Not-Afraid-of-Longhairs had counseled with his people for several days, and the results were requests for modifications of the bill: (1) The Osages wanted more land; (2) They wanted assurance from the United States that they would be protected from trespassers in the new reservation, in the form of a formal treaty; (3) They wanted the control of part of their funds by the chieftains; (4) They wanted to hold their land in community until they should request a change; (5) They wanted acreage equal to the number of acres which the state of Kansas had held for school purposes, and they asked the United States to buy this acreage for them; (6) They wanted the right to hunt buffalo on the plains beyond the western limits of their reservation; and (7) They wanted permission to send delegates to Washington to talk in their own behalf.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs approved the request to hunt buffalo on the plains and the request that they be permitted to send delegations to Washington when they had the funds. He thought that the request that they be compensated for the sections 16 and 36 which they turned over to Kansas for school purposes should be granted. The most important request of all was number 4, which was granted, this having to do with holding of their land in community until they might request a change. Not-Afraid-of-Longhairs stood up in council under an elm on Drum Creek in September, 1870, and spoke for his people for the signing of a paper which the government wanted signed, a paper which the impatient committee under orders must urge them to sign; and with the expectant trespassers waiting in a circle about the council, they turned over to the government their lands in Kansas. Now they would ask a gift in exchange. They did not want their new reservation owned in severalty; they wanted to own it in common. Surrounded by Heavy Eyebrows, they, like their Sacred One, grew smaller, and they must stay together.

Apparently they needed no Heavy Eyebrows advisers. Holding their land in common would later make their name known all over North America.

After the signing of the paper, the women sobbed their mourning songs every morning for days. They must leave the graves of their fathers and their children for the third time.

52. Blackjacks and Prairie

About forty trespasser families had decided to build a town near the agency on the Verdigris as early as 1869, a year before the reservation was sold by the Osages to the United States government. They found so few trees with which to build their houses that they were compelled to thatch their roofs with bluestem and other grasses. The Little Ones had called this village Hay-House-Town. These people had organized a county and called it Montgomery, with an attitude of vain impudence. They were very eager about the Little Ones' approving the removal legislation, and before the legislation was approved, they became genial, as the intruders did all over the diminished reservation during this time of uncertainty. However, as soon as the Little Ones signed the bill, many of them returned to their old attitude of belligerence and arrogance.

It was different with these people who built lodges with grass, say the Little Osages who had their village just north of Hay-House-Town. While like all the others they had little time in their struggle with the prairie during the establishment of homes to have an academic interest in the Little Ones, especially since the very existence of the Little Ones was an obstacle, there must have been some sort of *rapprochement* with some of the Osage bands. A week after the removal bill had been signed and before the Little Ones went on their winter buffalo hunt, never to return to Kansas to live, fifty warriors went to Hay-House-Town, and in the very middle of the little

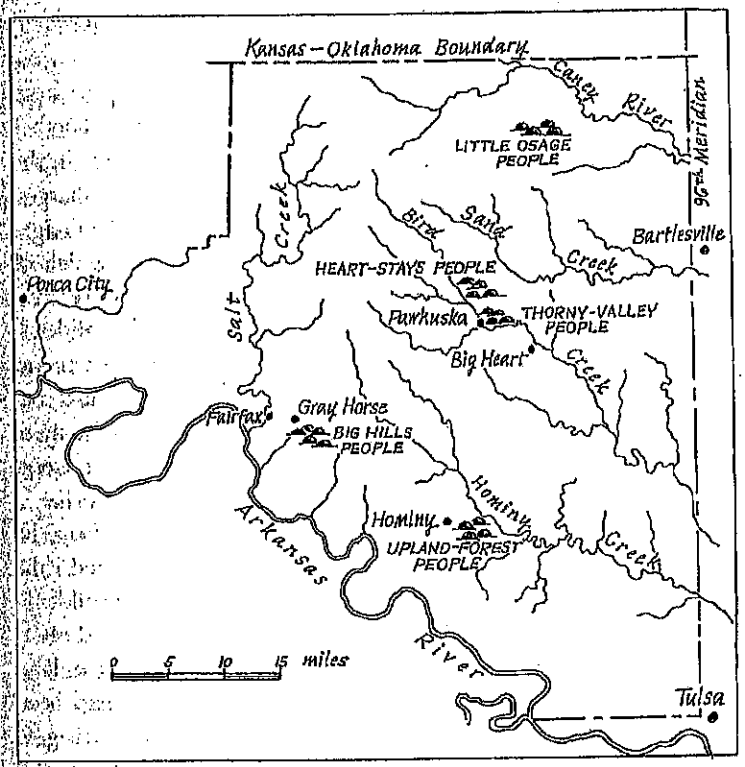
village began to change to their dance clothing and to paint their faces.

They danced. Possibly one of the social dances, apparently as a gesture of farewell. As the people of the town watched, they must have begun already to have a feeling of nostalgia which couldn't possibly have a logical basis. Possibly in their great relief in the knowledge that they would never see the Little Ones again, they might have been filled with well-being and generosity.

This was much the way Agent Gibson felt after the Little Ones had left Kansas on their winter hunt after the signing of the removal bill. His feeling of relief would have a different basis, however. He would have a clean slate, upon which the Friends would help the Little Ones write their future history. His first report to Superintendent Enoch Hoag, October 1, 1870, was very long, and he wrote with *élan*. The staid, conservative, practical Friend became almost poetic, and because he was so intent on the welfare of his Osages and so hopeful for them he did in several paragraphs in the report allow the mustang of fancy to get the bit in his teeth.

He wanted to be sure that Superintendent Hoag really appreciated the Osages. "Physically," he wrote, "the Osages are strong in constitution. The men are large and erect, the women strong and healthy, the children bright and active."

He wrote that there were about 250 mixed-bloods. He had learned courtesy from his charges and now did not refer to mixed-bloods as "half-breeds." He said the full-blood Osages were divided into seven bands. This was sufficient evidence that the old organization of the Little Old Men was breaking up. Of the original five physical divisions originating in the great flood—the Big Hills, the Upland-Forest, the Thorny-Valley, the Down-Below People (the Little Osages), and the Heart-Stays People—the Upland-Forest People had been split at the death of *Gra-Mo'n*, Arrow-Going-Home, and there was now a Black Dog band and a Claremore band of the Upland-Forest, and Gibson had unofficially added, for convenience in signing the bill, an apocryphal band, the mixed-bloods, but here he was still calling them the "Half-Breed band." He mentioned the Beaver gens of the Thorny-Valley People as "the Beaver band."



LAST OSAGE RESERVATION, NOW OSAGE COUNTY, OKLAHOMA

In his report he described the lodges, and they seem to have changed very little in three hundred years. He wrote that the frame was still of poles and that they used buffalo robes and "matting made of flags," which was the original cattail. All that had been added were puncheons. Possibly these were used at the bottom of the lodges.

He was heartsick over the thought of the manual labor the Osages performed in preparing for their hunts and in their preparation of hides and the making of horn spoons and bows and arrows and the repeated labor of moving camp four times a year: from the prairie-woodlands to the plains twice and from the plains to the prairie-woodlands twice. Even their planting was laborious, he believed. If

only, he thought, they could divert this labor to agriculture, it would place them in "affluent circumstances."

He wrote that he would be glad with the Osages to be free from the whites of the diminished reservation—their killing each other over claims they had no right to, their searching for treasures in the graves of the Osages, and their purposeful agitation of his charges. He wrote at length of the conflict between the whites and the Osages for a decade or more: "The question will suggest itself; which of these people are the savages?" When he wrote of the new reservation in the Indian Territory, he seemed to have renewed confidence in the government. He wrote that while the removal legislation was being considered, "Several hundred professional squatters have anticipated this and taken claims on this new home, but from the noise made by the demagogues, I apprehend the troops sent by the government to eject them, are doing their duty."

As he was writing his long report to Superintendent Hoag, he must have been arrested in his enthusiasm and have wondered if he were being just to the settlers of Kansas, and he must have suddenly thought of the many people who had come to the diminished reservation sincerely believing it to be free for the taking, as the land speculators and the politicians had assured them. There had been Union soldiers from across the Mississippi coming to claim their government homesteads, many of whom listened to the speculators and the politicians and the free men, and settled or tried to settle on the Osage Reservation. He might have remembered the immigrants of his own faith who settled on the reserve of the Little Ones, and caused some embarrassment.

Desiring to be just, he wrote: "Right here before noticing the present and moral condition of this people, I wish to remark that whatever strictures I have made or may make upon the white intruders upon Indian reservations are intended solely for that class. The term squatter, settlers, etc., is necessarily used but it is by no means intended to include that grand army of pioneers who respecting law and the rights of others have with industry, energy and courage worthy of all commendation, made the wilderness to bloom as the rose."

He also mentioned in his first report that the Osages had made peace with the Plains Indians, but shut his eyes to the facts, pretending to himself that they made peace because they were inherently peaceful. He suspected that they had taken the pipe to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tipis for the purpose of confederation against the wagon trains and the gold-seekers, the buffalo hunters, and the trespassers of the plains in general as well as against the trespassers on the Osage diminished reservation.

He might have washed the thoughts about their peacemaking and their unusually long stay on the plains during the summer of 1870 from his mind with the following encomium: "This tribe of Indians are richly endowed by nature, physically and morally. A finer looking body of men with more grace and dignity or better intellectual development could hardly be found on the globe. In judging of their moral character some facts in their history must be remembered. They were once the most numerous and warlike nation on this Continent, with a domain extending from the Gulf to the Missouri River, from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, but they have been shorn of their territory piece by piece, until at last they have not a settled and unquestioned claim to a single foot of earth. Their numbers have been wasted by war and famine. This little remnant is all that remains of a heroic race that once had undisputed ownership over all this region. It is almost without precedent, yet strictly true. One great cause of their decline had been fidelity to their pledges."

One of the facts that did not escape him was that they had seldom had the opportunity to know representatives of the more advanced stages of European civilization, and that the essential factor in their civilization would be contact with higher stages of this civilization in the persons of agency employees and the licensed traders. This would be his objective.

The Little Ones came directly from their winter hunt to the new reservation among the blackjacks and prairie in January of 1871. The agency had been established at Silver Lake, but later had to be removed to the west, since this spot was found to be east of the 96th meridian.

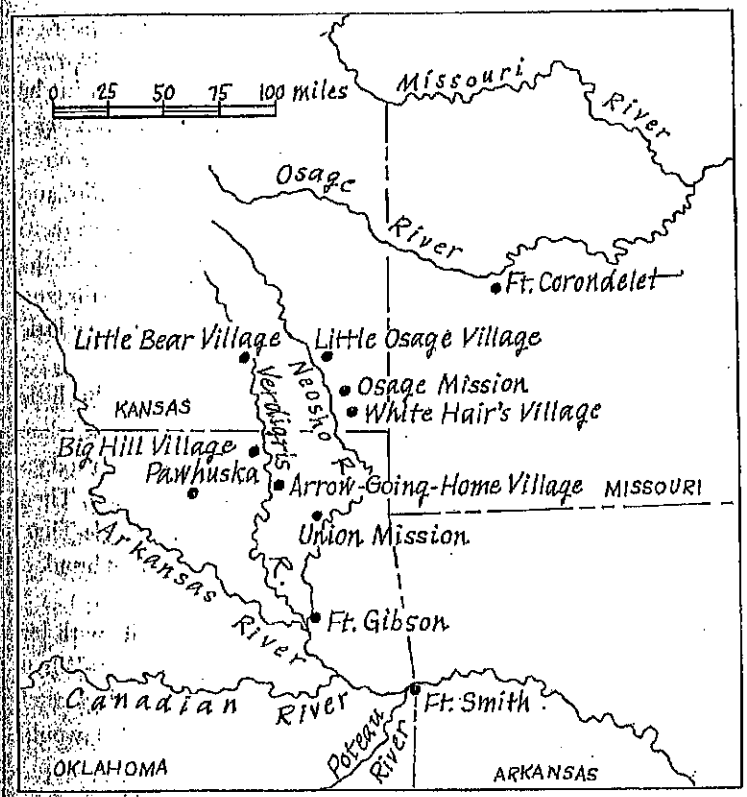
By 1872, the five physical divisions had established their villages on

terrain which resembled that to which each group had fled during the great flood far away in dim tribal memory. There was the new magic line, and again east of the magic line were the That-Thing-on-Its-Head People, the Cherokees. This magic line was the 96th meridian, that section running from the Arkansas River to the Kansas state line on the north.

When the chiefs of the five physical divisions sought terrain which harmonized with their traditions, the Thorny-Valley People had chosen the bottomlands around Silver Lake, and because *Paw-Hiu-Skah,* White Hair the last, came there, and because the name White Hair was ever associated in the minds of the officials with the grand chieftainship, here they located the agency in 1871. The agency had to be moved later to the center of the new reservation to another thorny valley, called *Ni-A-Xe-Ye-Shku-Be,* Deep Ford, on *Wa-Shinka Ga-Xa,* Bird Creek.

The Upland-Forest-People under Claremore and Black Dog settled their people on a wooded plateau to the south drained by *Ho'n-Mo'n-I'n Ga-Xa,* Walks-in-the-Night Creek, named for Walks-in-the-Night, and Not-Afraid-of-Longhairs (Governor Joe), now called by the Heavy Eyebrows "Big Hill Joe" and with the chief counselors *Shonkah Mo'in,* Walking Dog (horse) and *Ta-Wa'n-She-Heh,* Tall Chief, settled their people among the buttelike and rounded hills in the southwest part of the reservation, near *Ni-Chiu-E Ga-Xa,* Salt Creek, and their village was called *Ka-Wa-Xo-Dse,* Gray Horse. In the lenticular bottoms of Bird Creek north of the Thorny-Valley village was the village of the Heart-Stays People under Saucy Chief, and *Shinka-Wa-Sa* and Hard Rope, and down Bird Creek in another bottom was settled *No'n-Ce-Tonka,* Big Heart.

The Little Osages under Four Lodges, Thunder-Fear, and Striking Ax came to a creek in the northeastern part of the reservation called *Mo'n-Co-T'se Ga-Xa,* Whistle Creek, because here the little boys found reeds from which they made whistles, very numerous. They settled here and on *Pa-I'n Ga-Xa,* Longhair Creek so named because they had killed a Pawnee here. The Heavy Eyebrows would call these creeks Mission and Pond respectively, and the creek which drained



OSAGE VILLAGE AREA, INCLUDING THREE FORKS AND THE OSAGE RIVER

the plateau where the Upland-Forest People settled under Black Dog and Claremore they would call Hominy for *Ho'n-Mo'n-I'n.*

Wah-Na-Sha-She, Little-Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants, was born on the Verdigris River just above where the Heavy Eyebrows would build their lodges of grass. He was born "during-time-when-we-gather-cattails," November, in Deer-Break-Their-Horns Moon,[1] during the time when the Heavy Eyebrows were making the war movement against each other, sometime between 1861 and 1865.

But he had only heard of the Heavy Eyebrows until they came

[1] Also called Coon-Breeding Moon.

there to make their town out of grass, and he was afraid of them. When he was much younger, his grandmother had told about *wah-pokah,* the great gray owl who came to sit above the lodges in the moonlight, listening for lies. She had told him of the *mi-ah-luschkas,* who came along the deer trail in the moonlight, dressed quite often in their war clothes and sometimes only in their breechclouts and moccasins, and danced around a miniature drum. If one saw them or heard them, one must run home and pray. She told him of the Heavy Eyebrows with hair like the black bear on their arms and hands and faces and on their chests, who would come and carry little boys away if they didn't do all the things they must do.

He was afraid of the great gray owl, the screech owl, the little people who danced in the moonlight, and the hairy ones. But when he heard that they had come to the river and were making their lodges of grass, he wanted to go down to see them, but he was afraid. Then one day one came up the river to talk with his father, Eagle-That-Dreams, his uncle *Wah-Hopeh-She* (Sacred Sun), and Thunder-Fear, the chief.

He wore a black coat and a tall hat and sat in his saddle with his legs straight out toward the nose of his horse. Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants ran with the other little boys and hid in the tall grass of the bottoms, then they came back like antelope to see what would happen.

They waited until the talk was over, and when the Heavy Eyebrows came out of the lodge of Thunder Fear, they didn't run but stood in a row and watched. There was a mixed-blood with the Heavy Eyebrows called Bayett who talked for him in the language of the Little Ones.

The strange Heavy Eyebrows had hair on his chin like the hair of the lynx. As he stood and talked with Thunder Fear and Striking Ax and other leaders of the Little Osages, the little boys stood like deer watching *i'n-gro'n-kah,* the panther. They watched him when he rode away as far as they could see him, and they had just begun to talk about him when Little-Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants' grandmother called him. She was busy with the black trader's kettle over the firehole, and talked to him "through her back." She said that warriors never stood and stared at people. She asked him what happened when he stared at deer or a bobcat, and he looked at the toes of his moccasins. She said that "people" didn't like to be stared at; sometimes when they wouldn't run away like the deer or slink away like the bobcat, they might become very angry. This incident would come up to embarrass him the rest of his life, and he would refer to it quite often for the purpose, it seemed, of clearing his mind for pleasanter memories.

The Heavy Eyebrows was Isaac T. Gibson, the new agent.

Soon after this the lodges were struck by women, and the pack horses were brought in by the boys who had been guarding them. There were plenty of horses for everyone. The Heavy Eyebrows of the Grass-House-Town were not horse-takers.

Their saddles for packing were the same as those used for riding. They were made of elm, and fresh buffalo hide was stretched over the saddle tree and allowed to dry. The saddle was complete, except for other hides they might wish to throw over it. The women collected the buffalo-horn spoons and the spoons made of hickory, the dishes made from the knotty growths of the post oak, and dishes carved from the linden, and put them in large bags made of buffalo hide, which they tied to the saddles. The parfleches they tied across the saddle.

The always hungry dogs knew about the movements of the villages, and they gathered expectantly. There were always bits of food left after the packing or thrown away.

Finally the Little Osages, the Down-Below People, began to move across the prairie to the southwest. They had to cross the Water where Fork-Tailed-Hawk-Was-Killed (Elk River) in bullboats. These were hairless buffalo hides that had been shaped and dried in a square with upturned corners, and in them the old people and children were placed, seated on piles of things which might get wet if the horses had to swim. Usually the old people and the children were carried across on the horses with their arms locked tightly about the elder boys or the warriors, and the yellow water of spate would tear at them, and sometimes the old people would sing their death songs and weep.

When there were only impedimenta and food in the bullboats, they

attached buckskin thongs to two corners and two men would take the other ends of the strings in their mouths and swim across, pulling the boat. Two women would swim behind the boat, pushing, holding in their mouths large trader's knives. If the boat shipped water, they would reach under and slash the bottom, therefore saving though wetting the contents.

They strung out across the prairie to the southwest, and came to one of their old camping places on one of the buffalo trails to the plains. Here was a very beautiful spring and a good place to camp. When the rains came, the water did not run off quickly but stayed shining in the sun, and the people on their way to the plains had called this place *Ni-O-Ta-Tse,* which means Beautiful Water.

This had been one of Chief Little Bear's favorite camping places, but he was not with them now. He had died in 1869 in his camp where the Fall River and the Verdigris came together, at the place where the young warriors had defiled the spring.

They continued southwest until they reached the place which was called Hawk Woman on the Caney River. This also was a traditional camping place on one of the buffalo trails.

Little-Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants would lag behind the long strings of travelers, and his grandmother became worried about him. Each day when he was not visible near the head of the long line, she would send a messenger back to find him, and the messenger always found him walking at the end of the line with several of the other small boys.

There was a great storyteller, whose "eyes laughed" continually. His name was Walking Buffalo, and the little boys would be lured back to the end of the line where he walked. As he told his fascinating stories, he would also talk with his long copper-colored fingers, and he often placed his hand on the heads or the shoulders of the boys. He was fascinating. He wore no eagle feathers of honor, and no scalplock with the deer-tail hairs tinted red and the turkey gobbler "beard" quivering, and the paint on his face was neither the paint of the war movement, bluff-paint, nor yet mourning. It was like the smearings which the little boys employed when they played warrior and played "rescue" on their horses.

One day when the messenger came to get Little-Eagle-That-Gets-What-He-Wants and he had loped to the place in the long line where his grandmother was, she called him to her and told him that this Walking Buffalo was an evil man, and that he must not go back there at the end of the line.

When they left the camp on the Caney called Where-Hawk-Woman-Died, they came to Whistle Creek, and here some of the gentes stayed. Some of them went on to Pawnee Creek. The Little Osages in 1871 didn't go to the agency at Silver Lake, as did some of the others, but were scattered in gentile groups over the northeastern part of the new reservation.

Thunder-Fear was the recognized chief of the Little Osages at this time. There were also Four Lodges and Striking Ax and Sacred Sun and Eagle-That-Dreams, the last two being sons of Thunder-Fear.

So difficult had the procuring of the animal skins necessary for the seven rites become that men sometimes reached an advanced age or even old age before they could qualify for the rites. There were still panthers in the new reservation and other animals necessary, but the buffalo had become so wary with hunting that if you proposed to take one afoot with bow and arrow, you might not have the chance for years unless you lay in wait at the water holes on the plains, and by this time the Heavy Eyebrows hunters were following the trails to the water holes and waiting there with their long Sharps rifles.

However, Four Lodges had finally become qualified for the one of the seven rites he had not yet taken, and the Little Osages gathered on a creek in their part of the new reservation, and there the ceremony was held. This creek ran into the Caney River, and thereafter they called it *Tzi-Topa-Ba-Wa'tho'n Ga-Xa,* Waters-Where-Four-Lodges-Sang.

He felt happy now, a sort of completeness, and he would be ready now to travel to Spiritland. He had a tendency to be esoteric. He said that when he went out under the night sky to talk with the Moon Woman, after fasting for seven days, she told him much. He always fasted for seven days in July and in January, and then, when he looked at the sun, the sun gave him a message. If there was a small circle around the sun, he, Four Lodges, would kill an enemy, but

if there was a large circle around the sun, he knew that he would only take his enemy's horses.

And he knew that the buffalo would soon be gone forever through a message he received while fasting one Buffalo-Mating Moon on the plains, through the song of a light-yellow buffalo calf, whose mother he had just shot to appease his great hunger. He heard the calf singing, "I can't find my mother, except her head." This was symbolical. You saw few buffalo on the plains now, but everywhere you saw the heads with black holes for eyes.

He was ready for Spiritland except for one matter. There was a gens of the Little Osages living away from the others, and he had not seen them for several years, and they had perhaps forgotten him. This worried him. He could only be remembered by the future generations through the tongue-to-ear method of tribal history, and if there were Little Osages who had forgotten him, his moccasin prints would be washed away by the sheet water of oblivion.

He worried about this for several moons, then one day he had his two best horses brought in. When he was ready, he had his wives bring the parfleche with his war clothes in it and the little buckskin bag filled with his paints, which he tied to his saddle; then, leading his best buffalo horse, he rode off alone.

On the way out to the village he experimented with the making of a song. He would raise his voice in a falsetto and his horse would lay his ears back. At night he listened to the coyotes and the wolves and the chorus from the grass roots, and finally he had a song, and kept singing it to himself as he beat the rhythm on his chest.

When he came near the village where the Little Osages lived, he dismounted in the shade of a lone elm, and his saddle horse dozed, resting on three legs, while the led one, filled with energy, blew at an ant hill. Four Lodges spread his robes and painted his face as if he were on the war movement. He held the peeps-in-water, the trader's mirror, and he applied the paint carefully, then he dressed in his war clothes: his buckskin leggings, moccasins, and shield. He attached his scalplock to his "buffalo tail" scalplock, his natural hair remnant on his shaven head.

This took some time. When he was ready, the buffalo horse shied

and snorted as he approached. After saddling him, he took some Pawnee scalps from a buckskin bag and tied them to the horse's mane; then he mounted and rode toward the village, allowing the saddle horse to follow. The fresh horse, used to hunting buffalo, held his head high and his ears forward, but Four Lodges kept him quiet until he came to the village, then he moved his own body as if he saw buffalo and the horse began to prance sideways, his tail elevated and his mane flowing in the plains breeze.

At the edge of the village he began to sing the song he had just made. He sang that here riding among the lodges was the great *Tsi-Topah*, Four Lodges, and that all should come out and see him.

The little boys stopped their playing and came to watch him, and the little girls dropped their terrapin shells and stuffed squirrel playthings, and stood watching. The women dropped their work about the fires or let their hands fall from their mat making, or rose from their positions over the buffalo hides pegged to the earth, twisted strands of cascading hair around their index fingers, lodging it behind their ears in one swift, graceful movement; allowing the fleshing tool to hang from their hands as they watched. The warriors watched from their robes.

All watched and listened as the resplendent Four Lodges rode up and down the ways singing, and the town crier watched with them since he was not needed.

When Four Lodges rode back to Waters-Where-Four-Lodges-Sang in the new reservation, he was happy in the assurance that long after he had passed on to Spiritland, the people would know who he was. The little boys and the little girls who had stood like surprised deer would tell their children, and as long as the Little Osages had tongues and their children had ears to listen, he would live in tribal memory.

The new reservation was a southerly and southwesterly extension of the diminished reserve in Kansas, of limestone prairie and waving bluestem, with drainage veins and arteries flowing into the Arkansas and Verdigris rivers. It was geologically the same with the sandstone ridges of the Carboniferous in Kansas, but more hairy with blackjacks and post oaks, and the western part was prairie-plains, extending even to the plains redbeds of the Permian.

Wah-Ti-An-Ka, who had urged the Little Ones to remove here rather than allow themselves to be pushed farther west, had said that the Heavy Eyebrows would never come here because "he couldn't put the iron thing in the ground here," and Agent Gibson said that it was "poorly adapted for civilizing purposes."

The streams cut deeply into the sandstone hills and found the limestone, and there they formed little lenticular flood plains, but there were not enough of these little valleys to subsist the tribe if they did turn to agriculture. After the mistake in locating the 96th meridian was discovered and the agency was moved to the geographical center of the reservation, the Osages received more land by Congressional act of June 5, 1872, which carried the proviso that they allow the Konzas, now called Kansas or Kaws, to settle on a tract in the western part of their lands. This left them almost a million and a half acres of poetically beautiful country of blackjack hills and prairie.

Agent Gibson now meticulously counted them by bands, and gave the Big Hills, 936; Claremore's band, 239; Big Chief (*Tzi-Sho Hunkah*) band, 698; Beaver's (*Sha-Ba*) band, 237; the Little Osages, 696; Black Dog's, 511; White Hair's, 362; and the Mixed-Bloods "band," 277; making a total of 3,956.

The Little Ones came to the new reservation with twelve thousand horses. They had their interest of $15,000 annually from $300,000 paid in cash, and interest on $69,120, amounting to $3,456, which amount was used for educational purposes, the principal representing moneys from the treaties of 1825, 1838, and 1865. The Secretary of the Interior held in trust for them United States and state stocks to the amount of $41,000, the interest on which amounted to $2,120, and was also used for educational purposes.

They could finance education, one of the essentials in the Friends' plan for their civilization, but Agent Gibson worried about the lack of agricultural lands, and there was ever present in his mind the experiences with trespassers in Kansas, and he thought the Indian Territory ought to be divided into judicial districts and that United States commissioners ought to appoint "a corp of marshals selected with reference to their moral fitness as well as animal courage."

The agent and his staff moved from Silver Lake to Deep Ford,

where the Thorny-Valley People settled about May 15, 1872, and he started having buildings of logs built for the agent's offices, a commissary, and houses for the physician and the blacksmith. Here was a large valley, and he induced both White Hair and Beaver to start planting immediately, since they had been able to bring little with them from Kansas, and he gave wagons and harness to Four Lodges, Thunder-Fear, Striking Ax, and *Weh-Ho-Ka* of the Little Osages on Whistle Creek (Mission Creek). He tried to keep the others from going to the plains for the hunt, but he was practical and realized that they must have meat and robes, and must take their chances with "Injun" slayers with long-range rifles who would use them for target practice when they found several separated from the band. The buffalo were scattered, and there were bands of Cheyenne-Arapahoes wandering over the plains, and the inevitable free men.

The Osages wandered in bands, but they brought back only small amounts of meat and robes, and "one of the wilder bands" took "toll" from the Texas cattle along the trail near where it crossed the Salt Fork. They had met the Cheyennes and had fought with the buffalo hunters.

Gibson was almost happy when their meat supply of that year was exhausted and some of the people had to come to be fed by White Hair and Beaver people of the Thorny-Valley and trade for corn.

They seemed to be interested in planting, but their interest was really in the worm or stake and rider fences Gibson had built to protect their planting. They were interested because they had always had trouble with their horses. They often when on the war movement picketed them, hobbled them, or tied their favorites to a foot as they slept. When stampeded by Cheyennes or Arapahoes, their horses would often jerk up their picket pins, and if frightened could jump away in great leaps with their hobbles on. Many had been jerked out of a sound sleep and dragged from their robes by the snorting horse they had tied to a foot. Now they could build these *wah-don-skas* of the Heavy Eyebrows. These fences would be a good thing at their permanent villages.

They had made a ritual around *mo'n-ce,* metal, when the French had first brought it to them, and now they had learned that *mo'n-ce-*

ska, white metal, the silver dollar, would buy many things. They often made holes in silver dollars and hung them from their necks. Agent Gibson, seeing their deep respect for silver dollars and their interest in worm fences, urged them to make rails and build fences. He offered them $2.50 a hundred to make fences around their lodges and their corn and squash patches. Fifty-eight of them remained to create the novelty in Deer-Hiding Moon, September, of 1873, but the others left for the plains in full tribal strength. However, this seemed to have no significance for him.

They said that the Cheyennes saw them camped on the Antelope Flats between the *Ni-Ckiu-E Tonkah,* Salt Fork, and *Ni-Ckiu-E Ga-Shki-Bi,* Cutting Rock Salt Waters, the Cimarron. They rode away, and perhaps the buffalo hunters saw the smoke of their many lodges, and they could hunt in peace after allowing the Cheyenne-Arapahoes and the Heavy Eyebrows hunters to see them in tribal strength, then break up into bands or even gentile groups, if they were to be successful.

Now there was more for the agent to worry about than the Cheyennes and the free men; there were the would-be settlers of the western part of their ceded diminished reserve. Since they could settle legally now, the settlers seemed to be half-hearted. The year 1873 was a depression year, and the winds had begun to tear at their fields. Many of them left their dugouts and shacks and began to wander over the plains hunting and stealing for a living. Many had been intent settlers, but without food they became one with the free men of the border, and it was they who finally precipitated the conflict which Gibson feared.

During the summer hunt of 1873 (or 1874), during Buffalo-Mating Moon (July) and Yellow-Flower Moon (August), when the Little Ones would be coming back to Deep Ford with their robes and meat, Gibson heard strong rumors that the Plains Indians were preparing to attack the whites of western Kansas and in what is now western Oklahoma, the hunting grounds of the Little Ones. He immediately sent out runners to call the bands in.

These rumors came to him through the Little Ones themselves and were verified by the always dramatic settlers of the border. The Little

Ones had friendly contacts on the plains not only with their friends there but even with their enemies the Cheyenne-Arapahoes. They learned from the Comanches especially that the buffalo slaughterers, the hide hunters, were crossing the Arkansas River, since the buffalo had become less plentiful north of the river. The hide hunters were indignant about the competition created by the train passengers, shooting buffalo from the windows and vestibules.

They began crossing the river from Fort Dodge into Indian country, despite the military patrol and the provisions of the Medicine Lodge Treaty of 1867. The government had promised the Plains tribes through this treaty that white hunters would not be allowed south of the Arkansas.

The Comanches had brought the pipe to the Little Ones at their hunting camp on the Cimarron, and told them that since the government would not honor their talking paper, the Plains tribes would drive the white hunters out. The Little Ones had refused the pipe and told their agent the plans of the Plains tribes.

This summer the Little Ones were scattered because the herds of buffalo were scattered, and some of them were in gentile groups. Big Wild Cat and his people were coming home from the Cimarron headwaters where they had very bad hunting. When this happened, they would wander up to the Salt Fork or the Medicine Lodge Creek within the boundaries of their recent diminished reservation, where they were free to hunt as long as it remained unsettled. They understood this, but Gibson had asked them to stay out of Kansas.

The scouts found a herd of buffalo near Cedar Springs eighteen miles southeast of the modern Medicine Lodge, and they made camp there. There were only twenty-nine of them, including ten women and children, and they intended to stay only long enough to make meat; the robes were not the best this time of year. They were preparing to start home when they noticed a party of Heavy Eyebrows coming toward them. They thought they might be soldiers, but then they stopped, and they saw that their horses were of many colors and shapes, some of them like the horses used to haul a plow. They also noted that they were dressed in all sorts of clothing of the border, and that they had shotguns and rifles and some had only revolvers.

The women were frightened and started to herd the children to the brush. The motley group of Heavy Eyebrows stopped and waited, then formed a square with one side open. Big Wild Cat sent two men to ask them what they wanted, and when they arrived the leader shook hands with them in a very friendly manner, then suddenly disarmed them. Two more came up to see what was wrong, and after them two more, until there were eight. The others couldn't see from the distance that the first ones had been disarmed and detained.

The border men seemed to be waiting for more of the Little Ones to approach them, and they became wary. They were outnumbered, and they had their women and children with them. They had only four muzzle-loading guns and two revolvers, and most of these had been taken from the men who had been sent to determine what the Heavy Eyebrows wanted.

Big Wild Cat said that he was like the rabbit sitting moving his ears wondering which way to run, when the firing began. The border men were shooting the men he had sent to talk with them. Then he said he knew what to do. He had as many of the horses caught as possible, and this was also difficult since the horses sensed the excitement and those who were ordinarily gentle, snorted and with manes flying ran away.

The members of the party got together south of the border, like scattered quail, and they made camp with what they had. They had left their parfleches, buffalo-hide sacks, kettles, saddles, lodge coverings, and their meat and fresh hides. They made camp, and the women had nothing to do since they had none of their familiar things around them.

Soon a straggler came into camp, and as they recognized him as one of the men sent by Big Wild Cat to talk with the Heavy Eyebrows, they wept, thinking of the others. Finally four of the original eight came in, and so miraculous had been their escape from the border men that they were confused as to which fetish had saved them. The people who fled with the women and children were untouched by the bullets of the border men also, who they said followed them for two or three miles firing at them.

That night some of the hunters went back across the border to the

place where the Heavy Eyebrows had attacked, and they found all their equipment and their meat and robes and kettles gone. Fifty-four horses, mules, and colts had been driven away, but they found three of the bodies of those who had been shot, and two of them had been scalped and all of them hacked. They could not find the fourth man.

The bodies were hacked so that parts fell away when they tried to place them on mules, and finding no stones there for the cairns, they laid them at the bottom of a cut bank, and stamping and digging at the top caused them to be buried by the crumbling soil.

The dogs came in one by one, having fled before the people and having waited until they heard the old familiar sound of keening. When the men who had buried the hunters came back at dawn and the women saw that they carried no bodies, they wept and mourned.

When a runner reached the agency with the news, Agent Gibson sent two large wagons out to meet them. They had gone five days without food, and some of them were almost naked. When they saw the wagons, the women wept quietly to themselves, mumbling their praises of Gibson.

The situation was tense in the valley under the post oaks, where Gibson built his log buildings and the traders had built their stores and palisades. Just as Gibson had the people convinced that they must not retaliate, a group from another part of the reservation would ride into the valley and start mourning, then the others would take it up, and some chieftain quaking with anger would rise and urge the people to put on the paint and chase the Heavy Eyebrows back across the border.

To make matters worse, 1874 was a grasshopper year. They came in swarms that were like a cloud curtain and ate every green thing, and the settlers in the plains part of the ceded diminished reservation of the Little Ones left their dramatically lonely claims and wandered here and there. Some took up whisky peddling, and some formed patrols under some foxy leader and shot at every lone Indian they saw, below or north of the border, provoking skirmishes so that they could be mustered in as militiamen and be fed by the state. The Governor of Kansas had mustered the border men who had killed

the Osage hunters into the militia, dating the papers back so as to legalize the killing of the Osage hunters. When Gibson's investigating committee arrived at the cedar palisades which was then Medicine Lodge, they found the men quite military with breech-loading carbines and under the command of one Captain Riker and Lieutenant Moseley, the latter wearing the fringed buckskin shirt and guns at each hip. The "youngest Indian slayer of the Plains," little Billy Cody, was now a self-glorifying Indian scout and had been lionized in the East, and everybody knew about him, and fringed buckskin shirts, gauntlets, long hair, and revolvers on the hip became a vogue on the plains.

When Gibson's commissioners got no satisfaction from the some sixty border men of the cedar palisades, they went on to see the Governor of Kansas and got little satisfaction from him.

The situation became worse. The border men forced from their claims by grasshoppers and drought had to be subsisted, and the best way they knew was to wander along the border shooting at stray Osages in order to keep up the fiction that the Osages were about to invade Kansas. Thus they received rations.

Obviously the situation at Deep Ford was very tense since the agent couldn't give the Osages any answer to their questions about what the Heavy Eyebrows would do about the Cedar Creek killings. The border men who had to have rations kept the other settlers along the border frightened, and when Gibson asked them to send a committee down to Deep Ford to see for themselves that the Osages were not preparing to attack them, since they would see the white employees going about the agency business with no sign of arms or fear, they refused to come, and the tense situation continued. Gibson in his report wrote: "It can not be denied that the menacing attitude of the border at this time when the Osages are smarting under their recent wrongs requires vigilance and constant effort to counteract."

The buildings in the valley of the post oaks were now being replaced by buildings of the local sandstone. The agent's house on the hill and the dormitories raised their heads above the blackjacks and the post oaks. In the valley were the agent's office, the doctor's house, and the blacksmith's house, and a council house all in stone. There

were frame houses for the employees and traders and three traders' stores, with palisades.

Of the Amer-Europeans who came among the Osages, the most important and the most influential with them were the traders. The fact that they brought miracles in the form of *wah-don-skas* to them ingratiated them, and their merchandise was practically considered as gifts, and therefore inspired a feeling of gratitude among the Little Ones. They valued their robes and furs very little because they had always been easy to attain until recently, and the trading activities were more like friendly counciling and the trade merchandise became as handsome gifts.

Gibson realized this, and he would license only those traders who could prove that they were "moral, temperate and regular attendants of religious services and Sabbath school at home." He fixed prices and had credit cards printed with limits for credit for each family.

The employees had to be men and women "of ability, of pure life and conversation, overflowing with love for their kind, magnetism, patient and hopeful." With such people around him an agent "can accomplish all that can reasonably be expected of him."

The Osages made peace with the Pawnees during the winter of 1873–74 and had a fight with the Cheyennes, and were becoming angered by the hide hunters who were coming south of the Arkansas River.

Their traditional enemies had been the Pawnees, and when the mourning parties went out, they tried to take the scalp of a Pawnee, since the Pawnee medicine was always strong. Later, mourners took scalps of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes and Wichitas, but now since the Comanches had come to them with the pipe, urging them to join them and the other Plains Indians to drive the Heavy Eyebrows back across the Arkansas, and since now when they went to the headwaters of the Cimarron and the Salt Fork, they could see from miles away the slow circling of the turkey vultures on the edge of the woodlands, and the ravens flying to a certain place as if they had seen a signal on the plains. Sometimes when they rode over a plains swell and came in view of a valley, there would be hundreds of wolves, snapping and dashing at the impatient ravens. If the stench was not too great, they

would examine the carcasses of the buffalo. Only the hide and the tongues had been taken.

Thus it was that now their mourning parties were angered, and revengeful and would sometimes bring back the scalp of a Heavy Eyebrows. When these mourning parties went out on the Black Dog Trail, they usually met no enemy until they came to the place where the trail crossed the Salt Fork. A Heavy Eyebrows had come there in 1870 and established a trading post and way-station for trail drivers. The trail of the Little Ones was about a mile south of this man's stockade. This man's name was Eli Sewell, and the Little Ones seemed to have no grudge against him, possibly because he was a trader; but now, angered by hide hunters and border barbarians, their mourning parties took several scalps from the Heavy Eyebrows along the cattle and freighters' trails. Near the old Pond Creek Stage Station, they took the scalp of a man named Tom Best and another named Chambers; and Ed Finney, trail trader for Dunlap and Florer, traders of Deep Ford and scout for Agent Gibson, thought that a mourning party of Osages might have taken the scalp of Patrick Hennessey, a freighter on the Chisholm Trail. Eli Sewell believed the Cheyennes had done this.

Finney had spent the winter with Bone Heart, brother of *Pa'I'n-No-Pa-She* and a leader of the Big Hills hunting camp near Antelope Flats between the Cimarron and the Salt Fork.

The Friends believed that if they sent trail agents out with the Osages, they might be restrained, and Finney was acting in that capacity in this winter hunting camp of 1874, as well as camp trader for Dunlap and Florer. He had taken twenty-five wagons heavily loaded with supplies of flour, bacon, coffee, trade blankets, trade hatchets, strouding, calico, arrowheads, etc., and "all kinds of trinkets" to be traded for buffalo robes, wolf skins, etc. He and his "brave" had unloaded the wagons and placed the merchandise in one half of the large lodge built by the brave, Big Hill Charley, and his wife. In the other half Finney slept with Big Hill Charley and his family.

The herds were large since they seemed to be flowing before large parties of Cheyennes. Everywhere were the signs of the Cheyennes, but since the Osages numbered four hundred, there was little danger.

When the scouts of each tribe saw each other at a distance, they stopped and studied each other; the Little Ones wore no war paint and they could see that the Cheyennes wore no war paint, and there was between them the understanding of the grass roots and the woodlands and the plains that were a part of the great balance pattern.

It was Light-of-Day-Returns Moon, February, and the Moon Woman was happy, and she had forgotten to send the screaming winds with flakes of snow that passed you like birds. At night you could hear the mothers crooning to their babies in earth rhythm, and far off in the large camp there would be a drum throbbing, and perhaps singing. Sometimes the wolves would howl and the coyotes would talk and laugh like *Wa-Ba-Mi-Ki*, the Delawares.

The Chief Soldier and Big Soldier and Little Soldier, the officials of the hunt, had to tell the hunters that they must stop killing buffalo for a few days and give the skinners and the women time to prepare the hides and the meat, and Finney was able to get his hides baled, and Big Hill Charley was constantly busy trading.

Little Coon's lodge was close to the trader's lodge, and one night from the darkness came the notes of a flute. The women were always moved when they heard the lovers' flute, and Charley's wife straightened up from her hide-baling and, twisting her hair behind her ear, listened. It was not a plains sound, but a voice from the prairie-woodlands. Finney stepped out of the lodge and listened, then when he came in, Charley said, "Yellow Horse." This was all that was necessary in the way of explanation since they knew Yellow Horse wanted to marry Little Coon's daughter, but he had no horses, and he could only talk with his heart there on the dark plains.

Yellow Horse's uncle would not tarnish his dignity by going to the girl's uncle, since he had nothing to offer, not even a tall warrior with *o-do'n*, war honors. Yellow Horse was unprepossessing, and therefore was conspicuous among the handsome warriors of the Little Ones. He wore a very large tail-feather of the golden eagle in his scalplock, but had let his hair grow long like that of the plainsmen and wore trader's gadgets fastened to his trader's vest, which was his only garment above his waist when he tied his blanket around his middle. He was very proud of a revolver which he carried constantly.

His mouth turned down in a sort of perennial sulk, and his trappings seemed to have been worn to compensate for his unhandsome face.

After several nights the people in the trader's lodge heard his flute no more, for Yellow Horse and several young men of his gens had left the camp. The women were caught up with their work and Finney's hides and skins were baled, and the hunters went out again, but Yellow Horse and his young men did not come in.

The leaders became restive. If the young men had gone out for a skirmish with scouts of the Cheyennes, they would have been back within a week. But now when they didn't appear after a week, the leaders knew that they had gone to a Cheyenne camp to take horses, and would not by their trail lead the Cheyennes to the Osage camp, but would make a circuitous trail to Deep Ford. This was very bad. The Cheyennes in searching for their horses would come to the camp of the Little Ones, and knowing the strength of the camp, they would come in great numbers, and the Little Ones, with their women and children and their great stores of meat and robes and their hundreds of horses, did not want to fight.

They packed up and left, and since Finney had no wagons to haul his merchandise, they urged him to leave it. All their pack horses were loaded and they had none to spare. He said he would stay with his merchandise and his bales of hides, but asked that a runner be sent to old Eli Sewell's stockade to intercept returning freighters with empty wagons and ask them to come to him.

The Little Ones came back to Deep Ford with great loads of meat and tallow and 10,800 robes in this drought and grasshopper year, and Gibson was so happy that they had not fought the Cheyennes that he wrote in his report of that year: "Most of three bands are almost civilized and some of the other bands are civilizing."

He was constantly afraid that the mourning parties would get the tribe into difficulties, especially since they were incensed over the hide hunters coming across the Arkansas, and now they had begun to take white men's scalps as their principal enemies. They had to pay the Wichitas in money, blankets, guns, and horses to the amount of $1,500 for a Wichita chief whom they had scalped after a mourning

dance, and now Gibson had his employees over the reservation listen for the mourning drums and the chants, and observe them "in forming of these parties which require several days to effect." Thus they, the employees, would have ample time to send to the agency for him. Also, the Cheyennes came to get their horses which Yellow Horse and his young men had taken. Since his relatives had already given them to Little Coon for his daughter, the tribe paid the Cheyennes with money.

Also in the summer of 1874, the United States Army was wandering on the plains south of the Arkansas. The soldiers had not come explicitly to protect the hairy ones who took only the hides and the tongues and sometimes the hump ribs of the buffalo, although later they believed that the complete destruction of the buffalo, "nature's commissary," would be a good idea. The Indian would be compelled to stay on his reservation if there were no more buffalo.

This land over which the Southern Plains Indians were roaming on the buffalo hunts was not the picture-book land of the woodland prairie or the prairie-plains, but the land of "cows and sky" of the Spaniards, and both were still ample, and that is why the hairy ones greedy for more hides had come south of the Arkansas, where the treaty of Medicine Lodge promised the tribes they would not be allowed to come. When the Plains Indians saw the hairy ones and came upon the carcasses of buffalo and saw no soldiers herding them back across the Arkansas, they became angered and frightened, and that is why the Comanches had brought the pipe to the Little Ones in their hunting camp and why they had taken the pipe to the Kiowas and the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes and Apaches. The others had accepted.

Perhaps if the Little Ones could have seen Coyote Droppings, the Comanche medicine man–prophet sitting his pure white horse on a hill with his naked body painted yellow, while the warriors of the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes attacked a base camp of hide hunters called Adobe Walls, they might have been emotionalized to the point of joining the attack, but they were not there. Gibson had called them into the reservation with their 10,800 robes and their abundant tallow.

The Comanches, having no ritual appropriate to the occasion, had made the Sun Dance, in imitation of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes and Kiowas, but with modifications, just before the attack on Adobe Walls. Several were killed on each side, but the medicine of Coyote Droppings failed when the plainsmen fell before the long-range rifles of the hide hunters, and the Indian allies drew off. He was supposed to have given the others the same immunity to bullets which he enjoyed, but a Cheyenne killed a skunk, and this killed his medicine.

The allies were now raiding all over the southern plains, even above the Arkansas on Smoky Hill River, by the autumn of 1874. The army had the consent of Washington to attack the Indians in their own country and "punish" them for attempting to save the very basis of their existence, the buffalo.

The soldiers under General Miles came south from Camp Supply; and Major William Price moved east from Fort Union, and Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Davidson operated from the west from Fort Sill. Colonel McKenzie came up from Fort Concho and Colonel G. P. Buell came up the Red River.

Agent Gibson knew that the Osages were conspicuous with their shaven heads and their tall scalplocks, and once off their reservation they might be "punished" with the long-haired plainsmen. They had authority from the government to hunt on their own hunting grounds, but here the soldiers would only know that they were Indians and that they were off their reservation.

He had also been annoyed by two Cherokees, C. N. Vann and W. P. Adair, who came to Deep Ford to collect $330,000 which they said the Osages owed them for effecting the defeat of the treaty of 1868 with the railroad. He wrote that they had threatened him. They eventually asked for $230,000, and when they failed to collect that amount, they finally settled for $50,000.

Agent Gibson spent much time with the leaders of the Little Ones trying to divert their minds from the Medicine Lodge incident; and as one of his civilizing projects was an attempt to get them to labor for rations which were bought with their own money, he tried to force the families to send their children to the handsome new sandstone boarding school on the hill. He had his traders of good morals

and his employees of pure minds, but there was not sufficient arable land for agriculture and the parents would not send their girls to the school; they would bring their boys reluctantly. His conscience was heavy since he could not make his promise good about the Medicine Lodge killings, and in his worry he reported in 1875 to Edward P. Smith, the new commissioner of Indian affairs, that "revenge will be taken sooner or later on some innocent person is not questioned by those acquainted with the religious customs of the Osages in the unjustifiable killing of their people."

The department asked Congress to make some provisions for the orphans of those killed.

Isaac T. Gibson left the agency in 1876, and Cyrus Beede took over. He wrote to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Lawrence, one William Nicholson, that "the Osages as yet are most of them wild, blanket, scalping Indians, far from civilized, many of them hardly ready to give up the war dance and the scalping knife."

The grasshopper-ruined settlers of the ceded diminished reserve asked for an extension for paying of their installments, which was granted, and this threw the Osages into debt, and in August they had just returned from the plains with little meat and no robes, which was almost disastrous for them since they must forego their interest on the settlers' payment. As if this were not enough, floods had come in July and washed away their corn and the squashes, their intriguing worm fences, and some of their government-built cabins.

Added to this, Heavy Eyebrows came across the border to steal their horses, and there was a detachment of cavalry still at the agency "to keep the peace."

By 1877, the border Kansans were over their fear of Osage invasion and were inviting them to come trade with them, and Beede especially praised the people of Chautauqua County, Kansas, but deplored the fact that their friendliness to the Little Ones was offset by the whisky peddler and the horse thieves.

The disastrous hunt of 1876 was almost the last buffalo hunt of the Little Ones, as their next agent, L. J. Miles, wrote, they had "almost given up the hunt," but tradition still held them. They planted in the Planting Moon, April, but even if they didn't go on the buffalo hunts, they did not cultivate their crops.

Rations were stopped since they refused them, saying that "they were fed like dogs." Miles, being a Friend, believed that the keystone to civilization for the Osages was agriculture and education, and he worked hard to get the parents to send their girls to the sandstone buildings on the hill. But he was so sincere about the matter that he must surely in his dedication have transgressed some of his own principles. He got the Osage Council to pass a compulsory education law, wherein annuities were withheld from parents who refused to send their children to school.

He developed water in the valley, and had great stone towers built on the hill, which supported 500-barrel tanks, and with a system of pipes he furnished water to every building. He had a steam pump to lift the water to the tanks at the tops of the stone towers on the hill.

They made leases to cattlemen so that the bluestem could be utilized, and suddenly the people who had their eyes on the last reservation of the Little Ones began to deplore the prospect that soon the poor Osages' horses would be crowded off their own grass by the cattle of the cattlemen, and starve.

Major Miles decided that one deterrent to the progress of the Little Ones was their organization which the Little Old Men had developed through the centuries. He strangely enough did not interfere with their religion, stating only once in his reports to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that the Friends were doing missionary work among them. His report for September, 1882, included a statement that Jonathon Osburn and wife, members of the Society of Friends, held meetings regularly at the agency and that during the summer "a Sabbath-school has been kept up Bird Creek, 25 miles south of the agency." He believed that much more ought to be done "to instruct these Indians in the right way, and induce them to give up their superstitions, to which they cling tenaciously."

He seemed more interested in education, perhaps as a preparation for Christianity, and he had the Osage National Council pass a law which would force the Osage parents to send their children to school, the penalty being that the children, and therefore the parents, would be deprived of their annuities. The National Council under his direction passed a law January 12, 1884, that children above the age of

seven and under the age of fourteen who have not been in school four months out of the six months preceding the annuity payments should be enrolled in school and their payments withheld, unless sick, as certified by the government doctor. In case children ran away from school or their parents took them away, if they were brought back within five days after leaving school, "absence shall not be counted."

The Little Ones created a constitution based on the constitution of the Cherokees, December 31, 1881, at the Osage Agency, which was being called "Pawhuska" for *Paw-Hiu-Skah*, White Hair. The Great Osages and the Little Osages became one and would henceforth be called the "Osage Nation." The government would be divided into the executive, judicial, and legislative. The legislative was represented by the National Council of fifteen members, three from each of the five districts, and would be elected every two years, the council meeting annually on the first Monday in November.

The executive was represented by a "Principal Chief of the Osage Nation" and an assistant chief; and the judicial was represented by "Supreme Court Judges" elected by the council.

There were four sheriffs and police officers appointed by the chief and approved by the council. There was an "Osage National Prison," which was a small house with barred windows, which the mixed-bloods and the traders and employees called the "calaboose."

This government under his direction pleased Major Miles, and he believed that white man's government would break up the gentile organization and the units which he called bands; and since the religion was based on this organization, which itself was part of the religious organization, the religion would go.

In his eagerness to guide the Little Ones toward Christian and labor-conquers-all Utopia, the Major was a bit naïve. The Chouteaus had tried to break up the organization of the Little Old Men in 1802, and had succeeded in doing so through the use of the chief frailty of the tribal organization, the compulsion to distinction in the warrior which was translated into European processes. Again Murphy and the railroad's Sturges had done it in 1868, without any desire to disturb the religious organization.

The new Osage Nation and its government would work well enough to attain the Amer-European approval through their agents and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, since Agent Gibson's seventh "band," the mixed-bloods, were strong enough to make it work; but behind the structure, the religion of *Wah'Kon-Tah,* the organization of the Little Old Men, still survived, even though it was becoming more and more obvious that *ga-ni-tha,* disorder, had come into Grandfather's world.

The new council could fine or even jail people who refused to work on the roads of the Nation two days of each year, and they established a whipping post, and one would be fined or imprisoned if he set fire to the prairie in any month except May, June, and July.

Quapaws with their white man's hats and shabby clothing came into the reservation of the Little Ones as a refuge, and a few ragged people of the Potawatomis came, and the Little Ones hired them to cut stakes and rails for their fences and log cabins, which the government insisted they build, while they themselves danced and feasted under the shade of the post oaks and elms of Bird Creek, Hominy, Salt Creek, and the Caney River. They danced and feasted and told stories of their former greatness.

A few of the Little Ones let their hair grow long now like the plainsmen, and some of them replaced their beaver or otter bandeaus with the cool calico of the traders, and they wore trader's blankets and occasionally black hats, but this was the only change in their clothing.

Major Miles could hear through his long, narrow south windows in the sandstone residence on the hill the indescribably moving predawn chant to Grandfather the Sun, coming from the Bird Creek bottoms or from the blackjack hills beyond Mud Creek. He would rise before his set time, with the self-accusation expressed in the Amer-European motto, "It's later than you think."

He must distribute more wagons and more implements, and build more houses and force more children to go to Carlisle in Pennsylvania or to the Osage mission in the ceded reserve in Kansas or to Haskell at Lawrence, Kansas, and other places, as well as to their own stone buildings on the hill.

In his later-than-you-think-inspired activity in sending children to

school and building houses and urging plantings, wondering what he ought to do about polygamy, all was stopped about July 8, 1882, when smallpox was reported from Black Dog's village on the Arkansas River. The virus he sent for was spoiled by the heat before he could get it to the agency. He sent his wife and children away and placed saucers of carbolic acid in the windows, since they must be raised during the heat of the summer.

"The Major made trips—pleading with the people to bury their dead underground; using every argument in his power to make them see that burial in cairns would only help spread the disease, but they would not see this. They could not bury an Indian in the ground where he would be lost; where it would be difficult for *Wah'Kon-Tah* to see him. *Wah'Kon-Tah* could see stone cairns on the hilltops. This Great Sickness of the white man did not devour the spirits of those who died, they said, that they should be buried in ground like white men.

"Like the wounded buffalo which leaves the herd to die in some wash on the plains, and like the sick wolf which leaves the pack to crawl out on some naked rock to end his days in solitude, the people of the Reservation followed the law that the herd or band must not be impeded. They crawled away from the camps into the woods and the high grasses, and there died alone.

"In beautiful valleys stood the hickory framework of lodges, where little breezes played with the gray ashes in the fire holes and the stridulations of the insects and the chirruping of the crickets became dirges, and hungry, half-wild dogs slunk away, looking back over their shoulders.

"When the Major drove up to deserted camps and called familiar names, his voice seemed to die in the heated air."

The Little Ones were at about the same stage in development as the Germans Tacitus wrote about, eight or nine hundred years ago, perhaps moving only to that stage in progression since the French brought metal to them. The agents and the commissioners of Indian affairs and others might have learned much about their own history if they had properly interpreted the extreme and sometimes incredulous ineptitude of the Little Ones face to face with the simplest of

mechanisms. In the great sandstone building which was the school dormitory even the stairway was a mystery to the little girls, and when they wished to ascend, they crawled up, and when they descended, they bounced down on their bottoms. It wasn't fear so much as ineptitude, unbelievable to matrons and other employees three thousand years ahead of them in development.

There was many a runaway Indian team when the driver could not fathom the brake on his light wagon, until he learned about brakes and how to use them. They came rattling down the clayey, twisting roads from the hills into the valleys, women weeping and children falling out with the kettles and lodge poles, forcing the horses to spread and break the traces, to end up shivering with fear and hopelessly entangled, with perhaps the wagon overturned with a wheel still spinning. The occupants usually were thrown out or jumped before the bottom of the hill was reached.

A door knob was at first a mystery. One cold winter's night, the lodges of the Buffalo gens of the Big Hills blew down, and sleet began to slant against them. Their camp was on the hill near the great stone buildings of the agency. Near by was the house of a mixed-blood, who was of their gens and their physical division, and they came to him for shelter. They brought their robes and bears' skins with them, and soon they were lying on the floor in the kitchen.

The host knew the traditions, and he made preparations to keep his guests as long as they wished to stay, and the greater part of hospitality and traditional courtesy being represented by abundance of food, he got the girl of all work up before dawn to start the fire in the cookstove. She was a daughter of a white settler north of the border in Kansas and had been brought in by permit by her employer, and was frightened of "Injuns."

Finally she was urged to enter the kitchen where the Little Ones lay hidden under their robes in a circle close to the walls.

She shoved the wood into the stove, looking back over her shoulder at the humps, then quaking in her fear, she forgot to open the damper and the smoke came from every stove lid and crack. A man raised his head, and smelling and seeing smoke, jumped up hissing, and the others came out of their robes, and all rushed for the door which

led to the outside, but they couldn't get it open. It was not locked, but the mechanics of turning a knob they could not understand. They had begun to break out through the windows when their host came in and turned the knob. Later the food had to be carried out to them in the entry-way of the barn.

After Miles left the agency at the end of his first term, a Captain Carrell H. Potter of the Eighteenth Infantry came as acting agent.

He seemed to be surprised that the Osages had unlimited credit with the traders, and always paid. He failed to mention it, but they carried little sticks which they notched each time they owed a dollar, and when their annuities were paid, they came with their sticks, and they matched well with the credit card kept by the trader and with his books as well.

The military man thought they spent too much time dancing, and he knew they were indolent, and he wondered why young men returning from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, went back to the blanket. He thought them obedient, and that their chief sin was one of omission. When there was horse stealing from across the border or murder, or there were white men taking refuge from the law in their camps, they refused to inform the agent.

The military man thought that United States troops ought to be stationed on the reservation to protect the Osages from invasions of criminals from Kansas and the Cherokee borders.

The annuities were growing larger fortunately now as their hunting was practically over, and there had been no hiatus between furs and dollars in their economic importance to the Heavy Eyebrows.

"Major" Laban J. Miles returned to the agency in 1889, and was almost discouraged. Since the Osages seemed to have progressed little in education and in agriculture, their comparative riches meant little to him, even though their increasing wealth was the direct cause of his unhappiness since white men were coming into the reservation to sell whisky, steal horses, take refuge from the law, and marry the Indian women. The mixed-bloods were increasing and were almost equal in number to the fullbloods, and when the Cherokee Allotment Commission arrived in June, 1893, and urged the Osages to take allotments and sell their surplus lands as the other tribes would do,

they refused, solely on account of the fact that the fullbloods still outnumbered the mixed-bloods, who were almost unanimously for allotment. The fullbloods stayed true to the attitude they took in 1870, when they asked that their land be held in community.

Their agent at this time was Captain C. A. Dempsey of the Second Infantry, acting U. S. agent, and he advised them to allot, believing that it was a "step toward civilization." The military man following him had a most tidy military mind. He was Lieutenant Colonel Freeman of the Fifth Infantry. He was a severe man, who had been a prisoner in Libby Prison during the Civil War, and had been one of the party of prisoners who had dug a tunnel and escaped. Later he had been in command of a Negro regiment.

The comparative riches of the Little Ones now lured free men in great numbers, and the opening of the Cherokee Outlet west of the last reservation of the Little Ones had brought more trouble, and the little towns along the border were worse than the Kansas border towns had been.

There were twenty-one licensed traders now, and the Little Ones were ever in debt to them. If the traders refused to sell them merchandise beyond their credit limits, they went to the little towns on either border, where the merchants were eager to allow all the credit they desired, knowing that the federal government would make the debts good.

Colonel Freeman had a mind which seemed to be periodically policed by a fatigue detail, so that not a scrap of a useless thought could be noted. He felt, naturally, that the Little Ones danced too often and feasted too long. The dances which they created through the centuries, one might hope could gradually be abandoned as they became Christianized, especially the troublesome Mourning Dance which terminated with the taking of an enemy scalp. But instead of diminishing the number of their dances, they added one about 1885, which they got from their once-removed splinter, the Poncas. This was a social dance wherein they danced for four days, and on the fourth day members of the tribe who desired self-aggrandizement gave away valuable presents to visitors from other Siouan tribes. The

man or woman who wished to appear as important as the chiefs must practice generosity, and in so doing, made a great show of giving.

One would go to the singers seated around the drum and promise them a beef or flour and coffee, or all three, and the singers knew that this meant they were to sing the song of this person's ancestors at a certain time. The one who was to parade his generosity and therefore add to his importance would have the things which he intended to give away readied, and he himself would sit apart so that all could see the great man.

The singers would beat the drum in a rhythm, and this was like the heart beats of *Mo'n-Sho'n,* Mother Earth. Then the leader would start the song, usually in a falsetto, as in the first note of the coyote chorus, then in diminuendo the others came in, and the generous one would rise with concentrated gravity and dance about the drum. Soon others of his family or gens would join him. When the song ended, he would have the *shoka* or some boy of his family carry the robe, or *mo'n-ce skah,* white metal (silver dollars), to the one designated to receive the gift. If he gave food, he would have the town crier announce the fact that he was giving food to a certain person. Or if the gift was a horse, the animal would be led onto the dance ground and its halter handed to the one who was to receive it. The horse would snort at the swarming color under the willow-branch covering of the open structure which shaded the dance ground, and his flanks would twitch.

When the Little Ones first received this dance, they carried a pipe from the giver to the recipient and each smoked; later they discarded the pipe, but still the fourth day of the dances was called the day when the Little Ones "smoked" gifts to their guests.

Sometimes a man who had little to give would become intoxicated with the image of himself as a generous giver, and filled with illusions of grandeur, he would trade all for the few moments when all eyes were on him and his song was being sung.

This dance was called *I'n-Lon-Schka,* the Playground-of-the-First-Son. Colonel Freeman became almost as worried about it as he did about the Mourning Dance. When the rich Little Ones held the *I'n-*

Lon-Schka, their Siouan kin came from the Dakotas, from the Salt Fork of the Arkansas, to dance and feast and play the moccasin game. Many of them were poor now, since they had been forced to stay on their reservations and some of them forced to accept allotment, and they loaded their ponies with gifts as they set out on the return trip to their villages. The poorer the recipient of some Nobody's generosity, the greater the "ho-o-o-o-o-o-o-os" of praise and gratitude, and the more concentrated the attention drawn to the giver, and the greater the welling of self-esteem within him.

Colonel Freeman in his report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs indicated that this business was too much for his tidy mind. "As the one who gives most is regarded as the greatest, the hosts frequently strip themselves of all movable property."

He was annoyed by the white horse thieves and whisky peddlers crossing the border into the reservation, and one feels that he would have liked to charge all along the border with drawn saber. These people had only one means of sustenance: horse stealing and whisky peddling. He was disgusted with the pretense of law enforcement along the border and with the Little Ones for refusing to testify against the intruders, even when they shot at them for sport. Freeman thought there ought to be a garrison of United States troops or a police force properly mounted, so that the Little Ones could receive protection.

He wrote: "The country is overrun with U. S. [deputy] marshals. One cannot ride ten miles from the agency without meeting them but their efforts seem confined to arresting Indians who may at some time have had a bottle of whiskey. I did not know of a single instance of a white man arrested by them for theft and very few in whiskey cases, while the arrests of the Indians will I am sure amount to upward of a thousand."

Colonel Freeman was agent to the Little Ones from 1894 to 1898, and they won his military heart completely. He saw that the mixed-bloods were increasing and the fullbloods diminishing, and that citizenship in the tribe was quite often being purchased, and white men were eager to marry Osage women. There were in 1897, according to

his calculations, only 900 fullbloods and 829 mixed-bloods, and their per capita income was now $214.

He with the council had given a lease to E. D. Foster of Rhode Island for mining purposes. This was on unoccupied land, and was to run for ten years.

To the correct, irascible, military Freeman nothing went as it should have gone during his four years as Osage agent. Some of the mixed-blood citizens of the Osage Nation and the white men from Kansas and the Cherokee Outlet were stealing walnut timber from the reservation and selling it. There were whisky peddlers and horse thieves and wife hunters and people buying their enrollment as citizens of the Osage Nation, guardians stealing their protégés' money; and Colonel Freeman wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1896, "I most heartily thank you for your assistance in the Indian Office generally for the support given me in this the most difficult position in which I have ever been placed."

Do what he might, he seemed to be frustrated in bringing a sort of terse military order to the reservation of the Osages. The intruding white people were enough to cause apoplexy, but the Osages themselves danced, talked, and rested, continually visiting each other. They wore their moccasins in the wet snows of winter and caught pneumonia, and while they sought no whisky, with few exceptions, when it was brought to them, they greedily drank all available in order to remain in the strange, exotic world of fantasy and escape, into which the few first swallows had transported them. In this world each Nobody was a happy warrior, detached from the restrictive world of the Heavy Eyebrows.

The Colonel would train the minds of the children through education as one would train troops for success in battle, and when the girls over seven and under fourteen were held in their villages by their reluctant parents or when they would find loose pickets in the tall picket fence that surrounded the grounds of the great sandstone school building and escape, he would send the Indian police for them.

There were some men of character and standing among the Indian police, such as young Thunder-Fear and Gray Bird, but there were

others who became suffused with their importance, and when the girls resisted, they would hold their arms behind their backs and load them in the wagon, tying them to the bow slots. When after reaching the agency some of them jumped from the wagon and ran, the police overtook them on their horses, and roping them, they would drag them up the dusty hill to the school buildings.

These were the older girls, who fought like brought-to-bay bobcats. They would fall as they struggled against the ropes, and their long black hair would make traces in the deep dust of the road, and their clothing was rent, but unlike the brought-to-bay bobcat, they made no sound and there were no tears; only silence and sweat that mud-died the dust of their faces.

The boys were like the mustang, and finally gave up. They climbed onto the lower or middle rib of the tall picket fence in their par" of the grounds, and stood in rows looking over the pickets far across the hills.

When Colonel Freeman made his report in 1897, the word "Pawhuska" appeared for the first time along with Osage Agency. He assured the Commissioner that the Osages were still going visiting and dancing and feasting and wouldn't stay on their farms with their neat little log houses and their worm fences. "The old men sit and talk of the past." He was contemptuous of the white people who had brought suits against him, depending on their peers to render judgments in their favor. He had won them all.

But he wrote, "I have been more or less intimately acquainted with Indians and Indian affairs for upward of thirty years and know that the administration of their affairs has constantly improved while personal experience has taught me that St. Peter himself could not manage an agency to the satisfaction of everybody, especially if he sought to enforce the law and protect the Indian."

William J. Pollack was the agent to the Little Ones the last two years of the century, from 1898 to 1900. He wore a monk's skullcap to hide his bald spot. An agent had great power and was a very important man among the blackjacks and on the prairie, and must guard his dignity, being careful of his actions and his manners. Only the mixed-bloods and the employees reflected this importance, but

that was sufficient since the fullbloods didn't count. The mixed-bloods often named their children for the agent's wife or children or himself; the ancient attitude of respect of the *coureur de bois* for his bourgeois dying hard within them.

This pleased men like Pollack, so he wore his skullcap and enjoyed his position, seemingly. He seemed to be efficient and did his job well. He observed the Osage: "He loves to sing, to dance, and to rest." Then in his after-dinner ease in the great sandstone residence, he seemed to reflect, "He is human."

The Little Ones had his respect, too, since they were wealthy, but he seemed to be a bit disturbed by this fact. He wrote, "They are aristocrats and like all wealthy people, they don't care for manual labor." There seemed to exist a delicate understanding here between a man who respected people who were not compelled for economic reasons to come far out into the savage blackjacks and prairie-plains and the "wealthiest people per capita on earth," who owned those same blackjacks and prairie-plains.

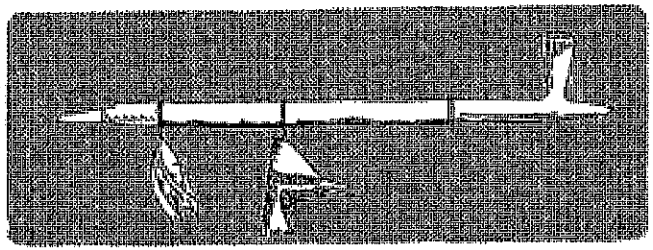
He counted 886 fullbloods and 879 mixed-bloods, and he reported that the fullbloods still clung to their ancient dress and shaved their heads, leaving a "crest." He reported that they were very quiet and peaceful and liked to gather where they could recount their feats of former times.

He noted that the annuities were $200 per capita, and paid in quarterly payments "by a paternal and benevolent government." This was a jealous distortion rather than a careless one.

He saw no future for them and gave a statistical table covering twenty years of their history, which he said would "illustrate the natural tendency of their exit from earth and that will soon 'be as much forgot as the Indians canoe across the bosom of the lonely lake a thousand years ago.'"

PEYOTE AND OIL

"They have adopted the Man on the Cross, because they understand Him. He is both *Txi-Sho* and *Hunkah*. His footprints are on the Peyote altars, and they are deep like the footprints of one who has jumped. No bird they know can launch itself into the sky, without first jumping."—John Joseph Mathews, *Talking to the Moon.*



53. Disintegration and Confusion

AGENT POLLACK SAW ONLY the surface when he said of the Osage, "He loves to sing, to dance and to rest." Behind their singing and dancing and resting now there was a fear that haunted them. Their "brothers" the buffalo were gone, as were the wapiti and the antelope, and since they had not been able to protect these "brothers," *Wah'Kon-Tah* had forsaken them, or at least the God of the Heavy Eyebrows, the enemy god, had confused them.

The buffalo was more than just a "brother"; he was the giver of the varicolored corn, and had been a part of their existence, perhaps the very basis of their existence. In their organization of the gentes, the Little Old Men had deferred to him and had shown him courtesy, and the gentes themselves hesitated to choose him as a life symbol; finally one of the gentes employed only a phase, the Buffalo Face, and even then, the Little Old Men out of respect gave this gens no onerous mundane activity in the gentile organization. The organization was complete when the jealous buffalo, finding that he had not been chosen as a life symbol of one of the gentes, came roaring up to the council lodge of the Little Old Men with tail of anger raised and pawing the earth, demanding that he be made a symbol, and he did along with jealous thunder become the symbols of "those who came late."

Now the buffalo had vanished and with him the paternal protection of *Wah'Kon-Tah*, and now they elected their "principal chief,"

"assistant chief," and fifteen councilmen, and the *a'ki-da,* soldiers, were appointed by the "Supreme Court of the Osage Nation," and were called Indian police. The Little Old Men now had no power, and the gentile leaders were not recognized by the Heavy Eyebrows Long Knives (the agents). They were not even known; but the physical division leaders were recognized, because they lived with their people in widely separated places over the reservation. They were not recognized as the *Sa'n Solé,* the Upland-Forest People, but Claremore's band and Black Dog's band. The *Pa Solé,* the Big Hills, were now Big Hill Joe's band or Tall Chief's band, and the *Wah-Ho-Ka-Li,* the Thorny-Valley People were recognized as White Hair's or Beaver's band, and the Down-Below People, the Little Osages, were often referred to as Striking Ax's band, while the Heart-Stays People seemed to have been forgotten.

The prestige of the Little Old Men and the gentile leaders was now faded, and some of them tried to clutch to themselves, and hold up for all to see, their traditional importance. Some of the Little Old Men, especially as they grew older and there were no ears turned to them, assumed esoteric powers, and even presumed to cure diseases by magic. They became medicine men to retain their self-esteem and their traditional importance.

The Osages experienced *ga-ni-tha,* chaos, again, and the people were easy victims of the medicine men, who became a nuisance to both the Friends and the military agents, especially when they claimed "medicine" for the cure of wounds, blindness, and disease. The gullible people gave them valuable presents for a few fannings from an eagle-wing fan and mumblings which could not be understood. The agents could do nothing about this situation, but it was finally partially saved by a doctor named Dobson, in whom the people had faith. He spoke the language well, and had a deep feeling for them.

However, during this period an energetic medicine man need not become celebrated in his own tribe only, but might have attained the stature of an all-Indian prophet.

The tribes of the plains were also thrown into confusion, and had

finally succumbed to the enemy gods; being resistant and vindictive but without arms and buffalo, they were ready for a prophet.

The Amer-European, with only his burden of religion and property, could lose both in the manner in which all things become unattached and one became separated from them. He was still a unit in himself and part of a collective voice. His religion had not come out of the earth which now nourished him, but from far away in a country of arid harshness, and it had been modified by the culture of Rome and later Europe and England. The asceticism of the desert had been metamorphosed by the marshes and the meadows and the rivers and the forests of Europe and England, and in America had become ramified and seemed rather a philosophy instead of life itself. He, in the place of the Indian, could have adjusted himself to the new conditions, assuming a new concept of God, and acquired more property in the manner of his conquerors to revive his prestige.

The religion of the tribes had come out of the earth where they lived except in the cases where they were removed to far-away reservations, and it was a part of their existence, not a thing-apart philosophy, hence their bewilderment when the alien enemy gods weakened the medicine of their own.

Had it not been for this, one might now have expected the Osages to live in their log cabins, with their garden patches enclosed within worm fences, and expected them to seek the churches scattered here and there in order to get some relief for their confusion. Since they had not put away their concept of God and their blankets and moccasins and their leggings and their scalplocks and their predawn chants in 1825 when they turned over their land to the immigrant Indians and were assigned to a reserve, one might expect them to do so now since their buffalo were gone and they had a larger communal income than the Heavy Eyebrows surrounding them. Now perhaps one might expect them to cast away their blankets and their moccasins and their bear-claw necklaces and their mussel-shell gorgets and their quivering scalplocks of turkey "beard" and deer tail. Instead of their otter and beaver bandeaus, one might expect them to wear floppy black hats with greasy bands and shabby "citizens'"

clothes. It was the logical time for those who must have prestige to fill the vacuum created by the disintegration of the old tribal organization wherein they were important, by carrying Bibles about and preaching in a language they understood not too well, about an enemy God of a bewildering number of facets.

They remained resistant. They chanted each morning to the Morning Star, and they fasted and they held the mourning dances with no change except where individuals might evince anxiety and make slight changes of adjustment. There was an unsureness about their religious ceremonies, and the once formal Ceremony of the Dove became more popular, and unscrupulous medicine men used it for profit and self-aggrandizement, but this was the beginning of deterioration rather than adjustments inspired by anxiety and doubt.

The Little Ones had always believed that the dead should not start on the journey to Spiritland until Grandfather was immediately above them at noon. Then the "door was open," and the spirit of the dead one could travel home with Grandfather. But now the man whom the relatives summoned to paint the face of the dead one so that he might be recognized in Spiritland would have him laid on his back outside the lodge according to tradition, then paint his face with the symbols of the gens and the division on a ground of red. He painted the back of the neck as well, just a little, so that he could be identified from both directions. The Christians buried their dead facing east, and apparently they traveled east to Spiritland, and the relatives didn't want to take chances. The painter of the face now talked to the spirit of the dead man and asked him to go where the other spirits were, and reveal to them the identity of the man who had painted him and sent him there as being the grandson of one who was already there. After assuring himself that the messages concerning the goodness of his deed would be heralded in Spiritland, he asked the spirit of the dead one to be sure to inform those in Spiritland that the Little Ones were true to their ancient customs.

The man who had been summoned to put on the moccasins for the last journey of the dead one also asked the spirit of the dead man to say that the Little Ones were keeping the old customs, but then told the spirit that it was not to go to the West but to the East. This

was a gesture on the side of safety. The dead man was painted correctly and could not possibly become lost, so what matter if he went to the East instead of the West? This might, after all, be the right direction, since the Heavy Eyebrows spirits traveled to the East, the direction whence their *Wah'Kon-Tah E Shinkah,* their Son of God, would appear when he came again.

When the face painter and the moccasin man had finished with their work and had finished instructing the spirit of the dead man, they stood and mourned in the old manner.

But there was no change in the burial. He was taken to a high hill, and there was flexed into a sitting position dressed in his finery, and stones were piled about him. Then the United States flag was set in the stones, and his favorite horse choked and dragged to the cairn, lying half upon it.

The mourners went down the hill, to where the feast was prepared. Each one held his hand over a fire of cedar and laved his hands in the smoke to drive away any evil that might be present. If he were an important man, the Mourning Dance would start, and after four days, the mourning party would set out for a scalp.

The advice to the spirit by the face painter and moccasin man who were worried evinced fear of the enemy God, but the mourning party's refraining from taking an enemy scalp was due to Heavy Eyebrows power. They sometimes did so even near the turn of the century, but the Heavy Eyebrows Long Knives had finally convinced them that would bring trouble to all of the agency if they did not adjust to the times. Sometimes they would hire a Pawnee. They would cross the Arkansas River to the Pawnee Reservation just across from the Big Hills and give a horse and other presents to some long-haired Pawnee to play the game. He would lose himself in the hills and the mourning party had to track him down and pretend to take his scalp by simply cutting off his long hair. It was a delicate business. The mourning party were short-tempered with hunger and emotionalized.

Also there was a Heavy Eyebrows woman who lived just across the border in Kansas. She allowed her yellow hair to grow to her knees and would sell a strand to each mourning party. She also sold whisky and love.