

Duncan McDonald

In the Pacific Northwest 1849

Chalk Courchane

“Duncan McDonald was born at Fort Connah – “in 1849 in the month of March about the end of the month,” he wrote nearly seventy years later. ‘As my father was away and my mother was not educated,’ Duncan added, ‘she could not tell the day.’ He was taught by tutors hired by his father to read and write. “Although McDonald once replied to a question about his schooling, "Education—I never had any education," his later career belies that comment. Although almost completely self-taught, over the years he became highly skilled with words. An astute observer, he moved easily in the Salish world and that of Montana white society. Toward the end of his long life (he lived until 1937), newspaper reporters turned to him regularly on a variety of Native issues. One reporter, M. O. Hammond of Toronto, called him "well read and bright." Another, Ellen Nye termed him "almost a savant among his red brethren." Reporter H. T. Balley called him "the sage of the Flathead. In 1922 McDonald led a group of news people to the remains of the Kullyspell house, the first trading post in the Northwest, which was established by Welsh explorer David Thompson in 1809. On another trip he led Montana reporters to the site of the first Flathead Indian agency. On many an occasion McDonald spoke of his boyhood growing up on the old HBC trading post.” American History - Scots in the American West 1790 – 1917 - Scotland and the American Indians.

http://www.electricscotland.com/history/america/american_indians.htm

His parents were Hudson Bay Company Chief Trader Angus McDonald (1816-1889) and Nez Perce mother, Catherine (Bigknife) Bonaparte (abt. 1815-1892). In 1866 a New England visitor at Fort Connah Caroline Leighton wrote of Catherine “simply an Indian woman.” And she “could not live more than half the year in the house,” as she spent the rest of the time “wandering about with her friends and relatives.” *White People, Indians and Highlanders: Tribal People and Colonial Encounters in Scotland and America*, Colin G. Calloway, Oxford University Press, 2008, page 169. **He had eleven brothers and sisters and one half-brother.** “I Will Be Meat For My Salish” *The Montana Writers Project and the Buffalo of the Flathead Indian Reservation*, written by Bon I. Whealdon and others, edited by Robert Bigart, Salish Kootenai College Press, Pablo, Montana and Montana Historical Society Press, Helena, Montana, 2001, pages 255-256.



Catherine McDonald (1826-1902)



Angus McDonald (1816-1889) Courtesy of University of Montana Library

1850

As a child the family had moved back to Fort Colville in Washington Territory when he spent his early childhood. "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" The Montana Writers Project and the Buffalo of the Flathead Indian Reservation, written by Bon I. Whealdon and others, edited by Robert Bigart, Salish Kootenai College Press, Pablo, Montana and Montana Historical Society Press, Helena, Montana, 2001, pages 255-256.

Gold Discovery in Montana

"In addition to Father De Smet there are two serious claimants for the honor of discovering the yellow metal in the northwest. One of these was a half-breed named Francois Finley, but usually called Benetsee, and the other, the party of the Stuart brothers and Reese Anderson. Finley's leading champion is Mr. Duncan MacDonald of Ravalli, Montana.

Mr. MacDonald's mother was an Indian. His father, Angus MacDonald, was a Scotchman who in 1847 built a trading post for the Hudson's Bay company a few miles south of Flathead lake on Post creek in the present Flathead Indian reservation.

On March 8, 1916, in answer to our query, Mr. MacDonald submitted the following: "In answer to question regarding Angus MacDonald my father finding or handling gold given him by a half-blood by name of Penatsee Finley (Penatsee was a nick name, Francois is his right name). Him and several other Canadians and mixed bloods stampeded to California in 1849. It was in California he learnt the value of gold. He returned to Montana in 1850, and went up . . . what we call now Hell Gate River. When he pitched camp at a stream now known as Gold Creek he

thought he would try for gold. And sure enough he found some. I did not learn how much hut [it] was part of a teaspoonful. When he returned at Post Creek [the Hudson's Bay post mentioned above] he gave it to my father. At the same time MacDonald was not satisfied. He told him [Benetsee] to get some more gold, which he did. I think the last gold he gave . . . him [Angus MacDonald] was in 1851 or 2, about a teaspoonful. The said MacDonald then wrote a letter to the Board of Management [of the Hudson's Bay company] at Victoria about gold being found in this part of the country.

The Company then wrote him to keep it secret as it might cause a big excitement same as [in] California, as they [Hudson's Bay company] were in quest of fur and [the miners] might ruin their business. He, Angus MacDonald, was the first white man [who] saw gold and handled it without doubt in Montana.

Father told me this several times. Then he told me Major John Owens [who built Fort Owens in the Bitter Root valley] got wind of it but he also kept quiet feeling same as the Hudson 's Bay Company. But he had a lot of white employees . . . some of them sent word to the Stuarts about rumors of gold in this part of the country. So the Stuarts made a straight line to Gold Creek and the gold was there and they [the Stuarts] are getting the credit instead of Francois Finley (Penatsee) and Angus MacDonald. . . [signed] Duncan MacDonald."

1860

As a young man he joined Pend d'Oreille war parties and buffalo hunts. "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" The Montana Writers Project and the Buffalo of the Flathead Indian Reservation, written by Bon I. Whealdon and others, edited by Robert Bigart, Salish Kootenai College Press, Pablo, Montana and Montana Historical Society Press, Helena, Montana, 2001, pages 255-256.

Charley Russell wrote a short story about Duncan:

"Dunc McDonald

Dunc McDonald, the breed, tells about a buffalo hunt he has when he's a kid," says Rawhide Rawlins. "Like all things that happen that's worthwhile, it's a long time ago. He's traveling with his people, the Blackfeet – they're making for the buffalo country. They're across the range – they ain't seen much maybe – an old bull once in a while that ain't worth shootin' at, so they don't disturb nothin'. They're lookin for cow meat and lots of it. (Actually, Duncan was probably with the Flatheads or Nez Perce, the Blackfeet were more Russell's tribe as he stayed with them for a while.)

"Dunc's traveling ahead of the women with the men. As I said, it's a long time ago when Injun's ain't got many guns – they're mostly armed with bows and arrows. There's one old man packing a rifle. It's a Hudson Bay flintlock but a good gun, them days. Duncan is young and has good eyes that go with youth. He sees a few buffalo in some broken hills, and tells this old man if he'll lend him his gun, he'll get meat. The old man don't say nothin', but taking the gun from its

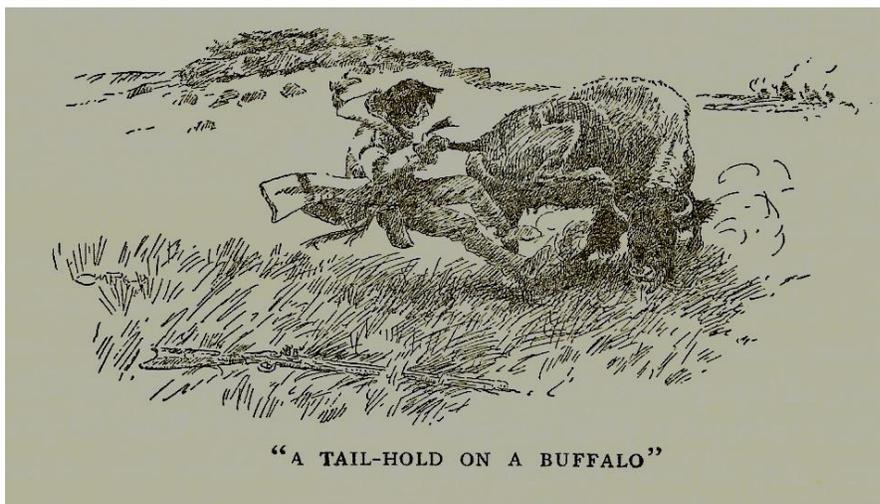
skin cover, hands it to Dunc. Dunc wants bullets and the powder horn but the old man signs that the gun is loaded, and one ball is enough for any good hunter. The wolf hunts with what teeth he's got.

“Dunc knows he won't get no more so he rides off. There ain't much wind, but Dunc's getting' what there is, and keepin' behind some rock croppin's he get pretty close. There are five cows, all laying down. Pretty soon he quits his pony and crawls to within twenty-five yards and pulls down a fat cow. When his gun roars, they all jump and ran but the cow he shoots don't make three jumps till she's down.

“When Dunc walks up she's laying on her belly with her feet under her. She's small but fat. When Dunc puts his foot agin her to push her over, she gets up and is red-eyed. She sure shows war. They only hold Dunc can see is her tail and he ain't slow takin' it. The tail-hold on a buffalo is mighty short, but he's clamped on. She's tryin' to turn but he's keepin' her steered right – and he's doing fine till she starts kickin.' He first one don't miss his ear the width of a hair. If you never saw a buffalo kick it's hard to tell you what they can do, but Dunc ain't slow slippin' his hold.

“there's nothin' left but to run for it. This rock croppin' ain't over two feet high, but it's all there is. These rocks are covered ground cedar and Dunc dives into this. He gophers down in this cedar till a hawk couldn't find him. He lays there a long time, his heart poundin' his ribs like it will break through. When the scare works out of him he raises, and there agin the rock rim lays the cow – it's a lung shot and she's bled to death.

“There's only one hold, says Dunc, 'shorter than a tail-hold on a buffalo – that of a bear.'” Trails Plowed Under – Stories of the Old West, Charles M. Russell, Doubleday Co., Inc., Garden City & New York, 1927, pp. 15-16.



Drawing by Charley Russell of Duncan McDonald and the cow buffalo.

In 1866 New Englander Caroline Leighton who visited Fort Connah described Duncan as “The oldest son, a grown man, was a very dark Indian, decorated with wampum.” *White People, Indians and Highlanders: Tribal People and Colonial Encounters in Scotland and America*, Colin G. Calloway, Oxford University Press, 2008, page 169

In 1867 Duncan McDonald became the last clerk to take charge of the post. He served there until 1871.

Angus McDonald his father wrote to his son-in-law, James McKenzie from Fort Colville on June 4, 1870 “See Duncans fixd at the Flat-Head Post and if you join your fate with mine North or somewhere I'll do everything in my power to help you and make you happy.”

Some years later, Thomas Adams – who was one of Governor Isaac I. Steven’s party when the latter negotiated with the Flathead people at Hell’s Gate – described Fort Connah as ‘a wooden building, about twenty-four by sixteen feet, of one storey, with a bark roof; one wooden bastion about fourteen feet square’ and two storerooms, each ten feet square; also a log corral about sixty feet square.” *“Scottish Highlanders, Indian Peoples – Thirty generations of a Montana Family”* James Hunter, Montana Historical Society Press, Helena, Montana, 1996. Page 130.

1870

"January 13, 1872 from *The Missoula Pioneer*: Maj. Chas. S. Jones of the Jocko Agency, who reports considerable snow on the Jocko, and plenty of white and black tail deer in the valley, driven down out of the mountains by heavy snowfall."

From *The Char-Koosta News*, September 5, 2013, This week in tribal history, Mary Rogers, Tribal Preservation Department:

"September 7, 1871 from *The Missoula Pioneer*, "Duncan McDonald, son of Malcolm McDonald, factor of the Hudson Bay Company, who resides at the Company's Post about 53 miles north of the town of Missoula. Duncan missing since he left to go duck hunting on the lake at the head of Hudson Bay Creek. His horse came back to the Post rider less. "this excited no suspicion at the time, but the young man not returning after the absence of two days, his father became alarmed for his safety, and offered a reward of \$500 for his recovery - \$200 to whoever would find him, and \$300 to be distributed amongst the Indians who started out to hunt him."

January 13, 1875, from *The Missoulian*: A very long letter, dated St. Ignatius Mission, M.T. December 21, 1874, Duncan MacDonald in letter to the editor describes a November 1874 hunt east of the Rockies by 600 armed men (183 lodges) of Pend d'Oreille, Coeur d'Alene, Kootenai, Spokane, Colville and others. 5 of the party killed 104 fat cows and bulls = 52,000 pounds of meat. Hunt made in 3 heats each lasting two hours. The money value at Chicago of this amount of beef would be more than Flathead Agency expended during its entire life. All 600 would have killed 3, 240, 000 lbs. = cost of 1/2 million dollars." *"This Week in Tribal History*, Mary Rogers, Char-Koosta News, January 15, 2015.

Duncan McDonald by Dick West

Early Settlers of the Upper Flathead Valley. Giving their first experiences in a new land. Items taken from the Inter Lake are always headed with date and year or the year only. By The PIONEERS compiled in 1943 By Sam Enoch Johns. Pages 185-190.

When I came in the hotel where Duncan McDonald camps every winter, he was talking to several old cronies, an early-day placer miner from the Superior country, and Henry Matt, a half-breed from the Flathead. Duncan looked up then and stopped. "What's news he asked in the sign language, motioning me to a chair at the same time. I shook my head. . After rolling a cigaret he turned to his friends and asked:

Didn't I ever tell you about the time I had the buffalo by the tail, you have seen the picture of me holding the rascal?" Nobody said anything and he went on with his story.

"By golly, I laugh now when I think of it, but you bet, I was scared then.

It was the winter of '71 when this happened. I was camped with a breed near Glacier park that winter. That was a bad year, lots of snow and wind. All the game drifted out to the low country. I guess it was the middle of February and not a sign of a chinook. One morning when got up there was an old bull and some cows off quite a ways. I was tired of dried meat and pemmican and thought I would get a buffalo cow for fresh meat. The breed Indian, Bisel was his name, had an old flintlock. "Bisel I said, let me have your rifle. I want to get some fresh meat. You can have it he told me, I have it loaded for six months.

I got the old flintlock and went out. A buffalo cow was lying down on a long ridge off a little ways from the bull and other cows. I worked around the hill and sneaked up about 10 yards and let her have it. The buffalo jumped up, kinda looked around and then fell down. I dropped the old gun and my robe and walked over to bleed her. I was just about to cut her throat; when I thought hold o young feller you better be careful that's what saved my hide. I grabbed her by the tail and yanked. By gosh she jumped up and swung around. I hung on to the tail. Every time she swung around to hook me. I held on to the tail, and pulled to beat the devil I was young then 23 and strong. There wasn't a doggone tree near and I could not get away. I had to hang on. I was getting winded, you bet an old buffalo cow was is mighty powerful. After pulling her around and all over the hill by the tail, I thought I would play race horse and Jockey her head up the hill. A feller thinks fast in that kind of a predicament. She was bleeding all over. You bet, that old buffalo was foaming, and mad. I kept hanging on the tail trying to keep from being gored. I couldn't let go. I dropped my knife and was getting close to the end of my rope. We kept that up for a long time, neither one could get an advantage. Pretty soon she got tired. She was bleeding a lot. I let go and ran like the devil over the hill behind some rocks and bush.

"Here she comes right after me, blowing snot and blood on my back. You bet I thought that was the end. She stuck her head over that little hill, right in my face, and dropped dead.

"At a buffalo roundup at the mission, I told Charlie Russell about it. That was 15 or 20 years later and Charlie painted a picture of me holding the buffalo by the tail."

(I checked this story and found it true. Marcee, of Missoula, has a Russell painting, depicting the story')

McDonald continued his reminiscing:

I was in the park one fall hunting goats. My they were fat, and good eating. I've seen seven or eight hundred sheep all in one bunch on the mountain side. The young sheep with their mothers. And I've seen a thousand bucks along the mountain, all the same size; strung out like a big snake. After the honeymoon. The buffalo were the same, way - the bulls make peace smoke the peace pipe and all bunch up. I was at the foot of a high mountain with glaciers and ice running from the top way down the mountain. I was just, standing there, looking at a long sheet of ice when I heard shots." I knew there was Indians hunting around there.

I looked off towards a high ridge where the shot came and there was an Indian standing on a high peak. When I climbed up where he was, I asked him what was the matter. He pointed to a track of blood across the ice.

I shot a Big Horn and I'm afraid to go across after him, the Indian told me.

"By George, I'll go after him I said. I had a green stick for a cane and I started over this gorge. This Indian kept yelling for me to come back. But no, I was going. This is how a man gets killed, taking foolish chances. I thought I could put this stick through the crust and hold myself.

"It was about 20 feet to the other side where the sheep was. With my stick dug into the crust I started over, stepping in the sheep tracks. About half way over I slipped and as luck would have it there was a small tree sticking through the ice about 10 feet below me. I grabbed hold of the tree and stopped sliding, all the time the Indian on the other side kept yelling for me to come back. I still held on to this green cane. I thought if I could punch it down into the snow I could save myself. I pushed the stick way down, but the confounded thing bent, I don't remember after that. I was dizzy, rolling end over end, sideways, down this damn gorge. All I could think of, I am going to die. I am dead. My goodness I must of rolled three, four hundred feet straight down. I kept thinking I will hit a rock and I will die. There was a bunch of small rocks and pebbles the size of a bean, it was loose like grain. The gorge forked below and all these loose rocks lay in the middle of the forks. I hit this pile of gravel and it stopped me. I opened my eyes and looked up. All I could see was a streak of blood on the eyes. Talk about your narrow scrapes, by golly, that was one.

"All last summer I never saw one meadowlark or ground squirrel. My land, 50 years ago there was a continuous roar in the woods and on the prairie. Millions of birds and animals -- now where are they? I've seen the buffalo as thick as that." Duncan pointed to many small stones in the mosaic floor. "I've looked down on the plains, over on the Marias and the Sun rivers, and saw them by the thousand. Sometimes I think I have been dreaming. The things I have seen. Birds, the buffalo, they're all gone. I think I dreamed it all. Well, what do you think?"



Photos taken by Chalk Courchane

Adeline Beaver's short story on Duncan:

Miss Beaver has tackled a large subject for this week's "Early Days" column: Duncan McDonald, the second son of the trader Angus McDonald. Duncan moved with equal ease among the white and Indian friends, and accordingly Miss Beaver is presenting the story in two parts. The first, here, gives some of Mr. McDonald's Indian background. Next week it'll be Duncan McDonald the white man working for Indian causes.

In 1936 the Dixon Woman's Club was giving a public birthday party for a distinguished citizen, Duncan McDonald, second son of the trader Angus McDonald.

Not only was there to be party, but a special honor was to be accorded Duncan's wife. The highest peak in the Bison Reserve, in summer easily reached by car, had been given his wife's name, Quilsee, and the women of Dixon were placing a permanent marker there in her memory.

Duncan McDonald told how they followed the early customs and were wed with the usual Indian ceremony, which, he said, "usually lasted 'till the end of the trail." However, two years later they had a Christian marriage ceremony.

He prized an oil painting of Quilsee, which showed her in white woman's dress with a feather stuck gaily in her hair. Duncan would reminisce, "Yes, I married a sure enough wild woman." Then continue, "Oh, the goodness, the virtue of that woman. She was lithe and beautiful in youth, and a joy and comfort all the 50 years of our life together."

Duncan McDonald cherished most tenderly a native dress that Quilsee had fashioned of soft, white buckskin, fringed at the sleeves and hemline. Of unusual beauty was the yoke of the dress, ornamented with a pure and ancient type of Indian handicraft. The yoke, a solid mass of color, was made with brightly colored porcupine quills, neatly and painstakingly woven together. The belt, moccasins and gloves all decorated in the same manner completed this beautiful outfit.

Mr. McDonald resided at Dixon, near the junction of the Jocko and Pend d'Oreille (Flathead) Rivers. But at the first signs of winter, this hearty pioneer would seek the steam-heated comfort of his favorite hotel in Missoula. So that winter of 1935-36, when the snow lay three feet deep, and the thermometer stuck at -20 degrees below and lower, Duncan waited in Missoula for spring; and returned to Dixon just in time for his birthday, March 30.

Duncan McDonald was born at Fort Connah, last of the Hudson's Bay Company trading posts in the United States. He was the second of 13 children born to the chief trader, Angus McDonald and his wife, of the Nez Perce tribe. During childhood the children kept close to their mother, learning the Indian language, customs and traditions, accompanying her on tribal jaunts to gather berries or other delicacies.

As they grew other their Scotch father saw to it that they were versed in the ways of the white man. They received an education, above average for that time and place. All became lovers of books and intelligent readers and talkers. Duncan read constantly and always without glasses.

Mr. McDonald wore white man's clothes or Indian, as the occasion or mood demanded. His war bonnet, which he wore in a spirit of pageantry and fun was patiently fashioned by Duncan himself. All materials and workmanship were of native origin. Eagle feathers were already scarce by 1880, but every feather in the headdress was a fine large one direct from that majestic bird. They were colored with natural dyes and their stems patiently wrapped with gaily colored strands of grass or hair. While the whole thing was made and adjusted to the head, the columns of feathers swayed majestically as the wearer moved. When wearing Indian costume, Duncan often rode his favorite pinto pony, for which he had traded 12 fine steers.

While Duncan McDonald was always the white settlers friend, yet on the other hand he held the friendship of the Indian and knew many an inside story of various far West Indian troubles.

Next week, some occasions when the knowledge of both races was of value."

"As a young man Duncan McDonald worked as the last agent the Hudson's Bay Company had at Fort Connah where his father, Angus McDonald, had operated a trading post and where Duncan himself was born in 1849, the year of the California gold rush.

Later he was concerned with his large land holdings and his numerous herds of cattle and horses.

When the Northern Pacific Railroad came through in 1883, Duncan McDonald acted as their trusted guide and interpreter, contracting for overland freight and supplying much of their meat requirements.

At the close of the Nez Perce War (Chief Joseph's War), he visited those members of the band, who had made it over the line into Canada, with Looking Glass.

Duncan listened to their stories and learned, first hand, many matters relating to the campaign. He also acted as interpreter for the government officials who had to bring the Nez Perce back to the United States.

He went as interpreter for the Indians on several missions to Washington, D.C. He often related how once he attended a banquet dressed in Indian costume when the two sons of the British ambassador were serving as waiters to get a better look at the Redman from the West.

Before Peter Ronan became agent, the terms of the Hellgate Treaty of 1855 were not being carried out. The Treaty promised a carpenter, blacksmith, etc., to assist the Indians in learning the ways of the White Man. The agent received the money allotted for these workers, but little or no instruction was provided.

McDonald wrote the Deer Lodge newspaper, The Missoulian being unfriendly to the Indians, as follows. "What the Indian wants is an agent that will either give them what the Treaty calls for, or show in what way this money is expended, also, let him be honest, sober and upright."

Duncan McDonald was always interested in history and it was through his efforts that the ruins of the "Kullyspell", Kalispell house were found on the shores of Pend d'Oreille Lake in Idaho.

The same year, 1924, he helped to find all that was left of the log barricade and cabin built by David Thompson in 1807. Here, near Thompson Falls, the "Salish House" monument was erected.

Duncan McDonald was an authority on the history of the Northwest. He was keen and alert and his first-hand knowledge and recollections of past events were eagerly sought. Students from the United States and Canada frequently consulted in person or by correspondence. He had a talent for recognizing events of historic interest and the ability and willingness to convey to others his knowledge and enthusiasm.

Most of his papers and relics of interest may be seen at the Montana Historical Society in Helena."

"Duncan McDonald remembered and retold much of the history of the Salish, (Flathead) people.

He said that when you come through Evaro and travel west for about five miles, you are traveling over one of the most historic spots in Western Montana. This area was the battleground of the Flathead and Blackfeet Indians.

Here about 1818, one of the hardest fought battles between the tribes took place. Here the Flathead, Kalispell, Spokane and Nez Perce tribes joined forces against the Blackfeet. This was the largest group of men ever to fight in a common cause.

The battle was swift and bloody, with the action ranging over the entire area. Many a man fell in the fighting and among them was Chief Arlee's father. Later he was found, the body stripped and mutilated.

The Flatheads and their allies were driven back and defeated. They, for the most part, were fighting with bow and arrows; while the enemy Blackfeet were using a great number of guns and were well supplied with ammunition." Adeline Beaver from Mission Valley News, (no date) "Early Days by Miss Beaver

In 1876 Duncan McDonald and Robert McGregor Baird went prospecting for gold in the Upper Flathead Valley. "A Great Many of Us Have Good Farms" Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1877-1887, Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai College, 2014, page 239. ["Robert McGregor Baird taught in one Missoula's first schools in 1872. By 1877 he had moved to Frenchtown and was in charge of T.J. Demers' businesses at the place. In 1880 he was living at Flathead Agency and listed his occupation as "bohemian." At the Agency he worked for Major Ronan as a farmer or clerk throughout the early 1880's. In December of 1884 he took a pack train to the Kootenai Valley of British Columbia for T. J. Demers. He was murdered in Canada by someone named "Bull Dog Kelly."]

His mother was the sister of Eagle from the Light. His interviews of the Nez Perce people involved in the Chief Joseph's 1877 war with the United States were published in Deer Lodge's newspaper in 1878.

"Duncan gained his initial audience shortly after the Nez Perce war of 1877. Both McDonalds (he and his father Angus) believed that the Native version of the conflict deserved publicity. They contacted a local newspaper, the Deer Lodge New North-West, and the paper paid Duncan's expenses to travel to Canada to interview White Bird, to whom he was related, plus a number of other Nez Perce leaders. Together with his father, Duncan reworked his extensive notes into a series of essays that the New North-West published in several installments from January 1879 forward. The editors boasted that the data in the articles "can be relied upon as authentic from the Nez Perce standpoint."

The lengthy articles on the war and the Native retreat were both well written and crammed with detail. There was no question of McDonald's perspective. 'The gallant Seventh Infantry!' he said. "It should be called the cursed Seventh. They were not satisfied in killing Indians whom

they found asleep. They must kill women and children, too." The articles also provoked several white responses: one merely asked for more details, but another accused McDonald of down playing Native atrocities against white families. (There is little evidence of scalping or atrocities committed by Chief Joseph's people.) These newspaper essays by Duncan McDonald were probably the first authentic historical accounts written from the Indian perspective. American History - Scots in the American West 1790 – 1917

- Scotland and the American Indians. http://www.electricscotland.com/history/america/american_indians.htm

“In about the year 1878, Duncan McDonald, half-breed son of Angus McDonald, visited Lake McDonald, then known as Terry Lake. Duncan, who had the job of freighting a large amount of supplies to Canada, had intended to go up the North Fork of the Flathead, probably over the old Graves Creek Trail route but, upon finding the route blocked by a band of unfriendly Indians, he swung eastward, traveling the adjacent parallel valley, or McDonald. At the close of the day, accompanied by his companions, a group of Selish Indians, he came upon this lake and camped there overnight. While in camp he carved his name upon the bark of a birch tree. The next day he continued his journey, reaching Canada safely.

The tree bearing his name remained for many years near the present village of Apgar. People who saw the name on the tree gradually began to call the lake "McDonald's Lake," and as such the name became fixed.

Just previous to this, in the same year, a famous Canadian Statesman Sir John McDonald (no relation) is reported to have blazed a trail from the Canadian boundary to Terry Lake.

A few years prior to his discovery of Lake McDonald, Duncan was in charge of the Hudson's Bay Trading Post south of Flathead Lake. In 1874 he made his first trip through Marias Pass, in company with several Pend Oreille Indians. They traveled on snowshoes and chose this as the shortest route for McDonald from their camp on the Marias to his post on the Flathead. At the summit the Indians turned back, leaving McDonald and his Indian guide to continue alone. This trip showed that the pass could still be used and that it was still known and possibly used by the Indians at times. Later McDonald was to cross this pass several times, but, like so many before him, he left no record of his passing and several years were yet to come before the pass was located and put into general use by the Great Northern Railroad.” Glacier Through The Years In Glacier National Park An Administrative History, http://www.nps.gov/parkhistory/online_books/glac/chap1.htm

August 26, 1878 Duncan McDonald sold 6,000 pounds of beef to the Flathead Agent Major Peter Ronan for \$240.00. His store was about one-quarter of a mile from the Flathead Agency buildings. Also this year he was involved with troubles at Horse Plains between a white settler James Laughlin and the rogue band of Lower Kalispels from Washington, Louis Cultis-toe and his mother, Elise. The two were fighting over possession of a ranch, Duncan had been interested in it but was stopped from looking it over by Louis Cultis-toe.

1880

Walking Coyote Brings Buffalo to the Flathead Reservation

A Pend d'Oreille, aka Sam Wells, Hunting Dog and called Short Coyote by the Blackfeet.

Charles Aubrey says he was "an ambitious, bright, middle-aged man - of the warrior class...."

"The Edmonton Buffalo Herd" by Charles Aubrey. He is mentioned in "The National Movement To Preserve The American Buffalo In The United States and Canada Between 1880 and 1920" by George D. Coder, unpublished Ph.D dissertation, Ohio State University, Columbus, 1975.

"Whista Sinchilape or Walking Coyote, was one of the principal characters in the drama of the founding of the Pablo-Allard buffalo herd on the Flathead Reservation. According to Charles Aubrey, a trader in the Marias River area of north central Montana, in 1877 the married Walking Coyote had an affair with a Blackfoot woman. Fearing the fine and flogging that was the normal punishment for the offense, Walking Coyote tamed several buffalo calves and herded them back to the reservation as a peace offering. According to some reports his teenage son or stepson, Joseph Attahe or Blanket Hawk, assisted in the operation. The gift did not prevent the flogging, but provided the seed for a small herd of buffalo near St. Ignatius Mission which was later sold to Michel Pablo and Charles Allard." "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" The Buffalo and Federal Writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Reservation - edited by Robert Bigart - Biographical Glossary of Flathead Indian Reservation Names " by Eugene Mark Felsman and Robert Bigart (draft-1999)

The Last Great Buffalo Roundup

One man in his 70s led the charge to drive a herd of buffalo to Canada. Written by Martha Deeringer Published March 29, 2011.

An unlikely hero in the person of a Flathead Indian named Samuel Walking Coyote did a great service for the buffalo in the course of trying to save his own hide. Sam paid a prolonged visit in the early 1870s to Montana's Blackfoot tribe, which allowed warriors to have more than one wife. Although he was already married to a Flathead woman, Sam tied the knot with a lovely Blackfoot girl. In time he began to pine for his home, but he had to take the Blackfoot wife home with him to avoid making her many male relatives angry. Sam knew the Flathead tribal elders would not be happy at his return with wife number two. The Flatheads, influenced by the Jesuits, practiced strict monogamy.

This circumstance caused Sam Walking Coyote to take gifts to his tribal leaders in hopes of avoiding punishment. He captured four young buffalo calves, two bulls and two heifers, and he took them along when he returned home. The tribal elders did not wait to hear Sam's reasoned pleas when they discovered he had taken a second wife. They flogged him immediately and cast him out of the tribe.

Over the next few years, Sam's buffalo herd increased. In 1883 the animals caught the attention of Michel Pablo, the son of a Spaniard and his Blackfoot wife, reportedly born circa 1836. Pablo was a shrewd businessman and saw an opportunity in the small herd. With his partner Charles Allard Sr., Pablo bought Sam's herd, which had increased to 13 buffalo, and turned them loose on the 1.5-million acre Flathead Reservation, along the Jocko and Pend d'Oreille Rivers in Montana, to forage for themselves. Buffalo are good at this. They went forth and multiplied."

In 1884 Duncan McDonald negotiated with Samuel Walking Coyote to buy his buffalo but he was outbid by Charles A. Allard and Michel Pablo. They purchased 13 for \$2,500. "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" The Buffalo and Federal Writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Reservation - edited by Robert Bigart, page 78, 2001.

In 1886 Walking Coyote went on a drinking spree in Missoula and was later found dead under the bridge.

September 2, 1882

The tribes agreed to sell the Northern Pacific Railroad a strip of land 200 feet wide and fifty-three miles long for \$16,000. Chief Arlee opened the negotiations by asking for a million dollars. The chiefs made witty and shrewd comments through the three-day negotiations but they did not have a real choice. They did not want to sell, but assistant attorney general Joseph McGammon promised them that if they made a deal with the railroad, he would propose adjusting their reservation boundary north to the Canadian border, so they would have plenty of land for hunting and fishing. He never made the proposal, but the coming of the railroad greatly reduced the isolation of the Flathead Reservation.

“Reports of friction between railroad survey parties and Flathead Reservation tribal members were printed in January 1882 in Missoula and Helena newspapers. A letter from tribal member Duncan McDonald suggested that some of the conflict resulted from damage done by survey parties in the fenced fields of tribal members. McDonald was hired by the railroad to assist the survey parties. The Office of Indian Affairs seems to have given Ronan conflicting advice about allowing railroad survey parties on the reservation.” “A Great Many of Us Have Good Farms” Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1877-1887, Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai College, 2014, pages 176-177.

In the early 1880s many of the tribal member’s cattle and other livestock was killed by the railroad’s trains.

“Duncan Macdonald, Ravalli, was born at the old Hudson Bay post, in 1849, raised at Ravalli, and is a son of Angus Macdonald, at that time a stockholder in the Hudson Bay Co. Mr. Macdonald was educated by a Piute teacher, and at the age of fifteen years went into the Hudson Bay Co's employ as a trader with the Indians, and remained in that business five years, after which he became interested in mining one year, and then joining the Pen d' Orielle Indians went on the war-path with them, accompanied by the military force in the war against the Bloods and Blackfeet. He remained with them several years, after which he returned to the mercantile business, running pack trains and speculating. In 1877, at the request of Captain Mills, wrote the history of the Nez Perces. In 1882 Mr. Macdonald was engaged by the N. P. R. Co. as interpreter, and for the purpose of keeping the Indians in a peaceful state while the building of the road was in progress, and supplying the company with piles and ties for the building of the road through the reservation, a distance of fifty-two miles. In 1882 he established his mercantile house. He has been of great service to the settlers of the territory by keeping the Indians in peace and harmony. He speaks twelve different Indian languages. Mr. Macdonald was married to a native of Montana, by whom he has two children.” History of Montana: 1739-1885 A History of Its Discovery and Settlement, 1885, Warner, Beers & Company.

“Following Old Trails XXIV – The Villard Invasion 1883

Winding around on the abrupt slope of McDonald peak on what was until very recently the Flathead reservation, there is the trace of an old trail. It is pretty well obscure, now with brush and young timber, but for a good many years it was distinct on the mountain side and there were few travelers across the reservation who did not ask what it was and why. The old stage-drivers on the reservation lines used to have its history well in their tongues' ends and they told a good story about it.

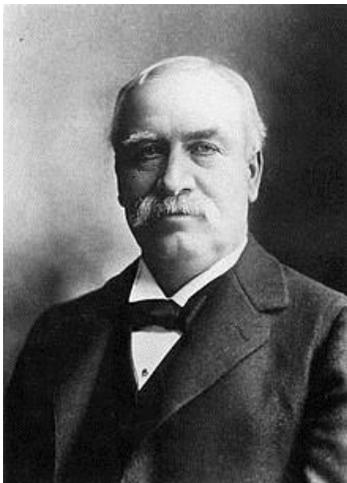
[Henry Villard (April 10, 1835 – November 12, 1900) was an American journalist and financier who was an early president of the Northern Pacific Railway. The son of Gustav Leonhard Hilgard and Katharina Antonia Elisabeth (Lisette) Pfeiffer, of Speyer, Palatinate, Kingdom of Bavaria.

Born and raised Ferdinand Heinrich Gustav Hilgard in the Rhenish Palatinate of the Kingdom of Bavaria, Villard clashed with his more conservative father over politics, and was sent to a semi-military academy in northeastern France. As a teenager, he emigrated to the United States without his parents' knowledge. He changed his name to avoid being sent back to Europe, and began making his way west, briefly studying law as he developed a career in journalism. He supported John C. Frémont of the newly established Republican Party in his presidential campaign in 1856, and later followed Abraham Lincoln's 1860 campaign.

Villard became a war correspondent, first covering the American Civil War, and later being sent by the Chicago Tribune to cover the Austro-Prussian War. He became a pacifist as a result of his experiences covering the Civil War. In the late 1860s he married women's suffrage advocate Helen Frances Garrison, and returned to the U.S., only to go back to Germany for his health in 1870.

While in Germany, Villard became involved in investments in American railroads, and returned to the U.S. in 1874 to oversee German investments in the Oregon and California Railroad. He visited Oregon that summer, and being impressed with the region's natural resources, began acquiring various transportation interests in the region. During the ensuing decade he acquired several rail and steamship companies, and pursued a rail line from Portland to the Pacific Ocean; he was successful, but the line cost more than anticipated, causing financial turmoil. Villard returned to Europe, helping German investors acquire stakes in the transportation network, and returned to New York in 1886.

Also in the 1880s, Villard acquired the New York Evening Post and The Nation, and established the predecessor of General Electric. He was the first benefactor of the University of Oregon, and contributed to other universities, churches, hospitals, and orphanages. Henry Villard died of a stroke at his country home, Thorwood Park, in Dobbs Ferry, New York. He was interred in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Sleepy Hollow, New York in 1900. His autobiography was published posthumously, in 1904. Wikipedia]



Henry Villard

The trail originally was a wagon road, laboriously dug out of the steep side of the mountain at an easy grade and it reached a long way up the peak. It was a part of the plan of Henry Villard for the entertainment of his guests at the celebration which attended the opening of the Northern Pacific for through business. This celebration had its culmination in the driving of the golden spike at Gold Creek and it attracted great financiers from the European money centers, dukes and earls and lesser fry in the ranks of nobility. Many of the prominent men of this country were there and practically all of Montana made the pilgrimage to Gold Creek, saw the crowd, heard the hammer drive the spike and then went hungry while they watched the distinguished visitors dine sumptuously and wash down their viands with champagne.

The spike had been driven and the crowd had dispersed. But between Gold creek and Puget sound there were many things which Henry Villard wished to show the men who had financed his railway venture and who must be entertained at any cost. There were novelties innumerable along the newly constructed line and there were beauties which the visitors must see. Among, these special attractions, was McDonald peak with its glaciers and with the gem of a lake which nestles at its base. So, as a supplementary entertainment, the great promoter had arranged an excursion to the mountain which is the summit of the Mission range.

Down Hell Gate canyon from Gold Creek, the excursion trains had moved with cautious pace, leaving the little town to rest in the memory of its one great day and the recollection of its one great throng. Through Missoula and up the 'hill, overlooking the Coriakan defile, the excursionists had been hauled over rails which were feeling for the first time the friction of transcontinental wheels. Over the crest of the secondary divide the trains had moved and then had dropped down the easy grade to Ravalli

Back of Ravalli, the bluffs of clay rose, gray and uninviting, then as now. Out from Ravalli led the narrow coulee which is the one way through this forbidding wall. Along beside the track rippled the beautiful current of the Jocko and that was the only attractive feature of the landscape. The gray wall of the bluffs hid the lofty range beyond; there was no hint to the curious tourists of the grandeur of mountain and the beauty of valley which lay upon the other side of this forbidding screen.

But Villard knew. He possessed all the talents of a successful showman; he was nothing if not spectacular, and in this side excursion he had arranged as dramatic an experience as could be planned anywhere. Nowhere in the world is there a sight so dramatically impressive and so impellingly beautiful as the first glimpse which the traveler gets of the Mission range and of the valley at its base, as he drives slowly up that little coulee back of Ravalli and breasts the crest of the hill and looks over upon the magnificent picture which is spread before him.

Villard had seen this and he knew its spectacular possibilities. He had planned to take every advantage of his opportunity. To make it possible to get out of it all there was in it, he had constructed that wagon road which made the ascent of McDonald peak an easy jaunt to a man who had ordinary activity. And to crown his plan, he had arranged to have the expedition personally conducted by Duncan McDonald.

Duncan McDonald, all through the days of the preliminary survey and the later excitement of the construction, had been the intimate friend and advisor of the Northern Pacific people in their dealings with this part of the country. He had piloted them to hidden passes, he had ferried them over treacherous streams and he had found them food and shelter when they were hungry and weary. They had learned to depend upon this man, more Scotch than Indian by breeding, but much more Indian than Scotch by inclination and sympathy. And Villard knew that, as guide, Duncan would add to the dramatic possibilities of the occasion.

Major Ronan was then Indian agent. He had co-operated in the arrangement of the plans for the excursion to McDonald peak and he was at Ravalli with Duncan McDonald to meet the tourists and to show them something well worth their while. There were between 200 and 200 of the tourists who wanted to see the country, but who did not want to make even the exertion necessary to ride up the trail; there were perhaps half that number who felt equal to the task of the trip up the mountain. And it took some time to get the two parties lined up.

This was the situation which presented itself to Duncan McDonald when he reported for duty on the morning after the Gold Creek incident. It was not as had been arranged, but it was a condition which had to be met and the arrangements had to be changed to alter the situation. There were not any too many wagons and buggies in that part of the country in those days, when all had been impressed for service in the transportation of the tenderfoot sightseers, there was no surplus and as may be imagined, there was a motley collection in the line that was drawn up to receive passengers for the excursion.

Recently I asked Mr. McDonald for some of the details of this remarkable invasion of the Mission valley.

He laughed. "It was the greatest thing I ever saw, he said. "There was never anything just like it, I guess."

I went to the train to see what the plans were that morning," continued Duncan. "General Grant was not feeling well and could not make the trip. Villard was not equal to the ride, he said and he would stay with the train. But there was a small party of young men who wanted to climb the peak over the road that had been built for their convenience. There were also more than two hundred of the, tourists who were either too old in or too fat to make the trip up the the mountain, but who wanted to see the lake and the valley. They said they would be ready after a while and Mr. Villard said we must have them back at Ravalli by 4 o'clock.

"So I told Angus my brother, to take the ones who were going to climb the mountain and to get started to with them right away as they would have to move fast to get back on time. Angus took them after a short wait and I had to stay for the old ones, the fat ones and the English lords to get ready. There were provisions enough packed to take an expedition to the pole, though they were not just of the sort that an Arctic expedition would take. Champagne and fried chicken were the chief provisions and the room which was left was filled in with bread, and the rest of the accompaniments.

"We finally got them all loaded. As guide, I had to ride ahead and the long line of carts, wagons and buggies followed. You can imagine how many it took to carry almost three hundred of them, with the drivers and the lunch. The wagon right behind me had a driver and three passengers. Right behind that drove Major Ronan in a cart with one passenger. I don't remember who it was that the major had, but in the wagon right behind me there was a little, slim New York man sitting beside the driver and on the back seat were Senator Edmunds of Vermont and Lord Norwood of England. I shall never forget that wagon-load; it made me more trouble than all of the rest of my experiences that day.

"As we went up the hill, leaving Ravalli, the little man on the front seat called out to me to get out of the way as I was making too much dust. I knew I wasn't making dust enough to annoy anybody who was decently civil and I kept right on. He kept calling to me, though, and I got tired of hearing him. So I rode ahead, faster, and got out of the way. I could even then hear him saying something, but I had got far enough out of the way so that I couldn't tell what it was he was saying and I didn't care.

"They made a great picture, those fellows in that wagon. The little, mean chap on the front seat leaned forward and away from the driver as far as he could, all curled up and squinting ahead at me. He would have liked to shoot me by the way he looked. On the back seat Edmunds leaned back comfortably and seemed to take a good deal of interest in the country. Lord Norwood, the representative of British nobility, was a weak little fellow. He hadn't strength enough to hold himself on the seat. Every jolt of the wagon sent him bobbing one way or the other; he flopped about all the way over the hill, but he made no murmur. The little lad on the front seat did all the murmuring for the crowd. The English man tried to be good natured about it but it was hard work for him to smile.

"Well, I kept so far ahead that I couldn't bear his growling and I don't know whether it was far enough or not to keep my dust from bothering the lad on the front seat. I'm sure I didn't care whether it bothered him or not. We went over the hill and down the road to the mission; there was plenty of admiration for the scenery and the kicker didn't have so much to say after we got out of the draw into the road down to the valley. Things were going first rate, when an accident happened to that front wagon.

"Getting down into the valley toward the mission, the road crossed some low, wet places. Cattle had been wallowing in some of these sloughs and had made them rather miry and that front wagon drove through one which was particularly soft. The team gave a jump to pull the wagon through the mire and the sudden yank threw the back seat with its two occupants right over backward into that soft mud.

"I heard a yell and turned back it was the funniest sight I ever looked at. The seat had dropped so that its back was in the mud and the men had retained their positions on the seat. This left them with their feet in the air and their heads and backs in the mud, into which they were sinking without any more effort to get out than a mired mule would make. They were just settling down into the soft mud and their friend from the front seat was doing a dance around them, shouting

that they would be drowned, calling for help and accusing me of having arranged that spill on purpose.

"Major Ronan, who was driving right behind the unfortunate rig, just, turned his cart so as to avoid the mud hole and the other rigs behind followed him so there were no further accidents and the long procession passed the men in the mud, some of the travelers being amused and some of them being alarmed, but none of offering to help them out.

I got to the scene of trouble and as quickly as I could help Lord Norwood and Senator Edmunds to their feet on solid ground. They were fairly plastered with soft mud. I got some grass and curried them down, getting all of the mud off that I could, but they were rather streaked even when I had done my best. And all the time that mean little fellow from New York was jumping around and accusing me of doing it all on purpose. He said I had arranged it with the driver and he talked to me as he was slave driver and I, his slave. But I kept wiping mud from the unfortunates and wishing all the time that it been the front seat that had upset. If that mean little cuss had been the one in the mud, he would have gone a whole lot deeper before I pulled him out. I tried to tell him that it was the fault of the men on the seat that they had not got out more quickly.

"Well, I got them loaded into the wagon again, with the seat tied down, and we went on to the mission, where the rest of the party had landed ahead of us. It was all so new to them that these easterners had scattered all over the plate. They were examining the beadwork on the Indians' clothes; they were guessing' as to whether certain Indians were men or women and making bets on it; they were chasing butterflies; some were chasing the naked Indian babies that were toddling about the grounds; others were investigating the old church and some were looking at the schools. They were everywhere and I had to read the riot act to get them together.

"I got a few, of them together and told them that my instructions were to get them back to their train at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and if they wanted to see Lake McDonald they would have to get together in a hurry or we would turn back right there. There was a scurrying and the round up was made. We got the line formed and we moved on toward Post creek.

"We got to the lake all right. The visitors were well pleased with a small look at the scenery and then demanded lunch. Out of the wagons came the greatest lunch that was ever spread in the Mission Valley; there was an ocean of champagne and there was fried chicken and cake and fruit in great quantities. It was a champagne crowd, all right, and when they had taken one dip into the wine, the scenery looked better to them than it had before. They scattered along the shore of the lake and admired the scenery as they ate their lunch. They were hungry and they showed it.

"But there was not one of them who thought that I might be hungry. There was never an invitation to me to have a bite. And I was getting angry the longer I watched them eat. Lord Norwood had recovered from his scare and was doing more eating than I ever saw a weak man do before. He was still muddy, but he was happy and didn't seem to remember his troubles at all. I lost sight of the mean little fellow of the front seat and I didn't care if I never found him.

"But I finally saw Edmunds detach himself from his companions and with an old chum who had

been in another wagon, move from the crowd a bit behind a bunch of bushes. I followed them and got up to them in time to hear Edmunds say to his friends; 'This is the 'greatest trip I ever had. I never saw such wonderful scenery as this and I never in my life saw anything half as funny as our spill in the mud. I haven't dared laugh before for fear of hurting the feelings of somebody. But I have got to laugh now.'

"I let him laugh some and then I stepped up to him. 'Mr. Edmunds,' I said, 'has it occurred to you that I might like something to eat. If somebody doesn't get me, some lunch right away, I am going back to the mission to get some, and I shall not come back here again. I'll just leave you to find your way back to the train.'

"Well, I think Edmunds was truly sorry, that I had been overlooked. Of course my threat about leaving them didn't amount to anything; they couldn't miss the way back to Ravalli; all they would have had to do was to follow their own tracks, but they didn't think of that. They were scared as well as sorry and they hustled when Edmunds told them the conditions.

"You should have seen the lunch that I got then. There was everything that anybody could want and there was enough of it for a dozen men. I ate till my hunger was satisfied and then I couldn't do anything more to trouble them or to entertain them. They looked at the scenery and admired the light on the peaks and marveled at the glaciers till I told them it was time to go back to the train.

"The return trip was made without incident and it was a tired crowd that got back to Ravalli, just in time. When I saw the way those fat old fellows went for the fried chicken and champagne, I understood why it was that I they didn't feel equal to the longer trip up the mountain. The ride they had was all they could stand; they were all in when we got back to the train and there was another raid on the commissary right away. Angus got back with his smaller party from the climb up the mountain and we turned over to Mr. Villard all of his guests, uninjured except for the clothes of Senator Edmunds and Lord Norwood. And they were not troubled about that. The injured feelings of the mean little fellow on the front seat were slower in healing than were the scattered wits of the two men who had fallen out of the wagon.

We turned away from the train after we had received the thanks of Mr. Villard and pretty soon the excursionists left for the west to see new wonders and more scenery. That was one of the queerest experiences I have ever had in connection with visitors at the reservation and I have a met a good many since then.

It would be interesting to take the trip across the reservation now with some of the men who were members of that old Villard excursion. They a would find the grandeur of the mountains undimmed; they would see the same glory of sunset light on the immortal peaks of the Mission range; they would discover the beauty of Lake McDonald unchanged; they would find the valley even more beautiful than it was when they saw it.

They would find the farmer where they saw the Indian. They would a marvel at the wonderful development which had followed the invasion which they started and which was made possible by the construction of the road which their money built. They would discover that

Henry Villard though a good deal of a showman in the arrangements of his stage settings, had, nevertheless, rare foresight and that his wobbly line of rails across the continent has strengthened into one of the substantial railways in the world. A.L.S. Missoula, Dec. 3, 1911” The Daily Missoulian, December 3, 1911, Morning, Page 4



McDonald Lake



McDonald Peak by Herman Schnitzmeyer

Maureen and Mike Mansfield Library, The University of Montana-Missoula

Limnological Investigations at Flathead Lake, Montana, and Vicinity, July, 1899, Morton J. Elrod, Transactions of the American Microscopical Society, Vol. 22, Twenty-Third Annual Meeting (May, 1901) this says McDonald Lake was named in the 1860's.



From Archives & Special Collections, Mansfield Library, The University of Montana-Missoula

Named after Duncan McDonald

“C.A. Stillinger came to the Flathead Reservation in about 1885 and worked for Charles Allard and Duncan McDonald. His first Flathead lake steamer was operated in conjunction with Duncan McDonald. In 1892 he bought out Allard’s stage line and Duncan McDonald’s store in Ravalli. In 1901 he sold his business interests on the reservation and moved to Superior, Montana.” “Justice to be Accorded to the Indians – Agent Peter Ronan’s Reports on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Montana 1888-1893, Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press, 2014, page 24.

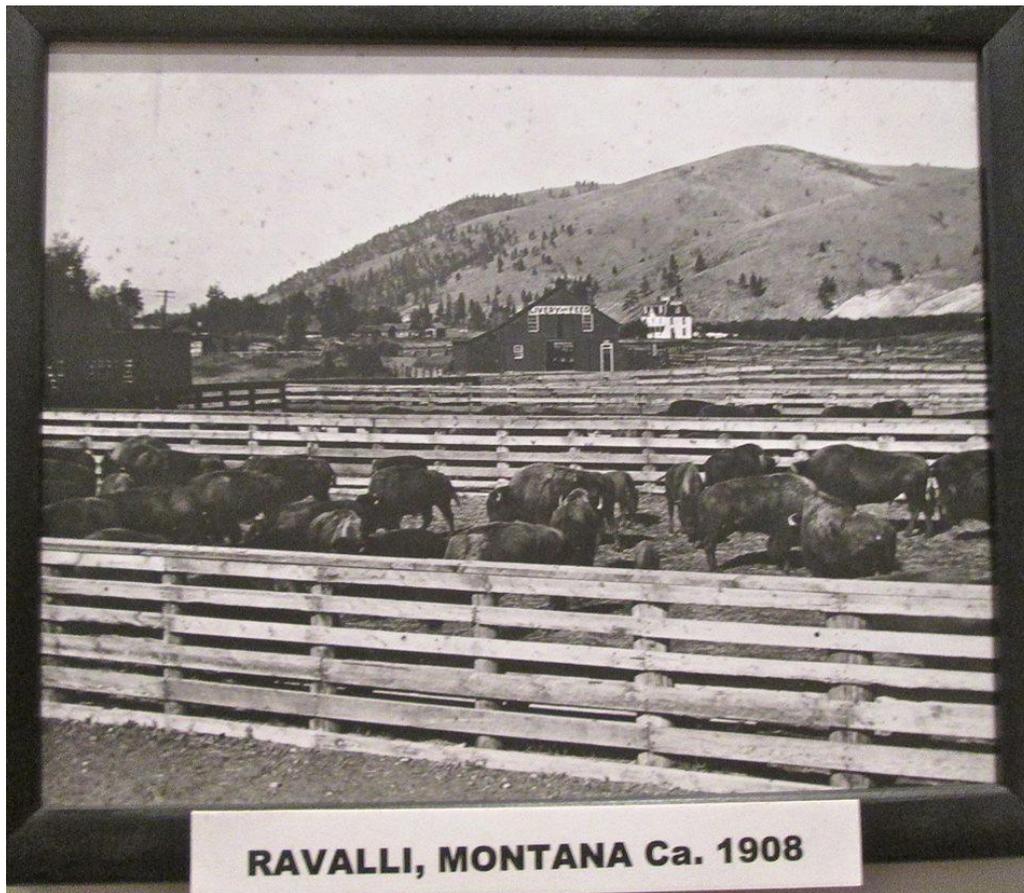
Between 1888-1904, he operated a hotel, general store, livery, blacksmith, and stage line at Ravalli, Montana.

“My brother Duncan and I were of the opinion that during past ages, buffalo had roamed this part of Montana. Some of the old tales of our Indians support this belief. Years ago, while I was helping Duncan clear stumps and roots off his Ravalli ranch, we uncovered an ancient appearing buffalo head and other bones. Similar evidences have been found in other parts of ur region.” “1 Will Be Meat For My Salish” Joe McDonald Recalls Samuel’s Buffalo Calves, told by Joseph McDonald, writer Bon I. Whealdon, September 29, 1941, The Montana Writers Project and the Buffalo of the Flathead Indian Reservation, written by Bon I. Whealdon and others, edited by Robert Bigart, Salish Kootenai College Press, Pablo, Montana and Montana Historical Society Press, Helena, Montana, 2001, page 105.

Duncan McDonald’s Place at Ravalli by Preston Miller :

“Here is a photo of Duncan McDonald's place at Ravalli, Montana on the Flathead Reservation. Duncan was one of the sons of Angus McDonald the Hudson's Bay Company trader at Fort Connah. The big white building behind the Livery Stable was built by Duncan as his house and

later to be a hotel. It burned down within a few years after building and I have heard that it might have had something to do with the death of Duncan's son. Two of the log buildings in the cluster behind and to the left of the Livery Stable are the buildings that I moved to my place and are now my store and a storage building. The storage building was used by Judy, Kimimi, Tyon and me as our home when we first started the Four Winds Indian Trading Post here north of St. Ignatius. Jerry Bringuel and I tore the store building down and moved it in the backs of our pickups and rebuilt it here. The storage building was moved by old man Draine the house mover from East Missoula. He was in his 70's when he did the move. Lots more history here. If any of you have things to add it would be interesting. This photo is on display at the Ninepipes Museum." Facebook 6/1/2014

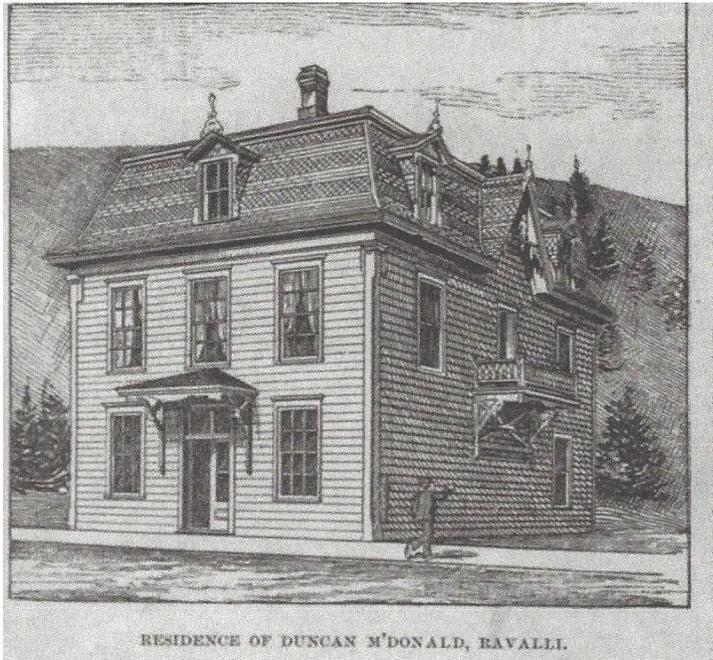


RAVALLI, MONTANA Ca. 1908

May 7, 1889

"D'Aste Diary: I paid Duncan McDonald 16 dol. for 8 sashes, he claimed unpaid. He paid Bill for the Stage Co. 47.85. I went to Duncan's." "A Pretty Village - Documents of Worship and Culture Change, St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, 1880-1889", edited by Bob Bigart Salish Kootenai College Press/University of Oklahoma Press, 2007, pages 292.

1890



From Flathead Facts – Descriptive of the Resources of Missoula County, Missoula Publishing Company, 1890, page 16.

“Duncan McDonald, who was an authority on western Montana history, and who treasured the stories told him by Indian patriarchs, said the bands which at one time fed in the Bitter Root, Missoula, and Grass Valleys were not driven out, but were seen making voluntary exodus up the Big Blackfoot.

“Fifty years or more ago, McDonald told me this story, which may be pertinent in that it points the belief in the presence of the buffalo.

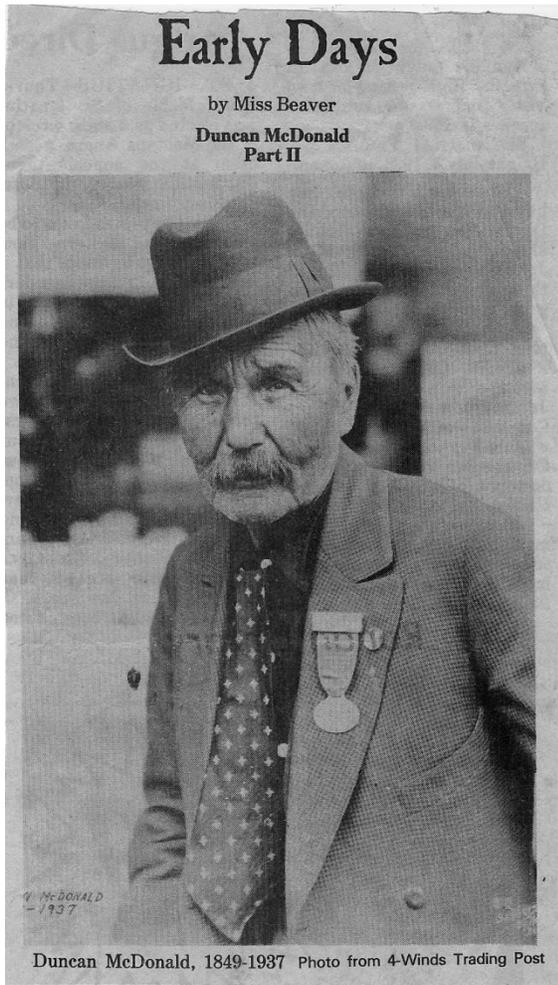
“As is well known, the Selish and the Blackfeet were hereditary enemies. On one occasion 25 or 30 Indians were encamped south of Missoula, about where the golf club now is located. One morning, shortly after daylight, they saw what they took to be several buffalo on the hillside above them. All the hunters of the camp set forth in excited pursuit. But when they reached the spot where they had thought the buffalo to be, they found no trace of them.

Mystified, they scanned the country all about, to discover that they had been tricked. Their tepees were ablaze, and when they dashed down the mountain, they found their women and children dead, killed by the wily Blackfeet, a few of whom donned buffalo skins, to draw the warriors away from camp.”

The Story of the Buffalo – Told by Will Cave, writer Mabel C. Olson, September 25, 1941.
“I Will Be Meat For My Salish” The Montana Writers Project and the Buffalo of the Flathead Indian Reservation, written by Bon I. Whealdon and others, edited by Robert Bigart, Salish Kootenai College Press, Pablo, Montana and Montana Historical Society Press, Helena, Montana, 2001, page 32.

In 1889 Lala See and Pierre Paul with Larra Finley and Paul Coville killed two white men near the tracks by Ravalli and threw them into the Jocko River. After a couple years as a fugitive Lala See surrendered to Duncan McDonald at Ravalli. “Lala See made good his escape, but being hunted down by the Indian police and the sheriff, finally came in and surrendered to

Duncan McDonald, who took him to Missoula and turned him over to Sheriff Houston.” The Ronan Pioneer, Thurs., May 31, 1928, pg.7, column 1-5. See the whole story in “Montana’s Flathead Reservation and Its Outlaws, of which four were hanged in Missoula on December 19, 1890.” David C. “Chalk” Courchane, 2014. Duncan declined his part of the reward for Lala See and Pierre Paul’s capture. He tried to convince Sheriff Houston to turn over the reward to the hanged men’s wives and children.



Mission Valley News



Duncan McDonald, Angus McDonald's son and the last charge at Fort Connah, is shown here with Qui Qui Tsu. Courtesy K. Ross Toole Archives, University of Montana.

Joseph Quequesah probably (1850-1938)

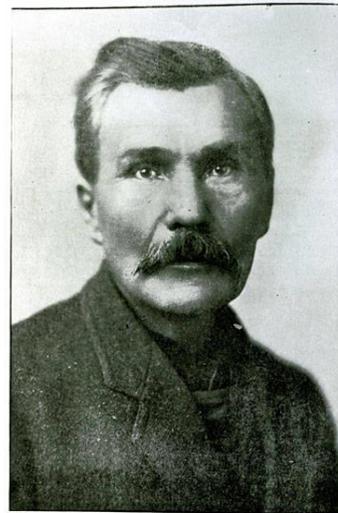


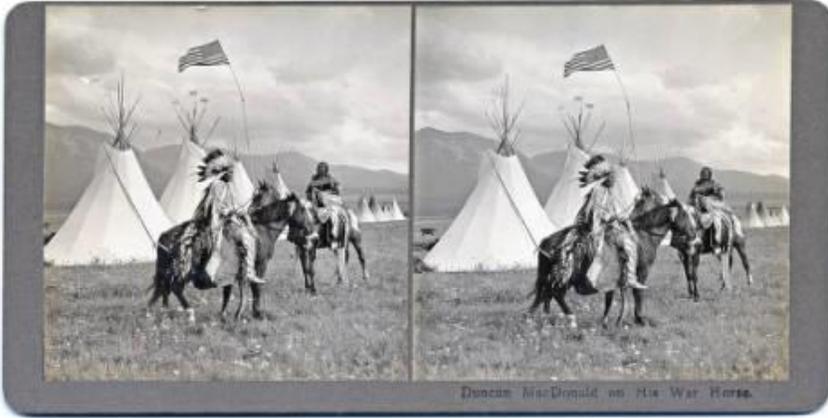
Louise (Schuntah) "Red Sleep" Quilsee McDonald, Duncan McDonald and Quiunhachya.



From Archives & Special Collections, Mansfield Library, The University of Montana-Missoula

Taken by Norman A. Forsyth

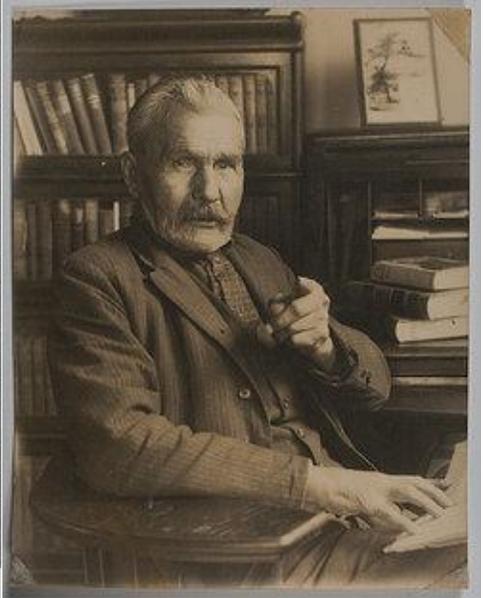




Duncan MacDonald on His War Horse.

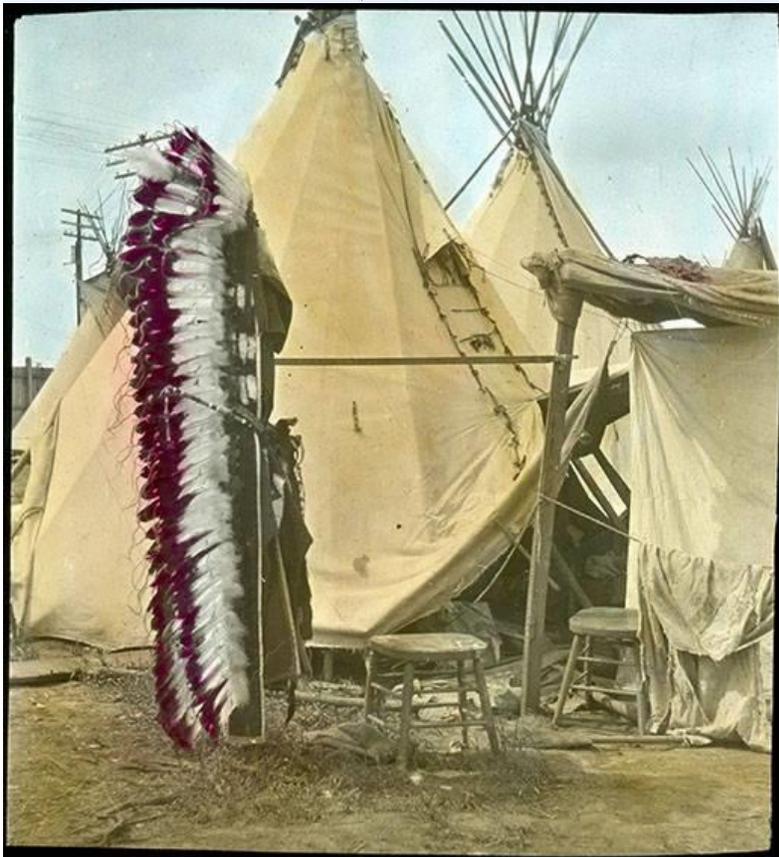


From Archives & Special Collections, Mansfield Library, The University of Montana-Missoula





A fourth of July Parade in Polson. Duncan McDonald in the lead. Taken July 4, 1913.



Duncan McDonald's war bonnet



From Archives & Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula
Home of Duncan McDonald in Ravalli, taken by Morton J. Elrod. The Maureen and Mike Mansfield Library,
The University of Montana-Missoula.



From Archives & Special Collections, Mansfield Library, The University of Montana-Missoula

"Notes From The Mission Newsy Niblets From Our Man at St. Ignatius.

D. McDonald has completed his new blacksmith shop and is now ready to serve his customers at all kinds of blacksmith work, etc." *The Missoula Gazette (Daily) June 30, 1890, p1.*

January 7, 1890

"D'Aste Diary: I slept at Duncan's, room without fire! Spent in Missoula 17.35 for the house and bought a pair of pants for me. I am tormented with piles. I came back at night with Dr. Crain, but he went before to Thompson Falls. I came home at 2 o'clock in the morning. F Canestrelli went to the Kootenays." *"Zealous in All Virtues - Documents of Worship and Culture Change, St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, 1890-1894, edited by Bob Bigart, Salish Kootenai College Press/University of Oklahoma Press, 2007, page 17.*

After Major Peter Ronan left the agency he was replaced as Agent by his cousin and clerk, Joseph T. Carter, in 1893. Agent Carter did not like Duncan and considered him trouble.

From the *Missoula Gazette (Daily) June 30, 1890, p1:*

"Notes From The Mission

Newsy Niblets From Our Man at St. Ignatius.

D. McDonald has completed his new blacksmith shop and is now ready to serve his customers at all kinds of blacksmith work, etc."

In 1891 with the Great Northern Railroad came competition to Duncan McDonald's hotel, store, restaurant, stable, and blacksmith shops at Ravalli. The other restaurant was sponsored by the railroad and even sold its meals cheaper than Duncan did. Finally the railroad negotiated an agreement between the two eating places, and the section house agreed not to send runners up the line to advertise for business. He, Baptiste Kakashe, and Charles Allard demanded that the rival freight line and stage of T. M. Adams who was offering free transit from Ravalli to Polson, that they pay grazing fees in the Mission Valley. It ended when Allard bought out Adams.

In 1892 Duncan McDonald donated the following materials to the Montana Historical Society:

Letters, Poems, Sketches, Diaries, Indian Legends and tales of Adventure in the West, by the former Factor and Trader of the Hudson Bay Company in this region, Angus McDonald:

Commission as Chief Trader to the Hudson's Bay Company of Adventurers; dated December 22nd, 1856.

Agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company for Services, in 1838.

Letter from Captain George B. McClellan, Philadelphia, March 28, 1855.

Letter of Judge Hiram Knowles, Deer Lodge, Nov. 2nd, 1879.

Poetry; "Song of White Bird."

Locks of Hair from the Heads of the Daughters of Four Famous Chiefs.

Essay on the Nez Perces Campaign of 1877.

Life History of One of the old Royals of the Nez Perce Tribe, Grand Aunt of Looking Glass, the Chief, a woman who died on the Flathead Reservation Nov. 3rd, written about 1878.

A considerable Collection of material besides the above. Donated to the Society by Duncan McDonald, of Ravalli, son of Angus McDonald." Biennial Report of the Board of Trustees of the Historical Society of the State of Montana 1895-1896, State Publishing Company, pages 18-19.

In a letter on August 12, 1892 Major Peter Ronan writes from Sandpoint, Idaho to the Commissioners of Indian Affairs in Washington, D.C. about the murder of Felix Burns, a tribal member.

"Sir:

On the 9th of August I left Flathead Agency, for Bonner's Ferry, Idaho in response to an urgent telegram from the Indians of that locality, which I quoted in my last report from the Agency. On arrival at Sand Point, found a telegram urging my presence at Hope, Idaho, to investigate the suspected murder and robbery of an Indian from the Flathead reservation by a whiteman by the name of Philips, who was then under arrest, and to assist in prosecuting the case. Deeming it best for the service to act in this matter before proceeding to the Kootenai Indian camp, I returned to Hope. Here I found encamped Joseph Catholueluhu, one of the Judges of the Agency Court of Indian Offences, Duncan McDonald, a halfbreed, some of the Indian police, the wife and sister of the Indian whose body was found, and several Indians from the Kalispel Country. At the Indian camp it was stated to me that a well to do Indian of the Flathead reservation, called Felix Burns, left his home some time previous to the 4th of July, having on his person about two hundred dollars. On the evening of the 3rd of July, Alto and his brother Alexander, Indians also of the Flathead reservation, arrived at Sand Point, in Idaho. While at the depot Robert Philips, a whiteman, called by the Indians "Buckskin Shirt," approached them and told them that there was an Indian at his cabin and asked them to go there and see him. The Indians accompanied Philips to the cabin where they found the Indian Felix Burns. Philips had a large flask of whiskey and the Indians and the whiteman commenced drinking. Philips went out at different times and bought whiskey – three bottles were drank. In the morning when they recovered from their carrousal, Alto noticed Felix giving Philips money; after he went out Felix informed Alto that he had given the whiteman ten dollars to buy whiskey. Philips came back with a keg and a sack of provisions. They then gathered up the empty bottles and filled them from the keg of whiskey. Philips then went after a boat, and returned with it. Their blankets, whiskey and sack of provisions were put in the boat. Philips, Felix and Alto got into the boat the other Indian refusing to go. They landed at different times to drink, etc. At the last landing Philips held a conversation with Felix and the latter got into the boat alone, and was pushed off from the bank. Alto and Philips then started towards the Great Northern Railroad track, when Alto became so drunk by the whiskey plied to him by Philips that he remembered no more, and finely [sic] made

his way back to the reservation. The Friends of Felix Burns became anxious at his long absence and as Alto was the last seen with him Joseph Catholueluhu, the Indian judge, McDonald, some of the Indian Police and the sister of Felix took Alto to Idaho to search for him. The body of Felix was found by the Indians on the shore of the river running out of the Pend d'Oreille Lake towards the Kalispel valley, below where he was shoved off alone in the boat by Philips. The Indians instituted a search for the latter, and warrant was sworn out for his arrest. His trial was set for three o'clock of the 10th, but I had it postponed in order to procure an interpreter from the Agency. At ten o'clock of the 11th the trial commenced, and the evidence given sustained the details of this report. The defence asked for a continuance until Wednesday the 17th of August. I demanded the prisoner be placed under a heavy bond for his appearance on that day. The bond was placed at one thousand dollars. The Indians and Indian witnesses went into camp near Hope, Idaho, to await the trial. On the morning of the 12th I left again for Sand Point, on my way to Bonners Ferry over the Great Northern Railroad, from that place.

The case is a serious one, and if the man Philips is allowed to escape, or is not seriously punished by the law for furnishing whiskey which led to the death of the Indian Felix Burns, it will cause great discontent among the Indians, particularly as they feel assured that Philips is guilty of the murder of the Indian. I informed the Indians that if they suspected justice would not be done to their side of the case to send a messenger to me at Bonner's Ferry, and I would leave my business there long enough to give attention to the prosecution of this outlaw Philips, who has made a business of selling whiskey to Indians for years without punishment, although arrested and tried several times for the crime. A suspicion also of the murder and robbery of Felix Burns, demand that the case be sharply looked after, and give the Indians confidence in the enforcement of Laws of the whiteman.

Trusting my action in this matter may meet the approval of the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

I am very respectfully
Your obedient Servant
Peter Ronan,

United States Ind. Ag't" "Justice to be Accorded to the Indians – Agent Peter Ronan's Reports on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Montana 1888-1893, Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press, 2014, pages 317-318. Bob Bigart wrote that the outcome of the trial is not known.

In 1893 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs directed Major Peter Ronan to ask The Angus McDonald family if they wanted allotments on the Nez Perce Reservation or if they wanted to remain on the Flathead Reservation. "Justice to be Accorded to the Indians – Agent Peter Ronan's Reports on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Montana 1888-1893, Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press, 2014, page 370.

After Peter Ronan unexpectedly died of a heart attack in August of 1893 many western Montana residents tried to get Duncan McDonald appointed agent as his replacement.

"Trails Through Western Woods, by Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, New York & Seattle, The Alice Harriman Company, 1910

Preface

The writing of this book has been primarily a labour of love, undertaken in the hope that through the harmonious mingling of Indian tradition and descriptions of the region—too little known—where the lessening tribes still dwell, there may be a fuller understanding both of the Indians and of the poetical West.

A wealth of folk-lore will pass with the passing of the Flathead Reservation, therefore it is well to stop and listen before the light is quite vanished from the hill-tops, while still the streams sing the songs of old and the trees murmur regretfully of things lost forever and a time that will come no more. We of the workaday world are too prone to believe that our own country is lacking in myth and tradition, in hero-tale and romance; yet here in our midst is a legended region where every landmark is a symbol in the great, natural record book of a folk whose day is done and whose song is but an echo.

It would not be fitting to close these few introductory words without grateful acknowledgment to those who have aided me toward the accomplishment of my purpose. Indeed, every page brings a pleasant recollection of a friendly spirit and a helping hand. Mr. Duncan McDonald, son of Angus, and Mr. Henri Matt, my Indian friends, have told me by word of mouth, many of the myths and chronicles set forth in the following chapters. Mr. Edward Morgan, the faithful and just agent at the Flathead Reservation, has given me priceless information which I could never have obtained save through his kindly interest. He secured for me the legend of the Flint, the last tale told by Charlot and rendered into English by Michel Rivais, the blind interpreter who has served in that capacity for thirty years. Chief Charlot died after this book was finished and he lies in the land of his exile, out of the home of his father's where he had hoped to rest. From Mr. Morgan also I received the account of Charlot's meeting with Joseph at the LoLo Pass, the facts of which were given him by the little white boy since grown to manhood, Mr. David Whaley, who rode with Charlot and his band to the hostile camp.

The late Charles Aubrey, pioneer and plainsman, furnished me valuable data concerning the buffalo.

Madame Leonie De Mers and her hospitable relatives, the De Mers of Arlee, were instrumental in winning for me the confidence of the Selish people.

Mrs. L. Mabel Hight, the artist, who has caught the spirit of the mountains with her brush, has added to this book by making the peaks live again in their colours.

In conclusion I would express my everlasting gratitude to Mr. Thomas H. Scott, of Lake McDonald, soldier, mountain-lover and woodsman, who, with unfailing courage and patience, has guided me safely over many and difficult trails.”

Chapter III

Lake Angus McDonald and the Man for Whom It was Named

Starts on page 89

Within the range of Sin-yal-min, which rises abruptly from the valley of the Flathead to altitudes of perpetual snow, in a ravine sunk deep into the heart of the mountains, is Lake Angus McDonald. Though but a few miles distant the bells of Saint Ignatius Mission gather the children of the soil to prayer, no hand has marred the untamed beauty of this lake and its surrounding mountain steeps where the eagle builds his nest in security and the mountain goat and bighorn sheep play unmolested and unafraid.

The prospect is a magnificent one as the roadway uncoils its irregular, tawny length from rolling hills into the level sea of green where only a year or two ago the buffalo grazed in peace. Beyond, the jagged summits of Sin-yal-min toss their crests against the sky, their own impalpable blue a shade more intense than the summer heavens, their silvered pinnacles one with the drifting cloud. A delicate, shimmering thread like the gossamer tissue of a spider's web spins its length from the ethereal brow of the mountains to the lifted arms of the foothills below. The yellow road runs through the valley, passes the emerald patch around the Mission and thence onward to blue shadows of peaks where gorges flow like purple seas and distant trees are points of azure. The swelling foothills bear one up, the valley melts away far beneath and sweet-breathed woods sigh their balsam on the breeze. The pass becomes more difficult, the growth thickens. Among the trees broad-leafed thimble berry, brew berry and goose berry blossom and bear; wild clematis builds pyramids of green and white over the bushes; syringa bursts into pale-starred flower, and a shrub, feathery, delicate, sends forth long, tender stems which break into an intangible mist of bloom.

Suddenly out of the tangled forests, a sheet of water, smooth and clear, appears, spreading its quicksilver depths among peaks that still bear their burden of the glacial age. And in the polished mirror of those waters is reflected the perfect image of its mountain crown. First, the purplish green of timbered slopes, then the naked, beetling crags and deep crevasse with its heart of ice. A heavy silence broods here, broken only by the wildly lonesome cry of the raven quavering in lessening undulations of tone through the recesses of the crags. Two Indians near the shore flit away among the leaves, timid as deer in their native haunts. Such is Lake Angus McDonald, and yonder, presiding over all, shouldering its perpetual burden of ice, is McDonald's Peak. Strangely

beautiful are these living monuments to the name and fame of a man, and one naturally asks who was this Angus McDonald that his memory should endure in the eternal mountains within the crystal cup of this snow-fed lake?

The question is worth the answering. Angus McDonald was a Highland Scotchman, sent out into the western wilderness by the Hudson Bay Company. There must have lurked in his robust blood the mastering love of freedom and adventure which led the scions of the House of McDonald to such strange and varied destinies; which made such characters in the Scottish hills as Rob Roy and clothed the kilted clans with a romantic colour totally wanting in their stolid brethren of the Lowlands. In any event, it is certain that Angus McDonald, once within the magic of the wild, flung aside the ties that bound him to the outer world and became in dress, in manner of life and in heart, an Indian. He took unto himself an Indian wife, begot sons who were Indians in colour and form and like his adopted people, he hunted upon the heights, moved his tipi from valley to mountain as capricious notion prompted, and finally made for himself and his family a home in the valley of Sin-yal-min not far below that lake and peak which do honor to his memory. Physically he was a man of towering stature, standing over six feet in his moccasins; his shoulders were broad and he was very erect. His leonine head was clad with a heavy shock of hair, and his beard, during his later years, snow white, hung to his waist. His complexion was ruddy, his eyes, clear, blue and penetrating. A picturesque figure he must have been, clad in full buckskin leggings and shirt with a blanket wrapped around him. He was known among the Indians and whites through the length and breadth of the country about, and no more strange or striking character quickened the adventure-bearing epoch which we call the Early Days.

As he was free to the point of lightness in his nature, trampling down and discarding every shackle of conventionality, he was likewise bound but nominally by the Christian creed. He believed in reincarnation and his one desire was that in the hereafter, when his soul should be sent to tenant the new body, he might be re-born in the form of a wild, white horse, with proud, arched neck and earth-scorning hoofs, dashing wind-swift over the broad prairies into the sheltering hills.

So it seems fitting that McDonald's Peak and Lake should remain untamed even as their namesake; that the eddying whirlpool of life should pass them by and that in their embrace the native creatures should live and range as of yore. And may it be that within those shadowy gorges, remote from the sight and hearing of man, a wild, white horse goes bounding through the night?"



Lake Angus McDonald

"High Times on the Reservation

C. M. Walker, Wm. Sharp and William Harrington returned Saturday from the Flathead reservation where they had spent a week attending the New Year's festivities. They went first to the old Hudson Bay post, where Angus C. McDonald now lives. On our New Year's evening there was held what is said to have been the finest ball ever given on reservation. There are a large number of people of Scotch descent on the reservation, and they were nearly all present. Mr. Walker and Mr. Harrington had taken bagpipes with them, and to their music, loved by the Scot, the grand march was begun, with Mr. Sharp and Miss Maggie McDonald in highland costume leading the dancers. Dancing was continued until a late hour next morning. The music for the occasion, in addition to that furnished by the bagpipes, was furnished by an excellent orchestra, composed of Miss Maggie McDonald, Thomas McDonald, Angus C. McDonald and Charles Williams. The floor managers were Angus P. and Joseph McDonald.

A pleasant and unexpected feature of the evening was the marriage of William Irvin and Mrs. Larbie, two residents of the reservation.

On New Year's Eve a grand dance after the Indian manner was held at the residence of Mr. Ashley, at which a large number of the Indians were present.

After the ball at Mr. McDonald's Mr. Walker and Mr. Sharp visited a number of houses on the reservation, and stirred up the Scotch enthusiasm with the music of the bagpipes.”

The Inter-Lake (Kalispell, Mt.) Jan. 10, 1896, p8.

1900

“Duncan McDonald who resides near Selish on the Flathead Reservation, has over 3,000 of apples which he will ship to eastern markets. This is the first large from this section of the state.”

The Kalispell Bee, October 19, 1900, Page 3

Victims of Smallpox

How the Disease Spreads Among the Indians

Grizzly Bear's Tonic

Consulted a Skunk, but Died Just the Same. Some Harmful Factors in the Epidemic.

Special Dispatch to the Bee:

Missoula. June 11.—One of the victims of the smallpox on the reservation this month is old Grizzly Bear, one of the best known of the old medicine men in the reservation country. When the smallpox epidemic broke out this old fellow retired to the mountains and "made medicine." He was an uncle of Duncan McDonald, and the latter says that when Grizzly Bear came back from the mountains he visited his friends and told them that the skunk, which was his oracle, or his "medicine," as he expressed it, had told him how to cure the smallpox.

When his acquaintances spoke plainly to him and told him that the surest way to cure the disease was to shake off the superstition and ignorance of the Indians and pay some attention to the rules of health, the old man was chagrined. He was further offended when he was refused admittance to the house of his nephew, Mr. McDonald, as he had been exposed to smallpox. He withdrew in anger and said that he would cure the people and show that the "medicine" that the skunk had given him was the right stuff. In two weeks he was dead, a victim to his own superstition.

Mr. McDonald tells another story that shows how very difficult it is to take care of the disease among the Indians. A woman up near the lake lost her husband through smallpox. She sent a messenger to Angus McDonald to get a steer, as she wanted to have a funeral feast, according to the custom of her people. Angus sent back word that she must not hold any feast until the danger of infection was past, and urged her to burn all of the contents of her cabin that had been exposed to infection. He explained the necessity for this, and was so successful that he convinced the woman. She postponed the feast and burned her cabin herself. She then went down near the mission to stay with some friends. Soon after the smallpox appeared in this family. Investigation revealed the fact that when the woman had burned her cabin she had saved a few trinkets that her husband had had. Some of them had been upon his person when he was sick. These had carried the infection. She had burned the cabin, but saved just what she should have destroyed. It is this ignorance and superstition that make the reservation situation so serious.” The Kalispell Bee, June 12, 1901

“Duncan McDonald the reservation cattleman and business man is in the city from Selish.”

“Dr. Elrod, influential member of the American Bison Society and head of the biological department at the University of Montana, was delegated to find a suitable site for the buffalo park. His search included the northern part of Idaho as well as Western Montana.

When he arrived in the Flathead Valley, the home of the last free herd of buffalo in the United States, it was appropriate that he contacted Duncan MacDonald, intelligent and well-informed native of the Flathead Indian Reservation.

Mr. MacDonald, the oldest son of Angus MacDonald, first pioneer in the region, knew the topography of that portion of Montana better than any other human being – Indian or white. In addition to this useful knowledge, Duncan was very familiar with buffalo, their habits, and their range requirements.

Mr. Elrod could not have chosen a more delightful helper and companion, for Duncan knew the history of the valley, the Indians, the flora and animals of the country. He was well versed in the white man’s way of life, possessed an analytical mind, and was a gracious, charming conversationalist.

In Mr. MacDonald’s words” “Professor Elrod and I saddled our horses and began a thorough inspection of the entire countryside. As we rode along, we discussed the advantages and disadvantages of each locality. I know we both kept eying the possibilities of the slopes around Quilsee Peak, which is near the confluence of the Pend Oreille [Flathead] and Jocko rivers. After we had satisfied ourselves that the Flathead Valley proper would very soon be utilized for agricultural purposes, we again turned to the Quilsee Peak region. We rode to that highest elevation, which commands an excellent view of the adjacent country. On the south the ridges dip and flatten toward the Jocko; to the east is beautiful Mission valley; to the north the slopes terminate near meandering Mission Creek; and to the west they halt at the Pend Oreille [Flathead] River bank.

“Here, at last, we had discovered a vast, ideally situated natural park, that, because of its topography of ridges, gullies and steep slopes, could never be converted into profitable farming lands. The numerous gullies were knee deep in luxuriant growth of wild grasses. Besides this forage, these depressions would give animals ample shelter from wintry blasts. There was an abundance of fattening bunch grass upon every slope. The ridges to the south and west were always fairly free of deep snow; and upon these exposures grew the very first green grasses of springtime. There were spacious woodland stretches of fir and pine, where big game could find protection from severe storms, and find cooling shade during the extreme heat of summer. Equally important, the ravines, as I knew from childhood days, were well watered the year round, by countless springs and small creeks.”

“I Will Be Meat For My Salish” The Montana Writers Project and the Buffalo of the Flathead Indian Reservation, written by Bon I. Whealdon and others, edited by Robert Bigart, Salish Kootenai College Press, Pablo, Montana and Montana Historical Society Press, Helena, Montana, 2001, “ Indian Ward Aids Dr. Morton J. Elrod in Selecting Site for Buffalo Park, told by Andrew Stinger and Sander’s History of Montana, writer Bon I. Whealdon, November 26, 1941, pages 144 & 145.

“Acknowledgements – Duncan McDonald, of Ravalli, was kind enough to ride with me over the range and give me much help in understanding its features and character. He gave me the information about the springs and streams, and in regard to the feeding capacity of the range.” 60th Congress, 1st Session, Senate, Report No. 467, To Establish a Permanent Bison Range, April 6, 1908, Mr. Dixon of the Committee on Indian Affairs, submitted the following report, page 17

McDonald (Sanders) - station named because of proximity to Duncan McDonald's ranch

“Duncan McDonald of Ravalli greeted friends in the city yesterday.” The Daily Missoulian, May 29, 1909, Morning, Page 2

“Duncan McDonald one of the old-timers of the reservation, was in the city yesterday.” The Daily Missoulian, November 16, 1909, Morning, Page 2

“Watching the Sale

Duncan McDonald came down from Ravalli yesterday to be present at the auction sale of town lots on the reservation. He was an interested spectator at the sale and watched the progress of business at the land office with interest. "No." said he in answer to a question from a Missoulian man, "I have not come to buy any lots, but to watch others buy them. I wanted to see how the sale went and I wanted to feel the public pulse in the matter. It seems like the beginning of the breakup of the reservation now that these sales are going on; the surveys and the appraisement and the allotment, all were a part of it, but they were so far ahead that we didn't realize their significance, but this lot sale, that is business, and the reservation will soon be a thing of the past." The Daily Missoulian, November 17, 1909, Morning, Page 12

Many Enjoy Choice Steaks Cut From A Young

Butchering the Victim of an Accident.

The accompanying cut shows Chief Duncan McDonald of the Flathead reservation in the act of skinning a buffalo cow, which was killed during the loading of the Pablo herd at Ravalli a few days ago.

The animal, about 4 years of age, was so unruly that the loader; could do nothing with her. She fought desperately against being driven through the loading chute into a freight car and in a mad rush across the corral butted blindly into the side of the pen, breaking her neck. She was immediately bled and the carcass was removed to the back yard of the Ravalli hotel, where it was skinned, dressed and butchered for use as a part of the menu for the Sunday dinner a week ago.

A large crowd of visitors, attracted to Ravalli by the buffalo loading, was unexpectedly offered buffalo steak when the dinner hour was announced. Almost everyone took advantage of the opportunity to taste the meat-just that they might say they had eaten buffalo. And almost everyone who tried the novelty expressed himself as delighted with the flavor. The

popularity of the meat is attested by the fact that the supply was exhausted before the day was over, several persons securing large cuts of it to carry home with them.” The Daily Missoulian, July 4, 1909. Morning, Page 4



“Duncan McDonald one of the best known residents of the reservation, was a visitor in the city yesterday.” The Daily Missoulian, December 18, 1909, Morning, Page 2

1910

“Duncan McDonald one of the most prominent men of the Flathead race, was in Missoula yesterday to attend court.” The Daily Missoulian, December 13, 1910, Morning, Page 2

“Caught On The Run About Town

Ready to Vote

Duncan McDonald registered yesterday. His name was placed upon the great record book at the courthouse and the man who has lived in Missoula county longer than any other qualified elector will cast his first vote at the next election. Duncan McDonald was born in 1849 at the old Hudson Bay Company post at the foot of McDonald lake, the home of his father, Angus McDonald, the Hudson Bay agent, and his mother, a daughter of the wilderness, Missoula county has always been the home of this veteran but it is only since he has held his property in fee simple, instead of as, a ward of the government that Mr. McDonald has been able to qualify as a voter. He came down yesterday from his home near Ravalli for the purpose of getting his name upon the great register and returned last night. It was an interesting occasion and the veteran received the congratulations of his Missoula friends. Soon after Mr. McDonald had placed his name on the register, another native Montanan, recorded his name for the first vote, George P. Stone, who attained his majority Friday, lined himself up for the right of suffrage. He, too, has lived all his life in Montana-Anaconda and Missoula having been his home towns. Though his residence is only one-third that of Duncan McDonald, Montana has always been the home of

each of them and each of them will cast his first vote at the next election. One of them is probably the oldest qualified voter; in point of residence, and the other is the youngest in Missoula county.

Register Cave had an interesting experience.

"Who painted those Indians in the courthouse?" asked Duncan McDonald after he had registered and had taken time to look over the county's house a bit. The Man About Town told him it- was somebody from Iowa and Duncan showed his Indian by an expressive "Umph." Then he continued; "Whoever he was the county should send for somebody to paint over the pictures. It would be better to have a blank wall than to have those pictures there for everybody to laugh at who sees them. There's an Indian there on a horse and he is riding with a bridle. That's as far from right as it could be; the Indians never used bridles; everybody knows that who knows anything about them. There isn't anything right about the whole Indian scheme. No, I didn't look all over the courthouse; those Indian pictures were enough for me. What did they send to Iowa for? There are plenty of men in Montana who could have given them real Indian pictures. There are some good artists here who know what they are doing. If that man was from Iowa, he couldn't be expected to know much about Montana Indians, but he should have known something about oxen. He doesn't show it in the pictures he has made. The steers that are yoked to the prairie schooner have wooden legs. O, the courthouse is all right, I guess, but those pictures ought to be rubbed out. They are just to laugh at." The Daily Missoulian, November 12, 1911, Morning, Page 12

“Former Prices

With Duncan McDonald, yesterday afternoon, the Man About Town was looking at a picture of the cliffs in Cabinet gorges; "Old Nip Lynch was upset in that water once," said Duncan, "and he would have been drowned if he hadn't caught hold of a cedar log and if he hadn't gripped it tight till he floated into the 'still water below the gorge. That's rough water in the spring and summer. But in the low-water season, it is not difficult to get through. I went through the gorge and the rapids one year in a bark canoe with a Kallspell Indian and we didn't have any trouble. Those river Indians went everywhere, in their canoes; they made their boats of bark, nearly all of them. I had a pack outfit that year and Captain Higgins sent word to me to go down to Walla Walla and get him some Spitsenberg apples. That was the first time I ever heard that name. He was in a hurry for them so I started the pack outfit over the trail and I got this Indian to take me down the river and across Pend d'Oreille lake. We made the trip all right in the canoe. I went to Walla Walla all right and got the apples. I had them shipped up to Spokane Falls and there I met my outfit and we brought the apples to Missoula. I paid 75c a pound for those Spitsenbergs." The Daily Missoulian, November 21, 1911, Morning, Page 10



Nep Lynch of Plains was one of the top performers in the cowboy relay races from 1917-1919. This postcard photo of an unidentified relay racer and his helpers was taken by R.H. McKay at the 1917 Stampede. Courtesy of Pictorial Histories Publishing

“Following Old Trails XXIII. – Fighting for Paint

Did you ever stop to wonder where the Indians of this country got their paint colors in the days before the white man came? Always they painted. They painted themselves for war, they decorated themselves brilliantly for festal occasions, they daubed the color on thick when they were in mourning. Their use of paint for decoration was one of the Indian characteristics which impressed the early whites most strongly. And they were artists in the decoration of the skins which they tanned for their tepees and their clothing as well as of their own epidermis. Upon the smooth face of many a cliff, also, their pictured historical painting yet endures, though the storms of generations have beaten against it; these pictures of long years ago have endured wonderfully well.

In the wide circle of wigwams which surrounded the great dance tent at last summer's gathering of the Selish tribes near the Jocko agency, there was one old tepee which is historic among the Flatheads. It is known to be more than 80 years old perhaps it is even older than that. Its fabric is of buckskin, tanned soft and pliable as only the squaws of years and years ago knew how to do it; it is discolored with the smoke of long decades of use; but upon its exterior may yet be discerned the emblazoned heraldic designs placed there by the artist hand of some Indian woman, perhaps a century ago. What they mean - these symbols there are but few, if any, of the Indians who know. I have not been able to find a man or woman of the tribe who can tell exactly. They all say that the pictures, dimmed with age, recount the deeds of valor of the original owner of this ancient house of skins. "He was a big man," they say. "He killed many Blackfeet. This tells how."

At that same dance, last summer, Big Sam-veteran of many Flathead wars and a participant in the Stevens council of 1855---wore a white, robe upon which was recorded by an Indian artist the personal history of the wearer; the pictures told of his daring thefts of Blackfeet and Crow horses; they told of his capture of Crow thieves who had stolen white men's horses and of the return of the animals to their rightful owners; they told of the battles in which he had fought with the hereditary foes of his people.

Where Flathead lake narrows, toward its foot, to the strait in which there are picturesque islands which compel the most indifferent tourist to a pause in admiration, there are high cliffs which rise abruptly from the water's edge. Upon the surface of these rocks there are pictured stories of the tribal triumphs of the red men whose home this was as far back as there is any history. Nor storm nor sleet has effaced these picture writings of ages past. The picture writings of the red-skinned artists of years long gone have survived the buffetings of the icy blast of winter and the fierce assault of summer storm. All of these paintings are more or less familiar to those who know anything at all about western Montana. By some, they are passed by as a matter of not much importance. By a few they have been studied with care. Interesting they are as the hieroglyphs of Egypt or of Peru; yet they are regarded indifferently by many. They present an interesting subject for detailed investigation. It is not the purpose of this story however, to discuss the interpretation of the Indian writings. I started out with the question, where did the Indians get their paint? That is a topic interesting enough, it seems to me for a Sunday story.

Where did the Indians get their paint? If a present-day dealer in covering for roofs-for instance-could discover the base of their compound and their method of mixing their pigments, would he not have a proposition that would be better than the Sellers eye-water which Mark Twain made famous? No gold mine ever known equaled the profits which would be his. He could advertise to any extent and he could deliver the goods. It would be such a treasure as Pizarro never found in the vaults of the Incas; it would be of greater value than the wealth which Cortes uncovered in the storehouses of the Aztecs.

But where was it and how did the Indians treat it? It is a question which doesn't occur, perhaps, to many who often see the pictures. It probably does not suggest itself to very many who see the brilliantly-hued faces of the painted Indians who yet follow the custom of their ancestors. The Indian today buys his paint at a store. There are not many of the young Indians who know more than the significance of the colors; they cannot tell where their fathers and their mothers got their paint before there was a white man's store at which to purchase it.

As a matter of fact; there are few of the younger Indians who care much for tribal custom or legend or practice. The other day I asked Duncan McDonald something about the old time history of his mother's people and his reply came in the form of a protest against the indifference of the young Indians toward the habits of their people. It was an indignant protest sincere and emphatic and it came from the heart of the speaker. For Duncan McDonald knows more of the old customs of these Indians than any other man and he deplors their passing.

"Why," said Duncan as his eyes flashed, "there are no young Indians who know much about these things. It is not long ago that one of the Pablo buffalo was injured near my place, while he was being loaded for Canada so badly hurt that he had to be killed. And Pablo said to me: 'Duncan take the animal and do with it as you please. I thought I would have a feast for the Indians and I called some of the young fellows who were there and asked them to skin the carcass. They couldn't do it; they didn't know how. They made an excuse that they didn't like buffalo meat. The fact was, they didn't know, whether they did or not. And it was not until I found three old Indian women that I was able to get that a buffalo skinned and made ready for cooking. Those women dug into it and soon had the animal skinned; they knew how; they had skinned buffalo on the east-side plains when their husbands and fathers were on the chase in the land of constant battle.

But this a long way from the paint question. Duncan, in fact, didn't start out to discuss that question nor was it the matter of paint that I had in mind when I asked him the first question of the pleasant afternoon chat that led up to it. We had started out to discuss Indian names. But he, who expects to come directly to the point in any talk with an Indian, even an 'Indian so intelligent as Duncan, has another guess coming. But one thing is certain any talk with Duncan McDonald is sure to be interesting. I wish I could have one every week. He knows more old trails and bypaths than anybody else whom I ever met.

It all started a week ago, just after Duncan had placed his name upon the great register of Missoula county as a voting citizen. He, to the manor born, a native of Missoula county and a resident for more than 60 years, had attained full citizenship for the first time. "Where were you born, Duncan?" I asked. I knew that he had told me, years ago, of his early days as a boy at the old Hudson Bay post which gave its present name to Post creek in the Mission valley, but I had forgotten the exact location of the house where he first saw light.'

"At the old post," was his reply. And he reached out for a pencil and a pad of paper. Rapidly he sketched a map which showed the course of the creek and the immediately surrounding country.

"Quil-lin-tzi-mape," he said, "was the name which the Indians gave to the creek. Here and he indicated with his pencil-was a dense line of bushes and small trees. It made a natural inclosure. Along the creek it was so dense that it could hardly be penetrated and it circled away from the water in two broad curves which almost met at the side of the big circle farthest from the stream. This made a natural corral and into this the Indians used to drive horses when they wanted to capture them. A few Indians, "landing with waving buffalo robes at the narrow entrance to this corral could hold the herd while others went in with ropes and captured 'them. The brush was so dense that no horse ever broke through. It was from the narrow entrance to this corral that the place its name. 'Quil-lin-tzi-mape' means 'a narrow way' like you call a strait a narrow passage of water leading from a lake or a sea.

"The post was built about a quarter of a mile west of this corral. My father had planned to build it nearer the stream but the Indians told him it was too dangerous. They said the hostile Blackfeet would find the trees a good place for an ambush and would be sure to attack the buildings from cover if the post was built near the stream. There were some fine springs a quarter of a mile away and there is where the post was built. There are some of the old buildings standing yet.' I was born there in 1849."

And then we got to talking about other names and their origin. Mission creek was called Sin-yal-e-min by the Indians. The name signifies 'Surrounded' and is derived from the great battle which the Flatheads fought, there when they avenged the defeats of years and utterly routed an invading force of Blackfeet who had ventured across 'the range for war. Overconfident,' the Blackfeet had boldly encamped in the very midst of their enemies' country. They were surrounded in their camp; many were slain; a number of captives fell into the hands of the Flatheads: others escaped and fled back over the range. It was a mighty triumph and the place became a sort of national park for the westside Indians, who named it to- commemorate the event.

Of all the west-side streams, the Rattlesnake alone seems to have retained the name bestowed by

the Indians, though it has been translated. "Kehi-oo-le" is the Indian name for the pretty stream which flows through Missoula and furnishes the city with its water supply. It means Rattlesnake -- just what we call the stream now, though why it is so called nobody seems to know for there are no snakes anywhere along its course. "Tim-sim-klich" is the aboriginal name for Lolo- creek; it means "the stream with no salmon." "In-tschu-tet-tschu," which signifies "Willow river." was the red man's name for the Bitter root.

And this brought us to the discussion of the paint question. Duncan had smiled at my attempts to express the guttural syllables, of the Indian in letters. It is, indeed, not possible to do it accurately. "Et-tschu," which was the closest I could get to two of the syllables of frequent occurrence, I find by reference to the discussion by Father Palladino, to be given by that writer as "etiku," which means water when it is used in combination with other syllables. But as Duncan pronounced it, it didn't sound as either looks when placed in letters. The Indian guttural is purely a throat performance.

It was this which suggested the Yellowstone to my friend and he said:

"The river which you call Yellowstone is not the stream which the Indians called by that name.' Their name for the Yellowstone was "Et-tachu-min." It is derived from a peculiar sort of edged tool which the Indians used to separate the shreds of flesh from the inside of the skins which they were preparing for tanning-a "flesher" it is called. There is a prominent bluff along the Yellowstone which is corrugated on its rim like the edge of this tool and the Indians, noting the resemblance, gave the name of the tool to the river.

When we went to Washington last winter," said Duncan "old Lewison, looking out from the car window, pointed out to me this bluff and explained how the name was given to the river along which our train was running and along which he had hunted as a boy."

But the Indians had a Yellowstone. According to Mr. McDonald, it was what the present-day map of Montana shows as Wolf creek, flowing into the Judith. It was so from the fact that, near its head, there were large caves in which were great deposits of chrome-yellow clay. These caves were deep and there was some peril securing the yellow paint from their depths. The peril came from the depth and treacherous windings of the caves and, also, from the fact that all of the tribes east and west, were constantly battling for the right to get this desirable coloring material. It was always disputed ground; there were battles fought there which were as fierce as any that ever waged over the right to hunt buffalo on the plains between the Missouri and Yellowstone. But the Flatheads risked the battles to get the yellow. It was one instance, when a streak of yellow did not signify cowardice. The Indian who crossed the range to get this paint was no coward; there are many thrilling stories told of the excursions over the range in quest of this yellow paint. When the color tone of an Indian's decorative scheme was yellow, it was pretty certain that the color on his face was the only yellow there was about him.

"Somewhere between the ridge back of East Helena and Townsend," said Mr. McDonald, continuing the color talk, "there was a deposit of vermilion which furnished the Indians with their, red paint in those days. This was, likewise, disputed ground and there was everlasting combat waged over the right to use this iron- clay. These fights were not as fierce as were those which were waged, farther east over the yellow paint, for the location was out of the regular Crow and Blackfeet country, but there was always more or less scrapping over the red supply."

The green coloring which the Flatheads used, they got from a deposit on the south fork of the Blackfoot, near Lincoln gulch... This was in the Flathead territory was theirs to defend if there was any fighting over its possession. But there does not seem to have been the, dispute in this regard which went on over the other hues.

"There is not an' Indian living," said Duncan, "who knows the exact location of this green-paint supply. They know the general neighborhood and some of them remember having gone there as boys. But I have never found one who knew precisely, where it was. I suppose it was some copper stain which they gathered as that is a copper region. But that is where they went. And they got the color. They used a good deal of green in their painting."

The journey for black was northward. Over across the Canadian border the Indians traveled. The black was needed in large quantities, and there appears to have been little difficulty in the way of getting it aside from the long journey. Mr. McDonald thinks the black paint was some petroleum compound--some asphalt, perhaps--as there is now oil in that country and the black mud is common. But there was a particular black which they sought for this painting work. Possibly the petroleum was responsible for the durability of the outdoor painting which the Indian decorator did.

These four colors furnished the foundation for the mixtures of the Indian painters. There are yet some of the old Indian women who' know something of the method of mixing and preparing the colors. But there are not many of them and there seems to be, as Mr. McDonald says, no tendency on the part of the younger Indians to become familiar with these old processes.

The Indian made much of his pilgrimages. They were all affairs of tribal state. Formal dances, in which the chant was of the nature of an incantation or a petition for success, preceded the departure of the tribe upon a hunting expedition or a war sortie. When the Flatheads; left these western valleys for the trip across the mountains on their annual buffalo hunt there was a dance. When they returned; if they were successful, there was another dance to celebrate the triumph. The war dance which was the formal celebration of victory was a prime event; it was the climax of the pomp of the Indian.

There were other pilgrimages; some for the theft of horses from the Plains Indians and some for the recapture of horses which had been stolen from here. There were journeys for social visits with kindred and friendly tribes. The Indians were restless for they had so little to do. Annually they journeyed to gather the bitter root, which was their staple vegetable food; they were upon one of these expeditions in Ross' Hole, when they met Lewis and Clark coming over from the Big Hole country. And so there was always some journey for each season of the year. The deer hunt, the foraging expedition and the like furnished occupation, each in its season.

But we have never thought enough about the matter to consider that a journey for paint was an essential feature of the Indian's calendar. Yet, why should it not have been? The paint was as much a necessity as the buckskin of his moccasins and leggings. He had to have paint for his personal adornment and for the expression of his feelings. When he went to war, he wore more paint than he did clothes and when he was plunged into mourning the paint which covered his face possessed the same significance as the crape veil which is worn by our people.

So when you come to think of it, the item of paint was important for the Indian. He needed it and he had to get it. He risked life to obtain the bright colors which he craved. But was he so much of a pagan just for that? Do not we spend our hours often in risky ventures, for the gratification of whims as unsubstantial as the Indian's quest for yellow stuff?

And wasn't the Indians scheme a good one, after all? Would there not be some satisfaction to ourselves if we could, by streaking a stripe of color across our cheeks in the morning, proclaim to family and friends the state of our feelings. Would it not sometimes save a lot of needless trouble if we came down stairs wearing blazoned upon our faces the sign of the grouch? A.L.S.

The Daily Missoulian, November 19, 1911, Morning, Page 4

“Wooden Indians

"I was hoping," said an old-timer yesterday to the Man About Town, "that the county commissioners would pay some attention to the criticism by Duncan McDonald of the wooden Indians which figure in the mural decorations at the courthouse. There had been a good deal of fault found before Duncan spoke, but that might have been disregarded as not being expert testimony. But I was certain that the complaint of McDonald would receive some attention. It is entitled to consideration and the commissioners should certainly admit that the Indians and the oxen in those pictures are not at all creditable to this part of the country. I wish that Duncan's suggestion that E. S. Paxson or some other local artist be selected, would be taken up in earnest by the commissioners. Surely we can afford to have the rotunda of the courthouse decorated properly/ And I don't believe there is anybody who will contend that the present pictures are any good." The Daily Missoulian, December 5, 1911, Morning

“In District Court

In the case of Svea Fire & Life Insurance company against Duncan McDonald the plaintiff's motion for a continuance was overruled and the further hearing of the case was set for today." The Daily Missoulian, December 7, 1911, Morning, Page 3

Indian Legend Related by Duncan McDonald to Dean Stone

"Dragon of the Selish" is most cherished

Story of the Flathead Indian Tribe

Early Day Belief of Redmen is revealed in an Interesting Manner by famous Pioneer by Dean. A. L. Stone School of Journalism University of Montana

One summer afternoon, a good many years ago, while the Flathead reservation was not yet a national reserve, I lay in the shade of a grove along the banks of Jocko river, opposite Ravalli station, waiting for a train which was six hours late. It was an ideal Montana day. There were birds in the trees above me and the Jocko's ripple made music at my feet. The drone of insects furnished the accompaniment in subdued chords, while the rustle of the leaves in the summer breeze -- lazily stirring --- set the tempo quite in accord with the afternoon and its mood. I had been several days upon the reservation, visiting with friends, Indian and white, and had heard

some pleasant tales of the days when the reservation was primitive when the white man was just finding the way over the wall back of the Jocko which shuts out the Mission valley along the overland trail. It was a day for dreams and I indulged in the contemplation of scenes based upon the stories which had been told to me. The quiet of the summer lent its magic to my day-visions and the red men seemed real warriors and hunters. I had harked back to the days before the Black Robes came. It was as if I were a spectator at a drama designed for me alone.

Came then Duncan McDonald -- came so quietly that I knew not he was there until a twig cracked beneath his moccasined feet, came as if he were a figure in the drama I had been building, came with the quiet, cordial greeting which is his wont, came unexpectedly but so naturally did he fit into my dreams that it seemed that if I had been waiting for him to appear. Duncan drew forth his tobacco pouch and sat upon his heels beside me. I filled my pipe and, as we smoked he told me stories of the mythology of his Indian ancestors. Told me of the doings of Coyote, of Grizzly Bear, the Salmon, told me of the infinite powers which Coyote possessed and of how he employed them for the benefit of the Red Man, equipping the Indian for the struggle for existence which he must wage if he were to survive in the contest with the elements among which the Great Spirit had placed him. Coyote, in the legend of the Selish, is the counterpart of Br'er Rabbit in the negro myths, except that the cleverness Coyote was employed to help the Red Man and to circumvent the plots of his foes. And all of the stories which I heard that afternoon, the legend of how some animals are small and others large is the one which has always seemed to me to be the most picturesque.

I wish I could give the story the graphic touch which Duncan gave it. However carefully I write, the tale must lose in dramatic effect. It was told with the orchestral accompaniment of all of nature's summer instruments. It was as if we two were alone in the world, save for the beasts and the birds and the inanimate things about us. No other human voice disturbed the recitative Indian monotone and all the other sounds blended to add to the effect of the story of the Dragon -- the Dragon that had Grizzly Bear for a dog and which was worsted by Coyote in a struggle that set free all the animals of the earth. Innumerable cigarettes were rolled and smoked by the narrator. So absorbed was I that I let my pipe go out. I lay there and listened to what was the most dramatic recital that I ever heard. And here, robbed of its dramatic associations, set down in colorless language -- but the best I can do -- is the story of the Dragon and how it was done to death by Coyote.

There had been a great landslide away down on the Columbia river, which had formed a great dam across the stream, a dam so high that the Salmon could no longer come up to the headwaters on his pilgrimages. The Salmon was sorry because he could not get up the stream and the people in the land of the Pend d'Oreilles -- who were the cousins of the Flatheads and were of the Selish nation -- were sorry because the Salmon came no more to visit them. And Coyote heard of the distress of the people and of the sorrow of the Salmon. The wisdom and cleverness of Coyote was infinite and he came up the Columbia to remove the obstruction and to clear the stream for the Salmon's pilgrimage. He found the great dam that had been thrown across the river by the landslide and struck it a mighty blow. The dam opened and let the water through. The way was clear for the Salmon.

Up the river came Coyote to tell the people what he had done and to see if the way were clear all the distance. Up the river he came to the Pend d'Oreille river, along the lake and up to the mouth of the Jocko river, which is near where the town of Dixon stands now. The stream was open all the way and the Salmon could come up the river for his visit to the people in the Pend d'Oreille country. Coyote had opened the dam and made the way easy.

By the mouth of the Jocko - which the Indians called Wild Plum creek - the Lark had her nest where she stood guard over the entrance to the Jocko valley. Coyote saw the Lark in her nest and he stepped carefully so as not to harm her. His two front feet he lifted over her and she was not harmed. One hind foot passed and the Lark was not disturbed, but the second hind foot stepped upon the Lark's right leg and broke it. And the Lark cried aloud in pain and anger.

"I had a secret to tell you," she cried angrily, "but I will not tell you now, though it would save you from death. For you hurt me."

Coyote had not meant to hurt the Lark and was sorry. He had, however, power which was almost infinite and he stroked the broken limb. Lo, as he rubbed it, the Lark's leg was made well and strong again and she sang with happiness.

"Now I will tell you the secret," said the Lark. And she told Coyote of the terrible Dragon, whose jaws were the bluffs Dixon and Ravalli, whose tail was the canyon which is called the Coriacan defile and reaches to DeSmet, just west of Missoula.

This Dragon was powerful and he swallowed all who came that way. That he might not fall a victim to the Dragon's power, the Lark told Coyote the secret and told him how to guard himself against the strength of the monster.

The Dragon had the Grizzly Bear for a dog, and nothing had escaped his might which had passed that way. There was one way by which Coyote might proceed and yet escape the Dragon. "Listen," said the Lark, "and do as I tell you."

Even now there can be seen, growing along the Jocko, a tall weed that has a tough stringy bark. From this weed the Indians used to make rope which were strong like the hempen ropes of today. There are now old Indian women who know how to fashion strong ropes from this weed. And the Lark told Coyote to make ropes from this weed, and, as he traveled up the valley, to fasten them about his body, attaching the other ends to the stumps and rocks and trees so that he could not be pulled from them.

And Coyote did as Lark told him. Five ropes he made. As he moved up the Jocko he fastened them to the trees and the stumps and the rocks by the trail, fastening two before he loosened the others and moving slowly and with great caution all the way. Thus he advanced until he came to the bluff's which are two miles west of Ravalli.

As Coyote came to these bluffs, he felt a terrible wind. It was not so strong at first, but it became stronger with each gust and finally it was so fierce that it took Coyote off his feet and held him in

the air. But his ropes which the Lark had told him to make held fast and Coyote was not dragged loose from his fastenings.

Again the wind blew and again the ropes held. A third time the wind swept Coyote from his feet and held him in the air. But the third time the ropes held and Coyote was not blown away. He was sore with the strain and the ropes had cut him, but he was safe.

For the wind was caused by the breath of the Dragon as he sucked into his great jaws the air of the valley, breathing with such force that he drew in all that was before him. And in this way he had made captives of all living things that came his way. But the ropes had saved Coyote and the Dragon was afraid for the first time. Here was a creature that he could not take. And he shut his jaws tight together lest Coyote should get inside. For he was fearful of this new creature which resisted his might.

Then Coyote slapped the jaws of the Dragon, slapped them hard until the sound of the blows echoed through the forest and through the valley. But the Dragon held his mouth shut until a blow struck him on the nose and made him sneeze. As the Dragon sneezed, Coyote leaped between his jaws and was upon the inside. And the Dragon was angry that he had had his jaws slapped and he closed his mouth upon Coyote, even though he was fearful that harm might come to him from this strange creature which had leaped in of his own desire.

When Coyote found himself in the Dragon's belly, which was the valley of the Jocko, he looked around to see what was there. He saw many creatures, the deer, the elk, the moose and the buffalo were there and the trout and the fly and the gnat, all these and many others had been sucked in by the terrible breath of the Dragon and were prisoners in his belly. The horse was there and the louse and the ant and all living things and they were all of the same size; the ant was as large as the deer and the fly was great like the moose. For that was the way they had been created and of that fashion were they when the Dragon captured them.

And Coyote noticed as he walked about, that the animals that were near the throat of the Dragon were all strong and active. Those that were farther down in the body of the beast were slow and stupid, while those that were near the tail were dead or were near death.

Coyote went back to the animals which were yet strong and told them the things he had seen. And he told them that they must kill the Dragon or they would all be dead, even as those which crowded the tail. And they asked Coyote how it could be done, for they were hopeless.

Coyote said that they must find the heart of the Dragon and must stab it as that was the only way they could kill him. And he set out to find the Dragon's heart.

Out in the Jocko valley, east of Arlee and between Arlee and the agency, there is a little butte, low and round. This was the heart of the Dragon and this Coyote found after he had searched. And he told the other animals what he had found. He bade them all give him their knives that he might cut out the heart of the Dragon. And he warned them that when they saw the heart fall they must rush for an opening. It must be everybody for himself and it must be done quickly, for the collapse of the great body of the Dragon would kill all who were caught within.

They gave their knives to Coyote and he attacked the heart of the Dragon. He stabbed it and slashed it until he saw it begin to yield to his attack. He shouted a warning for all to be ready for the rush, each one for himself. Then he stabbed it once more and the heart began to fall down. You can look at the butte in Jocko valley now and see how it flattened, for it was one time a rightly shaped heart.

As they heard the warning cry of Coyote, all the animals rushed to get out. Those who ran towards the mouth, the eyes and ears of the Dragon found easy exit and were not crowded, for the Dragon opened his mouth in his agony when he felt his heart out. And these animals got through without being crowded are yet large, for they were not pressed. These are the Buffalo, the Moose and the Elk and their kind. The smaller animals, the Deer and the Beaver and the Goat, were crowded some and were squeezed and they are not as large as the Buffalo and the Moose and the Elk. But they escaped and were not pressed out of their original shape.

But the animals that ran towards the tail of the Dragon, which was the Coriacan defile, these were in great numbers and they were squeezed tightly. This is why the Fish are small and the Fly and the Gnat and the Wood Tick are tiny. They are those which were crowded most in the rush to escape.

All of the animals escaped and in safety, through some of them were crowded so that they became small. The Ant was the last one out. He did not get clear out before the body of the Dragon collapsed, so great was the crowding. The Ant was halfway out when the big body of the Dragon fell in. The Ant was caught in the middle of his body by the collapse and that is why he has such a small waist.

But the Dragon was slain and all the creatures save those that had died were released again upon the earth. Coyote had saved them, through the warning of the Lark. And when Lark saw them coming back she was glad, for she loved Coyote; though he had broken her leg, yet he had made it well and strong again. And she sang the song of rejoicing which is the song which we hear her sing even now as the sun rises.

Two miles west of Ravalli there are high bluffs on each side of the Jocko as it flows towards the Pend d'Oreille, where the Lark has her nest. As he finished the story of the Dragon, Duncan McDonald paused to roll another cigarette. When he had it lighted, he blew a great cloud of smoke into the air and then looked down towards the bluffs.

"On the north side of the river there," he said, as he pointed to the height, "in the slide rock you can see the form of a man with a dog beside him. The head of the man is downward, the arms and legs are extended. This form has been on the rocks there, the Indians say, ever since Coyote killed the Dragon. It has been there ever since I was first told this story, 50 years ago. It was shadowy, but yet clearly traceable then, just as it is now. Since I have been here, it has not changed. And on the bluff on the other side of the river, which we cannot see from here, there is the same figure in the rock which lies there. It is the monument of the Dragon and his dog.

Lazily the breeze ruffled the leaves above our heads; the subdued ripple of the Jocko made soft music at our feet. The birds sang their summer afternoon song, a crooning lullaby it seemed; the drone of the insects has not ceased. A trout leaped from the stream after a fly that had ventured too close to the riffles. There was a splash as it struck the water again. And Duncan McDonald looked up.

"All these living things," he said, "would not be here if Coyote had not saved them from the Dragon. He was a great friend of the Indian. He did many things for the Red Man. He taught him all he knew about woodcraft and he provided him with the string of his bow that he might shoot strongly; he gave him the flint for his arrow points that his shots might kill. He stocked the stream with fish and saved the animals of the forest that the Indian might have game to hunt.

"The Indian has many stories of Coyote and everywhere in the Selish country there are traces of what he did. The old Indians used to tell these stories about the campfires; some of them could tell them like actors. The stories were handed down from generation to generation and there are many points of resemblance between these tales and the mythology of the old Greeks. The Indians, too, have some legends which are similar to the stories in the Bible.

See also: The Daily Missoulian, December 17, 1911, Morning, Page 4



“Duncan McDonald assumed many roles in Montana society. Not only did he write the first Indian-perspective history, he was also the first American Indian to compile a list of Coyote tales and systematically present them to white audiences. Like his father, an inveterate storyteller, McDonald first told his versions of Coyote tales over several sittings to University of Montana journalism dean A. L. Stone, who later printed them in a series of articles in 1912.

Coyote tales played an important role in almost all American Indian societies. Trickster, sexual athlete, and general all-around nuisance, Coyote served as a perfect source to explain the origin of things as well as to convey moral lessons about behavior. Psychiatrist Carl Jung later became fascinated with Coyote. Modern Indian educators still draw on Coyote tales, and today they are formally taught in elementary schools across the Navajo Nation. Working with Stone, McDonald

was probably the first person to make them available to white audiences. One Coyote tale will suffice here:

One day long ago, the Holy People began to hang the stars in the heavens. The stars lay in a heap in a large wicker basket, and one by one, the Holy People picked them up to hang in their proper places.

Coyote wanted to help. "Let me hang stars, too," he said. "I would be very good at this."

The Holy People said no. You're too untidy, they told him. This task has to be done with great precision. We can't have sloppy, careless people like you hanging the stars.

Coyote sulked and went away. For days he hid behind the bushes watching. It seemed to him that the Holy People took forever just to hang a single star. They would never be able to finish at this rate.

Finally, Coyote could stand it no longer. One day when everyone was away, Coyote raced over to the basket full of stars. He grabbed it and ran to the edge of the mesa. With a great heave he scattered the stars all across the heavens.

And that's why the stars look the way they do today.

Duncan McDonald became a fixture of early twentieth-century Montana society. Tourists who frequented the region often sought him out, and in 1909 he enthralled a group at the Roman Buffalo Round-up with Coyote tales and stories of early Montana. A Toronto *Globe* reporter listened to McDonald's yarns for more than two hours, later remarking: "It was most interesting, and we had quite a discussion over the morality of the white and red men."⁷ American History - Scots in the American West 1790 – 1917 - Scotland and the American Indians. http://www.electricscotland.com/history/america/american_indians.htm

“Ravalli Notes

Duncan McDonald is removing some large boulders from the road in front of Worden's store.”
The Daily Missoulian. January 30, 1912, Morning

“Mission Town Has Great Meeting

St. Ignatius Entertains the Commercial Clubs of Western Montana.

"Get-Together- Spirit

Results of Assembly Are Altogether Gratifying and Point Toward Better Feeling on Reserve-
Duncan McDonald's Address a Feature-Splendid Entertainment.

St. Ignatius, March 10. — (Special.)

Today the last of the 60 delegates who attended the splendid get-together meeting held under the auspices of the St. Ignatius Chamber of Commerce left town and returned to their homes. It was a great meeting; one of the best and most enthusiastic ever held on the reservation, and it served admirably to bring together the people of the reserve for a discussion of the grave problems which confront them. Representatives from the towns of Polson, Ronan, Dixon, Arlee,

Ravalli, Glacier View and from the Flathead Farmers' Mutual association attended the meeting and took part in the informal discussion of the problems confronting the citizens of the Flathead. A common decision was finally reached and today the delegates are returning to their homes to spread the good word and to carry on the work so well begun by the meeting yesterday.

Three big subjects were handled by the delegates during the meeting. The first was the matter of assignable titles to lands. The act opening the Flathead reservation and the act establishing the reclamation districts there, make it necessary for the settler to comply with all of the rules of entry, to improve his land, build a home, live in it, cultivate and irrigate the land and pay for it before he is given any resemblance of title. Under the original homestead law the settler is given a certificate showing that he has performed certain of his duties, which he can assign or on which he can borrow money. This law does not apply to the settlers on the Flathead. Many of these men have already spent their whole capital in developing their farms and have turned their gains back into the land. As a result many of them are in dire financial circumstances. Their titles are not clear and they cannot borrow money on them.

Last night the meeting adopted the petition which has been circulated so generally through western Montana and has received the support of practically every commercial organization in the section, and ordered it sent to Montana's congressional delegation.

The matter of roads was a problem just as knotty. It seems that no provision was made, in the act opening the reservation, for roads. The Indians then, and the whites, as well, can be forced to open roads through their property only by lengthy process of condemnation. After a long discussion it was finally resolved that a committee of three be appointed to consider ways and means of securing right of way and to confer with the commissioners of Missoula, Sanders and Flathead counties regarding the building of satisfactory highways.

As to the third problem, that of the sale and leasing of lands of aged, infirm and incompetent Indians at the judgment of the commissioner without the allottee's written consent, it was decided to make an attempt to secure the passage of such legislation through congress.

These were the three principal problems confronting the meeting. Each was thoroughly threshed out until unanimity of opinion was arrived at. As a result, all of the delegates are now of one mind regarding each of these matters and the work of solving them should be much easier.

But that was not the important result of the meeting. The big result was the clear demonstration to all present of the need of common assistance among the commercial clubs of the reservation. All the settlers on the reservation are working for a common cause. The realization of this fact was the biggest result of the meeting.

Too much credit cannot be given to the St. Ignatius club for the way in which it handled and crowd. Led by Andrew Beckwith, the home guard made the whole day an enjoyable one for everybody, and the program went off without a hitch. The delegates were met at the station at Ravalli by rigs and automobiles, in which they were carried to the mission. There a splendid dinner waited them. After dinner the delegates were escorted to the new opera house, where the meeting was opened by Andrew Beckwith. H. J. Burleigh of Plains was appointed chairman and the business of the meeting was begun.

Duncan McDonald was a delegate at the meeting. He was the only representative from Ravalli, the town where he has lived for 63 years, since long before any white man save the black robed Jesuits had set foot in the valley. It was the first gathering of this sort that the old Indian had ever attended. His people's interest has always been that which lay most closely to his heart; yesterday was the first time that that interest had ever been in accord with a commercial meeting of the whites. He was a notable figure there in the convention hall, this old man, respected by all who knew him, the staunch defender of his rapidly dwindling race; pathetic, not cause the decline of the Indian is marked in him, but because he stood there in a reservation meeting the only representative, save one, of the great nation which originally owned the land over the future of which that gathering of whites had assembled to debate.

He stood there in his moccasins and his incongruous "white man's" clothes, silent, unobtrusive, in sharp contrast to most of them about him; yet as much a man as the best of them. Only twice, did he enter into the debate; the first time when it was suggested that the government might be induced to spend \$75,000 of the tribal money or the Flatheads for the construction of roads in the reservation. Slowly, quietly he walked before the crowd. "I object to this \$75,000 plan," he-said. "My people are dying of starvation now. You have taken everything from them except a poor 80 acres; what will they do if you spend the little money they have left? I am chairman of the business committee of the Indians, and I have always been in favor of paying out money for our children's education. Educate the children, I say, it is the only way that they will ever be any good. But we have only a little left. Many of my people are hungry today. You might as well take your guns and give us a cleaning out. It would be quicker-and better. If the government has not done right in this matter, are the Indians to be blamed for the ignorance of the government? We used to be treated as a nation--not as wards of the government. Look at that picture," he waved his arm dramatically toward tile painted backdrop on the stage, 'which represents an old time Indian hunt, "that is what we used to own. But I am willing to go with the tide. All I ask is justice."

After the business of the meeting had been finished and harmony at last prevailed, Chairman, Burleigh called upon the old Indian for a speech setting forth the Indians side of the whole question. Duncan made no bones about the matter. "Give the Indian a vote," he said, "and it will be all right. All of your troubles will be ended there. They say that I am good enough to vote, but they won't give votes to all of them. I believe that I am the first American. My lodge is my home; these trees and streams and mountains are my garden. The Indians think that the earth is their mother, the streams her veins and every growing thing, the stars and the sun and a moon are all part of her. The worst beating my mother ever gave me was for breaking the limb of some tree or tearing some flower. You sell land, and own it; we think that the earth it a direct gift of providence for the use of us all.

"Now, you say that we are not fit to vote. We have black sheep among us, just as you have, but, as a whole, there are as many good Indians as there are good whites, and just as virtuous women. Forty years ago the Indians were even better. Where have they gotten there bad ideas? Where do the worthless and incompetent Indians spend their time today? Around the pool halls of the white man. They say that they haven't enough money to buy plows, but when they have a chance to get whiskey or to gamble they find the money soon enough. You claim to be Christians. You say that Christ sent the missionaries. I have heard the old Indians tell of the Iroquois who came here

and told of burning the missionaries. They said that they were the White man's weapon; that after them would come the trader and the settler. Well, you have taken everything away from me-from us. Now you say that we are no good and that we are not competent to vote. What is Christianity, then? Are we to be damned because we are the first Americans?

The whole trouble is that the white man loves the almighty dollar too well. He doesn't care about the Indian. All we want is a fair chance. Let the infirm, the aged, the incompetent Indian sell or lease his land and live off the income from the money, and let the good Indian vote. Then you won't have any trouble."

After votes of thanks had been tendered by the delegates to Mr. Thatcher and Mr. Burleigh, Major Smead thanked the St. Ignatius Chamber of Commerce on behalf of the visitors and paid graceful compliment to the boosters of the mission town.

The whole party then adjourned to the Michaud hotel, where a banquet was served. George Beckwith acted as toastmaster and called upon a score of the prominent visitors for short address. At 2 o'clock the meeting broke up and the delegates went their way to their sleeping quarters, and the Flatheads first get-together meeting was over. . . ." The Daily Missoulian, March 11, 1912, Morning, Pages 1 & 3

"Progressives Foil Amalgamated Plan

First part of this article we are not interested in.

Duncan M'Donald.

There was a delay, in the, reporting of the committee instructed to map out the convention's business. So the chairman asked Duncan McDonald of Ravalli one' of the tribal judges of the Flatheads and a delegate, to address the convention. The response was characteristic:

"In the days of my boyhood we chased the buffalo with bows and arrows... I crossed this stream here in 1858 with Major Owens and my father on horseback. I've seen the day when I wheeled my friend, Mr. Kline, and Judge Woody in baby carriages. "When we saw the dragon coming, we fought with bows and arrows for liberty.. Washington fought for liberty; Lincoln did the same thing. Now we've come down again to the same thing. Teddy Roosevelt has done more for the country and the people than anybody. He can do more. What do I care for Roosevelt and Joe Dixon and their petty troubles? I care for the nation. I don't want back-room talk. I'm proud to say that I am sent by the Bull Moosers of Ravalli. It's not a Roosevelt fight or a Dixon fight, but a people's fight. No man's done more for the people than Teddy Roosevelt. There's not a man in this state who's 'done more for this state than Joe Dixon.

"I am only sorry they called the other party an elephant, instead of a coyote. I pledge myself that I'm going to defend that young Bull Moose all I can, so that the coyote won't get him."

This set the delegates wild. They applauded much and were not satisfied until Mr. McDonald had faced them again. He promised the party a moose head - one he has at Ravalli.

The chairman asked P. J. Kline to talk. "I'm no talker," answered that old-timer, "Duncan has talked for me." The Daily Missoulian. (Missoula, Mont.), September 6, 1912, Morning

The Best People

The progressive party of Missoula has presented to the people its first ticket, chosen in its first convention. The men and the woman who are on this list are free. They are not bound by any boss-made promises to corporations, nor do they need to bow to the command of any czar of politics, with power derived from underground connections with Big Business. They are free. That means much to the people."

"Duncan McDonald is a good Indian, but it might be remarked that he is a long way from being a dead one." The Daily Missoulian, September 6, 1912, Morning, Page 4

The legislative ticket of the progressives includes L. N. Simons, Dr. W. M. Hall, J. B. Henley, Duncan McDonald, W. R. Glasscock. Mr. Simons is a well known citizen, a business man and a progressive. His integrity is unchallenged. He has been here a long time. He is known to all. He is a good man and he will make a splendid legislator. Dr. Hall is a citizen of Ronan. He is a high-class citizen, a gentleman of fine education and the progressiveness of his principles is not to be impugned. He is of the type that is building up the reservation. J. B. Henley is a Missoula merchant, with a reputation for honest dealing and competency in business. He is a true progressive. Then, there is Duncan McDonald, a real American, tribal judge of the Flatheads. He is a man of learning and he knows the language of the books as he knows the talk of the open. He has lived his long life where all men could see and he understands what his country needs. It is not enough to say that Duncan McDonald is one of the strongest candidates for the legislature ever nominated in Montana. He is particularly fitted to the position for which he stands. W. R. Glasscock is a progressive, an able, conscientious, earnest worker for the people's good. Mr. Glasscock did not want to be a candidate. He told the convention that he believed he could do better work for the cause as a private, but the convention thought otherwise. He is a prominent citizen and his name adds strength to the ticket. Dr. Sanford H. McCall is the progressives' candidate for sheriff. Dr. McCall is a man of the honest, patriotic, straight-forward sort and he is well known and popular. He is a substantial citizen and in him the new party is honored. H. A. West was chosen to run for the office of clerk of the district court, an important position. He is a builder, a contractor. He is widely known by his works and he enjoys the confidence of the people. He will run well. The candidate for county clerk, C. C. Perry, is well known to Missoula and Missoula's people as a business man. His record is clean and honorable and he possesses the qualifications necessary for the management of this important branch of the county's affairs....

The Daily Missoulian, September 7, 1912, Morning, Page 4

"Duncan McDonald says the moose run the best in November." The Daily Missoulian, September 9, 1912, Morning, Page 4

"Duncan McDonald of Ravalli spent the day on business in Missoula." The Daily Missoulian. (Missoula, Mont.), September 22, 1912, Morning

"Duncan McDonald of Ravalli spent the day on business in Missoula." The Daily Missoulian, October 8, 1912, Morning, Page 2

“Ronan Rally Scores Heavily for Moose

Ronan. Oct. 29 --(Special.)-Political enthusiasm unprecedented for Ronan was shown here tonight by the crowd that heard the doctrines of the progressive candidates expounded by R. Justin Miller, W. R. Glasscock and Duncan McDonald. The latter two gentlemen are candidates for the legislature. The crowd tonight was the largest for the present campaign. The speakers were very well received. The hall where the rally was held was filled to overflowing and there were cheers, loud and long, for Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Dixon. The meeting was the best of the campaign from every standpoint.” The Daily Missoulian, October 30, 1912, Morning, Page 6

Duncan McDonald had loaned the local Bull Moose Party a moose head.

Duncan McDonald of Ravalli for Legislature. The Daily Missoulian, October 31, 1912, Morning, Page 9

“Bull Moose Meeting Last

The Bull Moosers held a rally in Ronan Tuesday last, being the last of the campaign to be held here of a strictly partisan nature.

They were accompanied by the St. Ignatius band and as usual this aggregation served up some classy music. The speakers were all of local celebrity, being principally candidates on the county ticket. Among them were W. R. Glasscock, L. N. Simons and Duncan McDonald, candidates for the legislature, Dr. S. H. McCall, candidate for sheriff, "Uncle" Charlie Harnois, candidate for auditor, and Paul Gerber, candidate for county treasurer.

The principal speaker of the evening was R. Justin Miller, a student in the university at Missoula, who discussed Bull Moose doctrine at length and served up the first simon pure progressive arguments to be heard in Ronan this season. He is a pleasant speaker, and with age and experience will be heard from again. Nothing particularly new was presented and his converts may be counted easily.

The candidates told of their particular fitness for the different offices they aspire to and are the only ones who should be elected.

As the people have had an opportunity to see and hear about all of them, it remains for them to choose as they seem best.

Dr. M. W. Hall presided as chairman and filled the position admirably. This winds up the campaign in Ronan, except for Wilson Day meeting tomorrow night at which time all parties will be represented by speakers who are to discuss national issues only. Two speakers will be presented by all the parties and a general free-for-all will be the order of the evening.” The Ronan Pioneer, November 1, 1912

“Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald were in the city on business yesterday from their home in Ronan.” The Daily Missoulian, December 29, 1912, Morning, Page 2

“Indian Business Council Adopts Resolutions

The business council of the Indians met in St. Ignatius last week Saturday and Inspector Lipp was present to advise with them. While it has been impossible to secure a copy of the solutions they adopted, it has been learned that many of the resolutions adopted by the joint meeting of the commercial clubs held in Ronan on the 16th inst. were approved and recommended for adoption by the department in the administration of affairs on this reservation.

The council was emphatic in recommending that dead Indian lands be sold at public auction, and the inspector informed them as that the law as now applicable allowed this manner of disposing of such lands. It is proposed now that these lands be offered for sale both at public auction and by sealed bids, the bids to be opened after the auction and should it be found that the sealed bid is highest then the land goes to the highest bidder. By this method it is possible for a person to purchase the land and not be present at the time of sale. It is gratifying to know that the Indians approve the interest taken by the white men of the reservation in an effort to remedy the drawbacks in the development of the whole country. It shows that they are working in harmony, which is not often found on Indian reservations where the interests conflict more or less. The matters complained of by the Ronan meeting of commercial clubs was as much to the benefit of the Indian as anybody else and to have them see it in that light may aid in securing some of the reforms demanded.

Duncan McDonald of the board of appraisers and classifiers now at work on the reservation is also a member of the business committee of the Indians. He occupies a peculiar position, being selected as a member of the tribe and also for his insight and knowledge of affairs concerning the reservation. Born and raised on the reservation, he knows it better than a book and his judgment is always sought in matters of this kind. Being a man of upright character, he endeavors to do what he considers right by everybody. This fact some, times brings him in conflict with the members of the tribe who accuse him of working in and with the white man, and on the other hand, he is censured as being all for the Indian by the white men. The Pioneer has known Mr. McDonald during all the time it has been published and feels that there is not a man in all this section who could or would serve his people better and at the same time do what is absolutely right as he sees it, all the time. He has become a citizen, is well informed on all the questions of the day, being a constant reader and student, and is an example of what others could be with a determination upon their part.” *The Ronan Pioneer*, May 30, 1913

From *The Char-Koosta News*, July 25, 2013. This Week in Tribal History by Mary Rogers, Tribal Preservation Department:

"July 25, 1913 from *The Sanders County Signal*: "W.G. Brown, John C. Vanderhook and Duncan McDonald, the new appraisers for the reservation, are here attending to their duties. They are supposed to act on all land which has not been acted upon or do to any reappraising ordered soon. They are accompanied by Frank Bosworth, the Indian Forest serviceman."

“The board of land appraisers W. G. Brown, J. H. Vanhook and Duncan McDonald are in the vicinity of Camas at the present time, indicating that they are making good progress in their work.” *The Ronan Pioneer*, August 1, 1913

“John Ethell drove up from Ravalli yesterday with 18 boxes of apples, which he deposed of to local parties. The apples were grown on the Duncan McDonald place at Ravalli.” The Daily Missoulian, August 21, 1913, Morning, Page 5

From The Char-Koosta News, July 25, 2013. This Week in Tribal History by Mary Rogers, Tribal Preservation Department:

"July 25, 1913 from The Sanders County Signal: "W.G. Brown, John C. Vanderhook and Duncan McDonald, the new appraisers for the reservation, are here attending to their duties. They are supposed to act on all land which has not been acted upon or do to any reappraising ordered soon. They are accompanied by Frank Bosworth, the Indian Forest serviceman."

Gold.

"The report given in last week's paper of the possibility of diggings being struck on the head of Flathead river, has received no additional confirmation up to this time. Parties living at the Mission and at the foot of the lake had not seen French Pete, either on his coming to or return from this place. His dog came to the foot of the lake, and it was thought he had been drowned in attempting to cross the lake, but it is positively known that he was here at that time. On the strength of the report, M. McG. Baird and Duncan McDonald started up the Flathead river to see what there was of it. If there is any such good luck as diggings struck in that locality, the fact will be published as soon as it comes in a reliable snape. And, while we are waiting, it is well enough to remark that it would not be at all singular if mines were found in that locality, as it has been a sort of promised land for prospectors for the last eight or ten years--promise from colors of gold obtained everywhere, and it being an open, gravel country with good indications for placers." The Daily Missoulian, June 10, 1914, Morning, Page 4

“Local Brevities

Duncan McDonald of Ravalli had business in Missoula yesterday.” The Daily Missoulian, October 20, 1914, Morning, Page 2

Duncan McDonald Speech

In his address at the University of Montana Auditorium on the evening of Monday, February Twenty-Second, 1915.

At twelve minutes after eight the speaker, accompanied by Judge Woody, Major Catlin, Mr. Paxton, and Mr. A. L. Stone, mounted the platform and Mr. Stone made the introductory address.

Mr. McDonald was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

I am getting rattled.

Laughter.

You gentlemen (to the honorary guests on platform) better come up closer so that you can hear.

To The Audience:

I have seen the day when my friend, honorable Judge Woody, he could hear long distances, like a bear, when he was living on diet, but now he has been living on what you call “cultured diet” he is getting a little hard of hearing, and I must get in close so he can hear.

Is there any full blood Salish Indians in here? I spoke to some of them. Is there any here, I wonder?

(By Mr. Stone: No, they did not come.)

We always start in with any opinion or sermon on the Indian saying “There is the only good Indian is a dead Indian.” Now, we will see and I will tell you my ideas, the way we used to live and our teachings to our children when the rivers were our tubs and (Slavre ?) was our coffee, and we did not need doctors or medicine. Are there any Doctors or Lawyers here? There are I see politicians and doctors and lawyers. I am in the box where we all are. I don’t care what impression you have I stand here alone, the first aboriginal orator of the soil. Now, can anyone of say “No.?” Why should I be afraid of my blood, because I consider myself once that I was a free North American Indian? And the Great Bird, king of the birds of North America flies over my head and still, today, you see it in our celebrations on the fourth of July, that is the great American Eagle. Now, Uncle Sam, he says to his agents, “If an Indian wears feathers, starve him, don’t give him any rations,” because I wear the great American eagle on my head.”

I never considered the American Eagle like a turkey or a duck or a chicken or any of those nasty birds we have - of course I don’t like to make some little remarks and I said to my honorable friend, Professor Elrod: I was a little shy, when invited first – I was a little shy of the ladies. I told him I might make a break and the women will maybe chase me out from the place of learning with a broomstick, but in his letter he said, “don’t be afraid, the ladies are good listeners and have more sympathy and friendly feeling toward the red man.” Well, on the strength of that I had no more idea of being here standing on this here, right here in this institution, that I believe is the great place of learning of the state of Montana, - But what does this “high Culture” mean?

When, I, the poor ignorant savage American Indian, stand here and look east across the ocean at the carnage – just think for a minute what brutality it is no expression for those people over there across the ocean to say, we are doing this for culture. Culture! (Sneeringly). And I the poor American Indian he is a good Indian if he is a dead Indian. The German says, why, he is cultured, by his firing of the mighty guns he is fighting for the smiting god with a sword in hand. What, with that weapon he says, “I am only fighting the French for pitty (?) and will make drakes of his institutions of learning, shoot those buildings down, and the little miserable islanders that pretend by protecting her commercial holding that controls the world. Now I am going to fix him and I am going to wipe him out of existence: and why Uncle Sam here grinning and laughing with leg cocked up, the angle of neutrality, they are all turning on Uncle Sam, he is the angel of peace.

But what about the Indian with this man?

Uncle Sam opens his heart in all directions and says, “come to my land of freedom, equality, and goes on with goodness only knows what else –

Here I am, standing trembling in my moccasins, stammering and Europe looks back to Uncle Sam as a perfect gentleman and peacemaker and come to tell the truth I am obliterated. I am at a loss to know what culture means, and what is God and who is Adam. You all say “I come from Adam.” As long as there is a little history about the white race, but you won’t go to accomplish your proof and say that the red man is a descendant of Adam. But when you go over the ocean, no matter what land or island you come to you find there is a native there, there with long hair or short hair or straight or curling hair, black, or brown or maybe yellow or white.

Now, I don’t want to detain you here. I know there are some people here who are engage to go to societies and card parties. I don’t mean that every one of you. There is black sheep among the whole of you, and among the red men, and Kiotish children

I come here – I suppose you heard of the “blazing of old trails” by Mr. Stone? I had no idea when I saw him – I really will confess. I was in the brush, laying on my belly playing with insects, playing with ants, and the other insects, and amusing myself an looking around here to my surprise was Mr. Stone. So then we had a little friendly chat and in a kind of offhanded way I told him a little story, but I never thought I was going to be pulled in here for it. (Laughter)

In this institution of knowledge, it was a little bit of Indian history I told him – but before I go any further it seems that we [need] to mention the noble buffalo that was there. Sam Wilson and Walking Coyote, and all of them, when they all crossed the mountains – Now I have to explain all this gentlemen before I go into this little story of the coyote, and the dragon so you can understand it. Two bull buffalo and a lot of heifers; that Sam was bringing over. (He died here, I think, under the bridge here.) He brought the buffalo, or bison, to this country from across the mountains. I don’t know when he died but he died here under the bridge of whiskey. Oh, that is a fine thing, eh, whiskey? What noble thing, fine thing to go to heaven and face the almighty with it, and I doubt whether or not we go there with a bottle. “Applause”

Now a fellow Pablo bought the buffalo and began figuring and begins to negotiate with Uncle Sam. He wanted certain land for the buffalo so they could multiply. No. The employees of the reservation they wanted a corner on it and so they were getting a little independent. And Pablo he has a little of Mexican blood and Indian so you can imagine how stubborn he was when he takes a notion and he did, too. Mr. Canadian comes around and makes a talk. The American it seems did not want the Bison in the country so a bargain is made and Pablo sell the buffalo to the Canadian people and Mr. Pablo comes along with the bunch – about four hundred head – Walking around there, watching the fun, I come to a corner and to my surprise I met a gentleman from this house of institution, professor Elrod, with blood in his eye. I spoke to him in a friendly manner, he answers but I can see there was something wrong. I didn’t know whether it was the

Devil or Culture was in him, but he says, Come on Mack, go to Pablo and get horses and saddle them. Why? Let us go up this hill, here.” I went and saddled up the horses and we went up the ridge there at Ravalli. In a little bit he began to pick up a little, pick a little flower and showed me and showed me and kept going and looking at an instrument and getting pretty good, still I could see blood in his eye, but I didn’t want to ask him for fear, as he was a cultured man and not a savage. I might make a break that would be considered an insult and I did not feel like that, but he kept grabbing and grasping at ants – and gray backs – laughter – every imaginable things all the insects, all imaginable things, all the insects, all the flowers, all the grasses, why he was – I just wish I had a camera to snap him then – Finally we got to the top and then he was asking me questions and I kept telling him and then I begin to talk and ask if he knows the “Ochell” as they call it Kouse. Ochello is an Indian word and is right. We have no – I told him, - “here is something for you to learn.” Then we argue and right on top of the mountain where we were arguing I said, - “Here, as smart as you are, and I am a savage and we are left here alone without a dollar and without a nickle or anything, naked, with all the knowledge that you have got, why you will starve to death and I will be getting fat (laughter) Why anything I can eat, the root of these flowers, a stem of that plant there, I can eat that; Well finally he said I want to go down here and I got tired and said “what are you driving at?” Well, “I am looking at this place. I want to see if we could get this for a buffalo park.” Buffalo park! And it is rights in plain view of Ravalli stock yard, you can see the dust in the yards where they are loading the cars with buffalo to go to Canada, but before we started one fellow comes to me and begin to curse a little, pretending he didn’t like to see Canada getting them; he didn’t like to see Uncle Sam get the worst of it on the buffalo. Oh! That tricky Yankee, what would they think of them! And he says, “Let us break the gates in the night and let the buffalo out.” Then those few words of profane language, of course he don’t like to see the noble buffalo go across the line and I said, “The owner of that buffalo I know well. We have been boys together and played together and I know he have worked, hard, hard, hard, for what he has made. Only for his native pride you would open the gates and let the buffalo go, but I decline and that is all. I started with Professor Elrod.

He said, “What you say?” and I said, “What Buffalo? You can see the dust down there, don’t you know where they are going?” He said, “Never mind Mr. McDonald, if we get this place we will get a park” and that is the first time I ever knew there was such a thing as the “Bison Society” in New York, and I believe he told me he was a member of the society and Teddy Roosevelt, was the president, he was a member, and he said, “I think I can manage it,” and so we went down back of the place where it is.

(I want to get through with this, I won’t take but a few minutes.)

He looked over the place and I guess he got it all right. Then they went to work and fenced in the whole country there – He got this through his letters to the head man of the society. I believe his name was Carnegie, wrote a letter explaining to him about the location and he seen Senator Dixon. I believe, he was Senator, and through schemes anyway they got a park from the Indians I believe for thirty thousand dollars, something like that, and instead of the indian getting it they

dumped it into that ditch what I think you call “Reclamation.” (laughter) So then they went to work and fenced it.

Ladies and gentlemen I was here – born here – in this country in March 1849. My father, I believe, was from the Northern part of Wisconsin, a wild Brunswick Highlander. He was one. And my mother’s father was from the state of New York and Canada. He was an Iroquois. He had more white blood in him than Indian, but he come here with the rest of the fur traders, Hudson Bay Traders and Northwest Trading Company and American trading company, and got mixed up in these tribes here and it was then when they got intermarried with the Selish or the (?Insoumi) That is the tribe that lived near the mission. That word means Flathead Lake – Near Broad Water – Indians. What you call Pond E’Orielle is a French word which means, - “hang from here” and is changed – You know the Flathead lake is the biggest in the west. Here, and so they call it “Broad water.”

I will make a few more remarks and then I will go ahead and tell you the story of the Coyote. You know we have it all about the great dragon and there is land marks down there, and he come up the river to Missoula and he was the man that named the river. He was the creature that called this river the In Missouletech. Now, I want some writers to write that down, In Missouletech. In Missoul – You ask some of them that were pioneers here what the meaning is. It seems these pioneers were a bunch of Missourians and they say it was a corrupt pronunciation of Missouri. Well, these professors thought it was a fact and like all people got the impression that Missoula, - they lived in In Messouletech – was Missouri miscalled. Can you spell it? In Messoule – the Etech – Well it is like two skotchmen and one said I betcha I can spell every word. And other scotchman says I betcha can’t. And he said I can and the other fellow says, “Well spell Tech” and the other says I bet I can and he says I bet you cant and he says you cant do it and he says “T-A-Ech” “Tach” Then I tell you what is the meaning of In Messoulaettech. It is Selish – A little hesitating. I believe in speaking. I think Professor Elrod – you have no idea of the ups and down I had with him and with my friend Mr. Stone, another friend of mine, and the Honorable Judge Woody, here, why he was a baby when I was a grown man. Many the time I wheeled him around. Now then they built a great fence around the land. And they never went around there when they finished it until last year. They were calling there and Major Morgan come to me and says: “Why there is a gentleman from Washington come on with me in the automobile, we want to go to the park and see buffalo. I was dirty working working, so I went. The gate was locked and we had to go to the warden. There was a warden there and he was a man with a long gun, he was from Texas I guess, that could shoot three thousand yards off and knock a man’s eye out. There was a warden. I don’t want to lay that part to Mr. Elrod but that was the Bison Society. They come in front to the gate. And there was that warden – They could not afford to get a full blood American Indian to take care of that place. Now I went into the park and here I was, and here was the poor buffalo.

I saw the time when I had the state of Montana for my farm. All the animals, fish, everything was there before me. I can just lay there and see my “Washnuer” and everything was mine. I

want deer, I get it; if I want Moose, I get it; I want sheep any kind or animals any kind of fur to wear, everything I wanted, and I feel that that why God put us here, to enjoy ourselves and look to one another as brothers and sisters and respect one another. We have a way of respecting one another. We used to teach our girls, we use to tell them about virtue. I have known girls to go out of society because she was in love; I have known men quitting society because they was in love. That shows they must have a feeling. Now then, when I seen the buffalo from his “(&) Wigwam (&) a mighty nice painted house, painted up, - when I saw the mighty buffalo so fenced and penned up my tears commenced running down my cheek when I see buffalo; Then days gone by when I see the day when I was free to whole land and saw even the noble buffalo now penned up as I. I said, Excuse me for asking a question” I could see that Major Morgan he was uneasy and supposed I was to create a scene, that I was going to give him a great “guff.” But I was sore and I began to think that I had had Montana as my farm, when I ruled, and now they had put the buffalo into a park with a lock, and they lock them in there and here was a man with a long gun over them, from Texas. Why I guess I couldn’t even come to look at the buffalo. He might shoot me. Just think for a moment! A man with a gun behind the poor savage. Look at the poor buffalo the fun he used to have with them. That is what the Bison Society did. Now, Uncle Sam He draws around, now, eh! You are a Nation, you have been here before! We have to make treaties with you. Treaties! (sneeringly) Treaties before can do anything? Going to make treaties? Every treaty they made they broke it. Finally they made a treaty taking away nearly the whole section of the country, just but the reservation, and they pay the Indian \$120,000.00, and two-thirds of it they stole it back.

Now he kept on jamming me onto reservation and again was reservation too big and now he pen me down to a little miserable eighty acres, and then he commences to sell my land right and left to speculators. What is the money for? Now, confound you, you lazy Indian, I ain’t going to give you money. You have credit, and I am going to keep it. Now you starve to death unless you have lots of credit. Well, then, we begin to die – with starvation and neglect. With a credit – With a credit! (Sneeringly), and a promise.

Now a promise that is all we got now, a promise from Uncle Sam; also we have credit, that amounts to millions of dollars. Now what did he do then? He blew that credit in; that credit he spent for us but did not put into our hands, and here we are suffering for want of food and clothes, a lot of poor blind people, neglected and starving, and if they had not died they might have existed a few days longer. But that is not all;

Now they can have the Indian Mythology to the best of my ability I have lots left, but I am very sure, now, that there is something else left here, that is the ghost we have, the ghost down at Fish Creek, and now they went down there, they sent a what you call psychologist, a man who studies the human mind, what you call him? (Mr. Stone – Psychologist)

They send your man down, he didn’t believe in ghosts but he went there with an instrument. He put that instrument into place there in the cabin and he fixed everything all around and set it up

in the shack; and he put strings on it – I don't know what kind of strings but some kind of strings that they use to catch ghosts with and when the ghost gets caught he sets off the trap and pictures is taken.

This man of science was a most stubborn kind of fellow and did not believe in such a thing and he wakes up every once in a while. They was raising cain and having a lot of fun too; and finally they went to sleep and when they were asleep, to my surprise that gentleman of science leaps over his friends, knocks the instrument out of kilter and later there appeared the picture of a ghost. Now what has the Indian got now only a promise that there is millions of dollars to his credit and the ghost; They could not catch the ghost but they got his picture – I wish they could catch the ghost – but they got a fine picture of the ghost, yes they have even tried to steal the poor red man's ghost, and the picture, they have got that.

Now this story – the book I have is following old trails by Mr. Stone. Of course the land mark is down there yet. You can come down there every day, but this Coyote I am going to commence right from the Columbia River, from the Coast.

Mr. Coyote (Licne) He was a creature that had a certain amount of infinite power and could turn into everything and do lots of things. He heard that Salmon could not go to the red man on the Columbia river because of a great dam that had fell across it, and he came to help the salmon and go to assist the Indians to get the salmon up the river. He comes along up the Columbia and comes to the dams and to his surprise he saw four fine little maids swimming on the Columbia river. He said to himself, - "Now, how could I approach those maidens, as you would say "How can I make a mash" is the way they phrase it. How can I make a mash with those girls? So he studied there for the while and says, - "Now I am going to go up the river and find out where their camp is, and turn into a baby and lash myself onto a baby board – A baby board as you have seen lots of times – and float down the Columbia River, and crying hard, and see what they will do. So he turned himself into the baby and strapped himself onto baby board and floated down the Columbia river, squalling as hard as he could, and they heard him, and to their surprise here was a baby floating down the Columbia river. "Why we must save that baby, whoever gets there first shall be the owner of the baby." Alright, they answer and the sisters rushed and into the water they went and swum for the baby and the oldest girl reached it first and grabbed the board and went back to shore, took this baby back to the camp and nursed him and the baby began to grow. He was a nice little fellow, and he was growing fast. And at the same time he was winking at hisself. They put the baby on their breast and he would crow and want to be there on the breasts. The poor maiden didn't have no milk but at the same time, anyhow, made an attempt to make the baby suck, and it seems he liked it, and finally he grew up, but every morning he would bring in to the girls a big salmon, a fish, and they kept wondering and wondering how they could get the salmon and he grow up very quick; of course it was only a myth; He had gone one morning to bring the salmon for breakfast and – he was getting bigger and bigger and demand a bigger supply of water and he would drink lots and throw the rest, tip it on the ground, and then the girls would have to get more water and he would spill it again, and he was doing it

purpose. Finally they got tired and said they take him to the river to get water – and he had begin to walk and they made him go to the river for water himself; He went down and then they seen what was there – they went down there too you see to see him – a great big trap right across the Columbia.

Now I want to make a remark. Some little things there, of course Mr. Stone, you know at the time we was chatting I was careless – that is the true story. And they attempted to take up the trap so the salmon could come through and the girls begin to wonder what was the matter with the baby that he was not back. He must be drowned. And they got anxious and went to the walls of the bluff and to their surprise – he was already turned into Coyote again instead of a baby – a grown coyote – and he was just barking and jumping and they made a rush for him but they were too late he was hitting at the dam across the river and had already got the salmon going up the stream. The rush of water and salmon was great and they rushed after him and everything he made a motion with his yellow - - - - the salmon come by millions and then they came to Spokane to see if they can get, if he can get a Spokane girl for his wife and he did and left the salmon there and he did and got a Spokane girl for his wife and the salmon come up and he got to the Falls there where it is covered by the city of Spokane now, but it was a deep cut there then and has been filled up by the people there, but then it was a deep gully or cut, and Salmon began to go up what is call the Coeur d’Alene river, but he thought he would see the Ronan girls and he came up there and they refused him and he quit the job, finished and went back and the Coeur d’Alene tribe was deprived of the salmon and he went up the river to Kalispell and he was deprived by the Kalispell girls of having a wife in that tribe and so he left the falls there and they got no salmon.

Then he come on to this place and when he got there he kept going until he there and he called this river In Messoul Etech.

Well I will read a part of this story of the dragon and the Coyote, about the great Yellow Dragon of the Selish and the Grizzely Bear, his dog.

“Here he read”

*-----

*-----

there had been a great land slide there, away down on the Columbia river - - -

Well, that was the story I was telling Mr. Stone that day.

“Well there had been a great slide down the Columbia river which had caused a dam across the stream, a dam so high that the Salmon could no longer come up to the headwaters on its pilgrimages - - -

Out in Jocko valley east of Arlee - - - -“

It is there yet, north of where, it is right at the place where the northern pacific crosses the bridge and near the place where the northern pacific crosses the Jocko, - - and east of Arlee and where between Arlee and the agency - - - -

“Resumes reading.” To “Now the Lark was happy and she sang”

(Gives the song of the Lark) Encore.

(Above given at request of Judge Woody I believe)

By Judge Woody: Tell them why there are no salmon up in the Lolo.

Hold on, I have not come to that.

Now he went back and jumped up the Missoula river and kept going and come to the place (I will skip that though) There is another station there called Toole Station and he kept coming to the place called Carter.

Old Slooie, one of the old timers, he was coming along and heard the girls singing and he examined and looked around and every move he made was closer and until he could see distinctly what they were doing; and he seen that they were dancing and they invited him to come and join the dance and that was a fine song that they were singing and it made him feel good, just as at times you know there is an air you like and others you don't want to hear? So Mr. Coyote he comes over and grabs hold of them by the arm - - - you know the way they dance, there is a man and a woman, a man and a woman, and a man and a woman, and so on, that is the way they were dancing. White people dance as man and woman and hug them tight but we dance that way, all in a ring; so he got in the ring and they commenced he noticed they were drawing toward the river, they kept coming and he like it, he had his arms around the girl in front, he was hugging her in front, holding the girl and having a grand old time and they got to the edge of the river and he said, - “Girls I want to take my moccasins off” and they said, “No.” And dragged Coyote into the river. Finally it kept getting deeper and deeper and that Mr. Coyote drowned. So they drowned him and turned him over and examined him. It seems he has a bad kind of smell so they did not care about eating him, so they threw him in the river and he floated down and they commenced dancing again, and he goes floating down the river dead. And cousin Fox comes along and finds cousin coyote and that he has got drowned. Ho, you FOOL, says he, you fool, never take my advises. I advised you but you never take advice. I have a notion to let you go ahead and stay there and he made a few steps and look around there and he found himself alone and pretty lonesome.

“I like old coyote, even if he was so mischievous,” because he had been great company to him. “I guess I bring you to life,” and he jumped over him and he says “You having a long sleep.” And Coyote stretched and stretched and come awaked again. Then he remembered and he said

“Wasn’t I dancing and didn’t they drag me into the river?” And Fox said, “Yes you was.” And Coyote was going to go back and Fox said “Yes you was dead.” “Now I tell you what you do, Mr. Coyote, you go back and you will find some bunch of grass and you will find them and they will dance again and you build a fire clear around those girls and light it and let them burn up, so he did and they tried to coax him back and have him dance again, but he set fire clear around them and finally these girls and it seems they were cannibals, all got burned up and nothing left of them but shells, and the shells were kind of bright and sparkled. Now I was telling Mr. Elrod, now he takes and puts the shells to the river and heaves the shells into the river and he says when mankind is created I didn’t want you to eat up everybody that comes here and while he heaves the shells into the river he says this river shall be called In Messoul Etech. Now the meaning of In Messoul Etech, as near as I can make it, is Quakemtes” there is a little tree called “Quakemtes” You know what you call it - - - you can see the leaves just glitter and sparkle and they are so pretty, and you know that shells are so pretty you know when you throw them in the river they glitter and sparkle like this tree leaves? Now as near as I explain it he called it “Sparkling River that is the meaning of “In Messoul Etech.”

Now you know what that tree is called, what is it? Can’t you tell, some kind of an Ash. Quakemas – Sparkling or Quakem, that is the tree Quakem Ash. Of course then he comes along and kept on until he comes to Sleeping Child (And there are a lot of land marks down towards Frenchtown.) Of course - - - I guess my time is too limited - - but I suppose that at any other times Professor Elrod and Mr. Stone comes down to Ravalli I can tell them the rest.

I will tell another short story. Seeing my friend Mr. Catlin here puts me in mind of Chief Joseph’s invasion of the Bitter Root Valley and marching through Big Hole and the battle of the Big Hole

Now somebody was fishing or picnicking. A party was out and I don’t know whether they was picknicking or fishing, or what, but they was oust and the Indians went after them, and among them was a colored man. I believe they got some of those people but the colored man got away and one of the Indians took after him with a gun and the colored man, he looked back and he knew that he was doomed and he kept a going.

Now this is no “myth” that was a fact. I saw one of the party myself and heard it, who was on the war path during that invasion - - - and they come to that high place and there was a short bush growing there, a little tree, not a big tree, and he looked ahead and it was too late for him, if he passed the tree He thought if the Indian didn’t see him he could climb the tree and so he did and went up on the bush tree and rested. Of course the Indian came along on the run and - - - - Brother Catlin here was around the Bitter Root then and he can tell you this is the truth - - - and the indian come along under this tree and he looked around and could not find this colored man, or Ethiopian, whatever he is called - - - Now if there is any colored man here I don’t want to make fun but it is so much fun and I can’t help it, I have to laugh every time I think of that fellow – and I want to tell you this before I quit, and he looked around and could not find his man and

here was the man in this tree above him, and he was holding his breath and could not make a move. Finally the Indian went away and the colored man got down from the tree and hid and got away, and at that time I was corresponding with Captain Gray at Deer Lodge, he was there and had a newspaper he was running, the - - - (?). Captain Gray wanted me to write a history and he told me to get him facts. So I had to go North to see White Bird, up in Canada, and he was there, and Sitting Bull. I got there and asked him all the questions that these newspaper men wanted - - they have some great history, those newspaper men - - You see I know myself, I was a newspaper man myself at the time, but this is no newspaper story or talk, it is a fact.

(Laughter)

So I asked White Bird if such a thing had happened as one of the braves going after the colored man and he said it was and I asked him where is he, and he said there he is over there, so I called him up and he said, are you the man who chased after that colored man? He said Yes. Did you consider him a white man? Well, no, I didn't think he was a white man. Did you know he was black? Yes, I know that. Did you want to kill him? Yes. Why? I wanted to get his hair. Well, why did you want to get his hair? Well, he say - I think it was an Irishman or a democrat from the south - - he got it into his head that the wool of the colored man was the best thing in the God's world, was the best thing for sore ears, that the wool if you put the wool in the ear it would cure it, because there was some magic cure.

Of course there are lots of such stories as that but I don't know. It is an old thing with me, but I think to you it is new.

Thanking you for your attention, Ladies and gentlemen.

(Applause) http://www.oldmissoula.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=305:duncan-mcdonald-speech-1915-courtesy-of-university-of-montana-special-archives&catid=6:events&Itemid=3

“Fruit Season

Big, luscious Raspberries and Cherries from the shores of Flathead lake; new Harvest Apples from the Duncan McDonald orchard at Ravalli; load of fancy Elberta Peaches due from Yakima today; Watermelons, red and juicy, out of refrigerator cars from the south; Cantelopes sweet as a nut, from southern Idaho; Prunes, Plums, Bananas, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Green Corn, Everything in season. Cut out the canned stuff and eat fresh fruit and fresh vegetables. Prices

are exceptionally low this year and our "big truck" daily delivery from Ravalli insures their being fresh and wholesome." The Ronan Pioneer, September 3, 1915

"Duncan McDonald was up from Ravalli Monday." The Ronan Pioneer, Sept. 10, 1915, p4.

"Duncan McDonald was up from Ravalli Monday." The Ronan Pioneer, September 10, 1915

"This Week in Tribal History," Mary Rogers, The Char-Koosta News, March 5, 2015:

March 5, 1915 from The Sanders County Signal: "Duncan McDonald has presented to the University of Montana, through Dr. M. J. Elrod of the department of biology, some interesting fossil bones, which were exhumed in the Little Bitter Root valley, in Flathead County..."

From The Ronan Pioneer, Sept. 10, 1915, p4:

"Duncan McDonald was up from Ravalli Monday."

"Ronan Teachers Camping and Mountain Climbing

The seven Ronan school teachers are on a camping and mountain climbing trip to Lake McDonald and the peaks in that vicinity this week. They left Sunday afternoon last equipped for a stay lasting all week and those in the party were Dr. Becker, Peter E. Hanson, Misses Barbara Kain, Azelie Savage, Anna Rafferty, Hilda Marsh and Irene Teagarden.

Duncan McDonald of Ravalli was to meet them at Post creek to act as guide on their mountain climbing trips and this shows acute knowledge on the part of the teachers in securing so competent a man to accompany them. The weather was not very encouraging for a trip last Sunday when they left Ronan and the cool weather the fore part of the week was not the kind that camping parties would most enjoy, but nothing daunted they started out in good spirits." The Ronan Pioneer, May 26, 1916

"Duncan McDonald of Ravalli made the Pioneer a pleasant call Wednesday. With his wife and cousin, Daniel McDonald of Middletown, Conn., he is taking an outing in the mountains east of Ronan this week. His cousin made the trip from Connecticut to Montana by auto and is now camping out to get the real color. Duncan says Mose Deleware, Angus C. McDonald, Jim Raymond and Ran Roberts have completed the construction of a trail up Mollman creek to the top of the mountains east of town and now are engaged in making the trail down the east slope. This will afford a new passage. While here Duncan talked politics, game laws, names of local streams, and explained the working of the fish law, whereby the little ones are killed off and the big ones protected, and left the force in better humor than before he came." The Ronan Pioneer, September 16, 1916, page 2.

"Local Brevities

Duncan McDonald, E. H. Sollman and Frank Carter of Ravalli are in the city." The Daily Missoulian, January 22, 1917, Page 2

“Duncan McDonald is down from Ravalli.” The Daily Missoulian, January 28, 1917, Page 3

“Post Creek Community Fair, Oct. 27

Plans for the Post Creek community fair which will be given by the people living in the neighborhood of Leon and along Post creek, have been completed and the date of the fair set for Saturday, October 27th.

The features of the fair will be exhibits of live stock, poultry and household products, such as canned goods, preserves, etc., and the management issues an earnest request that everybody be present with an exhibit. All exhibitors are also requested to have their exhibits at the school house not later than 12 o'clock noon, on the day of the fair, in order to insure their exhibit. Ribbons denoting first, second and third prizes will be the premiums. In addition to the exhibits of livestock, poultry and household products, an exhibit of curios and relics of all kinds will be a feature.

Duncan McDonald, who is noted for his interesting and instructive talks on Indian history and legends, has been asked to be present and will give a talk on the early history of the Post creek section, with which he is so familiar.

In the afternoon the Leon basketball team will meet with either the Ronan, St. Ignatius or Dixon team in a game on the school grounds. However, the opposing team has not been definitely decided upon.

The residents of that section are making a strong effort to have a successful fair and they invite the cooperation of everyone in helping to make the exhibits as large and attractive as possible.

Saturday, October 27, at the Leon school house. The superintendents of the various divisions of the exhibits are as follows:

Live stock, James Kerns

Poultry, G. F. Birch.

Vegetables-M. M. Marcy.

Grains and grasses-M. H. Loewenstein.

Horses-Joe Allard.

Judges-J. R. Campbell, C. L. Peden, Louis Kennedy, Clara A. Bush and Elizabeth Croal.” The Ronan Pioneer, October 19, 1917

“At the Hotels

Arrivals at the Shapard yesterday included L.H. Miller of Great Falls, Dan J. Heyfron and wife of Ronan, F. A. Hoover and wife of Canton, Ohio; C.E. Delaney and Floyd Delaney of Lolo, Duncan McDonald of Ravalli, A.W. Turnblad of Dixon and R. O. Hooban and wife of Drummond.” The Daily Missoulian, October 31, 1917, Page 3

“25 Years Ago

What Missoula was doing on this date in 1893.

Duncan McDonald was in Missoula yesterday en route to his home in Ravalli after spending several weeks at the Boulder Hot Springs." The Daily Missoulian, April 13, 1918, Page 6

"Plains

Duncan McDonald of Ravalli was a visitor in Plains Friday." The Daily Missoulian, Oct. 8, 1919, page 3

1920

From The Flathead Courier, Thurs., Apr. 12, 1923, page 7:

"Personal Paragraphs

Duncan McDonald, of St. Ignatius, was in town Saturday."

"Personal Paragraphs

Duncan McDonald, of St. Ignatius, was in town Saturday." The Flathead Courier, Thurs., Apr. 12, 1923, page 7.

"Duncan McDonald, who now lives at Dixon, was a pleasant caller at our sanctum yesterday morning. Duncan says that the old Indians (the only ones who now live anything like the primitive life of our ancestors) are disappearing so fast that unless a great effort is made we may never again see a real Indian festival. He suggests that before another summer passes we make arrangements to have a great Indian gathering at some central point in the valley, at the old Hudson Bay trading post on Post Creek, for instance. He believes that such a gathering could be made very interesting if all the Indians traveled, cooked and camped in the primitive way in vogue before the coming of the white man, and suggests that motion picture concerns be invited here at such a time to make permanent records of aboriginal life for the edification of future generations.

Duncan McDonald also suggests that something should be done by the newly organized Lake county to preserve as a land mark the old Hudson's Bay trading post on Post Creek. This structure was erected by Duncan's father, Angus McDonald, Sr., in 1847. The elder McDonald, then in the employ of the Hudson Bay company, came here in that year to establish a trading post. The chief of the Selish tribe, Sil-lip-stu, advised the trader to build the post where it now stands, as that was an open spot where the frequent raids of the marauding Blackfeet could be warded off. The old log buildings are fast falling into decay, and something should be done to preserve the historic landmark. The St. Ignatius Post, Fri., July 13, 1923, p4.

From The St. Ignatius Post, Fri., July 13, 1923, p4:

"Duncan McDonald, who now lives at Dixon, was a pleasant caller at our sanctum yesterday morning. Duncan says that the old Indians (the only ones who now live anything like the primitive life of our ancestors) are disappearing so fast that unless a great effort is made we may never again see a real Indian festival. He suggests that before another summer passes we make arrangements to have a great Indian gathering at some central point in the valley, at the old Hudson Bay trading post on Post Creek, for instance. He believes that such a gathering could be made very interesting if all the Indians traveled, cooked and camped in the primitive way in vogue before the coming of the white man, and suggests that motion picture concerns be invited

here at such a time to make permanent records of aboriginal life for the edification of future generations.

Duncan McDonald also suggests that something should be done by the newly organized Lake county to preserve as a land mark the old Hudson's Bay trading post on Post Creek. This structure was erected by Duncan's father, Angus McDonald, Sr., in 1847. The elder McDonald, then in the employ of the Hudson Bay company, came here in that year to establish a trading post. The chief of the Selish tribe, Sil-lip-stu, advised the trader to build the post where it now stands, as that was an open spot where the frequent raids of the marauding Blackfeet could be warded off. The old log buildings are fast falling into decay, and something should be done to preserve the historic landmark.

From The Char-Koosta News, Nov. 7, 2013, p7, This week in tribal history by Mary Rogers, Tribal Preservation Department:

"November 5, 1925 from The Plainsman: "Our Indian chief, Magpie, of this place, joined a band of twenty-five Flathead Indians mounted on Gray Scott famous pinto ponied from Evaro, Montana. They will represent Montana at the Indian Congress in Spokane. Members of the costumed delegation are Chief Kooshtata from Dayton, Montana and Chief Charlos of the Flathead Indians of Evaro. Duncan McDonald, sage of the Flathead, representing the first Indians, will accompany them."

"This Week in Tribal History," Mary Rogers, The Char-Koosta News, Feb.12, 2015:

February 10, 1927 from The Plainsman: From Duncan Mc Donald: "The coldest weather I ever recall in my 78 years of residence on the Flathead reserve was in February, 1881-1882. I was a rodman in a surveying crew. We were working near Ravalli where the station now stands. It was bitter cold. We were working in the timber and brush, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon we were called off the job as the instruments froze. The frost would cloud the glass so they could not be used."

1930

“Montana Standard, Butte, Friday Morning, June 5, 1938, page 5. Oil Portrait of Hardware Firm Exhibits Life-size Picture of Famed Montana. Ol keen Interest to art lovers and historians is the recently executed life-size oil portrait of Duncan McDonald, now on display in the windows of the Montana Hardware Co, on Park street. The strong and masterful features of this grand old man-Montana's oldest living native-born pioneer- have been faithfully reproduced by the brush

of Florence DeMers Bouch of Arlee, neighbor and friend of the subject, and a talented portrait painter. They show the interesting admixture of Scotch and Indian blood which is his heritage, for Duncan's father was Angus McDonald, first factor of the Hudson Bay trading post at Post Creek, and his mother an Indian chief's daughter. It is interesting to know that Duncan's childhood, while spent in and around an Indian tepee, lacked nothing in the way of civilized culture, since Angus, his father, kept a tutor in the home and all his children had the best of English education. Duncan McDonald was born at Post creek early in 1849, and has already passed his eighty-seventh birthday. Of keen mentality, possessing an acute sense of humor, he nevertheless has inherited a certain native dignity which has made impossible the exploitation of his personality either by word or picture. Only because of his life-long friendship for the late Alex DeMers and his daughter, the artist, was he finally persuaded to sit for the painting which has just been completed and which, it is hoped, will eventually find its logical place in the state's gallery of distinguished native pioneers." <https://www.newspapers.com/newspage/4226910/>

The following letter to T.D. Duncan from Duncan McDonald (no date) comes from a collection of stories and articles called THE PIONEERS - edited by Sam E. Johns. This set of 10 books is at the Flathead County Library in Kalispell, Montana. pages 35 & 36.

"Dear Sir,

In Answer. As it was told to us by Mrs. Louis Brown, mother-in-law of Billy or William Irvine, of Irvine Flats, was that they built a cabin near where Ashley Creek connects with Flathead river.

This was in 1847-8 and was abandoned for the stampede to California in 1849. (With) Such men as Antoine Plant, Camille Launclet, Antoine Finley, commonly known as Penatze. This last named after returning from California found gold in Montana at Gold Creek in 1850 or 1851, and gave it to my father Angus MacDonald, who was in charge of Flathead House, on a creek now known as Post Creek. (Note from Chalk--Duncan McDonald seems to have confused Antoine Finley with Francois Finley. Francois was called Penatze or Benetsee. Unless Francois was also known as Antoine, which is possible as the Finleys seem to have went by many different "Christian" names).

Angus MacDonald built the Post in 1847. But who started farming at the head of the lake? It was Angus McLeod, Joe Ashley, Irvines, Michquam Finley, and one of the first traders was Laughlin McGauvin, in 1865 to 70 they all left on account of Blackfeet so bad.

The Lake MacDonald it was started in naming it, at the lower end, it was the only place to camp with horses, and no other place. Indians, trappers, and prospectors always camped at the same spot.

In the fall of 1878 in November, I camped at the foot of the lake. Joe Brown, William Finley and myself as packers. I had a train loaded with flour. I bought the cargo from Eddy, Hammond and Co. of Missoula. I hired Eneas, the Kootenai chief and another Indian, Paul, as my guides as far as the lake to show me the trail that forks north up the Flathead river. While I was sitting by a tree waiting for my horse herder, there was a tree standing near the fire place. I took an axe

and blazed it and put my name on the tree and the date just to pass the time. Bear in mind I never thought of a railroad going to come near that place. Everybody after I passed with name on the tree had to be noticed. Hunters, prospectors and trappers the only name they could describe is on account of the tree inscriptions on it, just for curiosity ask how that was named MacDonald.

After Chief Eneas left we struggled on and met some hostile Nez Perces that came across the mountains from the Canadian side. As I was related to them I made them to understand that Uncle Sam would catch them or (or they would be) killed by going to Idaho. So they took advice and returned north with me and I was really glad that they did because they helped cross the divide in a deep snow up to their waists in beating snow drifts. This was November 14th, 1878.

I noticed in a newspaper published at Shelby Junction it mentions two MacDonalds. One came in from the east side of the mountains and one from the west. The one from the east was Sir MacDonald but say nothing of the other from the west. It looks I was the man only I did not have any title.

Near the Ferry boat on the road from Big Fork to Kalispell two women were killed by the Blackfeet, wives of two Finleys. One was Bason Finley, the other was John Finley. About five years later the latter was killed at a place called Scribner, below Demersville by a man named Allen. This man would not give up himself to Chief Eneas. The chief gave orders to his Indian police to kill him because he will not surrender. So the Indians went ahead of Allen, O'Neil and Nolan, as they were driving horses for the north into Canada. These men were ambushed at a place called Allen's Prairie and shot dead for killing John Finley. Allen was killed in summer of 1875 and the two women in 1867. Brown was one of the men that built the cabin just to winter, as prospectors and trappers always do build for the winter. He also wintered at or near Flathead Post at Thompson's Prairie about 1846. But I am under the impression that David Thompson was the first white man saw the lake.
Yours truly, Duncan MacDonald."

The Char-Koosta News, This Week in Tribal History by Mary Rogers:

"May 7, 1936 from The Ronan Pioneer: "Confederated Tribal council of the Flathead Indian reservation has appointed officials who will compose the entire police personnel of the reservation. This action is authorized by the Wheeler-Howard bill which gives the Flathead Tribe jurisdiction over its own courts." Judge: Steve Peon, associate judges: Octave Morigeau & Baptiste Morigeau, police commissioner R. Peterson, chief of police Alec Couture, prosecuting attorney Louis Tillier, turnkey Baptiste Hawankorn, policeman Frank McClure; Officers of the Council are: President Edwin Dupuis, Vice President Duncan McDonald, representatives of the various communities are: Elmo: William Gingris, Polson: Louis Coutoure, Ronan: Eneas Conko, Dixon: Sam Clairmont (also secretary), Arlee: Joseph Blodgett & Louis Adams Sr.. St, Ignatius Nikola Lassau & Louis Tillier. Martin Charlo Flathead Chief and Paul Koostata Kootenai Chief were appointed for life."

Portrait of Duncan McDonald loaned to museum

By Paul Fugleberg
of the Leader

NINEPIPE — Days of Angus McDonald, the last factor of the Fort Connah Hudson's Bay trading post near the foot of Post Creek hill, were brought alive Sunday, Sept. 29, at Ninepipes Museum of Early Montana.

The occasion was presentation by the Jocko Valley Museum of the loan of a 66-year-old painting of Duncan McDonald, Angus's son, who was born at Fort Connah on March 31, 1849. The oil portrait was done by Florence deMers Bouch of Arlee. Florence and her husband, Harry Bouch, had invited McDonald to their home in 1936 to pose for the painting over a period of several days.

Since then the portrait has remained in a deMers family home except for a time when it was displayed at the Rockefeller Center in New York City.

Recently the deMers family donated it to the Jocko Valley Museum, which loaned it to the Ninepipes Museum. Harrison deMers, a 1951 graduate of Arlee High School and now an attorney in Federal Way, Wash., presented the painting to Perry Francis (AHS Class of '52), representing the Jocko Valley Museum, earlier in the day.

Representing the Jocko Valley Historical Society at the Ninepipes presentation were Francis, his mother Cornelia Francis and Alvaretta Morin. Others present included Ninepipes curator Kim Sprow, Rod Wamsley, Bud Cheff, Jr., Laurel Cheff and Joe McDonald.

The painting was placed in Ninepipes' Impressions of Early Montana gallery, directly across from the Hudson's Bay-Fort Connah exhibit.

In 1964 Cornelia Francis wrote an article for the Missoulian giving the background of the artist, the painting and Duncan McDonald.

The artist told Francis that McDonald was a "friend remembered from the days of her childhood when he would often come in to trade with her father, Alec DeMers [the family in recent years has changed the spelling to deMers] at his store in St. Ignatius. At that time McDonald had a small store of his own in Ravalli where he also operated a hotel and owned a large apple orchard."

Bouch recalled that Duncan McDonald "was devoted to Indian customs and dress and to the traditions that he inherited from his full-blood Indian mother and sustained in his wife, Quilse, of whom he spoke with affection and respect and in his wife, Quilse, of whom he spoke with affection and respect and with whom he lived for 50 years. He was a valued source of Indian legends, which he liked to repeat verbally, and he was considered an authority on Indian folk lore."

The artist also said that Duncan did much of his trading at Ravalli in butte, accepting advance delivery on cattle in payment of supplies and maintaining a livestock shipping center. Ravalli at that time was a busy crossroads point for rail freight and travel.

Duncan McDonald died Oct. 16, 1937, at the age of 88 in the Valley Nursing Home in Thompson Falls. Residents from all parts of western Montana assembled at the Catholic church in Mission to pay their last tributes to "the dean of Montana pioneers." Conducting the funeral was Father Louis Tielman and burial was in the St. Ignatius cemetery.

As to the artist, she and her brothers and sisters started school with the Sisters of Providence in St. Ignatius. She continued her education under a governess from New York, who lived with the family for two years, and at Central School in Missoula.

Francis wrote "After enrolling as

from the Hudson's Bay-Fort Connah exhibit.

In 1964 Cornelia Francis wrote an article for the Missoulian giving the background of the artist, the painting and Duncan McDonald.

The artist told Francis that McDonald was a "friend remembered from the days of her childhood when he would often come in to trade with her father, Alec DeMers [the family in recent years has changed the spelling to deMers] at his store in St. Ignatius. At that time McDonald had a small store of his own in Ravalli where he also operated a hotel and owned a large apple orchard."

Bouch recalled that Duncan McDonald "was devoted to Indian customs and dress and to the traditions that he inherited from his full-blood Indian mother and sustained in his wife, Quilse, of whom he spoke with affection and respect and in his wife, Quilse, of whom he spoke with affection and respect and with whom he lived for 50 years. He was a valued source of Indian legends, which he liked to repeat verbally, and he was considered an authority on Indian folk lore."

The artist also said that Duncan did much of his trading at Ravalli in butte, accepting advance delivery on cattle in payment of supplies and maintaining a livestock shipping center. Ravalli at that time was a busy crossroads point for rail freight and travel.

Duncan McDonald died Oct. 16, 1937, at the age of 88 in the Valley Nursing Home in Thompson Falls. Residents from all parts of western Montana assembled at the Catholic church in Mission to pay their last tributes to "the dean of Montana pioneers." Conducting the funeral was Father Louis Tielman and burial was in the St. Ignatius cemetery.

As to the artist, she and her brothers and sisters started school with the Sisters of Providence in St. Ignatius. She continued her education under a governess from New York, who lived with the family for two years, and at Central School in Missoula.

Francis wrote "After enrolling as



(Paul Fugleberg/Leader)

Jocko Valley Historical Society representatives presented the oil portrait of Duncan McDonald on a loan basis to the Ninepipes Museum of Early Montana. Shown above (from left) are Kim Sprow of Ninepipes and Alvaretta Morin of Jocko Valley. In the background is an exhibit depicting the Fort Connah trading post where McDonald was born in 1849.



(Perry Francis photo)

Harrison deMers (above) donated the Duncan McDonald portrait to the Jocko Valley Historical Society.

government paid the Hudson's Bay Company \$450,000 for the post.

As a bicentennial project in 1976 the Fort Connah Restoration Society initiated efforts to preserve the building. Francis said that the original founders of the society

Goals of Fort Connah Restoration Society

The Fort Connah Restoration Society was established in 1976 as a bicentennial project with the following long term goals:

1. Restore the fort building on site.
2. Replace buildings as nearly as possible to period of Fort Connah.
3. Provide a living history appearance.
4. Tourist information center.
5. Museum of Rocky

Mountain fur trading artifacts.

6. Research library.
7. Provide for a curator who would also be director, overseer, tour guide and security officer.
8. Provide living quarters for the curator.
9. Provide adequate parking and picnic area for tourists or groups.
10. Footpath access to the fort area and cemetery.
11. Restore the cemetery.

Duncan's obituaries:

"Treasure State Loses Its Oldest Native Son, Duncan MacDonalD. Taken from the Kalispell Times October 28, 1937

With the passing of Duncan MacDonalD, Montana lost its oldest native son who had spent his entire lifetime of 88 years in Western Montana.

He was born at Fort Connah, near Dixon on what is now the Flathead Indian reservation, March 31, 1849. His father, Angus MacDonalD, had built the fort in which he was born as a trading post for the Hudson's Bay Co. in 1847.

Fort Connah was one of the busiest trading posts in what is now northwestern Montana, to which Indians and trappers came hundreds of miles to deliver hides and furs and obtain food and other merchandise.

At the time of his birth, his father, a native of northern Scotland, was the factor in charge of the trading post. His mother was a Nez Perce Indian woman.

Fort Connah was the last trading post built in what is now the United States. When the international boundary survey in 1874 showed the fort on American soil, it was sold to the United States government and the trading company withdrew.

Duncan MacDonald spent the 88 years of his life in western Montana. He was a guide for the Northern Pacific railway engineering crews when the railroad was built through the northwest more than 50 years ago.

His father, a picturesque figure during the early history of the northwest territory, was an intimate friend of General McClellan, who chose the army trail from Fort Benton to Walla Walla, Wash., and of Captain Mullan, when the Mullan trail was built from Fort Benton to the Pacific coast.

Duncan MacDonald was recognized as an authority on the history of western Montana and Indian tribal lore. In 1924 he discovered the ruins of the Kullyspell (Kalispell) house on the shores of Lake Pend Oreille in northern Idaho, which he said had commenced to deteriorate before the advent of white settlers in the 1860's.

His wife died about 10 years ago, after they had celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

Survivors include three brothers, Thomas, Joseph and Angus MacDonald, and one sister, Margaret MacDonald, all of whom reside in the Flathead and Little Bitter Root valleys.

Duncan grew to manhood at Ravalli. There were no hostile Indians, unlimited hunting and fishing and frequent trips always full of adventure. As a young boy he joined the Flatheads, Kootenais and Pend Oreilles on a scalping expedition against the Blackfeet.

On one secret expedition in which he and a party of Indians were commissioned to take food to a Canadian settlement, an event occurred that links his name forever to Montana. The party decided to cross the mountains over the pass along the North Fork of the Flathead river but their scouts discovered hostile Indians were waiting for them there. They evaded them by following the foot of the lake. They made camp and while there McDonald carved his name on one of the Stately cedars. Those who found the carving in later years called the lake, Lake MacDonald.

In 1867, at the age of 15, he was given the operation of the Hudson's Bay trading post on Post creek and conducted its business until the post was closed by the international agreement between the United States and Canada.

While in charge of the Hudson's Bay post, MacDonald learned that many of the hunters and trappers had traveled through Marias pass. The man's interest was great in the tales of prospectors' gold strikes and the Indian stories of mineral lode. In the winter of 1873, in the company of seven Pend Oreille Indians, MacDonald made his first trip through Marias pass. The party traveled on snowshoes and headed for Flathead lake. They were forced, however, to turn back to the main camp in Marias river.

The fabulous stories of mineral wealth continued to pour in, and in 1878, MacDonald, in company with Eugene Humbert and Batiste Pleaauf (Baptiste Plouffe?), started at Flathead lake and traveled again through Marias pass. They crossed the divide and continued on to Upper Two Medicine lake, where they camped two nights. MacDonald climbed to the top of the continental divide, but his exploration yielded no sign of the mineral lode. He returned home only to make another trip through Marias pass the following year in company with Robert MacGregor Baird and David Finlay. This prospecting trip likewise was unsuccessful.

Later he took part in war against the Blackfeet Indians. In 1877 he wrote a history of the Nez Perce Indians. Previous to this he was hired by the Northern Pacific railroad as an interpreter and he had a tie contract while the road was under construction. All through preliminary days of the survey and latter days of construction of the railroad through western Montana, he was an intimate friend and advisor of officials in charge of construction. He was of greatest service in helping to select routes through mountains. MacDonald was married in 1876 to Louisa Quill, a young Indian girl. She died in 1928. In memory of her, the highest peak in the national bison reserve at Dixon was recently named Quill by Prof. Morton J. Elrod of the State University of Montana. There were two children, a daughter, Mary, who died at St. Ignatius at the age of 4, and Peter, who died when 22.

After the close of the trading post in 1872, MacDonald engaged in stock raising, operating pack trains for the Hudson's Bay Co., and from time to time was occupied at placer and quartz mining. When the Great Northern was built in 1891, much of the supplies for its construction were shipped by the Northern Pacific railroad to Ravalli and from there were taken by stage to Flathead lake and across by barge to Somers. During his active years he had large herds of cattle, which roamed at will through western Montana. Also see THE PIONEERS by Sam Johns, V1, pp 153-157: He was an authority on Indian legends, customs and early warfare. At one time he interviewed White Bird of the Bear's Paws and persuaded him to confer with officials sent by the United States to induce that chief to surrender. He entertained Chief Joseph when the latter was either on his way to Colville, or to Washington, D.C. Because MacDonald was half Nez Perce, it is likely he learned more of what took place on Snake creek than many other authorities.

He generously deposited most of his papers and relics of historical interest with the Montana historical society, yet he kept some keepsakes that could be seen on calls at the pioneer's home.

After the death of his wife, MacDonald became restless. He was often found in Missoula or in towns on the reservations. He was continually receiving letters from students of western history who wrote from many parts of the United States and Canada.

In 1929 he was the oldest pioneer to attend the state pioneer's convention at Butte. No man in Montana knew better the early history of Montana nor traditions and character of Indians than he."

Also an obituary appeared in The Daily Missoulian, Oct. 17, 1937, p1:
"State's Oldest Pioneer, Duncan MacDonald Dies
Dean of Montana Residents Spent All of His 88 Years in Region.

Duncan MacDonald, son of a Hudson Bay trader, was the discoverer in 1924 of the ruins of Kullspell (Kalispell) house on the shores of Lake Pend d'Oreille in Northern Idaho. Mr. MacDonald was an authority on Western Montana history and great reader. Up until his death he read constantly and always without the use of glasses.

His death at Thompson Falls occurred near the monument marker of the memory of David Thompson, explorer, for whom the town of Thompson Falls was named. In 1924 he found all that was left of the log barricade cabins built by Thompson in 1807. It was at the present site of Thompson Falls where "Salish" house was established and from whence Thompson conducted his early explorations. Mr. MacDonald attended the celebration at Thompson Falls in 1933 when the monument to Thompson was unveiled. In speaking of the ruins of the old Kullyspell house on Lake Pend d'Oreille, Mr. MacDonald said the chimneys collapsed probably in 1855, and before the early white settlers started coming in the sixties.

Born at Fort Conan.

Mr. MacDonald was born at Fort Conan on the present Flathead Indian Reservation, March 31, 1849, when it was open prairie land in the present Flathead valley. It was the year of the gold rush in California. The fort in which he was born was built by his father, Angus MacDonald, in 1847, two years before Duncan's birth. The fort was a popular trading post to which the Indians and trappers came hundreds of miles to deliver hides and furs.

Fort Conan was the last trading post built in what is now the United States by the Hudson's Bay company of Canada. When the boundary survey was made in 1874 it was found that the fort was on American soil and was sold to the United States and the trading coming moved out. Angus MacDonald, father of Duncan, was a picturesque figure during the early history of the Northwest territory. He was a Scotchman.

Spends Life Here.

Duncan MacDonald spent all of his 88 years in the present Flathead valley and the Western Montana district. He was a guide for the Northern Pacific engineering crews when the railroad was built through the Northwest. His father was a close friend of General McClellan, who picked out the route for the army trail from Fort Benton to Walla Walla. Also he was a close friend of Captain Mullan when the Mullan trail was built through Missoula between Fort Benton, head of navigation on the Missouri river, and the Pacific coast.

Through the connections of his father, Duncan at an early age, acquired close contact with the early history of the Northwest. Mr. MacDonald was an authority on many early-day happenings. A few years ago when fear was expressed that the timber in the Mission range had been winter killed, MacDonald told of a similar occurrence of about 50 years ago when the timber turned brown up to a given height on the hillsides, apparently dead. However, it recovered the next spring and again took upon its original color.

Mr. MacDonald had been married more than fifty years when his wife died about ten years ago. On a recent trip here he told a reporter that their marriage was one of natural selection; that they

were wed with the usual Indian ceremony but two years later were married with the Christian ceremony. He said that under the early customs when an Indian took a wife, in most instances they lived together to the "end of the trail."

Mr. MacDonald usually came to Missoula at the first signs of winter and had spent most of the winter here for years at the Shapard hotel. Missoula acquaintances had been expecting to see him come into Missoula as usual with the first storms of fall from his home at Dixon.

No word of his recent illness reached Missoula until early Saturday, and then on top of it came the news of his death.

Recalled Early Days.

Upon a recent trip to Missoula, Mr. MacDonald in talking to a press representative recalled many early day happenings of the present Western Montana district.

He recalled the giving away of the open prairie lands to the fences of the settlers. He recalled the execution of road agents, and even the names of road agents executed near Thompson Falls with their boots on and whose bodies were dug up by a heavy steam shovel when the new Clark's Fork highway was being built. He recalled names of Indians buried and whose bodies were uncovered during excavation near St. Ignatius for the new highway No. 93 through the Flathead. Mr. MacDonald was a personal friend of the late Marcus Daly, Montana copper king. He remembered minutely the early political feuds of Montana.

Old Burial Ground

About five or six years ago when the new highway was being built into St. Ignatius from Ravalli reports were given out that skeletons had been unearthed by road crews, inquiry of Mr. MacDonald brought light upon the early-day burial ground.

He said that for years the old highway at the southern entrance to St. Ignatius passed over the old burial ground where several hundred Indians are buried. Mr. MacDonald said that when the road crews unearthed the skeletons of Indians buried 75 years ago it was on a section of the present road which was being built into the new by being widened and raised.

Graves Shallow.

When the bodies of the Indians were buried in the early days, Mr. MacDonald said, there were few tools with which to dig and naturally the graves were shallow. Now with the road program on, excavations are being made to make the fills for the road and bodies were found in that manner. Mr. MacDonald said that distant relatives of his wife were buried in the old cemetery, the first at St. Ignatius Mission.

Mr. MacDonald then went into the history of the matter. He said that back in 1844 Father Hoecken and Brother Classens were sent from St. Mary's mission at Stevensville by Father DeSmet to the Kalispell country, near the present site of Spokane. There they were to establish

Ignatius mission, which they did on the Pend d'Oreille river north of Spokane among the Kalispell Indians.

Come to Flathead.

After several years the mission was abandoned because of the high water and Father Hoecken and Brother Classens came to the present Flathead valley. After a study of the country they established the St. Ignatius mission where it stands today. That was in 1854. The mission church was established and a cabin for the missionaries was constructed. The land was located for the church and burial ground was laid out. Several hundred Indians were buried there. Later a second cemetery was laid out and now a third one is being used.

The missionaries acquired land for their church holdings in the then open country. But in later years when the land was surveyed it was found that the mission property line had been extended too far east and when the fence was built it was placed on the property lines, which left part of the old burial ground outside of the mission property.

"Because of the fence people walked around the outside and the strip of land east of the mission property came into general use and eventually became a road." Mr. MacDonald said, "Now it is being made into an improved highway."

Mr. MacDonald said there was no lumber in the district at the time with which to build coffins, that the church and cabin of the missionaries were built of logs which had bark on, and that the Indians were buried in buffalo robes with the bodies wrapped in either birch or cedar bark.

Strange Indian Death

Mr. MacDonald is an authority on many early happenings, and while in Missoula recently told an unusual story of an Indian death at Stevensville in the early days. The death occurred in the late 50's or the early 60's, as related by Mr. MacDonald.

An old Indian of another tribe was camped with his family in a tepee with the Flathead or Salish Indians at Stevensville. Mr. MacDonald said, and the old fellow was helpless while hostile Indians were lurking nearby.

"Finally he decided upon a means by which he should die," Mr. MacDonald said. "Carrying out the old man's wishes, he was placed upon the back of a saddle horse and his feet tied together with a rope suspended under the animal's belly. The horse was led to the river west of the old mission at Stevensville and a member of the family shot the horse when the animal was out in the deep water. When the horse rolled over dead in the river the old Indian strapped on his back went down the stream with him in the current and was drowned."

According to the story handed down to Mr. MacDonald by an uncle, the woman and children of the old man's family were weeping and wailing, but his instructions had been carried out.

Because of the threatened outbreaks the old Indian had decided he was too old to be of any good to his relatives and did not want them fighting the enemy to protect him. By getting out of the way in such a manner it was the aged one's belief that his tribesmen could make a better fight against the enemy than they could if they divided their efforts to protect the helpless." Also see: The Ronan Pioneer, Oct. 21, 1937, p1.

Duncan McDonald only married once and that was to Louise (Schuntah) "Red Sleep" Quilsee, the daughter of Francis Keltzel Skoola and Louise Seah-um-tah (1815-1910). Red Sleep was born in 1853 on the Flathead Reservation and died November 28, 1928 in St. Ignatius, Montana and is buried in the Catholic Cemetery there. She and Duncan had two children that are known of, a daughter Mary and a son Peter Call McDonald. She shared Duncan's lifestyle patiently for many decades and must have marveled at their wealth in later years. Quilseeh (Red Sleep) mountain was named for Mrs. Duncan McDonald. United States Congressional Serial Set, Issue 5219, Senate Reports, vol. 2, December 2, 1907-May 30, 1908.

Her siblings were:

1. Michel (Chief Michel Bighead) Ya-ta-la-mee (1840-1921). He married four times:

a. Mary (Chempe) Te-che-eh, daughter of Au-tah and Che-che-she

b. Lucy (-1905) she and Michel had a daughter named Isabel "Lizette" Woodcock, she married Joe Isidore.

c. Susie Magpie married September 1908. She was the daughter of Peter Magpie and Sarah Ogden.

d. not known

Ruth Swaney wrote: "The Red Sleep Mountain at the Bison Range was named in her honor."
2/4/2014

Besides Michel she has three sisters. I have no information on them.

Red Sleep's obituary:

From The Daily Missoulian, Nov. 27, 1928, page 3:

"Pioneer of Flathead Valley Is Summoned
Mrs. Duncan McDonald Dies at Hospital at St. Ignatius.
Special to the Missoulian.

Dixon, Nov. 26. -- Mrs. Duncan McDonald of Dixon, died at the Holy Family hospital at St. Ignatius Sunday night following a brief illness with pneumonia. Mrs. McDonald, who was 75 years of age, was a native of the Flathead valley and spent most of her life in this locality.

She is survived by her husband, Duncan McDonald, one of the best known men of the Flathead, and also born on the reservation. She is survived also by two nephews.

Duncan McDonald and his wife were first married according to Indian custom, but later they were married according to the rites of the church.

The funeral services will be held at the Catholic church at St. Ignatius at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon." (from Bob Bigart) Also see The Ronan Pioneer, Nov. 29, 1928, p1.

STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF THE CENSUS

1 PLACE OF DEATH
County Lake State Montana Registered No. 690
Township _____ or Village _____
City St. Ignatius No. St. Julian's Hospital St. _____ Ward _____
(If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its NAME instead of street and number)

2 FULL NAME Louise McDonald
(a) Residence. No. _____ St. _____ Ward _____
(Usual place of abode) (If nonresident give city or town and State)
Length of residence in city or town where death occurred yrs. mos. 10 ds. How long in U. S., if of foreign birth? yrs. mos. ds.

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS

3 SEX Female 4 COLOR OR RACE 4/4 Indian 5 SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED, OR DIVORCED Married
(If married, widowed, or divorced, give name of HUSBAND or WIFE of Duncan McDonald)

6 DATE OF BIRTH (month, day, and year) 1860
7 AGE Years _____ Months _____ Days _____
About 78 IF LESS than 1 day, hrs. or min.

8 OCCUPATION OF DECEASED
(a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work Housewife
(b) General nature of industry, business or establishment in which employed (or employer)
(c) Name of employer

9 BIRTHPLACE (city or town) Montana
(State or country)

10 NAME OF FATHER Francis
TRIBE: Flathead
11 BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER (city or town) Montana
(State or country)

12 MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER Louise Schustah
TRIBE: Flathead
13 BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER (city or town) Montana
(State or country)

14 Informant Records of Flathead Agency, Dixon, Montana.
(Address)

15 Filed Oct. 5, 1929 M. M. Twichel
11-2184 REGISTRAR

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

16 DATE OF DEATH (month, day, and year) Nov. 25, 1928 19
17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from Oct. 30, 1928 to Nov. 25, 1928
that I last saw him alive on Nov. 25, 1928
and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at 5 p m.
The CAUSE OF DEATH* was as follows:
Influenza, Pneumonia, lobar,
(duration) _____ yrs. _____ mos. 10 ds.
CONTRIBUTORY (Secondary) (duration) _____ yrs. _____ mos. _____ ds.
18 Where was disease contracted Dixon, Montana.
if not at place of death?
Did an operation precede death? No Date of _____
Was there an autopsy? No.
What test confirmed diagnosis? Physicial
(Signed) Alfred J. Kelly, M. D.
, 19 (Address) Nejran
* State the DISEASE CAUSING DEATH, or in deaths from VIOLENT CAUSES, state (1) MEANS AND NATURE OF INJURY, and (2) whether ACCIDENTAL, SUICIDAL, or HOMICIDAL. (See reverse side for additional space.)

19 PLACE OF BURIAL, CREMATION, OR REMOVAL DATE OF BURIAL
St. Ignatius, Montana. 19
20 UNDERTAKER M. M. Twichel, St. Ignatius, Montana. ADDRESS _____

COPIES RESERVED FOR BINNING

U. S. No. 98
F-203-6
N. B.—WRITE PLAINLY, WITH UNFADING INK—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD. Every item of information should be carefully supplied. AGE should be stated EXACTLY. PHYSICIANS should state CAUSE OF DEATH in plain terms, so that it may be properly classified. Exact statement of OCCUPATION is very important. See instructions on back of certificate.

From Duzzie Glover

Duncan and Red Sheep's daughter Mary was born about 1876 and died about 1880. At this time I believe the McDonald's lived near the Jocko Agency.

Peter Call McDonald was born in 1882 probably at the ranch near the Jocko Agency and died August 20, 1905 in Missoula and was buried in the St. Ignatius Catholic Cemetery.

From The Daily Missoulian, Sept. 25, 1904, page 11:

"Dixon

Peter McDonald, son of Duncan McDonald, returned from Missoula last Saturday, where he has been under the doctor's care for the past few weeks."

From The Daily Missoulian, July 30, 1905, page 13:

"Dies Shortly After Reaching Hospital
Peter Call M'Donald Passes Away At Missoula.
Rheumatism of The Heart

Had been ill for several months and confined to room at home at Ravalli on reservation - Doctor called too late.

Missoula, July 29. -- Peter Call McDonald, aged 23, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald of Ravalli, on the Flathead reservation, died here this evening shortly after 8 o'clock from rheumatism of the heart. The young man had been ill for several months and confined to his bed at his home at Ravalli since July 2. For the past few days he had been growing worse, and yesterday the father sent for Dr. Parsons. As soon as the doctor saw the sick man he realized his serious condition and ordered him brought to town immediately for treatment. He was accordingly brought in this evening, accompanied by his parents, and taken to the Parsons-Smith hospital, but although everything possible was done to prolong his life, he expired about two hours after reaching the hospital.

The death is a very sad one and the old people are heart broken with grief at the loss of their only child. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald are well-known and respected residents of the reservation and have the sympathy of many warm friends in their bereavement.

Undertaker Marsh has charge of the remains and arrangements were made to-night to ship the body to the mission to-morrow afternoon, where the burial will take place on Monday." (from Bob Bigart)

From The Daily Missoulian, July 30, 1905, page 2:

"Death Takes Only Son from Them Mr. and Mrs. Duncan M' Donald Have Exceedingly Sad Bereavement

Peter McDonald, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald, died at the Parsons & Smith hospital last evening shortly after 8 o'clock, rheumatism of the heart being the cause of his demise. The young man was brought to the city from the Flathead agency by Dr. Parsons at about 615 o'clock last evening.

Mr. McDonald was taken sick July 2 while at the agency and his condition was such that he had to remain there. Yesterday Dr. Parsons went to the agency in response to an urgent message requesting his attendance. He decided that in order to afford relief to the sick man it would be necessary to have him brought to the hospital here.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald accompanied their son to Missoula and were with him when he died.

The loss of their son is indeed a sad blow to them, he having been their only child. He was 23 years of age and was known to be of excellent character. In 1898 he was a student at the state university here and was well liked by those who knew him at that institution.

Duncan McDonald is one of the most prominent stock growers of western Montana. He is also the proprietor of a store at the reservation and his circle of friends is a wide one. It will be a source of sorrow to his many friends to learn of his bereavement.

The remains were removed to the Marsh undertaking rooms. They will be shipped to Ravalli this afternoon and internment will be in the Mission cemetery Monday afternoon." (from Bob Bigart)

Duncan McDonald had 12 siblings:

1. John McDonald, born on the Snake River near Fort Hall [Idaho] and died January, 1866 at Fort Colville in Washington Territory and is buried in the St. Paul Catholic Cemetery there.

2. Christina McDonald was born September 20, 1847 on Big Camas Prairie near Fort Hall [Idaho]. She died in Spokane, Washington on December 11, 1925 at her daughter Kate's home. She married twice: E. Charles Williams (1847-1920) and second to James McKenzie (-1873).

3. Donald McDonald was born February 15, 1851 at Fort Connah and died in February of 1919 in Dixon, Montana. On July 1, 1877 he married Marguerite "Maggie" (Stinger) Stensgar (1855-), the daughter of Thomas Stensgar and Julia Plante. They had four children: Emma, Julia, Christina and Paul.

4. Anne McDonald was born August 25, 1853 at Fort Colville, Washington Territory and died December 11, 1896. She married twice: Thunderbolt Wilson and then Frank Cole.

5. Margaret McDonald was born November 30, 1855 at Fort Colville, Washington Territory.

6. Thomas Alexander McDonald was born December 18, 1858 on the Dearborn River in Montana and died October 20, 1939 in St. Ignatius, Montana. He married twice: Agate Ogden, the daughter of Michel Ogden and Angelic (Denoyer) Bonaparte and then Christine Todd. He had two children with Agate and nine with Christine.

6. Alexander McDonald was born August 6, 1861 at Fort Colville and died in November, 1864 at St. Francis Regis in Washington Territory.

7. Archibald McDonald was born July 19, 1863 at Fort Colville and drowned in September of 1888 in Flathead Lake, Montana.

8. Joseph Alexander McDonald was born April 4, 1866 at Fort Colville, Washington Territory. He married Lucy Deschamps, the daughter of Joseph "Scon-ca-nah" (Bow-legged) Deschamps and Mary Rodgers.

9. Angus Colville McDonald was born April 11, 1868 at Fort Colville and died October 2, 1942 at St. Ignatius, Montana. He married Elsie Bisson (1877-1906), the daughter of Raphael Bisson and Mary Lucy Finley.

10. Mary McDonald was born April 5, 1871 at Fort Connah, Montana and died in August of 1873 and was buried in the St. Ignatius Catholic Cemetery.

11. Angus Pierre McDonald was born October 13, 1861 at Fort Colville, Washington Territory and died June 6, 1924 in Polson, Montana. He married Anne Hove (Haave) and they had four children. This brother was the son of Angus and an Okanogan woman named Skoo hect.



1861

Christina McDonald (1847-1925), 1861. Photo by British Commission, Courtesy of Northwest Boundary Library of Congress (Image No. PR13CN 1999.001.01)



RARE OLD PICTURE—There are numerous head and shoulder pictures of Angus MacDonald, but here is one showing the full man and his two daughters at his side. On the left is Margaret, born in 1855, and on the right, Christine, born in 1847. The others of Angus' 13 children and the dates of their birth are: John 1843; Duncan 1849; Donald 1851; Annie (died young) 1853; Tom 1858; Angus P. 1860; Alexander 1861; Archie 1863; Joe 1866; Angus C. 1868; and Mary 1871. It is likely that this picture has never been published before. The original belongs to Mrs. Mary Swaney of Dixon, a granddaughter of Angus.

When the Hudson's Bay Company in 1847 sent Angus MacDonald, to take charge of its "Saxe House in the Flathead country," as it was known to the company, he re-named it Fort Connah. Upon arriving, he said to a man named Finley: "This reminds me of Scotland and the river Conne, only these mountains are much higher and more beautiful. I believe we will call this 'Fort Connah.'" Finley had trouble pro-

nouncing the word and called it 'Connah.' "You can't say it, huh?" Angus remarked. "Well that is close enough; we'll call it 'Fort Connah'".

That was the beginning of a new era in the Flathead. Long after England relinquished claim to the region, Angus MacDonald remained and the Flathead became his adopted home. His descendants are many and well known. He was born in 1812 and died in 1889. His wife was of the Nez Perce tribe and he brought her to Fort Connah.

A pageant-drama, "A Tale of the Shining Mountains," a true story of important happenings among the Whites and Indians in this region between 1847 and 1947 was presented near the old Fort Connah grounds in July 1947, under the direction of Professor Bert Hansen. Walter McDonald, president of the Confederated Salish-Kootenai Tribal Council, is a grandson of the native Scot. Many relics pertaining to Angus' life and activities are at the Museum of Northwest History, Montana State University, Missoula, and are now on loan to the Mission exhibit in the Mission church.



Elliott,

122 MAIN ST.,

Butte City, M.T.

ONCE AGAIN THANKS to Dorothy Lundvall's weekly Bouquet feature we wound up with a grand collection of family photos for Down Memory Lane — these courtesy of Florence McDonald Smith of Ronan. This week's selection is particularly interesting for several reasons. One is Angus P. McDonald (one of two sons with like names of THE Angus McDonald). Another is his sister Maggie, at right. A third is their attire, straight from the Scottish clan. And for a fourth, notice the "Butte City, M.T." photographer's identification. We figure that means Montana Territory, indicating the picture was taken prior to 1888, when the territory became a state.



THANKS TO WALT MCDONALD we have a really splendid Down Memory Laner this week. The group assembled outside the old storehouse (now departed) at Fort Connah included, from left, Charlie Graham, Pete Ogden and unidentified child, Joe McDonald, Alex McKinsey and Sam

Pablo. And of course those are the famous Angus McDonald bagpipes being played in the center. One man's identification is missing, and we'd be glad to fill it in next week if anyone knows.

To Live On a Reservation (Olive C. Wehr)



Pierre Angus McDonald