Michael and I arrived at the encampment about 10 o'clock in the morning to find the lodge fully completed, as it had not been the day before and the dance in full progress. The lodge was perhaps a bit smaller than those I had seen in earlier years, but it was decorated in the same style and the structure was exactly the same. From the Thunderbird's nest at the centre
pole, there hung a great many cloth lengths in the traditional fashion. Some were tied around the pole itself, others were attached to willow sticks and tied to the Thunderbird’s nest. There were other cloths tied to the rafters. Poplar boughs were laid across the sides, or on the sides for shade. Just behind the altar there was a tent cover. The dancers lay and stood behind a partition also covered with poplar boughs. The singers were in the northeast part of the enclosure, the women spectators in the southeast, the giver of the ceremony and the ceremonial pipes in the northwest part, and the men spectators in the southwest part.

As each new set of songs was begun a song leader took up the tamborine drum, usually kneeling a bit higher than the other singers who were sitting on the ground, and he started off with a few preliminary drum beats and sang through a set of songs, each set of singers going for about twenty minutes. With the first drum beats, some of the singers stand up from behind the partition and flex their knees rhythmically to the beat of the drum at the same time blowing eagle bone whistles which they continually sound in time with the beat of the drum. The whistles are decorated with ribbons and ribbon streamers, they are about five inches long. There are about ten women dancers and five men dancers. Not all danced at any one time, since some are resting and all are supposed to be fasting while they are dancing. Some of the younger women are dressed in the kind of costume which has become traditional here for Indian women's dress. That is beaded cape, beaded headband, and full skirt. One of the women has a dress covered with sequins. In the traditional way they clasp their hands before them and bob up and down in time to the music. Their eyes are fixed on the centre pole and they look in no other direction. The men dancers are not so elaborately dressed. They have a few feathers attached to them, but I did not get a good look at the men. The women dancers range in age from well over seventy, as Mrs. John Fine Day is, to quite a young girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen.

While the dance is going on men come and go and women also. The older women joined in the singing. As each respected guest comes into the enclosure, the server prepares a pipe for him, brings it to him, and lights it for him. He then offers it in the usual fashion and then smokes it. Then the pipe, in some cases at any rate, is passed around to the rest of the men spectators.

Children wander in and out. The girls especially are dressed up for the occasion. The girls' dresses range from quite elaborate party frocks of voile and bows to pleated jumpers of the kind which are sold at Penney's to capri pants and blouses. The younger children, those two and three, are in the laps of their elders, often with a grandparent. I noticed especially one blind old woman holding a very fair child of about two in her lap for quite a long time. I note this time that there are many more fair children about than there used to be. A number of them in fact are quite indistinguishable from children without any Indian ancestry at all. Several of the old men had
grandchildren with them and Pones (I'm not sure whether this is the son of a Pones I knew) brought a completely fair little girl of about four with him and she was obviously very fond of him, wandering away and then rushing back to hold him, and cling to him and throw her arms around him.

The general attitude is of reverence but not of solemnity. Within the enclosure and among the men who were sitting about fifteen feet outside it looking in, there are hushed tones and no one speaks very loudly. However, wisecracks are freely made. I noted at one time particularly at the end of a dance and song set Fox said something which everybody laughed at. Apparently he said something about having taken a dose of salts and they hadn't worked yet. Among the men sitting outside the enclosure, there is a good deal of joshing, as one man came up and greeted the younger Tutosis he was answered with the comment, "Well, I thought it was Bob Hope."

Not long after we arrived I indicated that I'd like to give the gifts of the three cloths and the tobacco that I had brought with me. At a break in the singing Fox took me in, was holding the offerings, and I was on his right and one of the older men was on my right. He made quite a long speech expressing his gratitude about it, praying for the health and welfare of my family. Then one by one I gave the cloths to the other man who tied them in various parts of the lodge -- one over the rafter to the south for the spirits in that direction, one on the centre pole, another in back of the altar.

During much of the morning I talked with Archie Fine Day, who was about twenty when I was here in 1935. He is one of the dancers in a picture I took at the Poundmaker Reserve in 1935. He says that it's much better to dance than to fast in one's tent. Somehow, getting up to dance has a revivifying effect on the dancers and they can go on, whereas if they try to fast and go thirsty for the same length of time in their tents, they couldn't do it.

In the afternoon I talked with Tutosis who was about six in 1935 as he told me. He is a carpenter and has worked on construction jobs in the United States, especially in California, and reeled off a long list of places in California where he had worked. He is married and living in Edmonton. His wife is studying at the university there to be a physical education teacher. She apparently is not Indian. He said that he didn't mind living on the reserve, but he couldn't make enough money here. The impression I get is that there is a much higher level of income on the reserve than there was before, although I am not sure how the income of the Indians compares with that of the surrounding whites. From the housing alone, it would seem to be considerably lower. However, of the people at the encampment, a great many had cars. There were about fifty tents, and about 250 people gathered there. Many of the people at the Sweet Grass Reserve had not pitched their tents there, but were attending. On Sunday evening there is to be a powwow, which is to say, a social dance gathering with Indian dances presumably in the traditional model, but actually taken from
the kind of thing that goes on at the Calgary stampede.

At intervals during the day a number of boys and very young men rode around the encampment on horses in a line abreast singing songs.

During the day there were two groups of visitors, cars of people in the neighborhood. On our way out we met Mrs. Waters bringing in several people to see the dance. She told me later on the phone that she had taken some pictures there. On the way in also we met Bob Edwards and in Battleford noticed Zenon driving to the dance.