We arrived at about 10 o'clock in the morning to find that on this last day of the ceremony there were many more people about. By now there were about seventy tents in the circle, and perhaps 350 people about the place. A good many from the Sweet Grass Reserve had not pitched a tent there but were in attendance anyway. There were many more cars than there had
been the day before, and in the mile from the main road we met three or four cars. There were perhaps a dozen horses around the encampment, but I noticed only one working team and that was driven by Solomon Pooyak.

The visitors were in many kinds of attire. Quite popular was the western cowboy hat and boots for men. But some of the men were in regular business suits, complete with ties, and others, indeed the majority, had on sport shirts and slacks or jeans. The old women were quite uniformly dressed in the baggy kind of full-skirted house dress which women used to wear, and all wore kerchiefs over their heads and I believe that a few had beaded belts, although I'm not sure on this point. The old-fashioned shawl is still much in evidence among the older women. The younger women were dressed in capris and blouses or in frocks, while the girls, as I noted before, were dressed either in party dresses or in play clothes. The little boys were in T-shirts and jeans, although a few were dressed up in children's version of the cowboy costume. I was especially struck by the fact that a good many of the younger children were either quite blond or absolutely blond. It looks as though in the past generation there has been more interbreeding between Indians and whites than there was before, at least so it seems in the look of this youngest generation. There was even a baby carriage or a stroller built for twins in which twins were being carried around the Sundance encampment.

On the Sundance lodge there were many more cloth offerings than there had been before and the rafters were festooned with them. Some of the tents had cloths flapping in the breeze right next to the tent, and from the Thunderbird's nest there were many cloths. On this last day, there were quite a number of dancers, more than there had been the day before. I noticed one youngish man with face paint, although I think he was the only one whose face was painted somewhat in the old style. The dancers too were in a variety of costumes, the young women in quite elaborate beaded garments and the older ones in their best dresses. I noted that Mrs. Sam Fine Day had put on a kind of taffeta outer dress over the sort of drab brown dress that she had been wearing before she began dancing. The men were also dressed in the same variety of costumes -- a few with some kind of beaded ornaments on, but one man who was dancing next to the giver of this Sundance, Philip Favel, was in a regular business suit with new shoes and a white shirt and tie. He also was wearing a regular fedora hat, although not while he was dancing. It was this man who told me and I got a bit of recording of it, that the reason why photographing the ceremony had been prohibited was because the white people were making fun of it and to the Indians it was a sacred occasion.

Philip Favel was dancing to the right of the altar, and since the back tent cover was lifted off to let the breeze go through I sat and talked with him for a while. I showed him the pictures I had taken of the Sundance in 1935 and he told me that he was much in favor of having pictures taken because it would give a record of what we had accomplished here this time.
Otherwise, he said, these old people would not be remembered and when it's our time to pass on we too would not be remembered. But if the people who are now children can have these pictures, they will remember us. After much palaver with Fox and with others, Favel persuaded them to allow me to take pictures and I did. I also made recordings, that is, Michael ran the recording machine.

Favel was dancing next to the main altar, which, as far as I could see, was quite in the form in which I recorded it. There was a buffalo skull with sweetgrass about it and ashes in the eye sockets. A square pit had been excavated about two inches deep and about two feet on each side in front of the skull, and there was a peg in each corner and a willow peg in the middle. There were also four crooks, two on each side of the buffalo skull, each about four inches high with feathers attached to them. I did not attempt to go into any of the meaning of the ceremony or the details of the ritual at this time.

Favel was all the more insistent on my being able to take pictures because as he said, "We have got to do this ceremony right. It must be done exactly the way in which the old people did it." He asked me also whether I could see any changes. He wanted me to pass judgment on whether they were doing the ceremony properly.

I did notice some things which I don't recall from my previous observations of the ceremony. For example, at several intervals on this last day, people brought infants and small children into the Sundance lodge lined up to the south of the centre pole, and danced for a bit, sometimes with some of the dancers coming out from behind their enclosures and dancing beside them. Then one of the two old and blind men who were in attendance at the ceremony and who were sitting in front of the altar and in front of the partition to the north in the place of honor, came forward and would, as I gather, bless the children. All the blessings and prayers were in the same reverential tone and all went on for a very long time.

Another bit which I'm not sure that I had seen before occurred when a woman brought in a bough with currency bills attached to it. I presumed that this was part of the give-away which took place at about 2 p.m. At that time a great heap of clothing had been piled up to the south of the centre pole. I did not see when it was brought in, but I presumed that it was brought in with attendant speeches. There was also a shotgun or rifle and three suitcases in the pile. Then at about 2 o'clock, Archie Fine Day and several other men of mature age began giving the stuff away. They would select an armful of goods which might include a dress -- I noticed one fleece-lined winter coat or makinah and slacks and so on -- and distribute it to the people who were sitting outside. After all was given away the old man who was one of the officials of the ceremony, perhaps the main server, or probably the crier, holding a blanket and shirt and several other things under his arm, made a speech which I took to be a work of thanks to the donors made in behalf of all who had received.
This day there were several anthropologists in attendance. There was Zenon Pohorecky together with Duane, a physical anthropologist whose last name escapes me at the moment. There was also the graduate student who had worked in India whom I had met last winter and a woman graduate student. Bob Edwards, his wife and children were also there. Bob Edwards introduced me to Ernest Tutusis who is a man perhaps in his late fifties and apparently quite ill. He is married to a white woman whom he addresses as "Mom". His English is excellent and on seeing the photograph of old Masqua he told me the story of how Masqua had cured his brother. The story went that his brother, when a youngster, had taken very ill and it looked as though he were on the point of death with his eyes a yellowish color and his face bloodless. His father hitched up a buggy, called a democrat, and got the town doctor. The doctor came and said immediately that the boy's appendix had burst and unless he was operated on immediately in the hospital he would die. After the doctor left the father said, "What does that doctor mean by saying my boy will die. The white man doesn't own life. It is the great spirit that owns life." He then went over to get Masqua and told him how ill the boy was.

Masqua considered for a moment and then said, "All right, I'll go." He then prayed and asked the spirit, "Let the boy live at least until I get there. I may not be able to do any good, but at least let me see him." When he got to where the boy was, he looked him over and said, "Well, maybe I can do something." He had a mink hide and out of that mink hide he took a shell and put the shell in the fire. When the shell was very hot he took it out -- it was so hot it burned his hands -- and he blew it and blew it into the boy. Then began praying and after a while he called for a bowl. He sucked at the boy's abdomen and sucked out a hole and spit into the bowl a whole bowlful of pus and matter (note that this is in the regular Midewiwin procedure). He still had to get the shell back into the case and suddenly he gave a loud grunt and beat his hands flat on the ground. Ernest said that he and the other children had been sent out to the creek to get them out of the way, but his mother said that when Masqua did that the earth trembled and she saw sparks fly upward from the fire. Then he took the shell out of his own side and put it back in the hide. He said, "I think this boy is going to be all right. He'll sleep now and when he gets up he will be hungry and will ask for something to eat. I'm sure he's going to be all right, he will live to see his grandchildren." And then Ernest said, "And my brother is living, and he has grandchildren."

We left the campground about 2:30. The dance was to end at 4:00 and there was to be a powwow at the ball grounds later in the evening. At the time we left there were ten or twelve women dancers and nearly the same number of men dancers. As I was talking to Philip Pavel I could see the men dancers either lying down and trying to sleep and forget about their thirst and hunger or busy at preparing willow wands on which to put cloth offerings. Even as late at 2 o'clock in the afternoon
more cloth offerings were being brought in to be given to the spirits.

I did not inquire about whether any of the participants had dream visions which were used in any way in the ceremony. I was impressed by two main points about the staging of the ceremony in 1966. One is the way in which an event of this kind serves the feeling of identity for these people. Secondly, I noticed how much this was a total religious experience so that there was something for all ages. The young men could ride around and have a great time on the horses and in the tent, the old men could have a religious experience. Those who needed an aesthetic experience could get it there, while those who needed an ascetic experience could also get it there. There was something for most ages and most personalities.

This is the end of the observations of July 10, 1966.

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