

now we put on our buckskins and headdresses, because we wanted to look proud in this strange land. We had our drums and we all sang. Everybody was praying and making pledges—some said they would put up a Kanotsisen (smoking) ceremony, others were going to dance with one of the pipe bundles. Us two interpreters were young and crazy, so we were the only ones not making pledges.

We got off the train and went through an underground tunnel to enter the big depot in downtown Los Angeles. In the waiting room there were large paintings showing white settlers and pioneers, with their cows and covered wagons, some of them walking alongside. Looking at this made me think they were just like us, in the past, with our horses and travois, some people walking alongside.



*Above: Another photo taken at the Browning depot. From left: Little Blaze, Annie Turtle, Joe Turtle, Turtle, Juniper Old Person, Victor Chief Coward.*

*Right: Hollywood-bound. The future movie stars are seen while waiting for their westbound train at the Great Northern Railway depot in Browning. They were on their way to join Shirley Temple in the movie "Susannah and the Mounties," filmed in Hollywood in 1938. Tom Many Guns was in the crowd and made these identifications, from left:*

*Yellow Kidney, Turtle, Little Blaze, Bull Plume, Night Shoot, Tom Spotted Eagle (half hidden, behind), Albert Mad Plume, Irwin Little Plume, Eddie Big Beaver, Juniper Old Person, (half hidden behind), Tom Many Guns, his grandson, Robert Many Guns, Charley Iron Breast, and Victor Chief Coward. Both, James Willard Schultz Photos*



So they took us around by bus to show us different things in that big city, but we were all anxious to see the movie studio, where we were going to work. Finally we got on a streetcar, and it brought us there. There was a big iron gate to let us in, and the guard was told, "These are the Indians for the movie." We were brought to our living quarters, which were in long tents with separate dividers for each of us. There were four of us to a tent, with 12 of us altogether.

Next we were brought to the eating place—big and fancy—and there we were served by Mexican women and different-people women. These waitresses were also in the film with us, playing Indian women, dressed in squaw dresses.

One thing that stood out for me right away were some of the people. One was just about two feet tall, and another was about seven feet. They were movie people. When the tall one first came in he had his head under his arm, then he rolled it across the floor. He was riding a one-wheeled bike. The little guy was doing the same, except that he was shaking his head with both hands. Then the tall one got off and laid down on the floor, while the little one did a jig on his chest to some music. All this was very strange to us. It was part of some other movie.

When we went back to our rooms, our beds were all made. We had fans by our beds, for hot weather. Even though it was February, down there it can still get hot. I

had one advantage over most of our group, in that I could understand English, so I always knew what was going on, and I could read the signs and so forth.

The next morning we were told, "Today we will start filming you." They brought us to a big hall, and inside of it there was a tipi camp. There were big scenery paintings in the background. Some cameras were down on the ground, but other ones were way up high, looking down on us. Three of us were selected to ride—Eddie Big Beaver, Juniper Old Person, and myself. They brought the horses right into that hall.

Dan Bull Plume spoke up and said, "The old people way back made medicine for this kind of a situation." So the manager told us, "Just go ahead and do whatever you need to do." There was a pipe that somebody owned from down there, so it was decided to have Dan Bull Plume lead a ceremony with it. Turtle, Albert Mad Plume, Yellow Kidney and Wallace Night Gun were the drummers, and I was picked to be the helper.

There was a thing outside that big hall that could make the sound of thunder, and they had something else to make lightning. When I was instructed to do so, I gave a signal to a man outside, who made the lightning and thunder, and that's when the drummers sang. We had songs and prayers with that pipe, but nobody danced.

I was then told to go stand by the door of the tipi where the pipe ceremony was being held. When Shirley Temple tried to run outside, I was supposed to grab her and throw her back in. But when I reached out for her, she was already throwing herself back-