a misnomer. They're Selis!

REPORTER: Have the Indians gone through yet? I asked.

PETE: Nope, ain't come along yet.

REPORTER: While we're waiting, perhaps you old timers can tell us something about these Indians--do you know them?

PETE: Hear'd about 'em.

REPORTER: Charlot's quite a character, hey?

WIFE: What about their womenfolk?

FRED: Ain't what they used to be.

WIFE: Go into that a little more in detail. Just what do you mean by that?

FRED: Ain't that gettin' a little personal, lady?

WIFE: (Shocked). Oh, I'm sorry!

REPORTER: Charlot's quite a fellow, I understand.

PETE: Well, that all depends on how you look at it. Now, back in '63, when I arrived in this here country, I--.

REPORTER: What are these fellows, still pretty savage? Primitive, underneath, I mean?

FRED: Well, they ain't so bad anymore. I hear'd lately that they've given up eatin' white children--it might just be a rumor.

REPORTER: Very amusing. Bunch of old fogies. Let's go. (Starts to walk off).

WIFE: Come on, Ralph, these men are really amusing. (Speaks to old timers). I've read a good deal about the history of the noble red men. Here are some notes I made. (Takes notes from her bag, reads). Years ago, before the white man came to our continent, the noble red men roamed the country in

all their glory. They were, and still are, the kindly, loving people, bound to their families and in love with nature. They were, and still are, at heart, very, very noble people. There is much that we, the white men, can learn from their kindly and generous natures and from their sense of dignity born through their love of nature. They were scattered all over the country and lived in peace with one another. The thing that characterized them most above all things was their noble dignity and humility and simple love of nature. They were very intelligent and they always helped the white men whenever they could. There were, of course, some little difficulties--a few misunderstandings that led to little wars. But after they learned the white man's ways, it was all different.

GRANDSON: They're acomin', grandpa, they're acomin'.

IN THE DISTANCE CHARLOT AND HIS BAND OF OLD MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN APPEAR. THEY MOVE SLOWLY ACROSS THE AREA DURING THE REST OF THIS SCENE, SEEMINGLY UNAWARE OF ANYONE BUT THEMSELVES. MANY ARE SICK, THEY ARE POORLY CLOTHED, AND ALL ARE PRACTICALLY DESTITUTE AFTER THE STRUGGLE TO EXIST IN THE BITTERROOT. THE LAST ONE OF THE GROUP IS AN ELDERLY WOMAN WITH A PAPOOSE IN A CRADLE ON HER BACK.

WIFE: (So busy talking she doesn't hear the boy). Now, before I came to Montana, I read all I could about this noble tribe of Selish led by Chief Charlot. Sometimes they are called Flatheads by vulgar people, but that is not their proper name. All the historians say that of all the Indians of the

Northwest, these were the most noble--they never lied or cheated or stole from either white men or Indians, they were always kindly and good and proud--never have any of them killed a white person. Their homes were always open to the white man. Today will be a great privilege to see them led by their noble Chief Charlot, dressed in his beautiful clothes and with his beautiful braves and his beautiful women, and--

GRANDSON: That's old Charlot, leading 'em, grandpa!

PETE: Darned if they didn't come, after all. Old Charlot musta' gave up.

JOE: Pretty sorry-looking lot, when you think what they was.

FRED: (Slowly). Yup. They ain't what they used to be.

WIFE: (Turns and looks at oncoming Indians). No, no, not these! There's some mistake! That can't be Chief Charlot!

GRANDSON: That's old Charlot, all right. I've seen him with my granddad many times.

REPORTER: (Running up to Charlot). Hey, Chief, I'm from the Mis-soulian. I want to get a story. (The Indians ride on, paying no attention). Hey, old fellow, can't you understand English? I wanta catchum heap big story for paper--newspaper, you know, white man read him all about it. (Indians still move on). Hey, you dumb cluck, can't you hear? Say, just how dumb can an Indian get?....Hey, you old fool, I want a story, catchum story for white man's newspaper--white man readum all about it, savvy?....Don't you want your name in the paper, you old bum?

HIS WIFE HAS BEEN WALKING ALONG BESIDE HIM. BOTH STOP.

REPORTER: No use. The editor was right, these Indians are too dumb to know anything. Come on, let's go.

WIFE: But what will I write?

REPORTER: Oh, write anything, what does it matter? A bunch of lousy, mangy dogs, that's all they are.

WIFE: There's some mistake. Someone's trying to play a joke.

GRANDSON: They ain't no joke, lady, they're Charlot and his Indians Hey, Indians, where'd you get all them old nags?

WIFE: But--but--where are the war bonnets?

REPORTER: Come on, let's go. Write your Great American Novel about New England.

WIFE: Don't speak to me! I can't stand it!

THEY GET ON THEIR BICYCLES AND START TO RIDE OFF.

FRED: (With understanding and sympathy). Don't worry too much, lady. It's just like I told you, they ain't what they used to be.

Scene 3

THE ARRIVAL OF CHARLOT AND HIS BAND AT JOCKO
OCTOBER 16, 1891

NARRATOR: The Indians moved slowly toward the Flathead Reservation. On the evening of October 15th, they camped at the foot of Evaro Hill, where they were told that on the following day a reception and feast would be awaiting them when they arrived at the reservation headquarters, then located at Jocko and close to the Jocko Missionary church. The older Indians with Charlot were still passive, although some of the younger ones showed some interest.

SCENE: IN THE BACKGROUND INDIANS ARE PREPARING A FEAST. IN THE BACKGROUND, LEFT, FATHER CANISTRELLI, WITH A COUPLE OF INDIANS, RAISES THE BANNER OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS AND MARY. MAJOR RONAN, WITH MRS. RONAN, WALKS UP TO THE CHIEF OF THE KOOTENAI.

RONAN: My dear, this is Michel, chief of the Kootenai tribe.

Chief, this is my wife.

CHIEF MICHEL: White old woman look nice.

MRS. RONAN: (Laughs). Well, thank you.

RONAN: (To Chief Michel). She has not become used to the Indian way of calling all women, regardless of age, "old women." Well, I'm glad you're making a big feast for the newcomers. They will be tired and hungry when they arrive. I just came from Stevensville where I saw them leave. I also saw them last night and told them what you were planning.

CHIEF MICHEL: Good feast will make them feel fine. Kootenai chief, and Charlot, chief of Flatheads, will be good friends.

RONAN: Yes. I wish it to be so. As Indian Agent on this reservation, I will like it very much if the tribes will be friendly and if the chiefs will come to see me whenever there is anything I can do for them.

CHIEF MICHEL: I think Charlot will be the Flathead chief for all Flatheads, now?

RONAN: That will be for the Flatheads themselves to decide. Whoever they say will be accepted in my office.

CHIEF MICHEL: Some say even those who came with Arlee will want Charlot. I have heard them say that here and there.

RONAN: I think that is the way it is. But the Indians themselves will decide that, as I have said.

CHIEF MICHEL: They come soon now. I go to tell my people.

CHIEF MICHEL LEAVES.

MRS. RONAN: You aren't looking for trouble among the Flatheads, are you, Pete? I mean, between Arlee and Charlot?

RONAN: I think not. They will settle their difficulties among themselves. (As Father Canstrelli approaches). I see you are getting ready for our new friends from the Bitterroot, Father Canstrelli.

CANSTRELLI: Yes, I thought the Church should plan something of a special nature for these good people. You were at Stevensville, I understand.

RONAN: Yes, Mrs. Ronan and myself were down--at the request of General Carrington--we got home late last evening. I talked with Charlot on the night of the 14th, the evening before they left for the Jocko.

CANSTRELLI: How did he seem--how did he feel about the move?

RONAN: Very resigned to it, I should say. Not especially bitter, but disillusioned and passive. Charlot is a practical man and as such knows he must be on friendly terms, as a chief, with all men, irrespective of race. If circumstances beyond

his control hadn't made him helpless, he would have been a very strong chief.

CANSTRELLI: Your point of view is interesting. To the Church, as we have come to know him, Charlot is truly a tragic figure, symbolizing the frustration of his race which has been brought about through our neglect of them as human beings.

RONAN: It is easy to understand why he is so bitter in his attitude toward the white race.

CANSTRELLI: In a lesser man I would call it bitterness. With Charlot it is counteraction, it seems to me. He is, as a matter of fact, a very strong man, a man of destiny.

RONAN: Well, in any case, he's here now, for us to deal with.

CANSTRELLI: Yes, we'll have to do the best by him we can--you as his government agent, I as his priest.

CHIEF MICHEL JOINS RONAN AND CANSTRELLI. BY NOW A FEW YOUNG MEN OF THE FLATHEAD GROUP, MOUNTED ON PONIES AND DRESSED IN INDIAN PARAPHERNALIA, WITH BLANKETS OVER THEMSELVES AND HORSES, FIRING GUNS, COME INTO VIEW. THEY ARE FOLLOWED BY ALL THE BITTERROOT INDIANS ON HORSES, IN WAGONS, AND ON FOOT--CHARLOT AT THE HEAD. THEY AND CHARLOT DISMOUNT. UP TO THIS POINT THERE HAS BEEN MUCH LOUD GREETING, BUT WHEN CHARLOT GETS OFF HIS HORSE AND WALKS TOWARD RONAN AND THE OTHERS, EVERYONE BECOMES VERY STILL. HE SHAKES HANDS WITH EACH AND THEN FOLDS HIS ARMS AND THEY ALL LISTEN TO THREE SHORT SPEECHES OF WELCOME.

CHIEF MICHEL: For all the Indians on the Flathead Reservation I am glad to be here to greet you, Chief Charlot and his people. We must always be good friends, not fight like in the old days.

No one like fighting ever anyway. It may not be so nice for you here maybe, as the Bitterroot, your ancestral home, but it is nice here some ways. Many Indians have come to make big feast for you and to hold big Mass. We Indians are not so many people now; we must always work together like one.

CHARLOT GRUNTS IN PASSIVE APPROVAL.

RONAN: Chief Charlot, I am glad to welcome you and your people to the Jocko Valley, your future home. There is plenty here for all--cattle and good land for grazing; water for your crops and more to come later; much wild game and fish in the mountains and streams. For all the year around and no one to use this Reservation but the Indians. You can live in abundance in all seasons on this place set aside by the United States government for your exclusive use in the years to come. On this reservation you will not be molested, you and your people's old customs and traditions will be respected and all of the days of your lives will be spent in peace and contentment. As Indian Agent, I am here to help you all in your troubles and in your doubts. Please come to see me often, and I shall come to see you, for we must become better acquainted in order that we may better love and understand each other.

CHARLOT IS NOT UNPLEASED, BUT IS STILL PASSIVE AND DISTRUSTFUL OF RONAN'S PROMISES.

CANESTRELLI: I shall not speak to you long. Later when we have our services I have many things to say to you. You are good Christians and Catholics. I have heard only praise of your

conduct from the priests at St. Mary's. Remember always that myself and all the other priests at the St. Ignatius Mission are laboring not only among you, but for you and with you in the vineyard of the Almighty God, not as a companion and friend, but according to the grace of our calling, as your Father--spiritually it is true, but with all the love and solicitude that any Father has for his children. God bless all of you.

CHARLOT: I do not want it to be bad for my people. We have suffered much. It may be that time will heal the spirit and the body. It may be that someday white men will be more kind to my people.

RONAN: When last I saw you in your beloved Bitterroot, Chief Charlot, you said to me: "A good Indian does not look back." But we want you to do more than not look back, Chief Charlot, we want you to look forward to a good future on this reservation which the government has set aside for you as long as the grass grows, as long as the water flows. It is our promise--the white man's promise to you, our Indian friends.

CHARLOT: (Angry). Promise? The white man talks much. What is he--this white man who gives promise one day and turns his back the next day. What manner of man is he, how will we know him? I will tell you how Indians have learned to know him. "To take and to lie should be burned on his forehead, as he burns the sides of my stolen horses with his own name. Had Heaven's Chief burnt him with some mark to refuse him, we might have refused him. No, we did not refuse him in his

weakness. In his poverty we fed, we cherished him--yes, befriended him, and showed him fords and defiles of our land. Yet we did not think his face was concealed with hair, and that he often smiles like a rabbit in his own beard. A long-tailed skulking thing, fond of flat lands, and soft grass and woods....Now because he lied, and because he yet lies, without friendship, justice, or charity, he has the last of the land that was ours many long years before we ever saw him. When will he be satisfied? A roving skulk, first; a natural liar, next; and withal a murderer, a tyrant....He came to us in many forms--he trapped our streams. He destroyed our buffalo. He stripped trees from the sides of our mountains. He fenced our land, plowed up our herbs--for his profit, not for his use. He came to us also as a man of God. He told us God's son was nailed to death on two cross sticks to save him. Had all of those white men died when this young man died, we would be saved now, and our country our own. We are here now on a strange and less fertile land, not because we choose, but because we had no choice. Let me see, now that you have brought us here, what will happen next? It will not be good. Your white man is like the wolverine that steals your cache, how often does he come? He comes as long as he lives, and takes more and more, and dirties what he leaves." That is all I have to say.

CANESTRELLI: There is so much to be done in so little time, Charlotte. You must overcome this bitterness, for if you do not do so, there will be no room for faith, hope, and charity to abide in your soul. Come down here before the House of our Lord, and we shall have Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE INDIANS CHANT "O SALUTARIS" AND "TANTUM ERGO," AS FATHER CANESTRELLI GIVES BENEDICTION.

EPILOGUE

Charlot was never very happy on the reservation. Major Ronan had made considerable progress with the other Indians by the time Charlot arrived, and the chief and his band were frowned upon by the agent for their "non-progressive" ways. Ronan charged that Charlot worked against education and other civilizing influences dispensed at the agency. No doubt it was true. Having never asked for Ronan's brand of civilization in the first place, it was no more palatable to Charlot for having been forced on him. Although Ronan tried to live up to the terms of the Carrington agreement, he, Charlot, the other Indians, and the successors of all of them were destined to lose to a common opponent--the government of the United States. Long after the principals in our drama were in their graves the reservation was divided up among the Indians and the "surplus" land was opened to settlement. These events took place in 1904 and 1910. The inrush of settlers undermined the work done by the agents, the church, and the Indians themselves. That the government thereby violated the terms of the Hellgate Treaty of 1855, and subsequent agreements with Charlot and the others, is hardly a matter of interpretation. The Confederated Tribes are presently suing the government for the value of the land surrendered to Governor Stevens in 1855. If they win they will get a substantial sum of money. No one will begrudge it to them.

Affairs in which Indians gave way to coercion by settlers have been so commonplace in our history that differences between the "incidents" have been glossed over in the interest of present-

ing generalizations suitable for framing. Unlike many other contests, the struggle between the Salish and their white neighbors did not turn on population. The attempt to oust them from their ancestral home began before the land problem became acute--and, in fact, it never became acute. Nor did the tragedy arise from the inability of the Salish to grasp the fine points of a legalistic treaty. They understood their rights all too well. Charlot based his case on the failure of the government to live up to all the terms of the Hellgate Treaty. The government admitted its failings with respect to some parts of it. A modern lawyer would say that Charlot regarded the document as an indivisible contract--if but one part of it was violated, all of it was void and not binding on the parties. The government behaved as though it believed the contract to be a divisible one, still in effect insofar as the Jocko reservation was concerned. The law books tell us that in the event of a difference of opinion on a contract, what matters in the end is the original intention of the signers. The Salish looked at the treaty one way, the government another. Charlot's legal case was strong if not conclusive.

The moral aspect of the controversy is harder to weigh. Undoubtedly, Charlot's insistence on retaining his tribal ways made agreement impossible. The sight of "savages" wandering up and down the Bitterroot, free as the breeze and responsible to no one, was disturbing to settlers who had been reared in places where exaggerated stories of Indian barbarism abounded. On the other hand, Charlot did not see how he could give up his tribal ways and

remain an Indian, the very logic that forced Americans to devise the reservation system in the first place. We are thus brought full circle. Perhaps the only valid conclusion is that the settlers did not try to make such adjustments as they well could have made. If Charlot was stubborn, they were greedy. This is what our ancestors should have said when they spoke of a contest between civilizations.

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records in a business setting. It highlights how proper record-keeping can lead to better decision-making and operational efficiency.

2. In the second section, the author explores various methods for organizing and storing data. This includes both physical and digital storage solutions, emphasizing the need for security and accessibility.

3. The third section focuses on the role of technology in modern record management. It discusses how software solutions can streamline processes and reduce the risk of data loss.

4. The fourth section addresses the challenges of data migration and integration. It provides insights into how to ensure that data remains consistent and usable when moving between different systems.

5. The fifth section discusses the importance of data backup and recovery strategies. It outlines best practices for creating and testing backup plans to minimize downtime in the event of a disaster.

6. The sixth section covers the legal and regulatory requirements for record management. It explains how businesses can ensure compliance with various industry standards and laws.

7. The seventh section discusses the benefits of cloud-based record management solutions. It highlights the advantages of scalability, flexibility, and cost-effectiveness.

8. The eighth section focuses on the importance of data security and privacy. It provides tips on how to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access and breaches.

9. The ninth section discusses the role of data analytics in record management. It explains how analyzing data can provide valuable insights into business performance and trends.

10. The tenth section covers the importance of data governance and policy development. It outlines how to create a framework for managing data throughout its lifecycle.

11. The eleventh section discusses the importance of data retention and archiving. It explains how to determine which data should be kept and for how long.

12. The twelfth section covers the importance of data backup and recovery strategies. It outlines best practices for creating and testing backup plans to minimize downtime in the event of a disaster.

13. The thirteenth section discusses the importance of data security and privacy. It provides tips on how to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access and breaches.

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16. The sixteenth section discusses the importance of data retention and archiving. It explains how to determine which data should be kept and for how long.

17. The seventeenth section covers the importance of data backup and recovery strategies. It outlines best practices for creating and testing backup plans to minimize downtime in the event of a disaster.

18. The eighteenth section discusses the importance of data security and privacy. It provides tips on how to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access and breaches.

19. The nineteenth section discusses the role of data analytics in record management. It explains how analyzing data can provide valuable insights into business performance and trends.

20. The twentieth section covers the importance of data governance and policy development. It outlines how to create a framework for managing data throughout its lifecycle.

21. The twenty-first section discusses the importance of data retention and archiving. It explains how to determine which data should be kept and for how long.

22. The twenty-second section covers the importance of data backup and recovery strategies. It outlines best practices for creating and testing backup plans to minimize downtime in the event of a disaster.

23. The twenty-third section discusses the importance of data security and privacy. It provides tips on how to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access and breaches.

24. The twenty-fourth section discusses the role of data analytics in record management. It explains how analyzing data can provide valuable insights into business performance and trends.

25. The twenty-fifth section covers the importance of data governance and policy development. It outlines how to create a framework for managing data throughout its lifecycle.

APPENDIX F

"THE BIRTH OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK"

The Birth Of Yellowstone National Park



BY
BERT HANSEN
1957

THE BIRTH OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Bert Hansen

PROLOGUE

The acceptance of the Yellowstone National Park area as perhaps the most exciting and impressive area in the world did not come until sparked by the Washburn-Doane expedition in 1870. In the early part, however, of the 19th century the park was first observed by John Colter as he traveled through the area, negotiating with the various Indian tribes in connection with fur trading interests. Generally speaking, little attention was given to Colter's descriptions of the area, now known to be accurate but then considered very elaborate. The second well known frontiersman who visited much of what is now the Yellowstone Park area and told many stories about it was James Bridger. No one took "old Jim Bridger's" lies seriously, and he was laughed at when he started telling his tall tales about the area. Both Colter and Bridger seemed to have enjoyed the humorous skepticism with which their stories were received, and, in some cases, more humorously than cynically, added touches of dry humor which only increased the general disbelief in the area as they described it.

However, enough curiosity about this wild country was aroused during the 1800's, and several expeditions were formed to investigate its possibilities. This became true as more individuals passed through the area and came out of it with the same tales of what they had seen. General Bonneville, in his travels in the Yellowstone region in 1832, says, "You asked me all I know of the thermal springs and geysers. Not personally, but my men knew about them and called their location the Fire Hole." Thus, these more or less definite reports of visits to the region by various

hunters and trappers, traders and miners, became known, although they left no real written report of what they had observed.

In 1860 Captain W. F. Reynolds (sic) made the first government expedition directed to the upper Yellowstone region but was unsuccessful in reaching it. The personnel of this party tied up with the past and future in that the expedition included as its guide Jim Bridger and its geologist Dr. F. V. Hayden, who made the official geographical survey following the Washburn-Doane expedition of 1870.

The next expedition, though an unofficial one, was organized by James Stuart in 1863 "to explore the portion of the country drained by the Yellowstone for the purpose of discovering gold mines and securing townsites." A member of this party was Samuel T. Hauser, who was a leader with the Washburn-Doane expedition of 1870. This party had constant difficulties with Indians, and although they traveled 1600 miles from the time they left Bannock on April 9th until their return on June 22nd, their report was not published until sometime later from the extensive notes of Hauser and James Stuart.

"The first really thorough exploring expedition into Yellowstone Park area of which anything like a complete and authentic report is preserved, occurred in 1869, and was known as the Folsom-Cook-Peterson expedition." While planned as an official expedition, it proved to be an unofficial exploring expedition, as neither David E. Folsom nor Charles W. Cook had the contacts that could secure for the expedition the privilege of the government's approval and the desirable military escort. However, they explored the area well, and inspired such men as Samuel T. Hauser, General Washburn, Nathaniel P. Langford, and Cornelius Hedges,

who were prominent, influential, and known men in Montana, to plan the all-important expedition of 1870. Shortly after their return from the expedition, Folsom and Cook did offer an article on the experience to one of the eastern magazines for publication, but received a reply that they did not publish fiction. After this they didn't care particularly about giving general publicity to their story in Montana, expecting it not to be believed. They did, however, talk to Hauser, Langford, Washburn, and Hedges, and these people became tremendously interested and planned an expedition into the area for 1870. Due to the efforts of General Washburn and the influence of such distinguished citizens as Hauser, Langford, and Hedges, they were able to acquire a military escort. The expedition not only created vast interest in the region through the efforts of the explorers, both among laymen and politicians, but also started the movement which grew through their efforts into the conception of establishing national areas, "dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people, with proper administration, protection, and development by the federal government."

We now see the Washburn-Doane expedition, the first official exploratory party, as it moves into the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon rivers on their last night in the Yellowstone country, September 19th, of their memorable expedition, in the year of 1870.

THE BIRTH OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Bert Hansen

SETTING: THE SITE OF THE ORIGINAL CAMPSITE OF THE YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION OF 1870. MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE WASHBURN-DOANE EXPEDITION. MEMBERS OF THE EXPLORATORY PARTY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

1. GENERAL HENRY D. WASHBURN, SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF MONTANA, AND FORMER CONGRESSMAN.
2. HONORABLE NATHANIEL P. LANGFORD, AN EX-VIGILANTE AND DESTINED TO BE THE FIRST SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PARK.
3. CORNELIUS HEDGES, ATTORNEY FROM HELENA, IN LATER YEARS TO BE VERY ACTIVE IN POLITICAL AND OTHER AFFAIRS, AND UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO MONTANA. IT WAS HE WHO FIRST PROPOSED SETTING APART THE YELLOWSTONE REGION AS A NATIONAL PARK.
4. HONORABLY (COLONEL) SAMUEL T. HAUSER, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HELENA, AND LATER TO BE GOVERNOR OF MONTANA. ASSOCIATED WITH FIRST RECLAMATION PROJECT IN MONTANA, WAS FIRST TO SEE POSSIBILITIES OF NORTHWEST WATER POWER.
5. WALTER TRUMBULL, ASSISTANT ASSESSOR OF INTERNAL REVENUE, AND SON OF THE LATE U.S. SENATOR LYMAN TRUMBULL, ILLINOIS.
6. BENJAMIN STICKNEY, JR., PIONEER MERCHANT.
7. JACOB SMITH, THE "PROBLEM" OF THE EXPLORATION.
8. LIEUTENANT GUSTAVUS C. DOANE.
9. WILLIAM BAKER, SERGEANT.
10. PRIVATES GEORGE McCONNELL, WILLIAM LEIPLER, UNDER DOANE. THIS ARMY DETACHMENT WAS SENT TO "ESCORT THE SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF MONTANA TO THE FALLS AND LAKES OF THE YELLOWSTONE AND RETURN".
11. MR. REYNOLDS AND MR. ELWYN BEAN, PACKERS.

12. TWO COLORED COOKS.
13. MEMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL PARTY MISSING ARE: HONORABLE TRUMAN C. EVERTS, EX-U.S. ASSESSOR FOR MONTANA, WHO WAS LOST FROM THE EXPEDITION FOR 37 DAYS; WARREN C. GILLETTE, A YOUNG MAN FRIEND OF THE EVERTS AND PRIVATES JOHN WILLIAMSON AND CHARLES MOORE WHO WERE LEFT TO SEARCH FOR EVERTS.

TIME: EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 19th, 1870.

AS THE SCENE OPENS, THE PACKERS AND TWO COLORED COOKS ARRIVE. THE PACKERS IMMEDIATELY BUILD A FIRE, AND THE COOKS START TO PREPARE THE EVENING MEAL.

1ST COOK: Ain't much use in makin' much of a fire for us to cook on. About all we got is dried fish... No sugar, no flour, no coffee, no tea---just about no nothin'.

BEAN: Good-lookin' stream out there.. Why don't you try catching a few fresh fish?

1ST COOK: I don't catch fish, I jest cook 'em.

REYNOLDS: Fish out of that Firehole River wouldn't need to be cooked. They'll be boiled.

2ND COOK: You said somethin' there, mister.

BEAN: You know, everybody thought old Jim Bridger was some liar when he said this river comin' from the Upper Geyser Basin was boilin' hot. You can sure see why, with all that boilin' water runnin' into it.

REYNOLDS: It isn't the geyser water that makes this Firehole River hot, it's the rocks at the bottom of the river that make the water hot.

BEAN: What do you mean? That the rocks at the bottom are hot, not because of the water, but because the rocks--oh, well, all this is too complicated for me, like everything else we've seen.

REYNOLDS: All I'm tryin' to say is that I started to wade the river and the water wasn't hot, but when I stepped on some of them rocks they was so hot I had to jump on my horse--who had a bad time gettin' across himself, and not because the water was hot, but because the rocks was hot.

BEAN: It's like I said--forget it. All I want to do is get back to Bozeman.

1ST COOK: All I want is to get back to Helena. It's the craziest thing. I think maybe I'm jest dreamin' and never left Helena at all.

2ND COOK: I sure ain't goin' to tell anyone what I think I saw. They wouldn't believe me anymore than nothin'.

BEAN: Shut up. Here comes some of the bosses. They won't like that kind of talk.

THE SOLDIERS, LED BY LT. DOANE, RIDE INTO THE CAMP, FOLLOWED BY GENERAL WASHBURN, LANGFORD AND HEDGES.

DOANE: This all right for a camp, General Washburn?

WASHBURN: Looks fine to me. It's late enough so that we should put up for the night. Have the men rig up some sort of shelters, in case it should rain or snow again, Doane.

DOANE: Very good, sir. (To the men), You heard what the general said. I don't think we need to set up more than two or three shelters. Sergeant Baker, arrange that both of the men stand four-hour guards tonight.

BAKER: Any special order, Lt.?

DOANE: Well, yes, put Private McConnell on first, Leipler second. We'll let Private Moore and Williamson sleep if they come in tonight.

They've had a tough duty. I'll be on duty more or less all night.

BAKER: Very good, sir.

THE MEMBERS OF THE PARTY HAVE GOTTEN OFF THEIR HORSES, WHICH NOW EAT VIGOROUSLY ON THE FRESH GRASS.

HEDGES: I wish I could fill up on fresh grass like those horses can.

LANGFORD: Why don't you try it, Hedges?

HEDGES: I have, two or three times already, but no luck.

IN THE MEANTIME SERGEANT BAKER TAKES THE HORSES OF THE THREE MEN, AND EACH OF THE PRIVATES TAKE THEIR HORSES, INTO THE BACKGROUND, WHERE THEY UNSADDLE THEM AND EXCHANGE BRIDLES FOR HALTERS ON THE HORSES.

LANGFORD: Gad, poor Everts. I hope he's still able to find something to eat.

HEDGES: I know, Langford, but there isn't any use worrying about it. I hope Gillette will bring him back tonight. What do you think, Washburn?

WASHBURN: Well, there's always a chance. Let's see, it was three days ago that we left Gillette with Privates Moore and Williamson over at the Yellowstone Lake region to try to locate him, wasn't it?

LANGFORD: Yes, we gave them 10 days' supplies and the one pack mule, but they may turn up here tonight with good news or bad.

HAUSER: Well, Gillette will certainly find himself a father-in-law if he succeeds.

LANGFORD: What do you mean?

HAUSER: Oh, he's running ahead of all the other fellows in Helena in winning Bessie Everts for a bride.. About all it'd take for him to be completely successful in his courtship would be to rescue her father.

LANGFORD: Well, Bessie is necessarily one of Montana Territory's most attractive belles.

WASHBURN: Well, that's all very fine, but after all this poor fellow has been lost now for nine days. Bride or no bride, I sure hope Gillette and the privates have found him, or some trace of him.

HEDGES: Say, that is quite a river coming in from the north, meeting up with this Firehole River we've been following all day.

WASHBURN: Yes, this is a junction, all right. I'll bet the stream these two form is the headwaters of one of the three rivers that form the Missouri at Three Forks.

LANGFORD: In that case, it ought to lead us out of this country pretty fast.

WASHBURN: Yes, it can't be many miles. We'd better start down tomorrow and get back to civilization as quick as we can.

LANGFORD: I'll bet it will lead us close to Virginia City. I'll go ahead tomorrow in case Everts doesn't turn up tonight and wire Helena from there.

WASHBURN: Here comes Jake Smith, Hauser, and Stickney. Wonder where Trumbull is?

HEDGES: Remember he took off up the river to see if he could find any trace of Everts or Gillette and the men.

WASHBURN: Of course, I'd forgotten.

THEY WATCH AS THE MEN RIDE TOWARD CAMP.

LANGFORD: I suppose Jake will want to play some poker tonight.

WASHBURN: It's his turn to stand guard the early part of the evening with one of the privates.

LANGFORD: A lot of good that will do. He's refused to do it the last three nights.

HEDGES: He's turned out to be a good deal of a nuisance. But even at that, we're lucky in only having one like him on an exploring trip as difficult as this has been.

SMITH: (As they are dismounting). What are we going to do? Stop here for the night?

WASHBURN: That's right, Smith. We're already setting up camp.

SMITH: How far do you think it will be before we get out of this country?

WASHBURN: My guess is about three more days.

SMITH: Well, I've had all I want.

FIRST COOK COMES OVER.

1ST COOK: There ain't very much food here, except some dried fish and some potatoes and a few dried beans we got left.

SMITH: No dessert?

1ST COOK: No, sir. Nothin'. No coffee, no tea, no sugar.

SMITH: Oh, man, I could sure use a little something sweet.

LANGFORD: How would you like a little piece of maple sugar, Jake?

SMITH: Oh, don't tantalize me by mentioning the subject.

LANGFORD: Then I take it you don't want any?

SMITH: I don't want any because I know you haven't got any.

LANGFORD REACHES INTO HIS BAG AND PULLS OUT A FAIRLY GOOD-SIZED
CAKE OF MAPLE SUGAR, AND STARTS PASSING IT AROUND.

STICKNEY: Where in the world did that come from, Langford:

LANGFORD: I've been saving it, Stickney. Packed away here in my bag
until I knew we would need it badly.

STICKNEY: Man, you're always doing something to make me laugh. You're
something like Jake there. You've always got another card up your
sleeve when an emergency arises.

SMITH: I hope that was being funny.

STICKNEY: Of course it is, but no more poker with you, Smith, after last
night.

WASHBURN: Well, we might as well eat what we've got here, get it over
with.

LANGFORD: I'll bet I've lost 50 pounds on this trip.

HEDGES: You're not alone.

LANGFORD: I know that. I'll bet when they do find Everts that he'll be
skinny as a rail.

SMITH: How long can a guy go without eating?

WASHBURN: Depends on the guy. A fellow like Everts, even though he doesn't
look particularly well, can probably stick it out longer than some of
you fat, healthy men.

SERGEANT BAKER COMES UP TO GENERAL WASHBURN.

BAKER: Mr. Trumbull is coming down the hill from the north, sir.

WASHBURN: Good! I'm glad to see he did not get lost.

THEY ALL GO OVER AND STAND BY WHILE TRUMBULL GETS OFF HIS HORSE.

WASHBURN: I assume you didn't see anything of Gillette's party or signs of Everts?

TRUMBULL: No. I went clear back to the Old Faithful Geyser area. The only thing I saw were some fresh footprints, but after examination I decided they belonged to an Indian.

LANGFORD: Think there's any hope?

TRUMBULL: I don't know. Right now I am too hungry to think.

WASHBURN: Sit down here and eat what's left, and then stretch out and take it easy. We're staying here for the night, and won't leave until fairly late tomorrow morning.

THE MEN START TO EAT, AND THE REST OF THEM GATHER AROUND THE FIRE.

LANGFORD: Well, general, you certainly did a good job in naming that regularly spouting geyser Old Faithful. I'll bet that name lives on forever.

WASHBURN: Well, I certainly ought to be able to do something well, after you men named that highest peak we climbed over near the Tower Fall after me.

STICKNEY: I'll bet there'll be more people wear themselves out climbing Mount Washburn than anything else they do in the whole area here.

WASHBURN: Maybe that's why you named it after me, so that people will hate Washburn.

LANGFORD: They'll forget all about climbing when they see the beauty of the whole area from the top of your Mount Washburn.

HAUSER: You know, men, something's been running through my mind for quite a while. I think now is a good time to bring it up.

LANGFORD: I knew there was something on your mind. You haven't said a word all evening.

HAUSER: You know, this is, perhaps, the most marvellous region existing in the country, perhaps in the whole world, for all we know, yet for some reason or another it's unknown to American people and unpublicized. I think somehow or the other we ought to organize the area into some sort of unit, make it known to people, and develop it as a scenic and recreational park.

LANGFORD: What have you got in mind, Samuel?

HAUSER: Well, why don't we utilize the findings of our exploration?

SMITH: How?

HAUSER: There are eight of us that compose this exploring party. Why don't we all agree on dividing this Yellowstone region into eight areas, and each of us file on a section at the most prominent points of interest?

STICKNEY: You mean make eight separate recreational areas out of it?

HAUSER: Well, that's what I had in mind.

SMITH: I'm all for that, Hauser. I think that's the most brilliant thing that's been promoted on the whole trip. My gosh, under proper management and advertising and publicity, we can each of us make a fortune.

LANGFORD: What you have in mind, Smith, is that you will charge people for coming here.

SMITH: Sure, charge them plenty. Put a separate toll gate at each of the eight areas, and each of us handle our own part in our own way. We'll have control over all the concessions within our own sections. Why, eventually it could become a source of great profit to each of us.

WASHBURN: I don't know that as a surveyor general of Montana I would be entitled to do this, but it seems to me that the proposition as stated would raise rather difficult conflicts. In the first place, how are you going to decide which section each person is to have? Some of them will be valuable for concessions, as for example this Old Faithful area, because it could be easier reached by tourists and pleasure-seekers. Others will not be so valuable, as, for example, Mount Washburn.

TRUMBULL: Well, there are four, of course, that would certainly be worth a great deal--the Lake area, the Upper Geyser Basin, and the falls area, and the Mammoth hot springs area. Although we missed the hot springs, all reports say it is very interesting and beautiful and, of course, quite accessible.

STICKNEY: Well, how would you decide who filed on which?

SMITH: We'll cut cards for it. Here, I've got a deck right here.

STICKNEY: I've had enough cards with you, Jake. We'll settle it some other way.

HAUSER: Well, I saw this possibility of difficulty coming up, and I thought of another plan. Namely, that we each file on a portion of the land, and when we get back to Helena draw up an agreement, which we will keep secret, combining it all into one area, each of us to

SMITH: I would sooner take a chance on getting one of the good areas.

I don't want to divide anything. I either want it all or nothing.

LANGFORD: There's something heinous about the idea of turning this area that we have been exploring into a commercial enterprise.

HEDGES: I've been thinking about something all evening too. As a matter of fact, I have been thinking about it the last two or three days.

LANGFORD: Fine, Cornelius, let's have it. You're a man whose ideas I'll put faith in.

HEDGES: It seems to me that when nature brings into being a region such as we have seen these last 25 days, that it belongs, not to a few men, or even a state or territory, but to the people, all of the people. That it should be an area for enjoyment and recreation, free from all the strains of commercialism, selfish interests, and private ownership. We have here just now conceived an idea--that of setting aside the area we've covered as a kind of a park. That's my idea, too, but I feel, and strongly, that it must not be a privately-owned or operated park, but a national park.

ALL ARE SILENT FOR A MOMENT.

HAUSER: Let us get this straight, Hedges. You're proposing that the federal government set aside this Yellowstone area, develop it, run it, for the benefit of the people?

HEDGES: That's right, Hauser.

LANGFORD: It's the most wonderful idea I've ever heard expressed by anyone.

HAUSER: Just one more question before you let loose, Langford. What branch of the government will do this, Hedges?

HEDGES: One of the departments of the government--the Department of the Interior, I suppose.

HAUSER: And its development and operation will be paid for by the government?

HEDGES: By the people of the government.

LANGFORD: And why not? Thousands of Americans, millions of Americans, will see and enjoy these wonders of nature, and without paying a commercial price to see them, beyond the incomes of many. It's wrong to put it on a commercial basis for the benefit of the few of us who just happen to be here now, before its beauties are known to the people of our country.

HAUSER: I'm a banker, Hedges. I believe in private enterprise. But in this case I think you're right. This should be the property of the people, owned by them and operated by their government.

SMITH: Hauser, I can't believe what I hear you say. Why, Hauser, it's-- it's socialism or something, like that--this fellow Karl Marx over in Germany, or somewhere. Why, this scheme will rob the individual citizen of initiative, take money out of his pocket--.

LANGFORD: Your pocket you mean, Jake.

SMITH: We agreed to have a joint ownership of this area, didn't we?

LANGFORD: We didn't agree to anything. We only talked about it.

SMITH: I hope we're only talking about this!

LANGFORD: Not if I have my way. Trumbull, you're the son of a late senator of the United States. What do you think:

TRUMBULL: I think it's a splendid idea, and if my father were still living and still senator, I know he'd be all for it.

LANGFORD: And you, Stickney?

STICKNEY: I'm for it. I wish I'd had brains enough to think of it.

LANGFORD: We already know what you think, Smith, do we not?

SMITH: And you haven't heard the last of it, either. For one thing, most of the area is in Wyoming territory, and we're all from Helena. What about that?

HEDGES: Nothing. As I said, it will be a national park, not a private or state park.

LANGFORD: Stickney, you are a merchant and business man from this area, what about it?

STICKNEY: I want to repeat I think it's fine. For one thing, it might help bring a railroad through this way. As you know, the Northern Pacific is already surveying possible routes through Montana Territory. It will be ten or twelve years before they build. But if we get the park idea accepted, they might well route it through Bozeman Pass, follow the Gallatin to the headwaters of the Missouri, and then on up to Helena.

LANGFORD: And now, General Washburn. Your opinion is most important.

WASHBURN: It is, of course, my opinion that it's the only honest thing to do. That way, we'll not only conserve the many natural resources of nature located in such a small area, but plan it in the interests of the people. It could lead to having many other beautiful spots throughout the country designated as national parks, to serve forever for the unrestricted use of the citizens of our Nation and the many others who will visit our country. It is the only safe way to conserve our natural resources in their pure and untainted form.

LANGFORD: Then you support the plan?

WASHBURN: Wholeheartedly. I should say, however, that the idea has been suggested before. Folsom, Cook and myself last fall talked over the idea of developing this area into some kind of park after they and Peterson returned from their exploration. It was just talk, however, and none of us dreamed anything could ever come of it.

LANGFORD: Well, something will come of this. I'll devote the rest of my life, if necessary, to have this Yellowstone country set aside by the government as a public national park, for the enjoyment of the citizens of the United States for all time to come.

DOANE: Mr. Langford, I've been listening to all this. As you know, I've made careful notes all along the route of the expedition. I'll be glad to put them at your disposal.

LANGFORD: Thank you, Lieutenant. I'll need them in preparing my lecture. And the drawings, which Private Moore and you, Stickney, have been making of the geysers, the lake, and the falls. My own diary has been rather general. What about the rest of us?

TRUMBULL, STICKNEY, AND HEDGES GIVE LOUD AND INSTANT ASSENT.

HAUSER: You'll have my complete support, Langford.

LANGFORD: Thanks. And Jake?

SMITH: I have nothing to say now.

LANGFORD: Of course, we have Hedges' approval. It's his idea. And I'm sure we can depend on you, Washburn.

WASHBURN: With all the time and--and energy I have. Right now I'm very, very tired. Why don't we turn in, sleep on it, and go over it again in the morning?

SEVERAL: Good idea. I'm tired, too, etc.

WASHBURN: Who will stand guard with the soldiers tonight? You, Smith?

SMITH: Not me. I'm going to sleep.

TRUMBULL: Stickney and myself will each take a turn.

WASHBURN: Thank you, gentlemen. Sleep warm, everybody. This is going to be a cold night and it may rain or snow.

WHILE THE MEN ARE GETTING INTO THEIR SLEEPING BAGS, THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION TAKES PLACE BETWEEN LANGFORD AND HEDGES, WHO SHARE THE SAME BOWER, WHICH HAS BEEN PREPARED, ALONG WITH ONE FOR WASHBURN AND HAUSER, BY THE MEN DURING THE ABOVE.

LANGFORD: Cornelius, I am so enthused about this idea of a national park, that I don't believe I'll be able to sleep all night.

HEDGES: Well, I'm going to turn over and get some rest.

LANGFORD: How can you think of such a thing? Why, your idea that was given to us tonight is going down in history as one of the most generous and far-sighted ideas ever presented by anyone in the interests of the people.

HEDGES: I'm not the first one to have the idea. Why, General Washburn said that Folsom and Cook mentioned the idea to him last winter, after they had taken their tour a year ago.

LANGFORD: I know. Besides, they didn't say national park. Anyway, what came of it? They didn't follow through. We will.

HEDGES: Well, I'm sure that I'll follow through on it, and help where I can. But, after all, I've got my law practice to take care of, but I will write a lot for the Helena Herald, and any magazine that will print this story. I assume, however, that it may be considered fiction rather than truth by those who know nothing about this area.

LANGFORD: Don't worry. I'm going to follow through on it. So is Washburn, and we'll get Lt. Doane to help us. We can use the beautiful descriptions that he has written about the region on our trip. And if you think you're not going to get credit for this brilliant idea, you're greatly mistaken. And if you're going to get credit for it, you're going to have to work on it too. This time the idea is not going to die. The first fellow I'm going to see when I get into Helena is the Montana delegate, William Clagett, before he goes to Washington, and work with him in preparing a bill to be introduced before Congress. Not next year, or the year after that, but this year. I think the bill will read something like this: "That this region, which is probably the most remarkable region of natural attractions in the world, this new field of wonders should be at once withdrawn from occupancy, and set apart as a public national park for the enjoyment of the American people for all time."

HEDGES: That's fine, Nathaniel. Now I'm going to sleep.

LANGFORD: (Not noticing). "That on this day, the 19th of September, eighteen hundred and seventy, at the confluence of the Firehole River"--hey, Hedges, we ought to name that river coming down from the north.

HEDGES: (Sleepily). You name it. All we've been doing all day is naming geysers, and rivers, and pools. I'm going to go to sleep.

LANGFORD: "...at the confluence of the Firehole River and the river flowing down from the north, to form the...." --hey, Hedges, I'll bet that's the Madison River that starts at the confluence of these two streams.

HEDGES: Would you please shut up?

LANGFORD: "...at the confluence of the Firehole River which joins together with a river flowing in from the north to form the Madison River. At this campsite, it was first seriously proposed by Cornelius Hedges that a national park be created for the benefit of all the people for all time."

HEDGES: Please, Nathaniel.

LANGFORD: All right, my friend. I'll keep from thinking aloud. But that doesn't mean that I won't keep thinking and forming plans for this national park, the beginning of many national parks, for the enjoyment and wholesome recreation of the people of our great nation. (He rolls over, yawns, continues sleepily). National - glad - we - thought - of - that - not Yellowstone - Park - Yellowstone - National - Park... (He sleeps).

CURTAIN.

Tape recording of elk and coyote.

THE BIRTH OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Bert Hansen

EPILOGUE

The response to the Washburn-Doane expedition, not only in Montana but throughout the nation, was astonishingly effective. This was not only due to the respect people in the state held for such men as Washburn, Langford, Hauser, and Hedges, but also due to the energy that these men threw into promoting the idea conceived at the campsite on September 19th. Everts was ultimately found, and though he had suffered many days of hardships while lost and alone in the wilderness, he nevertheless did return, and the emotional interest in his return added to the general romantic atmosphere created by the stories, speeches, and many contacts the men of the expedition made, not only in the state of Montana, but in Washington, New York, Philadelphia, and the country at large. The principle exposition of the idea of a national park was chiefly promoted by Nathaniel P. Langford, who later became the first superintendent of Yellowstone National Park.

On December 18th, 1871, a bill to establish Yellowstone National Park was introduced simultaneously in both houses of Congress. This bill ten weeks later became a law, on March 1st, 1872. On March 13th a civil act was introduced in Congress carrying an item of \$40,000 for the continuation of the Hayden survey under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior. This survey proceeded to set the boundaries of the park, and our great movement of national parks in America was established and underway.

APPENDIX G

"MIRACLE OF THE MUSSELSHELL"

"Miracle of the Musselshell"

**A Colorful, Historical Drama of Roundup
and the Musselshell Country**



Souvenir Edition

JULY 1-5, 1958

Written by BERT HANSEN

Professor of Speech, Montana State University

With the Collaboration of the Local Committee

Produced by ROUNDUP CIVIC WOMAN'S CLUB

Sponsored by MUSSELSHELL VALLEY COMMERCIAL CLUB

Roundup

“Miracle of the Musselshell”

Historical Drama of Roundup and the
Musselshell Country

Presented at County Fair Grounds

ROUNDUP, MONTANA

JULY 2 and 5, 1958

8:15 P.M.

With a Cast of Approximately 200 People

Historical Pageant

"Roundup, Miracle of the Musselshell"

Written and Directed by Bert Hansen, Professor of Speech, Montana State University, with the Collaboration of the Local Script Committee.

Assistant to Director: Mrs. Annie Larsen

Production Director: Mrs. Iris Erbe

PAGEANT PRODUCTION

Under the Direction of the Roundup Civic Woman's Club

Script and Research

Mrs. Dorothy Mather,
Chairman
Mrs. Dora Jarrett
A. W. Eiselein, Sr.
Andy Spranger
Mrs. Florence Seifert

Production Committee

Mrs. Georgia Eldred,
Chairman
Mrs. Jean Davis
Mrs. Helen Allen
Mrs. Lillian Heinle
Mrs. Louise Rasmussen
Mrs. Evelyn Hamley

Properties

Mrs. Helen Nicholson
Mrs. Agnes Rinehart
Mrs. Jean Davis
Mrs. Georgia Eldred
Alfred Adolph
Roundup Ridge Riders

Costumes

Mrs. Luise Vranish
Mrs. Dora Baum
Roundup Woman's Club

Lighting

Mrs. Lillian Heinle,
Chairman

Scenery

Mrs. Evelyn Britt
Mrs. Iris Erbe
Bob Johnson
Mrs. Peggy Ask
William Milne
Mrs. Gwen Storer
Roundup Art Club
Ken Rasmussen
Einar Soyland
Bud Hansen
Bill Melnik
Joe Rath

Sound

Mrs. Barbara Hecker
El Heinle
Johnson Sound of
Billings

Music

Mrs. Helen Allen
Nat Allen
Ralph Gildroy
Mrs. Alyce Herzog
Mrs. Ruth Staunton
Tamburitza Band

Telephone

Mrs. Jean Davis
Mrs. Ruth Robert
John Lynch
North Country Home-
makers Club

Casting

Mrs. Elizabeth Eiselein,
Chairman
Mrs. Carrie Hulstone
Mrs. Dora Jarrett
Mrs. Helen Allen
Mrs. Dorothy Mather
Mrs. Louise Rasmussen
Mrs. Lillian Heinle
Mrs. Iris Erbe
Mrs. Annie Larsen
Mrs. Anna Miller
Mrs. Jean Davis
Luke Zupan
A. W. Eiselein, Sr.
Pat Braithwaite
Tom Steen
Buster Fisco
Stanley Cebull
Happy Housewives
H.D. Club

Grounds

Mrs. Lillian Heinle
Mrs. Norma Jeffery

Tickets and Gate

Mrs. Louise Rasmussen
Mrs. Chrys Liggett
Musselshell Homemakers
H.D. Club

Publicity

Mrs. Louise Rasmussen

Thanks to all the local Slovenian and Croation people for their help with Episode IV, and to all of the other people and organizations who have given so generously of their time and services in making this pageant, "Roundup, Miracle of the Musselshell", a success.

DEDICATION

It is with a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction that we present this historical drama of Round-up and the Musselshell Country.

We feel it is an honor to have the privilege of dedicating this book as a humble tribute to the pioneers of this area—those who are still living as well as those who have crossed the Great Divide to greener pastures.

ROUNDUP, MIRACLE OF THE MUSSELHELL

EPISODE I

Roundup Time in the Musselshell Country — 1884

SETTING: The old town of Roundup in 1884. There is a small store which contains the post office; a saloon; and, at one side, the log cabin which is the home of James McMillan and his wife and family. This is the last day of the roundup. In the morning, early, the men will start with selected cattle for Billings to place the cattle on the market. Many of the wives, sisters, and daughters of the men have come in by wagon bringing food for the final celebration of the roundup. During the scene, others drive in and the women are chiefly busy setting the food on the table. Back on the stage we see James H. Hightower on a horse giving instructions to the men:

HIGHTOWER: Well, boys, those fat ones, now, they must be on the road for Billings in the morning. The Pumpkins Rollers from the Upper Musselshell will join with us Forty Thieves around this town and to the south in the morning and we'll get started. So throw in everything that looks like beef, boys, and when you're through, come on over. I see the ladies are getting some food ready for us.

SMOKEY PETE: Let's do no cutting out till morning, Hightower. There's lots of good grass there to go to waste if we spend a lot of time sorting out the beef from them that's going to be kept on the range. Besides, who wants to keep the ladies waiting when they're just rarin' to dance?

JOE: Sure, Hightower, we'll get up good and early in the morning and have the bulls in the pen at sunup and get 'em all set out and ready to start for Billings by real early.

HIGHTOWER: Well, it's against my better judgment. (Looks over toward where the women are preparing the food.) But I reckon you may be right. The ladies look like they're just about ready with the food, and we ought to do some of our dancing before it gets dark. But, mind you now if I agree to this, don't none of you get taken in by the gals so you won't be able to get off with the bunch in the morning.

SMOKEY PETE: You can depend on us, Hightower. If we don't get no sleep at all, we'll be here come sunup.

HIGHTOWER RIDES TOWARDS THE WOMEN AS THE MEN CONTINUE.

JOE: Man, when you ride all day and rope calves and brand them, you'd think they'd at least have supper on time.

SMOKEY PETE: Aw, you're too particular, Joe. So we'll wait a half hour, so what of it? The longer you wait, the hungrier you are.

JOE: The longer I wait, the less I want to eat.

RATTLESNAKE JAKE: You're just getting old, like Pop here.

POP: Well, young fellow, if you'd herded as many head of cattle from Texas to Montana as I have and taken care of them after you got to Montana, you'd know what getting old is.

RATTLESNAKE JAKE: Don't worry, Pop, I'll get there some day. That's one thing about it, it creeps up on you year after year.

SMOKEY PETE: Ain't that Granville Stuart, Jim Fergus, and Conrad Kohrs coming?

RATTLESNAKE JAKE: Yes, I guess there's quite a few important cattlemen hang around here during this roundup.

JOE: I still want to eat!

SMOKEY PETE: I'm goin' to eat only after I've had a couple of good drinks.

CRIES FROM THE OTHERS: Me, too! What're saloons for? What'll the women think? Who cares? We got to wash up first. Etc.

SMOKEY PETE: Sure agoin' to be a bunch of dancin' around here tonight.

POP: Well, I was hopin' I'd get a little sleep tonight. Be too much fuss and noise for that with all you young squirts drinking and dancing.

SMOKEY PETE: Pop, stick a couple of hot coals in your ears. That ought to burn 'em enough so you'll feel pain so bad you won't be able to hear a thing.

POP: Very funny, very funny. You young fellas nowadays think you're very clever about making jokes.

SMOKEY PETE: Pop, weren't there any fellers like us around when you was a young cowhand?

POP: Sure there was, but we respected our elders—if we didn't we'd get a kick—well, no matter where.

SMOKEY PETE: You mean that they'd kick you in the . . .

POP: Now, don't get fresh, young man. Be respectable, that's the way I like it. Don't know what's gonna come of all this loose living. Cowhands nowadays are jest getting to be plain showoffs.

JOE: I suppose you had it tougher when you was young, eh, Pop? From what I hear, those were just good old cowboy days.

POP: (Disgusted) What d'ye mean, good old cowboy days? Sure, they was nice in many ways, a'course. But I'll tell you what cowboying chiefly was. It was dust, dust, dust, until the whole insides of you was black, and it was prairie fires and long days and longer nights. It was getting food cooked on the run, stale water to drink, and sometimes not even that. In the winter it was blizzards and deep snow, and cold. Not blizzards sitting in a house, but ridin' the range on a cold, tired horse trying to save calves and mother cows. And in the lovely spring you know what you had to do? You had to carry on the back of your horse a buffalo overcoat and a slicker both at the same time because you never knew from one five minutes to the next whether the weather was going to be a rainstorm or a blizzard.

JOE: I suppose you think it's easier now.

POP: Of course it's easier. Putting up hay in this Musselshell Valley, ain't they? And buildin' fences to put the cows in in the winter months and feed them from haystacks. And when they've had calves, they keep them in the fenced-up section until spring and the cows are ready to take care of their own on the range.

RATTLESNAKE JAKE: Oh, well, let's skip it. All we have is this kind of an argument every night. Let's get ready to eat and then dance.

JOE: And get a couple of drinks first.

DURING THE DIALOGUE MOST OF THE COWHANDS HAVE GONE TO HAVE A WASHUP, A CLEANUP, ETC. OUR ATTENTION IS NOW DIRECTED TOWARDS THE WOMEN.

YOUNG GIRL: I'm sort of scared of those cowhands. They sure look tough and all that.

OLDER WOMAN: Aw, quit worrying about them. When they get around a woman they're as timid as a three-year old baby.

SECOND GIRL: Can they really dance, Maw?

MOTHER: Oh yes, they can dance—not too good, maybe, but they can dance.

OLDER WOMAN: Well, what d'ye know, here comes Mike Padden back from Lavina with the mail.

MIKE PADDEN, WHO CARRIES THE MAIL TO LAVINA AND BACK, RIDES UP IN A BUCKBOARD DRAWN BY TWO BLACK HORSES — "BUMMERMAN" AND "SKIPPERMAN." HE IS SHORT, SPARE, AND BOWED, WITH GRAY HAIR THAT IS WAVED AND CURLED DOWN TO HIS SHOULDERS.

OLDER WOMAN: I s'pose he'll be drunk as usual.

SECOND WOMAN: Drunk he may be, but you can depend on one thing, positively, and that is that Mike Padden has delivered every speck of mail to the right place and that he'll have his mail here with him.

OLDER WOMAN: Well, if he's too far gone, the horses see to that, at any rate.

MOTHER: If he hasn't fed them too much whiskey, or brandy, or whatever he's been drinking.

SECOND WOMAN: Well, like I said, for sure, come good weather or bad, too much liquor or no, one thing you can depend on, good old Mike will deliver his mail. He has a great respect for his job.

THE HORSES NOW DRIVE UP IN FRONT OF THE STORE BETWEEN THE TABLE AND THE STORE. MIKE STANDS UP, SALUTES THE LADIES, WAVES A BOTTLE, AND SINGS "DIXIE."

MIKE: (when he has finished singing) And now, my good ladies gathered here for the last roundup, let me drink a toast to the Battle of Bull Run and be thankful that myself and others are here in good old Montana Territory instead of being buried two feet under the ground on that good old battlefield.

HE TAKES A DRINK, BUMMERMAN WHIMPERS, AND HE SAYS:

MIKE: Aw, Bummerman, you scoundrel, you must be getting old. So you got to have a drink every time you finish the run from Lavina?

OLDER WOMAN: Drink every time he finishes a run! He means a drink at every mail box.

HE STAGGERS OUT OF THE WAGON AND GIVES THE HORSE A DASH OF BRANDY WHICH HE THROWS DOWN ITS THROAT AND WHICH IT TAKES WHOLE-HEARTEDLY.

MIKE: And, ladies, I'm going to go and comb my hair and beard, and blow my nose, and wash my hands even, and then I'm coming back to be with the cattlemen and cowhands and dance with you ladies. GIDDAP, you old hags, you, let's get going!

MIKE PADDEN DRIVES OFF.

OLDER WOMAN: Well, that's over with, at any rate.

SECOND WOMAN: I hope he goes to sleep instead of coming back here in his condition.

MOTHER: Not a chance, he'll be back but he'll be more fun than a nuisance. At least, he always has been.

AT THIS POINT JAMES McMILLAN AND HIGHTOWER COME OUT OF THE STORE JUST AS McMILLAN'S SON RIDES UP WITH THE MAIL FROM BILLINGS.

McMILLAN: Well, son, I see you made it again.

GEORGE (Son of McMillan): You bet, Pop, it was easy going today — weather sure fine.

HIGHTOWER: What you going to do McMillan, let that twelve-year old boy drive the mail on horse from here to Billings in the winter?

McMILLAN: He sure is, aren't you, boy? Well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Wish there was a school you could go to instead of delivering mail.

GEORGE: Why, I can read all right. There was a letter come to you from Washington saying we really got us a post office here now. And it says you got to have a name for the town.

McMILLAN: Ya, I know that, boy.

GEORGE: Call it "Roundup", Dad, what other name could you call it?

McMILLAN: Well, there's a lot more fancy names than "Roundup" we could use, of course.

HIGHTOWER: Aw, the boy's right, McMillan, name it "Roundup." I've suggested the name myself several times, as you know.

McMILLAN: All right, "Roundup" it will be, and long may it live.

DURING THE ABOVE CONVERSATION, SEVERAL OF THE COWHANDS HAVE SLIPPED BY THE WOMEN AND ENTERED THE SALOON,

IN THE MEANTIME, STUART, FERGUS, KOHR, COOPER, MONTGOMERY, THE TWO ENGLISHMEN (LOWTHER AND CLIFTON) AND SEVERAL OTHER CATTLEMEN HAVE GATHERED, SOME HAVING JUST DRIVEN UP, OTHERS HAVING COME FROM THE SALOON, ALL OF THEM NOW WAITING FOR THE WOMEN TO SERVE THE FOOD.

MONTGOMERY: Granville, how's the Stuart's Stranglers getting along these days?

STUART: I don't know what "Stuart" you're referring to, Montgomery, but if by any chance you should be making reference to what's been going on in the Musselshell Valley, I must say that after the series of hangings last year, we've been getting along a good deal better this year, at least as far as rustling is concerned.

WILKIE CLIFTON: (to become later, Lord Grey de Ruthyn) Do you anticipate the percentage of loss through what you call cattle rustling will be down, then, this year, Mr. Stuart?

STUART: Considerably, I believe, Mr. Clifton. Of course, there will be some, but it will not be the 3 to 5% loss we had a year ago.

JAMES FERGUS: Stuart's right, although there are still plenty of small ranchers in the county with cows that have triplets around their corrals, while our range cows are hanging around bawling and lamenting their childlessness.

STUART: Ya, that goes on all right. I don't know what we're going to do about some of these small ranchers who are apparently cooperating with the cattle thieves.

JAMES FERGUS: Why don't you appoint a committee to just go around and visit those small ranchers whose cows have triplets and tell them we're going to hang any rancher whose cows have any more than twins. (This gets a laugh.)

STUART: In all seriousness, that's about what we're going to have to do.

JAMES FERGUS: Oh well, after all, a three per cent loss from cattle rustling is pretty hard to take; but as long as we can have some good weather like we've had this year, none of us has much to worry about. Old Cooper, there, all he does is sell a bunch of cattle every fall and take part of his profits and send some cowhands down into Texas to bring up a new batch during the winter to get ready to sell the next fall. Then all winter he just spends his time sitting around in the bars and gambling places at Miles City, drinking and playing poker and watching the pretty girls dance.

COOPER: I intend to do that just as long as they keep the open range and the grass grows tall and waves in the wind all summer long like it has been doing this year.

JAMES FERGUS: If we hit a dry cycle, Cooper, when the grass will be so scarce that the hungry cattle will pull it up by the roots to keep from starving, what'll you do then?

COOPER: That's the winter when I'll quit playing cards and just sit around all day doing nothing.

HAROLD A. LOWTHER: (another prominent Englishman settler who stutters). Yes, it's a great cattle country, this middle part of Montana Territory. If you can just give the stockmen plenty of grass and water, nothing will discourage them, cattle rustlers included.

MONTGOMERY: Say, Granville, what was your idea at the Second Annual Stockmen's meeting at Miles City in blocking the resolution that the cattlemen should take the law in their own hands, as far as these rustlers were concerned?

STUART: Well, I thought everybody knew that my point was that we've got to keep the Montana Stockmen's Association and its behavior within the law. I am quick to admit that you can't stamp out cattle rustlers and horse thieves by ordinary Court procedure with large counties like we have; but I still maintain that the Stockmen's Association — as a law expediting organization — should be above any type of illegal action.

O'HARA: So you organized the cattle rustlers vigilantes group, hey?

STUART: O'Hara, you know as much about that as I do. You know as well as I do that no one knows who the vigilante group is. Oh yes, I know that they're sometimes called "Stuart's Stranglers." But I never have admitted, and never will, that I am associated with the movement, nor will any other person operating in it admit he is — or ever accuse me or anyone else of belonging. THERE is the code and the members live by it.

BAKER: Well, what does it matter anyway? These problems will soon be over with.

KNOWLES: What do you mean by that?

STUART: You figure it out.

KOHR'S: (getting up) Oh, let's quit getting all worked up over this stuff. We do it every night. Let's live for today and let tomorrow take care of itself. I see the women are at last ready to serve us our big banquet.

MR. NEWTON: (who has been helping the ladies, now goes over and rings the chow bell.) Chuck's on, come and get it! Chuck's ready, come and get it or I'll throw it out.

THE COWHANDS COME RUNNING OUT OF THE SALOON YELLING, "POWDER RIVER, LET 'ER BUCK!" WHILE THEY ARE GOING THROUGH THE LINE, THE MEN AND WOMEN CHATTER, LAUGH AND KID EACH OTHER.

MR. NEWTON: (yells) Don't forget, fellows, when you finish eating, wash your own dishes in the big tub over there. We've got to start dancing soon.

COWHANDS: (yell) Powder River, Let 'er buck. Coming up!

THERE IS AN ORCHESTRA MADE UP CHIEFLY OF FIDDLES, GUITARS, AND A CALLER. THESE MEN FINISH EATING FIRST AND COME UP TO ONE OF THE MEN.

MAN FROM ORCHESTRA: Where we going to dance, Hart?

JIM HART: Well, we talked it over with the ladies and we figured, a night like this, we'd better dance outdoors instead of going into that dance hall. There's a stand over there that you fellows can get on. Who's going to do the calling?

CALLER: We'll take turns, but mostly I'll be doing it.

JIM HART: Well, we ought to be through eating in about five minutes, now, at the rate they're shoving that chow down their bellies, so we might as well start the dancing to keep them from going back to the saloon.

THE FIDDLERS AND GUITAR PLAYERS GET UP ON THE STAND AND START TUNING THEIR INSTRUMENTS AS MIKE PADDEN RIDES IN AGAIN, THIS TIME ON AN OLD WEATHERBEATEN HORSE.

MIKE: (in Irish brogue) How're ya, folks! I thought I'd bring my old horse, Rebel, here so you could all see what a good Confederate horse is like. It's horses like him and guys like me that won the battle of Bull Run. All right, you guys with the fiddles and guitars, start playing "Dixie" and I'll sing it for the folks.

EVERYBODY IS AMUSED, YET RESPECTFUL TO THE OLD MAN WHOSE LOYALTY TO THE MAIL SERVICE IS WELL KNOWN. HE NOW SINGS (VERY BADLY AND SOMEWHAT DRUNKENLY) PART OF "DIXIE", TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF THE VIOLINS AND GUITARS. WHEN HE GETS THROUGH SINGING, THE COWHANDS YELL, "HURRAH FOR DIXIE, HURRAH FOR MIKE."

MRS. NEWTON: (to Mr. Newton) Why don't you get him out of here now before he takes over the whole evening.

NEWTON: How will I do it?

MRS. NEWTON: You figure it out.

NEWTON: Come on with me, Mike. (He walks towards Mike.)

MRS. NEWTON: (Grabbing her husband by the arm) If you take Mike in that saloon don't you dare take any drinks.

NEWTON: Sure, sure, mother. Wouldn't think of it.

MRS. NEWTON: Remember I'll be smelling your breath.

MR. NEWTON LEADS MIKE ON TO THE BAR. IN THE MEAN-TIME THE MEN HAVE BEEN WASHING THE DISHES AND PUTTING THEM ON THE TABLE.

MRS. NEWTON: Now a few of us old ladies will take care of cleaning up the dishes. You young folks go over and have a few square dances, instead of jest standing around.

JIM HART: What do you mean, old ladies? There ain't no old ladies around Roundup. (To Mrs. Newton) Come, you dance, too.

MRS. NEWTON: No, I mean it. We've got to clean up first here. You go ahead and dance and we'll join you later.

THE SCENE ENDS WITH TWO SQUARE DANCES, THE FIRST ONE DONE BY YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE MAIN, THE SECOND ONE WITH THE OLDER WOMEN INCLUDED, ADDING ANOTHER SET OR TWO. THIS IS ALL DONE WITH A GREAT DEAL OF LAUGHTER, RESULTING IN EVERYBODY HAVING A LOT OF FUN.

EPISODE II

The Coal Industry and the Arrival of the First Milwaukee Train

SCENE 1: First Miners Arrive in Roundup on June 22, 1907.

TIME: June 22, 1907.

SETTING: In front of hotel in Old Roundup. Hotel is on extreme left of stage. There are some chairs scattered about, three of which are occupied by George McCleary, Sr. and his two sons, George, Jr. and Vince. Seated behind desk is the hotel manager. These men are talking, killing time, waiting the arrival of the mine supervisors, engineers, foremen, and miners who are to arrive from Billings by stagecoach. The mine officials and miners left Granville, Illinois, on June 17, 1907. The remainder of the stage is taken up with the saloon and livery stable. There is a bartender who is occupied polishing glasses. The only customers in the bar are two old-timers sitting on stools leisurely drinking. In front of the bar are several gambling tables.

As scene opens Mr. Johnson, hotel man, speaks:

MR. JOHNSON: (from chair) So you fellows really think there's a possibility of this here country around here developing into a big coal district . . . huh?

McCLEARY, SR.: I don't see any reason why we shouldn't think so. The United States Geological Survey has an estimated five billion tons of coal around Roundup and the surrounding country, just waiting for men to take it out of the ground — a good grade of sub-bituminous, good steam quality coal.

VINCE McCLEARY: (to Mr. Johnson) Besides, you don't think the Milwaukee Railroad would change its plans to cross Montana through Roundup if it wasn't for this coal, do you?

JOHNSON: What do you mean by "change its plans"?

VINCE: Why, the original plans called for them to go through Fergus County. When they found out there was coal here they changed plans in a hurry.

MR. JOHNSON: I still don't see what that's got to do with it.

GEORGE, JR.: Mister, you've been here in the sticks too long. Don't you realize it takes coal to keep the engines running, so they can pull the cars that carry the freight. Why, without coal you can't have a railroad.

JOHNSON: Oh . . . now I see

GEORGE, JR.: Good . . . you catch on fast. The fact that the trains will be able to load coal here isn't all. From Roundup here they can haul coal east and west for reloading coal cars at other places. Yes sir, I can see where the Milwaukee Railroad, together with the coal mines, is going to put Roundup on the map.

McCLEARY, SR.: In a year or so there won't be any Old Roundup here, it will be a New Roundup some place over near the mines. I've seen it happen before.

JOHNSON: When do you expect to start workin' on these here mines?

McCLEARY, SR.: As soon as possible as far as I know. We've got twenty-six miners and shaft sinkers coming out here. These men are all experienced miners from coal mines all over Illinois. Granville, Cherry, and Cedar Point. They will probably go to work right away . . . this is, if they ever get here.

VINCE: I thought you said they were going to arrive in Billings on the 20th of June, Dad?

GEORGE SR.: As far as I know, they did. But it shouldn't have taken them more than two days to get here from there, even by stagecoach. But then again, with all of this rain and mud, it might take them a little longer than usual. They ought to get here sometime today though.

GEORGE, JR.: I sure hope they've brought along everything they need to start work. Starting from scratch like they are, they'll have to have boilers, hoisting engines, steam pumps, and everything else a miner needs to work with.

GEORGE, SR.: That stuff is supposed to be on the same train that's bringing the miners.

GEORGE, JR.: How long will it take to haul it from Billings?

GEORGE, SR.: A few days, I suppose. But in the meantime we can start sinking shafts where we drilled and found good prospects.

VINCE: If we've got enough lumber.

GEORGE, JR.: Hey, listen . . . what's all that noise?

JOHNSON: (getting up and going to door) That's the stagecoach comin' for sure. There's no mistakin' that yell . . . that's old Jim Buckey yellin' his lungs out like always.

GEORGE, SR.: Come on, let's go see who's aboard this first coach.

ALL FOUR MEN GO OUT OF DOOR AND WALK OVER TO STAGECOACH WHICH HAS STOPPED IN FRONT OF HOTEL. THE FIRST MAN OUT OF THE COACH IS M. H. FLETCHER, FOREMAN; THEN EARL FLETCHER, SUPERVISOR'S HELPER; CHARLES CORNISH, ASSISTANT FOREMAN; CHRIST SWANSON, TOP MAN; AND TWO ENGINEERS, HENRY FLETCHER AND FRANK EYTMAN.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: I wasn't sure we were going to make it, but here we are . . . the end of the line. Boy! Have you men ever seen so much mud in your lives?

GEORGE, SR.: Which one of you men is Foreman Fletcher?

FOREMAN FLETCHER: You must be looking for me . . . my name is M. H. Fletcher.

GEORGE, SR.: Glad to see you. Welcome to Roundup (shakes hands). My name is George McCleary.

FOREMAN: Oh, you're the superintendent of the mine.

GEORGE, SR.: Yes. We were expecting you fellows yesterday. Glad you finally got here. What about the other men who were supposed to come?

FOREMAN FLETCHER: There are three more stagecoaches following us through that sea of mud out there. They should be here sometime tonight, but it's hard to tell. We got into Billings on the 20th, two days ago. Here, let me introduce these other fellows to you. This is Earl Fletcher, who is the Supervisor's helper; Charles Cornish, my assistant foreman; Chris Swanson, top man; and Henry Fletcher and Frank Eytman who are engineers.

GEORGE, SR.: I'm glad to meet you fellows (turning to his two sons and the hotel manager). These are my two sons, George, Jr. and Vince, and the manager of the hotel, Mr. Johnson. (much handshaking)

GEORGE, JR.: It looks like you've brought all the big shots in the first coach.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Well, we thought it would be a good idea to get here as soon as possible to look over the country and see just what has to be done.

FRANK EYTMAN: We could start putting in shafts and other things if we had some lumber.

JOHNSON: Oh, we've got plenty of lumber for that.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Good... as far as the rest of it goes, we'll just have to wait until the equipment arrives. Right now we're all pretty tired. Where can we get a drink?

JOHNSON: There's a saloon right next door. But why don't you look over your tent living quarters first?

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Fine, you're the boss. (to McCleary, as they walk toward tents) How long you fellows been here?

MCCLEARY, SR.: The Milwaukee Railroad sent us out from Centerville, Iowa, to drill some prospects around the country about six months ago.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Good. Reports I have sound like you really found something here.

GROUP MOVES OFF TOWARD TENTS; EACH MAN HAS AT LEAST TWO BAGS. AS THEY WALK OFF STAGE, ANOTHER STAGECOACH PULLS UP IN FRONT OF HOTEL. THE WHEELS HAVE HARDLY STOPPED TURNING WHEN THE MEN ARE OUT OF THE STAGE—"HEY, THERE'S A SALOON OVER THERE! FIRST THING WE NEED IS A DRINK."

AS THEY LINE UP AT THE BAR ONE OF THE YOUNGER MINERS SAYS:

WILLIAM REAM: (as they enter saloon) You know, somehow I thought there would be some kind of a town here. All they've got here is mud, five or six buildings and more mud!

JOHN NELAN: What did you expect to find here, Billy, a city like Granville, Illinois?

WILLIAM REAM: No...I didn't expect anything like that exactly, but I sure as the devil didn't think there'd be just one hotel, a saloon, and a livery stable...and a bunch of tents here.

FRED HEYWOOD: There's one thing I'll say for it, it sure doesn't take all day to walk around and look the town over.

THE MEN LINE UP IN FRONT OF BAR.

BARTENDER: What'll it be, boys? The first drink is on the house.

REAM: Say, maybe this ain't such a bad place after all. I'll have whiskey, bartender.

NELAN: Whiskey.

HEYWOOD: Beer.

JACK WILKES: Whiskey.

JOSEPH GAST: Water.

BARTENDER: Water!!! Do you mean you're drinkin' water?

GAST: Sure...I drink water, what's wrong with that?

BARTENDER: There's nothin' wrong with it, I guess. It's just that nobody round here drinks it, that's all.

GAST: You've got water here, haven't you?

BARTENDER: Sure, we've got a well over here with a lot of water in it. I'll have to go get some.

GAST: Do you mean to say there's only ONE well for this whole camp?

BARTENDER: Yep...that's right. It's the town well Everybody uses it.

BARTENDER SERVES OTHER MINERS THEN, PICKING UP A BUCKET FROM BEHIND BAR, GOES OUT TO GET WATER, SHAKING HIS HEAD AND MUMBLING.

GAST: Well, if that doesn't beat all, one well for the whole camp!

HEYWOOD: I don't know why you're so concerned with there only bein' one well here. From the looks of all the mud around, we'll get all the water we want, probably a lot more than we want.

BARTENDER RETURNS WITH WATER.

REAM: Say...bartender, what do folks do around here for excitement?

BARTENDER: Sit around the bar. Maybe play a little cards.

NELAN: I'm not concerned about excitement. I'd like to know where my family is goin' to live when they get here.

HEYWOOD: Me too...it would be kinda nice to have somebody look into that.

BARTENDER: I heard the superintendent say they were going to build some tar-paper shacks.

HEYWOOD: (laughs) I can just hear my wife when she finds out she's going to have to live in a tar-paper shack. What you guys say we wander over and see where we sleep until they get those tar-paper shacks built.

MOST OF MINERS LEAVE BAR, A FEW REMAIN TO TALK TO OLD-TIMERS. ONE OF THE OLD-TIMERS SPEAKS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

OLD-TIMER: That fellow might be able to ease the pain a little by tellin' his wife that the tar-paper shacks will have a wood floor in it.

NELAN: Yeh... I'll bet that'll tickle her pink.

OLD-TIMER: You boys must really think there's somethin' to this coal minin' to come all the way out here from Illinois.

NELAN: What makes you think there ain't anything to it?

OLD-TIMER: Well, sir... I'm in the cattle business myself. I know that as long as people eat, I'm going to have a job. Coal mining doesn't appear to me to be that important. What makes you think this coal supply they've found won't run out?

NELAN: It'll be a long time before that happens. I heard one of the bosses say that this was the biggest coal deposit between Iowa and the Pacific. There'll be enough coal to keep us busy for a lifetime.

McCLEARY AND SONS, M. F. FLETCHER AND A FEW MEN ENTER THE BAR AND SEAT THEMSELVES AT TABLES. BARTENDER WALKS OUT TO SERVE THEM. OLD-TIMER IS STILL TALKING AT BAR.

OLD-TIMER: If that's true they'll have to have an awful lot of men to work these mines. Where do they plan on gettin' all the men?

NELAN: The company has been talking about getting miners from the Balkan States to come here and work.

OLD-TIMER: That sounds good, but I'll believe it when I see it. Somehow it just doesn't seem right that men should be workin' under ground... No sir, it just doesn't seem right.

McCLEARY, SR.: (from table) Well, whether it seems right or not, you can believe me when I say that coal-minin' is goin' to make this camp grow into one of the richest cities in this part of the country.

OLD-TIMER: I hope you're right, son. I hope you're right.

EARL FLETCHER, WHO HAS BEEN LISTENING TO THIS CONVERSATION, INTERRUPTS AT THIS POINT. MINERS ARE COMING AND GOING IN BAR.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Of course he's right, old-timer. (to men) Don't worry, in another year we'll have a train running clear to Roundup and your families can come out on it.

PETE RUSKI: I'll go for that.

JACK PHILLIPS: Yah... me too.

MIKE ENGLISH: You can say that again.

PETE RUSKI: The sooner we get to work, the better. It'll feel good to get back in a mine after bein' jigged around in that stage-coach for two days.

JACK PHILLIPS: Yah...me too.

MIKE ENGLISH: You can say that again.

M. H. FLETCHER: I'm sure glad you boys feel that way about it because we've got a lot of work ahead of us. I left my brother in charge of the equipment at Billings. He should be here with it tomorrow. We've got to start gettin' that coal for their engines when they come through here next year, and we aim to have a lot of it ready for them.

McCLEARY, SR.: I'll buy another drink and then you fellers should hit the sack. You've had a weary day, and tomorrow we'll want to start the biggest mining camp west of the Mississippi.

The machinery did get there and work on the mines began on June 25, 1907. As had been prophesied there was a lot of coal out of the ground and available for the engines when the Milwaukee Railroad came through Roundup in 1908.

EPISODE II

The Coal Industry and the Arrival of the First Milwaukee Train

Scene 2

SCENE 2 — The First Railway Train into Roundup.

TIME: March 10, 1908

SETTING: There is no special celebration as the town is still in the process of being formulated. A number of people, however, is waiting for the train to come in. They include Superintendent of the Mines, George N. Griffin; Foreman of the Mine, H. M. Fletcher; the owner of the Johnson Hotel, Mr. Johnson; the manager of the lumber company; the chief representative of the Milwaukee Railroad in connection with the mines; along with several other men wanting to start stores in Roundup.

JOHNSON: Who are you expecting on this train, Griffin?

GEORGE N. GRIFFIN: Well, I don't know. I understand that John Quincy Adams, townsite agent for the Milwaukee Land Company, is supposed to be coming today to place lots in this new Roundup on the market at a private sale. That's why these fellows here are waiting. They all want land.

JOHNSON: Why a private sale?

GRIFFIN: Well, as I understand it, some of these business men here have already acquired some sort of squatter's rights. This land, though, really belongs to the Milwaukee Railroad and the reason for the private sale is so Adams can make some sort of a deal with these people who are already here and will start building right away.

FOREMAN OF THE MINE COMES UP TO GRIFFIN.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Well, we got plenty of coal here in cars to not only fill the engine, but to fill a couple or three gondolas so they can carry enough coal to get them back to Minneapolis.

GRIFFIN: That's fine, Fletcher. You men surely had to work hard to get that stuff out in time. But you did it. From now on we'll have to supply them with coal every day.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: That's all right, we can dig it out as fast as they can use it.

GRIFFIN: There ought to be a market for coal in some of these business enterprises that are going to spring up here within the next few months.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: We'll have plenty of coal for them, too. There's no shortage of coal around here. What we need now is a few more miners.

GRIFFIN: Well, negotiations are already under way to bring over a whole group of people from the Balkan states and from Wales. These people in the Middle West don't seem to want to come out very badly. Well, there'll be a few women who'll be on this train—my wife and boy, Harry; your wife and kids—maybe things will be difficult.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Yeah, there's a few other miners who've got wives coming on the train, too. Then when we get them located in the shacks down there near the mine, they'll write and tell the people in the Middle West that this isn't such a bad country after all.

GRIFFIN: (laughs) Well, I hope so but I question it, even if they do have three of four water wells here now instead of just the one they had when we arrived a year ago.

Train whistle is heard.

GRIFFIN: Well, here it comes, the first train into Roundup!

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Yup, the first train into Roundup. Say, What's the date?

GRIFFIN: This famous date for the town of Roundup is March 10, 1908.

FOREMAN FLETCHER: Boy, wait till this is a coast-to-coast railroad. There'll really be hundreds of trains and thousands of people passing right by this spot we're standing on now.

GRIFFIN: Yes, there surely will be.

THE TRAIN PULLS TO A STOP. FIRST ONE OFF THE TRAIN IS HARRY GRIFFIN, AROUND TWELVE YEARS OLD, SON OF SUPERINTENDENT GRIFFIN, WHO WAS LATER TO BECOME CITY EDITOR OF THE BILLINGS GAZETTE. HE RUNS TO HIS FATHER. MRS. GRIFFIN AND CHILDREN FOLLOW.

HARRY GRIFFIN: Dad, Dad, what do you think? There's a newspaper man on this train. He's given me a job already. What do you think, Dad? I'm going to be a printer's devil.

GRIFFIN: Well, that's wonderful, son. Who's the newspaper man?

HARRY GRIFFIN: It's Mr. A. W. Eiselein. He's had a lot of experience, Dad, and he's going to build this town into something really big, he says. (Mrs. Griffin comes up.)

MRS. GRIFFIN: (skeptical) Well...this is some town you've brought us to. I never saw such a place — snow and ice in the middle of March. (Griffin kisses his wife.)

GRIFFIN: You haven't seen anything yet. Wait till June — instead of snow and ice you'll have six feet of mud.

MRS. GRIFFIN: Why did we have to come out here from such a lovely place as Granville?

GRIFFIN: My dear, this is the greatest opportunity any man has ever had, and by the time you get used to it here you'll love the country like all of us do.

MRS. GRIFFIN: Well, I hope so. What kind of a home have we?

GRIFFIN: It may not be much now. But later we'll build a lovely home.

IN THE MEANTIME SEVERAL MINERS HAVE GREETED THEIR FAMILIES AND IN THE BACKGROUND THEY ARE GESTICULATING AND ARGUING.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS THEN COMES UP TO MR. GRIFFIN.

ADAMS: Mr. Griffin, I believe?

GRIFFIN: Yes, indeed.

ADAMS: I am John Quincy Adams, the land agent for the Milwaukee Railroad.

GRIFFIN: Good, these fellows are all waiting to see you. They say you're going to have some sort of a private sale, contrary to the usual custom of having widely advertised public sales.

ADAMS: We're going to make an exception here. There won't be any bidding.

JOHNSON: (of the Johnson House): Mr. Adams, I have already got a room set aside for you. These men are waiting to get this matter of their squatters rights settled so that they can start building.

ADAMS: I would like a little breakfast if those gentlemen won't mind.

JOHNSON: Go ahead, I'm sure they won't mind.

ADAMS: Good.

HARRY GRIFFIN: (comes forward to his father with Eiselein) I want to introduce a man who is going to be a very important person in this town, Mr. A. W. Eiselein. He's going to start a newspaper here.

GRIFFIN: Oh, yes, Mr. Eiselein, my son has already told me about you.

A. W. EISELEIN: That's quite a boy you got, Mr. Griffin. Should amount to something in the newspaper business one of these days.

GRIFFIN: You're going to start a newspaper here in Roundup, I understand.

EISELEIN: Yes, Adams has talked me into it. Guess I haven't any choice.

GRIFFIN: Believe me, Mr. Eiselein, there's going to be an opportunity for more news in this town than any other place west of the Mississippi River before we get through.

EISELEIN: That's what we want . . . news — plus a little advertising.

GRIFFIN: Well, you'll get plenty of that. Just look at that bunch of young fellows over there waiting for Adams to line them up lots so they can start building stores of every kind on the face of the earth.

EISELEIN: Well, I'VE got to have a lot to build some sort of a building to have ready when my press and equipment arrive, so I can get the paper under way right away. I want to start not only getting subscriptions but I believe there is a good opportunity to sell a lot of papers on the trains that will be carrying homesteaders and other people who are moving into the country.

GRIFFIN: What are you going to call your paper, Mr. Eiselein?

EISELEIN: "Roundup Record," I guess. The ROUNDUP RECORD will soon start on its task of boosting and advancing the Musselshell Valley in general, and Roundup, its metropolis, in particular. We will be laboring under unusual difficulties in getting started, but those things will work out when we get our new equipment shipped in. My understanding is that Roundup, by virtue of its splendid resources — mineral, agricultural, timber, and ranching — has the making of a city of no mean importance and size, and it will be the aim and object of the RECORD to aid as much as lies within its power in the development of these resources.

HARRY GRIFFIN: Gee, I hope he's right, Dad. I'm going to work on the ROUNDUP RECORD forever!

GRIFFIN: You know, Eiselein, that's one of the nicest things that's happened to me. Not only have you got the kid interested in the country but he's got a job the first day he gets here.

EISELEIN: Thanks. I've already got a staff lined up. Ought to be here in a day or two. There'll be Heiney Lavelle, pressman, comes from Canada, and Dudley Axtel, an oldtime Montana newspaperman who will be printer.

GRIFFIN: Well, I got to go see that they get this train properly loaded; get the tender on the engine filled with coal and a couple or three gondolas filled to carry them on west. Mrs. Griffin, this is Mr. Eiselein.

MRS. GRIFFIN: Heavens, I met him a dozen times on the train. Harry brought him around at least every half hour.

GRIFFIN: Why don't you two plus the children go over to the Mrs. Berrigan's for breakfast and I'll join you later?

EISELEIN: It will be a pleasure.

MRS. GRIFFIN: Thank you.

HARRY GRIFFIN: Can I come with you, Dad? I want to see some of this good coal you've been writing about.

GRIFFIN: Sure. See you folks later then.

(By this time all have left the platform.)

ROUNDUP, MIRACLE OF THE MUSSELSHELL

EPISODE III

The Fading Frontier

Scene I The Murder of Sheriff Webb.

SETTING: The Woolfolk-Richardson ranch near Roundup, Montana. There is a sheep wagon in the setting in addition to a bachelor shack, barn, corrals, etc.

TIME: March 27th, 1908.

Sheriff Webb rides up to the Ranch. Richardson comes out of the Ranch house and approaches him.

RICHARDSON: Well, Webb! What brings you here on this fine spring morning?

WEBB: How are you, Jim? I'm looking for a man who I think is up in this part of the country, around Roundup somewhere.

RICHARDSON: What's the trouble?

WEBB: I had a wire from Sheriff Alston from Big Horn County in Wyoming who says that a horse thief from their part of the country headed up our direction. I've been able to trace him as far as Billings, but I know he headed North from there.

RICHARDSON: What sort of a fellow is he?

WEBB: Well, medium height, about 35, dark shirt, light trousers, spoke very little, but when he did it was in a sharp crisp voice.

RICHARDSON: Well, I hired a fellow about a week ago, sounds like it is him. He's probably eating breakfast in the wagon right now.

WEBB: Let's go over and take a look.

The two men approach the wagon, Richardson, unarmed, stands by while Webb enters the sheep wagon, takes a look at Bickford, sees his revolver on the table, picks it up.

BICKFORD: What's the idea?

WEBB: Is your name Bickford?

BICKFORD: What if it is?

WEBB: You Canadian?

BICKFORD: No, I'm from down Wyoming.

WEBB: Alright, you're under arrest.

BICKFORD: What for, I'd like to know?

WEBB: Stealing horses down in Ennis, Wyoming. Come on out of the wagon and don't try to pull anything funny.

Webb steps out of the wagon, goes up to Richardson.

WEBB: That's my man, I'm pretty sure, Jim.

RICHARDSON: Well, I'll be damned.

WEBB: I've got his pistol here. I'll take him back to Billings and notify Wyoming officials that I've got him and let them come up and look him over to make sure.

During this line, Bickford steps out of the wagon, holding a Winchester in his hand and covers Sheriff Webb.

BICKFORD: All right, Sheriff, throw up your hands.

WEBB: (turning around quickly and laughing) Go on with you, you wouldn't kill me over a horse stealing deal. Murder means death, you know.

BICKFORD: Maybe horse stealing does, too.

WEBB: That was in the old days. Give yourself up and I'll see that you get a fair trial. If you're innocent, you can go your way, if guilty you get a fair trial, like I said.

BICKFORD: I said "Up with your hands" and hold them high.

Bickford then fires a shot from the Winchester at the feet of Webb.

BICKFORD: "Up with the hands", I said.

Webb, instead of putting up his hands, reaches for his gun, but as he tries to pull it, the gun gets caught in the scabbard. Bickford immediately fires, hitting Webb in the chest. Richardson, unarmed, stands back. Bickford walks up to the dead body of the Sheriff, gets his own gun and turns to Richardson.

BICKFORD: I ain't going to hurt you. You were pretty decent to me.

Bickford goes back into the wagon and comes out with his cartridge belt and a coat and starts running.

RICHARDSON: (in a soft voice) He's dead all right, bullet right thru the heart. He was sure a fine fellow. Well, that's about all I can do, take him back to Billings, notify such people as I'll meet on the way.

LIGHTS GO OUT

NARRATOR: News of the murder spread rapidly, and in a short time strong Posses were on the road to the scene of the murder from Billings, Lavina, Lewistown, Forsyth, Roundup and ranchers and cowhands from the immediate vicinity. They were also joined by the Sheriff who came up from Big Horn County in Wyoming and Deputy Sheriff Taylor of Musselshell and Attorney Jack Hereford of Billings. Taylor and Hereford picked up the trail of Bickford two days later and followed it until nightfall. On the morning of March 29, Hereford and Taylor, in advance of the others, came across the Elliot sheep wagon near the Thompson ranch in Fergus County.

LIGHTS COME ON

A shepherd stands some distance to the right of the sheep wagon over a fire cooking his breakfast. He looks up as the two men ride in. Hereford beckons him to come over to where they are.

HEREFORD: Seen anything of a stranger in these parts of the County—medium sized, about thirty-five, wearing a black shirt and light trousers?

SHEEPHERDER: Yah, there's a guy about like that came in, creeping thru the sage brush. At first I thought he was a coyote and nearly shot him. Why, what's wrong?

HEREFORD: He's a horse thief from Wyoming and he shot and killed Sheriff Webb day before yesterday.

SHEEPHERDER: He's in the wagon eating breakfast, I just took it in to him, he wouldn't eat it out here and now I can see why.

HEREFORD: (To Taylor) I'll ride up and take a look.

TAYLOR: All right, but be careful.

Hereford jumps his horse over the tongue of the sheep wagon, looks in, and rides back to the men.

HEREFORD: That's our man. All right, now here's what I want you to do. (To the Herder) You go over to the wagon and tell that fellow in there that two officers of the law are out here covering the wagon, but tell him that if he will come out peacefully, we'll promise him protection if he is Bickford, and free him if he's not. Tell him there is a big posse riding in here soon and they are mighty riled and looking for blood and he had better give himself up before they get here.

HERDER: Hell! I thought there was something fishy about that bum, I'll tell him all right.

The Herder goes over to the wagon and goes inside.

HEREFORD: Here, Taylor, why don't you ride over to Thompson's ranch and send out word that we've got our man.

TAYLOR: Think you can handle this end OK?

HEREFORD: (getting off his horse) Take my horse with you, so if he plugs me he'll be afoot.

TAYLOR: Good luck.

Taylor rides off leading Hereford's horse, The herder comes out of the wagon and comes up to Hereford.

HERDER: He won't come out and he is loading his gun.

HEREFORD: Well, there is mighty little we can do but keep him penned up in there till we get help.

HERDER: Listen, I hear a rig coming. Yes, there comes Elliot to tend camp.

HEREFORD: And there is the Posse right behind him.

Taylor rides up to Hereford.

TAYLOR: Met them just over the hill, thought I'd just as well bring them in.

The Posse consult in low tones.

HEREFORD: Bickford, come out with your hands up. There will be no lynching, you'll get a fair trial.

Bickford shoots from the wagon.

HEREFORD: So that's the way you're calling it. Well, we are going to count to ten and then let you have it. If you come out before the end of the count you still have a chance. All right men!

The Posse lines up at a distance from the side of the wagon. Several shots are heard from wagon as count proceeds and all fire at count of ten. Then all is quiet.

Hereford circles the wagon, finally lifts up a flap in the rear and, satisfied at what he sees, goes back and enters the front of the wagon. Several men from the posse come up and are waiting.

Hereford comes out, lifts the canvas from the side of the wagon facing the audience and points to Bickford lying on his back with a rifle at his side.

HEREFORD: We got him, all right — a bullet hole in his temple and in his body.

ONE OF THE POSSE: Not bad. It's only about 30 hours since he finished off poor old Webb.

ANOTHER POSSE MEMBER: Poor Old Webb, he was one of the finest fellows and best law man we've ever had in this part of the country.

ANOTHER POSSE MEMBER: Yep, it seems a pity that just killing a bum like that — a rotten horse thief — is the only way we could revenge the death of a great man like Webb.

TAYLOR: Say, Elliot, got a job for you, bring that buckboard over here. We've got to get this carcass out of here, the herder needs his wagon.

Corpse is loaded into the buckboard and Elliot drives off rapidly.

EPISODE III

Scene 2—The Fading Frontier

"The Affair of the Pride of Forsyth"

TIME: Sunday, October 24, 1909, in the afternoon.

PLACE: A temporary race track just outside of Roundup.

There is a large crowd gathered as the scene opens. One man is limbering up the horse, Dixie, of J. C. Lohman of Roundup, and another horse belonging to J. H. Cooper of Forsyth. The center of attention at the opening of the scene is around Cooper and Lohman.

LOHMAN: Aw, Cooper, now, if we're going to have this race, we might as well bet some money on it. You claim yours is the fastest horse in the county and I claim mine is the fastest horse in the county. This should make the betting even, so I'll bet \$150 on my horse and you put up \$150 on yours.

COOPER: I ain't got no \$150. I ain't got no money hardly at all. But I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll bet this fine race horse of mine against your 150 bucks. If your horse, Dixie, wins the race, you get my Forsyth; if my horse beats your Dixie, I get your \$150.

LOHMAN: Well, that's hardly a deal I want to make. I haven't got any use for another race horse.

THOMAS LAMB: Say, Lohman, George Lyons and myself here want a good racing horse. If you win that Forsyth horse, we'll give you \$150 for him.

LOHMAN: Well, I'll think it over. See how the horse behaves.

LAMB: I'd like to make a deal right now.

LOHMAN: I said I'd talk it over with you after the race. If I win the horse, which I will, I'll likely sell it to you.

LYONS: That's a deal then, eh, Lohman?

LOHMAN: All right, it's a deal. (To Cooper) I'll bet \$150 against your horse.

COOPER: It's a bet. (He goes over to his horse and gets on.)

LOHMAN: (to Lyons and Lamb) I'm going to get on my horse now and trot her 'round a bit. You guys, Lyons and Lamb, you got a hundred and fifty dollars?

LYONS: We got it all right. Want to see it?

LOHMAN: No, I'll take your word for it.

He motions for his horse to come over. He gets on and rides around a bit. Meanwhile Col. Crull, a respected man and a lawyer of Roundup (even though he is at times an unpredictable character) strolls onto the scene.

COL. CRULL: Mr. Lamb, what is this matter of betting? Do you do it to make money?

LAMB: Why no, Colonel, we do it just for the sport of it. It's one of America's greatest sports — betting on horse races. Why don't you try it, Colonel?

COL. CRULL: Well, I'm a lawyer of the old school, as you know. Is it legal?

LAMB: Heck, I don't know nothing about that. We just bet on anything, especially horse races.

COL. CRULL: I always liked sports and it is POSSIBLE I would be very much interested in a small bet, as you call it.

LAMB: Which horse you want to bet on, Colonel?

COL. CRULL: Well, I'm not particular. I don't have any idea, really.

LAMB: Well, why don't I flip a coin — heads you bet on the Forsyth horse and tails you bet on Dixie.

COL. CRULL: Flip a coin? Heads and tails? Er . . . just what do you mean?

LAMB: Well, where the picture is on the coin, we call that "heads" and the opposite side we call that "tails."

COL. CRULL: Oh, that has nothing to do then with the head of the horse or the tail of the horse?

Aside a crowd laughs and Col. Crull joins in. Dialogue between stranger and Lyons goes on.

STRANGER: Say, Lamb, who is this fellow?

LYONS: Crull? He's a card. A fine lawyer and a good citizen, but no one ever knows how he's goin' to behave.

STRANGER: But how can he live in this country and not know about betting and flipping coins and the like? Oh, he knows, all right, he's just kidding, that is, I . . . I . . . think that's what he's doing.

LAMB: (to Crull) Nope, ain't got nothing to do with that, Colonel.

COL. CRULL: Well, if that's the proper procedure, flip the coin!
Lamb flips the coin.

LAMB: Heads it is! You bet your \$25, then, on the Forsyth horse, Colonel, and I'll bet mine on Dixie. We'll have Owens here hold the money, if it's all right with him.

OWENS: It's all right with me.

COL. CRULL: You mean I give him my \$25 now?

OWENS: That's right, you give me \$25 and Lamb gives me \$25 and then if your horse wins, you get the \$50, if Lamb's horse wins, he gets the fifty.

COL. CRULL: What happens if my horse loses?

OWENS: You get nothing.

COL. CRULL: Well, all right, here's my \$25. I hope you're honest.

OWENS: (laughing) I'm an honest man, and if'n you say otherwise, smile. (Crull smiles) That's better.
In the meantime Cooper has gotten on his horse and the starter pushes the crowd back.

THE STARTER: All right, you guys, get your horses ready to start this race. You will go around this here circle one time and finish right here where you start.
The Sheriff and two deputies have been watching these transactions. They are on horses.

COOPER: (yelling) Who's going to judge the race in case it'll be close?

LOHMAN: It ain't going to be close. You won't need no judge. Let the starter judge. Let's get the race started.

THE STARTER: All right with everybody? (No answer) Now you racers get up here and be ready to go when I shoot off the gun.
The two men line up their horses on the starting line. Everybody moves back and the gun is fired and the race starts. With a great deal of yelling and screaming from the crowd the horses go around the path, running neck and neck. It looks as if the Forsyth horse might win, but just as they come into the home stretch, Cooper loses his stirrups, finishing the race with his feet dangling in the air. And Lohman drives Dixie to a close victory.

LAMB: I'm going to see Lohman right away and try to get him to sell me that Forsyth horse.

BRUCKERT: Man, you ought to. If that Cooper hadn't lost his stirrups, this Forsyth horse would have won the race, that's for sure.

LAMB: That's the reason I'm going to buy him.
Lamb and Ryan go up to Lohman.

LAMB: Lohman, how about our deal on that horse, Forsyth, you just won? Going to let me have him now for a hundred and fifty bucks?

LOHMAN: Oh, all right, you can have him. I have no use for two horses. Besides I don't want him, now that I've beaten him. Give me the 150 bucks.

LAMB: (to Lyons) I've got 100 dollars, have you got fifty, Lyons?

LYONS: Ya, here it is.

LAMB: (Hands Lohman \$150.) Now where's the horse?

LOHMAN: Cooper just took him over there. (Points) Let's go get him.
They start over to where Cooper is with the horse. Arguments (Gesticulated) result, and finally Lamb takes horse.

COL. CRULL: What about my bet now? Did I win or lose on this bright sunny day?

JAMISON: I'm afraid you lost, Colonel Crull.

COL. CRULL: Oh, well, it was worth it. The beautiful weather, the excitement, and the fun makes it a cheap afternoon for \$25.
Cooper then comes running out to Lohman.

COOPER: See here, Lohman, what's the meaning of these two guys coming around here claiming my horse is their's?

LOHMAN: I bet \$150 against your horse in the race. I won and I sold him.

COOPER: You can't do that, Lohman.

LOHMAN: Why can't I? It was a fair bet.

COOPER: Well, in the first place, I don't think it was a fair race. I think some of your friends loosened my stirrups; that way they came off and I lost the race.

LOHMAN: A loser always has that excuse. You're a bum sport, Cooper.

COOPER: Even if it isn't true, I got a mortgage on that horse.

LOHMAN: You bet him, and a bet is a bet. He's my horse, and now I've sold him to Lamb and Lyons. You make your peace with the people who've got the mortgage. It's none of my business. I won the horse and I got a right to sell him, and that's that.
Lyons and Lamb get on the horse and are starting to drive him off the track when the Sheriff and one deputy get off their horses and come over to the group.

SHERIFF: All right, folks, stand back now. I'm Sheriff, as you all know, and these are my two deputies. I've got some arrests to make.

CROWD: Arrests? Arrests? Who's he going to arrest? What for? Is he crazy? Doesn't he know this is election year?

SHERIFF: I'm going to arrest Cooper and Lohman for holding a race on Sunday and for betting on the race. That's two charges against each one of you two guys.

COOPER: (to Sheriff) Those two guys over there have stolen my horse and are trying to ride off with it.

SHERIFF: Deputy, go over and get those guys and bring them here. The deputy takes off after Lamb and Lyons.

SHERIFF: I'm going to arrest these people for betting on a horse race, which is not only illegal in the State of Montana but especially illegal on Sunday. Owens, you're under arrest—Strait and Bruckert, you too, and Col. Crull, I'm sorry, you are under arrest, too.

COL. CRULL: This is beneath the dignity of my profession! I am a lawyer.

SHERIFF: Well, I'm sorry, Colonel, but you not only bet, but you made an illegal bet.

COL. CRULL: This is an outrage! I've never heard of such a thing. A sheriff rides in and spoils a pleasant Sunday afternoon in this magnificent county of the Musselshell and its happy people.

In the meantime the deputy has brought Lamb and Lyons over with the horse from Forsyth.

SHERIFF: All right, Lyons, you and Lamb are under arrest on two charges; first, betting on a horse race on Sunday; second, stealing a horse.

LAMB: That's the darnest thing I ever heard. Why, I've been a resident of this county twenty-five years running a cattle and horse ranch, and you arrest me for stealing a horse who can't even win a race against that lousy horse of Lohman's.

LOHMAN: What's that? What's the matter with my horse? He won that race, fair and square, and anyone who questions it, let him step up.

LAMB: You know well enough, Lohman, if Cooper hadn't lost his stirrups, he would have won that race by 25 yards.

SHERIFF: (to one of the deputies) Take that Forsyth horse, Joe.

LAMB: Sheriff or no sheriff, this horse belongs to Lyons and me.

SHERIFF: We'll let Judge Martin settle that tomorrow. Right now I'll release all of you men, but I order you to appear tomorrow morning at 10:00 o'clock before Justice of the Peace Martin in the Court at Roundup to answer charges.

COL. CRULL: Sheriff, I maintain that these arrests are illegal and that these orders to appear before the Court are out of order.

SHERIFF: Well, Colonel, I don't know nothing about law, but if you got anything to say, I'll listen to it.

COL. CRULL: I insist that this race was held within an enclosure — which makes betting legal — and that your order is in violation of the law.

SHERIFF: What do you mean, it was held within an enclosure? There are no fences around this whole thing.

COL. CRULL: According to the broadmined view held by us who have been raised in the unfenced range, it is an enclosure. There is a

barbed wire fence partially bounding the enclosure on the east; to the north, by the elasticity of my imagination, I can discern the Aurora Borealis; on the south is the procession of the Equinoxes. And on the west is Eternity and the end of time.

SHERIFF: I don't know what in thunder you're talking about, Crull. All I say is that you guys appear before Justice Martin at 10:00 o'clock tomorrow morning SHARP; if you don't, I'll come and get you.

He and deputies ride off with the Forsyth horse.

OWENS: My golly, what will we do? Have we got to get a lawyer?

COL. CRULL: I will act as your lawyer, and gentlemen — without charge. (Starts to move off, but turns back) Well, on second thought, for a charge of \$25 to offset my loss in the race.

STAGE DARKENS

NARRATION: All seven men duly appeared before Justice Martin on the following morning, but he wasn't any more able to understand the arguments of Col. Crull than the Sheriff had been, so he ordered the trial to be held before the District Court in Lewistown before District Judge C. K. Cheadle. The following scene is concerned with Col. Crull's summary on behalf of himself and the others at the end of that trial:

SETTING: (This scene has been previously set up in the rear of the race track, blocked from the audience by stage flats in the first part of the scene. These are taken down during the narration, and we have a bench with Judge Cheadle sitting behind it and Colonel Crull giving his defense. A single spotlight covers the scene.

Colonel Crull is speaking to the judge.)

COLONEL CRULL: May it please this most honorable court: I have a few brief words to say, not in my defense, sir, not in palliation of any offense I may have committed to bring me to the humiliating position which I now occupy—standing before this honorable court as a conspirator and violator of our sacred laws—but I do sincerely desire to offer the court a short explanation as to why I am in your honorable presence, a suppliant for your honor's clemency.

It was on a balmy Sunday afternoon in the month of October, may it please the court, that as I wended my way to attend a meeting of the Epworth League in the beautiful, hustling, thriving metropolis of the Imperial Valley of the Musselshell, I was so unfortunate as to overtake a party of friends, who were also going in the same direction—to a horse race.

Your honor, I remember now how the sun bathed our little city in a brilliant sheen; how the bracing winds from the west stirred my fast-aging pulse at the thought that I, too, might be a witness and participant, as it were, to that noblest and most exciting of all sports yet invented by mankind to separate the sucker from his money; and forgetting, for the moment, my obligation as a Christian gentleman, I forsook the prosaic path of rectitude to follow in the serpentine and deeply beaten trail that leads eventually to degradation and humiliation.

I have noticed your honor, in every new city rising to power and affluence in our great westland, as is now the modern little city of Roundup, the spirit of chance penetrates the very being of every enthusiastic, progressive resident of such city. It seems as if the "builder" is always and ever a devotee of Dame Fortune, ready to stake his last dollar on his judgment that he may win; and, as I would have you understand, your honor, Roundup is a glaring exemplification of this time-proven fact.

We arrived at the race track, and there before me and around me were gathered in gallant array the beauty and chivalry of the "Miracle of the Musselshell." There were strong men, poor men, beggar men, men strong in the anticipation of things to come, wise in their day and generation. Men that looked like horse thieves—and, your honor, a few honest men—all the concomitants of a horse race in these decadent days.

And there was a horse race. Prancing up and down the track before me, I saw "The Pride of Forsyth," fleetier than the wind, more beautiful than the gazelle, and more promising to some there than the mines of Golconda. There was also, champing at her bit, the invincible and unbeaten "Dixie." And here, your honor, was where I fell. Aye, harder than ever Lucifer fell!

I might say more. It would possibly have become me to have said less; but I desire here and now, in this presence, to state that hereafter, on these golden Sunday afternoons when the sun laves with its warm rays that Bibulous Babylon, the city of Roundup, that if there is a horse race in one direction, or a dog fight in the other direction, I shall attempt, as nearly as possible, to steer in a straight line diametrically opposite.

Your honor, I am an ordinary, sinful, wicked man. But I will say that I plead guilty with humiliation and with shame to the crime charged in this information. I know the flesh is weak; that we are filled with a lust of sin, environed by the lechery of temptation; but with me, the spirit will be willing, and I shall hereafter walk piously in the pleasant furrow of rectitude and righteousness, and never more will I be accused of horse racing where the race is jobbed, whether it be in a legal enclosure or not!"

Not once during all this does the Colonel change countenance or depart from his attitude of intense earnestness. The huge audience roars with delight and appreciation of the Colonel's unusual forensic masterpiece. As a rule Judge Cheadle was a stickler for dignity and order, but this occasion is too much for him and he joins in and lets things run wild for the moment. Then with a cough and great show of dignity he pounds on the bench and says:

JUDGE CHEADLE: Will the Courtroom quiet down! Remember, people, this is a Court of Justice and not a theatre.

In spite of himself, a smile creeps onto his face as the audience laughs.

JUDGE CHEADLE: My judgment is that the Court sentences Colonel Crull and the five other conspirators to sixty days in the County jail. However, due to the splendid appeal of Colonel Crull and the fact that neither he nor any of the others have ever been in difficulty with the law before, I am pleased to suspend sentence, subject of course to good behavior during the next 60 days.

ROUNDUP, MIRACLE OF THE MUSSELSHELL

EPISODE IV

Scene One

Roundup Becomes a Melting Pot of Many People from Many Lands.

SCENE 1:

SETTING: To the left is the railroad station. The platform extends toward center. Back of the platform on right are buggy, wagons, etc. The train comes in from the left. At the opening of the scene, many people of all ages are waiting. Kids get out on track looking for coming train.

TIME: July, 1908.

A couple of boys kneel down on their knees, put ears to rails.

MOTHER: Johnnie and Frankie, what ARE you doing? Get up, before the train runs over you!

JOHNNIE: Aw, Ma, it can't run over us, we can't even hear it.

MOTHER: Hear it! My heavens, you can't hear it like that.

JOHNNIE: You can too, Mother. All the kids do this.

MOTHER: Wait till I tell your father about this.

FRANKIE: (As the boys get up) Gee, you can sure tell there wasn't no railroad in Ma's and Pop's day.

JOHNNIE: Yep, never even heard of a telephone or an electric light, I bet.

A delegation of mine superintendents and foremen get out of a buggy and come to platform.

CHARLEY CORNISH: How many of these here emigrants from the Balkan States are you expecting Mr. Griffin? (Superintendent)

GEORGE GRIFFIN: I should think about thirty, not including the kids.

ARCHIE ANDERSON: Speak English?

GRIFFIN: Some will. We'll start this group in No. 1 mine.

ANDERSON: All of them?

GRIFFIN: Well, I think there will be some Welsh among these. Maybe we can put them in mines with some of your Middle Westerners. Teach you something about coal mining.

HENRY FLETCHER: That's why you're bringing them over from the old country.

GRIFFIN: Partly. These people will come from families that have been mining coal for generations and they sure know how to do the job. I want you fellows to get along with them.

CORNISH: We will; most of us have worked with their kind before and liked them.

GRIFFIN: Good. Well, I see the mayor coming down. Hello, Mayor Newton! Glad to see you. Come down to welcome our new citizens?

MAYOR NEWTON: Thought I would, if you like.

GRIFFIN: Fine. Want to make these people feel at home.

MAYOR: Might be pretty hard to do, coming from so far away like they have. Also thought maybe we could interest a few people in homesteading who might be in the train.

GRIFFIN: Roundup getting interested in homesteaders? Thought those folks went mostly to Fergus County and the Judith Basin.

MAYOR: Roundup's got a lot of good land around, too. Get more business in here if we can get some farming land under way.

GRIFFIN: Always be a coal mining town, Mayor. Before we're through, Roundup will be the coal metropolis of the country. You won't need any farmers here, Mayor. You can all live off the coal.

MAYOR: Maybe so. Maybe so. But it seems to me like it all isn't . . . well the good old Roundup. Independent like. Now if a lot of people got a quarter section of land — well, it's their own, if you see what I mean. And we got a lot of good land around here — good for farming, the railroad experts tell us. And there are a lot of folks in America — and in Europe — who just want to own and live on THEIR OWN good land. (Walks away)

GRIFFIN: (to foreman as he watches mayor go) Some of these oldtimers sure die hard.

CORNISH: They sure do, for a fact.

ANDERSON: (to boys who have their ears to the rail) Hear anything, boys?

JOHNNIE: Sure do. She's arocking away. Sure due here in a few minutes.

MOTHER: Then get off the tracks. (They get up but not off the tracks.) I said, "Get out of the tracks!"

JOHNNIE: Gee, Ma, you can see the train two miles from here.

FRANKIE: Besides, it whistles.

MOTHER: Wait till your father hears of this.

A train whistle, well down the track, is heard. This happens several times before the engine coughs and steams and puffs to a stop. Claude "Sawdust" Harriman runs in selling ROUND-UP RECORDS, which he continues to do throughout the scene. Mr. Eiselein comes running to the station along with many others. Mr. Eiselein goes up to the Mayor.

EISELEIN: How are you, Mayor? Want to see me?

MAYOR: Yes, Eiselein. I wish you'd listen to a talk that I'll be giving about the homesteading possibilities here when the people get off the train. It stops here, you know, at least fifteen minutes and everybody gets out to eat there at the restaurant across the street because there's no diner on the train.

MAYOR: (embarrassed) Oh, yes. Well, well, shall I give the address of welcome, Griffin?

GRIFFIN: Please do.

EISELEIN: What's the idea, Mayor?

MAYOR NEWTON: Well, too many are passing us up to homestead in Fergus County and around Judith Basin. Our land is as good as theirs, so let's tell them so. I thought maybe you could use in the RECORD something I'll say today to the European miners, and also add something I'll say about homesteading.

EISELEIN: Yes, I understand that the people from the Balkan countries that the coal people are bringing over would be on this train today.

MAYOR: They will be. But there'll be others, too. People are just overflowing the trains to get to Montana land these days.

EISELEIN: I know. The country is growing beyond my wildest dreams.

By this time the train had come to a stop and in a moment crowds from the train come forward and head for the restaurant across the street from the depot. (The early trains did not have diners.) They pass the corner to the depot where "Sawdust" stands selling ROUNDUP RECORDS, describing his paper as follows:

SAWDUST: All right, folks, read the latest news about homesteading land in Montana! Especially 'round this city of Roundup at which you are now stopping — Roundup, one of the oldest known cattle settlements in the wild and woolly West. Buy a paper and read all about getting free land from the Government in Montana? It ain't a question of how much land you can have, it's a question of how much land you can use. Read all about the chance to homestead in the great country of Roundup. Especially in Devil's Basin. (Repeat all this several times.)

PASSENGER: What about new businesses? Chance to start a new business here?

SAWDUST: If you don't want a homestead, there are plenty of chances to start a business. Read all about the chance to buy. Buy the RECORD? Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Only a nickel, sir; thank you sir, thank you. All right, folks, read all about it! (Sawdust crosses street in front of restaurant.)

MAYOR NEWTON: Well, Eiselein, you certainly have got a man there that knows how to sell papers.

EISELEIN: I'll say so. I thought I'd need two or three, but with this fellow, one is enough.

MAYOR: Sells a lot of them I've noticed.

EISELEIN: He sells three times as many papers here at the train as I have subscribers. People are hungry for any news of Montana homesteading possibilities, so I've been playing the idea up, Mayor, even if you may not have noticed it.

MAYOR: I know you've been pushing the homestead idea pretty hard.

EISELEIN: I am supporting it — why shouldn't I?

MAYOR: As you look at our town of Roundup now, it may not look like a great deal to you, but it has grown greatly during the last few years and it continues to grow. Actually, Roundup — by virtue of its splendid natural resources: minerals, land, timber, and ranges — has the makings of a city of no mean importance in size. And it is our intention, those of us who are citizens of Roundup, and those of you who will become citizens of Round-

MAYOR: No reason at all, Eiselein, no reason at all. Say, where did that fellow get his name of "Sawdust?"

EISELEIN: That ought to be easy to figure out. Just take a look at his face, full of freckles like it is.

MAYOR: (laughs) Yes, it sure does look like a pile of sawdust instead of a face, all right. Funny looking.

EISELEIN: That may be true, but he is crafty; and when history is written, the "acquisition of hundreds of settlers in the Musselshell Valley can be directly attributed to the close perusal of the columns of the RECORD," cleverly placed in their hands by the crafty old "Sawdust."

After the Americans have made their rush toward the restaurant a group of obviously Balkan people — because of their clothes and bundles — come slowly down the platform. These people are all ages, some old, some fairly older, some middle-aged, many young. There is also a large number of children in the group who cling closely to their parents. All look frightened. Several families of men who came to Roundup earlier are present and the hugging and kisses are elaborate. The man leading the group is a man of great dignity and competence.

MAN: Oh, Moja, you skinny now. Whats a matter, you no eat on train?

Mr. Griffin recognizes him at once as a leader and goes up to him.

MR. GRIFFIN: My name is George Griffin, superintendent of the mine here in Roundup where you people are to work.

MR. BLASKOVICH: I am Mr. Blaskovich, leader of the people.

GRIFFIN: Good, let me welcome you to our town of Roundup.

BLASKOVICH: This is the town, Roundup? Then, where are mines? No look like mine town to me.

GRIFFIN: There are thousands of tons of fine coal in the hill that we call the "Bull Hills." There is enough coal here to keep you people busy all your lives and your sons, and sons' sons busy as well. This will be one of the great mining centers of the country. But now I should like to introduce you to the Mayor and have him welcome you all. (Goes up to Mayor) Mayor, I'd like you to meet one of our new citizens, Mr. . . . oh, Mr. . . .

BLASKOVICH: My name Blaskovich, from city of Zagreb.

GRIFFIN: Oh, yes. Mr. Blaskovic, this is Roundup's Mayor — Mayor J. W. Newton.

MAYOR: Pleased to know you and welcome to Roundup, Mr. . . . Mr. . . .

BLASKOVICH: Blaskovich is the name.

up, to make it the metropolis of the state of Montana and one of the best known and prosperous cities west of the Mississippi River. So, you people who had the courage to give up your homes in Europe in which your ancestors have lived for generations, will never regret the step you have taken. Not only will you prosper and have a richer life, but your children will have every opportunity of a free education, unlimited recreational facilities, and so forth, in a city where crime is unknown—only honesty and virtue abound. So welcome, future citizens of Roundup, to our great and ever-growing, prosperous city. May your life be one of great joy to you, and be assured that the city officials will do all in their power to help you get properly oriented in your new home.

GRIFFIN: Thank you, Mayor, very nice. (Turns to the miners and families.) Now, out at the mine we have built a number of small but very temporary houses for you people to live in. I will take you out there to let you see them and you can select houses according to the size of your families. I have here a stagecoach and a buggy which will take you to Mine No. 2. I have my machine here, Mr. Blaskovich, if you'd like to ride with me.

BLASKOVICH: (looking over car) Never ride in one of these. Better I stay with my family. You take young son with you—he like riding in machine for first time. Come here Jura!

JURA: May I bring Muriel?

GRIFFIN: Who is she?

JURA: She is girl from Wales.

GRIFFIN: Sure. Bring her.

Blaskovich shakes his head sadly as the young couple run to the car.

The families start for the stagecoach and buggy and Mr. Griffin goes to his car followed by three young Balkans. Standing off to the side, looking at each other in wishful way, is a beautiful, shy, young Croatian girl and a tall, lanky Swedish young man.

NELS: Now, Maricka, I fear it is parting for us. It is not what you call easy. Since we first got on train way back in New York, all these days and nights in that day coach, I come to think of you as my darling. Now we must part, maybe forever, I fear.

MARICKA: Why we must part, Nels?

NELS: Because you must stay with your mother and father and I must go to town called Lewistown to take up my homestead I come to America to have for free land.

MARICKA: Why can you not stay here, Nels?

NELS: No one say homesteads here in this Roundup. Everyone say homestead Lewistown and Judith Basin—places named in literature I get from America in Sweden. Nobody say Roundup.

MARICKA: But you have not listen to what this man selling newspaper say.

NELS: I have listened to no one but you—I look only at you and am so sad.

MARICKA. But now, listen to what he say.

Sawdust, from over by the restaurant, is heard repeating his spiel as he sells more papers.

SAWDUST: All right, folks, read the latest news about homesteading land in Montana! Especially 'round this city of Roundup at which you are now stopping — Roundup, one of the oldest known cattle settlements in the wild and woolly West. Buy a paper and read all about getting free land from the Government in Montana! It ain't a question of how much land you can have, it's how much land you can use. Read all about the chance to homestead in the great country of Roundup! Especially in Devil's Basin.

NELS: What he mean?

MARICKA: I think he mean plenty homestead land here, ya.

NELS: You think?

MARICKA: See, over there is mayor talking to people who are Americans. You go listen what he say.

MAYOR NEWTON: Ladies and gentlemen, you people perhaps have heard much about the great opportunities for homesteading good land and farms in Fergus County and other parts of the state. Let me assure you people that if you will stop over here for one day to look at our wonderful land in Devil's Basin and other places, you will find nowhere in the country better or richer land than the Devil's Basin, just a few miles from Roundup.

NELS: (Hears and goes up to Mayor) Pardon me, Mister, you say I can take homestead here?

MAYOR: Certainly, young man. You can get as good a homestead here as in any other part of Montana.

NELS: Oh, thank you very much. Please excuse. (Runs back to the group who is just getting into the stagecoach.)

Mayor goes on with his speech in the background.

NELS: (Comes running to Maricka as she is about to enter stagecoach.) Maricka, Maricka, you wait a minute. Maricka, I stay here, I stay here. I get homestead here. I come see you soon.

MARICKA: I am glad, Nels.

BLASKOVICH: Maricka, come now, get in stagecoach. Leave the boy alone. He go some place else.

MARICKA: Yes, Papa.

NELS: But when I find homestead, where will I see you, Maricka?

MARICKA: You can find me, Nels.

BLASKOVICH: Maricka, do what I say, now, come get in coach where we drive to new home. Leave boy go his way.

MARICKA: (looking shyly and longingly at Nels) Yes, Papa. Good-bye, Nels, I see you.

NELS: Maricka, Maricka, I see you very soon again.

Maricka gets into coach. Coach drives off. Nels stands there, his eyes full of longing and tears.

ROUNDUP. MIRACLE OF THE MUSSELSHELL
EPISODE IV

Roundup Becomes a Melting Pot of Many People from Many Lands

SCENE TWO — WEDDING FESTIVAL

SETTING: It is Saturday, the day of the wedding. The festival and reception are held in a large dance hall used by all lodges and nationalities for meetings and celebrations. Mr. and Mrs. Zupancich, friends of the bride's parents, are supervising the preparations. There is much talking and some singing as the women are arranging the table with food, etc. On the scene is also a photographer who is waiting for the wedding party to arrive. Off to one side is a beer keg, near the bar. The tablecloth, dishes, flowers, etc. are very beautiful in old-country style.

Tamburitzza musicians are assembling, awaiting the bride and grooms arrival. At this point baker Chris Mortenson arrives on the scene with the wedding cake. The women flock around it and express admiration and pleasure.

MORTENSON: How you like, hey? Plenty fancy, hey? Maricka, my best girl. I make fine cake for her. Should bring in good money for bride and groom when raffled off.

WOMAN: It should — it is beautiful.

ANOTHER WOMAN: It is a good thing the best man is Maricka's brother. He will have to bid high. (Everybody laughs.)

At that moment someone comes running in from the opposite side and says, "Here they come! Here they come! The wedding party is coming!"

Now we hear pan beating, people singing to the accompaniment of an accordin player as they come nearer. Soon the happy couple arrive, seated in the buggy accompanied by the aunt and uncle of the bride, as was the custom. The buggy is complete with an umbrella overhead, cans tied to the back. An accordin player stands in the back playing as people sing. Many people are following on foot, although some come in old cars of the period.

The bride and groom alight from the buggy and are drawn into the hall together by Mr. and Mrs. Zupancich. They toss a scarf around them for this little ceremony which welcomes them in as a united couple and tightens the knot, so to speak, making it all very official. This little rite is usually performed by the groom's parents, and it is the bride's parents who give the blessing as they leave for the church to be married.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Now, everyone get in place for the wedding picture. Bride and groom in center right in back of table behind wedding cake, Maricka's father and mother next to sweet girl. The best man and bridesmaid stand beside groom. All relatives

of Maricka stand in front row. Then everyone else get behind and make a circle. All right, get ready now, for picture. I count "three" then everyone stand still till I lower my hand, then picture finish. I want to take good picture. Everybody pay good attention.

Everyone lines up. Photographer gets ready, counts "one, two, three," and then after a period he lowers his hand and the crowd starts hugging each other, laughing and talking. The bride and groom remain seated behind the table and people line up to congratulate them. Cigars and roses are handed out to those coming to the table. Gifts of money are laid on the table. Many people bring in gifts, including a heifer, a goat, some chickens, a pig, and a lamb and give to bride mostly, these all strike people as being amusing. A gift of iron and ironing board inspire one group to sing, "Oj, Maricka Pegla."

MR. ZUPANCICH, ACTING AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES: All right, now everyone must dance first before we eat. The bride and groom will start the dancing after her father gives a toast, and then everyone who dances with the bride must pin money bills on her wedding dress. A toast, now, Mr. Blaskovich!

THE FATHER STANDS ON A CHAIR AND GIVES A TOAST, HOLDING UP HIGH A STEIN OF BEER.

MR. BLASKOVICH: No man like see his little girl get married and move from family, but we know must happen. So now she become wife of farmer, not wife of coal miner or stone mason like all her people have been before. But we are in America now, and Roundup starts with my little girl to become a melting pot of many people from many lands. May they have God's good wishes as they have her father's and her mother's.

ZUPANCICH: All right, let's have music.

The bride and groom dance out in front of table followed by others. All the young men run and line up following the bride and groom. First one dances, then another, with the bride. Everybody is happy. When the younger men get through, some of the older men also take their turns. Even while they are dancing, several, including the youngsters, help themselves to the food which is on the table. The first dance finished, the father calls:

MR. BLASKOVICH: Come on now, Maricka, come eat something. Been three days since you had any food.

MARICKA: Oh, Papa, don't say things like that.

BUT SHE AND THE GROOM COME OVER AND ARE SEATED AT THE TABLE WHERE THEY PROCEED TO EAT. ANOTHER DANCE GOES ON. AT THE END OF THAT DANCE, THE CAKE IS RAFFLED OFF.

ZUPANCICH: All right, now, we raffle off wedding cake. Everybody know what you bid must be put in dish here to go to bride and groom. Also, see over there are gifts of chickens, goat, pig, and lamb for farm boy Maricka marry.

NELS: (laughing) It's a good thing I brought the lumber wagon. What made me think of that?

MARICKA: I told you to bring the lumber wagon.

NELS: Oh, yes, I remember. You knew they were going to do this. What a smart girl I got. (Everybody laughs.)

ZUPANCICH: All right, now, first bid on cake.

They proceed to bid for the cake, the best man raising each bid until finally there are no more bids and the best man wins cake, as is the custom. Each has deposited the amount of money he bid in a dish on the table.

ZUPANCICH: All right, best man — he wins cake. Maybe he like to have young bridesmaid for wife next. As Maricka marry Swede, so her brother maybe marry Welsh girl. Now we have bride cut first piece of wedding cake. Come, Maricka.

Maricka laughingly goes up, cuts a piece of wedding cake and hands it on a plate to Nels. She puts the knife down. Everybody laughs and the bridesmaid takes over, cutting the rest of the cake as another dance gets under way. During this dance the bride dances again with a good many people, mostly older people — her father, and friends of her father, and so on. During this dance, Nels, with the help of the boys, drives his wagon into the scene. He has, with the help of the boys, put into the wagon the goat, pig, lamb, and chickens. When the dance is over, he calls:

NELS: Come, now, Maricka, we must go. We have much work to do on the farm.

SEVERAL CALL: Oh, now, you can't go. (Women) The party is supposed to last till midnight. What do you mean, "midnight?" It last two - three days.

NELS: We come back tomorrow — after I do morning chores.

MARICKA: I am farmer's wife, now. I must go home and help my husband. He say we must go, so I must go. (She goes up to her mother.)

MOTHER: Oh, my Maricka, I can not think you leaving your home and mother and father.

MARICKA: Mama, every daughter has to be married and leave home sometime.

MOTHER: But...But...

MARICKA: (sighs) I know, Mama. He not Yugoslavian young man, but I love Nels and he will take good care of me. So don't worry, Mama.

MOTHER: It is so far away you are going!

MARICKA: It's only nine miles, Mama. And soon Nels will have an automobile and he will teach me how to drive it and I can...

MOTHER: That's what I mean. He is... what you call it... he not can be trusted. No girl should drive an automobile. We should never have left Yugoslavia.

MARICKA: Oh, Mama. Dry your tears and forget all about it. We'll be home Sunday. (She wipes her mother's tears and kisses her. Turns to her father who is standing close by) Now, goodbye, Papa, I'll see you.

BLASKOVICH: And now I lose my daughter, my little child.

MARICKA: There will be others to take my place, Papa.

BLASKOVICH: Then may He forgive you for marrying that...

MARICKA: Don't say it, Papa. It has been talked of many hours. Now it is all over, and be sure God has accepted him.

BLASKOVICH: It is your happiness I want.

MARICKA: I will be happy. He is good and I love him. (She kisses him) Goodbye, Papa... Dad.

MARICKA: Thank you, dear friend Muriel for being my bridesmaid. You and my brother Jura must come out to see us in our new home.

NELS: (to best man) Yes, Jura, you must bring Muriel. Like I get to know Maricka on train, you get to know Muriel. Maybe you marry, too, eh?

EVERYBODY LAUGHS. WELSH GIRL HIDES FACE IN JURA'S SHOULDER.

JURA: Don't be a fool, Nels.

NELS: I no fool. You fool, you not marry her.

MARICKA GOES TO WAGON. NELS HELPS HER IN AND GOING AROUND TO OTHER SIDE, HE PICKS UP REINS.

NELS: Goodbye, all. Thanks for wonderful party.

MARICKA: Goodbye, everyone. Thank you for such nice gifts, and all the money.

THEY DRIVE OFF AMID CHEERS, YELLS, AND SINGING.

DANCE LEADER: Well, let's dance. Why should we stop now!

LOUD CALLS OF PLEASURE AS PEOPLE GET IN LINE FOR ANOTHER FOLK DANCE.

MAN: (to Mr. Blaskovich as the orchestra is getting ready to play)
Why must they leave so early, Blaskovich?

BLASKOVICH: Nels, he say he has what he calls "chores" to take care of.

MAN: You think he do good on this homestead?

BLASKOVICH: Well, he say he will get more and more land, some day have estate like old country and build castle for Maricka.

MAN: You think so?

BLASKOVICH: It will be miracle.

MAN: Miracle... oh yes, you mean like they say "Miracle of the Musselshell."

ORCHESTRA STARTS AND LAST DANCE OF SCENE TAKES PLACE.

END (LIGHTS FADE)

EPISODE IV

Scene Three

Roundup Becomes a Melting Pot of Many People from Many Lands.

SCENE 3: Homecoming.

SETTING: A homestead shack and barn in the prairie land of Devil's Basin. There is a tarpaper covered house, nicely built. The door to the house and the side leading towards the rear with one window are at 45 degree angles to the audience.

TIME: Around midnight on the evening of the wedding.

Shortly after the lights come on, Nels and Maricka drive up in his wagon which has, in boxes, a billy goat, a crate of chickens, articles of furniture, etc. which were given to them as wedding gifts at the reception.

NELS: Well, Maricka, here we are. This is our home. You like it?

MARICKA: It is small and with the tarpaper not good to look at, but, Nels, it is our home and it is beautiful.

NELS: How could any dumb Swede like I am find such a lovely girl as you, Maricka, to marry him. I will never, as long as I live, understand it.

MARICKA: If you could see yourself, Nels, as I see you, you would know why I love you so much. (They kiss tenderly.)

NELS JUMPS OUT OF THE WAGON.

NELS: Well, now, I must show you the place and what I have planned.

NELS RUNS AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAGON AND LIFTS HER OUT.

NELS: See, Maricka, that is the barn. In that we will have cows to milk, also we will keep our chickens and our horses here until we can afford an automobile and tractor. You see where plow? That will be our wheat field one year, barley field another year, and maybe corn even a third year. What they call rotating crops, Maricka. On the other side here is a nice place for a garden. I have already plowed it up and spaded it, you can see, and it is nice rich soil for you to grow our vegetables and some flowers for yourself. Back over there is where I will fence in the pasture when we get more cows and sheep and lambs. Maricka, there's 160 acres of land — good land — flat and rich. We will develop it and as we go along we will buy more land. I will build you a big house and a big barn, painted red, for more stock. The fields will get larger and we will have hired men and you will have a hired girl to take care of your work when the little ones start to come.

MARICKA: I know we shall be happy here.

NELS: I too know we will.

MARICKA: I have been all my life in crowded towns, lived with sounds of whistles, and the stink of smoke from the coal mines always hanging over us. Always there is a fear that something will happen — that my father and brothers will be killed. We must also depend for our wages on those who own the mines. But here, Nels, like you say, this is our land, our land forever.

NELS: You understand everything so beautifully, Maricka. But there is just one more little thing to show you. Come.

HE LEADS HER TO A PLANTER BOX AT THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE LONG SIDE OF THE CABIN.

NELS: See, Maricka, I have built this box for you and planted wild flowers to grow which I find on the hills and on the prairie. So you have flowers for our house till at last we can make our own flower garden.

MARICKA GETS DOWN ON HER KNEES IN FRONT OF THE FLOWERS.

MARICKA: They are beautiful, Nels, more beautiful even than flowers that grow in gardens and places like that.

SHE STANDS UP, COMES CLOSE TO NELS.

MARICKA: Oh, Nels, I know we will have a long happy life together.

NELS: That we will, my dear girl. And now I will lift you and carry you through the door into our house. My bride, my wife, who will also be the mother of beautiful children who will all look like her and will have such a lovely understanding as their dear mother has.

HE LIFTS MARICKA UP, SHE SNUGGLES CLOSELY IN HIS ARMS. HE CARRIES HER TO THE DOOR AND THROUGH IT, THE LIVESTOCK IN THE WAGON FORGOTTEN, AS THE LIGHTS FADE.

THE OIL BOOM IN MUSSELSHELL COUNTY

EPISODE V

Scene One

SETTING: The same setting as Scene III Episode IV, but now the place is old and worn out looking. The windows are broken, the door missing, and the tarpaper shack sags in the middle. The barn is also old looking and unimproved. To the right of the shack a small crew of men are drilling for oil with small equipment. The drilling is in progress. The driller is J. W. Jones, the boss is H. W. Van Duzen.

TIME: November, 1919.

1st OIL DRILLER: Some run-down old place here.

VAN DUZEN: Yep. Homesteaders. Most of them have given up by now. Those who haven't will have to in the next couple of years or so if this drought keeps on.

1st OIL DRILLER: Too bad in a way. Lots of these folks came into the country full of hope for a good living off the land.

3rd OIL DRILLER: Who had the place we're drilling on now?

VAN DUZEN: A fellow by the name of Nels Knutson, married a very pretty Croatian girl. After a big wedding came out here to make a fortune.

3rd OIL DRILLER: What happened?

VAN DUZEN: Well, they lived for years here and stuck it out, working like dogs, until about six months ago when his 160 acres was put up for auction by the county. All they really raised was four nice kids. Hadn't been able to even pay his taxes. That's how I got the land to drill on.

2nd OIL DRILLER: Too bad for him. Works his head off on the soil and loses everything while you'll drill down a few feet and make a fortune from oil.

VAN DUZEN: Hope so.

3rd OIL DRILLER: What's this Nels doing now?

VAN DUZEN: Working in the coal mines. His wife's father is Blaskovich, foreman at the No. 3 Mine.

3rd OIL DRILLER: Well, that's the way things go.

VAN DUZEN: (Going over to where they are drilling) How are things going, Jones?

JONES KEEPS LOOKING INTENTLY AND AFTER A PAUSE ANSWERS.

JONES: You know, I think we've hit oil, boss.

1st OIL DRILLER: What makes you think so?

JONES: Well, for one thing I can smell it. And another — listen to the bubble.

THE OTHER TWO COME OVER AND ALL LISTEN.

JONES: That bubble isn't water, it's oil.

VAN DUZEN: By Gad, I think you're right.

JONES: Look out!

THEY ALL STEP BACK. SOME OF THE OIL BUBBLES OUT OF THE PIPE AND SPURTS IN FAIR AMOUNT.

VAN DUZEN: We got it! We got it!

2nd OIL DRILLER: Oh, boy, have we ever!

ALL FOUR DANCE AND JUMP AROUND TOGETHER YELLING.

VAN DUZEN: Man, I'm going to get into this car and drive hell-bent to Roundup and tell them the great news.

JONES: Wait a minute! Why don't you keep your mouth shut and buy up more land.

VAN DUZEN: Hell, I got enough land. This news of the discovery of oil in Musselshell County belongs to the people of Roundup.

HE DRIVES OFF ACROSS THE PRAIRIE IN AN OLD FORD.

JONES: He's sure crazy, that guy.

2nd OIL DRILLER: He's from Roundup!!

END OF SCENE

THE OIL BOOM IN MUSSELSHELL COUNTY

EPISODE V

Scene Two

SETTING: The main street in the town of Roundup.

TIME: November 6, 1919 in the late afternoon.

VAN DUZEN COMES DRIVING HIS MODEL T INTO TOWN BEEPING HIS HORN AND PARKS IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL.

HOTELKEEPER: What's all this noise about?

VAN DUZEN: We've struck oil in Devil's Basin! It's gushing right out of the earth! Loads of oil! We're going to be rich! Where's that geologist, Gordon Campbell? I want him to look at this sample to say that it's oil we've hit.

GORDON CAMPBELL, ALONG WITH DOZENS OF OTHERS WHO GATHER FROM VARIOUS PLACES, COMES OUT OF THE HOTEL AND STEPS INTO THE CAR.

CAMPBELL: By golly, that sure looks like oil! Where did it come from? (Campbell looks at it, not believing what he sees.)

VAN DUZEN: It came from the well we've been drilling out in Devil's Basin. Don't just stand there looking at it. Smell it! Feel it! Taste it!

CAMPBELL: (dreamingly) I knew there was oil in Devil's Basin. I know there's an ocean of oil under this county! Yes sir, that's oil, all right, and there's plenty more where that came from. I've known it for the last several years. There's no mistake. There's oodles of oil for everybody.

MR. EISELEIN: The ROUNDUP RECORD has got a real headline. "Roundup Booms with Oil!" "Roundup Strikes it Rich!"

VAN DUZEN: You bet we've struck it rich, Mr. Eiselein. And while you're printing that news, you'd better warm up your printing press. We're going to be needing some land lease certificates and some oil stock certificates. In fact you'd better get busy doing that right now.

MR. EISELEIN: You bet I will. (Starts off, suddenly stops) Headlines, Hell! What was I thinking of. We'll have an "Extra." An Extra right now! Extra! Extra! Roundup discovers oil. Roundup strikes it rich. Extra!... Extra!... Read all about at... Roundup Finds Black Gold! Extra... Extra... Extra... (Hurries off stage.)

A MINER'S SON: Mr. Van Duzen, you mean it's true? You mean we're all really going to be rich? Real rich?

VAN DUZEN: That's right, sonny, I mean we've struck oil, I mean there'll be oil for everybody. We're going to be rich!

SON: I'm going over to the mine to tell my Pa we've struck oil. We're going to be rich. We've struck oil. We're going to be rich.

We've struck oil. We're going to be rich. We've struck oil. (Exits repeating the same.)

SEVERAL HIGH SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS: Let's build fires on the street corner. Let's have a parade. Let's have some fun, etc. (Girl) We want to help, too. (Boy) Well, come on. (Girl) Can't we dance or something? (Boy) Sure, we'll celebrate all night if our folks do.

THE GROUP STARTS A FIRE ON STREET CORNER.

WHO'S ALLEN, SR.: Van Duzen, just as sure as I sell a lot of suits and overcoats in my store, I'm going to be selling oil leases and oil stock. I'm going to set up a brokerage. You can sign up with me folks, right now. How much are YOU selling your stock for, Van Duzen?

VAN DUZEN: One hundred dollars for a share of stock in Montana's first producing oil well. One hundred dollars for a share in the Van Duzen Oil Co.

STOCK BROKER: A hundred dollars a share? Why, that's highway robbery! I'm selling oil stock for fifty dollars a share.

VAN DUZEN: I'm not selling suits and overcoats, or just stock — I'm selling stock in a well that's running oil. You go ahead and sell your stock for \$50.00, but remember folks, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. MY well is producing oil. MY well has put Montana on the oil map. In fact, I'm going to send a telegram to Governor Stewart right now. We've discovered oil. We're going to be rich! This oil discovery is going to put Montana on the oil map, ain't that right, Campbell?

CAMPBELL: Right, Van Duzen. (Van Duzen goes off to send his telegram.)

VAN DUZEN: (as he goes off) Montana will run Texas and Oklahoma off the map.

TOWNSMAN: Well, shucks, all you rich guys, why are we standing out here in this bitter cold? Let's have a celebration fittin' to the occasion. Follow me, folks.

SEVERAL MINERS COME RUNNING UP AS THE PARADE IS FORMING.

MINER: Hold on a minute here. What's this boy sayin' about us striking oil? About us goin' to be rich? How about it, Gordon, is it true?

CAMPBELL: Man, this is the day we've all been waiting for. Harry Van Duzen struck oil today in Devil's Basin. It's true, men, we're standing on ground that covers an ocean of oil. We've struck oil. Roundup is going to be rich; we'll all have a chance to be rich.

SEVERAL MEN PICK CAMPBELL UP AND PUT HIM ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND PROCEED TO PARADE DOWN THE STREET YELLING "JOIN THE PARADE. JOIN THE

PARADE." CROWD FOLLOWS SINGING "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW." IN THE MEANTIME THE MERCHANT TRIES TO SELL MORE SHARES.

WHO'S ALLEN, SR.: Step right up, folks. Don't go away before signing up for shares in the first oil producing well in Montana. Don't worry about a payment now — just sign now and pay later.

REALIZING NO ONE IS PAYING ATTENTION, HE ALSO FOLLOWS THE CROWD. TWO DRUNKEN MINERS STAY ON STAGE.

1st MINER: Hand me that bottle of moon. It makes a man feel warm if nothing else. It's beginning to snow a bit.

2nd MINER: Yup, it's snowing a bit and, you know, pal, just as sure as it's started snowing in Roundup, somebody is bound to figure out a plan where everybody is going to get rich.

1st MINER: Yup, and it looks to me as if we're going to have a lot of snow in Roundup this year.

THEY FOLLOW THE PARADE ON DOWN THE STREET AS THE LIGHTS FADE.

NARRATOR: Before many days the streets of Roundup seethed with hundreds of strangers attracted by the news of the new oil find. In addition to bona fide operators there were many more scores of lease "hounds," speculators, slick promoters and plain shady characters who thought they saw a chance to make a killing. Sleeping rooms were at a premium and the hotel lobbies were jammed with people talking oil, wildly gesticulating and trying to make deals.

At this point Mother Nature hit. A record-breaking blizzard struck the area. There was a foot of snow on the level and the thermometer sank below the zero mark for days. Roads became impassable and no one was able to get out to the field to actually view the discovery site and the oil flowing over the top of the casing. Instead of subduing or quenching the excitement that prevailed, the effect on everybody was just the reverse. Unable to rest their eyes on something concrete, their imaginations started into action with a vengeance that vastly surpassed anything in reality. Rumors were quickly picked up and repeated always with new frills and enlarged figures; gushers were envisioned without straining anybody's credulity, and the general belief was that the entire country within miles of the discovery well was underlain with oil.

It goes without saying that very few, if any, Roundup people profited in the end in Montana's first oil boom that followed the Devil's Basin discovery.

EPISODE VI

TIME: 4th of July, 1928.

SETTING: The Rodeo Arena at the County Fair Grounds in Roundup. Back of the racetrack is a speaker's stand with flags and bunting decorating it on which several distinguished citizens of present-day Roundup are seated.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Ladies and Gentlemen: Welcome to our Fourth of July parade and celebration in Roundup — this Fourth of July, 1928, the 20th anniversary of the founding of the present day Roundup, Montana, the "Miracle of the Musselshell." After a parade, which will proceed in front of the grandstand, there will be a few short speeches. All right, now, let's have the parade.

IN FRONT OF THE GRANDSTAND, MOVING FROM EAST TO WEST, PASS SEVERAL ORGANIZATIONS FROM ROUNDUP, TOGETHER WITH OTHER ORGANIZATIONS SUCH AS THE RODEO GROUP, ETC. EACH ORGANIZATION, AS IT PASSES BEFORE THE GRANDSTAND, WILL BE DESCRIBED BY A NARRATOR.

"PEANUT JOHN," WELL KNOWN TO ROUNDUP PEOPLE, PASSES THROUGH THE CROWD IN AND AROUND GRANDSTAND SELLING PEANUTS WITH A LINE OF HIS OWN.

AT THE END OF THE PARADE THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES STANDS UP AND PRESENTS THE REV. WALTER LEEGE WHO GIVES THE INVOCATION.

M. C.: In these our days of national prosperity and peace, when the ideals of democracy and democratic system of government have proven to be the ideal form of government devoted to peace and freedom and a very high standard of living for all people, it seems only fitting that our ceremony today, 152 years after the Declaration of Independence was created and signed by a group of independent and distinguished statesmen, should include a reading of that Declaration in order to remind us what our nation has stood for — and still stands for — through the many years in which we have grown from a small beginning into the great and free and powerful nation we are today. I now present STATE SENATOR FRANK T. McCORMICK who will read for us the Declaration of Independence.

READER: When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to refuse them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their Duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

M. C.: (Again takes stand after applause which follows the reading subsides) Thank you, SENATOR McCORMICK. As we have seen, the past twenty years in Roundup have had their "ups" and "downs"—moments of exultation, moments of despair—shifting from one hope to another, but with an ambition that was so ably expressed by EDITOR A. W. EISELEIN in the first issue of THE ROUNDUP RECORD twenty years ago. I quote from that editorial: "The Roundup Record starts on its task of boosting and advancing the Musselshell country in general and Roundup, its metropolis, in particular. Roundup, by virtue of its splendid national resources—minerals, agricultural, timber and ranching—has the making of a city of no mean importance and size, and it will be the aim and object of The Record, leaving aside personal interests, to aid as much as lies within its power in the development of these resources. We believe that the enterprising citizens of our embryo city have it within their power, by

unity and harmony in action, to place Roundup in the lead of any of the cities of this section of the state. Toward this end, The Record will cheerfully lend its columns at all times and work unceasingly until the goal is reached.”

Today Roundup and the Musselshell Valley are still a city and county of unlimited potentials with a great future in store for it. I am going to ask one of our citizens to review the future for Roundup as he foresees it. It now gives me great pleasure to present one of our most distinguished citizens, DISTRICT JUDGE G. J. JEFFRIES, who will give the address on this occasion. JUDGE JEFFRIES.

READER: Much along this line has already been said here today. Roundup started with a great future and within a period of twenty years has seen a remarkable growth. It has been a three period growth — coal, land, and oil. Since the Milwaukee Railroad has electrified West, some consumption of coal has been lost. Also, I understand, natural gas is expected to be piped into the state and into thousands of homes for purpose of cooking and heating. However, there is still a flourishing coal industry, with millions of tons of the finest coal in the country still available. If a new industry is necessary to supplement the primary product of Roundup, we will find it.

Our second hope — dry land farming — did not work out as many had expected. This was largely due to a number of drought years in the early twenties which drove many honest and hard working homesteaders from the land. But good wet years proved there was nothing wrong with the land — all it needed was water, which is true of many prosperous valleys in our state that have irrigation. Irrigation we will get and build the land to its full value. Men of distinction in our city and county are already working on a Basin Dam project for our county, and we all know that good old Musselshell River carries enough water every spring which, if properly dammed, will supply us with all the irrigation the land needs.

A third great hope was oil. Oil wells are still erupting at the rate of several a month, with more and more oil being produced. Not enough, it is true, to cause major companies to build refineries as we had hoped — but we still hope — it could happen next week, next month, or next year. We can wait, for we have faith.

I don't want to seem too optimistic. There are some things happening in the world that worry us in our fretful moments. Ten years ago in Helena, Woodrow Wilson told a Montana audience that unless we joined the League of Nations there would be a second World War within twenty-five years. At the rate totalitarianism is growing in Europe, there is a possibility that we free people may again have to fight to save the world for Democracy. There is also a small group of economists and business men who are predicting that our period of great prosperity is nearing an end, and that within a year or eighteen months we will be faced with a serious depression.

But these fears are forever with us as are those who predict evil times. But let us hope and live without these fears in Round-up, with full confidence that our great town will grow within the coming years into a metropolis of Montana and a leading city in the Rocky Mountain area. (Sits amid applause.)

M. C.: Now, if those who have participated in the production of this show will come forward around the speaker's stand and the citizens who have been here this evening as spectators of the "Miracle of the Musselshell" will please rise, we will all join together in singing our national anthem.

A CHOIR LEADER LEADS THE AUDIENCE AND THE PRODUCTION AND ACTING STAFF AND SPEAKERS IN THE SINGING OF "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER," ACCOMPANIED BY MR. NAT ALLEN ON THE ORGAN.

BENEDICTION BY THE REV. FATHER THOMAS HENNESSEY.



OLD TOWN OF ROUNDUP 50 YEARS AGO—The above view of the old town of Roundup on Half Breed Creek, a short distance above where it flows into the Musselshell River, was taken in June 1908, a year before the railroad spur was built to connect No. 2 Mine of the Republic Coal Co. with the main line. Looking toward the northeast, the larger building in the left background was a dance hall, and in the middle background was a saloon and outbuildings, both owned and operated by Mike Klein. Opposite the saloon with the road between was the store operated at that time by W. F. (Pop)

Strait, who also owned a ranch on upper Half Breed Creek. Low buildings at the right were for the accommodation of teams and horses of travelers, and served as Ed Marceyes' livery barn. Ed was the leader of Marceyes' Orchestra which played dances in this area for many years. He moved to the new town soon after it was established and built and operated Roundup's first livery barn on the corner south of the old Montana Lumber Co. yard. There was also a small blacksmith shop operated by C. J. Manuel and a small hotel.



JAMES McMILLAN

The old town of Roundup, a short distance above the confluence of Half Breed Creek and the Musselshell River, was established in 1882 by an old trader, trapper and buffalo hunter named Jams McMillan. His wife is believed to have been the first white woman to make her home in this part of the Musselshell Valley. They lived in a log cabin and conducted a little store and saloon. In 1883 a postoffice was established with the officially designated name of Roundup. James H. Hightower, who located what later became the NF ranch a few miles down the river, claims to have shared in suggesting the name of Roundup. The above picture of McMillan has never before been published.



SHERIFF JAMES WEBB

Sheriff James Webb of Yellowstone County was cowardly murdered by the horsethief, Bickford, on March 27, 1908, on the Woolfolk & Richardson ranch on the Musselshell River 12 miles southwest of Roundup. The ranch was later bought by Wm. Glennie and is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bell. Bickford was arrested in a sheep wagon and a pistol taken from him. However, when he stepped from the wagon the horsethief had a Winchester with which he killed the sheriff in cold blood. A posse was soon on Bickford's trail and found him hiding in another sheep wagon on the Rufus Thompson ranch. When demands for his surrender remained unanswered, the wagon was riddled with a fusillade of shots. His dead body was later removed with several bullet holes through his body.

Sheriff Webb's appearance in the above picture is unprepossessing and far from the movie or TV conception of a Western sheriff. However, Webb was universally regarded as one of the bravest and most efficient peace officers in this area. With funds raised by popular subscription a public drinking fountain was erected in front of the Yellowstone County court house as a perpetual memorial to the beloved peace officer.—Photograph loaned by Jim Buckey.



"COLONEL" ELDON J. CRULL

"Col." E. J. Crull was a colorful early day attorney of Roundup, arriving on the scene in 1909. The military title was purely honorary, being bestowed upon him by admiring friends. He was elected Musselshell county's first state representative in 1912 and achieved no little distinction as a wit in the 1913 legislative assembly at Helena. In Montana's first primary nominating election in 1914 he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative in Congress, being defeated by Miss Jeanette Rankin, who became the nation's first lady member of congress.

Col. Crull's claim to fame is based mainly on his so-called horse race speech which has come down the years as a Montana classic of wit and humor. The speech has been printed and reprinted dozens of times in the state and elsewhere and is included in John Kinsey Howard's anthology, "Montana Margins."

APPENDIX H

"COW COUNTRY TO CATTLE CAPITAL"

Cow Country to Cattle Capital

An accurate historical drama,
being the story of

The Montana Stockgrowers' Association

Diamond Jubilee Convention

Miles City, Montana

MAY 20 - 23, 1959



Written and Directed by Bert Hansen,
Professor of Speech, Montana State University
With the Collaboration of many Montanans

Produced by the Miles City Barn Players

Sponsored by the Miles City Diamond Jubilee
Entertainment Committee

Cow Country to Cattle Capital

An accurate historical drama,
being the story of

The Montana Stockgrowers' Association

Miles City, Montana



Presented at Miles City, Montana,

May 20 - 23, 1959

In celebration of the 75th Anniversary

of the creation of the present

Montana Stockgrowers' Association

Dedication

This pageant is dedicated to the far-sighted, law-abiding, high type individuals — the cattle men who were responsible for the organization of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association.

About the Author—

Bert Hansen, Professor of Speech at Montana State University, has been connected with the drama within the state since the first day he arrived here—way back in 1929.

Since 1945 he has written and directed forty historical pageant dramas, presented from one end of the state to the other. All of them have been based on authoritative Montana history, depicting actual incidents and personalities. His efforts have helped to arouse a real interest in the wonderful and colorful past of our great state.

READERS:

Andy Elting, Jim Stephenson, Duncan Skinner, Ray Grant, Glen Denton, Jack McCourt, Melvin Hagen, Rev. James Hunter, W. H. Bartley, Judy Peterson, Mrs. Glen Denton, Ruth Stephenson, Karin Renwick, Ann Wolhowe, Ella Rivenes, Susan Peck, Paula Elting, Billy Ainsley, Paul Schulte, Clay Elting, Trudy Ainsley, Supervisor.

Cow Country to Cattle Capital

PAGEANT DRAMA COMMITTEES

Author and Director Bert Hansen

General Chairman David Rivenes

Script Committee Billy Clarke, Dan Fulton, Mary Ann Fulton, Casey Barthelmess, Lorena Knudson, Martin Freese, Marshall Warner, Frank Bircher, Mildred Schlosser, Charley Allen, Doc Bundy, Anna Nugent, Jim Masterson, Ralph Miracle, Larry Gill, Fred Barthelmess, Clarence Mjork.

Costing Committee Harold Boe, Gayle Lucas, Jean Freese, Trudy Ainsley, Margaret Schulte, Mugo Boe, Lucy Polk, Dolores Smith, Mrs. Howard Cory.

Scenery Committee Sally Cockrum, Pat Goodrich, Richardine Turman, Dolores Jablinske, Louise Mogle, Margaret Fisher, Lori Slattene, Lola Jones, Marion Battin, Fran Rawlinson, Jack Pearce, Dorene Bagan, Pearl Buckholtz, Kenny Buckholtz, Mildred Miles, Brim Strong, Evelyn Gaer, Cort Gaer, Lee Agnew, Bill Agnew, Billie Duncan, Janet Reid, Ralph Gray, Sherri Velkemp, Elise Fostveed, Jean Carol, Roy Strong, and the Miles City Art and Palette Club.

Associate Director Ella Rivenes

Stage Manager Leo Jablinske

Property Manager Tom Halsey

Vehicle Manager Casey Barthelmess

Livestock Managers George Baber and Ray Riggs

Electrician Dale Stone, assisted by Elwin Heibner and John Baber

Gun Manager Jim Stephenson

Wardrobe Manager Dorothea Thompson

Make-up The Barn Players

Choreography Ann Ziebarth, Harry Vincent, Dorothy Smith, Dorene Bagan.

Special acknowledgment is due the Miles City Carpenters' Union for their construction of much of the scenery frames, to the boys of the State Industrial School for endless hours of painting of scenery.

Cast of Characters

PROLOGUE

Formal establishment of Fort Keogh as a Military Post in 1877.

<i>General Miles</i>	Bill Stegall
<i>General Sherman</i>	Don McClure
<i>General Terry</i>	Eugene Watson
<i>Colonel Whistler</i>	Charles Comstock
<i>Captain Heintzleman</i>	Gary Moody
<i>Lieutenant (Adjutant)</i>	Charles Bridge
<i>Mrs. Miles</i>	Anne Breimon
<i>Mrs. Heintzleman</i>	Cornelia Moule
<i>Colonel Whistler's Wife</i>	Bernice Jensen
<i>Lieutenant's Wife</i>	Harriet Damm
<i>Mrs. Miles' Maid</i>	Karen Torgrimson
<i>Scout</i>	Bob Dillard
<i>Soldier</i>	Dave Rollins
<i>Bugler</i>	Lucky Marcotte
<i>Pvt. James Bell, Co. E, 7th Inf.</i>	William M. O'Rourke
<i>Sgt. Joseph Robinson, Co. D, 3rd Cavalry</i>	Don Johnson
<i>Mike Carroll</i>	Carl Orthman
<i>John McCormick</i>	Joyce Moule
<i>John Chinnick</i>	Budd Hall
<i>Louis Payette</i>	J. A. Brady
<i>McQueen</i>	Morris Svela
<i>A. R. Nininger</i>	Vic Kosty
<i>Nathan Borchard</i>	John Anderson
<i>Band Personnel:</i> D. Anderson, R. B. Quick, Maurice Smith, H. J. Perow, John Braunbeck, John Valach, Howard Anderson, Jerry Tearhaar, V. E. Altermatt, C. K. Gaer, E. J. Albrecht, Gus Metzger, Ralph Trafton, Jack Carr, G. H. Aarsby, Kenneth Kraft.	
<i>Soldiers:</i> Jim Hall, Michael Miller, John Mulkeen, John W. Porter, Elwin Heibner, Allen D. Lang, William Rapanani, Clarence Cook, Dick Jones, Pete Pelletier, Charles Johnson, Larry Brian, Leo Tolland, Harold Jeffrey.	

EPISODE I—SCENE I: Montana Stockgrowers' Convention held
at Miles City on April 3rd and 4th, 1885.

Part I: The Main Street of Miles City.

<i>Saloon Keeper</i>	Roy Scoles
<i>Freighter</i>	Ray Browning
<i>Cowhand Mike</i>	Jon Anderson
<i>Cowhand Owen</i>	Duane Barrett
<i>Cowhand Ira</i>	Bud Orthman
<i>Cowhand Dave</i>	Doug Wall
<i>Cowhand Ole</i>	Ben Gonzoles
<i>Cowhand Andy</i>	Delmer Kohones
<i>Cattleman Announcer</i>	Dick Kirkpatrick
<i>Lady Entertainers:</i> Lucy Polk, Esther Iholts, Lizanne Warner, Hazel Gunderson, Peggy Ledbetter, Margaret Schmidt.	

Many Miles City men, women and children, cowhands, soldiers, and
cattlemen and army officers' wives.

PART II: Consolidation of the Eastern Montana Stockgrowers As-
sociation and Montana Stockgrowers Association at a meeting
in the Court House April 3, 1895.

<i>Colonel Thomas J. Bryan</i>	Virgil Haworth
<i>Granville Stuart</i>	K. D. Smith
<i>Russell Harrison</i>	Carl Orthman
<i>Ex-Territorial Governor B. F. Potts</i>	Bill Wilson
<i>Konrad Kohrs</i>	Joe Brady
<i>E. S. Newman</i>	Arnold Jensen
<i>R. S. Hamilton</i>	H. T. Dierks

Many cattlemen and their wives are also present.

EPISODE I — SCENE II: Montana Stockgrowers Convention at
Miles City on April 19 and 20, 1886.

<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>	Bob Dickson
<i>Marquis de Mores</i>	Paul Ledbetter
<i>Granville Stuart</i>	K. D. Smith
<i>Col. T. J. Bryan</i>	Virgil Haworth
<i>James Fergus</i>	John Anderson
<i>Territorial Congressman Martin Maginnis</i>	Tom Halsey
<i>Cattleman Milliron</i>	Jim Robertson
<i>Cattleman Brewster</i>	Dick Kirkpatrick
<i>Cattleman Sheldon</i>	Joyce Moule
<i>Amos Sieder</i>	Ben Gonzoles
<i>Cattleman Strand</i>	Arnold Jensen
<i>Stagecoach Driver</i>	Ray Browning
<i>Assistant Parade Marshall</i>	N. P. Christopherson

EPISODE I — SCENE III: Vigilante Cattlemen vs the Cattle Rust-
lers. Early Summer of 1886 northwest of Miles City.

<i>Detective Smith</i>	Jim Robertson
<i>Vigilante Leader</i>	Budd Hall
<i>Indian Woman</i>	Doris Serquina
<i>Vigilante Pete</i>	Cloyd Steiner
<i>Cattle Rustler</i>	Ralph Patrick
<i>Vigilante Joe</i>	Charley Balsam
<i>Vigilante Jake</i>	Vic Kosty
<i>Vigilante Fred</i>	N. P. Christopherson
<i>Vigilante Steve</i>	Hank Dierks
<i>Indian Woman's Son</i>	John Johnson

EPISODE I—SCENE IV: Social Hour of the Stockgrowers convention at the McQueen House on Tuesday evening, April 19, 1887

<i>Granville Stuart</i>	K. D. Smith
<i>Russell Harrison</i>	John Anderson
<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>	Bob Dickson
<i>Pierre Wibaux</i>	Joe Rainville
<i>Marquis de Mores</i>	Paul Ledbetter
<i>Colonel Bryan</i>	Virgil Haworth
<i>Dr. Azel Ames</i>	Roy Scoles
<i>Joseph Scott</i>	H. T. Dierks
<i>McQueen</i>	Morris Sveta
<i>McQueen House Maids</i>	Sharon Badgett, Virgay Haworth
<i>Orchestra</i>	Members of Elks Band
<i>Waltzers</i>	The Roundalairs Dance Club

EPISODE II—SCENE I: The Homestead—Cattlemen problem in Eastern Montana in the late summer of 1910.

<i>Cowboy Jake</i>	Ben Gonzoles
<i>Cowboy Pete</i>	Delmer Kohones
<i>Rancher Kerr</i>	John Anderson
<i>Donald Holmes</i>	Johnny Regan
<i>Susan Holmes</i>	Rosemary Smith
<i>Kathy Holmes</i>	Kathy Degraw
<i>Rev. Harry Holmes</i>	Bob Sergeant
<i>Mrs. Ruth Holmes</i>	Mary Regan

EPISODE II — SCENE II: Golden Jubilee of Montana Stockgrowers Association held in Miles City on May 24, 1934.

Jack Guth Budd Hall
Rancher Dick Kirkpatrick
Young Boys Roy Randall, Clayton Elting
Barker Tom Halsey
"Can Can" Girls: Willene Lockie, Sue Amundsen, Marjorie Gold,
Pat Lantis, Mary Pat Brady, Susan Colvin
Fan Dancer Bernice Hall
Many cattlemen and cowboys and a few wives played by
Bernice Jensen, Mrs. Mackin, Vera Branum

EPILOGUE: Diamond Jubilee of the Montana Stockgrowers Association held in Miles City, May 20 - 23, 1959.

OLDTIME COWHANDS:

Pete W. J. Mackin
Joe Velmer Clark
Jake N. P. Christopherson
Veterinarian Ray Browning
Assistant County Agent Jim Robertson
Home Demonstration Specialist Vera Branum
4-H Club Leader Emmie Anderson
Members of the Custer County Chapter of the
Future Farmers of America
Members of the Custer County Chapter of the
Future Homemakers of America

A "Typical" 1959 Montana Ranch Family:

Father Howard Corey
Mother Verda Corey
Older Girls Sandra Corey, Margie Lemire
Eldest Son Mickey Weist
Younger Son Porter Pool
Younger Girl Mimi Lemire
4-H Club Members: Mary Kay Nelson, Theresa Ann Geib, Judy
Morton, Mary Lamach, Bradley Geib, Ted Wolf, Paula Wolf,
and others.

Cow Country to Cattle Capital

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Presented at Miles City, Montana,
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Cow Country to Cattle Capital

PROLOGUE

NARRATION PRECEDING THE PROLOGUE

It is difficult to realize the vast changes that have taken place in central and eastern Montana during the last eighty years. Miles City, first known as Milestown, didn't come into existence at its present site until 1879. It grew rapidly, however, during the first years of its existence. Up until the 1880's eastern Montana was overrun with buffalo. No railroad passed through the country; the only transportation being by steamboats on the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. There were, of course, no automobiles, no airplanes, no paved highways or graveled roads. Only a few stout-hearted pioneers were attracted to the mouth of the Tongue River, by the fact that Fort Keogh was being located there as a military post.

Let us now take a look at this country in 1877 and portray what people were thinking, what they were planning, and what they were doing.

The scene—part of the cantonment—before Fort Keogh was completed. Only crude log cabins are in view. These are the only buildings of the cantonment, and are made of cottonwood logs plastered with mud. There is also a hint of a stockade wall being built. There are piles of cottonwood logs in evidence, benches, etc. There is a flag pole, from because the steam boat Sherman is expected to arrive at any moment. which flies the American flag. Soldiers of the Fifth Infantry are much in evidence. They are tidying things around the cantonment, checking their uniforms, or just loafing. The post band, consisting of about fifteen members are busy polishing their instruments, and "warming up" on their horns. There is an air of expectancy about the place, because the steam boat Sherman is expected to arrive at any moment.

Time: July 16, 1877.

Scout: (Rides up on a fast horse to where the soldiers are). Hey you, who is in command here?

Soldier: Colonel J. G. Whistler, Scout.

Scout: Where can I find him?

Soldier: (Pointing) He's right over there. Can't miss him.

(Scout rides over to the Colonel who is talking with some officers including Captain Heintzleman) on the opposite end of the stage.

Scout: Colonel Whistler, sir?

Colonel: Yes, what can I do for you, Scout?

Scout: I've come overland to tell you that the Steamboat "Sherman" is due to arrive very soon now. General Sherman, along with General Miles and General Terry, will be on board. Here's the list of soldiers that General Sherman wishes to present the Medal of Honor to, for bravery during campaigns against the Sioux Indians. General Miles would like to have all the soldiers in proper uniform down at the boat to meet it when it arrives. Also, he said, as soon as they reach the cantonment, the Medal of Honor ceremony will take place.

Colonel: Very good. How long would you say it'll be before the boat arrives?

Scout: I should say within the next few minutes. If'n I were you, I'd hurry up the men.

The Colonel motions to a bugler who comes over to him.

Colonel: Sound the Assembly at once! I want the officers and men all here.

The bugler sounds the Assembly and the officers and men come running, make up some sort of a formation as soon as the bugle sounds off. A group of trappers, buffalo hunters and Indians come and stand in the background out of curiosity.

Colonel Whistler: (Addressing the assembled group) I've just received word that the steamboat will arrive very shortly with General Sherman, General Miles and General Terry aboard. We are instructed to be in proper uniform and to have the soldiers, along with the band, down at the mouth of the Tongue River to greet the officers when the boat arrives. You will all go immediately to your quarters and properly dress for the occasion. Dismissed!

The officers and men quickly run into their cabins and they change into proper uniform. Several civilians, some of them former army officers, have ridden up on horses.

Mike Carroll: (Riding up to officers. He speaks with an Irish brogue.) Colonel Whistler, I believe. Me name is Mike Carroll.

Colonel: Yes sir, what can I do for you, Mr. Carroll?

Mike Carroll: Some of us here from Oldtown, down the river a couple of miles, would like a bit of information.

Colonel: I'll give you what I can, sir.

Mike Carroll: I've heard you're going to build a permanent fort near here. Is that right?

Colonel: Yes, we're building it now.

Mike Carroll: What's it going to be called?

Colonel: My understanding is that it'll be called Fort Keogh after one of the brave officers killed at the Little Big Horn Battle.

John McCormick: I'm John McCormick, Colonel. What's the name of the infantry that's located here now?

Colonel: It's the Fifth Infantry, sir.

Mike Carroll: To get back to my point, some of us folks think we'd like to build a town up here near the fort and abandon that old town we've got down the river. What do ya think the chances are of building it here at the mouth of the Tongue River?

Colonel: That would be for the general in charge to say. I am sure, however, that they will not allow you to build a town here on the Fort Keogh reservation which is ten miles square, embracing land on both sides of the Yellowstone and Tongue Rivers.

John McCormick: Well we could start it just east of the reservation here, close to the steamboat landing.

Colonel: That will be up to General Miles, of course. He will be here shortly.

John McCormick: What do you think about it, Chinnick?

John Chinnick: All right with me. The closer to the military reservation, the better.

Louie Payette: For m'own part, I tink we should 'ave a saloon close to zee fort for zee soldiers' sake.

Mike Carroll: You would think so, Louie Payette. I suppose you'll be wanting to build a hotel right off, Major McQueen.

McQueen: I will, but not until we can decide on a permanent location. I'll want it to be something fine and I'll call it not a hotel, but the McQueen House.

A. R. Nininger: There'll be a town here alright. Don't worry, McQueen. As soon as the buffalo are gone, it will become a great cattle country.

Nathan Borchard: I agree. What shall we call the place? Cowtown, maybe?

McQueen: That's hardly a distinguished enough name, Borchard.

At this time, one of Mrs. Miles' maids comes running up to the Captain.

Maid: Captain, Mrs. Miles would like to know if they'll hold the ceremony before she will have a chance to be with her husband.

Captain: (To the maid) Tell Mrs. Miles that it is my opinion that the ceremony will take place immediately upon arrival here at the cantonment. Knowing General Sherman and General Miles, I believe they'll take care of all military obligations before personal matters.

Maid: Thank you, sir. That's what Mrs. Miles thought.

She runs back to Mrs. Miles' cabin.

John McCormick: Say, you know, I've got an idea that's really something. Colonel, who's going to be in command of this new post here?

Colonel: I can't say for sure, but I think General Miles.

John McCormick: Good. If we don't think "Cowtown" is dignified enough, why don't we just call it Milestown, after General Miles.

McQueen: He'll surely go for that and his wife will like that too.

John McCormick: Is it agreed, then? (All agree.) Milestown it'll be then.

McQueen: In a couple of years, General Miles will have it called Miles City, not Milestown.

Mike Carroll: By that time, our town will be big enough to be Miles City.

Louie Payette: Yeah, we'll do it, all right; lots of folks will come into dis country. We'll make a fine town out oof et. You know, something? Yes, I tink I'll build a saloon right avey.

Colonel: These soldiers that'll be stationed here will sure like that ideal! But you'll have to have General Miles' permission.

Louie Payette: That will be easy now dat we've already named it Milestown.

Mike Carroll: Let's ride around and look things over. See where we'll build this and that.

In the meantime the soldiers and officers have come out of the cabins and the band has formed with their instruments.

Colonel: Alright, Captain Heintzleman, march the men down to the landing and prepare for the arrival of the steamboat. I'll join you shortly.

On command from the captain the soldiers organize and march out of sight down toward the mouth of the Tongue River where the steamboat will land.

As the soldiers march down to the landing the men ride off on horses; the women move into the center of the stage.

Mrs. Heintzleman: Well, Mrs. Miles, I'm sure you will be thrilled to death to see the General again.

Mrs. Miles: Yes, it's been over a year since I've seen him. I was so disappointed that he was gone when I arrived on the steamboat two days ago.

Col. Whistler's Wife: It's nice that he is getting here sooner than you expected.

Mrs. Miles: Well, really sooner than I had hoped.

Lieutenant's Wife: The boat must have docked. I hear the band starting to play.

Col. Whistler's Wife: Yes, they must be headed this way.

Mrs. Miles: We'll just have to stay in the background until the ceremony is over, I guess.

Col. Whistler's Wife: I'm beginning to get used to being in the background when there are military affairs going on.

Mrs. Miles: You'll never get used to it, my dear—you just learn to tolerate it, that's all.

By this time the band has marched up into a position in front of the officers' quarters. The band is followed by the three generals and the major. The lieutenant orders the soldiers to halt and stand at attention. General Sherman then goes through the necessary ceremony in presenting the Medal of Honor to two soldiers for distinctive service.

Adjutant (facing Troops orders PERSONS TO BE DECORATED FRONT AND CENTER. Persons to be decorated march forward, halt beside Officer Commanding Troops. Officer commanding troops faces about towards Adjutant and orders FORWARD MARCH.

Band plays a March as they proceed.

Persons to be decorated and Commander of Troops march three paces in front of Adjutant and Salute, Adjutant returns salute. Band

stops playing. Adjutant about faces, salutes Senior General and says loudly "SIR, I PRESENT TWO PERSONS TO BE DECORATED."

General Sherman returns salute and marches forward, facing first person to be decorated.

Adjutant (faces persons to be decorated and reads): "ATTENTION TO ORDERS. General Orders Number 69, the War Department, December 2, 1876. Under authority of the Congress of the United States the Congressional Medal of Honor is awarded to Private James Bell, Company E, 7th US Infantry for outstanding gallantry in action against an armed enemy of the United States. On July 9, 1875 at Big Horn, Montana Territory, Private Bell in the face of almost insurmountable odds made his way through bands of hostile armed Indians and at imminent risk of his own life successfully carried urgent dispatches to General Crook. His heroism greatly aided the conduct of General Crook's military operations against the Indians and was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Army." (end of reading)

The Decorating Officer then hangs the Congressional Medal on its scarf around Private Bell's neck and steps back and left to left hand, gives Pvt. Bell a copy of the orders. They shake right hand to right hand, Pvt. Bell salutes, and the General salutes and left-steps in front of next person to be decorated.

Adjutant Reads: "General Orders Number 70, the War Department, December 3, 1876, under authority of the Congress of the United States the Congressional Medal of Honor for outstanding gallantry in action against an armed enemy of the United States is awarded to First Sergeant Joseph Robinson, Company D, 3rd US Cavalry. At Rosebud River, Montana, on June 17, 1876, in violent action of his command against overwhelming masses of hostile Indians, First Sergeant Joseph Robinson discharged his duties while in charge of the skirmish line under superior enemy fire with judgment and great coolness and brought up the lead horses at a critical moment. His bravery was an inspiration to his men and in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Army." (End of reading)

The Decorating Officer then hangs the Congressional Medal of Honor on its scarf around Sgt. Robinson's neck and steps back and left hand to left hand gives Sgt. Robinson a copy of the orders. They shake hands, right hand to right hand, Sgt. salutes, General salutes, about faces and returns to his original position.

Adjutant, facing persons decorated and troops orders "POSTS." Band plays, persons decorated march to position right of officers, facing troops. Officer commanding troops marches to original position. Band stops playing. Officer commanding troops faces Adjutant. Adjutant commands: "PASS IN REVIEW." They exchange salutes. Officer commanding troops faces troops and gives orders necessary to march troops. As he gives order, band begins to play and adjutant marches to rear of General. Troops in marching pass abreast in platoons (or say 8 man fronts) in front of reviewing party. When troops come abreast of position

of soldiers decorated, Commander of troops orders SALUTE, officers salute, soldiers execute Eyes Right, and hold position during entire time they are marching past reviewing party (that is past Sr. General) then are ordered FRONT, come to ordinary marching position and march off field.

Persons in reviewing group salute only when officer commanding troops and colors pass them.

Persons decorated then salute General Officers and all go off informally. General Miles goes over to his wife, followed by the two generals.

General Miles: My dear, I'd heard you were here. I am so pleased.

Mrs. Miles: (Coyly) I suppose I have General Sherman to blame for your not being here to greet me when I arrived.

General Miles: I hope you're saying that with a nice, broad smile, my dear.

General Sherman: I wouldn't blame her a particle if she didn't. I'm glad even though she may be a little bit reluctant to do so at the moment, she still does smile.

Mrs. Miles: General Sherman, you know I could never be irritated with anything you do.

General Miles: Wait until he gives you the news, my dear.

Mrs. Miles: What is the news, General Sherman?

General Sherman: Well, when the building of a fort here is completed, your husband will be in charge.

Mrs. Miles: You mean I've got to live in an isolated area like this—for how long?

General Sherman: Well, the government has agreed that they will furnish troops to protect the property of the Northern Pacific Railroad until such a time as the idea of the railroad coming through this Indian and buffalo country has become an accepted idea. There will be several forts in the general territory of the railroad, but Fort Keogh will be the headquarters for all of them, with your husband in charge.

Mrs. Miles: (with a sigh) Well, I expect that I can go through with it again. (Pause) There was a group of men here a moment ago talking about building a town.

Miles: What kind of a town, for Heaven's sakes?

Mrs. Miles: Well, as I understand it, some kind of a cow-town. They want to make a cattle town here as soon as the railroad comes through.

General Sherman: Not a bad idea. There's still too many veterans running around without being located, especially Confederate soldiers.

Mrs. Miles: And what do you think they're going to name this town, General Miles!

Miles: Well, some crazy name like "Cow Capital," "Cowntown" or something like that.

Mrs. Miles: It's even crazier than that. They're going to call it Milestown, which they sooner or later know will become Miles City.

General Terry: You should be flattered, General Miles.

Miles: Ho, ho, nothing will come of it, I'm sure.

Terry: Well, at least you'll be in a place where people are interested in a town, which is more than I'll be able to say about Fort Ellis, where I'm to be sent.

General Sherman: All you men worry too much. Let's all see if we can't get cleaned up, find a bottle of something to cheer us up a bit and see to it, Captain, that we have a very fine dinner to dedicate the idea of a Miles City—the cattle capital of the West.

General Miles: Good idea. (He puts his arm around his wife's waist and she leads him to the cabin where she has come from. The two generals enter another cabin as the lights fade out and the scene closes.)

NARRATION:

Milestown was started in 1877, and it grew rapidly and became the center of the cattle industry in Eastern Montana. In the winter of '77 and '78 congress decided to cut down the reservation and all the land east of Tongue river was thrown open for settlement. Accordingly, in the spring of '78, Milestown was moved, and became Miles City, in its present location. From that time, Miles City has been the center of the growing livestock industry in Montana. In scenes that follow, we shall depict some of the early meetings of the Montana Stockgrowers Association. The spirit of mixing business with pleasure was much the same then as it is today, seventy-five years after the founding of the Montana Stockgrowers Association.

NARRATION PRECEDING EPISODE I

During the late 1870's and early 1880's several stockmen's organizations were formed in Montana, all concerned with stabilizing the growing business in the various stock-raising localities in the territory. During these years, the stockgrowing vocation was pretty well located in the southern parts of the territory. Eastern Montana was still pretty much a buffalo country, and it wasn't until the early days of the 1880's that such men as Granville Stuart, Conrad Kohrs, Robert S. Ford, James Fergus, and others, saw the great potential of central and eastern Montana for stock raising, if and when it could be cleared of the herds of

buffalo which roamed the unfenced, rich, flowing grass ranges of the plains of Montana Territory.

The first official meeting of a Montana stockgrowers group was held in Helena on February 19, 1879, with twenty-five cattlemen signing as founding members, naming their organization the Montana Stockgrowers Association and electing for its first president Robert S. Ford. Through newspapers and by correspondence, the association urged all cattlemen to organize locally and also to join the newly constituted parent organization.

The purpose of this newly constituted organization was stated rather vaguely by President Ford as follows: "We are all young in the stockgrowing business and do not know our own wants. Every stock grower, therefore, has been on his own footing. We want to get together and consult upon important subjects and hold fast to that which is good. We want to have some general laws passed which will prove the greatest good to the greatest number."

By 1883 the buffalo had been driven from Eastern Montana and the stockgrowing business was a matter of considerable importance. Accordingly, a group of cattlemen in eastern Montana and the western Dakota Territories met in Miles City on October 12, 1883 and organized a group called the Eastern Montana Livestock Association.

In the southern and central parts of the territory, district stockmen organizations were relatively active in this period, but the Montana Stockmen's Association as established in 1879 seemed not to have been very potent. However, Conrad Kohrs, returning from the Middle West, Colorado and Wyoming, in the late spring of 1884, became concerned with foot and mouth disease which was quite prevalent in the stock-growing areas adjoining the Montana Territory. Mr. Kohrs, Granville Stuart, and others, saw the need of revitalizing an overall territorial association to deal with these problems and many others. They contacted many cattlemen in western and central Montana. A meeting was called to consider these matters at the courthouse in Helena on July 28, 1884, with the idea in mind of reorganizing a strictly stockmen's association, under new constitution, which would deal with the problems of the stockmen of the Territory of Montana as a whole. At this meeting, forty-two cattlemen from eleven counties reported, including a few from the Eastern Montana Livestock Association—this, in spite of the fact that the stockmen of eastern Montana had little or no knowledge of, or interest in, the other areas of the territory.

Colonel Hundley acted as chairman at the first formal meeting held in the courthouse in Helena on July 28, 1884.

As has been stated, during the years between 1879 and 1884, the predominant interest among the stockmen was in district organizations. Some members present at the 1884 meeting seemed to desire merely a centralized territorial organization with delegates representing each local group. It was finally decided, however, that the common interests of the livestock men could best be served by a territorial association, one in which all the stockmen would become active members instead of being represented by delegates.

According to the Yellowstone Journal of August 9, 1884, the group did reorganize under the name of "The Montana Stockgrowers Association" with the object: "To advance the interests of the stockgrowers and dealers in stock of all kinds in Montana: to protect the same against frauds, swindlers, thieves and to enforce the stock laws of the territory." The early records defined eligibility for Montana Stockgrowers Association membership as a person owning or controlling cattle, horses, mules or asses, and engaged in the business of breeding, growing and raising the same for profit.

Granville Stuart was chosen president; Ex-Governor Potts, vice president; R. B. Harrison (son of Benjamin Harrison), secretary, and J. P. Woolman, treasurer. An executive committee, consisting of representatives from each county, was also selected. Thus, in the latter part of July, 1884, the present Montana Stockgrowers Association was created, seventy-five years ago.

During the year several committee meetings were held and agreements reached to consolidate the various associations into one territorial association. The first official meeting which consolidated the newly reorganized Montana Stockgrowers Association and the Eastern Montana Livestock Association into a single association was held in Miles City on April 3 and 4, 1885. The convention reached a high level of friendly spirit and kinship among the stockmen and cowhands present.

In our first scene we will unfold a dramatized reproduction of this 1885 convention. In following scenes we will portray, as best we can, the events associated with the story of the association. Time and place, as well as selection of material to be used, will make some small changes, as will the use of some fictitious characters in addition to the real personalities of the association's history. But we will do our best. And now we present a version of the first Miles City 1885 meeting of the Montana Stockgrowers Association, now famous in history.

EPISODE I — SCENE I

TIME: April 3, 1885

SETTING: The Main Street of Miles City. The buildings are facing the street as in the prologue. Except for buildings added between 1879 and 1885, it is the same street plus the Courthouse, where the meeting is held. The scenery is arranged so that we see an inside room in the courthouse. Before the opening of the meeting at the courthouse there is much activity on the street which is filled with cattlemen, sober, and cowhands, not so sober, going from one place to another. Also, wagons, men on horses, soldiers from the fort, "Young" ladies, etc. A covered wagon drives up to one of the saloons. The owner runs out to the freighter:

Saloon Keeper: What are you loaded with?

Freighter: Twenty barrels of whiskey and a sack of flour.

Owner: What in the hell are you goin' to do with so much flour?

Freighter: Well, I kinda figgured they gotta eat some.

Owner: Well, maybe you're right. I'll have the cook fix up some stuff with the flour. Now drive around and unload the whiskey at the back door. I need it bad.

FREIGHTER DRIVES OFF

Cowhand Mike: (Crossing the street to another cowhand) Sure is a lot of mighty good-looking gals around. The one I talked to in the saloon said she was from Virginia City.

Cowhand Owen: They're here from all over—Helena, Butte—even hear they got a bunch of singers from Minneapolis over at the McQueen House.

Cowhand Mike: Well, why in the hell are we goin' this way?

Cowhand Owen: I don't know.

Cowhand Mike: Well, let's go over to the McQueen House.

Cowhand Owen: Fine with me. Whiskey is whiskey, no matter where you get it.

Cowhand Mike: (As they run) Whiskey may be whiskey, but all gals just ain't the same as all other gals.

A cattleman rides down the street calling "The convention is about to get under way at a business meeting in the courthouse. Everyone is welcome. Anyone, member or prospective member, is welcome. Remember, right away at the courthouse."

Cowhand Ira: (To another) Should we go?

Cowhand Dave: Why in hell should we? He said cattlemen. We're just cowhands.

Cowhand Ira: What'd we come to Miles City for, then?

Cowhand Dave: Brother, if'n you don't know, what you need is a dozen more shots of whiskey and a chance to see some of these good-looking gals that also ain't in attendance at any cattlemen's business sessions.

(They go into a saloon) (Caller is heard again) (Theodore Roosevelt and the Marquis de Mores come out of the McQueen House and go toward the courthouse.) A couple of cowhands pass them and stare at them after Roosevelt and de Mores have passed.

Cowhand Ole: Now who in hell do you suppose them dudes are?

Cowhand Andy: Look like foreigners to me, from New York or some place back there.

Cowhand Ole: Say, ain't that the guy, the fella who got so tender-hearted on a huntin' trip he wouldn't shoot a little bear?

Cowhand Andy: Maybe.

Cowhand Andy: Teddy Bear they called him. Name is Teddy Roosevelt or something. Yep, it's him, I'll bet.

Cowhand Ole: Probably is. Too damn many dudes coming in the country.

Cowhand Andy: (As they walk into a saloon) What difference does it make? They never last long.

Cattleman makes last call for attendance at meeting. In the meantime many cattlemen have gathered in the courthouse room. Colonel Thomas J. Bryan is talking to Granville Stuart with Mr. Harrison standing by.

Bryan: Why don't you preside at the meeting, Stuart?

Stuart: No! No! You do it. You're president of the Eastern Stockgrowers' Association.

Bryan: But what we're planning is a new organization under the name of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association and you're president of that.

Stuart: I know. After we've consolidated, we'll see. But this is yours now.

Bryan: If you say so. But you got to sit on the platform with me.

Stuart: Well, I'll do that.

Harrison: I think we should have Governor Potts on the platform. He's chairman of the Resolutions Committee, you know.

Bryan: Sure, that's right. Oh Governor! You belong up here. (Governor Potts comes forward during next two lines.)

Stuart: Also, I think we should have Conrad Kohrs here, too. This unified association is his idea, you know.

Bryan: As you like, Granville. Russell Harrison, will you get them up here?

Harrison goes down. Cattlemen are now in and very well started. Soon Harrison brings Potts and Kohrs to the platform. Bryan and Stuart shake hands.

Potts: Some honor you gentlemen are giving me, seating me on the platform with you.

Bryan: (Laughing) Well, we got to be on the good side of our former Territorial Governor, haven't we?

Kohrs: I'll agree about the importance of having Governor Potts here, but why me?

Stuart: Because you're the man that hatched up the whole idea of a territorial association. I don't want anyone else to get the blame for it.

Kohrs: (Smiling) You are a kind man, Stuart.

Stuart: (Smiling) Thank you, Conrad.

All cattlemen are now seated and Colonel Bryan stands to make the opening address.

Colonel Bryan: Will the meeting please come to order? (He hits the speaker's stand with the gavel. Gentlemen, we are ready to start the meeting. Will all quiet down? (In a moment they do.) It is eleven o'clock gentlemen, so this will be a short meeting this morning. We will be concerned with the adoption or the rejection of a very important resolution which will be placed before you by our distinguished former Territorial Governor, B. F. Potts. At our first meeting of a group of cattlemen here in Miles City in 1883, we had but seven men present—seven stockmen that gathered in a little seven-by-nine room. It was here in the year 1883 that the Eastern Montana Stockgrowers Association was organized. This is quite in contrast with that meeting, and speaks volumes for the growth of the stock industry in our great Territory of Montana. A year later a group of cattlemen from Central and Southern Montana gathered in the First National Bank Building in Helena to discuss a new cattlemen's association for our territory. A somewhat larger group met on July 28, 1884 and formed the Montana Stockmen's Association and stated as its object that this organization was to advance the interests of the stockgrowers of cattle, horses and mules in Montana Territory; to protect the same against frauds, swindlers and thieves, and to enforce the stock laws of the territory. My friend, Granville Stuart, was chosen president of that organization. (He walks back to Stuart.) Stand, Granville. (There is a loud round of applause.) During the course of the year the Montana Stockgrowers' Association met with the members of the Eastern Montana Stockgrowers' Association, along with other stock and cattlemen's organizations. The purpose was to consider the possibility of uniting us all, as stockgrowers of Montana, into a single organization dedicated to the benefit of the great industry of Montana—the stock-growing industry. Many of the county and district

organizations joined with the Montana Stockgrowers' Association; and in the fall of 1884 a committee of representatives of the Eastern Montana Stockgrowers' Association met with the Montana Stockgrowers' Association. After a long discussion, a committee was appointed with the distinguished ex-governor, B. F. Potts, as chairman to discuss and draw up a resolution which would consolidate the two great stockgrowers' organizations in Montana Territory—the Eastern Montana Stockgrowers' Association and the Montana Stockgrowers' Association. I now want to present our distinguished Governor, who will present the resolution drawn up by the joint committee of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association and the Eastern Montana Stockgrowers' Association. Governor Potts.

(Governor Potts receives a loud round of applause as he approaches the speaker's platform.)

Governor Potts: It is with considerable modesty that I, as chairman of the Resolutions Committee, present the following resolution. Before doing so, I would like to present to the general meeting the great cattle king, Conrad Kohrs, whose initiative brought the cattlemen of Eastern and Southern Montana together and whose fine patriotism and imagination conceived the ideas upon which this resolution is based. I will now read to you, for your consideration, the following conditions of consolidation which were agreed upon by your Committee:

First. That your committee deem it advisable to consolidate the two associations.

Second. That the name of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association be given to the new consolidated association.

Third. That the officers of this association shall consist of a president, first vice-president, second vice-president and a secretary and treasurer combined.

Fourth. That the executive committee of this association shall consist of one member from each of the counties of this territory, except Custer County, which has four members; Meagher and Choteau, three members each; Lewis and Clark, Yellowstone and Dawson, two members each; and the Territory of Dakota, two members.

Fifth. That the members of the old associations, Eastern Montana Livestock Association and Montana Stockgrowers' Association, be members of the consolidated association, and that their annual dues fall due now and that said dues shall be ten dollars.

Sixth. That the new association assume all the debts and liabilities of each of the old associations, and also that the treasurer of each of the old associations pay over all monies in their possession to the treasurer of the consolidated association.

Seventh. That this association shall meet semi-annually and that the spring meeting of each year shall be in Miles City and the fall meeting in Helena.

Eighth. That, in the election of officers for the consolidated association for the present year, the president of the new consolidated association be elected from the Eastern Montana Livestock Association, the first vice-president from the Montana Stockgrowers' Association, the

second vice-president from the Eastern Montana Livestock Association and the secretary and treasurer from the Montana Stockgrowers' Association.

(Governor Potts hands resolution to Colonel Bryan and sits down. Bryan comes forward to the rostrum.)

Bryan: Is there a motion on this resolution as it has been presented by Governor Potts?

(E. S. Newman stands.)

Newman: As a member of the Eastern Montana Association, I most heartily move the adoption of this carefully-planned resolution.

(He sits down.)

Bryan: Is there a second to the motion before the House? (R. S. Hamilton stands.) Mr. Hamilton.

Hamilton: As a member of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association, I gladly second the motion.

Bryan: A motion to accept the resolutions read by Governor Potts has been made and seconded. The matter is now before the House for discussion.

There is some movement among the group; people talk to each other, but no one moves to be heard. (Bryan tapping the desk with the gavel)

Bryan: Perhaps Governor Potts will be kind enough to make a few informal remarks.

Potts: As I'm sure all you gentlemen realize, it will only be a matter of a few years until this Montana Territory will become the State of Montana; (loud cheers) it will be a very large state as far as land is concerned—the third largest in the union—but it will not have a large population of people, at least for many, many years to come. While our Territory has become known in many parts of the country as a mining territory—what it really will become, as we here all know—is a stock-growing country—horses, cattle and sheep. It isn't a farming country, as we have in the Middle West, but a stock country with great potentials in that vital field. Therefore, gentlemen, those of us who live in the Eastern, Central, Southeastern and Southern parts of the state should be united in a single association to maintain and develop this potential, for it will become the outstanding industry of the State of Montana.

There will be many, many difficult problems that we will have to face during the period of our development. We must be organized to face them as stockgrowers—working together in one association—a Montana association. (A loud round of applause; Bryan again taps with the gavel.) I think you should also like to hear from another gentleman on the platform, Mr. Granville Stuart, president of the Montana Stockgrowers' Association.

(Stuart comes forward.)

Stuart: As many of you know, I came into Montana as a gold miner. I wasn't particularly successful along those lines, even though my brother James and I are credited as being the first men in the Territory to go beyond merely panning for gold and really digging for it. I ended up by being a butcher, a groceryman—and within the last few years—a cattleman in Eastern Montana. I love this territory, and I am highly devoted to it. I believe that it can only be developed by close adherence to the principles of law and good common sense. We must not be a divided lot—those of us who have turned to the field of stock raising—but a united group, ready to meet and solve our problems with unity and good judgment.

Somebody from the audience cries "Let us hear from Conrad Kohrs." (Bryan motions Kohrs to the platform.)

Kohrs: There is little I can add to what has already been said. I, like Granville, moved cattle from the Southwestern part of the state into Central Montana, where, through my cattle-raising activities, I hope to spend many years in helping to further the development of the livestock industry in what will become the State of Montana through the united efforts of myself and all of my friends.

Cattleman: (from the audience) Mr. Chairman, I move the resolution as presented by Governor Potts be accepted unanimously by the group of stockmen present.

A half-dozen people stand up and second the motion. Colonel Bryan taps for silence with the gavel.

Bryan: Are you ready for the question?

Many people cry "Question, question"

Bryan: All those in favor signify by saying "Aye." (A great cry of ayes) All those opposed. (no response) The Eastern Montana Stockmen's Association and the Montana Stockgrowers Association are hereby united as one organization under the resolutions presented by Governor Potts. It will be necessary for some of the officers of both organizations to meet together during the afternoon to make certain plans. So, gentlemen, I hereby adjourn this meeting and call for the first general meeting of the new organization under the title of the Montana Stockgrowers Association to be held tomorrow morning, Saturday, April 4th, 1885, in the Miles City Courthouse at ten o'clock.

Men in the hall start leaving and the men on the platform shake hands as the lights fade during the narration.

NARRATION:

During the rest of the convention the stockmen mingled with genuine accord. On the Saturday meeting several matters came under discussion, chiefly concerned with the problem of organizing the round-up districts which would meet and elect a time and place

for commencing work in their respective districts; the appointment of a suitable man for foreman of the round-up in their said districts who would maintain strict discipline in conducting such round-ups. The matter of Indian problems came up for discussion, but no definite action was taken. There was also some opposition to the "cowhands" branding calves while on the range, which, in the end, led to a plan for strict regulation for the registration of stock brands with the Montana Stockgrowers' Association.

The Yellowstone Journal of April 5, 1885, described the convention as follows:

"Never has Montana had a public gathering at which so much capital from so many sections of the country was represented as at the stockgrowers' convention which closed its labors yesterday, and seldom can we find more unanimity and better feeling than that which marked the efforts of the gentlemen who were present . . . They met with the theory that harmony was and is a very desirable property; they have, in practice, fully exemplified the theory and proven that their intentions were good. Whatever may have been the main element in promoting this condition of affairs, we will not discuss. The fact remains the same: that Montana Stockgrowers can and do 'hew to the line' and pull all together . . ."

EPISODE I

SCENE II

PART I

STOCKGROWERS CONVENTION OF 1886 AT MILES CITY

PLACE: The same room in the courthouse in Miles City as was used in Scene I.

TIME: Eight o'clock A.M. on Friday, April 19, 1886.

SCENE: A small committee appointed to make recommendations to the general convention later in the day on two major problems. First, the Indians leaving the reservation during the winter to slaughter cattle for food. Second, what action should be taken in dealing with the cattle rustlers and horse thieves who had been particularly active during the past year. Most of the committee have gathered in the courthouse and are informally talking as Teddy Roosevelt and Marquis De Mores come into the room.

NARRATOR:

During the semi-annual meeting held in Helena on August 2, 1885, several committees were appointed to bring important problems before the spring convention at Miles City on April 18 and 19, 1886. One committee was to consider first the growing problems of Indians leaving the reservation to raid cattle ranges, and second, the increasing

vital menace of the cattle rustlers and horse thieves. We see this committee in action at its final meeting in Miles City before the beginning of the annual convention.

(Lights go out and the scene begins.)

Roosevelt: Ah, my good friend, Granville Stuart.

Stuart: (Shaking his hand) Well, welcome to the Montana Stockgrowers Association convention, Mr. Roosevelt. I am very pleased to see you here this year.

Roosevelt: I was accepted to membership a year ago. Therefore, why shouldn't I take part even if my ranch land is in the Dakota Territory.

Stuart: The line between Montana Territory and Dakota Territory is something not recognized by either Indians or cattle rustlers.

Roosevelt: I have some ideas on them. You know, of course, the Marquis De Mores.

Stuart: Oh yes, indeed, and you know Colonel Bryan. Mr. Roosevelt is president of the Little Missouri Stockmen's Association.

Bryan: Yes, indeed. We have met at various meetings in the past.

Roosevelt: It's a pleasure to meet you again, Colonel.

Bryan: Good, we are very happy to see you gentlemen here and are pleased to welcome you to this committee to make recommendations to the convention later this morning on the two matters Granville mentioned. All we're waiting for now, really, is Congressman Maginnis.

(Walks to the window as stagecoach comes around the corner)

Bryan: I believe he's on that stagecoach just coming by the courthouse now, Granville.

James Fergus: Yep, the coach is stopping. I'll bet Maginnis gets out.

Maginnis does get out and walks over to the courthouse.

Bryan: Sure enough, there's Congressman Maginnis.

Maginnis enters through the door.

Bryan: Well, Congressman Maginnis. I am pleased you are here in time to attend the committee meeting. Gentlemen, I would like to present the Honorable Martin Maginnis. I'm sure most of you know him. (Turns to Stuart) Now that our committee is complete, Granville, suppose we get the meeting under way.

Stuart: Well, that's fine, Colonel, you're president of the Stockgrowers Association. You go ahead.

Bryan: No, no, Granville, you're chairman of this planning committee and will make the report on any conclusions we reach here at the regular meeting of the Stockgrowers Association later this morning.

Stuart: Gentlemen, we will come to order. We are a small planning committee organized at the semi-annual meeting in Helena to review some of the aspects of the cattle situation in Central Eastern Montana and to present our ideas to the stockgrowers' association at the 10 o'clock session which will be held in the Miles City skating rink. The two major problems this committee is concerned with, as you well know, is the Indian problem and the increased activity during the last year of the cattle rustlers and horse thieves in all of the Montana Territory, but particularly in the Central and Eastern parts. Many cattlemen feel that our neglect of formulating a positive program in connection with the two problems at the 1885 convention held here encouraged this type of activity. We've asked Mr. Roosevelt, as president of the Little Missouri Stockmen's Association to be a member of this committee because the problems that organization faces, as well as ours, are very similar, and we should work together on them. Let's first deal with the Indian problem. It is this problem that we have particularly wanted Congressman Maginnis present when we formulate certain ideas about what could be done about it. Congressman Maginnis, the problem of keeping the Indians on the reservation and off lands that have been designated open range for the white man has become increasingly difficult.

Milliron: As you men all know, I have my problem in the Judith Basin, a fine country to grow and fatten the cattle that are driven up from Texas, with plenty of good, fine native grass and enough valleys with plenty of water so that we can put up a little hay in the fall to take care of most emergencies that may arise during the winter. We, of course, have our problems with the white cattle rustlers and the horse thieves, but one that has bothered us chiefly during the year has been the Indians. They leave the reservation during the late fall and winter months when our cattle are on the range. In spite of the fact that we try to keep cowboys around to watch over our herds, the Indians are pretty clever at figurin' out when they won't be there, in spite of all our precautions. We all find cattle that have been shot, stripped of their hides, meat ripped from bones, and the skeletons just left there. Now, what I think is that it should be made perfectly clear to the Indians that they can no longer leave their reservations full of whiskey, and kill our cattle and steal our horses without paying the penalty then and there. What I mean by "then and there" is that when they are caught they should be lynched. Let them know that they can remain on the reservations without the slightest danger to themselves, but as soon as they get into the land that has been set aside for us white cattlemen, that no law or anything else can protect them from what they deserve, a lynchin' right then and there.

Fergus: In a measure I agree, but the Indians are still Indians. If they are handled in the manner you suggest, there is a high possibility that an Indian war might develop in the Judith Basin that could spread all over our cattle area.

Milliron: Oh the Indians' idea of war is just a big noise, a big bluff, lots of fancy paint and feathers. If you make a few lynchings, and let them see some of the Indians that have been lynched hangin' on trees,

they'll drop both their bluff and noise and calmly pull their blankets about them and retire to the friendly shelter of their reservation.

Maginnis: I can see both points of view, gentlemen. I must say, however, that I do not adhere to any movement that might create an Indian war, whether it be over cattle rustling and horse stealing, or anything else. I can also understand that if many of the Indian agencies don't extend a strong arm for the protection of the citizens of northern and central Montana from the Indian cattle rustling and horse stealing, that some of you may well feel that there is no recourse left to you but to protect your own property by the drastic measure that has been suggested. I strongly feel that you must not do it in the way that has been suggested without waiting for the natural course of law and order.

Roosevelt: I've had some experience with legislative matters, as you know, Representative Maginnis, and I believe that if you will make your point strong enough, work up your colleagues for proper support, that you can make it perfectly clear that it is the Indian agents of the reservations that are chiefly responsible for this menace, not only of Indians stealing horses and rustling cattle, but also this matter of allowing the filthy stuff the degenerate whiskey peddlers sell on the reservation. The Indian agents and all reservation positions must be taken out of politics.

Maginnis: I strongly agree. I'll do my best on that matter. I might say, however, that it is a good deal more difficult to get members of Congress interested in the territorial area west of the Mississippi River than it is to interest them in the problems of the industrial East and the better settled farming areas of the states east of the Mississippi.

Brewster: I should like to say in all fairness to the Indians, that we must realize there is some justice in feeling they're entitled to our cattle and to butcher what they need for food. Let us not forget, gentlemen, that for generations the Indians lived on the buffalo that roamed this area. It was not only their main source of food, but their source of hides from which they made tepees and the clothes they wore. Now, within a matter of a few years that we have been here in the cattle business, the buffalo have been completely run out of the country. I haven't seen a buffalo, nor do I think any of you people have, for the last four or five years. The Indian has no money to buy cattle to raise on his own reservation. Therefore, it seems to me that he has no choice but to kill our cattle in order to get the necessary food by which he can exist. We must also remember, gentlemen, that these reservations were created in the summer of 1855 by Governor Stevens, which was a matter of even less than thirty years ago. No one can expect the Indian to adjust himself to an entirely new kind of life and methods in that short period of time.

Milliron: Well, that's fine talk, all right. And I don't even say you aren't right. But it doesn't alter the fact that we're here in the business of raising cattle. We bring them up from Texas and Oregon at a cost of a good deal of time and money, and unless something is done about

these Indians, and other cattle rustlers and horse thieves, this country is going to be lost to any good purposes we white men want to put it to.

Maginnis: Gentlemen, I give you my word that when I return to Washington next week that as a member of the Indian Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, I will immediately take this matter up and try dilligently to get some measures passed which will not only protect you from this Indian problem, but also measures which will cause the government to supply enough money in order that the Indians may buy their own cattle through their agents and raise them on the reservations set aside for their purposes. I might suggest, however, that the matter has got to work two ways. Not only must you expect the Indians to stay off land designated as open range country, but you are not to let your cattle graze on reservation land.

Milliron: We got plenty of good land without going on the reservation. At least, that's true of Judith Basin.

Roosevelt: Well, I really think the Indian problem will outlive itself and ultimately take a secondary place to the matter of the white cattle rustlers and horse thieves. I don't know how it is down in central Montana territory, but with us in the eastern Montana and western Dakota territory it gets more serious every year and definite steps have to be taken. Our chief problem, of course, is that the counties are very large and it's something very difficult to get to county seats. Even if we capture a group of cattle rustlers, it takes too long to get in touch with a sheriff and get these people moved to a county jail, sometimes a hundred or more miles away, and then try to get people to come there and testify, in regular law procedure. Yet we all know there are cattle rustlers who are ruining the cattle industry, and we also know that unless we take drastic steps ourselves, they'll soon run the cattlemen out of business.

Brewster: Just what do you mean by drastic measures, Mr. Roosevelt?

Roosevelt: Well, I wouldn't want to go on record as defining it too clearly, but I guess anyone can figure out what I mean.

Several: We all know, Teddy, we all know.

Maginnis: Is this problem really as serious as you people say, and if it is serious, how do these men operate? Do they have headquarters, places from which they work?

Fergus: I'll say they do. Don't anyone think these thieves aren't well organized and have a good established headquarters, because they have. The worst part of it is that some of the ranchers are with them, and I mean by that, they buy their stolen cattle and help them carry on their rustling in perfect safety. For example, near our ranch home we discovered one rancher whose cows invariably had twin calves, and frequently triplets. Now, a funny thing about it was that the range cows in the vicinity were nearly all barren, and would persist in hanging around this man's corral, envying his cows, and their numerous children, and bawling and lamenting their own childless fate. This state of affairs

went on until a few of us got together and went around to see this rancher and told him we would hang him if any of cows would have any more twins or triplets. That stopped that.

Stuart: I've looked into the matter pretty carefully and I'm very much inclined to believe it would definitely hurt us in the long run to go on record, either in this committee or at the general meeting, as being in favor of lawlessness in dealing with the whiskey peddlers, Indians, horse thieves, or cattle rustlers. We're going to have a stockmen's organization here for a good many years, and we can't afford to go on record in this organization as opposing lawful methods of procedure. Let's not do anything that could cause the stockgrowers' association to lose the faith and confidence of the people now, nor in the future. After all, our democracy is based on law and order, and Montana Territory is part of that democracy. It's only going to be a matter of half a dozen years or so until it will become a state, and we can't have a reputation when we do become a state of having what is perhaps our outstanding organization, the Stockgrowers Association, stand for anything other than regular legal procedure and under proper law and order.

Roosevelt: Well, fundamentally, I think that Stuart is right.

Sheldon: He may be right, but you know what happened over around Bannock and Virginia City when these robbers got the upper hand over there. Even the sheriff, Plummer, was the leader of a group of highway-men and robbers. That thing didn't stop until the vigilantes took it over and put an end to it.

Amos Sieder: Who were these vigilantes, anyway?

Stuart: Well, they were in every case honest and respected citizens in the towns and villages where this highway robbery was goin' on.

Fergus: Why can't we officially go on record standing for law and order, and organize on the side of a committee, let us say, of men who will compose a group to deal with the horse thieves and rustlers just like the people in the mining districts dealt with these highway robbers?

Stuart: What we do unofficially is one matter, what we do officially is another matter.

Roosevelt: I'm beginning to see what you men mean.

Stuart: But what can we take to the general meeting of the Stockgrowers Association later this afternoon as recommendations? Time is running short, gentlemen.

Milliron: I move to amend that motion that this committee strongly recommend that the Montana Stockgrowers Association abide by the laws and regulations of the Constitution of the United States of America. I furthermore propose that this committee recommend to the general meeting that each county should employ one detective, paid by the Montana Stockgrowers Association, whose duty it will be to track down rustlers and horse thieves and do all in his power to have them arrested and brought to trial.

Bryan: I second the motion.

Stuart: Are you ready for the question? (A number of Ayes come from the group.) We will vote on the question. All those in favor of the motion before the House signify by saying Aye. (There are a number in ayes.) All those opposed? (A few very loud nos) The motion is carried. Gentlemen, I know that it is now nearly ten o'clock, when the parade is to start, so perhaps we should adjourn.

Strand: (Standing) I have a motion to put before the House. I move that this committee go on record stating that the detectives hired by the Montana Stockgrowers Association report their findings not to legal officers and try to have the thieves arrested and brought to trial, but to report their information as to the whereabouts of these rustlers and horse thieves to the livestock officers of the district in which their hide-outs are located.

An assistant parade marshall rides up to the courthouse, jumps off his horse and runs into the room.

Assistant Parade Marshall: Colonel Bryan, the parade is about to start and we can't begin without you, Granville and Mr. Roosevelt and the Marquis De Mores, and the rest of you. We want to get the parade started.

Bryan: I move that this meeting adjourn.

Stuart: (Pounding the desk with the gavel) The meeting is hereby adjourned.

The men start moving out.

Strand: (Coming up to Stuart very angry) What about my motion, Granville, what's the idea of killing it.

Stuart: We were pushed for time, but you can bring it up at the general meeting.

Strand: I'll bring it up, believe me, Granville.

Stuart: And I'll support it provided we can work out some scheme where it can be put into operation without involving the Montana Stockgrowers Association in any type of unlawful procedure.

Strand: (As he and Stuart walk out) Well, you may have something there, Stuart. I guess we had better get down to the parade.

By this time all the cattlement have gone to the left of the courthouse where the parade is forming.

PART II

During Part I a large number of visitors and citizens of Miles City had gathered on the main street to witness the parade. Men on horseback ride up and down the street keeping the crowd quiet. (There must be no noise while the dialogue of Part I is taking place, but as soon as that is over the crowd gets noisey and somewhat unruly.)

First Woman: Where are the cowboys just in off the range?

Second Woman: They're in the parade. Sure goin' to be a wild one.

Third Woman: Think they'd be asleepin' after all the rowdy noise they was makin' all night long.

First Woman: When them boys come off the range for a celebration, they just don't sleep none.

Second Woman: What do you mean boys! The worst ones in the bunch are the middle-aged cowhands.

First Woman: Anyway, they think they're boys, middle aged or not.

(At this point the Fifth Infantry Band is heard warming up to the left of the courthouse. A moment later the parade starts with the Fifth Infantry band at its head followed by carriages containing officers of the association and their ladies, and a few dignitaries without wives, such as Stuart, Roosevelt and De Mores and other distinguished non-member visitors. These are followed by a large group of cattlemen marching eight abreast. These are in turn followed by grub wagons, some high-bred cattle and bulls, or anything else that may be of general interest. As the band reaches the end of the street, it goes forward, turns around and continues to play. The men in the carriages and the cattlemen all turn right at the end of the street and head for the roller skating rink where the meeting will be held, as do the grub wagons and the high-bred cattle. The last group in the parade is a cavalcade of wild cowboys. When they reach the end of the street they break up with wild charges in all directions accompanied by such yells as would strike terror in the hearts of the tenderfoot. The scene quiets down as the lights begin to fade during the following narration):

NARRATOR:

At the meeting which followed the opening ceremony the cattlemen got down to serious business on several important matters. The resolution that the Montana Stock-growers Association should be a law-abiding organization was passed, although an undercurrent and unofficial agreement implied that the detectives, before notifying legal authorities, would get in touch with certain cattlemen in each district who would constitute a sort of vigilante group. Because Granville Stuart had had experience with this sort of vigilante procedure at Virginia City he became more or less the accepted leader. In fact, the groups became known, particularly in eastern Montana and Western Dakota Territories as "Stuarts Stranglers."

Another important matter to come before the group was Theodore Roosevelt's proposal that stockyards be organized at St. Paul so as to have an establishment near the

Montana range, thus furnishing the much desired competition to the Chicago market. A committee was appointed to investigate this matter and to report at the semi-annual meeting in Helena.

There was some discussion of protesting certain tendencies in Congress, largely promoted by the railroad, that land grants be made within the range territories of the stockmen. While not taken seriously at this time, there was some apprehension about a possibility of a "Honyocker" movement.

There were about five hundred people in attendance at the convention, 175 were regular members of the association, others being official and unofficial visitors.

Among the visitors were the president of the Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad, a representative of the Wisconsin Central and several from the Northern Pacific Railroad, as well as reporters from the St. Paul Globe and Pioneer Press. A member of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce was also present as was John Clay, Jr., of Chicago.

The officers elected in previous years were continued, including the addition of Theodore Roosevelt as a representative from Dakota Territories.

Many social events occurred in the Miles City Club and the McQueen House. While the convention represented a now well-established stockgrowers' organization, a great deal of visiting and gaiety characterized the non-business meeting houses.

Lights go out.

EPISODE I — SCENE III

VIGILANTES VS. THE CATTLE RUSTLERS AND HORSE THIEVES

SETTING: A squatter's settlement on the open prairie north of Miles City by the Missouri River. The settlement consists of a log shack, a fair sized two-gate corral with four cows and fifteen calves, and a barn in the rear. These are located to the left of the acting area. After the scene opens six vigilantes, headed by a leader, ride into the scene and stop about sixty yards from the homestead. The detective, Billy Smith of the Stockgrowers' Association, is also with them.

TIME: Early summer of 1886. Around noon.

Following the spring meeting in Miles City in 1886, the livestock business in the Montana Territory increased greatly. Perhaps because the 1886 convention, on the surface at least, had not been as decisive as it might have been in dealing with the thieves in an "unlawful" manner, the num-

ber of cattle and horses lost through rustling greatly increased. At the August meeting in Helena, an official communication from the Canadian Northwest Territories Stock Association was read, asking that the Montana group attain effective laws to punish thieves escaping with cattle and horses from Canada to Montana and vice-versa.

It was obvious that some direct action had to be taken. Accordingly, the cattlemen faced up to the situation and used methods contrary to their natural tendency of "good faith in mankind" to cope with the critical situation.

(Lights go out and the scene begins)

Detective Smith: This is the place I told you about when I came here ten days ago, there were only two cows and six calves. Last week when I came by, there were four cows and twelve calves. I don't know what he has there now, but it looks to me like there are more than a dozen calves.

Vigilante: Is anyone living with him?

Detective Smith: Ya, several around from time to time. They got a breed Indian woman. She cooks, I take it. She's probably inside now, seeing how there's smoke coming out of the chimney.

Vigilante: Think some of the rustlers might be around?

Detective Smith: Shouldn't think so. But you better be careful, even if this place is a dump compared to some of their hangouts that are pretty well fortified.

Vigilante: What do you think we ought to do, Billy?

Detective Smith: Better watch that barn over there, although it don't look like anyone's around.

Vigilante Leader: What about that woman?

Detective Smith: Well, I tried to talk to her and didn't get anything out of her; but perhaps if we ride up and give her a tough going over, you can get an answer to something.

Vigilante Leader: (As they ride up to the shack) Hey, three or four of you guys look around and see if you can find anybody.

All have their pistols ready.

Detective Smith: (As they come close to the shack) Whoever's in that shack, come on out! (No movement in shack or anyone coming out) There's someone in there or smoke wouldn't be coming out of the chimney! (Calls again) Come out, I say! And hands over your heads. (Still no movement) I mean it this time!! Come out or we'll shoot the place up!

The breed woman comes out reluctantly.

Detective Smith: Anyone else in there?

Woman: (After a moment) Nope.

Detective Smith: All right, I'll turn it over to you fellows. My job is finished. Hate to leave, just when the fun is about to get under way. (He rides off)

Vigilante Leader: Thanks a lot, Billy Smith.

Cowboy Pete: What does he mean, he's finished?

Leader: He's just hired by the Stockgrowers' Association as a detective to find out where the cattle rustlers and horse thieves are operating, that's all.

Cowboy Pete: But why did he have to leave?

Leader: (Impatiently) Because the Stockgrowers' Association is a lawful group. What we can do now is take the law into our own hands, if we want to.

Cowboy Pete: Oh, I'm beginning to see. We ain't the Stockgrowers—

Leader: (Cuts him off) That's right. Pete, you go over and see how many calves there are in that corral. (Turns to woman) How long you been living here, woman?

Woman: (Shrugs her shoulders)

Leader: Is that fellow you been living with your husband?

Woman: Me, I just cook here.

Leader: What's his business?

Woman: It's like I say, I cook here.

Pete: There are eighteen calves over there now, Frank.

Leader: How many cows?

Pete: Six as near as I can figure.

Leader: Any brands on them?

Pete: There was, but you can't figure them out. They've all been burned.

Leader: Listen here, lady, cows don't have triplets. When a man has eighteen calves and six cows, with their brands smeared, it can only mean one thing.

Woman: I don't know nothin.

Leader: It means that you're living with cattle rustlers. How many of them are there here?

Woman remains silent.

Leader: How many men live here, I said!

Woman: (Frightened) I don't know. All I know, sometime cattle and calves here, sometime not. I no like it. I want to go back to reservation.

Leader: You help us, see! We'll get you back to the reservation.

Woman: (After a brief pause) I help!

Leader: All right. How long has this place been a rustlers hangout?

Woman: Oh, not so long, I t'ink maybe. My son, he work here too.

Leader: What do they do with these calves after they gather the bunch of them.

Woman: Take them off some place. I t'ink maybe to Canada.

Leader: What's in that barn over there?

Woman: You look for self.

Leader: Anybody in there?

Woman: All I do is cook and do like told.

Leader: Pete, you and Joe go over and see what's in the barn. Be sure there's no one in it before you enter (To woman) When do you expect this man back?

Woman: (Shrugs her shoulders) Never tell. He just told me have food ready, six hours. I t'ink him come back soon. My son, he with man; you let my boy alone!

Leader: We'll see. What direction is he likely to come from?

Woman: Who can tell? He ride that way this morning, to Missouri River, I t'ink. (She looks in each direction) You look down valley, you see dust. I t'ink that's him with more calves.

Leader: All right men, get into the shack—out of sight. Woman, you go with them.

He rides over to the barn just as Pete and Joe come out.

Pete: Frank, there are hundreds of hides in here with the brands of Montana cattlemen on them!

Leader: We will take care of that later; but we think a couple of men are coming now, so let's get out of sight.

A moment later a man and a young breed Indian ride in herding five calves and two cows. The breed gets off his horse, opens the corral gates. Gets back on his horse, and drives the cows and calves in. While he gets off his horse the second time to close the corral gate, the three men come out from the barn, each with two pistols. The rustler, who hasn't gotten off his horse, starts to reach for his gun; but the six pistols stop him.

Leader: All right, fella, drop the gun and put those hands up—high. (He does) Pete, you get his guns. (Pete does) Also get the rifle on his

saddle. (Pete goes to boy standing by)

Pete: The young fella isn't armed.

In the meantime the others with the woman, have come out from the house and over to the leader.

Rustler: What are you guys trying to do here, anyway? This is my land; get off it!

Leader: Let's see, you must have about twenty-two or twenty-three calves in there and about eight cows. That means that most of those cows you got there had triplets, which is pretty unusual, isn't it?

Rustler: Maybe these are some special kind of cow.

Leader: Pete, go in there and see if there is any brand on those new cows he brought in.

Pete goes over to corral and inspects the cattle.

Pete: (Calls from corral) Yup, ther sure is, Frank. There's a brand on each of them.

Leader: (To rustler) You're a pretty slick fellow to pick up a bunch of calves before the roundup starts.

Rustler: I told you these are my calves and my cows!

Leader: You're lying! (Turns to men) Do any of you guys know this man?

Cowhand Joe: Ya, I've saw him around Miles City a couple of times. Seems to me his name is Jake Owens or something like that.

Leader: (To the woman) What have you got to say about this fellow, woman?

Rustler: You keep your mouth shut, woman; or I'll kill you!

Leader: When we get through with you, fella, you're not going to be in shape to kill anyone. You go ahead and talk woman, this fellow isn't going to kill you, or anyone else.

Rustler: (Fear enters his voice) What do you mean?

Woman: It like I told you.

Leader: Your son.

Woman: Yes, my son. He just works here like I have tol

Leader: Who are the others?

Woman: How would I know? Maybe ask my son, he knows. Maybe he tell who they are.

Leader: Kid, you know what goes on here.

Kid: (Frightened) I . . . I . . . I . . .

Rustler: If you open your mouth, I'll—

Leader: (Shouts at rustler) Shut up! (To kid) If I take you to the sheriff in Miles City, will you tell?

Kid: (Hallow whister) I talk.

Rustler: Why you dirty, Yellow

Leader: (Cuts him off) Shut up like I said, rustler! (To kid) what have you got to say?

Rustler: (Before boy has chance to answer) All right. So I've stolen a few cows and calves around here, so what? You fancy ranchers run them all over government land, don't you? If I'm stealing, you are too.

Leader: Well, that may be one way of looking at it; but right now we've got to get rid of you guys or the cattle industry will go broke. We're in a bad way since that storm last year. We were just getting on our feet by a lot of hard work and you guys aren't going to knock us off them!

Rustler: Well that's too bad; but that's your business, not mine.

Leader: Cattle rustling, stealing horses and hides, seems to be your business. (Turns to other men) Well, what do you think we ought to do with him?

Others: (Alternately) Hang him, of course! Hang him!

Rustler: I demand a trial! I got a right to it!

Leader: You're having a trial now by the Vigilantes.

Rustler: That may be what you call yourselves, but I know what you really are. You're just plain everyday stranglers, that's what you are!

Leader: It's been suggested that we hang this fellow. What the rest of your opinions?

Others: (Together) Hang him! Hang him! He's guilty!

Leader: When do you want to do it?

Others: (Alternately) Now, of course! Hang him on that cross-bar over that corral gate.

Rustler: (Screams) You can't do this to me!

Leader: All right, three or four of you fellows come up here who have handled this before. Tie a rope to the cross-bar, put a handkerchief on his face, put his hands behind him, and put him on a horse.

Pete: (To leader while they are arranging for the hanging) What are you going to do with the Kid, Frank?

Leader: Like I said, take him to the sheriff.

Pete: Why not hang him?

Leader: He wasn't armed. Don't think he's a rustler. Just worked as a sort of a cowhand for him.

Pete: He could report us!

Leader: Vigilantes only hang rustlers, not innocent kids. We'll take a chance.

Pete: Just as you say. But what are we going to do with the woman here, Frank?

Leader: What do you think?

Pete: Well, she's seen us all; and she could testify in court too.

Woman: Let me go! Let me go! I no know anyone. Want to get back to reservation.

Leader: What do you think, Pete?

Pete: She might get it in her head to go to Miles City and get drunk and spill the whole works.

Leader: No one would believe a half breed anyway. (Turns to other men) You about ready for the hanging, men?

Vigilante: All ready, Frank.

Leader: Get him on the horse.

A couple of men force the rustler with handkerchief on face on horse. They pull his horse over to the corral gate and put the hang-man's noose around his neck.

Rustler: Please don't do this to me! I'll do anything you say. Don't hang me!

Leader: All right, Pete, give the horse a slap across the rear.

Rustler: Please let me go! I'll tell you the names of the other rustlers, anything! But don't hang me! Don't—

One of the men hits horse. He jumps and runs; the rustler is left hanging in the air. After twisting and wiggling for a couple minutes, his body hangs limp. He's dead!

Pete: What are you going to do with him now, Frank?

Leader: Just let him hang there. His friends will be around and see him. This will let them know what's going to happen to them unless they get out of the country. (To men) Jake, you and Fred take the woman back to the reservation. Let her ride the horse her man had. If you see anyone, get out of sight. Don't take any chance of being seen with her!

Jake: Okay Frank.

Pete: What about the cattle, boss?

Leader: Why don't you drive them over to where the herds are? The cows will hunt out their own calves by roundup time, so everything will be all right.

Pete: Where will we meet you, Frank.

Leader: We'll all meet in Miles City. We'll send a detective out in a couple days to see what's happened to our friend here.

Pete: Okay Frank.

They all ride off. The two men with the woman to the south; Pete, the leader, and two others to the west; and the rest start getting the cattle out of the corral and herding them off the staging area. The rustler is left alone hanging in the breeze.

**EPISODE I — SCENE IV
STOCKGROWERS CONVENTION — 1887**

SETTING: The McQueen House; facing the audience so that three rooms are visible. (1) A ball room. (2) A lobby, and (3) a bar room.

TIME: Tuesday evening, April 19, nine o'clock P.M. When the scene opens, a number of McQueen House employees are cleaning out the dining room which will serve as a ball room a little later. In the bar room are a few prominent ranchers, including Granville Stuart, Teddy Roosevelt, Pierre Wibaux, Marquis De Mores, Colonel Bryan, Russell Harrison, Dr. Azel Ames and the newly elected president, Joseph Scott. While the dialogue between these gentlemen is progressing at the bar, the dining room is set up formally as a ball room. The orchestra arrives and starts making arrangements on the platform as several well-dressed cattlemen's wives enter and go over the arrangements, talk to the orchestra, etc. As the scene in the ball room comes to an end, many couples all in formal dress have entered the ballroom. Dialogue in the bar is as follows:

While the usual problems faced the stockmen of the Montana Territory during the year following the 1886 convention, these problems faded pretty much into the background. For, during the spring and summer and winter of 1886-87, three severe trials had to be faced—trials remarkable not only because of their severity but because they followed each other so closely.

As a result, only about one-hundred cattlemen were present at the April 19, 20, 1887 annual convention at Miles City. While the problems that faced the cattlemen at this convention tended to sober the usually hilarious activities, we must not assume that the spirit was completely sober inasmuch as it is a matter of record that the morning session of April 20 did not have a quorum gathered for business until eleven o'clock because most members had not yet recovered from the ball of the night before. Let us take a look at that ball and some of the Dialogue that preceded it.

(Lights go on)

Stuart: Harrison, that was a nice report you made this afternoon, nicely worded. I am sorry I wasn't there. Just what did you say that impressed these gentlemen so much.

Harrison: Oh, they're just being kind.

Roosevelt: No, no, go ahead. Have you got your notes here?

Harrison: Oh, yes, I've got them here in my pocket.

Roosevelt: Go ahead and read them. I'd like to hear them again.

Harrison: Well, if you insist. Here's what I really said: Since we last met in annual meeting, the range business of the plains has had three severe trials to pass through:

First. The unprecedented drought that prevailed last spring and summer, causing a great shortness of grass and making the cattle poor in flesh for the market and the winter.

Second. The low price of beef that ruled in Chicago during the fall, shrinking our receipts materially.

Third. The very severe winter which has just passed, which brought general loss, more or less severe, depending upon circumstances, to every member of the association and, in fact, to every stockman in the northwest. Do you want more?

Roosevelt: Surely, go ahead.

Harrison: These reverses were sufficient to try the patience and fortitude of everyone throughout the range country and, as you are aware, has demoralized the business and turned the tide of investment from us to other directions. That the trials through which we have passed were remarkable, not only for their severity, but particularly because they followed each other so closely, is universally admitted. A drought without a parallel; a market without a bottom, and a winter, the severest ever known in Montana, formed a combination, testing the usefulness of our association on proving its solidity.

Thinking that these trials were not sufficient for our industry, congress, in its wisdom, has added a fourth, the interstate commerce law, which has seriously interfered with the attendance at this meeting, owing to the difficulty of securing reduced transportation, and which threatens to interfere seriously with the necessary rights and privileges of cattlemen of the far west in transporting their quota of the food supply of the nation to eastern markets for consumption.

Wibaux: Nice phrasing, Harrison, and a nice credit to your ability to think and organize your thinking well.

Harrison: Thank you, Pierre Wibaux.

Stuart: Well, it was too tough a winter for me. I'm out of the cattle business for good.

Bryan: What are you going to do, Granville?

Stuart: I don't know. I'll find something.

Roosevelt: Interested in a political job?

Stuart: What kind of a political job?

Roosevelt: Oh, minister to one of the South American countries, or something like that.

Stuart: Who in Heaven's name would ever consider me for that kind of a job?

Roosevelt: I have some connections in Washington, to say nothing of our friend and Secretary of the Montana Stockgrowers Association, Russell B. Harrison, whose father is going to be our next president.

Harrison: Aren't you being a little premature in naming my father as the next president? I think you're beginning to play with politics, Teddy, if anyone should ask me.

Roosevelt: Not for a second. When I was back in the East this year, it was practically a conceded fact by everybody that Benjamin Harrison would be elected President a year from next fall. (Roosevelt turns to Stuart) What about my idea of our getting you a governmental assignment, Granville?

Stuart: Well, I certainly wouldn't object to something like that happening, but what about political affiliations?

Roosevelt: Forget them, Granville. It's a bully idea. We'll go to work on that, hey, Russell?

Harrison: Right!

Marquis De Mores: All you Americans think about is politics; politics; I am going to dress for the ball.

Roosevelt: It might help you, my friend Marquis De Mores, if you thought more of politics and less of clothes.

Marquis: It is my American wife who thinks I should always look like a prince!

Roosevelt: Speaking of politics, there's this matter I brought up at the general meeting today. I want it further discussed at tomorrow's general meeting.

Scott: If there'll be a general meeting after this big ball we're having here tonight. Do you think we'll have a Quorum?

Bryan: It may be a little late, but we'll wait it out until we get a quorum.

Dr. Ames: What about this matter you want to bring up, Teddy? What more do you have to say?

Roosevelt: Well, I'm going to work again on the idea I presented this morning, that we strike out the paragraph of Harrison's report in which he proposes that the Montana Stockgrowers Association condemn the Interstate Commerce law.

Harrison: Well, here now, Teddy, I went on to say that the bill is in the right direction but unfortunately phrased and based on insufficient knowledge and that some of the errors and abuses in the bill have got to be corrected.

Roosevelt: I agree with you on that, Harrison; but I think the Stockgrowers Association should take no action on the matter directly, merely approach it indirectly.

Bryan: I'm still president of the Montana Stockgrowers Association. You really are playing at politics and I insist that you're out of order here in the bar. Let's take it up again at our session in the morning. Besides I think the ball is about ready to start and I've got to go up and pick up my wife. What about you, Scott? I want to introduce you and have you make a few remarks before the ball starts.

Scott: Already, even before I'm installed as president?

Bryan: That's right. You might as well get used to it.

Scott, Bryan, Dr. Ames, and Marquis De Mores leave.

Wibaux: (To Stuart after the rest have left) I'm sorry to hear you say you're going to quit the cattle business in Montana.

Stuart: Well, Wibaux, I was never much good at it anyway. After I watched hundreds of young calves and horses piled up in valleys frozen to death after they practically starved, it was more than I could take. If the winter had lasted another twenty days, there would have been no stock left in Montana.

Roosevelt: It must have been a pretty bitter winter. I'm glad in a way that I wasn't here because I can't abide by the suffering of dumb animals, either.

Wibaux: Well, I'm staying and buying up all the cattle and land I can get my hands on.

Stuart: What about you Teddy? I hear you're going to quit too.

Roosevelt: Yes, things haven't worked out too well for me. My second wife has no feeling for the West and wants me to stay in New York and have me enter politics in a big way.

Stuart: I suppose that appeals to you, Teddy?

Roosevelt: Yes, it really does. I'm really going into it in a big way. First, I'll run for district attorney in New York City and I look forward to the Governorship of the State of New York.

Stuart: And then to the Presidency of the United States, I dare say.

Roosevelt: If it will work out that way. I am, as you know, a staunch Republican and maybe a little too liberal for those who in the end will make the final decisions.

Stuart: Well, you'll work it out some way, I dare say. I suppose we'd better get over to the ball. Maybe there's something we can do over there.

They leave the lobby and walk into the ballroom, which by this time, is pretty well filled by couples and several extra men. The women are very well dressed in the styles of the period and the men, in the main, wear either formal dress or semi-formal clothes.

As the three enter the ballroom through the lobby, Colonel Bryan is moving up to the orchestra stand. People gradually turn their attention to him.

Bryan: (Speaking loudly with no public address system) Although this last year has been full of discouragement and anxiety to all interested in the livestock-growing industry in Montana and the Dakotas, we, nevertheless, are delighted to find as many people here to attend this ball. While some of our distinguished members of the livestock association are about to leave the industry, we hope that they will change their minds and return as things straighten out and become better during the next few years. I'm not going to take your time and make a speech myself. You've heard me too often. It does, however, give me great pleasure now to present to you Mr. Joseph Scott, the new president-elect for the coming year of the Montana Stockgrowers Association and ask him to say a few words. Will Mr. Granville Stuart, Dr. Azel Ames and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt bring our next president of the Montana Stockgrowers Association, Mr. Joseph Scott, to the speaker's stand. (There is some polite applause as the three gentlemen gather and lead Mr. Scott to the platform. As Mr. Scott faces the audience, he receives a good round of applause from the assembled group.)

Scott: (Addressing the members and wives present) I am glad to see this attendance, notwithstanding the fact that walking is bad. (A small laugh on this joke, funny then). I am proud that we have such an attendance; I think it is proof to us that we are not to bury this large industry as some have stated, but we are here to revive it, and we are here to see that it does not die. It is true, the chilling winds of last winter have been felt on the range and in many places you can smell the dead carcasses in the canyons; but the case is not as bad as it might have been. Had the winter continued twenty days longer, we would not have had much left to try to do. Fortunately, we are enjoying a remarkably fine spring, curtailing the losses to a much lower figure than anticipated and a more hopeful feeling among those interested. In every business there are years when prices reach the lowest point and a difficulty that surrounds the business reaches a maximum. After such periods, the rally is steady and constant until the business assumes its former stability and prosperity. As it is, I feel that we are in a fair position to start again and make good the loss we have suffered the last winter.

At the end of the speech there is a very enthusiastic round of applause.

Bryan: All right, orchestra, let's get the dancing under way.

The orchestra then plays a Strauss waltz and the dancing proceeds in a formal manner.

EPISODE II — SCENE I
THE HOMESTEAD PROBLEM

TIME: Sunday morning in the late summer about 1910.

SETTING: To the right of the stage is a tar-papered cabin with not more than three rooms. To the background and to the left of this, is a barn with a corral with three or four cows. There are chickens running around in the scene. In the foreground, just left of the center, we see the interior of a cabin. There is a kind of platform in the rear upon which rests a rostrum, and a few benches facing the rostrum. The homesteader is a minister and this is his church. His family is his only congregation.

As the lights go on, a rancher and two cowhands to the left, sit on horses watching a scene which puzzles them. A woman, Mrs. Ruth Holmes, is dressed in very formal and starched Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, enters the "church." She is followed by a boy named Donald of about twelve years, a girl about thirteen named Susan, and a small girl of four, named Kathy. They are also dressed in Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. The children are very uncomfortable and a little mad: this is not their idea of the "West." The woman sits on a chair with the table in front of her close to the rostrum. The children take their places on the bench facing her.

Most Montana Stockgrowers were able to overcome the severe trials that faced them following the bitter winter of 1886-87 quite easily. As a matter of fact, during the succeeding years, there was good range weather the year around. While many well-known stockmen dropped out of the cattle business after the severe winter, many, however, stayed and developed fine ranches and in many cases, as they grew older, passed the responsibility on to their sons. Montana was still, however, through the early part of the twentieth century, a country of open range, although vast open grass areas were divided harmoniously among the ranchers.

Towns like Miles City, grew rapidly, roads became better, and some small town came into existence. The cattle being raised on the range were no longer the long-horned cattle driven across the plains from Texas to Montana, and the caliber of beef cattle increased greatly as Montana cattlemen started raising calves from their own cows. Many cattlemen also went into the sheep-raising business, which afforded a double market, which greatly helped the general prosperity of the country.

Around 1910, the railroads, supported by their agricultural specialists and representatives from the State Experiment Station in Bozeman, began very seriously to develop much of Eastern Montana as a farming country rather than merely a cattle country. Inasmuch as it was also a restless period in the East and Middle West, many professional men, as well as small farmers and farm hands, turned to the kind of life in frontier Montana which they felt

they definitely wanted for themselves and their families.

In fiction and in drama today a great deal is being made of the frustration and bitter quarrels between the cattlemen and incoming homesteaders. Actually, even though the points of view of the native ranchers and the homockers differed greatly, in Montana at least, there was little or no bitterness or envy to speak of between them. Quite the contrary was true, as the following episode will try to demonstrate.

Cowboy Jake: Man, that's really something to see in this here country!

Cowboy Pete: Honyockers! What do you think they're doing?

Cowboy Jake: I don't know, but they're sure dressed up.

Rancher Kerr: This is Sunday, isn't it?

Cowboy Pete: I haven't any idea what day it is. Have you, Jake?

Cowboy Jake: What made you think I would, Pete?

Cowboy Pete: What made you think it was Sunday, Mr. Kerr?

Rancher Kerr: Well, I just got a funny idea. Maybe these folks are going to church.

Cowboy Jake: Church! Ah, come now, Mr. Kerr. There ain't no church in this here part of the country and you know it.

Rancher Kerr: Let's ride over and see what it's all about, anyway.

They ride over to the church. The children see them and come rushing out of the building.

Donald Holmes: (Almost screaming) Are you really cowboys?

Rancher Kerr: I guess that's what they call us.

Donald Holmes: If you're cowboys, where are your guns?

Rancher Kerr: Well, sonny, this time of the year we don't have much use to carry pistols or guns.

Susann Holmes: Don't you have to shoot Indians or outlaws, or anything like that?

Rancher Kerr: No, we never shoot anything like that. All we have to do is shoot the wolves and coyotes that want to kill and eat the young calves and lambs that are around.

Donald Holmes: (Disgusted) Oh well, then you ain't cowboys.

Cowboy Jake: Nope. Maybe we're just cowhands, eh boss?

Rancher Kerr: Maybe so, maybe so.

Kathy Holmes: I'm going to marry a cowboy when I grow up!

Susann Holmes: Oh, shush up! You aren't never going to grow up!

Kathy Holmes: I am too! I'm four years old already.

The father, The Reverend Harry Holmes, comes out of the homestead cabin. He is dressed in a black, long coat, white shirt, black tie, etc. When he sees the cowboys, he is somewhat taken back.

Father: (As he turns around to Kerr) Is there something we can do for you?

Rancher Kerr: Well, we were just ridin' by looking over the cattle on my range. We saw this place here and you folks all dressed up, and we just wondered what it was all about.

Father: Well, we just thought we would like to live in the "great and glorious West" on land of our own. It is our hope, in which we have much faith, that many others will follow us; and soon we will have a community here. So, we have already built this simple church, in which I shall be their pastor. My wife is a school teacher and hopes that someday a school can be built so that she may teach other children as well as our own.

Rancher Kerr: I think that's a grand idea!

Father: Thank you. By the way, my name is Reverend Harry Holmes. This is my wife, Ruth.

Rancher Kerr: Pleased to meet you. My name is Dick Kerr. These are a couple of my cowhands, Jake Ross and Pete Longacre.

Cowboy Pete: Ain't never seen a minister before, leastwise since I was a little kid.

Cowboy Jake: Huh! You're a schoolteacher! I used to go to school once, but we didn't have no woman teacher, we had just a man teacher.

Rancher Kerr: Don't believe a word these fellows tell you. They are probably just trying to prove they're real western cowboys to your children by showing how illiterate they are.

Susan Holmes: Cowboys don't go to school!

Donald Holmes: I bet they don't even go to church on Sunday, dad, like you make us.

Mother: Now children, that's enough.

Rancher Kerr: How long have you been here?

Father: We're just starting on our second month.

Rancher Kerr: Did you build up a place like this in a month's time?

Father: No. We had a little money to have the building done by some carpenters who come out from Baker. I will try my hands at milking cows and feeding chickens, and maybe later planting grain; but when it comes to building, I'm afraid I know very little about that.

Rancher Kerr: How much land did you file on?

Father: One hundred and sixty acres; a quarter section. The Milwaukee agriculture agent insists that this is very fertile land with plenty of rainfall to guarantee good crops.

Cowboy Pete: They sure sold you out there, minister. You'll be lucky if you can raise enough on this quarter section of land to feed them three cows you got out there.

Rancher Kerr: That's exaggerating the situation somewhat, Pete; but not too much.

Father: You don't sound very encouraging.

Rancher Kerr: Well, those of us who have tried to make a living, raising cattle and horses and other stock, haven't much faith in what seems to be promised to people coming out into Montana to seek the so-called "free land."

Father: Well, that certainly surprises me; **and I don't** think it's a joke. But then I've heard that cattlemen don't like homesteaders.

Rancher Kerr: That's the kind of stuff that the politicians and horse thieves and cattle rustlers have been peddling about us cattlemen. There is quite a lot of talk that if this country is widely homesteaded and quarter sections fenced in, it will ruin the livestock business. We, however, know that you homesteaders can't last because this country around here will simply not support one man, let alone a man with a family, on one quarter section of land. As a matter of fact, it would take many sections of land for any man to make a decent living for a family like yours. Why it takes about thirty acres to pasture one cow. As far as free land is concerned, my friend, "nothing is free," including land.

Mother: (Somewhat disturbed and angry) I think we better start the service, Father. It's after eleven o'clock.

Father: Yes, my dear. We must have today's service.

Rancher Kerr: I'm sorry we got off on the wrong foot. I don't mean any harm. I like to have fine families like you have here, come out to Montana. Certainly, if there are any kind of people we need, it's ministers and schoolteachers. My ranch is about twenty-five miles to the southeast of here, but I can assure you that I shall be glad to help you, or any other conscientious people get started.

Mother: You say your ranch is twenty-five miles southeast of here? How much land do you own?

Rancher Kerr: When you finish homesteading, ma'am, you'll own as much land as I do.

Father: And then you say that it is not possible to make a living on one hundred and sixty acres.

Rancher Kerr: I don't make my living on one hundred and sixty acres. I make my living by running stock on the open range, on hundreds of acres of grass country.

Mother: (She loses her patience) I've had enough. Come on now father! Come children!

The rancher gets off his horse.

Rancher Kerr: Are you going to hold a service here, pastor?

Father: We hold a service here every Sunday.

Rancher Kerr: Who goes to your church now?

Father: My congregation at the moment consists only of my family.

Rancher Kerr: Do you mind if we join you at the service this morning?

Father: Anyone is welcome to the service of our church, anytime.

Rancher Kerr: Well, thank you. Come on boys.

They follow the minister and his wife into the church. The minister takes his place behind the rostrum and wife takes her place in a chair behind the table. The little boy, the cattleman, and the two cowboys come in. The two girls remain outside.

Father: Before we start the service, I think I should explain what my wife is doing up here on the platform, setting behind the table. She is supposed to be the person who plays the organ, which if we had one, she could play very well indeed. The two little girls will represent the choir. They will walk in singing at the beginning of the service. The young man, plus our visitors this morning, will constitute the congregation.

The boy smiles proudly and moves over closer to the rancher. The mother now pretends to play the organ and the two girls come walking down the aisle singing a hymn. When they finish, they sit in the front row opposite their mother. The boy stands up as soon as the girls walk in. The rancher, after a moment's hesitation, also stands: but the two cowboys just look on with no understanding of what it's all about. The rancher motions to them to stand up, which they do. When the song is finished the choir of two girls sits down and the boy also sits down quickly. Again there is confusion on the part of the cowboys, and they finally sit down.

Father: (He comes forward, stands for a moment) Our service will be kept informal. This morning's sermon will be based on these words of our Lord, Jesus Christ, "A little child shall lead them." My words will be brief.

My wife and I were living, until a month ago, in a city that we felt was becoming overcrowded. People seemed self-centered, unconcerned with any interests except their own, and unhappy because of a lack of friendly association with their fellow men. It seemed to us, in the friendlessness of the city, we ourselves would never be satisfied. We wanted for ourselves and for our children an opportunity to grow up close to nature and among men and women to whom love and

devotion to mankind, which ripened their souls in an everlasting happiness in an open country where men are independent and free, yet friendly in a neighborly sense.

My wife and I pondered the question of what to do. We heard of the large opportunity of homesteading on the "freeland" in Montana. So we came to this great state.

Since arriving, we at times have been disillusioned. But we feel that our disillusion is the result of selfishness—selfishness caused by a feeling of not belonging. The huge area of the state, with a very small population, and the seemingly endless distance from one place to another is new to us. Today we have our first visitors. And we were, I'm afraid, not friendly, friendly like we want very much to be. Why this happened I do not know, but I fear it was caused by a feeling of not being needed or wanted.

But we shall not be discouraged, we shall live and build our future here on the unbroken barriers of Montana, a state which has, by our own determination, become our home. We have dedicated our lives to work with kindness and consideration with the people of Montana to help build this wild prairie into a great and beautiful land for ourselves, our future friends, and our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Now we shall conclude our service by repeating the Lord's prayer together.

The father starts off saying the prayer and the rest follow.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed by thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
And forgive us our debts,
As we also have forgiven our debtors;
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom,
And the power,
And the glory,
Forever. Amen.

Cowboy Pete: What do you know, I remembered. I said that prayer! I remembered it from when I was a boy.

Cowboy Jake: You ain't got nothing on me, Pete. Gosh I haven't heard it for years and years.

Rancher Kerr: (As he puts his hand on the boy's shoulder) Thanks, fellow, for sitting with us.

The father now comes down the aisle and stands before the Rancher Kerr. The mother follows the father down. The children all speak at once.

Children: (alternately) Mother, may we go change our clothes? May we take off these clothes? Mother, can we go now? When can we change clothes, the service is over, isn't it?

Mother: Yes children, the service is over. You may go change clothes.

The children leave the room and run back to the homestead.

Rancher Kerr: Well, Pastor, you sure said just what I wanted to hear.

Father: I was glad to have this opportunity to state our hopes. It's the first chance I've had to express my point of view since we arrived. I should like to ask you: what can we do? We wish only to serve the people? We have really no interest in becoming farmers.

Rancher Kerr: I have what I hope is a solution for that problem. First, let me say that we want people like you here and we'll do all we can to keep you. Ever since your sermon, sir; and the fact, ma'am since you said you were a schoolteacher, I have been thinking about our problem, not yours.

Mother: (Still angry) Well, now, that's hardly news.

Rancher Kerr: You misunderstood me. What I mean is that near my ranch we have a little community and there're quite a few children. A couple of years ago we built a school, but teachers are hard to find and up to now we haven't been able to get one for this year to take over the school. It would be wonderful, Mrs. Holmes, if you would come down and teach our children. You could bring your children along, as well.

Mother: And leave my husband!

Rancher Kerr: No, I know you wouldn't do that; and I don't want you to. Here's what else I have in mind. A few of the people, mainly the older ones, my mother for example, are very unhappy because nowhere within miles of our community is there a church and a regular preacher. Now, if you, Reverend Holmes, would agree to take over the church and help organize the community religiously and hold services, it would be doing a great help to all of us.

Father: But, do you have a church?

Rancher Kerr: No, we haven't; but I know the people of our community, and once we get a pastor, they'll start to work and within two weeks' time will erect a fine small church. It would become a center for community gatherings. I know the women in the community will want an informal room in the rear of the church for social and Sunday school purposes. They'd fix up a kitchen and take charge of arranging everything that would be needed, while the men build. And, by the way, Mrs. Holmes, my mother has a good organ in our home which I know she'll be happy to give to the church.

Mother: That will be wonderful!

Father: But what denomination would you want this church to be?

Rancher Kerr: That would be a question of little importance to the people except that it should be a community church. What they want is a **church** and a real man of God, not only to preach their sermons; but to visit them when they are ill or have problems that distress them.

Father: But what about my homestead here?

Rancher Kerr: It isn't necessary for you, Reverend Holmes, to live on your homestead the year around in order to prove up to it. You only have to spend a small portion of your time here and the rest you could spend in the service of God and our community.

Cowboy Jake: I would sure come to church now that I've found out I can say the Lord's Prayer.

Cowboy Pete: I would too; and I reckon more of the cowhands would too, if'n they felt welcome.

Father: All would be welcome.

Rancher Kerr: Well, what do you say, Reverend?

Father: The idea sounds rather good, but what about a place to live?

Rancher Kerr: As a matter of fact, when we built the school, we realized that teachers would be hard to get; so next to the school we built a rather nice home for the schoolteacher. Actually, it's larger than the tar-paper shack you had made for the winter. It automatically becomes the home of the schoolteacher as long as she teaches our children.

Mother: But what if she's married, like I am?

Rancher Kerr: So much the better!

Mother: Perhaps you could help me a little with the teaching, father?

Father: I'll do the cooking and washing dishes along with my work; but the teaching in the classroom, I'll leave to you, Ruth.

The children all come running out from the house in their rugged clothes of their daily life.

Kathy Holmes: (Posing in front of Jake Ross) Do you think a cowboy will marry me?

Cowboy Jake: I sure do!

Kathy Holmes: Will you marry me?

Cowboy Jake: Well, I will have to give that some thought, little girl. But I'm afraid by the time I get it all thought out, you will probably be too old for me.

Kathy Holmes: Oh, I will never be too old for you! Will you really marry me?

Cowboy Jake: (To Pete) You know, that's the first time any girl has ever proposed to me.

Cowboy Pete: You wait until she sees some really young, handsome cowboys around the Kerr Ranch, and she will forget you were ever living!

Kathy Holmes: I'll never forget him!

Rancher Kerr: (To father) Why don't I leave Jake here for the rest of the afternoon and evening. He can sleep out in the barn, help you get your stuff ready in the morning, and then when we get to the ranch, I will have Pete pick up one of the other cowhands and drive a wagon over here. They will pick up your other furniture and things, and move you right in.

Father: I have a team and a wagon of my own.

Rancher Kerr: Good; but I'll send Pete back anyway, maybe you'll need two wagons.

Mother: But why do we have to go so soon? Why can't we wait a week or ten days?

Rancher Kerr: (laughing in a friendly way) I'm president of the school board, lady; and according to the law of the State of Montana, we have to get school started now that fall is on our trail.

Donald Holmes: What are we going to do with our cattle, daddy?

Rancher Kerr: That's what I'm leaving Jake for. He will drive your cattle down. Have we got a couple of gentle ponies at the ranch, Pete?

Cowboy Pete: We sure have!

Rancher Kerr: Well, put a couple of saddles on them, and bring them along with you. Let the kids help Jake herd the cattle to the ranch.

Donald Holmes: Oh boy, I'll be a cowboy.

Susan Holmes: What about the chickens, we can't herd them?

Rancher Kerr: We have some chicken crates which we can put in the wagon. (He turns to parents and smiles) Well, this all seems to be settled then.

Father: It seems like it, although, we have been moving awfully fast. But it's exactly what we wanted, isn't it Mother?

Mother: Yes; it's hard to believe that this morning we felt lost, lonely, and confused; and now we've found a place for ourselves in Montana.

Father: God works in His own way and takes His own time.

EPISODE II — SCENE II
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE — 1934

SETTING: Side street of Miles City during the Golden Jubilee. On one side of the street is a side show tent, rather small. There is a ticket stand in front of it and a sign on street and tent reading in large letters, "STEER MONTANA—LARGEST IN THE WORLD—4,000 LBS. OF BEEF ON THE HOOF—AND ALIVE. JACK GUTH, OWNER."

On the opposite side of the street a more elaborate side show featuring "Can-Can" girls and a famous fan dancer. As the scene opens, the show is going on inside the show tent. The barker stands idle by the ticket stand. There is, however, a platform on which four girls will later dance. At the moment, there are some yells, cheers and calls as well as music heard faintly from the "girl" show tent. All this is heard for a few moments after lights go on.

After a few moments Jack Guth starts off a spiel for his show to a small group of cattlemen and a few boys. Most of the men wander off during Guth's spiel.

In spite of the fact that the Golden Jubilee was held during what was perhaps one of the worst years of the 1930 depression, insistence upon having a "good time" seemed to be the spirit that prevailed. Cowboys were still prominent and attended the convention in numbers, and found ample time to devote themselves to boistrous affairs, including several street fights of a more jovial than a serious nature. There were times when cowboys rode through the swinging doors of a saloon, finding no place to park their horses. The people of Miles City lived up to the occasion, dressed in old-time costumes, with the men growing beards. The streets were cleared of automobiles as the city took on, as nearly as possible, the aspect of the old frontier cowtown of Miles City.

There were many dignitaries involved in the program. Present of course was the president of the Montana Stockgrowers Association of Montana, Mr. Wallis Huidekoper of Two Dot, who presided at the formal meeting, and the secretary, Mr. E. A. Phillips of Helena, who had gained great distinction through his service to the livestock association. Although now retired, he is present at this Diamond Jubilee.

Four members who attended the 1884 convention were also present at the Golden Jubilee, namely:

- 1. E. J. (Eph) Cowles of Woodburn, Oregon*
- 2. W. Craig McDowell of Brandenburg, Montana*
- 3. Frank Robertson of Wilsall, Montana, and*
- 4. J. S. Day of Culbertson, Montana.*

The general chairman of the Golden Jubilee committee was J.

D. Scanlan of Miles City, chairman of the entertainment committee was H. E. Richard, and chairman of the concessions and amusement committee was W. P. Lakin.

Among the many distinguished out-of-state people who attended the fiftieth anniversary was Charles Robinson, Dean of the Livestock Commission of the Chicago livestock yards and a member of the Montana Stockgrowers Association for fifty years. One of the outstanding events of the jubilee was the famous Sioux City mounted patrol of white horses, consisting of thirty-two members who came all the way from Sioux City to Miles City to participate in the convention.

The program arranged for the convention, according to the Miles City Star of May 24, 1934, had many inspirational speeches and addresses given by men, not only those belonging to the Montana Stockgrowers Association, and others residing in Montana, as well as many guests from outside the State. Included among them was Charles E. Collins, Kit Carson, Colorado, president of the American National Cattlemen Association in 1934, who gave an address at one of the official downtown meetings of the Montana Stockgrowers Association.

There were, in a measure, two entertainment programs, one at the fairgrounds, which took place on the twenty-sixth of May, with A. G. Jones acting as master of ceremonies. This program included a chorus of one-hundred fifty school children singing old-time melodies, an address by Mayor Harry E. Riccius of Miles City with a response by Governor Frank G. Cooney of Montana. Following these formal addresses, there were many events on the track, which included old-time roping contests, bareback races on horses and steers, bulldogging and calf branding and drills and maneuvers by horse patrols.

The downtown entertainment seemed to be concered with several baseball games, including one between the State University and Miles City. There was a band concert by the Montana State College Band, Indian dances, a prize fight, and square dances.

There were also many shows by professional and amateur performers under the direction of Miss Teene Ball, averaging several a day, two different shows being played at the same time in the old Strand and Old Opera House. On the last two days of the celebration the shows were performed at the Honky Tonk Theatre.

Two side shows, apparently unofficially a part of the convention program, displayed an enormous Montana steer on one side of the street and a famous fan-dancer's troupe on the other.

Our scene cannot depict all that went on, so with all due respect to the seriousness of the times and of the very fine Golden Jubilee, we will be concerned with two noteworthy, but off-the-program events. These show the jovial spirit and determination of the people

to forget their troubles and worries brought about by the depression tension during the 1930's when not only cattlemen, but nearly everyone else had a difficult time determining how they were going to exist from day to day.

Guth: Step right up folks and see Steer Montana—the biggest shorthorn ever raised. And he's alive. He's tame. He's gentle. You can pet him. You can look him over yourself—see for yourself that I speak the truth. Measure him yourself. He's so big you'll have to stand on a platform to see over him. And in spite of the terrible drought, Steer Montana was raised right here in Southeastern Montana. Shows you what you can do with cattle in this great range country even in bad years. He's 4,000 lbs. of grade A beef, folks, and you can look him over good all for only 25 cents, the fourth part of a dollar. And because I love kids, I'm goin' to make you boys a special offer—10 cents only to see this biggest steer that ever lived.

Kids: We're broke. Let us in for free.

Guth: Sorry, can't do that boys.

Boy: Ah, who wants to see your old steer, anyway.

The boys wander off. The one rancher left, who has been listening to the spiel appears to lose interest and begins to leave.

Guth: Hey fella, wait a minute. I got a deal for you. Because of the drought, because business is a little slow, and because I think every rancher should see for himself this spectacular wonder of the world, I'm going to let you in for only 15 cents—a real bargain for a real rancher. Step right up and take advantage of this big reduction.

Rancher: Well alright, I'll be a sucker for once. (Digs into his pocket and comes up with a dime and five pennies and goes into the tent)

By this time the girl side show is out and many cattlemen and ranchers come out of the side show tent. Guth goes through his spiel again, but nobody pays the slightest attention to him. Many wander off, but many just line up in front of the ticket box to wait for the next show.

Barker: Okay gentlemen, just step right up here. You're going to see the greatest thing Miles City has ever witnessed. You've all heard of the world's greatest dancer, the one and only fan dancer. There is only one because no other woman on the face of the earth has the skill to do what this lady is able to do; yes sire, she can stimulate, excite and thrill an audience of men with a simple thing like a fan, and herself, of course. But gentlemen, before we start out the show, I'm going to give you another sight you'll see at the show, the greatest can can dancers in the country. They'll do a demonstration for you on the platform on the left. Alright girls, get out here.

Four girls come out and do a can can dance for the ever-increasing audience. During the dance a rancher comes out

of the Steer Montana tent and doesn't notice what's going on across the street.

Guth: How did you like it, fella?

Rancher: It's a damned lie. That thing in there ain't human. It's made of rubber or something.

Guth: What do you mean, it's a damned lie? That's a real live steer I raised myself. Didn't you feel it to make sure?

Rancher: No, they don't raise enough grain in the whole state of Montana to fatten any steer so it gets that big.

Guth: Come on in with me, I'll show you whether I'm right or wrong.

In the meantime the four girls have finished their dance and left.

Barker: Alright gentlemen, hold your breath, you've got the biggest surprise of your life coming up.

The flap of the tent opens and out comes a beautiful young lady in a long flowing evening gown with a low neck.

Barker: Alright ladies and gentlemen, here she is, Saundra, the world's famous girl from France, the one and only fan dancer.

She makes some movements with the fan, waving at the men and she comes down the steps into the tent.

Rancher: What was that?

Guth: Ah, that was just that lousey fan dancer over there.

Rancher: Fan dancer!

Guth: Ya, it costs a whole buck to get into see her.

Rancher takes off at a fast pace and joins the line in front of the ticket stand.

Guth: Hey, where you going?

Barker: Alright, gentlemen, step right up here. Get in line and see the greatest girly show in the world for one tiny buck. See the all time great fan dancer, imported from France for this large convention. Step right up.

Jack Guth: (Watches for a moment and murmurs) These darn ranchers have got more interest in fan dancers than they've got in steers. (Tips his hat back and scratches his chin) I wonder what she is like.

He reaches behind the ticket stand and pulls out a sign that reads:

"BE BACK IN AN HOUR" and hurries after the rancher as the scene ends.

EPILOGUE

MILES CITY — 1959

SCENE: All incidents are included in one scene—a more or less abstract view of the Eastern Montana Fair Grounds.

All of the action takes place before the same setting. The audience's attention is directed to various groups by the dialogue and the action, and shifts freely from one to another.

As the lights go up, there are the usual people, young and old, strolling here and there, other individuals are hurrying to unknown destinations, there is carnival music in the background, indicating that there is plenty of action at the fair.

There is a section of parking lot at one side of the scene, with a number of very fine cars, pick ups, station wagons, etc. in evidence.

TIME: May 20, 21, 22, 23, 1959.

Off to one side, sitting on, or leaning against a rail, are three old-timers—Pete, Joe, and Jake.

We now, of course, have a very modern and up-to-date Montana. Transportation is no longer a problem; money is plentiful and people confident and self-assured about the future, particularly when they consider the increasing potentials of the stockgrowers' opportunities. There are still problems such as cattle rustlers, but they are now handled in an entirely different way, as the following excerpt from the Associated Press release in early January of this year tells the story:

"A \$1,000 reward has been paid to a Phillips County rancher, Earl Boyce of Malta, who provided information leading to the arrest and conviction of three cattle thieves.

"It was the first reward paid by the Montana Stockgrowers Association this year.

"Boyce was riding the range when he found the remains of a butchered steer belonging to Rancher Charles McChesney. He notified peace officers."

So, in the final moments of our drama of the growth of the livestock industry during the past seventy-five years, let us look at the future today through the eyes of three old-timers:

Pete: Gad, I never thought I'd live to see this kind of display they've got at this here convention.

Joe: Yep, but then I didn't think I was going to live to be the age I am. Gad—1959. Gosh, I was punching and branding cattle 'round here fifty years ago.

Jake: Ha! me too. Things sure aren't like they used to be.

Pete: That's certain. Look at the branding chute they got over there. That's certainly not like we used to do things.

Joe: Yep, they tell me they're brandin' cattle with chemicals and electricity nowadays instead of with the good old branding iron we used to use.

Pete: Yeah, look at that guy over there. He's a veterinarian. He's punching those calves with needles and squirting juice into them that'll stop all kinds of fancy diseases, I'm told.

Joe: Yeah, they take better care of calves now-a-days than they do kids.

Pete: Ha, ha; that reminds me about a guy whose wife was having a kid during the calving season. He spent all his time out with the cows. His wife complained about his spending more time making sure the calves were getting born all right than he was about his own kid that she was going to have. When his wife complained about this he said, "Hell, woman, you don't seem to realize those calves are pure-breds; why their father is one of the most high-classed bulls in the country.

Other two laugh.

Joe: Gad, there's more truth to that story than there is joke.

Jake: Ha. The kids now-a-days are sure not the timid little youngsters like they was in the old days when they lived on ranches and didn't see other kids and didn't go places except maybe once a year or so. They sure get around and are pretty proud of being ranch kids now-a-days.

Pete: Yeah, in the old days the kids used to be ashamed of the fact that they were kids who lived on a ranch. Now some of them are planning on being ranchers themselves.

Joe: Well, with all the fancy clothes they've got and all the meetings they go to and the homes they live in, I don't see why they shouldn't be proud.

A group of "Future Farmers of America" boys get out of a truck.

Ass't. County Agent: (As the boys start to run off in all directions) All right boys, come on back here.

Boys: (As they come back) Come back? What for? Can't we do something without being told?

Ass'. County Agent: Now listen fellows, before you guys run off to the carnival and shooting gallery, I want everyone of you to go and take a look at all the livestock exhibits. And especially I want you to watch the judging.

A Young Boy: Aw, can't we spend at least a half-hour looking the place over before we go to work?

Ass't County Agent: You can look over the carnival and the shows after the judging is over and not before. Mind you now, I mean what I say.

Boys go over toward the animal exhibit section. A station wagon drives up and a group of "Future Homemakers of America" girls and their chapter advisor step out.

Chapter Advisor: All right girls, be carefull how you behave. Don't get your clothes messed up in any way, and each of you look over all the dresses and good things on exhibit before you do anything else. Betty, I hope your dress wins the blue ribbon. Now run along children.

One Girl: Why does she call us "children" for Heaven's sakes?

Another Girl: She still thinks of us as "city girls" I suppose.

Another Girl: I suppose she doesn't realize how fast you grow up on a ranch.

A GROUP OF 4-H CLUB MEMBERS NOW DRIVES UP

The Leader: (As the boys jump out of the car) All right now fellows, we've come a long ways—clear from Glendive—to spend a day at this convention. Remember now, it isn't all supposed to be fun. We're supposed to learn something too. Everyone be back here by noon.

The boys yell "Okay, fine, we'll be here," as they run of in all directions.

Pete: Ho! Look at that outfit comin' in here. I suppose that's what you'd call a typical ranch family today—a Cadillac, a new kind of a car they call the Thunderbird, and just take a look at the Chevrolet El Camino. Gad, ain't they something.

This family has driven up in the three cars, get out and come out in front.

Jake: I'll bet he's got oil on the seat of his pants or someplace.

Joe: Could be! Could be! But even so it's a real cattleman's family.

Father: All right, before we break up, let's make sure we know what we're going to do and when we'll all meet again.

Eldest Son: I've got to get to the airport if I'm going to get to Denver in time for the high school rodeo tonight.

Father: Well, maybe I'd better drive you out.

Young Son: I'll drive him out in the Thunderbird, dad.

Father: How can you drive him out. You haven't got any driver's license.

Younger Son: Oh yes, I have, dad. Remember, I just passed my examination last week.

Father: That's right, you did. You kids sure grow up fast.

Mother: I don't think you should let him—

Father: Oh, if he's got a driver's license, let him drive. Heaven's sakes, he's got to grow up someday.

Mother: Well, just have it your own way. (The two boys drive off) I've got to go up town and do some shopping if we're going to take that trip to Hawaii for a vacation next month.

Father: Okay, mother; you take the Cadillac, then. See if you can find some clothes for me while you're about it.

Mother: It's chiefly you I'm worried about. You're not going to wear cowboy clothes over in Hawaii.

Father: That's what you think!

Mother: It's what I know, not what I think.

She goes to the Cadillac. As she gets in, the father calls to her:

Father: Be back by 5:30.

Mother: Okay.

She drives off.

One of the Girls: Daddy, when are you going to give us a car?

Father: You'll get a car just as soon as you're old enough to get a driver's license. Now, you go and keep yourselves busy around the fairgrounds. There's plenty of things for you to do. We'll all meet here at 5:30 and will find some place to go to dinner.

Youngest Girl: What about some money, Daddy?

Father: What do you mean—money? Where's that \$400.00 you got for your prize steer?

Youngest Girl: Oh, that's my own money—I can't spend that!

Father: (Pulling out his wallet) Money, money, money. That's all you think about is money. Here's a twenty-dollar bill for each of you. Now go and entertain yourselves at the carnival for a couple of hours.

The girls run back towards the carnival and the father leaves the Chevrolet pickup and walks over to where a new kind of machine is being demonstrated.

Pete: What's that thing that feller is going over to see that's being demonstrated?

Joe: Oh, that's one of the new fangled kind of equipment for building fences. It's called a portable digger whatever that means.

Jake: Yep, I've heard of those things. They tell me one of those can mend more fences in half a day than two old-time cowboys could fix in two days.

The man demonstrating the new fence equipment is pointing out its values through gesticulations.

Joe: Guess I'll join ya. (Also gets off fence).

Pete: Now, that's somethin' I want to see. Guess I'd better look around a bit myself. (Pete gets off the fence).

Jake: Yep, we might as well find out what it's all about around here and quit talking like three no good, old-fashioned old cowhands.

Pete: (As they walk toward the digger) Yep, guess you're right. Times have changed. They even got Montana Cowbells, and by that I don't mean bells that ring on cows.

Jake: Yep. You can't turn time back. We might as well become part of it—old as we are.

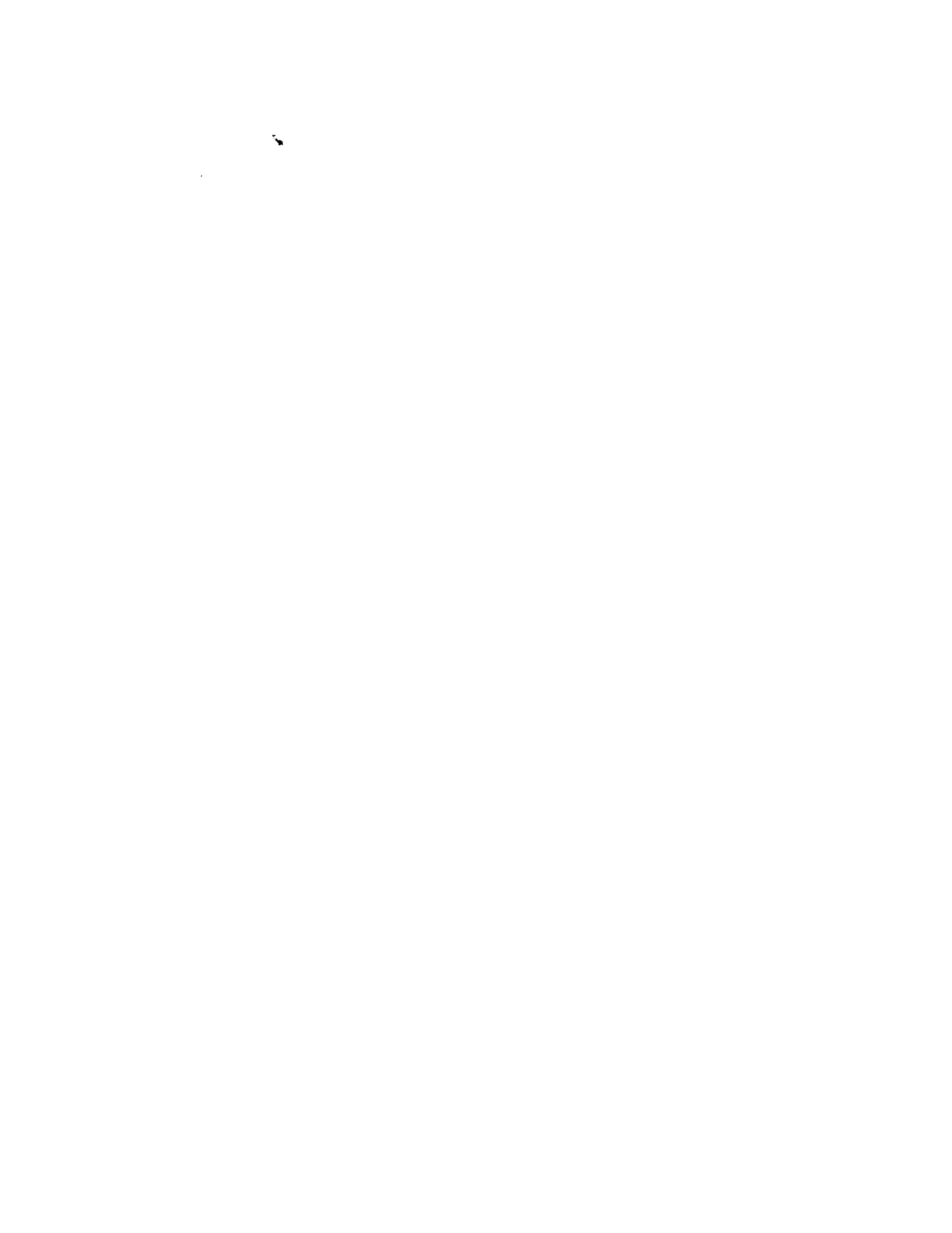
Joe: Yep, you're right. This is sure a new Montana—a cattleman's state now, that's for sure. It's not only a new Montana, but a great Montana—a Montana that's gone a long ways in the seventy-five years since the Montana Stockgrowers Association was organized.

Pete: You sure said a mouthful there, old timer!

Jake: You sure enough did!

The lights dim.

And thus we end the story of another period in history of the Montana Stockgrowers Association. We'll see you again at the Centennial Celebration. Good night, all.



APPENDIX I

"I LIFT MY EYES UNTO THE HILLS"

CHEN-ATS-CHES-MOK

"I LIFT MY EYES UNTO THE HILLS"



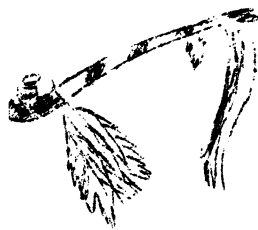
A SALISH INDIAN PAGEANT-DRAMA

BASED ON TRUE STORIES AS

TOLD BY THE OLD FOLKS

JOCKO AGENCY, MONTANA

MAY 31, 1959



CHEN-ATS-CHES-MOK
A PAGEANT-DRAMA BASED ON TRUE
STORIES AS TOLD BY THE SALISH
OLD FOLKS

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The home of the Salish Tribe of Indians was the Bitterroot Valley from time immemorial until the last of them were moved out of the valley by command of General Carrington, acting under directions from Washington, D.C. He ordered the last of the Salish Indians under Chief Charlot to move from their ancestral homes to the Jocko Reservation to the north.

The Lewis and Clark expedition, the first white men to enter the Bitterroot Valley, traders, trappers and missionaries throughout the pioneer years constantly referred to the people of the Salish Tribe as the most peaceful Indians in the Northwest. Those who came to know them intimately found them not only gentle, lovable, with a deep - rooted faith in humanity and in an everlasting life, but lovers of practical jokes. Villages and encampments were often scenes of fun and laughter.

What was true of these Indians of the bygone days is still true today. The descendants of the Bitterroot Salish people are a delightful, community-minded, lovable, gentle people, fond of fun and of meeting together in groups to plan and prepare such affairs as the pageant they are performing here today.

The name "Flathead" is a misnomer. No one

quite knows where it came from. It was given to them by the early settlers for some unknown reason. They are, of course, not Flatheads, or is there any record of their having ever used means or methods, as some tribes did, to flatten their heads. But for some reason, the name has stayed on and is generally accepted as the name of the tribe, rather than their rightful name--The Salish.

SCENE I

BIG MEDICINE

MAIN CHARACTERS: Grizzly Bear Tracks, Medicine Man, Indians, men, women, and children.

NARRATOR: (The Indians move about the stage area during this narration). Religious observances by mankind have been a universal practice since the beginning of history and before, although they have varied with time and place throughout the ages, and still do. Among primitive groups, as now, these observances were generally accepted by most of the people in a given locality, and, almost without exception, ceremonial functions involving worship were created in which all of the people either directly or indirectly participated.

In other words, these religious ceremonies have centered around a place of worship, and under inspired leaders, called the medicine men among the Indians, who were accepted as having, in most cases, more direct contact with a supernatural force than the masses of the people involved in these ceremonial occasions. Today, we, of course, have churches and ministers.

The collective ceremonies of the early Indians of Western Montana, like most

North American Indians, were used often to appeal for help to a supernatural force in times of dire economic need. A particular kind of ceremony of this nature was often used by the Salish on their semi-annual treks to the buffalo country east of the continental divide. If they failed to find buffalo, which were essential to their limited economy, or if they feared an attack by an enemy on these common hunting areas, then they called for the power of the medicine man.

INDIAN: (Indian philosophical voice). A medicine man the old folks tell about was Grizzly Bear Tracks, who one time did not go away with the hunting people--he wasn't feeling so good or something. Anyway, Indians think maybe plenty animals to kill without medicine power. But this was not so. Days and days they see no animals to kill--all get very hungry--boil moccasins for food and things like that. After while they think maybe the Blackfeet kill all animals around about where the Salish are. They begin to fear maybe Blackfeet hiding someplace to kill Salish.

SINGING OF A SOFT, DISCOURAGED SONG AND DANCE. INDIAN CONTINUES AFTER DANCE IS FINISHED.

So some of the folks go back to get Grizzly Bear Tracks to sing medicine song and find out if they should do this or that. When medicine man come, he build fire. When coals come, medicine man look into fire, sing songs to coax wild animals to camp, that the kind of power he got, got it from someplace, don't know just where. The Indian build fire while waiting for Grizzly Bear Tracks. (Dance the Grand Entry Dance when Grizzly Bear Tracks arrives). Then Grizzly Bear Tracks sing--then he look deep into fire--no other Indian can see. (Charcoal lights come up). Him jump up:--

GRIZZLY BEAR TRACKS: (Jumping up and calling in powerful voice). Buffalo hear my song, coming to camp now. But long way off. Will come long after sun comes up about half-way in sky. We have plenty buffalo.

THE YOUNGER INDIANS AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN DANCE WITH JOY, BUT GRIZZLY BEAR TRACKS AND OLDER BRAVES STILL WATCH FIRE.

INDIAN: Older braves watch medicine man. Know he can see many things in fire. Know he can see where enemy is and things like that. (Charcoal lights flare). Soon medicine man start singing wild song--then stops suddenly-like (dancing stops) and hollers

Ioud:

GRIZZLY BEAR TRACKS: See enemy. Come to fight.

They coming when sun comes up. Salish fight
the Blackfeet before buffalo come.

BRAVES DO WAR DANCE.

INDIAN: (After war dance). Because Grizzly Bear

Tracks good medicine man, the Salish chase
away Blackfeet, and when buffalo come, kill
many animals and have much hides and food
for winter. (Lights die down). That's the
way the old folks tell about Grizzly Bear
Tracks, good medicine man for all the
people. This is the end of the story as
the old folks told it and all I got to say.

END OF SCENE

SCENE II
THE MESSAGE

MAIN CHARACTERS: (1) Indian whose wife passed away. (2) Human-like person. (3) Several figures dressed in hides of wolves, coyotes, elk, deer, etc. (4) Something to represent birds, insects, and all.

(The following story was told by Pierre Adams, and interpreted by Pierre Pichette, and concerns the Salish version. Records of very similar stories are handed down in most of the Indian tribes of the Northwest).

TIME: Maybe two hundred years ago or something like that. We don't just exactly know when.

NARRATOR: What we call Indian myths and legends, but what the Indians often call "true stories," have been handed down from one generation to another among the Indians of Western Montana. Of these myths, many are concerned, of course, with the individual's struggle with his soul. One of such, which present-day Salish Indians claim has been commonly accepted for generations as a true story, is a tale which indicates clearly, at least to them, that the Indians had learned of a God in Heaven long before they came in contact with the white man.

FIRST INDIAN: (An Indian-like philosophical voice). (During this narration, the scene will be enacted, as it is told, on the rear area of the stage). Before the Iroquois arrived and before anything was told about Christ to the Salish, there was a married couple--just forgot the name of the man--his wife fell ill, suffered quite a bit, and at last, passed away. This man had quite a sorrow, didn't want to sleep or eat what he had or what his friends brought to him; he just wanted to die not thinking of ever seeing his wife again, or anything like that. He just wanted to be done with, now that she was no longer around.

Well, he got to where he didn't want to talk to those of his tribe who came to see him in his sorrow--didn't want to be among any of his people, so he left the tribe and wandered away. Days and days passed on. He was away on the high mountains on the Rockies somewhere, and during that time such things as animals, beasts, insects, reptiles, tried to offer him medicine power for sickness and this and that, but he did not want anything like that. When he was so weak from days and days of walking without food or water to drink or anything like that.

When he was so weak from days and days of walking without food or water to drink or anything, he laid down and closed his eyes and thought, "Now I am done for--it is all over--I will die." But as he was so spread out there on the ground, a cloud-like light came as if from the sun coming out from behind a cloud. Then into this light came one who had the form of a human being--he couldn't ever remember just what he was like--except that it was a human person, both unlike and like those of his tribe. This person spoke to him like this:

SECOND INDIAN: (Indian voice, but not the same, more like non-Indian. Use something of an echo technique). "My friend, you must get on your feet and go back to the people of your tribe. You must tell them that there is a God in Heaven in the High Sky somewhere who gathers all people before Him when they pass on from this earth. Tell your people to wait and to have faith, as you must wait and have faith, for one day there will come one such as I am, and from him they will learn about a God in Heaven like I said to you about. He will teach them what is evil and good, and give good advice to his children. Grieve no more, but teach your

people what I have said."

FIRST INDIAN: When this strange human finished speaking all this, he began to disappear behind a cloud, and the light that was there faded away and both the light and the man were gone. The animals and the birds and the insects were still and respectful-like, for they had seen all this, too.

Then our tribesman--whose name I just can't remember--got up on his feet, and very easy and in no pain at all walked back to the tribe to tell the folks what he had seen.

When he came back, word spread. The old folks knew something strange happen to him, and when he call group together they all come to see what he have to say.

LONELY MAN: When my woman died, I have much sorrow as you all know. I didn't want to see fellows or anything like that. I leave my fellows, go away to high mountains. I walk and walk; don't know exactly where. I decide sun go down, not care if I see any more suns come and go. Strange things happen like insects and animals offer me medicine power for sickness and this and that. But I not want medicine power or anything like that. Day come when I very

weak. I lay down, close eyes and think. Now I will be happy. I will die. But as I lay there on ground, cloud come with bright light of sun. In middle of this light appear one who has form of man. Just don't remember what he look like. Just can't remember anything, anything at all, except that he was like a man. Both like and unlike folks of this tribe. This man say for me to go back to folks of my tribe. He say gather your people together and tell them this message. He say get up and walk and not be weak anymore. This is a true story. I was much weak, ready to leave this land, and I get up, come back to you. See how strong I am. I get up and walk, feel good, no more sorrow. This man say to me "Tell your people that there is one who sits in the High Places somewhere who gathers all his people before Him when they pass on from this earth. He say for me to come and tell you we must wait and have faith. For one day a man will come like this man. He is a man but dressed like a woman, has a mantle on, but has a black robe, and he is the one that will watch over all folks here. From this person our people will hear about the Great Spirit

in the High Places like this man told me. This one who comes will watch over you my people, and say what is evil and what is good and give much good advice. We must have faith and know this is true. We know now that there is a God in Heaven who waits to take care of his children. The day will come like this man told me when someone will come to teach us, my fellows, about the High Places. He say now I am to teach my fellows what he tell me. He say tell your Indian folks that time will come when even some of them will become man who is to teach all of us like he teach me. When he finish, he go in a cloud with brightness of sun. Everything all gone, go away quick. I am strong. I feel good. The animals and the birds and the insects make no noise and everything was very still for they had seen this, too. I come back to you, my fellows, to tell you what I saw. This I saw and this I felt. I tell it to you like it happened to me. This is end of my story. That's all I got to say.

SECOND INDIAN: After this had happened to him, he had great medicine power, and lived a long, long time, telling his tribe this and that about what had heppened to him. That

is how we came to know about a God in the Heaven even before knowing there was such a thing as a white man, because this true story was known to our people maybe three hundred years ago or something like that. We don't just exactly know when it happened, but we do know it did happen, for it is a true story handed down by the old folks.

A DANCE FOLLOWS AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE TYPE OF DANCE THEY WOULD HAVE HONORING A NEWLY ELECTED MEDICINE MAN.

SCENE III
SACRED TEPEE

A TEPEE IS LEFT OF CENTER IN FRONT OF MOUNTAIN. DOOR TO TEPEE IS IN BACK AND FRONT OF TEPEE IN OPEN.

TIME: SOMETIME ABOUT 1800.

ADAPTED FROM THE STORY AS RELATED BY PIERRE PICHETTE OF THE FLATHEAD INDIAN TRIBE ON APRIL 16, 1947. IT IS, HOWEVER, A WELL KNOWN TRUE STORY AMONG ALL THE SALISH.

CHARACTERS: Indian father; Indian mother; Indian girl, "Little Mary," about nine years old; Virgin Mary, Indian woman; and Indian child, baby of Virgin Mary.

NARRATOR: "It is believed that some of the Iroquois Indians who settled in Western Montana were with David Thompson. We do know that many were brought to Western Montana by the Hudson's Bay Company later to teach our Indians how to better handle the furs and hides for commercial purposes. In about 1818, several Iroquois moved into the Bitterroot Valley and became closely affiliated with the Salish. Their influence may have lead to the following legend of "Little Mary.""

(While he speaks, the Indian mother and father sit with bowed heads in great grief.

Little Mary is on her back on a bower of evergreens, with robes under her and on her).

INDIAN: "I will now tell you about what the old folks say is a true story of Little Mary's vision. It was told to me by the old fellows. Just as I was told it, I will tell it to you.

This what I tell you about what happened before the paleface arrived at Stevensville in the Bitterroot Valley, and in a way there were some Iroquois from back east somewhere, a few of them--I can't say how many of them--a few of them arrived in the Bitterroot Valley and lived amongst the Salish. Before they came, the Salish didn't have no belief of the Catholic religion at all, never heard nothing about it. All they knew was that true story I told you about "man from Heaven" who said there was a God in the High Sky somewhere. Well, when the Iroquois arrived long ago and visited the tribe, they stayed there quite a while. The Iroquois already familiar with this Christian religion because I guess they were taught somewhere back East by the black robes. Anyway, they know quite a bit about it all, so they seemed to talk and told the Salish Tribe what they know about this and that, and the tribe was

very much interested in what had been told them about the God in Heaven religion. Even the Iroquois taught our Indians how to pray, make the sign of the cross, and this and that. The Salish were taught to say a few prayers the Iroquois knew how, to sing some songs and the like, that's how come our people believe the Catholic religion. Their faith got to be pretty strong in the belief of God. Many of our tribe were baptized by the Iroquois Indians.

It was then that there was a little girl about nine years old--between nine and ten--that was baptized. She was of the Salish Tribe. Her baptismal name was given to her as Mary." (Light comes up on Little Mary in tepee a bit).

"This little girl and her parents were living, the three of them, together in their own tepee. In those days, no houses at all, Indians living in tepees, that's all. Then after Little Mary was baptized, later on she fell ill, and it seemed like she wouldn't recover ever. Her folks were very sad sitting there. Then, while Little Mary is on the bed and the old folks sat with heads lowered, (spotlight before we see Virgin Mary) there came a strange light into the room, and Little Mary

suddenly sat up, looking not sick but kind of well, and as she looked at this strange light there stepped into it all at once a lady who stood right by Little Mary's bed. And this lady had in her arms a beautiful child, an infant that was kind of shining bright and gave more brightness to the tepee. Later on, Little Mary said the lady talked to her something like this:"

VIRGIN MARY: (Gentle and soft voice). "Mary, I am coming after you soon, and I want you to be with me later where I came from. This little child I am holding in my arms is my son which is called the Son of God. I am the mother of the child and the Blessed Virgin. I am going to tell you, Mary, just where you are laying now, suffering, is the spot where you will die, and right where you are lying is the spot where your grave is to be. Later on, the time will come when a house will be built over your grave. Then this house is called the House of God, which is meant the Church, and will be called St. Mary's . . ."

INDIAN: And when this had happened, the Blessed Virgin disappeared. (Some of the bright light passes on to Little Mary). Well, right after this the folks looked up and found a great change in Little Mary. She

was sitting up and smiling and looking very bright. Her folks were very surprised at seeing her so. The father said to her:

INDIAN FATHER: (New Indian voice). What has happened to you, Mary? You look quite well.

LITTLE MARY: (Girl's voice). Didn't you see one just enter our tepee that was wearing a dress?

INDIAN FATHER: No, we didn't see anyone at all.

LITTLE MARY: Well, a lady with a baby in her arms came and stood right by my bed, and told me some things that make me very happy.

THE TEPEE IS TAKEN DOWN AND THE BOUGHS ARE LIFTED FROM MARY'S BED, AND NOW IT HAS BECOME A GRAVE WITH A CROSS, WITH MANY BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS ON IT. MANY INDIANS STAND AROUND DURING THE NARRATION WITH BOWED HEADS.

INDIAN: Mary told many of her people of what had happened and the Indian folks believed her. In a way they came to worship her because she was so kind and sweet and very beautiful in a strange unearthlike way. It seemed as if a light must have been burning within her. Many times she would just sit and look at the mountains, especially St. Mary's Mountain, as if she had already passed on into Heaven, or something like that. Folks would come and watch her, silent, in a sort of awe. Kindness

and gentleness came inside those who watched, and they became a better people because she had been among them.

But in a short time Little Mary passed on and Indians made this grave for her just on the spot where Little Mary had seen the Virgin Mary.

THE INDIANS NOW SING FAREWELL TO NIGHT SONG AND DANCE THE SALISH GRACE DANCE.

NARRATOR: The old fellows all say this did happen.

They didn't say how many years later it was that the church was built at Stevensville, except that it was around something like five years. But they did know for sure that the church was built on the spot where Little Mary had died. This was what was told to us by the old folks, and it is the end of the story.

SCENE IV

HORSE LAUGHS

NARRATOR: The Great Spirit put many strange and wonderful things into life of Indian. Many things happy and many things sad. I tell you now of happy things which bring good feeling and laughter into life of Indian. Long time ago when first palefaces come to our country they bring strange big animals which we call now, horses. Horse was fine, strong beast which could give men long day's travel without becoming tired. Horse was also strong enough to carry large burden for long distance without stopping.

How did Salish Indians first find horses? I will tell you old, true story. Long time ago party of Salish braves travel far south from here, when they come upon Shoshone Indian camp. From far away they see smoke from small fires in camp, and when they come closer they see people and strange animals, which they never see before, moving among people. At first they look at peculiar creatures from far away, and then move closer to see better.

They wonder among themselves: "What are these big animals which Shoshones jump onto and ride, and sometimes move fast as

wind?" "Could not be elk. Elk would not let Indian jump on back." "Could not be dog." "Dog lay down when Indian sit on back." "But animal look like big dog!" "Yes, strange creature is new kind of 'big dog!'

After much watching and thinking, Salish braves decide to steal 'big dogs' from Shoshones; also plan to capture Shoshone woman to tell them how to use 'big dogs' like Shoshone do.

Salish braves then steal 'big dog', and capture Shoshone woman. Woman tells that strange animals are stolen by Shoshones from Indians further south. She say that 'big dogs' could carry much heavy load on travois and could carry person long way to make travel easier on hunting parties and such.

After long travel leading stolen 'big dogs' and captured woman, Salish braves arrive home again. Other members of tribe gather and are much excited and afraid when they see strange 'big dogs'. When chief is told 'big dogs' will carry men, he ask for volunteer to ride strange creature. Medicine man agree to ride. In his tent he put on medicine sack and begin to sing medicine song as he prepare himself to ride.

Meanwhile captive Shoshone woman hold one 'big dog' in center of big circle formed by fearful crowd of Salish. Soon medicine man comes from tent singing medicine song as he walk through crowd and up to 'big dog'. People watching think medicine man very brave. Much afraid, medicine man circle 'big dog' four times. With much weak feeling in knees, medicine man stop singing and climb onto 'big dog'. Then he raise his head looking for other 'big dogs' and from his mouth comes strange, shrill, terrifying whinney sound. Brave medicine man not know what to think for brief time, and sit still like he made from stone, but soon he cry out in terror, jump from 'big dog', and run like frightened rabbit through fearful crowd and back to medicine tent.

Not long after medicine man and big-dog incident, Salish men and women learn to ride horses well, and learn how to pack the horses with large burdens.

Perhaps you wonder how the Indian got more horses after he learn what they are and how to use them. When palefaces came to our country to hunt our animals and to trap our creatures of nature they bring horses which they trade for fur and food

and shelter. Trading goes on for long time, and then more palefaces come to our country who do not trade horses. Funny Indian story goes with "how to get horses without trading!" When Indian no trade for horse he steal horse! Yes, he steal horse from paleface, but he not kill or hurt paleface. He only laught and make big joke of paleface, who, without horse, now travel like Indian before Indian have horse.

Sometimes when paleface made camp and went sound to sleep, Indians would quietly slip into his camp with old pair of worn-out moccasins. Indian would tie old moccasins to bush or tree, and steal away in darkness with paleface's horses. When paleface awake he find moccasins hanging on bush telling Indian message: "I have walked until my moccasins are all worn out, and now I will ride home and you can take my old moccasins and walk in search of more horses."

Paleface see moccasins and have funny look on face, and say funny things about sound sleep he had. Long distance away now, Indians looks at horses and laughs. Paleface gain sleep which Indian lose, but Indian gain horse which paleface lose!

Once was a hunting party camped at evening. Indian scout comes riding in with news of white men camped not far away.

(DANCE)

All Indians very happy and sleep with plans to wake up early and steal palefaces horses. Night go by and before sun come up, one Indian begin to wake up others.

(DANCE)

Soon Indians ride off with old worn-out moccasins. Before long they ride into hunting camp again with new horses, and good news of successful stealing.

(DANCE)

Every Indian happy for success of braves, and all join in fun of celebrating.

(DANCE)

This is end of Indian game of stealing horses without hurting or killing paleface. In time of war with other tribes, most respected braves in Salish tribe were those who could fight best. In time of peace, most respected braves in tribe were those who could steal horses without killing palefaces. So come to end true stories of 'big dogs' and worn-out moccasins. The Great Spirit put some strange and wonderful things into life of Indian. Many things sad, and many things happy.

(End of Scene)

SCENE V

CHEN-ATS-CHES-MOK

"I LIFT MY EYES UNTO THE HILLS"

NARRATOR: While most legends and true stories date back into the years before the coming of the white man, they still occur today as in the past. One example of a tale which will become a legend is the experience a fine, gentle, lovable and intelligent Indian, Pierre Pichette, had in the winter of 1943-1944. That Pierre Pichette believed with his whole soul that the story he told often and to many people of his tribe was a true story of an actual experience, rather than a dream, is generally accepted by those who knew him. This is true because he had a certain mystic quality and deep sincerity and perhaps insight and closer touch with unreality than most, for he had been blind from the time he was a youth until the following experiences in his middle seventies.

Pierre lived alone much of the time in a wooden hut in the mountains, some fifteen miles southeast of Arlee. During the late winter of 1944 Pierre was living alone and developed a severe case of pneumonia. One of his neighbors chanced by, dropped in to visit him after he had become ill and discovered

his sickness. He went back to Arlee where he called the Mission, who sent an ambulance and took him to the Mission Hospital. Word spread of this and many thought, considering his age and the severity of the illness, that he would pass on. However, in five days he was well again and on the sixth day he returned to his home.

Word spread rapidly that he had recovered and returned, and many Indians gathered at his home to visit and to find out what happened that caused him to become well so completely and so soon. One of the Indians said to him, "Pierre, we have been very worried about how ill you have been with pneumonia. No one of us really expected you to live, and yet you did live and recover so completely in such a short time. We all feel that from now on someone must live with you in order that if you become ill again, you will not have to stay by yourself, with nobody knowing about your being ill. You must also realize this and make sure someone is here because you know as well as we know that you might well have passed on because no one was around in the early days of your illness.

PICHETTE: (With a soft laugh). Excuse me for

laughing a little when you say I might have died a while ago when I was ill here in my bed. It is true that I had been here several days by myself, without food, and that I was a little weak. But I was in no way what you might call delirious. I had no high fever or anything like that, not out of my mind anyway. So there is no mistake about what happened to me being a true story. (The scene is enacted on the mountain as Pierre tells it). So the truth is, I was alone here--quite ill, but in no way out of my head or anything like that. So I was lying here just sort of thinking, when all of a sudden I saw a light come into the room. First I didn't think so much of it, but then I came to know I hadn't seen anything--a light or anything else--since I was a boy about seventeen or thereabouts. Well, while I was thinking about this, there came a man who walked right into the light and stood there. I can't tell you just what he was like--just can't remember nothing about how he looked, except he was like a man. Well, sir, I said to myself, it is someone from the High Sky somewhere, and when he said to me, "You must come with me, Pierre," I knew then that I was right. I was a little frightened in a way, I suppose,

like all are when they feel they are about to die. But this man came over to me and blew on me--right on my shoulder. The breath penetrated my body--and I was no longer frightened.

The man-like person took me by the arm and lead me out-of-doors. I was seeing better now, and I didn't remember that everything was so nice to see--everything seems to have beautiful colors and there was music--soft and beautiful, like you hear sometimes in church from an organ . . .

Well, we walked on and on, until we came to a high mountain, and this strange person, who I can't remember just what he looked like, lead me up this steep mountain by a path that was there. All the time we were going along there was this music and colors. And there were many kinds of animals and birds and butterflies just standing by the path or in the trees or just playing around, watching us all the time. We didn't say nothing, just walked along, but I heard the music as getting more beautiful and the light seemed to be in colors now . . .

Pretty soon I could see we were near to the top, and then I saw it was a cliff we were on. From down below now, clouds

of colored light and the music became stronger and stronger. I just stood there for some time, listening and seeing. (There is music for about a minute). Then I said to this strange person who was like a human, though I just can't remember what he was like, I said: "This is Heaven, at last you have brought me to Heaven."

Then the person spoke to me like this: "Pierre, you have long been a good servant of God and of mankind. This that you see is Heaven, where someday you will come for your reward. But now is not the time. There is still much you must do to teach people kindness towards each other, no hatred of races or things like that, no wars any more, and no mean things. All people must join together in love, for no matter what color we are and the like, we are all under the care and will of One. When things are better on earth, then I will come for you again, and you will enter the Heaven you have seen for "as long as the sun shines." But now I must take you back, not only to your people, but to all the peoples of the world.

So after he said this, the lights started to fade-like, and the music changed not so exciting as it was, more

soft and full of hope and love. (Dialogue goes to Pierre on bed, and the Pierre and stranger on mountainside vanish behind mountain). Soon I am on my bed and that day from the Mission Hospital they came for me. But I was only in the hospital six days, as you know, and, of course, all the time I knew I would not die, and that is why I laughed a little when I know this that I saw was a true thing. And so, my friend, you, like others, must work together with all people and all faiths toward one goal, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

NARRATOR: Thus we complete our dramatized version of the true stories and legends as told to us by the old folks. Good night all.