

Chapter 1 : James Willard Schultz - Wikipedia

*Read this book for research in connection with writing my third novel, but also because my ancestry goes back to the Blackfeet Tribe. Every time I visit Glacier National Park and the Blackfeet Tribe another chunk of my heart stays there.*

To-day we pitched our lodges under Rising Wolf Mountain, that massive, sky-piercing, snow-crested height of red-and-gray rock which slopes up so steeply from the north shore of Upper Two Medicine Lake. But we may not kill them! Our meat, but the whites have taken them from us, even as they have taken everything else that is ours! What a fitting and splendid monument it is to the first white man to traverse the foothills of the Rockies between the Saskatchewan and the Missouri! Hugh Monroe was his English name. Hugh Monroe, Junior, was born in Montreal in The Blackfeet were leaving the Fort to hunt and trap along the tributaries of the Missouri during the winter, and he went with them, under the protection of the head chief, who had nineteen wives and two lodges and an immense band of horses. By easy stages they traveled along the foot of the Rockies to Sun River, where they wintered, and then in the spring, instead of returning to the Saskatchewan, they crossed the Missouri, hunted in the Yellowstone country that summer, wintered on the Missouri at the mouth of the Marias River, and returned to Mountain Fort the following spring with all the furs their horses could carry. And this exactly suited him; he much preferred roaming the plains with his chosen people; the stuffy rooms of the Fort had no attractions for a man of his nature. How I envy Hugh Monroe, the first white man to traverse the plains lying between the Upper Saskatchewan and the Upper Missouri, and the first to see many portions of the great stretch of the mountain region between the Missouri and the Yellowstone. On several occasions he went with his and other bands to war against other tribes, and once, near Great Salt Lake, when with a party of nearly two hundred warriors, he saved the lives of the noted Jim Bridger and his party of trappers. Bridger had with him a dozen white men and as many Snake Indians, the latter bitter enemies of the Blackfeet. The Snakes were discovered, and the Blackfeet party was preparing to charge them, when Monroe saw that there were white men behind them. White men are with them! We must let them go their way in peace! That evening white men and Snakes and Blackfeet ate and smoked together! It was a narrow escape for Bridger and his handful of men. Monroe had three sons and three daughters by his Indian wife, all of whom grew into fine, stalwart men and women. Up and down the country he roamed with them, trapping and hunting, and often fighting hostile war parties. They finally all married, and in his old age he lived with one and another of them until his death, in , in his ninety-eighth year. We buried him near the buffalo cliffs, down on the Two Medicine River, where he had seen many a herd of the huge animals decoyed to their death. And then we named this mountain for him. A fitting tribute, I think, to one of the bravest yet most kindly men of the old, old West! A frowse of pine timber on its lower front slope, and its ever-narrowing side slopes above, give it a certain resemblance to a buffalo bull. It is so marked upon this paper. Not satisfied with taking our mountains, the whites even take away the ancient names we have given them! They shall not do it! You tell them so! That mountain yonder is Rising Bull Mountain, and by that name it must ever be called! Rising Bull was one of our great chiefs: Rising Bull came to like them and all the Flathead people so well that he remained with them a number of winters, and because of his bravery, and his kind and generous nature, the Flatheads soon appointed him one of their chiefs. When he was about forty winters of age, some young men of both tribes quarreled over a gambling game and several were killed on each side. That, of course, ended the peace pact; war was declared, and as Rising Bull could not fight his own people, he came back to us with his Flathead wife, and was a leader in the war, which lasted for several years. When that was ended, he continued to lead war parties against the Crows, the Sioux, the Assiniboines, and the far-off Snakes, and was always successful. Rising Bull was a brave man. And oh, so gentle-hearted! So good to the widows and orphans; to all in any kind of distress! And to that I most heartily agree. We are a considerable camp of people: And with them they have their eleven women and fourteen children. Tail-Feathers-Coming-over-the-Hill has many battle scars on different parts of his body. The bullet struck him in the forehead, ripped open the scalp clear to the back of his head, but did not penetrate the skull. He dropped instantly when struck, and we at first thought that he was dead. It was some hours before he regained

consciousness. With all these men, and especially Tail-Feathers-Coming-over-the-Hill and Guardipe, I hunted and traveled much in the old days. Naturally, we spend much of our time telling over this-and-that of our adventures. Meantime the children play around, as happy as Indian children ever are, and their mothers do the lodge work, which is light, and gather in groups to chat and joke. The boys have just been skipping stones on the smooth surface of the lake. The number of skips a stone makes before it finally sinks, denotes the number of wives the caster will have when he reaches manhood. They are spiritual, not material, medicines. In fact, they are the implements used in prayers to the sun and other gods, and each carries with it a ritual of its own. Tail-Feathers-Coming-over-the-Hill has just told me that we will have some prayers with his pipe a few days from now. I shall be glad to take part in it all once more. Again my people are filled with resentment against the whites. And who was he? But I had forgotten the details of it, and wanted them all. She was the only woman of our people to receive that honor, so far as I know. You shall hear all about it. She was the eldest of two brothers and two sisters, and when she had seen fifteen winters both their father and mother died. You boys are old enough to hunt and bring in meat and skins. We three sisters will keep the lodge in good order, and tan the skins for our clothing and bedding, and other uses. Wherever a party of warriors gathered for a dance or a feast, there she was looking on, listening to their talk, and giving what help she could. And when a party returned from war, she was loudest in praising them. All she talked of, all she thought about, was war. They traveled all night, and when daylight came found that Weasel Woman was with them. But she would not listen. No man of that party teased her, nor bothered her in any way: It was the strangest war party that ever set forth from any tribe of the plains! When night came they went close up to it, and the woman said to the war chief: Let me see what I can do. I feel that I shall be successful in there. If she was afraid of being discovered and killed, she never admitted it. The dying moon gave light enough for her to see the size and color of the horses. She took her time and went around among them, and, making her choice, cut the ropes of three fine pinto horses, and led them out to where the party awaited her. There she tied them, and went back into camp with the chief and his men and again came out with three horses. I will await you here and take care of what we have. And after two or three more successful raids against different enemies, the Crows, the Sioux, and the Flatheads, she herself became a war chief, and warriors begged to be allowed to join her parties, because they believed that where she led nothing but good luck would come to them. At home she wore her woman clothing. Men are her brothers, and nothing more. She will never marry. I cannot give her your message, for I am afraid that she would be angry with me for carrying it to her. I love you; my heart is all yours; let us marry. She then told the Blood chief to go into the camp and take horses, and he went in and returned with one horse. And then she said to the Blood chief: We will each of us go in once more, and then let them do what they can. The warriors then went in, making several trips, and then, with all the horses that could be easily driven, the big double party headed for home. Give it to me now. But I took the most; therefore I cannot marry you. It is said that he felt very badly about it all. On her ninth raid she led a party against the Flatheads, and while she and all her men were in the camp, choosing horses and cutting their ropes, the Flatheads discovered them and began firing, and she and five of her men were killed. She died young, about seventy winters ago. In our vernacular it is the medicine lodge. The next summer they built another one in the same place, and owing to that the river got its name. Yes, this was once the country of the Crows. But the Blackfeet saw and coveted it. It was about two hundred years ago, as near as I can learn, that they came into it from their original home, the region of Peace River and the Slave Lakes, and little by little forced the Crows southward until they had driven them to the south side of the Yellowstone, or Elk River, as it is known to the various Indian tribes of the plains. Extending back from the cliff, for a mile or more out on the plain, were two ever-diverging lines of rock piles, like a huge letter V. Behind these the people concealed themselves, and the buffalo caller, going out beyond the mouth of the V, by certain antics and motions aroused the curiosity of the herd until it finally followed him into the V. Then the people began to rise up behind it, and the result was that, unable to turn either to the right or left, from fear of the two lines of shouting, robe-waving stampedees, it was driven straight to the cliff and over it.

## Chapter 2 : Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park - Riverbend Publishing - Helena, MT

*LibriVox recording of Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park by James W. Schultz. Read by David Wales James Willard Schultz, or Apikuni, ( - ) was a noted author, explorer, Glacier National Park guide, fur trader and historian of the Blackfoot Indians.*

His father, Royal Sr. His mother, Mary Jane Hammond , was a homemaker. Roland was the fourth of six children. He and his youngest sibling, Mabel, were the only two to survive to adulthood. Reed developed an early affinity for Native Americans through associations he had with neighboring Indians while growing up. He also fostered a thirst for adventure that would stay with him throughout his life. He journeyed to Minnesota where he worked in a sawmill for a period of time. In he had his first exposure to the Plains Indians while working for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Shortly afterward, he returned to Minnesota, where he began a five-year period of exploration and adventure. There he went to work for the Great Northern Railway. He also employed the artistic skills that had been fostered by his mother doing portrait sketches of Piegan and Blackfeet Indians as well as landscape sketches and watercolors in various towns along the Great Northern route. They furnished Indian photographs to the news department of the Great Northern Railway as well as doing studio portrait photography. After a few years, he began to periodically venture from his Bemidji Studio to photograph the Ojibwe Indians on nearby reservations. In addition to portrait photography work, he sold copies of his Indian photographs and Native pottery, baskets, and rugs. In addition, he began to work with Louis Hill and the Great Northern Railroad on a number of different promotional and photographic projects. Many of these photographs are against the extraordinary backdrop of Canyon de Chelly. During this time he developed a relationship with John Hubbell and his sons. Alone with the Past, Roland W. Actually more of a souvenir shop than photo studio, he used the new location primarily to sell Indian pottery, baskets and rugs as well as prints of his photographs. They recommended that his photographs be prominently displayed at the Panama-California Exposition held at Balboa Park in San Diego. He returned to Kalispell to conclude any outstanding business, then began a period of semi-retirement, returning to Ortonville, MN where his sister Mabel still lived. He produced a catalog featuring 48 of his images that were for sale as prints in various sizes. Reed Catalog In he purchased land and built a cabin on Lower Bass Lake near Cable, WI, and for the next 5 years he divided his mostly leisure time between the two locations. Reed worked there until , doing some studio and commercial photography as well as continuing to sell copies of his photographs. Reed returned for a short time to Minnesota, but then soon began work on yet another studio in San Diego. This venture never actually materialized and by he had fully retired to San Diego. Paul, MN collaborating with his cousin Roy Williams on another new project. The idea was to create a vehicle for selling copies of Reed photographs. They planned to develop a series of lectures in which various photographs would be presented via lantern slides and the pictured Native American life would be explained and detailed. A broad audience of different groups and organizations was anticipated. Copies of the photographs and lantern slides could then be purchased at the lectures. While there, he suffered a fatal accident and died on December 14, Williams would go on to deliver the lectures they had been working on more than 3, times throughout the Upper Midwest. The few photos that are published are generally either unattributed or misattributed. During his life, his efforts were mostly solitary and self-funded. Other than his work with the Great Northern Railroad, he had little interest in exploiting commercial or promotional items such as calendars.

## Chapter 3 : German addresses are blocked - [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

*Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park [James Willard Schultz] on [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com) \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. In Schultz went to Montana for the summer to buffalo hunt.*

## Chapter 4 : Roland W. Reed - Wikipedia

## DOWNLOAD PDF BLACKFEET TALES OF GLACIER PARK

*Audiobook full length. James Willard Schultz, or Apikuni, ( - ) was a noted author, explorer, Glacier National Park guide, fur trader and historian of the Blackfoot Indians.*

### Chapter 5 : Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park - James Willard Schultz - Google Books

*Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park by James Willard Schultz. In Schultz went to Montana for the summer to buffalo hunt. He ended up staying and joining the Blackfeet tribe.*

### Chapter 6 : Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park by James Willard Schultz â€” thebooklover

*Fishing Glacier National Park includes over fishing locations from Waterton Lake to the Flathead River. This guide uncovers streams and lakes for Kokanee salmon, mountain and lake whitefish, arctic grayling, and troutâ€”lake, brook, rainbow, and cutthroat.*

### Chapter 7 : C.M. Russell Museum â€” Blackfeet Tales of Glacier

*James Willard Shultz lived among the Blackfeet for many years during the s. He wrote many stories about his experiences. This is a collection of those experiences.*

### Chapter 8 : Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park

*Review: Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park User Review - Tara - Goodreads. Interesting recording of traditional Blackfeet tales recorded a century ago by a man who had married a Blackfeet, lived among them many years and was considered one of them.*

### Chapter 9 : Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park by James Willard Schultz

*I Two Medicine July 12, HUGH MONROE. A FTER an absence of many years, I have returned to visit for a time my Blackfeet relatives and friends, and we are camping along the mountain trails where, in the long ago, we hunted buffalo, and elk, and moose, and all the other game peculiar to this region.*