

The Seven Teton Councilor Bands of the Western Sioux Nation
 Oglala—Brule—Minneconpou—Sans Arcs—Blackfoot
 Hunkpapa—Two Kettle

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It may help us, at this point, to note the first "stowaways" were American Indians, and the manner in which they "arrived" on the shores of the western hemisphere. Significant, too, is how Eve cured her first experience of morning sickness by employing wagmu pejuta, the morning glory root, a mammoth bulbous root, a sample once on display in the Wounded Knee museum. The Indian peoples use the root for other sicknesses as well; but the root is rare and quite difficult to find. The reader may also have noted the use of the Sacred Calf Pipe among the Sioux and how they are accustomed to pray with it to God.

Among recollections that come now to mind is the Spider. His Siouan name is Iktomi.

There was a day when Iktomi said to the Fly: "The only good fly is a dead fly!" And surely our reader has noted how greedy spiders set out to trap many innocent flies.

The flies were getting well upset over the spiders' usurping their right of use of their territories, their living quarters and hunting grounds. So, the flies decided to congregate their forces and help their leaders to become aware of who the leading spiders were so that they might concentrate on them. They first selected the horse fly, and he was crazy

about his task, for he had long meditated on a concentrated attack. They all were aware of the opposition's strength and prepared with counter strength for the coming attack. They chose their leader well, having found one fly with plenty gall. The deer fly they next chose to assist for he went to the point of attack with deadly vengeance, and usually left his prey helplessly struggling in a last-ditch defense. Then came the bull fly; he was good in both defense and attack. He never sat around or set up a disguise, but rather he would set to destroy for good any further possibility of attack upon the flies. They used a very active fly for the initial attack, and he took quite a toll. His bill was dull only in appearance, like an arrow but sharp as a well-honed knife blade and as deadly. Other qualified fly leaders were chosen as a sort of back-up troop to be clean-up flies.

They all did their work commendably well. None of the immediate attack spiders were left to carry on their self-styled plot of domination. The spiders, in the past, had often enticed and induced flies to move into their trap year after year, and there they destroyed or confiscated the flies' precious dominions. Now, some of the spiders themselves fell by the wayside. Following their nature's bent, many many more spiders came and made the flies pay dearly.

Time and tide, relentlessly, took their toll, whether coming or departing. This is the way of life.

Meantime, however, while man is endowed with spirit and reasoning, with choice to do or not do, with conscience to guide him, he also holds within himself gifts that help him prepare for a life here and hereafter. Man is, of course, made in the image of his Creator, Wakantanka. The Great Mysterious One creates, yet He is above all forms of Nature, the Heavens, the Earth (good and worthy as She is). This basic fact guided the American Indian in his reasoning and understanding of all things. He put Nature to use daily in providing for daily spiritual and temporal needs. Recognizing God, he honored Him, especially through the use of the Prayer Pipe. He directed the stem to the four cardinal points of the compass: North, to recall the Creator; East, to recall the place from which rises the Sun of light and life; South, to recall the day of the harvest sun; West, to recall the place

where sets the Sun of life and light. This sort of recall is a good daily practice for every man, with fathomless meanings.

Surely, no man can deny the reality of Nature. Man lives by it daily. He is helpless without it, without the handmaid of his Creator. Spiritually man grasps Nature's own guidelines. Materially Nature provides; but man must plant, cultivate, and harvest for use now and for storage and use against lean days in the future. Droughts and pestilences may come and they do, perhaps in cycles, and often unexpectedly because of the difficulty of prediction. Animal life seems to suspect such ordeals and moves to more protective areas. Man notes such events approaching but is reluctant to take the hazardous and testy way to avoid dangers. He would have to move family and many necessary goods to maintain his own existence. As we have pointed out before, this sort of thing happened to the native prairie Indians about three hundred years ago. Caught in the web of a natural disaster they suffered. They had to bow to sacrifice and prayers to the Great Spirit. They learned to trust God and His mercy, that He would provide. The Sacred Calf Pipe captured that vision. Like a new-born infant, it brought to light an understanding of Nature's demands in the drought of the 1930's. The task of distributing relief was immense.

In those days too, man showed himself creative, but only with what Nature provides, and because of Her prodigality, he can be led to engage in a just distribution of Her goods.

We must not, then, forget to honor our farmers, ranchers, and miners. They really feed, clothe and provide the essential materials for use in everyday life. Without those men, the so-called wheel of progress would be stilled forever. Think! Then act! My ancestors did, many centuries ago, before white men came to our beloved country. They left us a heritage of land, water, and air unpolluted.

Nowadays, men are anxious because the neglect on the part of some creates a concern for the health and welfare of others. The unfortunate fact of the matter is, our way of living has often been lacking guidelines to a peaceful way to live. Individuals, gangs, organized groups, the underworld,

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too well-trained and too well-armed countries stand prepared to bring man to his knees, to humble him in complete submission to the sword!

This is the sad but real and depressing predicament the world finds itself in today. Unlimited war, millions dead and dying and millions more deprived of homes, food, medical care, and freedom in religious life—What is necessary to man? Man is losing his natural freedom to live and let live!

The American Indian knows this story by heart and often suffers with it in isolation, out on some distant reservation. Yes, for some this is so, to the bitterness of living in the heart of, supposedly, the most civilized and progressive people on Earth. We are, as we know so well, a people living under a government organized by our forefathers, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; a government serving the right of citizens to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. As we have so often done, we awake in the morning and find ourselves at war! Now the story is: War for others' possible liberty, far over seas! Who wins? To gain what? Not America's security against those for whom we died and went into deep debt. We are armed to the teeth, on land and sea the world over—all in preparation for or prevention of war!

Our national economy and our manpower cannot long continue a warring way of life and still endure. John F. Kennedy, former President of the United States of America, told people: "Unless man destroys war, war will destroy man." He himself fought and died for his country. And now, peace? One of the most honorable and distinguished men of our country was the former President Abraham Lincoln. He got his education the hard way, in a log cabin lighted by candle and lamps and limited literature books. He rose through trial and error to become our beloved President. While President, he was saddened by the prospects and fact of civil war. North against South; slavery or the freedom of the black man; freedom or slavery. He faced the issues on both sides, but his decision was for justice. His decision was war for peace under God. He was that kind of man. At Gettysburg he addressed himself to the question, a bereaved but determined man, wishing to give the world

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a message of love for his fellowman, among both the dead and the living. "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."

The irony and, or, the blessings of life are with us today, as were our Yesterdays, the forerunners of our Tomorrows. Many great men and women have passed through the chambers of government and have partaken in the construction, management, and labors of our great and prosperous United States of America, and they have left inspiring monuments from various cultures. Man has, along the way, suffered and died making history with renown; yet others there are who now live in misery, and still others surviving on Indian reservations, being held in a sort of captivity by destitution—while all the while surrounded by plenty.

Why this should be is suggested by the events which took place in May and June of 1875. President Grant had invited chiefs of the Sioux Nation to Washington to parley or powwow, as seemed to be their understanding, over the much troubled Sioux country. It was clear to the whole nation that a disturbance had been boiling from the willful infringements upon understood rights within the Great Sioux Reservation, rights which rested only upon establishments fixed by the Treaty of 1868 and the Treaty of 1851. All men were then becoming embroiled in a growing confusion over territorial developments arising out of Indian treaties and those arising out of Congressionally established procedures for Territory and State attainment by persons wishing to be or become citizens of the United States. At that meeting, then, in Washington, present were Red Cloud, war-chief of the Oglala Sioux, Spotted Tail of the Brule, Long Mandan and Lone Horn representing the Miniconjou, Two Kettle, and the Sans Arc; Sitting Bull of the Hunkpapas seems not to have been present at the meetings, perhaps because he lacked the status of chief, being rather a highly respected medicine man and a leader of sorts. These chiefs came home from the East empty-handed. They had managed to side-step talk of the Black Hills, yet Red Cloud was soon told to have his people out of Nebraska. To refuse to go peacefully would bring force.

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This meeting was a blow to the tribes, a definite indication that the push was on for a complete "invasion". With the cry: "Westward Ho!" people marched soon behind armies of the War Department. Slowly and surely Custer worked his way to his own "show-down". On the Little Big Horn River in Montana, Generals Crook, Gibbons, Terry, and Custer converged upon the camp of Crazy Horse, Gall, Sitting Bull, One Bull, White Bull, and Dull Knife. Disaster came to those not properly prepared. As in men of the past, now, and in the future, human ambition has its pinnacle, just as does despair have its pit. Here, one man is toppled; here too, one nation slipped into despair.

The American Indians are my people, your people. They need the consideration of all, an educated enlightenment, an experience of togetherness with other peoples, as an overall approach to their predicament where there exists a greatly limited representation throughout America the Beautiful.

If people of today should look down on a moving scene of life from the landing of Columbus in 1492 to that of the Pilgrims in 1635 and witness the friendly reception by the Indians; their succor of the needy, their educating the white man to Nature's wildernesses, their ceding sufficient lands for living and hunting needs, their patience in white men's further demands, their forbearance of aggression and oppression and unnecessary bloodshed (even all the way to Custer's fall and the Wounded Knee massacre), would we then yet be without understanding?

Today our country has a population of two hundred million strong and foresees yet more coming! Indians number less than a million and live mostly in isolated reservations where, in the beginning of the white man's co-existence, Uncle Sam brought them.

The Indian faces, now, his greatest problem since the Pilgrims came to our shores: survival in an open society. The Pilgrims were blessed through Indian acceptance of their predicament while in flight from European autocracy, but, as we well know, these same fugitives often enough spent on their Indian friends some of the same venom which coursed in their veins after they had been stung on far-off shores. It took some time before these wanderers of the

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seas learned how they had taken on the very character they had rejected. When their General lay in his own blood, the picture was not nice.

Though progress toward solving the problem of coexistence has been and often good, yet the style of American progress has been cruel to many people. Perhaps amid the various efforts at development it will do me well to ask:

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Howdy Neighbor! —I've been wondering WHO and WHERE you are. At first I was sure you were the one next door. True, you are. Then I found you across the street, down the block and across town. I found you everywhere I go. I found you at work and in church. I found you in cities, on farms, and now across the seas! Remember how we met? It was over a smile. We shook hands, talked about the weather, taxes, our children, the Good-Neighbor Policy, and the Back to God Movement. Then you remarked:

You look so neighborly when you smile!
Frowning is wrinkling, and rarely worthwhile;
Smiling is youthful, the heart grows lighter;
Frowning is aging, the heart draws tighter!

The road may be long, rough, and dreary!
Smiling, regardless, will make it more cheery;
Smiling or frowning abounds everyday life;
Smiling, not frowning, drives away strife!

Your voice seemed to grow a little more serious; and you continued:

There is kindred in a smile that is spiritual
And should be in men's everyday ritual;
For, a smile when you are down is uplifting
And often keeps a man from down-drifting!

Frown only in slumber and smile when awake;
Each task is then lightened, burdens you forsake!
Put laughter in your smile, it will lighten neighbors' labors,
An added bridge to neighbors and their neighbors!

You were smiling as you turned to leave; then suddenly you turned back and said:

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Remember: A charitable smile is fraternal
Reflecting neighborly affection!

You added:

And don't forget: Keep smiling and praying,
So the darkest clouds will smile back.
Showering Heavens blessings, flooding
Heart and soul in a rainbow of fraternal love!

As you again turned to leave you said:

Drop in anytime! In the meantime—
Tell your friends what we talked about,
And I shall do the same!

It certainly is relaxing and inspiring to most people like that. I'll bet there is a Neighbor like that around every little corner of every man's everyday life!

There is a lot of power in a real Smile and a real Prayer!
Did you know, you **can** have your cake and eat it—if you share it with others!

It is said (a thing well known): "Time and Tide wait for no man." Like a shadowed ghost in the night, silently, or with a cautioning roar, a knock on a man's conscience, Time leaves leaven. Love of God and man matures the substance of life and is the creator of Friendship, the staff of life.

Yet, without these kindred blessings, man's way toward his destiny is strewn with twisted lanes, up and down, over hill and dale, through mountains and valleys. Yes, the rose or thorn greet man along the way. In the distance an oasis appears! Drifting sands greet his eyes; his steps falter. Yet he continues on and his feet become more steady. A smile appears on his lips and his pace quickens. The palm trees in the distance mean one sure fact: refreshing waters of new life lie beneath the sand. He kneels, offers a prayer of thanks, and with his hands he prepares to drink heartily of a kindred staff of life, cool, cool water!

His get-up-and-go is revived. Resting some, he reviews the back trail, and now, conscious of his trials and tribulations, he resolves upon a better way of life, to meet his problems with a clear conscience, to greet his Neighbor

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with a "Howdy!", a smile, and a friendly pat on the back. With such an approach, many a twisted road is straightened and hump leveled!

Time and Tide have made their appearances, of course, Silently, yet with a Bang! When a babe is born, it is up-ended and its maximus spanked! It cries out: "You...you...so-and-so! You hurt me!" Then, in no time at all, it settles into the arms of its anxious mother, cuddles to her breast and partakes of its first meal on earth.

In time, the Tide goes out, often with a roar of destruction. Other times, it goes silently, as at a spirit's creation, taking passage, and man's day is over!

So, my friends, Time and Tide have come and gone in the life of men. From the very first, when Adam and Eve capitulated, from the peace of the Garden of Eden and into the many varied storms of human life in the Garden of Olives, you and I are witnesses in the Gardens of Today. There may have been times when men left monuments of progress and glory to strengthen the welfare of peoples. Still, along the way of time, they leave heaps of debris, fruit of violence, or they are often laying traps for others to fall into, flounder, and writhe in captivity, victims innocent or not!

So in the ebb and flow of the ages of human history, men have striven to make progress in the care of life; but often they have spent themselves in contrivances that lead to death. One people or another will erect structures for human living that better foster a truly human life; others will scheme ways of tearing down those structures without any idea what their next step will be—except that others will have to bend to their will and accept whatever comes!

When, then, the Indian looks to what comes, he has seen and read clearly the story in "Old Glory". The Sioux particularly have found in the flag, the Wapaha, of the United States a brilliant symbol of their greatest ambition: a man's love for his Nation. Four former Presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Kennedy, each mark out lines of true love for their neighbor. Two lived their lives with great renown in founding a democracy upon our lands and in blueprinting a way to progress toward Statehood. Two were

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assassinated while serving their country at a time most trying for the preservation of the Union. The Indian, the Sioux too, have been keenly aware of the profound implications carried by civil war and the creeping poison of communism. They have responded to the call of the people's liberty, not only here within our own American borders, but also the world over, wherever there rises the call of oppressed peoples. There is something in the heart of the Indian that provides an answer to others' aggressive, unrelenting, provocative, and brutal ideologies. Men with such armed ideologies make free men their prey. We are easily the first on their list for conquest!

The dedicated service of these four great men, their love for their countrymen and world peace, give a certain distinct character to the heritage handed down through some thirty presidents. Every president, our present one no less, cannot go without the burden of deep reflection upon the past, the problems of the present, and those apt to arise in the future. No president can easily live and serve with his own interest first. Neither conscience nor the people's expectation that he dedicate his whole self to his office under oath will let that happen. We meet the Sioux ideal of a great chief here in the American ideal: A man ought to dedicate himself heart and soul to serve God and man.

"For God and Country", that is the most progressive and democratic plan of law and order directed to the welfare of man existing today. It capsulizes the thoughts and attitudes of many persons, and it correlates them with a spiritual and temporal way of life. Again: "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people" opens a way for the exercise of the will of a free people in our government. Party affiliation or religious belief and practice may all be questioned, but never forbidden.

For that reason we do not hesitate to mention that Jesus Christ was born of a Jewish mother; questioned and condemned; accepted and denied. Yet He it is that rules all Nature at its birth, in its existence, and in its eternity. Jesus Christ is begotten of God the Father; He is not made. He is part of the eternal "Triangle". Man, while created in the image and likeness of God and composed of body and

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soul, is subject to the planning and choices springing from the will of God.

So too, then, are all other forms of Nature standing ready at His call.

Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln all were partakers of a christian faith; Kennedy himself was a Catholic. For those who walk in fear of the vision of our country's founders, and the liberties they envisioned to dramatize the democratic nature of the will of the people, these men gave their lives to illustrate for us that religious faith is no barrier to a truly democratic process or to the Presidential office. Qualified persons are the concern of the people. The theme that sews its way through the artistry of American life is: God and Country, concern for man's spiritual and temporal welfare. That provides everyone with an everyday challenge, even all the peoples of the world.

Old Glory—that flag, under God —is your flag, my flag, Freedom's flag. We read you: Red is for the faith and blood retained and shed to maintain a democracy and to free men from the demoralizing yokes of autocracy; White is for our hope in and love of our good Creator and God, who gave mankind His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, as the Mediator of peace and world order; Blue is for the Charity of men in government who truthfully reflect God's provision of Nature's bounty bound to man's destiny.

There are fifty stars, like unique words, that reveal and glorify the shield of freedom offered by fifty United States of America, a democratic republic of people, by people, for people under God. In a true sense, these fifty capitalize the original thirteen colonies who first rejoiced to salute Old Glory Under God.

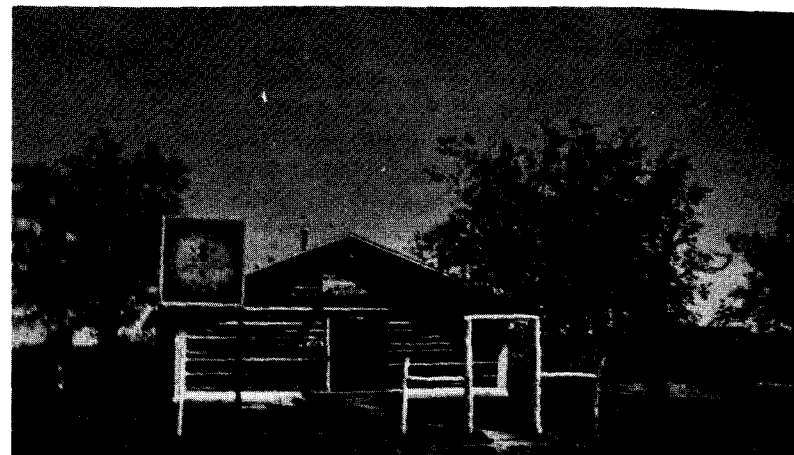
Through immigration, through peace and war, Old Glory has come to be for all mankind, regardless of country, race, creed, or color, a sign of freedom. The eternal Triangle with its all-seeing eye of God has become, from the beginning of our republic, a companion symbol of our national vision. It occurs central to the Great Seal of the United States of America. Our Founding Fathers were relentless in their

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search for peace. They knew that men alone were insufficient to cope with Nature and, at the same time, live at peace.

Jesus Christ, Son of God, holds in his hands two doves of peace each holding an olive branch. One is ready to take flight; the other is in waiting. Christianity teaches us that many course their way in flight, have truly accepted christian faith and life, are really men of good will. Others, however, reject any offer of peace, become fixed in sharp conflict of opinions, dally about and abuse their fellow men, and by violence reduce men to subjection and to the pursuit of their own concept of man's destiny. Can we not say: Christ, by His own providence, has arranged to display Old Glory in man's search for peace, to help those who are helpless to help themselves?

Old Glory arose out of conflict, the breaking of yokes of autocracy, and She yet flies on to draw all men into the search for peace. She is the glory of the land of the Free and the home of the Brave--America the Beautiful!



EPILOGUE ON MUSEUMS

Museums without stories, traditional and real to support them, are like persons trying to maintain a nursery without water--interesting, but dry!

Museums ought to be culture centers; portrayers of our past, today's living for the goals of tomorrow. For, knowing what went before, we seem always to find a way to tomorrow's progress. Man is ambitiously restless and, at times, spontaneously creative. In such wise, the good seed of ambition takes root to bloom into reasonable and progressive structures.

It is, perhaps, this reason that draws tourists to well-storied museums. They are in the mood to be mindful of the past and more than curious to learn how their ancestors strove to overcome many natural and hazardous threats to their people's survival. The spontaneous desire to live more fully seems to lead them to examine into how men have, and might in future, use what Nature provides to live by, and with. Often, through trial and error, good has come forth and men have continued on their way. Today (termed the civilized era of man) sees men still making some progress, by the same methods of trial and error, inside and outside man's home. Change in cultures ever persists, but men's goals are generally the same, and 'tis men who ever would ask: What about tomorrow, in body and in spirit?

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Museums, too, reflect change, differences, and so the world over we see displays that vary, one country and people from another, one culture from another, from stone age and cave man to bronze age and greaved warrior, and now the iron age and significantly the man bent under the massive weight of near every sort of accouterment.

Over the course of the centuries, peoples of various religious persuasions and national ambitions exerted their growing power to make progress. They combined purposefully their own designs with the patterns of Nature, after the plan of the Creator Himself. In His divine Providence, today we are now able to look upon ancient ruins, burial grounds, treasures of the past, all carefully preserved for us in museums and reserved areas in American and other lands. It is always important to take note of these remains of the past. Many stone and pottery artifacts, for instance, were designed very much the same way in other tribes as the natives of the Americas do today. In this, the inventive minds of different cultures become evident and show forth the sense of the practical and the useful.

Often men and women of today overlook the broader perspective in revealing the past to others. Men come to know themes of ancient and modern progress through written works too, not just through specimens of man's handiwork. It would seem to me, if I were to erect for others' use a museum, such as once existed in Wounded Knee, I should go beyond the artifact so-called. I should try to shed light upon the past with displays of artifacts, utensils, fossils, and also of literature and works of art, in such a way as to make evident a blending that helps one to conceive the steady and real sequences that bring about a form of progress.

From the Old World to the New, to the American Indians, through the untiring efforts of archaeologists, paleontologists and anthropologists, cultures of man have been brought into some perspective, with a view to progress that dates back about two million years. Even buried and lost cities of very distant cultures today gain our particular attention. Pyramids, colosseums, cities, canals—engineering feats of the past—have become landmarks for blue-prints of today's progress. Again, in Peru, South America, the skull of a

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late teenage boy was found in perfect preservation after, it is estimated, 600,000 years. Its measurements are almost exact in the critical measures of modern man. There too were uncovered macadamized block highways. This is the land of the Peruvian Indians, the Incas. From there we can proceed in our study of peoples to the Mayas, the Mexican Aztecs, the Cliff Dwellers among the Pueblos of the Southwest United States, and to the Plains Indians and the Sioux.

So, as we end where we began, we arrive at the question:

How and when did the Indians come to the Western Hemisphere? Our answer is, as tradition tells us again, and the Indians have excellent memories, they were the first recognized stowaways on a trip that is, actually, world history!

Mindful, then, of our museum and the need to present a broad perspective of the Sioux peoples, we set to work. It is necessary to recognize a dedicated people, their untiring efforts to give to history the culture of a people who have populated this land for about 20,000 years and lived in as their North American home. Other people from many different countries the world over have been deeply interested in the American Indian peoples, their ways of life, their cultural patterns of centuries long past. Some have spent millions of dollars of hard earned money for research and structures in which to house and protect valuable finds. People wanting to know people come from all over the world annually to visit and see these irreplaceable collections of artifacts and manuscripts. There is in the mind and heart of a curator a deep and profound realization, even a joy, at what is taking place in the minds and hearts of visitors. To mind comes the question most often asked: Can man ever fully live in the present and plan a progressive way into the future and not consider past expressions of a culture? Can man get by without realizing the fact of his being a work of creation, with a real destiny and purpose in life for his tomorrows, a purpose spoken and acted out for children to know and see for the sake of future generations and their progress in culture? Nature and Science as working partners provide man today with unusually useful tools and access to knowledges for use in our tomorrow, but, in all,

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we must not forget our spiritual part and its formation to be the only true support and guide and force of life now, and to the end of time.

Our museum was made from wood gathered from the Black Hills, the Bad Lands, and neighboring hills at Wounded Knee. Its design was the work of Doctor Ralph Hubbard, of the Mohawk Tribe. Deeply interested in the work, he supplied later many artifacts and written documents and books. The museum was built by Emil Waters and his sons, Oglala Sioux craftsmen who were in the hire of Clive Gildersleeve. In the niche above the open fireplace was a plaque of bronze, designed and donated to the Museum by the State of South Dakota as a memorial of the Wounded Knee massacre. Just above the plaque was a design signifying the Light of Eternal Life; a triangle giving out its guiding rays to the world. In the center where the streamers of light converged was the all-seeing eye of the eternal God, to the Sioux, Wakantanka, the Great Mystery, or Great Spirit as the Creator is known to many peoples. The wording below read: Peace is within reach of all Mankind. Hands were reaching out in a peace overture to meet reverently in the presence of the Great Spirit. There too were inscribed on the lower portion of the plaque frame: Unless man destroys War, War will destroy Man. The latter, of course, being a quotation from the inaugural address of President John F. Kennedy. Be it noted: those words apply to all mankind, in every day of our lives, for action; they speak of discipline in the home, the community, the state and country, the White House, the Congress, the courts, at work, at play—even in our schools.

This theme of progress, peace, is part of our Museum. I want all to see how men have tried their thing in the way of peace. I want that theme to be focused in the question: Who is **not** his brothers' keeper? Progress? Yes. Some. We have come to know: Together we stand; separated we fall; and that has been the law of life from the beginnings of man on earth. Yet, strange to say, or is it? All the military forces since time immemorial, as physically fit and accomplished as they have been, have failed to bring about peace in the lives of men! Our question must then proceed: Where does an answer

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come from? Is it not in the Supreme, beyond man, yet in such a way as to be within our grasp?

When you entered the Museum, you saw on the right wall a scene of the heavenly northern constellations, so important for identifying directions at night. At the top center was the North Star. Just below, the Little Dipper and the Big pointing to the North Star. Compasses, with their aid, can be set on land and sea. The goddess of rain appears to the left of the Dippers; on the opposite side, the Man in the Moon. Mars and Venus and Cassiopeia are nearby. Here mythologies of the Mediterranean basin show their similarities with the Sioux traditions. In the beginning, the Earth was a molten mass; so, it was necessary that Nature provide the extraordinary means for cooling: rain, snow, and periods of tremendous ice coverage. So, water seemed to flow from the Little Dipper into the Big and thence onto the Earth. Some traditions tell us the waters first came from the Milky Way via the Dippers to clouds that formed and produced rain for Mother Earth. It was said that when the first waters started from the Milky Way a wise old Indian woman stood near deciding the rain to be rain or snow. Her successor was the goddess Rain, and her partner was the Man in the Moon.

Below this scene of the heavens was a layout of spear points, some like rockets about to be sent aloft; in the heavens there were a few above the clouds circling the Earth. All constellations, the goddess Rain, and the Clouds, were mounted with arrowheads, spear points, and thumb stones or scrapers (most all found in the Sioux country). The man in the Moon and the star centers were Indian bead-work.

The floor layout represented the Oceans, Mountains, Rivers. The center held a piece of red algae from prehistoric time. Shells of the same era formed the border, along with larger shells found in the Bad Lands and nearby country of the Pine Ridge reservation; outstanding among them were several large ammonites. Replicas of reptiles, dinosaurs, and mammoths were scattered over the layout. Then, there were replicas of Man arriving during the Cliff Dwellers' time and the stone age. From these Bad Lands, of course, have come giant fossils of ancient life.

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About the walls, you could observe relics of progress from the stone age, to the bronze and the iron ages: tools and utensils; stone axes, diggers, scrapers, hammers of various shapes and sizes, knives of various sorts, grinding stones, stone basins. Then there were rawhide containers, purses and cases, bead-work for garments and footwear, decorations from head to foot, even eagle feathers and headdresses.

Then, too, on the walls were works of art, paintings of outstanding Indian artists. They ranged from a portrait of Martha Bad Warrior to the Sundance Sacrifice and a Red Cloud portrait.

There were also pipes for prayer, ceremonial and family use. Too, were carvings and some pottery. On display were Norman Short Bull's pen sketch of Christ and His Mother and a three dimensional carving of the same subject. It is said Norman put in 109 hours' work on the bust of Christ alone. Hobart Keith's oil painting of God and Country, a life size work, was an outstanding exhibit under the title: He who lives by the sword will perish by the sword. Felix Walking and Vincent Hunts Horse both had paintings there on display, as well as did Andrew Standing Soldier. And finally, Charles C. Haas provided photographs made in 1942 of cave areas of Spring Creek, near Tilford in the Black Hills.

Ironic it is, indeed, to record here why I place my museum in the context of the past. For, another day and a storm of elements have taken their toll. On February 27th, 1973 and over the weeks that followed, leaders and sympathizers of the American Indian Movement (AIM) left the work of the museum, the homes of scores of helpless Oglala Sioux families reduced to "pig sties", and their store and post office burnt to the ground, together with a church-converted bastion.

In actuality, these persons formed a small segment of the Indian peoples on or off reservations of the United States, several score out of about 750,000. They have been most unwelcome to governing bodies of recognized tribes. They have followers who are expressive sympathizers by work, legal counsel and finance. They are not sure where they are going.

They carry weapons of destruction on one shoulder and money bags on the other. They advocate the use of

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either one or both. They do not spin, nor do they reap from the seed of life. They act as do coyotes, wolves, or vultures who prey on the unprotected or the helpless who cannot fight back against great odds.

The true man shows himself creative, using his talents and abilities to process and mould Nature into what is useful for everyday living. He is spiritually guided in justice principally by a progress brought about within good family life. The good of off-spring absorbing good communicated to them by good parents provides the multiplication of good works of progress through time and space.

When AIM decided to strike a blow at Uncle Sam, our United States Government, they used people. They used Wounded Knee, its people and premises, as a step to one of the many doors to Uncle Sam's house wherein live the people of the U.S.A. The thought seems to have been: I will use his citizens, his people—white or red—to gain entrance; and once I get my foot inside, he will let me in. So, this wandering band made its approach, but found they had made their way to a back-door well guarded. Uncle Sam heard their befuddled voices asking for him to open. He answered: Go to the front door; it's marked "Enter at Your Own Risk". And his voice echoed on: You were here before, without a key, and forced your way illegally into the home of Indian Affairs destroying your past history records of today, your today and tomorrow, and your hope of a progressive way of life.

Finally, the band came to the risky front door, came in, sat down, and talk began. Uncle Sam got some few words in edgewise: The Indians have claims in the Court of Claims and are given every consideration in respect to rights specified by written treaties. By those treaties, billions of dollars have been spent to try to meet obligations there set forth. You asked for and got a method of government by your own people and for your own people, designed to protect and provide leadership from your numbers, to be pursued in a progressive way consistent with "of the people, by the people, and for the people". Supervision was necessary and you accepted what you saw as indispensable.

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I must not forget I am an Indian as well as you who are Indian AIM leaders, followers, supporters, sympathizers. I too have shared the Chippewa heritage, but that I shall share with all, whether white or red or of other lineage or color or creed.

Tragic it is when a man will stoop to using his own fellow men, his neighbor's property and personal accomplishments, to gain and promote his own personal aims. Especially demeaning to his own intelligence is it when he sets to his own thing with a lack of mental and physical ability. In that case, he lowers himself and his supporters to the gutters of the less than human. As the Oglalas term it: He wicasa sni yelo! That fellow is no man at all!

In the destruction that has come upon our village, those who executed the plan, those who threw themselves into their following in any way cannot be stripped of their responsibility for the grave violation of personal, family, and community rights as human persons, as citizens of the United States, and as tribal members of native populations.

We for our part felt conscious of our duty to serve our people and our neighbors, all of whom are Indian except about five percent. Tourists over the years grew in their desire to know and share their lives with our Indian people. To deal with that desire worthily, we concerned ourselves with their persons and members of their families unable to come to our people to see and visit them. We wished to serve this broad interest through various means. Indian clerks and guides were always available. The grounds were left always in their natural state. Only foot trails crossed the coulee where once many men, women and children died in a dreadful crossfire.

The tragedy of today is the irony in defacing and desecrating these hallowed grounds in the name of self-determination! Structures dedicated to the memory and teaching of the Sioux experience, and to educating in the ways of sharing with the American public the fruits of handiwork stamped with authentic Siouan values, were demolished with no evident attempt to check so aimless and pointless a pursuit.

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As much as the loss of many treasures our Indian people possessed touches one, yet all senselessness attains its only sense when we understand the Great Spirit actively involved behind the scene and permitting the raw elements of Nature to take their unreasoned course. We are tried; we are tested in our troubles, but we never turn our face from the South and the Tree who will blossom in eternal life. With firm steps, sometimes faltering a little, we move on toward Light and Life

To rest with the hope of the Dawn of a New Day, we must walk with the honesty and integrity told in the meaningful handshake we once extended to our brothers. We have smoked a Pipe of Peace with them many years ago. Will our faith and brotherly trust stand? We may be marked, historically, indelibly, with the making of treaties and their breaking, with lost natural resources, with a sort of confinement to reservations; yet, after a General's last stand on the Little Big Horn and a tribe's final loss of freedom to use their own great domain, are we so course and imperceptive as to be unable to recognize progress made among decaying hovels and a people clamoring for justice and a respectable way of life? Living memorials of honor and respect are with us in the many lovely Indian persons, families, tribes; but, on the other hand, many are yet engulfed in wretched destitution. The more than poor are with us always. Our hearts reach out to them; our tears look for new ways to succor them in tragic need. We would like to share our "cake" with the poor so we might have them with us when we are in need. With the smoking of the Pipe of Peace, we have joined the handclasp, our word with a testimonial. Another step in progress was in the making. Now we see how very ambitious those first steps really were "From this day forward, all wars between the parties to this agreement shall forever cease. The Government of the United States desires peace, and its honor is hereby pledged to keep it. The Indians desire peace, and they now pledge their honor to maintain it."

In those words, the Treaty of 1868 embraced a faith and trust, an honesty and integrity worthy of beautiful people, a courageous people. "Peace, as long as the grass grows and the waters run." Men have tried, yet men have failed,

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to keep that word and promise. As they tried and yet faltered in the way, so in their successes they have found hope in their todays, a promise for their tomorrows. How beautiful America! But, how our words do shame us all!

Unless our word, our handshake, the smoking of the Peace Pipe transmit sacred intentions, we are lost in a chaos of mistrust, deceit, bitterness, hatred, turmoil, and eventually bloodshed by our brother!

Wakantanka, the Great Spirit, offers us all peace, our proper freedom, and a sufficiency of Nature's abundance. However, He does ask of me in return His own share in my love and respect and love for my neighbor!

Most of the footnote references in the text, were lost during the occupation of Wounded Knee by the A.I.M. in Feb., 1973.
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As Viewed from Wounded Knee

BY

Wilbur A. Riegert, Chippewa - published posthumously