



*Montana*  
**ELDERHOSTEL**

**NORTHERN MONTANA COLLEGE  
HAVRE, MONTANA**

**Frank Denton**

Washington

THE ROGUE RAVEN #41  
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THE ROGUE RAVEN 44 (I'm guessing and hope I don't upset your fanzine collection's order - Ha!) is brought to you by Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. It's a Hedgerow Press Publication, with help from Procol Harum, Stan Kenton, Lalo, Berlioz and Prokofiev.

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Let us now harken back to those golden days of yesteryear, B.C. That stands for Before Computers. After a trip to Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana a few weeks ago, I returned home to be greeted by a dying computer. There has been no time to replace it, since we turned around rather shortly to return to Montana once again to attend an elderhostel (about which more later). My computer expert and long-time friend and I have not been able to go shopping as yet, although we've had some preliminary discussions about what it is I need. It is Anna Jo's turn to request a week at the cabin before she must begin meetings in preparation for the opening of school, so the actual shopping has been put off for another week. Yet the cabin is a perfect place to do a fanzine. We'll be here for nearly a week. So I brought along the IBM Selectric, which now only occasionally sees use to address envelopes, etc.

Of course, this means that I must think of what I wish to say before I set it in black and white. Do you remember when you, too, had to do this? No going back so easily to correct a clumsy sentence, no spell checker to read through when you are finished, no insertions done so seamlessly when you forgot something that was important to what you had to say. Well, you're likely to meet all of the above in the reading of this. What the hay! Think of it as a throwback.

Because of the situation and being at the cabin, this issue will be sans art. I apologize to David Haugh and Sheryl Birkhead, who were kind enough to send some along. Buried somewhere on a disk was/is a nearly complete issue of TRR. I was even trying out a new format and had left spaces for art. It shall appear next issue, be assured.

#### VISITORS

Time sure flies when you're traveling and other people are traveling and the days and weeks seem to blur together. I think it was the end of June or early July when Joyce Scrivner was in town. Joyce is a Minneapolis fan and a fellow member of The Cult, among other things. We hadn't seen her in quite a few years. She called to ask if we might be able to get together for dinner. Things worked out and we met Joyce and Anna Vargo in the Fremont district to have dinner at Costas Opa. We had an enjoyable meal, I think. We were so busy talking that I didn't notice. We caught up on Joyce's activities. She was going to attend Westercon in Portland before returning home. I hope that she had a good time there and saw lots of old friends.

Shortly thereafter Randy Reichardt blew into town from Edmonton, by way of Vancouver, B.C. We hadn't seen Randy in several years and he has turned into a raving "Twin Peaks" fan. In the real world, Randy is a mild-mannered librarian at the University of Alberta. Although we had not watched this television show, which Randy assured us is a classic, we do know where North Bend and Snoqualmie are. So the very afternoon that Randy arrived, we jumped into the car and headed east. The town of North Bend is less than an hour's drive from where we live, a suburb to the south of Seattle. Randy thought the freeway traffic was



thick, but for the time of day I thought it was moving admirably. In a short time we drove into North Bend. Randy was struck by the smallness of both towns. They are situated only a couple of miles apart and are in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. The first place we spotted was the Mar-T Cafe, which in the series is called "The Double R Diner." Knowing that the diner would be open for a while, we drove on to Snoqualmie. First we visited the falls that show in the credits, then walked to the nearby hotel. In the show it is called "The Great Northern Hotel." In real life it is now called The Salish Inn, but in earlier days it was The Snoqualmie Lodge and had a reputation for terrific Sunday breakfasts. A few years ago it was sold to new owners, hence the name change.

Moments later it was time to turn into Big Edd's, with its bigger-than-life carved logger out front, Twin Peaks Burgers advertised on a banner, and a sign that says "Please check your chainsaw in before entering." We indulged in a Twin Peaks burger, of course. Randy was on the lookout for t-shirts, and we were told that some were available at the candy and ice cream store in Snoqualmie. There Randy purchased his first souvenir. The best was yet to come, however. We drove to North Bend once again, this time to enter the Mar-T Cafe for "cherry pie and a hot cup of joe." The dessert course.

Randy spotted a t-shirt that announced "this must be where pies go when they die." He wanted one, but it soon was discovered that they had sold out and were awaiting a reorder. A sprightly young waitress named Amy, who we discovered to be a student at the University of San Francisco, was wearing one. Randy, sly devil that he is, was soon engaged in an attempt to talk that t-shirt right off the young lady's back. At first he attempted to entice her to trade him even up for the t-shirt he was wearing, but she wouldn't go for that. At last, after much good-natured joking, he did convince Amy that he was desperate to own her t-shirt. She was of the opinion that it was worth more, since it carried authentic stains from the Mar-T's cherry pie. Fortunately Amy had a UDub sweatshirt with her and was able to change in the restroom.

Randy, ever the camera buff, had his photo taken with Amy, sitting at the counter where the FBI agent sits, and talking on the phone in the kitchen. All of us were rather pleased to see that the help in the cafe was not tired of the notoriety that the show has brought them. They laughed about the number of fans of the show have stopped to see the cafe, and acknowledged that the sale of cherry pie is up quite a bit. (This summer another show, entitled "Northern Exposure" has been being aired. I have seen one episode of that show, and it was quite enjoyable. I hope Randy doesn't become enamored of that one, or he'll be back next year and we'll have to take him to Roslyn. I can vouch for the terrific food dished up at The Miner's Cafe. Just kidding, Randy. You're welcome back anytime.)

The next day was rather laid back. While not a soccer fanatic, I was greatly interested in the World Cup. So we just sat around in the morning and early afternoon, watching a match between West Germany and England. It went to overtime, then a shoot-out, and West Germany won. Of course, they went on to win the World Cup, which will be hosted next time by the United State in 1994. It being July 4th, we wended our way toward town in the late afternoon, wandered around a bit, then followed the rest of the crowd to the waterfront parks in preparation for the fireworks display over Elliott Bay. The fireworks began about 10:30 and lasted for about twenty minutes. I thought it was a great show.

On a Thursday evening we attempted to introduce Randy to the joys of volksmarching. It was an evening walk in Puyallup, the pronunciation of which gave us something to talk about on the drive there. Things started off well, then went swimmingly; that is, the skies opened and rain fell, and we got wet and became miserable for a while. It was not a good introduction, but it gave Randy a little exercise in preparation for a later part of his trip which would take him to some secluded country in Alberta, and in which he hoped to do some hiking. I'm anxious to hear how that part of his trip worked out.

Friday morning we went shopping for CDs. Alas! Silver Platters, where I shop, was in the process of moving to new and enlarged quarters. No problem. I know they have a shop in Bellevue. Meanwhile we can run up to North Bend and have cherry pie and coffee. And maybe the t-shirt shipment has arrived. Well, the pie and coffee were readily obtainable, but no t-shirts. Disappointment for Randy, who had hoped to take some back for friends. We'll pick some up for him later. Back to Bellevue, where I thought I'd take a shortcut. Ha! A half-hour later we arrive at the Silver Platters there. Randy did not go crazy, but he did pick up a few choice items. CDs run expensive up in Canada. Then it was back home, a bit later than Randy would have liked, since he was driving back to Vancouver to spend the night with a friend. We stoked him up with lunch, but no cherry pie, and sent him off to do battle on the freeway once again. We enjoyed having him visit and hope that he enjoyed it as well.

#### VACATION

I'll try to hit only the highlights of our vacation; otherwise I'll bore the stuffing out of you. The last couple of years something has rekindled an earlier interest in the old west. Last year we did a pretty intensive three-week tour of Montana, western South Dakota, and northern Wyoming. I don't think I did more than make mention of it in various apazines. I learned how much history there was and how much more to learn, even in this relatively small area of the west. We decided that we had never seen southern Idaho and could go on to western Wyoming to do a couple of walks.

After doing a walk in Yakima, Washington, we drove on to Idaho and crossed the border at Lewiston. It's an old town with some incredible brick buildings and tree lined streets. I was more interested in pressing on to Spalding, the site of the headquarters for the Nez Perce National Historic Park. Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce War has been an interest of mine for a long time. The displays of Nez Perce clothing, horse trappings and saddles, utensils and other paraphenalia was excellent. There was a display of Nez Perce activities through the months, and now I wish I had written down the English and Nez Perce for the names of the months (moons). There was also a 23-minute film, outlining the Nez Perce history and their current activities.

Turning south we stayed for the night at Grangeville. The next morning we came to White Bird Canyon, where the Nez Perce war started. Once again it was a situation where the United States reneged on the original reservation, overturned the treaty of 1855, and cut the reservation size to about 1/10th of its original size. The Indians found it difficult to understand why they were now being pushed off of their hunting grounds. All might have been well had it not been for a civilian volunteer who accompanied the troops. He fired the first shot and began the war. White Bird was one of the Nez Perce chiefs, and the canyon is so incredibly beautiful that I didn't find it difficult at all to understand why the Nez Perce did not want to give it up. Luscious green hills with the Snake River running through the bottom. (More about Joseph and the Nez Perce later.)



We followed the Snake for quite a ways, wound through rugged forests, and passed Payette Lake, taking the scenic route south to Boise, Idaho. There we discovered that there was an Indian Expo going on for the week. We also discovered that there was a good Basque restaurant in town and had a splendid dinner (oh, that a Basque restaurateur would move to the Seattle area). Stuffed, we drove out to the fair grounds. For the first time the six Indian tribes of Idaho had come together. The Expo itself was two-pronged. Part of it was to tell the Indians story to the whites; the other to tell the Indians what was available for them in terms of education, job opportunities, industry, health care, etc. We found it extremely interesting. At 8:00 P.M. the dancing began.

The dancing was held outside and seats were provided for the spectators. Before the dancing began, a woman dancer, perhaps a medicine woman, did a dance in which she blessed the arena. There followed the entrance dance, with the Indian staff (equivalent to the flag) leading and the dancers following. The chanting and drumming was provided by five drums and singers. Honor dances were held to honor the chiefs bygone and those still living. One dance honored the veterans of U.S. wars. The costumes of the dancers were splendid. Older dancers among the men often wore headresses with which they had been honored. The younger men wore bustles of feathers; some wore roach headresses. There were perhaps a hundred dancers. Women did a stately dance in which it seemed important to be carrying a beautifully beaded purse, perhaps 18" square. The beading was exquisite, as were some of the deer and elkskin dresses the women wore.

This was the first time that I had seen the Indians dance on such a large scale and it not only impressed me, I was moved by it. We stayed until almost 10:30, but were told that the dancing might well go on until 3 or 4 in the morning. For those who might be interested, the six tribes were: The Northwest Band of the Shoshone Nation, Shoshone-Paiute, Nez Perce, Coeur d'Alene, Kootenai, and Shoshone-Bannock.

This walking stuff I keep talking about will get to you after awhile. We stayed the night in Pocatello, Idaho, then drove back twenty miles to do a 10km in Massacre Rocks State Park. It was hot; something like 98 degrees. We carried water. The walk was along the Snake River, and we saw white pelicans sitting in the river. The terrain was not too difficult, a bit rolling perhaps through sage brush and rabbit brush. The trail crossed under the highway and we came to a place where we could view the ruts of the Oregon Trail, where thousands of immigrants from the east traveled to land in the west. The pioneers on one wagon train did have a confrontation with the Indians who lived here, and eleven pioneers were killed, thus the name Massacre Rock. If the whites won, it was a "splendid victory over the heathen redman." If the Indians won it was a "massacre."

We went through all of the water we had, but were able to refill at one of the campgrounds. Later on I seemed to be running out of steam. I stopped to rest for a bit, then started on. I took three steps and went out like a light. I was walking up an incline and apparently went right over backward. Anna Jo, ahead of me, heard the thud. Scared hell out of her, it did. I came to with my head in a sage bush. Fortunately no rattlesnake was shading under it. After I'd come to, Anna Jo scouted for the nearest way out. We were a only a few yards from the campground road, so she assisted me to a picnic table. Some nice folks with an RV gave us a ride back to the visitor's center and the park ranger made me come into her air-conditioned office to cool down, and made me drink salt water. At the time we thought it was heat exhaustion. Since then

it has been determined that it was low blood sugar combined with the heat. It's not an experience that I care to have again. The only after effects I had were from the knock on the head as I fell. I expected the back of my head to be sore. It never was, but the muscles in the front of my throat swelled up the second day after and I could hardly swallow. And turning over in bed was painful. I never realized that those muscles played any role or were affected when you try to rise up on your elbows to turn over.

In Pocatello we realized that we were in Mormon country when we saw a Deseret Bookstore at the mall. I didn't realize that there were such beasts. I suppose that I should have guessed that there would be an entire book industry based on the Mormon religion. And tapes and records. Why not? There are Christian bookstores galore. We just don't have a dense enough Mormon population to support such a book store in the Northwest, I guess. It was fascinating. The folks asked if I needed any help, and I responded by saying I'd never seen a Mormon bookstore before and was interested. They were kind and said, "Just go ahead and browse." Books about Mormonism, self-help, books by Mormon authors, yes, even Orson Scott Card was there. One wall was other books; westerns, mysteries, sf and fantasy, romances, etc. Yes, I even bought a couple of books, one in history and a novel about the fur trade by Terry C. Johnson, the third in a series.

I have to mention Idaho Falls for its falls right in the center of town, and for the beautiful city park that surrounds the falls and the calm water, not exactly a lake, which backs up behind the falls. The falls have been altered by man, and the entire setting is splendid. They deserve something nice, since it's so hot there, at least in July.

We drove on toward Wyoming, approaching the Grand Tetons from what I consider the 'back side.' I think I consider the other side, near Jackson, as the front side because that's where most photographs of the Tetons are taken from. We passed over Teton Pass at about 8000 feet and came down into Jackson Hole. This is strictly a tourist town, but fun just the same. T-shirt shops, galleries every other door. Yet it's fun just to walk around and window shop. "Now who'd spend that much for a dress?" Anna Jo would say. Obviously someone does. Art galleries have plenty of things that I would love to own, but lack the wherewithal. As a matter of fact, we did buy a James Bama limited edition print here last summer. This summer we controlled ourselves. At an arts and crafts fair in the park, Anna Jo bought a beautiful Hmong dress. Handmade with the very fine 'reverse applique' for which the Hmong women are known. The Hmong were from northern Laos or Cambodia; my memory does not serve me at the moment. Anna Jo thought the dress was a steal, but the woman who had made it was very pleased to sell it to her at that price. And said, in parting, "If anything is wrong with the dress, please write me and I will make you another one." We had nice long chats with a dulcimer maker and a local couple who had just started a rubber stamp company. Later that evening we attended the Jackson Rodeo, which during the summer takes place every Wednesday and Saturday evening. The cowboys were good, but the stock wasn't much, which maybe made the cowboys look good.

We drove on to Lander where we stayed a couple of nights while doing some walks in state parks. We had visited Lander last summer and found it a pleasant town. The first walk was at South Pass City, where gold was discovered in 1871. Some of the buildings have been restored to that period, and others are yet to be restored. As with most gold mining in the west, it started with panning, but soon moved to placer mining. South Pass seemed to miss the dredges and sluicing



that commonly came next, and moved directly to hardrock mining. There are shafts in the hills around, most covered over to protect fools from falling a hundred feet. We ate lunch alongside of one. And apparently there are a few hardrock miners still trying for a big strike in the area. We started our volksmarch through the restored town, then followed a nature trail for a bit. It wound along Willow Creek and we were occasionally startled by cattle rattling the dry willow wands. We had been warned of a cow moose with two calves who could become protective. The walk began at 7800 feet in elevation and climbed to about 8250 at the highest. We're used to walking at or near sea level, so we took our time. Up through aspens, then across a high meadow, climbing still to the B&M Mine, which was still being worked recently. Then down through aspen meadow again with a wonderful opportunity to see the work of beaver, both the cutting of trees and the building of a huge lodge. Finally we dropped down to Willow Creek, where we did spot a moose. It hid in the trees, below a beaver dam, so I was not able to get any photos. But I did see a beaver swim across a pond, waddle over a dam, and swim across a lower pond before disappearing into the brush.

The other walk was at Sinks Canyon where the Popp Agie River disappears into the ground, or sink. We had done this walk last year and it's one of the nicest walks I have ever done. It follows the river up through the state park and back again, through open sage, some aspen, some cottonwood. Millions of butterflies surrounded us, although this year we saw neither deer nor grouse as we did last year.

On to Cody, because it was on the way home, where we needed to be heading, and because of the nightly rodeo. Here the rodeo stock is good, but the cowboys not quite so. Not too many successful rides tonight, either on broncs or bulls. The steers seemed to outwrestle the steer wrestlers, and the calves somehow eluded most of the ropes. Still it was fun to see two rodeos in the same year. If it weren't so darned crowded, I'd go to Ellensburg over Labor Day for the three-day rodeo there. Two other things of import happened in Cody. I'd been threatening to buy a new pair of cowboy boots for several years. Once broken in these boots are as comfortable as anything you can wear. I broke down in Cody and bought a pair of Tony Lamas. The other thing was a visit to the headquarters of the North American Wild Sheep Institute. Lovely artwork on the walls and mounted specimens of bighorn sheep and several associated sub-species. The institute has about 5000 members, interested in the preservation of the species and its habitat. Most of them are hunters, I would guess, though not all.

From there it was on to Missoula, Montana, where we stayed overnight, had a super Greek dinner, and found a couple of fine bookshops in the morning. I garnered some more books on old west history. The next day was a long drive home.

#### VACATION, PT. II, or THE DENTONS GO TO CAMP AT BULLHOOK BOTTOM.

Earlier I mentioned Elderhostel. This is an international program for, you guessed it, elders. You must be 60 to take advantage of the program. You can bring a spouse who is 50 or older. No trophy wives allowed. We had signed up for an elderhostel in Havre, Montana which began on July 29th. For a week we stayed at Northern Montana College, a school of about 1700 students. We had classes in the history of the area and some in paleontology, along with field trips. Havre is east of Glacier National Park and about 40 miles south of the Canadian border. The field trips coincided with the lectures we were receiving in class. The history classes centered around the military presence in the west, with a trip to Fort Assiniboine; Chief Joseph and the retreat of the Nez Perce (the Nez Perce War),

and the Indians of Montana, with the grand finale of the week a visit to the Rocky Boy Pow Wow on the Rocky Boy Reservation. The paleontology dealt with the abundance of dinosaur and fossil finds in the area and a trip to Fresno Lake, where one can pick up fossils off the beach.

My interest was mainly in the history and we had a terrific teacher, Jim Magera, who is a highschool teacher in Havre, but has been interested in western history and the Indians since childhood. He told of having a serious childhood illness and his parents being told there was no hope for his survival. He was taken home and cured by an Indian medicine man, Louis Ninepipe. I gasped when he told the story, because I suddenly associated the name with the Ninepipe Reservoir south of Flathead Lake, where we often went fishing in the evening when I was working a construction job in 1947. Just out of high school, I was attempting to make enough money to begin my freshman year in college. We had stopped at the Ninepipe Reservoir just last summer on our trip. Louis Ninepipe was a Flathead Indian. Jim Magera went on to recover, eventually attended Northern Montana to study western history under Harrison Lane, about whom more later.

Fort Assiniboine was the largest fort in terms of territory in the west. It was built in 1878, after the Nez Perce War and existed until 1923. It was then turned over to the University of Montana, which has maintained an agricultural experiment station there ever since. About five buildings from the days of the fort still stand, and we were able to tour the grounds. After the Indian uprisings had died down, the business of the fort was mostly to patrol the several reservations, and later to attempt to dissuade the flow of whisky into the U.S. from Canada.

Our next trip was to a museum in Chinook, a small town (and a small but nicely done museum, with a good slide show on Joseph and the Nez Perce. From there we drove out to the site of the last battle of Nez Perce against the U.S. Army. Jim, an expert here, was able to set the scene for us, telling us where each clan was camped, where the Indian horses were held, where the children and old people stayed. He pointed out where the Army's attacks were, and how they were repulsed. Forty more miles and the Nez Perce would have escaped into Canada. Tired, weary, cold, Joseph addressed his fellow chiefs with the famous speech: "Hear me, my chiefs. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever." Contrary to some accounts, Joseph did not say this to the commanders of the troops. He said it to his fellow chiefs, in an effort to convince them to surrender. I had wanted to visit this site for a long time, and I was moved to be standing where it all took place.

Anna Jo was more attuned to the paleontology than was I. Something that took place 100 years ago I could understand; things that took place 60 million years ago seemed beyond my ken. The instructor was Dr. Lou Hagener. Lou had a massive brain tumor a couple of years ago, and is now wheel-chair bound. It didn't slow him much, nor blunt a wicked sense of humor. He was assisted by his wife, Toni, and an ex-student, who has discovered her own dinosaur and is in the process of excavating it. The Science Building at Northern Montana bears Hagener's name, and he seems to have the run of it, even though he is now retired. We handled a lot of specimens in class, so that we would know what we were looking for when we went on the field trip. Fresno Lake is a man-made lake, backing up behind an earthen dam which controls the flow of the Milk River, so called because it is the color of a teaspoon of milk in a cup of tea, or so the old-timers said. The level of the lake had been dropped in order to provide irrigation downstream, and we had pretty good pickings. I wasn't quite certain what I was looking for, but did manage to find a small piece of dinosaur bone, fossilized clams (one pretty good



specimen, according to Lou, about 40 million years old), and some fossilized garfish scales. Anna Jo was a lot more successful, knowing a bit more what to look for. She came home with a sackful of stuff, and intends to use it for a display in her library this fall.

On another day we visited the Washpk Shu'gn Buffalo Jump site, where the Besant people, 2000 years ago, drove buffalo over a cliff. The cliff was not very high and probably did no more than break their front legs. Then they were slaughtered, the meat dried. This civilization was not as advanced as the Indian, since they did not use all of the buffalo. Thus the bones were left as they lay, and provide a pretty good story of what went on at this site. Five excavations have been made, and we visited each of them. They are protected by structures and the whole site is fenced to keep out vandals. On the same day we visited the Clack Museum. Clack was the owner of Husky Oil Company, and his children have erected the museum in his honor. Again, it is not a large museum, but has some nice artifacts and dioramas, including one of Joseph delivering his famous speech. This was done by Joe Scriber, who has work in the Whitney Museum of Western Art, a part of the Buffalo Bill Historical Museum in Cody. Do I hope that my photos come out? You bet.

One evening we drove out to Beaver Creek Park, the largest county park in the United States. It's about 20 miles long, though not very wide. Jim Bridger, the famous mountain man visited here in 1844 and reported that there were no beaver. What he didn't know was that trappers from the Hudson Bay Company had been there in 1843 and taken them all. We had a great picnic, and not wanting to listen to or take part in a singalong, I roamed up into the hills (actually a part of the Bear Paw Mountains) in order to get some photos. Not knowing how long the troops intended to sing, I didn't roam far. The next evening was free, so Anna Jo and I took our car and drove back out. I wanted to climb the peak near the campground. When I got to the top I found a fairly narrow ridge running from southwest to northeast. On the northeast edge I discovered a pit about four feet in diameter and several feet deep. I thought it might be a pit for a signal fire, but when I asked Jim about it the next morning, he said it was a vision quest pit, used by the Indians when they go on a vision quest. I was pleased to have seen it, Jim said he knew about 50 such sites in the Bear Paws, but generally doesn't talk about it, since these places are sacred to the Indians. On the way back to Hayre we drove slowly, looking for wildlife. We did see twin fawns together. We were also treated to a great electrical storm for about forty minutes as it passed to the north of us. Back in town we found that it had rained hard. Kids were wading in the streets at one intersection and the storm sewer was unable to handle the runoff.

On Friday evening we drove to the Rocky Boy Reservation for the Pow Wow. Besides our 30 people, there were probably only a dozen other whites. If I was impressed by the dancing in Boise several weeks before, I was astounded by this pow wow. As the grand entrance dance began, the line of dancers stretched on and on. By the time all of the dancers had entered there were over 600 dancers in the arena. Chanting and drumming was provided by 17 drums. The costumes were incredible. Rocky Boy Pow Wow claims to be one of the largest in the U.S. There were dancers from the Dakotas, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington. I'm no expert on numbers but it was impressive. Unfortunately most of the contest dancing would be done on the following two nights, but we were able to see the hoop dance competition. I had hoped to see some "sneak up" dancing, in which the drumming and chanting stops and the dancers must stop also. It's a sort of musical chairs dancing, except that the dancers pick up the beat again by seeming to search the horizon for game or enemies. It's an incredible dance, and only for the young. Rocky Boy offers \$45,000 in prize money for the dance contests. The contestants train for these contests, not just in dancing, but actually do road work to stay in shape. There



is money to be won. There was a splendid sunset over a butte to the west; I sure hope the photos come out, at least one of them. I also had time before the dancing to walk a quarter of a mile away to where three sun dance lodges stood out against the background of the hills. The pow wow is social dancing. The sun dance is a sacred ritual (see the movie "A Man Called Horse") which is a lengthy and painful ordeal for the participant, lasting as long as five days. I had seen photos of the sun dance lodge, but had never seen one up close. I should have mentioned that the Rocky Boy Reservation is the land of the Chippwa and Cree tribes in Montana. They have their own schools, although some students come to Havre for high school. They also have their own community college, as do all of the reservations in Montana. It was a splendid evening of dancing and we finally gave up at 10:30, boarded the bus and headed back to the campus.

I've said nothing about the participants of this elderhostel. They were great people, diverse in background, but nearly all interesting. One couple had written and produced four books of photography, two about Ireland. Cy Reilly's photographs were beautiful. One woman from Connecticut was a journalist and had just had her first children's book published. There were ex-teachers, one man whose career had been in city government, two couple from Illinois who were great rockhounds and extensive travelers, a wheat rancher from Fort Benton, a woman who will be teaching at Rocky Boy this fall, and about ten local people from Havre. The people who administered the program were terrific, friendly, accomodating, helpful, and full of good cheer. Our room was what you might expect, a college room for two people. Nothing to shout about. But the food was excellent, plentiful, and varied. And the cost was inexpensive; \$245 each for the week. What a great program. We'll surely do one again, in a different place and with a different theme.

Earlier I mentioned Harrison Lane. Dr. Lane taught at Northern Montana College for 26 years, but has been retired now for ten years. In the library there is a tremendous collection of western history which he has donated, and which is called the Lane Collection. Harrison reviews books about Montana for Montana Magazine, and I have enjoyed his monthly column greatly. I mentioned this to Janice Brady, our coordinator, and she said sweetly, "I'll call Dr. Lane and see if you and he can get together." The upshot of this was that I was invited over to his home one afternoon, and we sat in his back yard for a couple of hours, drinking iced tea and talking books, the west, reviewing, and a myriad of other topics. He was a charming host, a splendid conversationalist, and obviously learned about the west, with an especial love for the plains. He's also a talented painter, and a stamp collector and dealer. I didn't mention that I also collected until near the end of the conversation, since I wanted his thoughts about the west. When I did finally mention it, he asked why I hadn't mentioned it before. I grinned. No doubt we'll do some dealing by mail. My couple of hours with Harrison Lane was certainly a bonus for me.

Too soon it was over. We stopped at Fort Benton on the way south. This was a humdinger of a town on the frontier, the farthest that the steamboat could navigate on the Missouri River, and thus the hub of commerce for the northern plains and Rockies. A ton of history here and the local townspeople have done a terrific job of laying it all out for the visitor. I'd love to return someday and float a section of the river. We drove on to southwestern Montana, staying in Dillon, and doing two more volksmarches, in Sheridan, and Virginia City. Then backtracked to Bozeman to visit The Museum of the Rockies for a great show of paintings by Russell Chatham, and excellent dinosaur exhibits. Here we are close to Egg Mountain where nest of dinosaur eggs and fossilized young have been discovered. And nearby a Tyrannosaurus Rex, which will soon be on display there.

Bullhook Bottom?? The early settler's name for Havre, and a great Indian story, but no more room. Maybe next time. Now for a new computer and to learn a new system. And try to retrieve stuff from my old discs. Wish me luck.