

Excluding Indians Not Taxed  
By Steve LaFontaine

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### Chapter 1

Matt Lance woke up early Friday morning in his modest one-bedroom apartment in Alexandria, Virginia. He glanced up at his clock on the night stand. It read 5:45 a.m. Climbing off his bed, he put on a bathrobe and then walked over to the bedroom window. He pulled the curtain back and looked outside. His apartment was located on the second floor of a high-rise apartment complex.

Matt Lance was tall and a physically handsome Native American with straight black hair, brown eyes, and bronze skin. His Native American features were prominent but attractive. Since he liked to jog, he was in good physical shape and had maintained an ideal weight.

The sky was cloudless but hazy, and the sun had risen in the East lighting the sky. In the distance he could barely see the tops of buildings and monuments in Washington, D.C. The motley birds were perched in tall, green leafy trees sounding their bird songs. The roadways were already heavy with passenger cars, trucks and buses competing for space. The traffic lights were holding the many vehicles in check. When they turned from red to green, the motor vehicles would race down the streets with a roaring hum.

Below his balcony, apartment dwellers were already orderly lined up at a bus stop waiting for a Washington Metrobus to arrive. Closing the curtain, Matt yawned and stretched his arms and muscular body. He made his way to the bathroom to take a steamy shower and to wash off a day's sweat and grime.

Since his arrival in Washington, D.C. a few days ago, the weather has been hot and humid. He quickly discovered that any kind of exertion outdoors would quickly make him sweat profusely.

Because of the heat, Matt decided to dress lightly. Since he wanted to make a good impression on his new bosses, he was taking extra time to dress well. He decided to wear his old blue suit, which was made of light cloth. He was not used to wearing a business suit and necktie. Back home on the Colville Indian Reservation in Washington state, he usually wore blue jeans and casual shirts

to work, as there was never a need to dress up on the job.

Matt had attended college and graduate school in Seattle, Washington where he earned a political science degree and a MBA degree. After completing graduate school he decided to return to the Colville Indian Reservation and go to work for the Colville Confederated Tribes. He had only intended to stay a few years with his tribe but ended up working eight years. His sojourn with his tribe were the best years of his life.

His new job started today. Matt had always wanted to spend a few years in Washington, D.C. working for the Federal Government. He had never before worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs or the Department of the Interior. The BIA Division of Tribal Programs had hired him as a program analyst, and this morning Matt was to report to work at the Interior Department Building in downtown Washington, D.C.

The power of Washington over Native American affairs had always fascinated him. It was that power which drew him to Washington, D.C., and he wanted to learn more about the power of Federal Government over Native American affairs. For this reason, he accepted a job with the BIA Central Office.

Though he was elated about working for the BIA Central Office, Matt wasn't sure what to expect. Traveling 2,700 miles across the nation was a big gamble. But he thought that opportunity was knocking for him in Washington, D.C., and he was certain that he had made the right decision by coming. However, there was no guarantee of success, but he would be working in Native American affairs, which was his greatest desire.

Since parking downtown was too expensive, Matt elected to ride the bus to work. From his balcony window he saw a large bus pulling into the apartment parking lot. To catch the bus, he knew that he had to move quickly. Seizing his briefcase, he charged out of his apartment and hurried out of the apartment complex. When he exited the building, the bus was still loading its many passengers, and he boarded it.

The bus traveled slowly as it shifted gears. It eased its way on onto a main thoroughfare and then onto the busy freeway. The bus was crowded with all classes of people who belonged to every nationality, ethnic group and color, who were intent on getting to work. Most of the passengers were the Federal Government employees or were the military employees.

The bus journeyed on I-395 expressway towards downtown Washington, D.C. At the Pentagon, he changed buses. His second bus took him over the Memorial Bridge, past the Lincoln Memorial and

onto Constitution Avenue, and he exited the bus a block from the Interior Department Building.

From his location on Constitution Avenue, Matt first decided to view the Viet Nam War Memorial, though it might make him late for work. The Viet Nam War Memorial was located a short distance from the Interior Department Building. Reaching the Memorial, he spent twenty minutes searching for the names of high school friends and classmates who died in the tragic war. Failing to find any names, he decided to return later and continue his search.

Pressed for time, he wound his way back to Constitution Avenue. Crossing the avenue, he recognized the South Interior Building. His letter of appointment had instructed him to report to work at the BIA Division of Personnel. He marched up the granite stairs leading to the building. After showing his appointment letter to the security personnel, he started for the BIA Personnel Division, which located on the lower floor of the building. He had to negotiate some stairs, which were curved around a stairwell.

Reaching the office designated in the appointment letter, Matt stopped and read a doorplate. The doorplate read: BIA Division of Personnel, and he entered office. Two women, who looked like Native Americans, were working in the office. He approached a desk with a nameplate reading: Diana Rivers.

"Hello," Matt said cautiously.

"Can I help you?" Diana asked, smiling at him. Twenty-seven years old, Diana Rivers was a pretty Native American woman from Arizona. Elegantly dressed, her blazer and skirt emphasized her full figure. She smiled incessantly, and her eyes sparkle when she spoke. Her sexuality immediately attracted Matt's attention.

"Yes. My name is Matt Lance," he said, "I was hired as a program analyst for the Division of Tribal Programs."

Diana Rivers asked softly, "Could I see your appointment letter?"

Handing her the appointment letter, Matt said nervously, "I was told to report to this office."

Diana quickly read his appointment letter and found everything to be proper. She said cheerfully, "Welcome to the B IA.."

"I'm glad to be here," he said, relieved at being accepted.

Pointing to other woman, Diana said, "You'll need to talk to the personnel clerk, Monica Davis. Her desk is over there."

Monica Davis was a Navajo from Arizona. She was in her early twenties, quiet and business-like, and she preferred wearing professional jackets and clothes.

"Thank you." He turned and walked over to Monica Davis.

She said, "Can I help you?"

He continued, "I'm Matt Lance. I am a new employee with the BIA."

"Which division?"

"The Division of Tribal Programs," he said.

She handed Matt five forms. "Please fill these forms out and return them to me," she requested dryly. She pointed to an empty gray metal desk where Matt could fill out the forms.

At the desk, Matt filled out the routine employment forms. When he finished, he strolled back to Monica Davis' desk.

He glanced over to Diana Rivers' desk to see what she was doing. She was wearing smart black high-heels and had sharp looking legs. He pondered whether Diana was married, since he didn't see a wedding ring on her left hand. But from experience he knew some married women didn't wear wedding rings.

"I'm finished with the forms," Matt told Monica Davis. He handed the forms to her. She briefly reviewed forms and put them into a box.

"Everything is in good order," Monica Davis acknowledged, "I wish you luck. You'll need it."

"What do you mean by that comment?" Matt inquired.

"You'll soon find out," Monica Davis said teasingly. "Your duty station will be at Room 2010 on the second floor of the Main Interior Department Building."

Matt Lance thanked her and started to the entrance of office. Stopping at Diana Rivers' desk, he asked her cautiously, "Are there many Native Americans living in the Washington, D.C. area?"

"Yes. There are some," Diana replied, "But they're scattered throughout the area."

"I expect most of them work for the Federal Government," he commented, trying to make conversation with her.

"Yes," Diana smiled, understanding Matt's intent.

"How many Native Americans work for the BIA Central Office?"

"Scores."

"That's good."

"I'm certain you'll be meeting most of them," she added, "A lot of them eat lunch at the Interior Department cafeteria."

Matt was immobilized by the presence of Diana Rivers, and he couldn't force himself to ask her for a date, as he imagined her to have several manly boyfriends. He concluded that there was nothing more to be gained by talking to her, as she might sense his hesitancy to act. He said goodbye, turned around, walked to the office door, and left the office. Picking up his pace, he moved down the passageway, up the twisting stairway, past the security guards,

and finally outside of the South Interior Building.

Matt stopped and looked at shrubs, trees, and lush grass decorating the South Interior Building and Constitution Avenue. The sun beat down on the granite stone building, concrete sidewalks and stone stairway. Tourists were traversing the sidewalks of the avenue and the Mall across from the South Interior Building. Passenger cars, trucks, and buses were accelerating over the black asphalt of the busy street.

Matt leisurely made his way to the Main Interior Department Building, which stood nearby towering before him. As he made his way to the entrance of the building, he was growing increasingly jittery.

## Chapter 2

Matt Lance entered the Interior Department Building. Two Afro-American security guards were stationed at a security check point blocking the access to the building. One guard was a heavy woman of medium height, and the other guard was a tall, slender man. Both were wearing guard uniforms. The man stopped Matt and asked him for his Interior Identification Card.

Matt shown the guard his appointment letter, and he said, "I'm a new employee with the Bureau of Indian Affairs. I am to report to Room 2010."

The security guard telephoned office of the Division of Tribal Programs. After speaking to someone, the guard hung up the phone and told Matt to go to Room 2010. Pointing to some distant stairs, he directed Matt to walk down the corridor to the stairs, go up the stairs to the second floor, walk twenty feet further and take a right turn at the next side corridor. Matt thanked the guard and started on his way.

Following the guard's directions, Matt didn't have any problems finding Room 2010. The doorplate read: Division of Tribal Programs, Bureau of Indian Affairs. He hesitated at the door a few seconds before twisting the doorknob and pushing the door open. As he entered, a Native American woman looked up from her secretary desk. In her early fifties, she was a dignified- looking woman with grayish black hair, and she was wearing a casual dress.

"Can I help you?" inquired the Native American woman, leaning back in her chair.

He said slowly, " My name is Matt Lance."

"Oh, you have arrived," she responded.

"The appointment letter directed me to report to work today."

The Indian woman said in a friendly tone, "Well. I'm the secretary for the Division. My name is Sarah Strong. You may call me Sarah. "

"Thanks Sarah."

"We're happy that you've arrived safely," she said.

"It wasn't an easy trip."

"If you want, sit down on the couch."

"Where's Mr. Johnson?" he asked.

"Mr. Johnson and his staff are meeting in the conference room."

She pointed to the door of the conference room.

"Have they been meeting long?"

"No. As soon as the meeting is over, I will introduce you to Mr. Johnson," Sarah said, "He'll be glad to see you."

"Well. I'm anxious to meet the staff," he replied while he took a seat on the couch. The couch was situated in front of Sarah's secretary desk.

"Matt. You'll like working for the Division." She explained that Chef Johnson was easy going and agreeable.

"That's good to hear."

"And listen to everything that he has to say," she advised, "And talk to him first before consulting anyone else."

"Well. I hope I'm able to help the Division of Tribal Programs," Matt added defensively. "I've never worked for the BIA before. "

"Didn't you work for your tribe, the Colville Tribe?"

"Yes. Eight years," he answered proudly.

"With your MBA degree and your background working with tribal government," Sarah reassured, "I'm certain that you'll have no problems."

"Well. I was a little worried."

"But I let me warn you about Susan Blanchard," Sarah said in an urgent tone. She explained that Ms. Blanchard was the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services.

"Is she important?"

"She'll be more your boss than Chet Johnson."

"This is first time I've ever heard of Ms. Blanchard," he said, "Is she going to be a problem?"

"Susan could be a problem for you."

"How?"

"Well. She has never lived on an Indian reservation, but she acts like that she has," she said.

"Oh," Matt sounded worried.

"She has no experience working with tribal governments and knowledge life on Indian reservations," she explained, "No doubt you'll be a threat to her."

"Is she a Native American?"

"No. She's only worked for the Central Office for three years. "

"How did she get her appointment?"

"Her political connections."

"Do you have any more advice?"

"When you're around her, it would be wise not to brag about your reservation background," Sarah said, "And watch what you say on the fourth floor."

"What's on the fourth floor?"

"The BIA big wigs are up there," she replied, "It's pretty dog-eat-dog up on the fourth floor."

"They obviously take themselves too seriously."

"Well. They don't like other Central Office employees talking about them," she said.

"It's hard to believe that the BIA top management would take themselves that seriously. Are they that insecure?" Matt Lance looked astonished.

"Some of them are very paranoid about Native Americans, especially the reservation kind."

"Paranoid?"

"Take Susan Blanchard," Sarah said, "She actually has spies who provide her detailed information about her critics or potential competitors."

"That's ridiculous."

"She's quite good at silencing her opposition. She has many trusted employees," Sarah explained.

"Why would she do that?"

"To Susan it's only good business management."

"Is there anyone else that I have to be worried about?"

"Well. You should watch out for Maxine Hubbard, Susan's Assistant Director, and Jane Weaver, Susan's secretary," she responded.

"When will I meet them?" he asked.

"You'll be meeting them this morning."

Matt Lance thought about his apparent though unexpected new boss, Susan Blanchard. He was deeply troubled by the prospect of working for her. Sitting back on the cloth-covered couch, he pondered whether he had made a serious mistake in coming to work for the BIA Central Office. He had assumed that he would be working for people who had job experience with the BIA's field offices or with the tribal governments. And that his bosses would have no problems working with Native Americans or their representatives. He didn't expect to work for people who had little direct knowledge of Native American affairs and Native American people.

In the conference room, Chet Johnson was meeting with his staff about their work assignments for the coming week. Four human figures sat around a large rectangular table made of hardwood. Eventually the subject of Matt Lance came up.

"When is the new program analyst coming to work?" asked Boswell Norton. He was the administrative officer for the Division. Forty-nine years old, Boswell Norton was chunky and balding with bushy eyebrows. He looked humorless and always worried. He



habitually wore black pants, a black necktie, and a white shirt.

"Matt Lance promised to report today," Chet Johnson answered. A man of slight build, Chet Johnson was a Cherokee from the State of Oklahoma and a career BIA employee. Sober and god-fearing, he spoke with a subdued Oklahoma drawl. In his early fifties, he had short dark hair with some gray hair and had dark eyes.

"How did we find such a gullible, unquestioning person as Matt Lance?" joked Patricia Shoemaker, the Assistant Chief for the Division. Mrs. Shoemaker was in her middle forties, and she dressed professionally. She was a fleshy, medium-build woman with dark hair.

"He must be a true-believer," Joseph London interjected, a division program analyst. Reserved and studious, Joseph London was a towering figure, and he had a milky complexion and a pleasant smile. His hair was light brown; his eyes green; his face narrow and long, and his nose thin. Thirty-nine years old, he was wearing a handsome beige pin-striped suit, as he liked to dress well.

Chet Johnson cautioned, "Matt Lance might be naive, but he has great credentials."

"Can we depend on him?" Ms. Shoemaker asked.

"I think we can count on him to carry his load and help this Division do its work," Chet Johnson replied.

"It isn't often we get a reservation Indian to come to Washington, D.C.," Ms. Shoemaker pointed out.

"Well. He's here," Chet Johnson defended.

"I wonder how long he'll last with the BIA Central Office," Mrs. Shoemaker continued.

Perturbed by her comments. Chet Johnson wanted to end the conversation, and he said, "To use an old cliché, we shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth."

"Well. I hope he works out," Ms. Shoemaker said.

"We'll soon find out," Chet Johnson responded, "Well. Let's end the meeting. We have plenty of work to do."

Chet Johnson and his staff marched out the conference room into Sarah Strong's office where Matt Lance was sitting. Noticing the group coming out the conference room, Matt stood up immediately and waited for Sarah to introduce him to Chet Johnson. He saw there were four persons leaving the conference room. Exiting first, Chet Johnson walked over to Sarah's desk.

"Mr. Johnson. Matt Lance has arrived." Sarah Strong pointed to Matt.

Stopping in front of Matt Lance, Chet Johnson said excitedly, "Hello Matt. I'm happy you made it to Washington. It's good to see you in person."

"Mr. Johnson. I'm glad to be here."

"Please just call me Chet. Let me introduce you to my staff." Chet Johnson then introduced his staff.

Matt shook hands with his workmates, as he explained to them that he was looking forward to working with them. He finally said to them, "It's good to meet you. "

"Matt. Come into my office." Chet Johnson directed.

Matt Lance followed Chet Johnson into his office and sat down on an old brown vinyl couch. Matt sank into the couch as its springs gave way. The couch was positioned against an old doorway and was facing Chet Johnson's executive desk.

Chet Johnson started to explain the responsibilities of the Division of Tribal Programs. "As I told you over the telephone, this Division is mostly involved with the planning of BIA programs involved with tribal self-government."

He explained that the division developed the federal regulations to implement its programs. They also did a lot of work on developing budgets for the field programs and answered congressional correspondence from Senators and Congressmen. Finally, he explained the division did troubleshooting for the BIA, which means the Division did anything that was assigned to it.

"To whom will I be responsible?" Matt asked. He remembered Sarah's comments about Susan Blanchard.

"You are directly responsible to me, and I am directly responsible to the Susan Blanchard, the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services." Chet's voice weakened as said those words.

"Who is Susan Blanchard?" Matt asked, as he was deeply concerned about his unexpected new boss.

"Susan Blanchard has been with the BIA for the past three years."

"I mean how did she get her job?"

"She has some important political connections," Chet Johnson said, "That's how she obtained her position." He explained that she was an Easterner who was born and raised in Northern Virginia, and she was educated in the East. He stated that she has a MBA degree and was divorced with two good-looking teenage children.

"I heard that she can be difficult and demanding," Matt offered.

Chet Johnson replied, "Susan Blanchard demands perfection and promptness."

"She sounds tough."

"She is. And if you drink, she is very anti-drinking," Chet Johnson warned. He explained that apparently her ex-husband was an alcoholic. Whatever that term meant to Susan.

"Does she actually have spies?" Matt asked incredulously.

"Who have you been talking to?"

"No one."

"Well. She does have her pet employees who can do no wrong, and she has many trusted employees."

"Then it is true!"

"I would be careful about what you say about her and her work," Chet Johnson said, "I hope that I haven't alarmed you."

"That's outrageous! This is my second warning about Susan Blanchard this morning."

"You'll survive. You got a head on your shoulders."

"I cannot understand how she could be a Director at the BIA Central Office," Matt Lance stated vehemently.

"It's those kind of comments that will get you into trouble with the powers on the fourth floor," Chet Johnson cried out.

"I'll watch myself."

"Anyway I don't want you to get into trouble."

"That's good to hear."

"Don't express your opinions too loudly," Chet Johnson said.

"Why not?"

"These walls have ears. There is a lot of ambitious people at the Central Office."

"Thought control and personality cults - I don't understand!" Matt Lance cried out.

"For my sake," Chet Johnson shook uncontrollably, "Just do your job."

"I'll try."

"And don't talk about thought control and personality cults," Chet Johnson said, "They'll soon label you a disgruntled or troubled employee."

"I'm not a problem employee," Matt protested, "But I'll watch what I say."

Calming down, Chet Johnson stated to Matt Lance, "We need to go up to Susan Blanchard's office on the fourth floor. She wants to meet you and introduce you to her staff. "

"To enable them to spy on me. " Matt suggested.

Chet Johnson leaned back in his executive chair, clasped his hands, and stared at Matt Lance. "It's talk like that will get me into serious trouble."

"I'll tone down."

"I only have a few years to go until I'm eligible for retirement," Chet Johnson pleaded for mercy.

"I understand."

"I'm not a professional. I need this job to make a living."

"Well. I don't want to get you into trouble," Matt said.

"Thanks."

"It will take me some time to get used to the Machiavellian politics at the Central Office."

Chet Johnson glared at Matt and realized there was no stopping him. He would have to swim or sink on his own. He said, "Let's head up to Susan Blanchard's office."

Chet Johnson stood up and walked out of his office, and Matt followed behind. His fate uncertain, Matt marched in unison with Chet Johnson to the elevator and rode up to fourth floor. Again they marched in unison to Susan Blanchard's office, saying little. A young Indian woman was sitting at a secretary desk, and they stopped at her desk.

Pointing to the young Indian woman, Chet Johnson said, "This Is Jane Weaver, Susan Blanchard's secretary."

Then turning to Matt Lance, Chet Johnson introduced Matt to Jane Weaver.

Wearing heavy dark rim glasses, Jane Weaver was short but shapely woman with straight black hair and piercing brown eyes. She had a displeasing look that alarmed Matt, and she eyeballed Matt looking for some defect.

"Miss Susan Blanchard is waiting for you. You can go right into her office," Jane Weaver said. Matt Lance and Chet Johnson stepped into the Susan's office.

Susan's office was spacious and elegantly furnished. Her office over looked "E" Street. A thick green carpet covered the floor and apricot drapes shaded the many windows. In spite of the drapes, the office was sunny and bright. Photographs of the President, the Secretary of the Interior, and Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs hung on the walls.

Susan looked up from her mahogany desk and then stood up on her feet scrutinizing Matt Lance. Another well-dressed woman was sitting in a conference chair next to Susan's desk, who also stood up. Susan was tall, fair-skinned, shapely blonde with bluish eyes. Her physical beauty was extremely important to her; accordingly, she was well-dressed and stayed in good physical shape, and she looked younger than her years. Although she had not entirely accepted being thirty-nine, she was convinced her age would only create career opportunities for her.

"Susan. This is Matt Lance, the new program analyst for the Division of Tribal Programs," Chet Johnson announced proudly.

"Mr. Lance. I've heard a lot about you. We're pleased to meet you," Susan said.

"Thank you."

"I hope you had a safe journey coming to Washington, D.C.," Susan stated.

"There were no problems."

"I'm sure Chet told you that I'm the Director of the Department of Government Services."

"Yes. Chet Johnson told me."

Matt Lance observed that Susan Blanchard was a handsome woman with a grin on her striking face. Her dark green two-piece suit was stylish and made her appear commanding and professional. He could not estimate her age but he thought she must in her thirties because of her holding a directorship.

Susan watched Matt look her over. She resented his prying eyes, as he looked her over from head to foot. She resented one of her employees giving her the look over.

"This is Mrs. Maxine Hubbard, the Assistant Director of the Department." Susan pointed to her Assistant Director.

Wearing a dark blue dress, Maxine was medium built but full figured, and had dark hair and light brown eyes, and her skin was swarthy. She was in her middle thirties and was more married to her job than her husband. Seeing a possible competitor, Maxine closely examined Matt.

"It's good to meet you - Mrs. Hubbard." Matt Lance tried to be polite.

Waving her forefinger at Matt, Ms. Blanchard lectured her new employee. "Please listen closely, " she said, "I'll be signing most of the correspondence and memoranda that you'll be doing for the BIA Central Office."

"I understand," Matt said.

"I want the grammar and punctuation to be perfect!"

"I'm a good writer."

"Well. We're all professionals around here," she continued, "Remember to follow regulations in the BIA Manual."

"It's a very important publication," Maxine Hubbard added.

"And you want to obey all of my orders!"

Shocked, Matt Lane sighed and looked at the pretty woman and tried to understand her. Chet Johnson's face was pained. Apparently, Susan Blanchard wanted to intimidate him and quickly make him understand whom was boss. Snickering Matt countered, "I'm only here to serve you."

Challenged, Susan's face reddened slightly and then grimaced. She quickly turned to Maxine Hubbard and said, "Maxine. Let's go back to work. Goodbye Chet and Mr. Lance."

"Well. Ms. Blanchard. We'll be leaving," Chet Johnson replied.

"That's what I want."

Before Matt and Chet Johnson could leave the office, Susan called to Chet Johnson, "Chet. I want you to stay for a few minutes."

In the corridor Chet Johnson told Matt to go back to the office and get settled. Sarah Strong and Mrs. Shoemaker would help him. Then Chet Johnson ambled back into Susan's office. He immediately knew that he was in trouble. Susan and Maxine liked to gang up on him. It would be two on one. They were waiting for him at Susan's desk.

"Chet. You'll have teach Matt Lance some manners," Susan said heatedly, "He has to learn respect for his superiors."

"Did he do something wrong?"

"Yes," Susan said, "Maybe he got away with rude behavior on his Indian reservation, but he is now in Washington, D.C."

"Matt Lance certainly has a smart tongue! He'll never fit in at the BIA Central Office." Maxine Hubbard jumped in supporting Susan.

Intimidated Chet Johnson could only wait in silence for the verbal attack to end.

"Chet. Do you have anything to say?" Susan asked, "You're the one who hired him!"

"I know."

"You couldn't wait for me to return from vacation. I hope that you're satisfied."

On the defense Chet Johnson responded, "Susan. Matt Lance does possess a MBA, and he has eight years experience in tribal government. "

"So?"

"And all his recommendations were excellent."

"So?"

"He may have some rough edges, but I do not picture him failing."

"He still could be a problem employee." Susan replied dryly.

"Not Matt Lance," Chet Johnson urged.

"You know he does have a political science degree," Susan battled, "And I know very little about this man."

Maxine Hubbard's turn was next. "If Matt Lance is so good, why is he here?"

"Maybe he's naive," Chet Johnson responded.

"He probably got ran off his reservation!" Mrs. Hubbard opined, "He could even be a crook."

"Let's wait and see how he works out." Chet Johnson requested, "Matt should do quite well."

"You may be right. But Maxine has a good point," Susan argued.

"Yes," Maxine said gleefully.

"I'm a good judge of character," Susan continued, "No Native

American leaves his reservation and travels clear across the nation to come to work for the BIA Central Office without there being something seriously wrong with him." She needed to say the last word, and Maxine nodded in agreement.

"We'll see." Chet Johnson did an about-face and left the office.

When Chef Johnson left the office, Susan said, "Chet is so believing. He believes anything he reads or hears about Native Americans."

"I'm not impressed with Matt Lance," Maxine spoke, "What does Chet Johnson did see in him?"

"Matt Lance has a professional degree," Susan said, "Chet thinks any Native American with a professional degree can save the BIA Central Office."

"Fat chance!" Maxine stated bluntly.

"I agree with you."

"There has to be something wrong with Matt Lance," Maxine said, "He is too good to be true."

"Being a Native American man, Matt Lance must have some vices that we can use against him." Susan speculated, "If I could just get something on him!"

"Maybe he's a boozier or a womanizer."

"That would do."

"Sure."

"Today is Friday." Susan was thinking aloud.

"Do you have an idea?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Maxine. I want you to go the restaurant and bar where the Native Americans hang out at on Friday nights."

"Why?" Maxine asked.

"If my suspicions are right, I think Chet Johnson will owe me an apology."

"You're talking about Marion's Restaurant and Bar."

"Yes. That's restaurant and bar. "

"It will be my pleasure." Maxine liked going to Marion's. It has been weeks since she was there last, and she decided to take Jane Weaver with her. She just as well have a good time while she spied on Matt Lance. Marion's could be an exciting place on Friday nights.

## Chapter 3

When Matt Lance arrived back at the office, Sarah Strong was busy working with her word processor. Looking up, she was curious about Matt's meeting with his new boss. Grinning, she asked, "How did your meeting go with Susan Blanchard?"

Stopping at her desk, Matt said nonchalantly, "Well. She is a pretty blonde."

"She is pretty but tough."

"But I got the impression she was trying to intimidate me," he related.

"Yeah. That's Susan."

"Well. She takes her job too seriously," he complained, "And when I told her I was only here to serve her, she got upset."

"You shouldn't provoke her. You'll be seeing a lot of her," Sarah Strong teased with a slight laugh.

"I didn't intend to get Miss Blanchard upset. But I didn't like the way she was lecturing me," Matt commented testily.

"But she'll be signing most of the correspondence and memoranda that you'll be preparing for the Division."

"She already told that."

"If I were you, I'd make a big effort to get along with her," Sarah warned jokingly.

"I'll try," he responded with an wry face.

"Well. Let me show you your desk and give you some supplies."

"Good idea."

"You'll be in the same room with Patricia Shoemaker." Sarah led the way to Matt's new office.

Patricia Shoemaker was busy at her executive desk pounding away on a personal computer. The computer stood on a small cart adjacent to her old wooden desk, and computer software was spread over her desk. Looking up, Mrs. Shoemaker said a quick hello and returned to entering budgetary information into the computer.

Sarah Strong directed Matt to a dark green, wooden desk. The large desk looked like it was left over from the World War I. His old military-gray chair was made of cushioned vinyl and steel. It was apparently declared surplus by the Pentagon, and the color of the vinyl was tarnished and grimy. His dark green file cabinet must have served in every theater of war since World War II. The cabinet paint was heavily scratched.



Grinning, Sarah said, "You're in the BIA now!"

Matt Lance chuckled in response and sat down at his Spartan desk. The chair was uncomfortable, and its rollers squeaked. He examined his desk top. It was covered by a large tan rubber pad, which was dusty, spotted with coffee and stained with oily grime.

The room was lighted by large windows, covered only by Venetian blinds, and fluorescent lights hung from the high ceiling. Bookcases lined the west wall of the room, and a large map of the United States hung on the east wall.

Matt tested all of his worn furniture and equipment for defects or damage. When finished, he walked over to the windows and gazed down into a spacious, concrete square, which was surrounded by the offices of the Interior Department Building. There were green trees and green shrubs evenly spaced throughout the garden square. A few well-dressed men and women who looked like VIPs were sitting on concrete park benches.

Eventually Mrs. Shoemaker finished working with the computer and summoned Matt to her desk. He ambled to her desk. Wearing reading glasses, she handed him a large packet of material. An attractive woman of forty-five years old, she acted busy and important. Mrs. Shoemaker had been Assistant Chief of the Division for four years. Unambitious, she liked being the Assistant Chief. The job did challenge her, and it did not interfere with her marriage.

Speaking up, Mrs. Shoemaker said in a high pitch voice, "It's good to have you aboard."

"It's good to be here."

"The workload was getting too heavy," she said, "The Division definitely needed an additional program analyst."

"Well. I'm ready to go to work."

"Chet Johnson wanted me to give you these materials. "

"What are they?" he asked.

"They are sections from the BIA Manual and the Interior Departmental Manual," Mrs. Shoemaker said.

"It sounds like pretty dry reading."

"Chet wants you to review them the rest of the day."

"Is that all?"

"On Monday he'll be giving you some assignments after the Division staff meeting, "

"Well. That's good to hear. I don't want to simply sit around reading," he replied.

"No. Chef Johnson has great plans for you."

"I want to find out what the BIA Central Office is all about," Matt responded confidently.

"Matt. I hope that you won't be disappointed. You don't have an easy job," Mrs. Shoemaker stated.

"I wasn't expecting an easy job"

"With your background I'm positive that you will be doing most of the difficult assignments for the Division."

"That's why I'm here."

"It isn't often we get someone as qualified as you," she said.

"Bring on the work." Matt felt confident.

"The only drawback is that you'll be working closely with Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard," Mrs. Shoemaker said. She eyed his innocent face for an adverse reaction.

"I've already met them," he said uneasily.

"I know."

"Chet Johnson and Sarah have already told me about Ms. Blanchard," he said, "but who is Maxine Hubbard?"

"Well. She worked her way up from a secretary to Assistant Director of the BIA Department of Government Services."

"Does she have a degree?"

"I understand she was an English major in college," Mrs. Shoemaker replied.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Well. Maxine is excellent at proof reading," she responded, "and she is an ally of Susan Blanchard. "

"I'm not surprised."

"Maxine has fangs and is not afraid to use them. I would stay out of her way."

"I'm glad you warned me," Matt said.

"Maxine has never had an original idea," she continued, "but she's a survivor."

"I don't think a bureaucracy is capable of having original ideas."

"Maybe."

"Its leaders are too concerned with promoting themselves or preserving their jobs and perks," Matt remarked.

"Huh. We have a resident philosopher. We're going to have some fun." Mrs. Shoemaker smiled in anticipation of the future.

Not amused, Matt Lance returned quietly to his desk and started to religiously study the numerous sections of the BIA Manual and Interior Departmental Manual, which Mrs. Shoemaker had given him. The manual sections were dry but interesting, as he was frantically trying to discover the real BIA and his unknown fate. He was absorbed in the manuals until lunch time.

Sarah Strong poked her head through the doorway of the Matt's office and said, "Matt. Let's go to lunch."

"Sure. I haven't eaten today."

"I don't want to eat downstairs at the cafeteria," she said.

"Then where?"

"Let's go to Rawlins Park across from the north side of the Interior Department Building."

"Fine with me."

Sarah led the way out of the Division office into the hallway and down to the security guard check points. Leaving the building, they walked towards "E" Street, which was heavy with traffic. Sarah pointed to Rawlins Park across the street from the Interior Department Building.

Matt could see rectangular strip of land comprised of freshly cut grass, and gray concrete, and trees in full bloom. The noon sun warmed the park. There were few unoccupied park benches, and the walkways were crowded with government workers and tourists out for an afternoon stroll.

Sarah and Matt first walked to a vendor who was selling food on the sidewalk. She bought a hot dog with onions and a bag of potato chips. He purchased a sausage, a giant pretzel, and a soft drink. When traffic light turned green, they dashed across "E" Street to the park.

Motley people of all races, classes, and occupations were using the park. Several uniformed police officers were eating lunch in their patrol cars, parked across from the park. With children in hand, tourists sat on benches looking over maps of downtown Washington, D.C., and homeless men were sleeping on more secluded parts of the park.

Pointing to a sleeping homeless man rolled up in a grimy blanket, Sarah joked, "That man looks like the Ex-Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs."

Matt laughed uncontrollably, and he contemplated the transitoriness of power and position.

They found a beat up park bench made of wood on the fringes of a square within the park. It had been painted over many times with green paint. Sarah sat down and placed the white bag containing her food next to her on the bench, and Matt did the same.

"What is your opinion of Chet Johnson?" Sarah asked.

"Like most bureaucrats, he is too concerned about his retirement."

"He does mention it often."

"I realize that he is my boss," Matt continued, "but he is too concerned about not getting into trouble with his superiors."

"What about Mrs. Shoemaker?"

"Mrs. Shoemaker is okay," he said, "She works hard, and she has been helpful."

"It's getting hot out here," Sarah said. They started to consume their lunch.

Across the square from Sarah and Matt, two Native American women were eating their lunch on a park bench. One woman appeared to be in her late thirties or early forties. The other was a young woman who couldn't be over twenty. They both were casually dressed and were slender and pretty. Sarah Strong caught sight of them and waved to them in recognition. Smiling, they waved back to Sarah.

"Matt. Do you see those two women across the square?"

"Yes."

"They are mother and daughter."

"What's their names?"

"The mother is Lottie Pointer, and the daughter is Dora Pointer."

Sarah stated.

"Where are they from?" he asked.

"They are from the Crow Tribe in Montana."

"Do they work for the BIA Central Office?"

"Yes."

"They both look pretty to me," Matt said, "You know when you're getting old when both the mother and the daughter look good to you."

"Matt. How old are you?" Sarah laughed.

"I'm thirty-two," Matt smiled.

A well-dressed and professional-looking couple walked past and sat down at the park bench next to Sarah and Matt. They both looked like they were somewhere in their late twenties.

"Matt. The couple sitting next to us look like a couple of yuppies," Sarah whispered.

"You mean young urban professionals."

"Yeah. Yuppies!" she emphasized.

"I'm a yuppie," he boasted.

"I don't think so; you're too old to be a yuppie."

"What do you mean?" Matt protested.

"I wouldn't call being thirty-two years old - young!" Sarah argued.

"I'll admit I'm no spring chicken."

"So I'm right."

"Sarah. The term yuppie refers to urban professionals of the baby boom generation," he explained.

"So?"

"I'm a baby boomer!" Matt cried out.

"The term yuppie does not quite fit you," Sarah opined.

"Well. I'm not trouble by the literal meaning of the term."

"I would be."

"But the term yuppie refers to the attitudes and lifestyle of the baby boom generation," he offered.

"Well. God save the country when your generation comes to power," Sarah bantered.

"It should be exciting," Matt smiled.

Sarah laughed hysterically. Looking at her wrist watch, she said, "Huh. It's time to head back to the office."

"Yes. I have more reading to do. "

"I was enjoying my conversation with you."

"I enjoyed myself too."

Sarah and Matt wandered through the lunch crowd gathering in the park and returned to the Interior Department Building.

The rest of the afternoon Matt spent reading sections of the BIA Manual and the Interior Departmental Manual. Matt found the material more palpable in the afternoon than in the morning. Mrs. Shoemaker was in and out of the office all afternoon, as she was busy attending inter-divisional meetings.

The work day finally ended; it was 4:15 p.m. Matt planned to head to Marion's Restaurant and Bar for a couple of beers.

## Chapter 4

Joe London had told Matt Lance that Marion's Restaurant and Bar was the local watering hole for Native American employees of BIA Central Office, especially after work on Fridays. Matt walked out of the "E" Street entrance of Interior Department Building and headed to Marion's a few blocks away. The air was sticky, hot and humid. He could feel the heat emanating from the concrete sidewalks and asphalt streets. Arriving at the Marion's Restaurant and Bar, he cautiously edged his way into the barroom, as the door was open. Since the barroom was dimly lit, his eyes needed time to adjust to the lighting.

The motif of the bar was the 1890's. The ceiling was decorated with gas lit chandeliers, and the walls were covered with paintings and photographs from the 1890's. Memorabilia from the 1890's was scattered throughout the bar, and the bartenders and cocktail waitresses were dressed in colorful barbershop outfits.

The smoky barroom was crammed with customers loudly conversing with one another, and there were complimentary appetizers available on a table, as it was Happy Hour. The customers were eagerly eating the tasty appetizers. The barroom had an old and scarred bar counter and antique wooden tables. Matt got the impression that most of customers worked for the Federal Government or local law firms, as men were dressed in suits and ties and the women wore blazers and skirts.

Seeing an empty wooden barstool at the bar counter, Matt Lance maneuvered through the vocable customers and tables. Reaching the bar, he climbed upon the barstool and ordered a light beer from a young female bartender with long auburn hair. Behind the bar was a large mirror, which filled the back wall.

In deep thought, Matt stared at himself in the mirror while he drank his light beer. Pondering his future, he recalled the events of the day. He thought of Susan Blanchard, who could be the source of future problems. He couldn't understand what the pretty woman had to fear from him. Her paranoia baffled him. Maybe he was naive about coming to Washington, D.C.

Turning to his right, Matt looked at the back of a robust man, who was sitting next to him. The man was wearing a blue suit and had short black hair and a bronze skin. The huge figure finally turned towards the bar. Looking into the mirror, Matt could see that the

man had Native American features. He looked younger than his fifty years and had a booming voice, and he was joking with the customer next him.

Matt saw his opportunity to meet the man when he turned toward his position. Looking at the man's face, he asked, "Do you work for the Bureau of Indian Affairs?"

The man stared at Matt's face, pondering whether Matt was a Native American. He finally said, "Yeah. I'm the Assistant Chief for the Division of Contract Compliance."

"Well. I'm Matt Lance."

"My name is Kenny Treatyrights," the man said, "What outfit do you work for?"

"I'm a new program analyst with the Division of Tribal Programs."

"Oh. You work for the BIA."

"Yes. This is my first day on the job," Matt explained, "What tribe do you belong to?"

"I'm a Native American from Oklahoma."

"I'm pleased to meet you."

"Welcome to the BIA Central Office," Treatyrights said. "I hope you enjoy your stay with the Central Office."

"I hope so too."

"It's a tough place to work."

"There are a lot of Native Americans from Oklahoma who work for the Central Office," Matt Lance pointed out innocently, "I have already met about ten from Oklahoma."

A little perturbed, Treatyrights broke out in a broad grin. His booming voice threaten, "Do you have something against Native Americans from Oklahoma?"

"Why no," Matt replied, "I was only making an observation."

"It sounds like you're prejudice."

"You must admit there are many Native Americans from Oklahoma who work in Washington, D.C.," Matt Lance pointed out. He realized that he had made a mistake by mentioning the subject.

"We're just more intelligent than other Native Americans," Treatyrights cracked, "and we have a lot of pride."

"Sure."

"I think you should drop the subject."

"You're right."

"Good."

"How long have you been with the BIA?" Matt asked.

"I'm been an employee with the BIA for twenty-eight years," Treaty rights boasted.

"That's a long time. "

"The last ten years I've spent in Washington, D.C. working for the Central Office"

"Then you're a BIA old timer!" Matt started to sip his beer.

"Matt. You have a talent for annoying words," Treatyrights protested.

"I'm sorry."

"I think I've heard about you."

"Me?"

"You're that hotshot Native American from Washington state who's going to change things around here," Treatyrights thundered.

"I don't know about that."

"The other day, Joe London was talking about you."

"Well, I'm no hotshot. I'm just a Native American from the Colville Reservation," Matt defended.

"Have you ever worked for the BIA before?"

"No. This is my first time working for BIA."

"Who have you worked for?" Treatyrights asked.

"The last eight years, I've worked for the Colville Tribe," Mali replied.

"Well. You have plenty to learn about the Central Office."

"I agree."

"It can get pretty rough at the Central Office," Treatyrights said, "It's not a place for weaklings."

"Things were pretty rough back home too."

"Maybe so."

"Politics is the same everywhere."

Seeing his wife come through the door, Treatyrights said, "Let's move to a table. My wife is coming."

A lawyer by training, Treatyrights was friendly, sentimental and candid. Though he was seasoned, he had a nostalgic streak, which softened his tough appearance.

They moved to a large wooden table in a quiet corner of the barroom, from which they had an excellent view. When Treatyrights' wife joined them at the table, Matt ordered a round of drinks from a pretty cocktail waitress. Treatyrights was drinking bourbon and seven's, and his wife was drinking screwdrivers.

"This is my wife, Gladys," Treatyrights introduced his wife.

"Pleased to meet you," Matt responded.

Pointing to Matt, Treatyrights said, "And this is Matt Lance. He's with the Tribal Programs Division."

Wearing slacks and a blazer, Gladys Treatyrights was Pawnee from Oklahoma. She was slender with light brown hair and eyes. Though she looked fragile, she was self-confident and vocable, and her husband was very proud of her. She worked for the Indian Health Service of the



Department of Human and Health Services in Rockville, Maryland.

Treatyrights and Matt began to debate whether the BIA was just a collection of people, whose sole purpose was bureaucratic survival and eventual retirement in their old age. They also engaged in a rhetorical discussion of the role of the BIA's Central Office in making decisions affecting tribes. Not being satisfied, they debated whether the BIA or the tribes were more capable of governing tribal affairs. Treatyrights was pro-BIA, while Matt Lance argued forcefully for the tribes.

While they were chatting, two pretty women appeared at the entrance to the barroom. Matt Lance immediately recognized one of them as Diana Rivers, and his hopes rose as they approached the table. Apparently, they were friends of Kenny Treatyrights. Diana had an air of elegance and grace about her that Matt found fascinating. When women reached the table, Treatyrights asked them to take a seat. Diana Rivers sat across from Matt, who was smiling unabashedly.

Pointing to Matt, Treatyrights said, "This is Matt Lance. He's a program analyst for the Tribal Programs Division."

"We've met," Diana said quietly.

Pointing to the women, Treatyrights said, "This is Diana Rivers. She's a personnel specialist with the BIA's Personnel Division."

"Good to meet you again," Matt said eagerly.

"And this is Paula Pride is a secretary for the Director of the BIA Division of Natural Resources."

Quiet and reflective, Paula Pride was maiden with light brown hair, gentle hazel eyes and pleasant features. Though she was slender, she was well-proportioned and was wearing an expensive pink clinging dress.

"I met Matt Lance this morning when he reported to work at the Personnel Office," Diana Rivers spoke in a soft seductive voice.

Waving to a cocktail waitress, Treatyrights said, "Roxanne. Get a drink for Diana and Paula."

Roxanne hurried over to the table and took their orders. Diana ordered a beer, and Paula ordered a vodka and seven.

Looking at the entrance to the barroom, Matt noticed Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver walking into the barroom. They sat down at a table across the room from Treatyrights' table. Maxine and Jane ordered a couple of tequila sunrises from a redheaded cocktail waitress. The cocktail waitress promptly returned with their drinks, and Maxine and Jane slowly sipped their drinks. Once in a while, they would casually glance over to Treatyrights' table watching the party.

"Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver are here - Pussy Cat and Sour Puss. They must be on a spy mission," Treatyrights roared, finally seeing them across the room.

"Yeah. It's them," Diana confirmed.

"Matt. Have you met Maxine and Jane?" Treatyrights asked.

"Yes. I met them this morning when I met Susan Blanchard."

"Ah. So you met Old Boss Susan Blanchard."

"Yeah."

"Maybe you're the reason why Maxine and Jane are here," Treatyrights cried out, trying to intimidate Matt.

"Maybe," Matt commented.

"The Old Boss must not like you," Treatyrights continued gleefully, "I'm honored to be in your presence."

"Ms. Blanchard was lecturing me about grammar, punctuation and spelling this morning," Matt said indignantly.

"Yeah. That's her," Treatyrights agreed.

"She has never even seen my work yet."

"Perhaps you'll take the heat off of me," Treatyrights joked, "She is always trying to put a trouble employee label on me."

"Apparently you don't like Susan Blanchard," Matt stated.

The entire table yelled in unison, "No. We don't."

"Hey. Basil Collins is coming into the bar," Treatyrights howled.

A well-dressed tall, Native American man in his middle forties, he sat down on a barstool at the bar and ordered a cold beer.

Appearing intoxicated, he had rubbery cheeks and deep eyes.

Basil Collins worked for the BIA Central Office and was the Assistant Chief of Administrative Records and Notices. He was cheerful and well-meaning, but he had problems handling stress, which led to a drinking problem. Still wanting to be successful, Basil had made an alliance with Susan Blanchard and was one of Susan's trusted employee.

Realizing he was on a roll and Matt was defenseless, Treatyrights continued, "Basil Collins is one of Susan's pet. He can do no wrong."

Getting the nerve to say something, Matt Lance said, "Susan Blanchard seems like to control things."

"She doesn't take any chances with people," Diana added.

"She's very manipulative," Treatyrights exploded, "and she is paranoid about every Native American BIA employee who has a professional degree and who came an Indian reservation."

Treatyrights had too many bad experiences working for Susan to have anything good say about her. The subject was generally upsetting to him.

Matt was afraid to push the matter further; thus, he decided to

talk to Diana Rivers, who was sitting across from him.

According to Treatyrights, Diana Rivers was divorced, had no children, and was twenty-seven years old with no steady boyfriends, which greatly relieved Matt. Like Matt, she lived in Alexandria, Virginia, which Matt thought would be convenient.

"Diana. What tribe do you belong to?" Matt inquired, hoping to strike up a conversation.

"I'm an Apache from Arizona," she answered.

"Arizona."

"I understand you're from Colville Reservation in the State of Washington." Diana Rivers spoke with an inviting smile.

Matt Lance answered, "Yes. I lived and worked there for eight years."

"I like tribes in the State of Washington," she added.

"How long have you been in Washington, D.C.?" Matt asked.

"I'm been in Washington, D.C. for four years."

"That's not long. "

"But I would like to return to Arizona," Diana said, "I've applied for a couple of BIA jobs in Arizona."

Diana surmised that Matt was interested in her, as he kept looking at her. Having just met him, she had her reservations. He appeared unsure, and she hardly knew anything about him. But he was good-looking, and she smiled back at him.

Treatyrights thundered, "The BIA Police is here. It's Herbert Sharkley of the BIA Police. Rattlesnake Herb is here."

Matt Lance saw a large, ponderous Native American man enter the barroom. He took a seat in the far corner by himself and ordered a Scotch on the rocks. His dark blue blazer and gray pants were too small for his overweight body. A BIA Police insignia was sewn on his blazer. His polyester necktie was still wrinkled from a recent washing. He had a habit of observing the customers in the barroom by slowly moving his head in a semi-circle.

"Hey. I know Herbert Sharkley," Matt announced, "He used to be a BIA police officer on my tribe's reservation." Matt explained that Sharkley got into trouble for allegedly misappropriating some liquor and beer from the police evidence locker.

"That's sounds like Herb," Treatyrights declared gleefully,

"So Herb is in Washington, D.C. now!" Matt commented.

"Rattlesnake Herb stealing!" Treatyrights roared, "If you can't trust your local BIA police officer, who can you trust?"

Herbert Sharkley had always been a BIA police officer. With grey hair and nearing fifty, he was now the Assistant Chief of BIA Division of Police Services. He had worked his way up through the ranks, and he was obsessed with crime, lawbreakers, and radical,

militant Indians.

"Matt. You're more important than I thought," Treatyrights cried out.

"What do you mean?"

"It isn't often we see Pussy Cat Maxine, Sour Puss Jane, and Rattlesnake Herb in a bar at the same time."

"Do you think they're here because of me?" Matt Lance asked incredulously.

"You're the only new BIA employee here."

"I suppose you're right."

"I'm right," Treatyrights opined.

"What about my boss, Chef Johnson? Is he okay?" Matt Lance asked, fearing to hear the answer.

"Sheep is your boss!" Treatyrights yelled out.

Matt was completely unnerved and was ready to escape the barroom for safer surroundings. He muttered, "What did I get myself into?"

"Matt. You're in for the duration! Enjoy your prison sentence." Treatyrights chuckled.

"Until now, I've never believed in conspiracy theories," Matt added.

"Well. You'd better start believing in them now," Treatyrights hammered away.

"I'm a little hungry," Diana interjected. She wanted change the subject of the conversation, as it was getting a little heated. With Maxine, Jane, and Sharkley in the barroom, she knew that Matt and Treatyrights would continue talking about Susan Blanchard. She didn't want to hear anymore about Susan and her allies tonight.

"Let's all go to dinner on me," Treatyrights offered, "in honor of Matt Lance."

"I don't want to impose on you," Matt said.

"I would like to eat some Chinese food," Treatyrights declared, as he was determined to line up Matt with Diana Rivers.

"Well. I am hungry," Matt admitted, "When I drink beer, I eat."

"Good," Treatyrights said.

"Well, I can't go," Paula Pride announced, "I need to go home and get ready for a date."

First hesitating, Matt finally spoke, "Diana. Would you like to go dinner with me?"

Diana thought to herself, smiled, and said, "Why not! I have nothing planned for tonight."

Standing up first from the table, Treatyrights and Gladys waited for the others to finish their drinks. Matt, Paula and Diana quickly

finished their drinks, and they got up from the table.

Maxine Hubbard watched them getting ready to leave and pondered where they were going. She thought about following them, but she changed her mind. She already had enough juicy information about Matt Lance, and she was excited about telling what happened at Marion's to Susan Blanchard on Monday morning.

Led by Treatyrights, the joyous group walked out of Marion's Restaurant and Bar leaving behind Maxine, Jane, Basil Collins and Herb Sharkley.

## Chapter 5

Once they exited the restaurant, Paula Pride left the party and proceeded to the subway station. Led by Kenny Treatyrights, the foursome headed up the street towards the Chinese restaurant. Matt Lance and Diana Rivers walked together.

The sidewalks, streets, and buildings still retained the heat of the day, and the air was muggy and stale. A white haze obscured the sun and blue sky. The thick air quickly made Matt Lance sticky and thirsty. He looked forward to the comfort of an air-conditioned restaurant.

Matt marveled at downtown Washington, D.C. with all of its variety of buildings and structures. The sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians, who were anxious to get home or to go to other appointed places. Taxi cabs were scurrying about the streets trying to outmaneuver the other vehicles. With lights flashing, a police car was screaming down the streets. Sounding their sirens, fire trucks closely followed the police car. When permitted by the traffic lights, masses of people hurried across the streets of the downtown area. From the sidewalk Matt could see that the restaurants and bars were busy with customers. It was a typical Washington, D.C. Friday night.

After walking four blocks, they reached a Chinese restaurant named Lei Shang Palace. Painted red and gold, its facade was built like an ancient Chinese temple. Entering the restaurant, Matt saw that the waiters were wearing white blazers and black slacks. The host waiter guided the party to a table in the back of the restaurant. Matt sat down next to Diana Rivers. His imagination was actively planning the events of the evening with Diana. He could hardly believe his good fortune in meeting her.

"Matt. You should like this Chinese restaurant," Treatyrights stated, "They served excellent food and drinks."

"It looks like a great place," Matt said, as he was impressed with the elaborate furnishings.

"I've never been here before," Diana confessed reluctantly. She rarely admitted she had not been to a restaurant before on a previous date.

"I just started coming here," Treatyrights pointed out. He enjoyed its atmosphere and the array of friendly people who were

generally well-dressed.

A waiter arrived at the table and asked the party if they wanted to order drinks. Buying a bourbon and seven for himself, Treatyrights ordered a round of drinks for the table. Diana and Gladys ordered screwdrivers, and Matt stuck with light beer. The waiter left four menus for the party.

"Diana. I've heard that the cost of living is extremely high in Washington, D.C.," Matt Lance said.

"Yeah. Housing is especially expensive."

"I'm use to the low cost of living on a rural Indian reservation."

"You'll find that most everything cost a little more," Diana replied.

"There's more money floating around in Washington, D.C.," he commented.

"Matt. Were you raised on the Colville Indian reservation?" Diana asked.

"No. I grew up in Seattle."

"Gee. You're urban Indian!" she commented.

"Well. All four of us are now urban Native Americans whether we like it or not," Matt countered.

"I don't think of myself as an urban Native American," Diana stated.

"Don't see how a Native American can preserve his reservation culture and lifestyle in a big city," Matt said.

"You may be right."

"Everything in a big city is so different from the reservation."

"Matt. Why did you come to Washington, D.C.?" Diana hoped to find out more about Matt.

"I suppose I came for adventure and experience."

"Well. We all have our reasons," she said.

"I'm not certain how long I plan to stay in Washington, D.C.," he commented.

"You'll probably spend the rest of your life in Washington, D.C." Diana Rivers laughed in a friendly fashion.

"No. Not me."

"You'll meet a woman here and stay."

"Susan Blanchard is available," Treatyrights joked.

"No. I don't plan to stay."

"You'll enjoy the night life of Washington," Diana said cheerfully.

"That's a possibility."

"Washington, D.C. does have it advantages," Diana pointed out, "It has plenty of good nightclubs, and the cultural scene is excellent. "

"You almost have me convinced."

Carrying a tray, a waiter approached the table and placed drinks

on the table. He then asked, "Do you wish to order dinner?"

"I'll have your Peking Duck dinner for two," Treatyrights said, ordering for Gladys and himself. Then the waiter looked at Diana. "I'll have a side order of shrimp and rice," Diana said. She never ate large meals.

"Waiter. I'll have a chicken and fried rice dinner," Matt ordered.

Thirty minutes later, the waiter was back with the orders. The food was sumptuous and filling. After finishing their dinners, they ordered more drinks and continued their conversations about the hazards of working for the BIA Central Office.

"Matt. It was good to meet you today," Treatyrights said.

"I enjoyed meeting you too."

"You're going to find working for the BIA Central Office to be challenging and difficult," Treatyrights said.

"I didn't expect it to be easy," Matt replied.

"The Central Office is full of people like Susan Blanchard, Herb Sharkley, and Chet Johnson," Treatyrights pointed out.

"I'll survive."

"But it will be good to have another ally at the Central Office," Treatyrights said, "If you need any help, call on me."

"I'll wait and see what happens," Matt said, as he was not reassured by Treatyrights' statement.

"Matt and Diana. We need to head home," Gladys said, "It has been an enjoyable evening."

"I hate to see you two leave so early," Matt said.

After paying for dinner and leaving a tip, Treatyrights and Gladys said their goodbyes and left the restaurant. Diana and Matt were finally alone. They eyed one another. Matt was pleased with the events of the evening, and his expectations were beginning to rise.

"Diana. Have you always been single," he asked.

"No. I was once married for three years." It wasn't often that she mentioned her past marriage, but Matt was honest and thoughtful. She started to trust him and enjoyed being with him.

"Three years?"

"Yeah. My ex-husband and I simply lost interest in one another," she revealed, "We never had that much in common in the first place."

Matt disclosed, "I've never been married myself."

"Why?"

"There aren't many professional women on a rural Indian reservation at least not for a professional Native American," he tried to explain.

"Oh."

"A rural Indian reservation has little to offer most women



professionals." Matt was attempting to justify his perennial bachelorhood, but he was not persuasive with Diana.

She just smiled at him, which made him uneasy and defensive. She replied, "Indian reservations have their limitations."

"Diana. Let's go disco dancing." He decided to be more decisive, as he wanted to make a night of it with her.

"Where?"

"I know a hotel with a disco in Alexandria."

"I think I know the place. Let's go," Diana replied, uninhibited. She had not dated a true bachelor in a long time, and she wanted to find out what they were all about. Matt appeared to be a safe but interesting date.

Matt pulled out his wallet and left a hefty tip. Exiting the Chinese restaurant, they found a blue and gray taxi cab waiting at the entrance. Matt told the taxi cab driver to take them to Alexandria, Virginia. The cab was hot and muggy as its air conditioning was broken. It wound its way through the Washington, D.C. streets to the Memorial Bridge, past the Arlington National Cemetery and on to I-595.

Lights from freeways, streets, buildings, and monuments lit the city. People were busy moving about the streets in speeding cars or walking on the sidewalks. A full moon shone over Northern Virginia as the cab sped towards it. The night was beginning to cool, and some stars managed to shine through the obscuring city lights and the haze of the sky.

Reaching West Alexandria, the cab took the off-ramp at Seminary Road and drove to a thirty-story hotel. Paying the taxi cab driver, Matt and Diana found their way to the hotel lobby bar.

The hotel lobby was spacious and elegant, and green shrubs, leafy plants and small trees lined the lobby. They sat down on two large soft chairs. A pretty cocktail waitress walked over, and they ordered drinks. They wanted to rest a few minutes before going dancing. They were enjoying each other's company.

"It's a stately hotel in the grand style," Matt said.

"I've been here before," she said.

"I live a few blocks from the hotel," he said, "It should become a popular place with me."

"Bachelors are only interested in their night life," she jested.

"I suspect it depends on the bachelor."

"Sure."

"Well. I'm not one to stay home on Friday nights, at least not in Washington, D.C.," he said seriously. He hoped he was not creating a negative impression in Diana's mind, as she might object to his lifestyle of nightclubbing.

"Matt. Let's go to the disco. "

"That's why we are here if I remember correctly."

"I love to dance."

Finishing their drinks, they walked down to the disco. The name of the disco was Charlie's Place. They entered the colorfully designed disco and found two seats near the elevated dance floor. A cocktail waitress dressed in black slacks and a white blouse took their order for drinks. Matt ordered a beer, and Diana ordered a screwdriver. After ordering drinks, they were content to watch the elaborate and artful dancing, and they smiled at another while they got in the mood to dance.

Charlie's Place was packed with men and women of many backgrounds. They were primarily in their twenties and thirties, and there were over two hundred customers. The disco was noisy with the chatter of people, and the bartenders and cocktail waitresses were busy serving the boisterous crowd, who were generally well-dressed. Amber, blue and red lights were flashing on and off over, under, and around the hard-wood dance floor. The music was loud but not deafening.

Eventually the disk jockey played a slow dance. Matt extended his right hand to Diana and asked her to dance. She accepted, and they started out to the dance floor. When they reached the middle of the dance floor, they stopped and caught each other hands - right to left. Matt did not attempt to get any closer to Diana's shapely body. He was satisfied with holding her hands and dancing four inches from her. After the slow dance, they continued to dance to three more pop tunes of varying speeds. Tiring, they returned to their seats, sat down and watched the dancing. The dance floor was constantly packed with dancing couples.

"Matt. You're a good dancer," Diana Rivers remarked. They were waiting for another slow dance to be played by the disk jockey, who was an African-American man with a deep modulating voice.

Matt was pleased from his dancing with Diana, as she was intoxicating. "Maybe coming to Washington, D.C. was a good idea after all," Matt thought to himself.

The disk jockey played another slow dance. After they walked out to the dance floor, Matt did not hesitate to put his arms around Diana's body drawing her close to his muscular body. He could feel the movement of her body, and they danced cheek to cheek.

Pleased by their slow dancing, Matt hoped that music would last forever. They both were growing confident of each other. After the slow dance music, they returned to their seats. They danced or watched the dancing until midnight.

"Are you getting tired?" Matt finally asked Diana, as he was getting tired himself.

"Yes. I'm a little tired, but I'm having a good time."

"Well. I would like to show you my apartment," Matt offered.

"Aren't you quick?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you trying to seduce me?" Diana smiled.

"Why, no. I merely want to show you my apartment and talk a little more," he responded.

"Well. There's no harm in looking over your apartment," she said softly, "Let's go."

Leaving Charlie's Place and the hotel, they flagged down a taxi cab and rode it a short distance to the high-rise apartments where Matt lived. Entering the building, they rode the elevator to the second floor and walked to Apartment 211.

After entering his apartment, Matt turned on his compact disc player and played a rock music selection. Finding his apartment too cold, he turned off his air conditioning and opened the balcony glass door. The night air was still warmer than his apartment. The vehicular traffic and street noise had died down, and surrounding apartment buildings were dark.

His modest one-bedroom apartment was nothing spectacular, but it served his needs. Being a bachelor, he never had a good reason to buy stylish furniture. Thus, his furniture was old, worn and unmatching, but most importantly he did own a blue cloth-covered love seat.

"Diana. Take a seat on the love seat," Matt directed.

"Sure." Diana sat down on the love seat.

"Do want a drink?" he asked.

"Yeah. I'll take a cola drink," she indicated, "but I want a tall glass with some ice in it."

Matt obeyed and got a couple cans of cola and a tall glass with ice. He handed a pop can and the glass with ice to Diana, and he placed his can of pop on a beat up coffee table made of stained pine. He had constructed coffee table in a high school wood shop class long ago.

Sitting down on the love seat, he asked, "Is there any special reason why you drinking your soft drink with ice?"

"No. There's no special reason," she replied, "I simply like to drink pop with ice."

"I suppose the ice keeps it cold."

"You'll playing some good music," she said.

"I just bought that compact disc player a few months ago," Matt

said.

"I like the quality sound."

"I'm just beginning to buy music discs for it."

"I plan to buy a compact disc player when I finish paying off my furniture," Diana revealed.

"It has been an enjoyable evening," he said, as he eyed her lovely face and figure.

"Matt. You've been good company."

"You're beautiful woman."

"Thank you."

"You're not pretentious, and I enjoyed being you with tonight."

Matt looked into Diana's eyes.

"Is this your usual line?" Diana smiled.

"Not really."

"You must have all kinds of girlfriends."

"I really find you to be fascinating," he said.

"Don't stop."

Matt reached over touched her delicate hands. They turned towards each other on the love seat and gazed into each other's eyes.

"It has been a wonderful night," he whispered.

Diana agreed by silently nodding her head. Matt reached over kissed her on her lips, and they embraced in a long kiss with their arms tightly around one another.

When they finished kissing, she grabbed his hand and whispered, "Let's go to your bedroom."

In the bedroom, they again embraced and kissed, and they quickly undressed.

Matt stepped back from his bed, and he said, "Diana. Let's get on the bed."

Once they completed making love, Diana pushed Matt off and told him she wanted to go to sleep.

Having not made love for several months, Matt wanted more sex, but he thought the better of it. He rolled over on his back and pulled a sheet and a blanket over them, and they went to sleep.

The morning arrived. The sunlight shone through the light green curtains of the bedroom. Lying face down, Matt put his right arm around Diana's body. She had found a bath robe to sleep. Within a few minutes, he was fully awake, but she was still quietly sleeping.

Lying in bed, he thought about his first few days in Washington. They have been unexpected and unbelievable. Of course, there would be the reality of Monday morning and work. But for now his thoughts were dominated by Diana. He never had met such a pretty Native American woman.

Diana Rivers stirred and rolled over on her back. She smiled and said, "Good morning."

"You're finally awake."

"I must have drank too much last night,"

"You had a few drinks. " He was a slightly disappointed at her excuse making.

Looking at him, she said lightheartedly, "Matt. Is this your usual technique?"

"Of course not. I'm not a womanizer."

"That's hard to believe," she mocked.

"Well. I could lie in bedroom all day, " Matt beamed.

"I have many things to do this morning," she asserted.

"Can I use your shower?"

"Go ahead," he said grudgingly.

"Where's the clean towels?"

"The clean towels and the hair dryer are under the sink."

Diana walked into the bathroom. Matt heard the shower go on. He dressed. Wandering into the kitchen, he washed his hands and then opened a can of pop. After thirty minutes, she emerged and was fully dressed. It was Matt's turn to shower, and he spent about twenty minutes in the bathroom. When he returned to the living room, Diana was sitting on the love seat.

He walked over to the love seat and sat down. He had donned a blue jeans and casual shirt. He said, "Diana. Do you want to eat breakfast?"

"I could eat a light breakfast."

"Let's go to a restaurant."

"Fine with me."

They left the apartment building and drove down Van Dorn Street. The day was sunny and bright but less humid than on Friday. Driving a couple of miles down Van Dorn Street, they searched for a restaurant.

"Matt. That's a restaurant that serves good food." Diana pointed to the restaurant.

"Okay. We'll eat there."

Matt drove his car into the parking lot, and they entered the restaurant. At the entrance, he bought a morning newspaper. A smiling host led them to a table next to a window. He ordered a ham and cheese omelette, and she ordered a small meal.

He commenced to read the newspaper. After reading the bold print, he said, "There's not much news in the morning paper."

"Well. I'm not surprise," she said.

"The President has vetoed another bill," he revealed, "And Congress is threatening to override his veto."

"Is there any other news on the front page?" Diana asked. She

grabbed the local news section and started to read it. Matt continued to read the front page.

"Another sex scandal has been exposed."

"That's interesting."

"A high administration official was involved."

"Politics and illicit sex always go together," she replied.

"Washington has a lot of politicians, not necessarily elected, law enforcement officers and attorneys," he opined.

"What do you expect? It's the capital of our nation."

"Every other person in Washington, D.C. is either an attorney or a law enforcement officer," he continued.

"There are a lot of attorneys. But I think the computer analysts are closing the gap," Diana smiled.

A waitress brought their breakfast and set it on the table, Matt quickly ate his omelette. Diana slowly nibbled on her food while Matt finished reading his newspaper and drank his coffee.

"Matt. I have many things to do today," she finally said.

"So do I."

"We should go."

"Okay."

Matt paid for the meal and left a tip, and they walked out the restaurant. Following Diana's directions, he drove his car north on Van Dorn Street and turned at street which took them under 1-595. Driving a little farther, he turned into a parking lot. Diana pointed to her garden apartment. The apartment building had two stories, and she lived on the second floor. They strolled up to the door of her apartment.

"Diana. Do you want to go to dinner and a movie tonight?" Matt asked cheerfully, attempting to disguise his shyness.

"I'm sorry, but I'm busy tonight."

"Oh."

"Paula and I have something planned," Diana replied, "But I had a great time last night."

"I had a good time too."

"You certainly did," she smiled, "You're an interesting person."

"Thank you."

"Give me a call next week if you have time," She opened her door and softly said goodbye.

Matt said goodbye and slowly walked back to his car. He wasn't disappointed, as he was highly pleased with last night. He definitely planned to contact the pretty Native American woman next week.

## Chapter 6

Plowing through a large shallow pool of murky water, the Washington Metrobus screeched to a halt on Constitution Avenue. Turbid water splashed on the wet sidewalk. It was a warm and rainy Monday morning.

Matt Lance was taking an early bus to work. Looking out the rain coated bus window, he was sitting at the back of the bus on a hard cushioned seat. Metrobus needed to stop three more times before he planned to exit the bus.

Few passengers rode the bus at this time of the morning. When passengers did step off the bus, they quickly spread their umbrellas to avoid getting soaked by the torrential rain. The rainy downpour battered the asphalt pavement, concrete sidewalks, and luckless pedestrians walking in the rain. The green leafy trees strained against the gusting wind, and a thick mist of water swept down the street getting the frantic pedestrians wet and frustrated.

Automobiles and trucks rushed through puddles of water throwing rainwater on the unsuspecting pedestrians. When the traffic light turned green, the wet pedestrians dashed madly across Constitution Avenue and down the 19th Street to the Interior Department Building.

Leaving the bus, Matt Lance followed a petite woman with auburn hair carrying a large red umbrella. Carrying a leather briefcase, she darted across the street ignoring the vehicular traffic and then hurried down the sidewalk. He could not keep pace with her, and he dropped further behind. Reaching the south side of the Interior Department Building, she ran up the many stone steps of the entrance and entered the building.

As the rain suddenly eased, Matt slowed his pace to a walk. He got to the top of the concrete steps and pulled open one of heavy metal doors of the building. The security guards were standing at their station. Matt flashed his identification card at the guards and walked past them.

For Matt, Monday mornings were usually slow and routine. But the suspense of traveling through the rainstorm had made him wide awake and alert. Though still apprehensive about his job, he was eager to begin doing the job that brought him to Washington, D.C. He decided to head to the cafeteria, as he wanted to drink some

coffee before going to his work station. Walking down a stairway, he found the cafeteria on the lower level.

Before entering the cafeteria, Matt stopped and bought a couple of newspapers from the vending machines. Tucking the newspapers under his arm, he opened one of the cafeteria's glass doors and entered. The cafeteria consisted of three large rooms containing numerous tables, chairs, and food counters. There were two African American women manning two of the cash registers. Tall coffee makers were brewing fresh coffee. Liking the aroma, Matt trotted to the coffee counters and poured himself a large cup of coffee. Then he proceeded to a cashier stand. An African American woman sat on a cushioned stool before a cash register, and she wore a brown uniform. Paying the cashier for the coffee, he headed to a table near the front of the cafeteria.

The cafeteria was filling up with well-dressed people, who were seeking some relaxation and comfort before reporting to their bureaucratic jobs. Here and there were service and maintenance workers, dressed in monotone brown uniforms or black pants and white shirts.

The cafeteria appeared to be organized according to profession or Interior Department bureau. The BIA employees were grouped around the pillars holding up the ceiling of the cafeteria. The Bureau of Land Management employees were sitting up front near the rail enclosing the food and drink counters. The Bureau of Reclamation employees were clustered at the center of the cafeteria. The employees of other Interior bureaus were scattered throughout the cafeteria.

The Interior Deputy Associate Solicitors were sitting in the northwest corner debating the legal problems of the day. The engineers were off in a side room of the cafeteria. The computer analysts occupied another side room. The law enforcement officers sat near the entrance of the cafeteria where they closely eyeballed everyone entering or leaving.

Near the back of the cafeteria was a solitary figure sitting at a white, vinyl-top table. It was Harlan Goodloe, who was a Native American from Minnesota. While drinking coffee, he was reading the morning newspaper. He had long arms and legs and a short body and appeared to be in his fifties. His brown tweed jacket and tan pants were baggy and shopworn, which gave him an unkempt look. His hair was gray; his eyes were brown; and his skin was a pale brown. His graying hair was uncombed, and his black eyes sparkled with excitement as he read his newspaper. While he read, he had a habit of showing his teeth and raising his eyebrows.



Matt Lance intended to sit several tables away this odd-looking man. But as he moved past, the man muttered some inaudible words. Thinking that the man was talking to him, he carefully turned around and looked at the strange man.

Still reading the newspaper, the man was busy talking to himself about a news article concerning reincarnation. Observing Matt's presence, the man glanced up and mumbled a hello.

Not sure what to do, Matt decided to be polite and returned the hello. He put his coffee and newspapers on the table. Since the man appeared to be a Native American, he wanted to get acquainted with the man. Holding a chair, he asked, "Can I take a seat?"

"You're here. Go ahead." Fidgeting, the strange man was happy that someone wanted to sit with him and possibly talk to him. He eyed Matt.

Sitting down at the table, he said, "I'm Matt Lance."

"I'm Harlan Goodloe."

"I'm a new program analyst for the BIA Tribal Programs Division," Matt related, "This is my second day on the job."

"So you're a new employee with the Central Office?"

"Yeah."

"I'm glad that I have a chance to talk to you," Goodloe mouthed, "I work for the BIA Contract Compliance Division."

"Do you work with Kenny Treatyrights?" Matt asked. He was pleased that he found someone who knew the charismatic Kenny Treatyrights, but he found Goodloe to be a strange and troubled individual.

"Yes. I work with Kenny Treatyrights," Goodloe replied enthusiastically.

"I met Kenny Treatyrights last Friday night at Marion's Restaurant and Bar," Matt revealed.

"Yeah. Treatyrights goes there often."

"It has a good bar."

"Treatyrights and I have been friends for many years," Goodloe offered.

"Treatyrights is a fine fellow."

"He's one of my best friends."

"What's so interesting in the newspaper?" Matt questioned.

"It's an excellent article about reincarnation," Goodloe answered.

"Goodloe. Do you believe in reincarnation?"

"Oh, yeah. I do. In my previous life I was Chief Crazy Bear," Goodloe asserted.

"What?"

"I'm the reincarnation of the person of Chief Crazy Bear."

"What do you mean by reincarnation of Chief Crazy Bear?"  
Matt's fears about Goodloe were confirmed.

"Chief Crazy Bear lived in the early nineteenth century. He was a great Indian warrior. I'm his reincarnation," Goodloe spoke wildly.

"What is benefit of being Chief Crazy Bear?" Matt expressed doubt in his voice.

"It make me the protector of Native American people."

"Protector?"

"Yes. I protect Kenny Treatyrights from the bad people on the fourth floor," Goodloe cried out.

Matt was beginning to think that Goodloe was demented. He said, "Are you talking about Susan Blanchard?" He didn't want to mention her name, but it was the natural thing to do. Immediately he knew that he had made a big mistake.

Goodloe became wildly excited. Shaking, the pupils of his eyes enlarged, and he gritted his pale yellow teeth. He blurted out, "Are you going to work for Susan Blanchard?"

Matt thought hard and answered, "I don't work directly for her, but my boss, Chet Johnson, reports to her. "

Losing composure, Goodloe warned emotionally, "No, no. Don't work for her. She's dangerous. Return home before its too late. Return home before it is too late."

"She can't be all that had," Matt argued, "She's a BIA Central Office Director."

"She's a demon," Goodloe warned heatedly. His efforts to warn Matt instantly ended as he became silent and withdrawn. His black eyes stared blankly across the cafeteria.

"How long have you worked for the Central Office?" Matt was trying to get Goodloe out of his catatonic state, as he didn't want to be responsible for making him a mental cripple.

Goodloe reacted gradually to Matt's question. He was coming around. "I-I-I w-w-worked f-f-for th-th-the C-C-Central Off-Off-Office for ten years and the BIA for twenty-eight years," Goodloe stuttered but finally got the words out in a rush.

"You're a BIA old-timer. You must have seen plenty of BIA history?" Matt wanted to cheer up the luckless Goodloe, who appeared to be a classic case of bureaucratic "burnout".

But Goodloe didn't respond, as he was busy watching the cafeteria entrance. There were myriad persons entering and leaving the room.

A huge manlike form entered the cafeteria carrying a black umbrella. His raincoat, lower pant legs and black shoes were

dripping wet from the torrential rainstorm. His short black hair and face bore evidence of the downpour, and he was loudly cussing the storm and shaking the rain from his clothing. It was Kenny Treatyrights.

Rambling to the coffee counters, Treatyrights purchased a large cup of coffee. Cream and sugar were generously added to the heated concoction. Seeing Goodloe and Matt across the room, Treatyrights plodded towards twosome and stopped abruptly in front of their table. Treatyrights first said hello to Goodloe.

"Hi Treatyrights," Matt said.

"Good morning, Matt. I see you have met the Crazy Man," Treatyrights vocalized. Placing his steaming coffee on the table, he removed his wet raincoat and put it on a chair, after which he sat down in the chair.

Fearing the answer, Matt asked, "Who's the Crazy Man?"

"Goodloe is the Crazy Man!" Treatyrights divulged. Hearing his words, Goodloe immediately perked up.

"Why is Goodloe called the Crazy Man?"

"Because Goodloe works for the BIA Central Office."

"I don't get the connection."

"Matt. You're crazy too for working for the Central Office," Treatyrights loudly proclaimed. Smiling benignly, Goodloe was vigorously nodding in agreement with Treatyrights.

Alarmed, Matt pondered whether Kenny Treatyrights was crazy himself. His wild-eyed assertions had unnerved him. Maybe Treatyrights was just acting the madman. Thus far, Matt's whole experience with the Central Office had been madding. He had expected the Central office to be more a placid organization, and he was surprised at what he found.

After Matt failed to respond, Treatyrights said, "I can prove that you're crazy for working for the Central Office." Treatyrights waved his forefinger at Matt while he talked. His eyes glowed red; his forehead wrinkled; and his shoulders arched as if to pounce.

Skeptical, Matt asked, "Where's your proof?"

Treatyrights smiled with satisfaction recognizing that his victim was truly helpless and unsuspecting. He cracked, "You traveled 2,700 miles to come to work for Susan Blanchard. You must be crazy!"

Goodloe was so delirious about Treatyrights' response that he stood up and honked loudly. Disturbed by the excitement, the deputy associate solicitors glanced over to the table speculating what the Native Americans were up to. They sneered at Matt's table and returned to their rhetorical debate about the latest Supreme Court

decisions.

"I didn't come to Washington to work for Susan Blanchard," Matt countered.

"That's precisely my point. Would a sane man travel 2,700 miles to work for someone that he knows nothing about? I rest my case!"

Treatyrights roared.

"Susan Blanchard is not the Central Office."

"We'll wait and see."

"If I remember correctly, Chet Johnson is my boss," Matt retorted. He was quickly losing his patience with Treatyrights.

"Sheep Johnson is not your boss. Susan Blanchard is your boss! Susan is the Central Office to you," Treatyrights insisted adamantly.

"You could be wrong about Susan Blanchard."

"I don't think so."

"She may just be a good manager." Matt always tried to see the good side in any person he met.

"Matt. You are extremely naive about the BIA Central Office. It's not for innocent people like you," Treatyrights cried out. Goodloe was moving his large head back and forward between Matt and Treatyrights, following their debate.

"That's why I came to Washington," Matt related, "I wanted to learn something about the Central Office."

"I hope that your sojourn is worth the price," Treatyrights fired back.

"I'm willing to pay the price."

"You'll soon find out that it is difficult for a reservation Indian to work within the system." While Treatyrights spoke, Goodloe continued to nod in agreement and smiled at the articulate Kenny Treatyrights.

"Treatyrights. I don't believe in conspiracy theories," Matt lectured.

"You will."

"If a professional person is competent, he shouldn't have any problems working for the Federal Government."

"I wish you were right."

"And there is civil service laws."

"Matt. We'll talk a year from now," Treatyrights said gleefully, "And we'll see what happens to you. That is if you survive that long."

"Well. I hope you're wrong."

"Matt Lance glanced down at his digital watch and saw it was getting late. He gulped down his now-cold coffee. Saying goodbye to Treatyrights and Goodloe, he stood up and carried his empty

Styrofoam cup to the trash bin, throwing it into the bin. He saw that the deputy associate solicitors were hurrying and scurrying about. As if acting on the cue, the whole cafeteria was moving to the exits.

Carrying their Styrofoam cups with them, Treatyrights and Goodloe headed to the cafeteria exit. Matt followed a few steps behind them. While they left the cafeteria, Treatyrights and Goodloe were discussing some contract dispute that a Chippewa Tribe was having with the Central Office.

Exiting the cafeteria, Matt walked up a stairway up to the first floor and then wandered through a passageway. When he got to the end of the passageway, he was at the south entrance of the building.

Pausing for a minute at the bottom of other another stairway, he looked down the corridor to the building entrance, hoping to see a familiar face.

The offices of the BIA Police Services Division were located on the first floor of the Interior Department Building. At this instance, Herbert Sharkley, the Assistant Chief of the Police Services Division, was preparing to leave for a departmental staff meeting called by Susan Blanchard. A huge and ponderous Native American man, Sharkley always wore a dark blue blazer and gray pants. A conspicuous BIA Police insignia was sewn on the blazer. His military haircut brought out his high cheekbones and ruddy face.

Opening the office door and looking down the corridor, Sharkley immediately observed Matt Lance standing at the foot of the marble stairway. Matt was gazing down the hallway to the south entrance of the building. Sharkley froze at the doorway, and he quickly stepped back into the office and quietly shut the door. Before stepping out of the office again, he decided to wait for Matt to move on. Matt was the last person in the world that Sharkley wanted to see.

The image of Matt Lance conjured up troubled memories. His worst nightmare had come true. Sharkley's stomach ached, his blood rushed through his veins; and his head throbbed. His old memories took him back to a distant meeting with the tribal council of Colville Tribe on the Colville Indian Reservation.

It was a hot summer day. Sharkley recalled the fourteen men and women of the tribal council. They were sitting around a large oval table made of oak wood. The nine men and five women were of different ages, shapes and sizes, and they were dressed according to their cultural preferences. Sharkley was sitting near the center of the table looking ominously at his accusers. The council chambers were located in a cavernous room with large, curtained windows

filling the walls. The council chambers was built of cedar wood, and in spite of the air-conditioning, the room was warm.

Sharkley remembered Matt Lance sitting quietly at the end of the table waiting for the meeting to begin. Matt was wearing blue denim jeans and a blue casual shirt. His piercing eyes focused on Sharkley, who attempted to avoid looking at Matt. At that time Matt was much younger and thinner.

Wearing a tan police uniform, the Chief of Police was sitting on a couch behind the Tribal Chairman. The police chief was a short, wiry Native American man with short greyish black hair, and his eternal nervousness caused his body to move constantly. The Tribal Executive Director sat next to the Chief of Police. Dressed in blue denim jeans and a sports shirt, the Executive Director was a chunky but quiet man. Tall and muscular, the Tribal Chairman was casually dressed, and his hair was black with some grey hair. He was busy interrogating Sharkley and leading the discussion.

The tribal council was conducting an investigation into the theft of liquor and beer from the police evidence locker at the tribal jail. At the time of the investigation, Sharkley was a BIA police sergeant assigned to the Colville Indian Reservation. He was responsible for inventorying and protecting the evidence stored in the police evidence locker, and he was only person who had keys to the locker.

Sharkley vehemently denied that he stole the twelve fifths of liquor and three cases of beer from the evidence locker. He maintained that he was just routinely destroying legally-seized evidence. He said that the evidence was no longer needed for criminal trials. He disposed of the liquor and beer by pouring the contents out at the tribal dump and put the empty bottles and cans in a garbage bin located at the dump.

Sharkley was unconvincing; the tribal councilmen were not persuaded. The Chief of Police testified that Sharkley had recently staged a boisterous house party where many bottles of liquor and cases of beer were consumed. The police chief hinted that Sharkley used the liquor and beer from the evidence locker to stage the house party.

Sharkley loudly proclaimed his innocence and protested the vicious attack on his reputation. He snarled that the liquor and beer for his house party were purchased in Seattle. His chubby cheeks redden, and his neck muscles quivered. Sharkley was unmercifully cross-examined by the Tribal Chairman, but Sharkley stuck to his story. There was no other evidence to present against Sharkley, and the charges had to be dropped.

Sharkley was a typical bad BIA cop, who habitually broke the

law to catch lawbreakers. His badge was his license to abuse the Native American citizenry that he suspected of being lawbreakers. The tribal judges were constantly questioning his tactics and testimony. In spite of his tactics, the tribal judges had to admit reluctantly that Sharkley did catch and convict lawbreakers.

Sharkley hated radical, militant Indians whom he defined as anyone who disagreed with him on the need for law and order on Indian reservations. He was obsessed with marijuana and drugs, firearms and crowd control tactics. He orally confirmed the worst fears that FBI agents and U.S. Attorneys had about Native American people. He always supported the FBI and the U.S. Attorneys over the tribes, and he preached incessantly about the inability of tribes to govern themselves and the need of the Federal Government and state governments to govern Native American affairs.

As a result of the investigation against Sharkley, the tribe kicked the BIA Police and Sharkley off the reservation. Through a governmental contract with the BIA, the tribe provided its own law enforcement services. Since then, Sharkley held a grudge against Matt Lance and his tribe. Realizing that Matt was now a threat to him, Sharkley determined to neutralize Matt before he could cause him any trouble.

Waiting ten minutes at the office door, Sharkley cracked open the door and peeked out. Matt Lance was gone. Sharkley hurried out of the office, and he fled to Susan Blanchard's office on the fourth floor.

## Chapter 7

In her office, Maxine Hubbard was pacing the floor near her antique wooden desk, which was far too large for her narrow, undersized office. Painted pale green, her office had a single large window and a brown carpet. Her office door was propped open by a red brick. Although she was impatient for Susan Blanchard to arrive at work, her face was shining with glee.

Every Monday morning, Maxine and Susan conferred in Susan's office on the latest scuttlebutt and gossip of the day. Maxine was eager to report to Susan about Friday-night activities of Matt Lance at Marion's Restaurant and Bar. In her fantasies, she imagined Matt being strung up by his thumbs. Demonstrating her loyalty to Susan would be easy this morning - Maxine thought.

Dressed in a shirtdress with an oversized jacket, Maxine's dark hair flowed back over her head to her shoulders and was shaped around her ears, and her hair was still damp from the morning rainstorm.

Wearing a beige raincoat and toting a mauve umbrella, Susan Blanchard marched into her office exactly at 7:45 a.m. Beneath her raincoat was a dark gray two-piece suit. Her blonde hair was covered by a floppy, beige rain cap.

Susan promptly sat down at her desk. She remembered that she had a departmental staff meeting this morning. Grabbing some typewritten papers, she started to read them, flipping over pages as she read. At any moment she expected Maxine Hubbard to arrive to brief her about any new developments affecting the BIA. She relished her Monday morning conferences with Maxine, and she hoped Maxine would have some tasty information about Matt Lance.

When Maxine sighted Susan hurrying into her office, her heart raced with excitement. Sitting down at her desk, Maxine decided to wait for a respectable time to pass before heading into Susan's office. When ten minutes passed, she stood up too quickly and stumbled against her desk. Almost falling, she used her right hand to steady herself. After regaining her composure, Maxine ambled into Susan's office and found Susan sitting at her executive desk. Looking up from her desk, Susan said cheerfully, "Good morning, Maxine."

"I got some good news for you," Maxine replied.

"Take a seat on the small couch in front of my desk."

"Sure."



"What happened Friday night with Matt Lance?"

"Matt Lance was boozing with Kenny Treatyrights," Maxine exclaimed.

"Kenny Treatyrights!" Susan cried out.

"They both were drinking heavily at Marion's Restaurant and Bar where Native Americans hangout at."

Susan exploded, "Drinking with that boozer!"

Kenny Treatyrights' drinking only confirmed Susan's worst fears about him. Treatyrights was no gentleman. He was constantly pointing out her errors, questioning her reasoning, and creating doubts about her judgment. His habit of taking command of events was unnerving and unending. She could do without Kenny Treatyrights.

"It looked like they were old boozing buddies," Maxine continued.

"I had my suspicions."

"Yeah. They were sure guzzling down beer and liquor."

"Who else was there?"

"Gladys Treatyrights, Paula Pride, and Diana Rivers were sitting with them."

"Who's Diana Rivers?" Susan asked.

"She works for the Personnel Division."

"Is she a drinker too?"

"No. I don't think so," Maxine conceded, "But she does like to be at Marion's."

"Did they say anything about me?" Susan inquired. She knew Treatyrights must have said something about her once he found out that Matt worked for her department.

"I wasn't close enough to hear their conversations. But you know Kenny Treatyrights," Maxine implied.

"Yeah. I know."

"He's always criticizing his bosses at the BIA Central Office and at the Interior Department." Treatyrights was Maxine's favorite target. The more she railed against Treatyrights the more Susan agreed with her.

"So Mr. Lance was drinking with Kenny Treatyrights?" Susan seethed.

"Yeah."

"I wonder what Chet Johnson will say about that?"

"Chef Johnson has a lot to explain." Maxine acted astounded.

"You know my ex-husband was an alcoholic." Susan needed to remind Maxine that she had a personal experience with a heavy drinkers.

"You told me."

"He actually accused me of driving him to drinking."

"You must have suffered immensely," Maxine said, trying to be sympathetic.

"Not really," Susan denied quickly, "But I know how drinking can be destructive to a person's integrity and self-worth."

"Booze is highly addictive."

"Yes. I don't want any of my employees addicted to alcohol," Susan asserted, "including Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance."

"Oh. I forgot."

"What?"

"Basil Collins and Herbert Sharkley were also at Marion's Restaurant and Bar," Maxine said.

"What were they doing there?"

"Basil was pretty drunk as usual."

"Basil will be Basil."

"And Sharkley was mainly eating Happy Hour appetizers."

"Were they with Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance?" Susan asked.

"No. They weren't with Treatyrights and Matt Lance," Maxine revealed, "Treatyrights has no use for them."

"Well. That's good to hear." Susan said, "I've worked hard to make Basil Collins and Herbert Sharkley trusted employees."

Maxine's spying had provided Susan with invaluable information. She had found out that Matt Lance was a drinker and had already met Kenny Treatyrights. Susan was going to savor her next meeting with the anemic Chet Johnson in light of Matt's drinking with Kenny Treatyrights. Chet would have a tough time justifying his hiring of Matt Lance.

Susan glanced down at her wrist watch. It was time for the Monday morning staff meeting of her departmental division chiefs. Arriving at the same time, Herbert Sharkley and Chet Johnson tramped into Susan's office. Susan told them to take a seat, and they sat down on a large brown couch pushed up against the north wall of the office. Sharkley was substituting for the Chief of the Police Services Division, who was out of town.

The next person to arrive was elderly Clarence Watson, Chief of the Contract Compliance Division. Kenny Treatyrights worked for Watson. A career BIA employee, Watson was a Native American from California. Competent and experienced, he was of medium build and plain looking.

The other division chiefs stepped into the office for the departmental staff meeting. When Susan's desk clock displayed 8:45 a.m., she promptly called the meeting to order and welcome each person attending the meeting. Following established

procedure, each division chief in turn gave a lengthy presentation about their division's activities and projects.

Susan expressed delight at the progress that each division was making towards completing their projects. She lavishly praised the work of each division and urged them to make greater efforts. She proceeded to relay to her division chiefs an urgent message from the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs. The Assistant Secretary wanted each division to complete the evaluation of their budgetary needs. She said that he planned soon to submit the evaluation results to Congress. She stated that the deadline for submission was rapidly approaching. The Assistant Secretary did not want to anger the congressional appropriations committees with any unnecessary delays. She urged everyone to complete the evaluation as quickly as possible.

Susan lectured the assembled personnel about dressing properly for work. She wanted the men employees of her department to wear suits and ties. The female employees were to wear dresses or skirts - no slacks or jeans. It was important that their attire give the public a good impression. She announced that the Assistant Secretary had commented favorably about the orderly dress of her employees.

Everett T. Fuller slowly pried open Susan's office door and crept across the room to an empty chair. From the corner of her eye, she observed Fuller's outline and glanced over to his position. Her face lit up, and her mouth smiled. She immediately introduced Fuller to those at the staff meeting who did not already know him. But Fuller was a common sight, and everyone knew Fuller from numerous past departmental staff meetings.

Fuller was one of those faceless Interior employees who walked the corridors of the Interior Department Building. No one could explain what he did for a living. Outwardly, he worked for the Interior Secretary's Office. Fuller did like Native American affairs, and Susan always welcomed him to her meetings. Susan surmised that he must have some good political connections. Fuller had decided to make his living attending BIA meetings.

A slender and awkward man, Fuller was in his late forties. His hair was a mixture of brown and gray hair. His wide eyes were brownish-green; his eyebrows were thin and dark. His hands were constantly fidgeting with long yellow pencils and white legal-size tablets. His tan pin-stripe suit and blue silk necktie needed to be dry cleaned. His booming laughter and ill-conceived jokes were part of his futile attempts to inspire people.

Fuller liked to hear himself speak, and he gave his usual canned

pep talk. He hinted that last week he had talked to the Secretary of the Interior about Native American affairs. Except for Susan and Maxine, no one believed him. He told the division chiefs how important their jobs were and that they should keep up the good work. He again hinted that he would soon be meeting with the Secretary. When he finished, everyone was relieved, as they wanted to get back to work.

No one ever really like Fuller, because he worked for the Interior Secretary's Office. No one was certain what he told the Secretary. Any man who could talk to the Secretary must be avoided, because he must be a spy for the Secretary. Susan tolerated Fuller, because she figured that Fuller might be able to help her. She wanted to move up to a more visible and important job.

Susan finally opened up the meeting to questions from her staff, but no one had any questions, except for Fuller and Maxine. Both asked a couple of meaningless questions, for which they already had answers. They just wanted to be polite to Susan. Frustrated with her staffs lack of participation, she broke up the meeting. Starting with Fuller and Maxine, they slowly wandered out of the office after pronouncing the staff meeting to be great success. Privately, most of the attendees believed the meeting to be a waste of time.

Seeing Herbert Sharkley and Chet Johnson leaving her office, Susan signaled to them to return. She wanted to talk to them about a few personnel matters. Sharkley was told to wait outside of her office; she wanted first to talk to Chet Johnson. Sharkley walked out and sat down on a sturdy, cushioned steel chair. Chet Johnson stood waiting before Susan's desk. When the remaining staff left the office, Chet Johnson and Susan were finally alone.

Picking up a sprinkling can, Susan watered her office plants. Psychological warfare was her favorite game. The plants were watered meticulously while Chet Johnson waited patiently. Completing her task, she put down the sprinkling can and walked over a large marine aquarium sitting on an elongated metal stand. Many exotic fish were swimming in the aquarium. After clasping a box of fish food, Susan stood over the aquarium and fed her fish.

Still feeding the fish, Susan said nonchalantly, " Chet. How is Mr. Lance doing?"

"Today is only his second day on the job."

"I know."

"Well. I have him studying the BIA Manual and the Interior Departmental Manual," Chet Johnson replied. He realized Susan was baiting a trap.

Susan stoop down and was looking through the aquarium glass at the fish swimming about the aquarium. "Do you know that Matt Lance was seen drinking with Kenny Treatyrights?"

"No. This is the first time I heard that Matt was seen drinking with Kenny Treatyrights," Chet Johnson said cautiously.

"Yes. Mr. Lance was observed."

"What's wrong with drinking with Treatyrights?"

"But you know how difficult and opinionated Kenny Treatyrights can be," Susan said disdainfully, "and he drinks too much."

"I never knew that Treatyrights drank that much."

"He does."

"If you say so," Chet Johnson said weakly.

"Just talk to Maxine Hubbard."

"Well. Treatyrights does not work for me," Chet Johnson informed, "He works for the Division of Contract Compliance."

Staring at Susan, he waited for her to spring her trap.

Looking up from the aquarium, Susan explained, "You're right. I simply meant that I hope Matt Lance is not another Treatyrights,"

"He won't be."

"I hope that you didn't hire a problem employee," she said.

"I think that he will be professional in his conduct and in his job."

"Chet. I'm the one who gets the blame for the disreputable conduct of your employees," Susan said.

Annoyed, Chet Johnson protested, "I don't know about Matt Lance's drinking habits or his politics."

"You should."

"Susan. I only looked at his qualifications for the job," he said, "and he was well qualified for the job."

"Qualifications! Being a problem drinker and a problem employee are not part of his qualifications for the job. " Susan cried out and waved her forefinger at Chet Johnson.

"I did my best under the circumstances," Chet Johnson pleaded.

"Your best is not acceptable."

"You were on vacation during the time Matt Lance was hired. "

"Chet. You could have waited for me to return," Susan argued.

"Well. I thought a quick decision had to be made."

"I'm not buying your excuse."

"But the Assistant Secretary approve my decision to hire Matt Lance,"he protested.

"The Assistant Secretary didn't have not enough information about Matt Lance," she pointed out.

"Well. We relied upon his federal job application."

"A job application doesn't tell you about the man."

"If you say so."

"The Assistant Secretary was not fully informed of the importance of the decision to hire Mott lance," Susan countered.

"He was much as informed as I was. "

"Chet. You'll have to try harder. "

"I will," he said grudgingly

"Now, please leave me and call in Mr. Sharkley," she commanded.

Chet Johnson did an about-face and walked unsteadily out of Susan's office. Sharkley was sitting outside the door. Leaning towards the door, he was trying to hear the conversation through the door between Susan and Chet Johnson. When Chet jerked the door open, Sharkley almost fell out of his chair. Sharkley's face turned red than pale, and he had a worried look on his face. Chet Johnson never liked Sharkley, and he saw his chance to cause Sharkley some anguish. He said in a grave voice, "Sharkley. Susan wants to talk to you. "

"She does?" he said fearfully.

"She is really mad about something. Watch your step with her."

After hearing Chet Johnson's warning, Sharkley sprung up from his chair and landed on his two feet stiff legged. Although he was a trusted employee, Sharkley still feared Susan Blanchard. He was not looking forward to meeting with her, especially alone. When Chet Johnson went past, Sharkley's heart skipped a beat. Hoping for the best, he journeyed somberly into Susan's office.

"Mr. Sharkley. How are things with the BIA Police?" Susan asked.

Sharkley's legs were shaking, and he responded, "Things are fine."

"I understand that Chief of the BIA Police Services Division is again out of town," she said.

"Yeah. The Chief took a trip to Arizona."

"He's always traveling."

"He does travel a lot."

"I think he's trying to avoid me," she opined.

"No. He's just busy fighting crime," Sharkley replied anxiously.

"Are you the intelligence officer for the BIA Police?"

"Yes. Miss Blanchard. There is always a need for police intelligence in police operations," he said proudly.

"It's necessary function," she agreed.

"You have to stay one step ahead of lawbreakers and radical, militant Indians."

"Mr. Sharkley. Its good to hear you take your job seriously."

"We need law enforcement."

"Do you know anything about a person named Matt Lance?" she asked.

Sharkley's face lit up, as he saw his one chance for survival. He said, "Yeah. I worked as a BIA Police sergeant on the same Indian reservation as Matt Lance."

"You did?"

"Yeah. At the time, Matt Lance was a member of the tribal council."

"I read his job application," she said, "What kind of man is he?"

"Sure. He was some kind of radical, militant Indian."

"He was?"

"He raised a lot of hell," Sharkley said gleefully, "He was always criticizing the Bureau of Indian Affairs."

Susan replied, "That's interesting. Why didn't it come up on his work record?"

"People like Matt Lance have a way of covering up their background. I run across it a lot in police work." Sharkley was becoming more confident and at ease.

"Is Matt Lance a problem drinker?" Susan's face grew excited. She was glad to find someone who had the sordid information about Matt Lance and who also agreed with her.

"Yeah. I used to follow Matt Lance home every weekend from the tavern."

"Every weekend," she exclaimed.

"He would stagger out of the tavern and get into his car, and his car would weave all over the road and cross the center line," Sharkley lied.

"He was drunk?"

"He was always dead drunk."

"Why didn't you arrest him?" Susan asked, "That was the logical thing to do."

"Oh. Matt Lance was a powerful tribal councilman," he cried out, "I couldn't touch him without getting into trouble."

"You're making excuses."

"No. Tribal councilmen are powerful people on their home reservations," he protested.

"Just what I thought," Susan finally concluded, "I knew Mr. Lance was too good to be true."

"He didn't have me fooled."

"There's something very suspicious about Matt Lance."

"Yeah. Yeah," he agreed, "I read a police report that Matt Lance was ran off his reservation."

"Why?"

"His people don't like radical, militant Indians," Sharkley

continued lying.

"Was he involved in any misconduct?" Susan asked.

"Radical, militant Indians are generally crooked."

"I didn't ask you that."

"Yeah. Matt Lance must have been involved in misconduct," he answered, "That would explain why he was ran off his reservation and why he is back in Washington, D.C."

"Mr. Sharkley. You have been helpful."

"Thank you."

"But I want you to investigate Matt Lance."

"Investigate."

"Find out if he is involved with radical politics," she said, "and find out if he has been involved with any misconduct."

"Sure."

"Get more evidence that he is a problem drinker. Can you do that?" Susan asked.

"I'll have no problem doing the investigation. You got the best man to do the investigation," Sharkley stated cheerfully. With some luck he could discredit Matt Lance. His gloom was being replaced unrestraint glee. His stomach quit aching, and he was actually getting hungry.

"Get the investigation done as quickly as possible. And report the results only to me," she ordered.

Susan thought that Sharkley's comments were too good to be true. But he was a police professional, and he had worked on the same Indian reservation with Matt Lance. It was her responsibility to confirm or discredit his allegations against Matt Lance.

As Sharkley left Susan's office, he was desperately trying to figure how he would prove his charges against Matt Lance, Susan would not be easy to fool.

Thinking more about the allegations against Matt Lance, Susan was not satisfied. If she could just find one more vice (preferably a moral one), she would be happy. Using her telephone, she contacted Maxine Hubbard and told her to come over to her office. Maxine made quick trip to Susan's office and stood before Susan.

"Maxine. We need something else to charge with Matt Lance."

"Like what?"

"Something like a moral vice or weakness. Did you see or hear anything last Friday night?" Susan asked.

Recalling Friday night at Marion's Restaurant and Bar, Maxine said, "I wasn't close enough to hear Matt Lance speak."

"Too bad. "

"He was drinking heavily, but we already know he is a boozier."



"Yes."

"He was talking to Diana Rivers," Maxine related, "He could be a womanizer."

"I don't know if that is vice," Susan responded regretfully.

"Well. I don't like womanizers."

"But possibly he goes to bars that feature topless go-go girls! Maybe he drinks every night!" Susan speculated.

"You may have something there. Matt Lance kept looking at Diana's chest."

"Huh."

"He could be some kind of pervert"

"Maxine. I want you to follow Matt Lance home every day this week."

"Why?"

"Because I want a report on his after work activities."

"It will be my pleasure," Maxine said gleefully.

"We'll get to the bottom of Matt Lance," Susan finished.

## Chapter 8

Late for work on Monday, Patricia Shoemaker hurried along Constitution Avenue towards the south entrance of the Interior Department Building. A cool watery mist filled the air hindering her progress. Her coffee-colored raincoat and rain cap were soaked, and the watery mist showered her face, and the mist caused her squinting eyes to sting. She bowed her head to keep the mist out of her eyes. Rivulets of rain water flowed off her brow and cheeks on to her raincoat. Reaching the Interior Department Building, she scampered up the wet, slippery concrete steps of the building and flung open a heavy metal door. She was finally safe from the misty rain.

Plodding down the hallway, she reached the stairs leading to the second floor and quickly climbed them using long strides. Because she was the Assistant Chief of the Division of Tribal Programs, Mrs. Shoemaker hated to be late for work. She wanted to set a good example for the other employees. As she neared the door of the division office, she slowed her pace and went into a women's restroom. Before she entered the division office, she wanted to look fully composed and immaculate. She quickly washed up and left the restroom. Entering the division office, Mrs. Shoemaker saw Sarah Strong busily working at her secretary desk.

Sarah Strong was hammering away at a word processor. Her black and gray hair flowed past her ears halfway to her shoulders. Hearing someone opening the office door, Sarah swung her head up and saw Mrs. Shoemaker. She said, "Good morning, Pat."

"It's a miserable morning," Mrs. Shoemaker responded.

"Yeah. It's pretty rainy this morning," Sarah agreed, "Were you delayed by the rain?"

"Yes. The freeway traffic was bumper- to-bumper from the King Street exit to Washington, D.C. Those men drivers can't handle a little rain!" Mrs. Shoemaker snickered.

Mrs. Shoemaker usually drove her car to work and fed a parking meter until 9:00 a.m. Then she would run outside and park the car on Constitution Avenue. It was a difficult routine, but it allowed her take car to work, as she couldn't afford to pay for downtown parking.

"Has Chet Johnson arrived?" Mrs. Shoemaker asked.

"Yes. He's already here."

"What about Boswell Norton and Joe London?"

"They're getting their morning coffee down at the cafeteria," Sarah replied, "They should be back soon."

"Did Matt Lance make it to work?"

"Yes. Matt is busy studying the sections of the BIA Manual and Interior Departmental Manual that you gave him," Sarah said.

"He's actually studying those antiquated manuals."

"Yeah. That's what he said."

"Those manuals might permanently ruin him as a program analyst." Mrs. Shoemaker laughed, "Good program analysts are hard to find."

"Well. He thinks that the manuals are important," Sarah said.

"That's different between a seasoned BIA bureaucrat and a greenhorn," Mrs. Shoemaker joked.

Mrs. Shoemaker continued to walk to her desk, and she could see Matt skimming a section of BIA Manual. Other manual sections were scattered all over his old military-styled desk. Still engrossed his reading, Matt didn't notice Mrs. Shoemaker as she moved by his desk to her desk.

She sat down and turned on her personal computer. The pale blue screen flickered, then went dark, and finally lit up with numbers. She looked over to Matt and asked slyly, "Matt. How was your first weekend in Washington, D.C.?"

"On Friday night I went to Marion's Restaurant and Bar for a few drinks," Matt said.

"You already found the Indian bar."

"I met Kenny Treatyrights there."

"You had quite a night."

"Yes. Kenny Treatyrights is a friendly and interesting person."

"He is a likeable person."

"I later went to dinner with Treatyrights and his wife, Gladys. They bought me dinner." Matt was care not to divulge anything about Diana Rivers.

"You mean you were drinking with Kenny Treatyrights!" Mrs. Shoemaker cried out teasingly.

"Yes."

"He's quite a controversial person with Susan Blanchard."

"I know."

"Who else was there?"

"Well. Paula Pride and Diana Rivers," Matt answered.

"What about Maxine Hubbard?"

"Yeah. She was there," he responded. "She was sitting across the barroom with Jane Weaver. "

"Huh. Maxine must have been there spying," Mrs. Shoemaker speculated.

"That's what Treatyrights said."

"For sure Susan Blanchard knows about Friday night."

"I don't care."

"Apparently she is taking a special interest in you."

"Is that good or bad?" he asked.

"It's hard to say. Susan does have a revulsion against drinking."

"She must not drink."

"Being seen with Kenny Treatyrights didn't help you any," Mrs. Shoemaker pointed out.

"I don't care."

"But Susan is probably just interested in your social life," she pointed out, "She takes a great interest in her employees."

"Well. Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe had plenty to say about her," Matt said defensively.

"Are you already running around with Harlan Goodloe?"

"No! I just met Harlan Goodloe downstairs at the cafeteria."

"How did he act?"

"Harlan acted strange and said some strange things."

"What did Harlan say?"

"Well. Harlan said that he believed in reincarnation and that in a previous life, he was a person called Chief Crazy Bear," Matt divulged.

"It sounds like Harlan Goodloe."

Turning to her left, Mrs. Shoemaker started to enter some information in her personal computer. Observing her toil, Matt started again to read the BIA Manual material.

At 10:30 a.m., Chef Johnson appeared at the entrance of Matt's office. His eyes looked weary, and his facial features were haggard. He told Mrs. Shoemaker and Matt that in ten minutes, there would be a division staff meeting in his office.

Matt quickly put down the section of the BIA Manual that he was zealously studying. He asked Mrs. Shoemaker, "How often do we have staff meetings?"

"Every Monday morning," she replied, "Usually, after Susan Blanchard has had her departmental staff meeting for her division chiefs. "

"Why?"

"Chet Johnson likes to report to us about Susan's staff meeting."

They both got up from their desks and headed to Chet Johnson's office. Behind his executive desk, Chef Johnson sat quietly. He was pressing his fingers of his right hand against his forehead and

looking down at his desk, as he was thinking deeply to himself.

Sitting on a brown vinyl couch, Boswell Norton and Joe London were busy scrutinizing their yellow tablets and jotting down their thoughts. Their steaming cups of coffee were lying on a hardwood coffee table. Periodically Norton and London drank from their cups of coffee. Throughout each day they routinely made numerous trips to the cafeteria or the fourth-floor snack shop to buy coffee. What else they did on their trips for coffee - no one knew.

Mrs. Shoemaker and Matt occupied two cushioned chairs situated next to the couch. When Sarah Strong stepped into the office, Chet Johnson promptly called the meeting to order. First he gave a lengthy report on Susan Blanchard's staff meeting with her division chiefs. Then Chet emphasized the need to finish the budgetary evaluation by the deadlines set by the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs. Mrs. Shoemaker, Boswell Norton, and Joe London each in turn gave oral reports on the projects and assignments that they were doing for the Division of Tribal Programs. Impressed Matt Lance listened with interest to the staff reports.

Pleased with the staff reports, Chet Johnson asked, "Well, Matt. Do you have anything to say this morning? I know it's only your second day on the job."

"The reports were interesting. But I'm anxious to begin doing some real work."

"That's good to hear. "

Chet Johnson ended the staff meeting. He told Matt Lance to remain behind as he needed to talk to him. The other staff members filed out of the office. Matt moved his chair next to Chet Johnson's desk..

Stacked on Chet Johnson's desk were folders of varying shades of brown, green and red. Some were fat with documents; other folders were thin containing few documents. Standing up, Chet Johnson seized the stack with his weathered hands and set the folders down in front of Matt. Then he pulled his chair up next to Matt's chair.

"Matt. These are your assignments. You will learn something about BCCO's," Chet Johnson said. He picked up a pale green folder, to which was attached a red cover sheet. The red sheet was a printed government form, on which was typed names, identification numbers, and deadline dates.

"What are BCCO's?" Matt asked inquisitively.

"BCCO stands for Bureau Controlled Correspondence Office," Chet Johnson said.

"What does the office do?"

"The BCCO office is responsible for tracking all important

correspondence that comes to the Central Office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs," Chet Johnson lectured sternly.

"Tracking correspondence?"

"Yes. It makes sure that all such correspondence is responded to in a timely fashion."

"So it is a very important office?" Matt stated.

"Well, Matt. You'd better meet your BCCO deadlines, or you could get into serious trouble," Chet Johnson threatened in a friendly tone.

"What you do you mean by trouble." Matt was worried by the statement.

"The BCCO office will monitoring your progress of your work."

"Oh."

Gesturing to the red cover sheet, Chef Johnson cried, "Look at the red sheet attached to the folder. Do you see the due date of June 19th for a response?"

"Yes. I do," Matt replied, "You mean I have ten working days to respond to the correspondence classified as a BCCO."

"You got it."

"And by the deadline, I must get the response back up to the BCCO office on the fourth floor."

"Matt! You're a quick learner," Chef Johnson exclaimed.

"I try."

"Of course, if you have any problems, you can get an extension of the deadline."

"Is it easy to get an extension?" Matt asked.

"Well. You'll need a good reason for the BCCO office to grant an extension," Chef Johnson said.

"Then it isn't easy?"

"I must warn that I've seen many a BIA employee get into deep trouble over failing to meet BCCO deadlines." Chet had a grave look on his face.

"I'm glad that you told me," Matt grinned, as he didn't believe Chet's warning.

Chet Johnson snatched a second folder from the stack and carefully scanned the red cover sheet. He said, "This folder contains from an inquiry from Senator Frederick Bragg."

"Is it a BCCO?"

"Yes."

"I will have ten days to get a response up to the BCCO office," Matt said.

"Yes," Chet Johnson said.

"I suspect that inquiries from Senators and Congressmen are extremely important."

"They have top priority," Chet Johnson explained.

"It makes sense."

"This division is a part of the BIA Department of Government Services," Chet Johnson said, "Your BCCO responses normally will go out under the signature of Susan Blanchard."

"Ms. Blanchard will sign my BCCO responses," Matt choked.

"Yes. She will be signing your BCCO responses after I have surnamed them."

"What qualifies Susan to sign to correspondence from the Division of Tribal Programs?" Matt asked.

"It's simple. She is the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services," Chet Johnson cried out nervously, "That gives her the right."

"I heard that she has little personal experience with Native American tribes and their tribal governments."

"I have no idea," Chet Johnson responded, "Anyway, it's not a qualification of her position."

"It should be a qualification."

"I wish you wouldn't rock the boat."

"What do you mean?"

"You will get yourself and me in deep trouble for asking such questions," Chet Johnson cried out.

"I'll keep quiet."

"The powers on the fourth floor will find out what you are saying about them."

"I'll be careful."

"They have their ways of finding out," Chet Johnson warned, "and they won't like what you are saying about them."

"We don't live in a police state," Matt countered, "I thought it was free country."

"Not if you work for the BIA Central Office," Chet Johnson exclaimed.

"Well. We should change the system."

"Take my advice and work within the system," Chet Johnson said, "Someday you may be top dog. Then you can change things."

Matt Lance turned stone silence, as he was learning too much about the BIA Central Office. Matt realized that he was dealing with an extraordinary situation. For the first time he doubted that the Central Office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs was capable of assisting reservation Indians to govern themselves, as it was caught up in the bureaucratic whirlwind of personal aggrandizement or, in some cases, the bureaucratic struggle to survive. He could see no place for a Native American from an Indian reservation in such a harsh environment.

Chet Johnson observed that Matt Lance was in some kind of deep thought. Then seeing Matt silently laughing to himself, he pondered what was Matt thinking about. He decided to continue with the conversation, and he said, "You'll be working closely with Mrs. Shoemaker."

"She had been helpful"

"She should be able to answer most of your questions about BCCO's," Chet Johnson said, "If she can't help you, then come to me for help."

"I understand," Matt added.

Chet Johnson then went through congressional correspondence. As he mentioned before, Matt would be developing BCCO responses to the congressional inquiries. He indicated that the folders contained inquiries from four Senators: Frederick Bragg, Raymond Chapman, Robert Howard, and Anthony Miles. He again stressed that all congressional correspondence was important to the Central Office. Senator Bragg's inquiries were especially important, because Susan Blanchard wanted to make a good impression with him. He was politically important to her, as he was one of her influential political sponsors.

Forty-five years old, Senator Bragg was neo-conservative Republican from the Midwest. He was a tall and distinguishing looking bachelor. Although gray hair crowned his head, he had a boyish face. People speculated that Susan had romantic designs on the Senator, but she wouldn't tell anyone. But she was always excited about answering Senator Bragg's inquiries.

On that note, Chet Johnson ended the conference. Carrying the folders in his arms, Matt ambled back to his desk and flopped the folders containing BCCO's down on his desk. He observed that Mrs. Shoemaker was again entering miscellaneous information in her computer. Spreading the folders across his desk, he started to scrutinize each folder.

After finishing with her computer, she looked at Matt Lance, who was deeply engrossed with his reading of the folders. She inquired, "Matt. How did your meeting go with Chet Johnson?"

"Chet gave me a bunch of BCCO assignments to do." He grabbed a couple of folders and held them up to show Mrs. Shoemaker.

"Looks like you have a lot of work to do. "

"Yeah."

"Are you able to use a computer?"

"I used a computer all the time when I worked for the Coville Tribe," Matt said.

"Good. Computers save a lot of time," she said.



"I used a computer for accounting," he added,

"Have you used a computer as a word processor?"

"Not much! I generally relied on the tribal secretaries."

Mrs. Shoemaker pointed to the computer sitting next to her desk. She said, "Whenever you want to use a computer, you can use the computer by my desk,"

"But it's your computer."

"No. We bought it for the use of the office," she pointed out, "But I seem to be the only parson who uses it."

"Well, thank you."

"Is there anything else I can help you with?" Mrs. Shoemaker asked. She knew that Matt must have some questions how to draft BCCO responses to the congressional inquiries.

"Yeah. What does Susan Blanchard look for in BCCO responses to congressional inquiries?"

"Well. She doesn't like misspellings!" she teased, "or bad grammar or improper punctuation."

"Ms. Blanchard already told me that!" Matt exclaimed.

"Well. Listen to her."

"What does she look for. " He did not appreciate Mrs. Shoemaker's humor.

"Matt. I've seen many BCCO responses sent back from Susan's office because of misspellings, bad grammar and improper word usage and bad punctuation," she persisted.

"Mine won't come back."

"Maxine Hubbard was an English major in college," she continued, "She reviews all correspondence for spelling, grammar and punctuation."

"Okay! Okay! I'll concede that spelling, grammar, and punctuation are important," Matt cried out, as he was growing impatient.

"Also, you should never give a Senator or a Congressman too much information," Mrs. Shoemaker said.

"That seems strange."

"And you should never volunteer any information," she lectured, "Just give the Senator or Congressman the information that he or she requested."

"I'll try to follow your suggestions."

"Susan calls it 'dumbification'," Mrs. Shoemaker added.

"Interesting word," he said.

"She gets upset at BCCO responses that give out too much information. Keep your answer to a bare minimum."

"Why?" Matt asked.

"You don't know how the Senator or Congressman will use information that you volunteered," she said.

"Good point."

"They could use the information against the BIA Central Office."

"So a person doesn't to be very smart to work for the BIA Central Office," Matt retorted.

"Correct."

"The more simplistic the answer the better."

"It helps to be brief as possible," Mrs. Shoemaker grinned.

"What's this about Senator Bragg and Susan Blanchard?"

"Susan likes to play favorites. She caters to Senator Bragg, as he is one of her political sponsors," she said.

"Huh."

"Of course, he's a bachelor and attractive, but he has the reputation of being a womanizer."

"Have they ever met?"

"They have met a couple of times. That's all I know."

"That's good to know."

Mrs. Shoemaker cautioned, "I wouldn't offend Senator Bragg. Susan can be very protective."

"I have a BCCO response to do for Senator Bragg."

"Before you start writing your response, you might want to talk Susan Blanchard about how to respond to Senator's inquiry."

"That sounds like a good idea," Matt said weakly, as he had no intention of contacting her.

"If you do, you'll probably save yourself some time and hardship," she smiled.

"I'll keep your advice in mind."

"Once you complete your BCCO responses, you'll be meeting with Susan Blanchard," Mrs. Shoemaker explained.

"I expected that."

"She'll go over your work with you." Mrs. Shoemaker returned to working on budgetary matters.

Matt leaned back in chair and sighed deeply, thinking about what Mrs. Shoemaker told him. He decided first to work on the BCCO response to Senator Bragg's inquiry. Senator Bragg wanted to know why an Indian tribe located in his state was not eligible for a BIA program. The program was administered by the Division of Tribal Programs. Before he could answer the inquiry, Matt needed to do some extensive research about the eligibility of the tribe.

Within a few hours piles of multi-colored books littered Matt's desk. Standing on his feet, he was frantically searching his file cabinet, as he was looking for any material that might help him. As he searched each drawer of the file cabinet, he examined each file folder for information. Each drawer contained the work of some

long-forgotten employees, who struggled with past BCCO responses to congressional inquiries. He was immediately impressed with the thoroughness of their work.

When he reached bottom drawer of the file cabinet, he pulled out a thick file folder. As he pulled on the folder, a frightened, grayish rodent sprang out of the drawer and ran across his hand. The mouse leaped to carpeted floor and ran under his desk. Then it raced behind a bookcase position against the west wall of the office. The mouse had long, dark grayish hair that flowed back towards its rear end. Its coal-black, beady eyes reflected light, and the reflected light gave the mouse a sinister look. The rodent's cone-shaped head was tipped by a small, curved dark nose, which was constantly twitching. The mouse's puffy cheeks were slightly moving, and its long dark tail was as long as its small body. Its short legs rapidly pushed it across the carpeted floor.

Curious about the mouse, Matt dashed to the bookcase. Saying nothing to Mrs. Shoemaker, he looked behind the bookcase and located the mouse. It was stationary on the floor at the center of the bookcase. By remaining still, the mouse was trying to blend in with the bookcase and carpet. When Matt shook the bookcase, the mouse scurried out of its hiding place, running towards Mrs. Shoemaker's desk.

For the first time Mrs. Shoemaker saw the darting mouse and she screamed, "That's a mouse."

Jumping up from her desk, she headed to the entrance of the office to escape the heinous little creature. Frightened by her movement, the mouse followed her out of the room. She let out another scream in the adjoining office of Boswell Norton and Joe London. Matt could not decipher her inaudible utterances.

Following Mrs. Shoemaker and the rodent, Matt watched the mouse spurted past Mrs. Shoemaker. When she saw the mouse sprint past her, she came to an abrupt halt. Sliding into Sarah Strong's office, the mouse ran to the division office door and stopped in front of door.

Matt squeezed past Mrs. Shoemaker who was blocking the narrow doorway. Reaching Sarah's office, he found that Sarah was not in her office. From the hallway, Matt heard the high-pitched voices of several women. He recognized one of the voices as belonging to Sarah. Her distinctive voice was easily recognizable from the other female voices. The women were joking and laughing about some subject unknown to Matt.

Matt could still see the mouse struggling to escape under the door. It was frantically searching for an opening and eventually slipped

under the door and out into the hallway.

Hysterical screaming interrupted the laughter. A female voice screamed, "It's a mouse."

Another female voice cried out, "There he goes down the hallway." Matt heard a shuffling of feet against the uncarpeted hard surface of the hallway floor. He swung the door open and peered down the hallway. Panicky women were scattering in every direction yelling warnings as they went. The mouse was mad with terror as it ran for its life. It collided several times with the plastered walls of the hallway before finding a safe haven in the janitor's room fifty feet down the hallway.

With the mouse no longer in sight, the women started to slowly regain their composure. Gathering back to together, they told each other how they detested the disgusting little creature. Their heavy breathing stopped, and the jerking motion of their bodies subsided. Laughter again broke the air as they recounted the distasteful experience.

Matt envied the brave mouse. He decided to worship the mouse and offer it sacrifices in the future. Such a powerful small animal deserved to be honored and venerated.

## Chapter 9

Jonathan Stewart III was a serious looking man who was of medium height and had light brown eyes. Grey hair was beginning to streak his reddish brown hair, and his skin was rosy white. His body lacked any body fat. His dark gray, three piece, pin-stripe suit loosely fit his slight build. His face was bony; his jaw was sharp and strong. He always wore his suit jacket at work, even when he worked at his desk.

His office was long and narrow with a high ceiling, and the walls were painted an off-white color. A single window filled the back wall of his office, and red floral drapes decorated the window. His black metal desk filled half the width of the room, and imitation hardwood bookcases lined his office walls. Every available space housed a law book. Photographs of his wife and two children stood next to his name plate on his desk.

His law degree hung in a picture frame on the east wall. Framed photographs of the President and the Secretary of the Interior were prominently displayed next to his law degree. A large map showing the location of Indian reservations across the nation was affixed to the west wall high over a bookcase. The Seal of the Interior Department was located upon another wall, and numerous training certificates were plastered on the walls.

Jonathan Stewart III was reading a law book about the intricacies of bankruptcy law. His boss had assigned him a complex legal case involving the applicability of federal bankruptcy law to a business enterprise owned by an Indian tribe. The reservation-based enterprise had filed for bankruptcy protection. An expert in Native American law, Stewart III worked as a Deputy Associate Solicitor for the Division of Indian Law of the Interior Solicitor's Office. He had worked for the Interior Solicitor since he graduated from a topnotch law school fourteen long years ago.

It had been a tough Tuesday morning for Jonathan Stewart III. During the morning coffee break at the Interior Department cafeteria, he was reading the morning newspaper, and he read some disturbing news. A law school classmate had been made a partner in a prestigious Washington, D.C. law firm. He had always been contemptuous of the classmate, and now the classmate would be making over two hundred thousand dollars per year. The news greatly upset him. He could only

grin and bear it at the time. His fellow deputy associate solicitors were hooting and hollering when they heard the news of the promotion. Across the cafeteria, the BIA employees were staring at the associate solicitors pondering what was happening.

Although the words tore at his self-esteem, Steward III praised the good fortunate of his classmate. His own OS-14 salary did not seem too important after that. He pondered whether he lacked charisma or the intelligence to be a partner in a prestigious law firm. Oh, he had started out so well after law school. He knew that he would be taking his frustrations out on someone today. Possibly the first person who walked into his office seeking his legal advice.

The loud ringing of his telephone brought Stewart III out of his stupor. Startled, his hands made a frenzied attempt to grab the telephone receiver. On his second try, his right hand grasped the receiver, and he jerked it to his ear. His secretary informed him that a Mr. Matt Lance from the BIA Division of Tribal Programs was waiting to see him. Mr. Lance wanted his legal advice on a Public Law 93-638 contract appeal. Stewart III told her to immediately send him into his office.

The door to Stewart III's office was partially ajar. Approaching the opening, Matt saw a well-dressed man wearing a pin-stripe suit sitting behind a metal desk. The man was rearranging books and papers on his desk. Matt skillfully maneuvered his body through the door opening and stood before Stewart III's desk. The nameplate on the desk read: Jonathan Stewart III, Deputy Associate Solicitor.

"Hi. I'm Matt Lance from the BIA Division of Tribal Programs." Looking confident, professional, and successful, Matt was smiling infectiously and was handsome as ever. He was wearing a navy blue blazer and a red necktie.

"Well! My name is Jonathan Stewart III," he retorted.

"I need to talk to you about a Public Law 93-638 contract appeal."

"You must be new to the BIA Central Office."

"Yes. I'm new to Washington, D.C. "

"Well. Why are you here?"

"The Division of Tribal Programs has an administrative appeal of a Public Law 93-658 contract."

"Which tribe?"

"A Chippewa Tribe believes it is entitled to more federal contract money, because of some language in a congressional committee report," Matt said. He explained that the tribe has filed an appeal directly with the Central Office, and it had bypassed the Minneapolis

Area Office.

"They can't do that," Stewart III pointed out.

"The Tribe is represented by the tribal attorney, Dutch Armstrong."

"Dutch Armstrong!" Stewart III cried out.

"Yes. Dutch Armstrong." Matt handed the folder to Stewart III, who snatched it away from Matt.

"Dutch Armstrong is always stirring up trouble."

"I heard that Dutch Armstrong is an excellent attorney."

"You've heard wrong," Stewart III said disdainfully.

"But he has won myriad cases for the tribes that he represents." Matt said innocently.

"I dealt with him many times before in other administrative appeals," Stewart III said heatedly, "He is just like any other tribal attorney."

"Well. I have heard that he is pretty unbeatable as an attorney." Matt mouthed in admiration of Dutch Armstrong.

"I don't think so."

"Many a BIA official and a deputy associate solicitor thought that they could beat him but found themselves quickly on the ropes."

Stewart III jumped up from his desk and cried out, "Who are you?"

"I don't understand."

"I thought you were an employee with the BIA Central Office!" Stewart III's face turned pale.

"Yes. I am an employee with the Central Office."

"You'll have to be more pro-BIA and less pro-tribe," Stewart III said indignantly.

"Are you telling me that I must always support the position of the Central Office?"

"Yes."

"What if the BIA Central Office is wrong?" Matt protested.

"We're not playing twenty questions," Stewart III warned.

"I'm merely asking a few questions."

"Mr. Lance! Apparently, you need some proper training."

"Training?"

"Yes. Training will make you more objective and less bias. You need to forget you're a Native American," Stewart III announced.

"What does being a Native American have to do with it?"

"Your tribal experiences have made you bias towards the BIA Central Office," Stewart III exclaimed.

"I don't think so."

"Proper training will making forget you're a Native American

and make you pro- BIA Central Office," Stewart III said, "I've gone through the training myself."

"I thought that I was well qualify to be a program analyst for the Tribal Programs Division."

"Well. You had better remember that you're working for the BIA Central Office"

"This conversation is leading nowhere," Matt said.

"As for Dutch Armstrong, it's time for me to teach him a lesson," Stewart III cried out.

"What's wrong with Dutch Armstrong?"

"He has had a free rein at the Central Office. The Central Office officials are afraid to deal with him. His always using his legal tricks to defeat them," Stewart III raved.

"But if he's a good attorney,...."

"His legal victories are causing Congress and the Indian tribes to lose confidence in the BIA Central Office."

"How will you defeat Dutch Armstrong?" Matt questioned.

"Dutch Armstrong does not stand a chance to win this administrative appeal that you gave me," Stewart III explained.

"Why doesn't Dutch Armstrong have a chance?"

"He is always appealing groundless and frivolous cases and winning by some legal trick," Stewart III thundered, "By god! I'll whip him."

"You're certainly confident."

"And when he hands his client Indian tribe a big legal bill, they will raise some hell and lose faith in him," Stewart III dreamed aloud, enjoying his victory before he had won it.

"Dutch Armstrong is an excellent tactician," Matt analyzed.

"So?"

"He's good at confusing the issues and splitting his opposition."

"So am I."

"He seems to have a source of inside information."

"Don't tell me my business," Stewart III howled.

"I'm not," Matt said.

"If you want to be a lawyer, go to law school and pass the bar examination."

"I was only trying to be helpful."

"Do you have any ideas where he gets his inside information?" Stewart III begged.

"I can't identify a specific source of information," Matt said.

"You got to be specific."

"Well. Dutch Armstrong is always calling the Tribal Programs Division about something."



"Then it's Tribal Programs Division," Stewart II said cautiously.

"No, I'm not saying that."

"What are you saying?"

"Well. If Dutch Armstrong does the same thing to the other BIA Divisions, he might be able to piece together a complete picture," Matt commented.

"I wish the BIA divisions would quit talking to the man," Stewart III whined.

"Anyway, Dutch Armstrong will be able to get the same information through the Freedom of Information Act, a congressional inquiry, or the federal regulations implementing Public Law 93-638," Matt said.

"You're telling me my business again," Stewart III bawled.

"No, I'm not."

"I'm an expert on the Freedom of Information Act and Public Law 95-638!"

"I'm not trying to be smart with you," Matt cried out.

"I'll get back with you later on the administrative appeal of the Public Law 93-638 contract dispute," Stewart III barked.

"Why?"

"Because I need to study the paperwork."

"Well! I wish you luck," Matt said.

"Don't worry. I have faced Dutch Armstrong many times before," Stewart III replied

"Have you ever won an appeal with Dutch Armstrong opposing you?"

"No. I have not." Stewart III paused for a moment. Blushing, he pointed to the door and yelled, "Get out of my office!"

Not saying a word, Matt Lance obeyed. He hurried to the door and headed down the corridor to the elevators. He rode the elevator to the second floor and leisurely journeyed back to the office. Walking into the office, Matt immediately saw Chet Johnson talking to Sarah Strong.

Chet Johnson turned to talk to Matt. He said, "Matt. How did your meeting go with Jonathan Stewart III?"

"Stewart III said that he would get back with me after he had time to review the appeal documents," Matt replied.

"Anything else?"

"He doesn't think much of Dutch Armstrong."

"Dutch Armstrong has caused the BIA Central Office plenty of problems," Chet Johnson added ruefully.

"That's what's I heard."

"When dealing with Dutch Armstrong, you got to be careful."

"Dutch Armstrong must be a skillful tribal lawyer," Matt said

admiringly.

"He knows plenty of attorney tricks. "

"He must."

"He'll use anything you say to him against you, even when you trying to be helpful," Chet Johnson admitted.

"I've never heard of Dutch Armstrong until I came to work for the Central Office," Matt said.

"You'll be hearing plenty more about him. The man is a devil," Chet Johnson moaned.

"Why?"

"He's always writing letters to Senators, Congressmen, and the Secretary of the Interior. "

"Dutch Armstrong must know what he's doing. His clients do quite well," Matt said.

"Dutch Armstrong has caused this division much embarrassment and lots of unnecessary work," Chet Johnson cried out.

"Dutch is only doing his job."

"I can't understand why you are defending him."

"I'm not."

"You got to learn to be an advocate for the interests of the Central Office and to be part of the Central Office team."

"I'm only admiring the man for being a good lawyer. Someday I hope to meet Dutch Armstrong," Matt said.

"Matt. You're getting your wish. You'll be handling all the Public Law 95-638 contract appeals for the division," Chet Johnson revealed.

"Well. I can do the job."

"You'll be meeting Dutch Armstrong in person."

"That's fine with me," Matt said.

"What else did Jonathan Stewart III have to say?" Chet Johnson asked.

"Stewart III told me to get out of his office," Matt smiled.

"What was Stewart III upset about?"

"He was upset about Dutch Armstrong," Matt responded. "He didn't like what I said about Dutch Armstrong."

"Jonathan Stewart III easily gets upset about Dutch."

"Yeah. I noticed that."

"But when it comes to upholding the BIA Central Office, I've found no better Deputy Associate Solicitor in the Interior Department," Chet Johnson attested.

"He is supportive," Matt admitted.

"How are you doing on the BCCO responses?"

"Are you talking about the inquiries from the Senators?"

"Yes, I am."

"I'm about ready to send them to you for your approval and surnaming."

"What about the response to the Freedom of Information Act request?" Chet Johnson asked.

"I've already given you that BCCO response," Matt answered.

"Yes. You have. I remember now."

"Did you approve it?" Matt asked.

"Yes," Chet Johnson said, "I've already sent it up to Susan Blanchard for her signature."

"That's good."

"You work fast, and you do excellent work."

"Well. I'd better get back to work. I want to get the other BCCO's out today," Matt said.

"How are you doing on Senator Bragg's inquiry about the Indian tribe in his state?" Chet Johnson asked.

"I'm finished with the Senator's inquiry."

"Good."

"My BCCO response is being typed up by Sarah."

"What was your answer to the inquiry?" Chet Johnson asked.

"The tribe isn't eligible. We can't bend the federal regulations."

"Then what can be done for the tribe?"

"The federal regulations will need to be amended to make the tribe eligible," Matt responded, "And amending the regulations will take at least a year. "

"Susan Blanchard won't like that answer," Chet Johnson said woefully, "But that's your problem." He returned to talking to Sarah Strong about some missing records that he needed to complete a Freedom of Information Act request.

Matt headed back to his desk. Mrs. Shoemaker was again entering information in the computer working in spurts every other minute. He saw his BCCO response to Senator Bragg's inquiry lying on his old gray desk. Grabbing it, he started to proofread it.

Mrs. Shoemaker finished working with the computer. She asked, "Matt. How did the meeting go with Jonathan Stewart III?"

"Stewart III is studying the contract appeal folder. He needs time to review the documents," he said.

"What does Stewart III think of the appeal?"

"Because Dutch Armstrong is representing the Chippewa Tribe, he thinks the appeal is groundless and frivolous," he responded.

"Dutch Armstrong can be difficult."

"There must be a personalty conflict between Stewart III and Dutch Armstrong," Matt surmised aloud.

"Why?" she asked.

"Stewart III feels a strong need to defeat Dutch Armstrong. "

"Stewart III has had many bad experiences with Dutch Armstrong."

"Yeah. But he is an excellent tribal attorney," Matt pointed out.

"Well. He thinks that Dutch Armstrong is unscrupulous." Mrs. Shoemaker paused for a second. "There must be a personality conflict between Stewart III and Dutch Armstrong," she finally said.

## Chapter 10

Several days later, on Friday morning, Matt Lance was at his desk developing comments on proposed federal legislation. It had been a productive week for Matt. He had completed the four responses to the congressional inquiries. After praising Matt's excellent work, Chef Johnson surnamed the correspondence and sent them to Susan Blanchard for her signature.

Feeling elated and confident, Matt thought about Washington, D.C. He liked the politically-conscious city, and he liked working for the BIA Central Office. It was a place where he could possibly succeed and fulfill his life ambitions. For a few years, he could tolerate Washington, D.C. while he made a name for himself. He might even win a promotion for himself.

One of the office telephones began to ring. Sarah Strong was away from her desk, as she was taking a coffee break at the cafeteria. During her absence, Matt was answering the office telephones for her. He quickly picked up the ringing phone.

"Hello. Matt Lance speaking."

"This is Susan Blanchard, Mr. Lance"

"Yes."

"Come up to my office right now," she commanded, "I want to talk to you about the quality of your work."

"I'll come up to your office immediately," he said grimly.

"I want you up here now! Goodbye!"

Before Matt could return the goodbye, Susan had abruptly hung up her phone. His glee suddenly turned to gloom. Cold reality turned his face pale, caused his stomach to ache, and made his blood pressure tingle his hands. His head felt heavy, and his usual self-confidence was shattered as he pondered his meeting with his boss.

Matt thought to himself, "I wonder what's wrong with my work?" His eyes hunted for some avenue of escape. Finding none, he decided to face the tigress unarmed.

Believing he had no alternative, Matt scrambled up from his desk and hurried to his office closet. After he adjusted his bright red necktie, Matt grabbed his navy blue blazer made of virgin wool.

Hurrying out of the office, Matt met Sarah Strong coming back from her coffee break. He said somberly, "Sarah. I'm going up to Susan Blanchard's office. She wants to talk to me about my work."

"Good luck, Matt. I hope that I see you again," she said teasingly.

Matt pondered what surgical instruments awaited him up in Susan's Office. After riding the elevator up to the fourth floor, he crept down the long corridor to Susan Blanchard's office. Arriving at her office, Jane Weaver was quietly sitting at her secretary desk. He stopped at her desk and said hello. Wearing a cream double pleated dress, Jane Weaver gave him an icy stare and said coldly, "Miss Blanchard is waiting to see you. Go right in."

Matt marched into Susan's office. Across the room, Susan and Maxine Hubbard were busy looking at exotic fish swimming in a marine aquarium. Bubbles were floating to the surface from a device submerged in the tank water. Susan had a box of fish food in her right hand. She sprinkled some fish food into the aquarium. Immediately the fish swam over to the fish food and nibbled at food particles suspended in the murky water.

Aware of Matt's presence in the office, Susan and Maxine simply ignored him. With pride, Susan pointed to her prize fish. She gave the names of their species and how much she had paid for the fish. The fish also had nicknames, which Susan named off. Matt strained his eyes to see whether there were piranhas in the aquarium. But he was too far away to clearly make out the fish. He waited patiently for Susan to complete her task.

When she finished feeding the fish, Susan turned around and exclaimed. "Oh. Mr. Lance. You're here. You should have interrupted us."

"I wasn't waiting long."

"Sit down in the chair in front of my desk."

Matt quickly obeyed sitting down in a conference chair made of steel, wood, and cushioned cloth. Maxine was preparing to leave the office.

"Maxine. Since you reviewed Mr. Lance's work before it got to me, I want you to stay," Susan ordered.

"Okay," Maxine said.

"Take a seat beside my desk. I want you to face Mr. Lance." Maxine obeyed. She walked to a chair next to Susan's desk and gently sat down in the chair. Still at the aquarium, Susan was putting droplets into the water. She explained that the droplets helped to purify the water and was good for the fish. When she finished, she turned around and stared at Matt.

"Mr. Lance. I want to talk to you about the quality of your work," Susan said seriously.

"Miss Blanchard. You can call me Matt."

Susan walked to her executive desk and sat down in her black

executive chair. Her mahogany desk was impressive in size. Photographs of children and parents were strategically placed on her desk. Her "in" and "out" boxes were filled with folders and papers, and a white telephone rested on the desk,

"Let's first talk about Senator Bragg's inquiry," Susan said.

"Okay."

"We can't possibly send your response to the Senator," she said. She handed to Matt the folder containing the correspondence of Senator Bragg. He reached out and grabbed it. Using a red felt pen, Susan had drawn a large X across his response to the Senator's inquiry. Grinning unabashedly, Maxine was nodding in agreement with Susan.

"But the tribe is not eligible under the federal regulations," Matt advised Susan.

"Forget the federal regulations! I want you to finesse an answer making the tribe eligible for the program," Susan demanded.

"I don't know."

"You're smart enough. You can do it."

"I suppose I can find an exception for the tribe," he finally admitted, "but the regulations are clear cut."

"Mr. Lance. Just find an exception for the tribe. And I'll sign it?" Susan cried out.

"Sure," he said weakly.

"I will not disappoint Senator Bragg. He's too influential."

"I recommend that we work to get the regulations amended," Matt said.

"That's your next assignment," Susan said, "If you want to amend the regulations, then we will amend the regulations."

"How do I start?" Matt asked.

"Well. First start by reading up on the procedure to amend the federal regulations."

"Where do I find the material?"

"You'll find the material in the Interior Departmental Manual," Susan replied.

"Okay."

"And then report back to me."

"It will take a lot of work to amend the federal regulations," Matt said.

"Then learn to keep quiet," Susan reproved.

"I was only trying to be helpful," he responded.

"Now. Your answer to Senator Anthony Miles is totally unacceptable."

"What do you mean?"

"You're giving the Senator too much information," Susan said loudly.

"I thought it was a good response."

"Keep your answers simple and to the point," she said, "Never volunteer any information,"

Susan roughly handed the folder containing Senator Miles' correspondence to Matt. He again reached out and grabbed it. With a red felt pen, Susan had crossed out the information that she found offensive and wrote notes into the margins.

"I'll try to incorporate your suggestions," Matt said weakly.

"You will do the answer the way I tell you," she said.

Nodding in agreement, Maxine finally said, "Miss Blanchard is right. Your answer does not meet the guidelines of the BIA Manual."

"Senator Miles is a troublemaker!" Susan said to Matt.

"He is?"

"Yes. I don't want to give him any ammunition to throw at the BIA Central Office."

"The Senator is pretty tough!" Maxine cried out, "If he suspects something is wrong, he's bound to be sniffing around."

"I'll delete the paragraphs and lines that you crossed out from the response to Senator Miles' inquiry," Matt conceded.

"Mr. Lance. Don't look so worried," Susan said.

"I'm not."

"In time you'll learn that I'm right," Susan said. Maxine nodded in agreement.

"You have a lot to learn. You have only been with the Central Office for a few days," Maxine pointed out.

"I know," he said.

"Miss Blanchard is an excellent teacher. Listen to her!"

"I'm in Washington, D.C. to learn," Matt confessed sheepishly.

Seeing that she had Matt helpless, Susan seized three more folders. She stood up from her desk and walked around it. Reaching Matt's position, she handed the folders to him. He recognized the folders as the other congressional responses that he had worked on.

"All your responses to the congressional inquiries need to be rewritten," Susan said sternly.

"What do you mean?"

"Your responses lack clarity. You use bad grammar. There are some misspellings."

"I thought I was a good writer," he said.

"As you probably heard, Maxine was an English major in college," Susan commented.

"I've been told that. "



"She has reviewed your responses and has concluded they need to be rewritten."

"Miss Blanchard is right," Maxine exclaimed, "I've seen a college freshman do better."

"When do you need the revised BCCO responses?" Matt asked in a subdued tone, as he was depressed and shocked.

"You have until 4:00 p.m. on Monday to get the responses back up to my desk."

"I'll see what I can do," he responded reluctantly.

"Mr. Lance. You have until 4:00 p.m. on Monday. Those are my instructions," Susan ordered.

"I understand," he said.

"You just can't put off your work until to the last minute."

"Miss Blanchard is right!", Maxine agreed gleefully, "The Senators deserve quick responses."

"Mr. Lance. I need to confer with Maxine," Susan finally said, "Please leave my office. "

"Okay."

"You have plenty of work to do," Susan said.

In shock, Matt staggered out of Susan's office. Pale, he looked tired and haggard. Jane Weaver was at her desk acting as he didn't exist.

When Matt finally left the office, Susan and Maxine were ecstatic. Maxine put her right arm around Susan's shoulders and started laughing uncontrollably. Susan was highly pleased with her performance.

"It must have been a rough meeting for Matt Lance," Maxine laughed aloud, "But he has to learn the system."

"It was like leading a sheep to slaughter," Susan laughed.

"Susan. You certainly know how to handle Matt Lance," Maxine cried out, "He's such a wimp and a nerd. He's so pathetic."

"We may have another Chet Johnson on our hands. "

"We sure do."

"It was Chet who hired Matt Lance in the first place," Susan said, "I suppose it takes one to know one."

"Susan. I thought I would die when you told Matt redo all answers to the congressional inquiries. " Maxine's lungs ached from her laughter.

"Maxine. We may be able to use Matt Lance after all."

"We may?" Maxine's jaws dropped.

"With proper handling, we may be able to control him," Susan said.

"I wouldn't doubt it."

"He might end up being an excellent employee for the Central Office."

"But he still might be a threat to you." Maxine was quickly becoming disturbed by Susan's statements.

"It may be possible to win him over our side."

"Why would we want him on our side?"

"Well. Matt knows a lot about reservation life and tribal government." Susan offered, "I just might be able to make him a trusted employee."

"But he would never join us," Maxine opined.

"Why wouldn't he join us?"

"Because he is still a radical, militant Indian."

"I'm beginning to have my doubts," Susan revealed.

Losing her patience, Maxine cried out, "But he hangs around with Kenny Treatyrights. And you know Kenny Treatyrights."

"But he has never been given any alternatives."

"Matt Lance is a malcontent and potential troublemaker," Maxine insisted, "You just wait and see."

"He didn't look or sound like one this morning," Susan confirmed.

"Only time will tell."

"Did you follow Matt Lance home after work this week."

"Yeah. He just took the bus home. He didn't walk uptown to any bars or visit any topless go-go bars," Maxine said in a disappointed tone.

"Well. At least he doesn't drink every night or go to topless go-go bars."

"But today is Friday."

"So?"

"After work, Matt Lance is bound to head to Marion's Restaurant and Bar," Maxine said confidently.

"Why would he go there?"

"Because that's where Kenny Treatyrights hangs out."

"Treatyrights," Susan said defiantly.

"And Harlan Goodloe will probably be with Treatyrights."

"Well. Why don't you follow Matt to Marion's Restaurant and Bar," Susan suggested, "And report to me what he does."

"Your wish is my command," Maxine said gleefully.

"Over the weekend, I plan to do some rethinking about Matt Lance," Susan said.

"You're making a mistake."

"Maybe. But before I make any decisions, we first need to determine whether he can become a trusted employee." Susan related.

"If you're right about Matt Lance, it would quite a formidable alliance," Maxine admitted grudgingly.

"Well. Let's go to lunch."

"Let's eat some Chinese food today," Maxine suggested.

"Fine with me."

Since it was lunch time, Matt Lance decided to proceed directly to the Interior cafeteria, as he needed time to think. The food and milk would help his queasy stomach and ease his mental pain. He needed to regain his composure before he returned to his office and faced the division staff. He was positive that they would demand to know all of the sordid details of his confrontation with Susan Blanchard. They always were interested in his meetings with anyone from the fourth floor.

Arriving at the cafeteria, he entered and found an empty table. He left his folders on the table. Then he headed to the food counters where he purchased a hamburger, french fries and milk. He returned to his table and sat down.

He surveyed the cafeteria for recognizable faces who might ease his pain. The deputy associate solicitors were eating lunch in their usual corner. The BIA credit division were grouped around two tables. The Interior law enforcement personnel were eating at a table near entrance of the cafeteria. They were again eyeballing every person entering or leaving the cafeteria.

Picking up his hamburger, Matt bit a chunk out of it and washed it down with his milk. His peripheral vision sighted a tall, slender woman approaching his table, in her late thirties. She was professionally dressed.. Her golden brown hair was styled, and steel-rimmed glasses covered her greyish eyes. With her hips moving, she walked gracefully towards his table. Stopping in front of Mali's table, she cried out, "You're a Native American!"

Matt quickly glanced over his left shoulder and then glanced over right shoulder, as he was trying to discover to whom the woman was talking to. He thought the statement was strange, because of the number of Native Americans who worked for the BIA Central Office. Seeing no Native Americans nearby, he finally said, "Yeah. I'm a Native American."

"May I eat lunch with you?," she asked cheerfully, "I don't like to see people eating alone."

"It's okay with me. Take a seat," Matt directed.

"What's your name?"

"Matt Lance."

"I'm Mrs. Mary Wright."

"Good to meet you," he said.

"Which division do you work for?"

"The BIA Division of Tribal Programs."

"I work for BIA Social Services," Mrs. Wright revealed, "So you work for the Bureau of Indian Affairs?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Wright placed her tray on the table and took a seat across from Matt. A tuna fish sandwich, potato chips, and a soft drink lay on her tray. She carefully nibbled on one half of her tuna fish sandwich.

"Yeah. I just started to work for the Central Office," Matt said, "This is my first job with the BIA."

"Where did you work before?" she asked.

"For the last eight years, I have been working for the Colville Tribe."

"So you're fresh from the reservation?" Mrs. Wright's eyes widened in apparent amazement.

Matt was startled by Mrs. Wright's statement. He replied, "Oh, yes. I just arrived in Washington, D.C. from the Coville Indian Reservation."

"Why did you come to Washington?"

"I'm trying to make it big in Washington, D.C." Matt decided to tease Mrs. Wright.

"Oh, my."

"Washington, D.C. is the place to go for Native American to make it big," he continued.

"I hope that you are coping with Washington, D.C."

"Well. I'm not used of the big city."

"It must be hard for you."

"All those cars, trucks, and buses can get on your nerves," Matt pretended.

"Yeah. The traffic is bad."

"And I'm not used to dealing with all those hundred thousands of people," he added in a woeful tone.

"Gee. Life in Washington, D.C. can be quite hectic," she empathized, "It takes time to get used to it."

"We'll see what happens."

"You'll adjust."

"Are you a social worker for the BIA?" Matt asked.

"Yes. I've been here for five years. "

"Where did you work before?"

"I was a social worker for New York State," Mrs. Wright answered.

"New York?"

"Yes. My husband and I moved to Washington six years ago."

"Why did you move to Washington?"

"My husband got a job with the Department of Health and Human Services."

"What do you do for BIA Social Services?" Matt asked.

"Right now, I work with Indian Child Welfare Act," Mrs. Wright said.

"Yeah. It's important federal legislation for Native American children," he commented.

"I monitor the tribal programs funded by Act," she said proudly, "I'm a sort of a troubleshooter for BIA Social Services."

"Did you say troublemaker?" Matt smiled.

"No, I didn't say troublemaker! I said troubleshooter," Mrs. Wright said excitedly. She was mildly upset at Matt's remark.

"What kind of trouble do you shoot?"

"There's a lot of child abuse on Indian reservations," she said combatively, "We, at the Central Office, get all kind of reports about it."

"It's a problem everywhere - not just with Indian reservations," Matt advised.

"Yeah. I know that!" Mrs. Wright cried out, "But I'm only concerned with Indian reservations and Indian child abuse."

"Anyway, the Indian tribes have their own court systems and programs to take care of child abuse cases," Matt added.

"I wasn't born yesterday," she seethed.

"The tribal government appear to capable of handing child abuse."

Getting frustrated with Matt, Mrs. Wright blurted out, "You cannot depend on the tribal courts or tribal police to do their jobs."

"That's hard lo believe!"

"And I've met some tribal officials who are not concerned about child abuse," she scolded, "Some of them have worked for their tribes for eights years!"

"It's possible that the tribal courts and tribal police are not adequately funded by the BIA," he pointed out.

"I know an Indian tribe where the tribal criminal investigators don't even investigate Indian child abuse cases," Wright said with self-righteous indignation.

"When comes to dealing with child abuse, tribal courts and tribal police are just as competent as other courts or police," Matt countered.

"Oh, I know better," she said irately, "The tribal courts and tribal police are too tied to tribal politics."

"How do you know that?"

"We, at the Central Office, receive reports of tribal criminal

investigators failing to respond to child abuse cases because of tribal politics," Mrs. Wright smugly declared.

"What are your sources of information?" he asked.

"Why! Honest Herb Sharkley of the BIA Police," Mrs. Wright announced confidently.

"I don't consider Rattlesnake Herb a reliable source," Matt said.

"Mr. Sharkley has impeccable record."

"He has a score to settle with Indian tribes."

"Mr. Sharkley is the most professional law enforcement officer that I ever met," Mrs. Wrights yelled out.

"Sharkley has you snowed."

"Why! I'm shocked at your statement slandering Honest Herb Sharkley."

"Mrs. Wright. Do you have any regular contact with the tribal courts, the tribal police, or the BIA police?" Matt questioned.

"Why, no. I'm pretty much restricted to the Central Office," she admitted reluctantly.

"So you really don't know what you're talking about," he cross-examined.

Mrs. Wright slammed her fists into the table. The trays soared into the air; and, airborne for a split second, they crashed back back onto the table. French fries and potato chips flew out of their paper containers onto trays, and coffee was spilt. Frowning at the commotion, cafeteria customers were gawking at the quarreling couple. They were trying to surmise what was happening.

"Well. I don't have to listen to this," she exclaimed, "You have been very rude!"

"It's time you listen to the other side's story."

"In Washington, D.C., men are polite to women." Mrs. Wright sprang up from the table, seized her tray and stomp over to another table. She placed her tray down at the other side. Two other women were sitting at the other table. Pointing her right hand at Matt, she was angrily saying some words that he could not hear. The two women turned their heads and looked fiercely at Matt.

"Good riddance," Matt thought to himself. He gathered up his french fries and put them back in the paper container. His heated words with Mary Wright had prevented him eating his lunch. He was glad that she had left him to his meal, as it was getting late and he needed to quickly finish his lunch. He gobbled down his hamburger, ate his fries, and swallowed his now lukewarm coffee.

Leaping up from the table, Matt grabbed his folders and hurried to the cafeteria entrance. Hoofing it up a stairway and down a corridor, he arrived at the division's office door. Opening the door,

he entered.

Sarah Strong was standing behind her secretary's desk filing folders in file cabinets. She turned around and asked, "How did your meeting go with Susan Blanchard?"

"Rough!" Matt confessed painfully.

"I'm not surprised."

"Susan told me to rewrite all the congressional responses."

"What's wrong with your responses?"

"I'm suppose to come up with a different answer for Senator Bragg."

"It figures."

"I gave Senator Miles too much information," he continued,

"Other congressional responses need to be rewritten for grammar and punctuation."

"I thought Susan would tell you rewrite the correspondence for Senator Bragg and Senator Miles," Sarah revealed.

"I was warned."

"She knows her Senators. She likes Senator Bragg and despises Senator Miles."

"Why Senator Miles?"

"Because Senator Miles is always criticizing the BIA and especially her work."

"I have until 4:00 p.m. on Monday to get the rewrites up to Susan's desk," Matt protested, "She insisted!"

"Oh. You hope you have no problems meeting the deadline."

"I hope so," he said sheepishly.

"I didn't see any problems with your grammar or punctuation," she said, "Maxine must be trying to make herself useful."

"This is the first time that I've ever been called a bad writer," Matt said ruefully.

"It isn't you. You're one of the better writer around here."

"I'm not so sure anymore. "

"Susan and Maxine are just playing some psychological games with you," Sarah advised, "They want to make you feel worthless and inadequate."

"They like playing for keeps," he blurted out.

"You got to learn to stand up to Susan. Make her respect you," Sarah urged, "or she will take advantage of you. "

"I'll keep it in mind." Matt ended the conversation. Returning to his desk, he dropped the folders onto his desk.

Mrs. Shoemaker was behind her desk reading a government report. She looked up and said with relish, "I heard you had a meeting with Susan Blanchard this morning?"

"Yeah."

"I understand it had to do with the quality of your work,"

"How did you know?"

"It's all over the Central Office."

Matt looked into her eyes and waited to hear her say "I told you so." Sighing deeply, he said, "Susan wanted to talk to me about my responses to the congressional inquiries."

"What was wrong with your BCCO responses?"

"Plenty."

"But Chet Johnson was happy with them."

"Susan wants me to change my answer to Senator Bragg's inquiry. She wants the tribe to be eligible for the program," Matt confessed.

"Didn't you talk to Susan about Senator Bragg's inquiry as I told you to do?"

"No. I didn't talk to her before I wrote the response."

Sighing to herself, Mrs. Shoemaker lectured, "You got to quit being afraid of Susan Blanchard."

"I tried."

"You got to stand up to her. You must appear to be weak to her."

"But Susan and Maxine work together to beat you," he cried out.

"Are you talking about their notorious two-on-one routine?"

"I suppose you would call it that."

"You should have taken Chet Johnson with you to the meeting," Mrs. Shoemaker preached.

"I didn't expect an ambush."

"What about Senator Miles' inquiry?" Mrs. Shoemaker asked.

"Susan thought I gave Senator Miles too much information," he replied, "She told me to keep it simple."

"Didn't I tell you to keep it simple and to the point?"

"I know."

"You got to dumbify your responses." Mrs. Shoemaker waved her forefinger at Matt. "The process is called 'dumbification!'"

"I tried to keep it simple. But the Senator's questions were just too complicated," Matt howled.

"There's always a way."

"Not for his questions."

"And you'll have to quit provoking Susan!" Mrs. Shoemaker finally jested.

"I'm not trying to provoke her!"

"Well. Just do what she says."

"Thank you for your advice, Mrs. Shoemaker," Matt said frowning.

"You're welcome."



"I need to start rewriting the congressional responses," he said, "I've got until 4:00 p.m. on Monday to get them up to Susan's desk."

"If you need any help, I'm here to help. " Mrs. Shoemaker returned to her reading.

Picking up the folder containing Senator Bragg's inquiry, Matt opened and spread it out on his desk. He grabbed a red ink pen and commenced to revise his responses, and he spent the rest of the afternoon rewriting his responses. When he finished revising several responses, he gave them to Sarah Strong to re-type.

## Chapter 11

Late Friday afternoon, Matt Lance arrived at Marion's Restaurant and Bar and walked through an open door into the barroom. As usual, it was smoky, loud, and crowded with customers. The bar was serving tacos as a Happy Hour appetizer. Dressed in suits or blazers, the customers were drinking a variety of strong liquor drinks, wine, and icy beer. They were talking back and forward in undecipherable voices.

Matt looked toward the bar counter for a familiar face. All the bar stools were occupied, and there were customers crowded around the bar stools. He failed to recognize any of their faces.

Disappointed, he turned to the tables still looking for a familiar face. Through the dim light and shadows, Matt made out a massive outline of a man sitting at a table in a far corner of the barroom. It was Kenny Treatyrights, and Harlan Goodloe was sitting with him. He remembered Goodloe from their Monday morning meeting, a few days ago. Hurrying to their table, he maneuvered around tables, chairs and patrons.

Goodloe was still wearing his brown tweed jacket and mauve slacks. He wasn't wearing a necktie. His gray hair was still uncombed, and his clothes still had a baggy appearance.

Finally reaching their table, Matt said excitedly, "It's good to see you - Treatyrights and Goodloe."

"Matt. Take a seat," Treatyrights directed. Goodloe remained silent.

"I need to drink a few beers," Matt said in desperate voice, "It been a long week."

"Let me order you a drink."

"Okay."

Treatyrights waved to a shapely cocktail waitress, who was wearing 1890's barbershop outfit with a red arm garter. She hurried to the table. When she arrived, he ordered, "Roxanne. Get a light beer for Matt."

"Can I get you another drink?" she asked Treatyrights. She eyed his nearly empty drink.

"Yes. Get two more bourbon and seven's for Harlan and me." Roxanne retreated to the service bar to fill the orders.

"Thanks for the light beer. I sure need to drink a cold beer," Matt

sighed.

"Well. I see that you survived the week," Goodloe said to Matt. Goodloe still had a wild look in his eyes, and he made Matt feel uncomfortable.

"Barely."

"Matt. How do you like working for the Central Office?" Treatyrights asked.

"I don't know," he replied, "I thought I was doing quite well until I met with Susan Blanchard this morning."

"What happened this morning to change your mind?"

"Plenty. Susan didn't like the quality of my work."

"I didn't expected that she would," Treatyrights said.

"She ordered me to re-write all my responses to congressional inquiries."

"I'm always battling with Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard over responses to congressional inquiries," Treatyrights admitted, as he wanted to ease Matt's pain.

"You do?" Matt asked.

"Yeah. They are always complaining about something," Treatyrights grumbled.

"Like what?"

"If it isn't grammar; it's punctuation. They want me to add this and delete that, or re-type the responses."

"Matt. You got to stand up and fight Susan and Maxine," Goodloe cried out, shadow boxing with his fists.

"To me it's just busy work," Treatyrights continued, "It's their way of maintaining control over you." Goodloe nodded in agreement.

"Maxine Hubbard was at the meeting. She was supporting anything that Susan said," Matt denounced woefully, "and Maxine was getting in her own licks too."

"Old two-on-one routine," Treatyrights snorted. Goodloe was delirious.

"How do you cope with Susan Blanchard?" Matt asked out of desperation.

"Susan is a sucker for a right cross." Treatyrights demonstrated his right cross to Matt. Goodloe responded with blind laughter.

"I couldn't hit Susan. It wouldn't be right to hit a woman," Matt reacted innocently.

"One of these days I'm going to let Susan have it," Treatyrights threatened teasingly.

"I'm trying to be serious."

"Before you start any project, you need to develop a strategy," Treatyrights suggested.

"Strategy?"

"You must plan how you will get Susan's approval."

"What about Chet Johnson's help?" Matt asked.

"Sheep is not much help. He does not like conflict," Treatyrights analyzed.

"He wasn't much help this morning."

"Once in a while, Sheep will have a good moment. But you can't depend on him over the long term."

"Chet Johnson did surname my BCCO responses before they were sent up to Susan," Matt added grudgingly.

"That's what I mean. Sheep will sign anything you put in front of him," Treatyrights said.

"You're right."

"His signature means nothing."

"I expected more." Matt said.

"Susan won't hold him responsible for unacceptable responses to congressional inquiries," Treatyrights pointed out, "She will hold you responsible."

"Is Susan capable of treating me fairly?" Matt finally asked.

"It's hard to say. It depends on how she views you," Treatyrights said.

"Meaning?"

"If you are a threat to her, she could be a problem for you."

"I'm a highly experienced professional," Matt asserted heatedly, "I thought I was well qualified for my job."

"It's your Indian reservation background," Treatyrights commented.

"You think so?"

"Susan has never lived on an Indian reservation or worked for an Indian tribe or a BIA field office."

"Why should she be threatened by my reservation background?" Matt asked.

"You know more about tribal government than she does. You're too smart for your own good. "

"I thought the Central Office wanted people who knew something about tribal government and reservation Indians," Matt exclaimed.

"It's hard to say what the Central Office wants," Treatyrights pointed out.

"What should I do?" Matt asked.

"If I were you, I would play dumb," Treatyrights laughed loudly, "Be less threatening to Susan. Play up to Susan. Tell her that she's a superb manager."

Goodloe laughed so loud that he had problems breathing. The barroom crowd eyed their table pondering what the Native

Americans were up to.

"I wouldn't lower myself to that level," Matt laughed, as he glanced up to the entrance to the barroom.

Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver strolled into the barroom and sat at a table across the room. They ordered a couple of tequila sunrises. Each would take turns glancing over to Treatyrights' table.

"Speak of the devil. Matt. Your friends, Maxine and Jane, are here," Treatyrights cried out, "Pussy Cat and Sour Puss!"

"They're no friends of mine."

"You must be a V.I.P."

"Why?"

"Maxine and Jane rarely come to this bar on Fridays. This is the second week in row," Treatyrights declared.

"I wish I wasn't such a celebrity. I would like to enjoy myself in peace."

Treatyrights, Matt and Goodloe started discussing the latest sex scandal to rock Washington, D.C. and its impact on the coming national elections. Although the event was titillating, Treatyrights argued, the scandal would have little effect on national politics. Matt argued that the country was moralistic and that the electorate would vote accordingly. Goodloe argued that good sex should never affect politics.

Growing tired of their polemical discuss, Matt decided to tease Treatyrights. He asked deftly, "Treatyrights. What is Haskell Institute Alumni Association?"

"It's an organization of former students of Haskell Institute," Treatyrights announced proudly.

"Does it have any activities?"

"Yeah. The association sponsors many Native American-oriented activities in the Washington, D.C. area"

"It's pretty much an organization for older Native American, isn't it?" Matt asked, sneaking up.

"It's open to anyone who wants to participate in its activities."

"I got the impression there are many former Haskell students working for the Central Office."

"Yeah. There are. That's why there is an alumni organization in Washington, D.C.," Treatyrights said, "What's your point?"

"I got the impression this is the Haskell Institute era of BIA leadership." Matt set his trap.

"What do you mean?" Treatyrights exploded. "I'm an alumnus of Haskell Institute."

"Well. When a different generation takes over the BIA, there

will a changing of the guard," Matt said.

"Meaning?"

"Right now, the BIA is run by people from the Haskell Institute era."

"Matt. What do you have against Haskell graduates?"

"I have nothing against Haskell graduates," Matt defended himself.

"Then what are you talking about?"

"But you have to admit they represent a generation of BIA leadership - for better or worst."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"It's simple math."

"If you are saying that a generation older than your generation runs things, you are right," Treatyrights said heatedly.

"Yes. You got it."

"Your problems aren't cause by Haskell graduates."

"I was talking with a few young BIA employees. We were discussing the present mismanagement of the BIA Central Office," Matt teased with a straight face.

"What else is new?"

"They can't wait until the baby boom generation takes over."

"They can't?"

"Yes. They blame BIA mismanagement on the Haskell crowd."

"For one thing you're not young anymore. Two, Susan Blanchard is of your generation," Treatyrights fought back.

"She's older than me."

"Matt. She's a baby boomer like you. She's the one giving you problems."

"But you must admit my analysis does provide answers," Matt finally laughed.

"Matt. The problem with you is that you haven't suffered as a Native American," Treatyrights countered, "If you had suffered as a Native American, you would have a different point of view about Haskell graduates."

"What do you mean that I haven't suffered?"

"In order to be a true Native American, you have to have suffered," Treatyrights asserted, "Since you never have suffered, you are not a true Native American."

"How do you know that I haven't suffered?"

"Because you don't talk, look, or act like a Native American who has suffered."

"You're talking about present day Native Americans," Matt said.

"I am talking about Native Americans of today and of yesterday."

"Do you really think you have to suffer before you can be a true Native

American?" Matt looked dumfounded.

"Look at Crazy Man and myself. We have suffered for ten years working for the Central Office," Treatyrights said.

"You've suffered?"

"If you work ten years for the Central Office, you will end up like Crazy Man and me -two broke down old Native Americans."

"Yeah. You'll end up like me." Goodloe cried out in agreement with Treatyrights.

Matt had to admit to himself that Goodloe presented a good case for a man who had suffered as a Native American. He said jokingly, "That is one thing I don't plan to do. My first week working for the Central Office has been tough enough."

"Matt. You'll get used to working for the Central Office. Within a few years, you'll be old hand," Treatyrights continued.

Matt looked for Roxanne, the cocktail waitress. She was across the room talking to Maxine and Jane. Once she finished, she turned around and started to returned to her duty station.

Matt waved to her, and she rushed over to the table. He ordered another round of drinks. He was beginning to feel better, but he still obsessed with the BIA Central Office. He asked Treatyrights, "Is there any resistance movement within the Central Office?"

"What do you mean?" Treatyrights asked.

"Is there a group of employees secretly resisting the policies of the Central Office?"

"Are you talking about some kind of secret network of BIA employees?"

"Yes, I am."

Treatyrights pointed to Harlan Goodloe and said, "The Crazy Man is involved in some kind of underground group."

"Yes. I'm their leader," Goodloe cried out.

"You are?" Matt inquired.

"We meet in small groups in order to avoid detection," Goodloe whispered, "and we discuss the Central Office policies and how to oppose them."

"Why isn't Kenny Treatyrights involved?" Matt asked.

"We can't trust Kenny Treatyrights. He's part of management."

"I thought Treatyrights was your friend."

"He is. But it makes no difference to the underground," Goodloe revealed in a subdued voice.

"Who's us?"

"That is a secret," Goodloe replied.

"Am I eligible to join?" Matt asked.

"If you stick around the Central Office for a few years, you may

become eligible," Goodloe continued to whisper.

"That's good to hear."

"You're not eligible now, because you could be a spy for the powers on the fourth floor. "

"I'm not a spy for Susan Blanchard," Matt asserted.

"But you talk like one of her spies and trusted employees," Treatyrights pointed out.

"How's that."

"You ask too many questions," Treatyrights smiled.

Herb Sharkley stepped through the entrance of the barroom. Sharkley was wearing one of his usual BIA Police blazer and gray pants. His clothes tightly fit his huge body. Sharkley promised himself that he would go on a diet next Monday. His eyes needed time to adjust to the half-lit, smoky room. It had been a trying week for Sharkley, as the memories of the Matt Lance still haunted him. Matt Lance was a troublesome spirit from the past threatening to reveal his past misdeeds. He decided to drink a few beers to ease his shaken nerves. That's why he came to Marion's Restaurant and Bar.

Sharkley looked toward the crowded bar counter for an empty barstool. A well-dressed male patron at the bar looked like he was about ready to leave. Sharkley was determined to get to the barstool before any other person grabbed it. Once the barstool was vacated, he knew that he had to move quickly, as other patrons were standing close by ready to seize it. The decamping patron stepped away the barstool and moved towards the exit.

Sharkley made his move. He stormed across the barroom stumbling over a tall blond man in a dark executive suit. But he didn't lose his balance. A pretty young lady in a black dress was also making a mad dash for the barstool. Sharkley got there first nudging her out of the way. He told the pretty woman better luck next time and sat down on the barstool. He ordered a cold beer in a frosty beer mug from one of the bartenders. When the bartender returned with the frosty mug full of beer, he sat back in his wooden barstool sipping his cold icy beer.

After a few sips, Sharkley felt some hunger pains. He ambled over to the table holding the appetizers to get some tacos. Lining up behind a young couple, he waited his turn. When his turn came, he snatched a thick paper plate from the table. Loading his plate with cheese, cooked hamburger, tacos sauce, and taco shells, he retreated to his barstool and mixed the cheese, hamburger, and hot sauce together. Breaking up the hard taco shells, he used the pieces to scoop up the concoction. Sharkley proceeded to gorge himself. After



he finished, he ordered another frosty mug of beer.

Sharkley looked into the large mirror behind the bar. He searched the crowd for pretty women. His fun was cut short when he sighted Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver sitting at a table not far from his barstool. He didn't want Maxine and Jane to see him in the barroom, as they might report his activity to his boss and Susan Blanchard. Hoping that they had not sighted him, he tried to be inconspicuous as possible. But Maxine was talking to Jane and was pointing in his direction.

When he saw Maxine, Sharkley remembered the orders of Susan Blanchard to conduct an investigation of Matt Lance. Susan had wanted positive evidence that Matt Lance was a radical, militant Indian, a boozier or a crook. He had hoped his investigation would discredit Matt Lance. But he did not know how he was going to prove the charges against Matt Lance, for there was little evidence against him. Susan would soon be demanding his report. Sharkley regretted telling Susan that he had previously known Matt Lance and that he was the intelligence officer for the BIA Police Services Division. He wished that the old ghost of his past would just go away.

Sharkley again looked into the mirror to discover what Maxine and Jane were doing. Still at the table chatting with one another, Sharkley decided it was a good time to leave the barroom. Climbing out of his barstool, he quietly headed to the entrance. He hoped that Maxine and Jane would fail to notice him leaving the bar. Halfway to the entrance, Maxine started to wave vigorously her hand motioning him to come to their table. He reluctantly obeyed and made his way to Maxine's table.

"Sharkley! What are you doing here?" Maxine Hubbard said coldly, hoping to intimidate Sharkley. Jane Weaver was staring at Sharkley saying nothing.

Sharkley's face reddened, his hands trembled, and his stomach soured. He didn't know what to say. Finally he said excitedly, "Oh. Mrs. Hubbard. I was hungry. I decided to come in and eat some of the Happy Hour appetizers."

"Have you been here before?"

"Oh. no."

"Huh. I thought you were here checking out Matt Lance." Maxine pointed to Matt.

"Matt Lance?"

"Yeah. He's over there boozing with Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe."

Sharkley turned his head in the direction of Maxine's finger and gaped at Matt Lance sitting at a table with Treatyrights and Goodloe. His heart skipped two beats, and his vision blackened.

"Oh, yeah. I didn't know that Miss Blanchard had told you about my assignment to investigate Matt Lance," Sharkley said, "I'm working undercover."

"Of course, Susan told me," Maxine said stiffly, "She doesn't keep any secrets from me."

"As I told Miss Blanchard, Matt Lance is a heavy boozer."

"Well. He's drinking with Treatyrights and Goodloe," Maxine replied.

"He must have downed five beers since I've been here."

"And he works for the Central Office! We can't have people like Matt Lance working for us," Maxine cried out.

"Maxine. I totally agree with you. Tonight's disgraceful episode will go into my report to Miss Blanchard," Sharkley promised sternly.

"Sharkley. It's good that you're on the ball," Maxine encouraged.

"Well. I must make it to the men's room."

"Keep up the good work."

Sharkley headed to the men's room. But he planned to return to the barroom and drink a few more frosty mugs of beer. Matt Lance must have seen him talking to Maxine, so he had nothing to hide anymore.

"Hey. There's Rattlesnake Herb Sharkley," Treatyrights yelled out.

"Where?" Matt said.

"He's talking to Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver. He must have sneaked into the barroom."

Matt turned his head to Maxine's table. Standing next to the table was Herbert Sharkley. "So it's Sharkley," Matt responded, "He was here last Friday night."

"Yeah. Two weeks in a row."

"How often does Sharkley come to Marion's?"

"Sharkley comes in once in a while, but he comes mainly to eat the free appetizers," Treatyrights grinned.

"He looks well fed."

"He eats a plate full of food and drinks two beers then leaves."

"How did Sharkley get the nickname 'Rattlesnake'?" Matt asked.

Treatyrights told Matt that Sharkley had been assigned as a BIA police sergeant to an Indian reservation in New Mexico. Soon Sharkley developed a controversial reputation as being tough on minor traffic offenses. There wasn't a driver on the reservation who wasn't at one time or another given a traffic ticket by Sharkley.

Sharkley's specialty was giving out traffic citations for failing to stop at a stop sign. Parking his police car behind a large billboard, he would wait at a residential intersection for traffic to stop at the

stop sign. Sooner or later a vehicle would fail to stop before crossing the white stop line painted on the road. Flashing his emergency lights and sounding his siren, Sharkley would quickly pull over the offending driver. The indignant driver would inevitably protest his innocence. After he issued a traffic citation, Sharkley would lecture the driver about the importance of obeying the traffic laws. Because the traffic judge was Sharkley's good friend, he got away with his shady practices. Many complaints were filed against Sharkley's illegal tactics, but nothing was done about them.

One day Sharkley pulled over an old beat up truck for running a stop sign. It was a hot summer day. A scanty dressed man about thirty years old was driving the truck. The man had long brown hair and a beard. Sharkley ordered the hippie- looking man out of the truck.

He suspected that the man might have some marijuana hidden in his truck. Marijuana obsessed Sharkley, and no subject made him angrier. He carefully searched the truck for illegal drugs. He looked under the hood and fenders and thoroughly searched the truck cab. Finding nothing, he eyed the long bed of the old truck. In the truck bed lay a large rectangular wooden box with air vents. It was pushed up against the truck cab and was padlocked. Sharkley ordered the man to climb into the truck bed and to unlock the wooden box. The man protested saying that the box contained a live rattlesnake and that he was transporting it to a snake farm.

Sharkley did not believe the suspicious-looking man. Going back to his police car, he called for back up police. Then he again told the man to unlock padlock on the wooden box. Climbing into the truck bed, the man unlocked the padlock and then retreated to the dusty ground.

Sharkley walked to the rear end of the truck and put his left foot on the back bumper. Grabbing the truck tailgate, he attempted to swing his chubby leg over the tailgate, but his right foot struck the tailgate. Losing his balance, he fell backwards to the ground landing on his back. His police uniform was covered by dust, and he cursed loudly at the old beat up truck.

Sharkley rolled over onto his knees and pushed himself off dusty ground. Determined to search the box, he lowered the tailgate and again attempted to climb into the truck bed. He placed his left foot on the bumper, grabbed the side of the truck bed, and pulled himself onto the level tailgate. With his hands he pushed himself to his feet and walked up to the rectangular wooden box.

Sharkley gently lifted the hinged lid of the wooden box. Looking

inside the wooden box, he couldn't see any rattlesnake. Dropping the box lid, he gleefully told the man that he could not find a snake. The man again warned vehemently that there was a snake in the box. Sharkley loudly cursed the man, and he yelled that he would find illegal drugs in a secret compartment concealed somewhere in the box.

Sharkley grabbed the box lid and threw it back bending the hinges. Moving his right hand over the surfaces of the wooden box, he searched the box for hidden compartments or false bottoms. His hand hit a cold, soft scaly object, and his search came to an abrupt end. His face turned white; his eyes bulged out; and his body froze solid. He felt the object gently slide under his right hand, and his fingers began to tremble.

Suddenly Sharkley let out a horrible cry, as he pulled his hand from the wooden box. Holding his right hand, he jumped from the truck bed to the dusty but hard ground. Crying to the man that he been bitten by a snake, he fainted.

The man dragged Sharkley to the truck, pulled him into the truck cab, and drove him to the hospital. Ever since then, Sharkley had been known as "Rattlesnake Herb".

"That's a good story," Matt laughed, "It could only happen to Sharkley."

Goodloe laughed so hard that he fell out of his chair. The patrons at other tables stared coldly at Treatyrights' table, as they were startled and disturbed by the loud laughter and the antics of Goodloe.

"Yeah. Sharkley is a one- man-walking disaster," Treatyrights bellowed.

Across the barroom, Sharkley eyeballed Matt Lance searching for some wrongdoing. Hearing the loud laughter, Maxine and Jane glared at Treatyrights' table, hoping that other patrons didn't associate them with three Native American men.

"I must head home," Matt finally said.

"Why do you have to leave so early?" Treatyrights asked.

"I have a hot date with Diana Rivers tomorrow afternoon," Matt said, lifting himself to his feet.

"Wow, Matt. Diana is a pretty woman."

"That she is."

"I'm certain you'll have a terrific time with her," Treatyrights opined.

"I want to get a good night's rest," Matt said, smiling,

"Do you need a good night's sleep to handle her?" Treatyrights said jokingly. His plan to line up Matt with Diana was working beyond his expectations.

"Well. I want to save my extra money for tomorrow."

"That makes good sense."

"Drinking with friends can be pretty expensive," Matt said.

"There's no reason to spend all your money on Goodloe and me," Treatyrights said, "especially when you can spend it on Diana Rivers."

Matt said his goodbyes and left the restaurant and bar. The Farragut West Metrorail Station was a street block away. He planned to ride the subway to the Pentagon, and then catch a bus to his apartment. He scurried up the sidewalk and entered the Metrorail Station. Taking the escalator to the passenger loading level, he caught the subway to Pentagon Metrorail Station.

## Chapter 12

Matt Lance was in his apartment, busily preparing for his date with Diana Rivers. They planned to spend Saturday afternoon, lounging at the swimming pool at her apartment building. Wearing a blue tank shirt and old denim cutoffs, he was frantically searching his apartment for his swimming trunks. He worried that he left them back on the Colville Indian Reservation when he moved to Washington, D.C. Every drawer in his apartment was pulled open, and its contents sifted through. No swimming trunks were to be found. His memory strained to recall where he stored them. Finally remembering, he pulled a cardboard box down from the bedroom closet. In the box he found his swimming trunks. Selecting a white pair of trunks, he stuffed the rest of the trunks in a dresser drawer.

In his living room, Matt had gathered together the items that he planned to take with him to the pool side. Neatly stacked in a pile were his ice cooler filled with ice and canned soft drinks, a blue beach towel, brown sandals, dark sunglasses, a personal cassette player with headphones, plastic drinking glasses, suntan lotion, and a change of clothes for the evening. Surveying his things, he was satisfied that he had everything necessary for a day at the pool.

Thirsty for a soft drink, he opened the ice cooler and grabbed a can of cola. After popping open the aluminum can, he turned on his compact disc player and played rock music. Sliding open the glass door to the apartment balcony, he walked out to the balcony rail and sat down in a lawn chair. He enjoyed listening to the lively music while he sipped his soft drink.

The day was sunny, hazy and windless, and a few cirrus clouds lined the sky. Though the humid air was sticky, the day was still pleasant for a day at the pool.

His balcony overlooked a small park like area, which was covered by lush green grass. In full bloom, leafy trees provided shade; and under the trees there was bare soil. Several tall pine trees were interspersed amongst the many leafy trees. Squirrels were running to and fro, up trees, down trees, and across the grass-covered ground. Other squirrels were sitting on the ground or in trees. Here and there were cats, who were eyeing the playful squirrels.

Next to Matt's apartment stood a young pine tree. Its height almost reached the third floor of the apartment building. Its bark

was hard, scaly, rough and thorny. Its trunk was straight and strong reaching to the sky. Myriad pine needles covered its many branches. Nestled among the offshoots and pine needles were newly sprouted green pine cones.

Matt was surprised to see some movement in a cluster of branches and pine needles. A small branch was being bent downward by some invisible force. He strained his eyes to find cause of the disturbance. There standing on its hind legs was a large gray squirrel. Its hind feet were securely anchored to a large branch, and its paws were gripping a small branch immediately above the squirrel.

Matt marveled at the squirrel's agility and acrobatic skills. He was puzzled by the squirrel's actions. There were newly sprouted pine needles on the small branch that the squirrel was bending. He speculated that the squirrel was after the young pine needles, but he was not positive,

The squirrel bent the branch down and held it in place with one paw. The squirrel then reached out by stretching his body and grabbed a tender green pine cone with his other paw. He let the branch go and sat down on a branch. Bringing the fresh pine cone to his mouth, the squirrel nibbled at the pine cone. Then he peeled off stiff, leaf like scales of the pine cone. After he stripped the leaf like scales of their nutrients, the squirrel dropped the residue to the ground. When he finished with the pine cone, the squirrel started to repeat the process until he had eaten all of the pine cones on the branch. Then the squirrel proceeded to another branch to harvest its tender, green pine cones.

Matt looked out into the shadows of the park and saw two cats. One was pure white; the other brown. The white cat was hiding in ambush behind a tree trunk. Once in a while, it would poke its head around the tree trunk to take a quick look at a squirrel. The brown cat was hiding in the high grass in ambush for a squirrel.

The white cat was stalking a large gray squirrel. Fifty feet away, the squirrel was quietly sitting by a leafy tree eating a seed nut. It did not appear to be afraid of the stalking cats. The stealthy white cat edged its way around the tree that it was hiding behind. Every few feet it would crouch low on the ground for a minute, then look up and move a few more feet. Again it would crouch low on the ground. Though the cat was moving the closer, the squirrel was unconcerned with hunting tactics of the cat. It continued to crunch on the seed nut.

The white cat finally made a mad dash for the squirrel. Seeing the attacking cat, the squirrel scampered up the tree out of reach of

the cat. From the ground the cat looked up into tree watching the squirrel move out of reach. Although the cat could climb tree, it gave up the hunt having learned it was useless to go after a squirrel in a tree. Waiting five minutes, the white cat retreated across the lawn leaving behind the squirrels.

The brown cat did not have any better luck. Crouched low in the grass, it waited in ambush for any squirrel that might venture within reach. The cat was froze stiff not moving a muscle or a brown hair, trying to blend in with the grass and trees. Though observing the stalking cat, a squirrel inched closer to the cat as if to mock it. When the taunting squirrel was twenty feet from the cat, the brown cat made a wild charge. Too quick for the cat, the squirrel found a safe haven in tree. Frustrated, the brown cat could only wandered around the tree. Eventually it gave up and withdrew from the park.

Matt was awestruck by ability of the squirrels to escape the cats. But maybe, Matt thought, he was only watching two fat cats trying to catch streetwise squirrels.

Glancing down at his digital watch, Matt saw it was time to leave for Diana Rivers' apartment. She lived a mile down the road from his apartment. Grabbing his roll bag, he began to stuff it with the items piled on the floor. When he finished, he picked up his roll bag with left hand and his cooler with right hand. The load caused him to walk awkwardly. Once out of his apartment, he rode the elevator to the ground floor and walked out to his car. He drove his car to Diana's garden apartment.

Leaving his car, he walked down an old weathered sidewalk and then up a series of short concrete steps. Diana lived on the second floor of a two-story garden apartment building. There was no elevator, so he climbed a flight of stairs made of steel and concrete. Matt knocked hard on the apartment door, and through wood door, he could hear steps of someone coming to the door. The doorknob turned, and the door opened.

Diana Rivers stood in the door opening. She was wearing a white terry-cloth coverup and leather sandals. Her long, straight black hair was tied back with a white ribbon. Her beauty was overpowering, and he smiled in deep appreciation.

Smiling herself, she said, "Matt. Come in and take a seat on the couch."

"I hope that I'm not too early."

"No. You're right on time."

"But you're not dressed," Matt said.

"Don't get any ideas. I'm still getting ready," she replied.

"Okay."



"There's a soft drink in the refrigerator if you want one."

Diana lived in an one bedroom apartment with a balcony. Unlike Matt's modest apartment, her apartment was well furnished and elegant. Her drapes were royal blue, and her furniture was stylish and matched the color of her drapes. The hardwood floor was covered by oriental rugs.

Matt was impressed with her immaculate apartment. He thought it was a tribute to clean living. Soft romantic music was playing on her stereo phonograph. Deciding to have a cola, he walked into the kitchen and got a cold can of cola from the refrigerator. He ambled back to the living room where he looked at the photographs and paintings on the apartment walls. There were photographs of Diana's father, mother and brothers and sisters. He found a few early photographs of Diana. She was thinner and younger but probably not as pretty. He finally sat down on the soft but comfortable couch.

Fifteen minutes later, Diana returned to the living room and sat in the easy chair. Sitting with her legs crossed, she was now wearing a bright blue swimsuit beneath her white terry cloth coverup. She looked at Matt with an inviting smile and slightly showing her teeth. She said, "Matt. Did you go to Marion's Restaurant and Bar last night?"

"Yeah."

"Was Kenny Treatyrights there?"

"Yeah. Both Treaty rights and Harlan Goodloe were there," he said.

"It sounds like an expensive evening."

"No. I didn't spend much time or money there," Matt revealed, "I went home early and watched television."

"You did?" she said disbelievingly.

"I wanted to save my money for tonight."

"What did Treatyrights have to say?" she asked.

"He told a story about Herbert Sharkley," he replied, "and we argued about the generation gap."

"Huh. You must have had a good time."

"Diana. What did you do last night?"

"Not much! Paula Pride and I went to a movie. I was home early," Diana said.

"No nightclubbing?" he asked, a little afraid of her answer.

"No. I was a little tired from the week's work. "

"We should have a good time this afternoon," Matt offered.

"I'm sure we will," she agreed, "The weather is not too hot or too humid. It's good weather for sunbathing."

"I'm not sure if Native Americans need better suntans," he joked. Diana just smiled.

"Well. If we plan to go swimming, we'd better leave now," Diana

said.

"I'm ready."

"The best spots at the pool side get taken early," she indicated, "and I want a good spot for sunbathing."

Placing his soft drink down on the coffee table, Matt lifted himself from the couch. Diana was already up and went to her bedroom to get her things. She came back carrying a beige roll bag. She turned off her stereo, and they exited the apartment together.

Deciding to take his car, Matt drove his car a short distance to the recreational club where swimming pool was located. The club building was two-story, wooden structure surrounded by a cyclone fence. Exiting the car, they quickly entered the building, carrying the cooler and their roll bags in their hands.

When they reached the check-in room, Diana flashed her club membership card to the attendant, and they walked downstairs to the men's and women's locker rooms.

Reaching the locker rooms, she said, "Matt. I'm already dressed to go swimming. I'll meet you at the pool side."

"Okay. It will only take a few minutes to put on my trunks."

Matt entered the locker room, and Diana turned and left for the pool. In the locker room Matt quickly changed into his white trunks, and he donned with sunglasses and sandals. Then headed out to the pool to find Diana. The day was warming fast, and he felt the heat of the sun against his skin.

Diana had found two unoccupied lounge chairs near the pool side. Matt carried his cooler and roll bag out to the lounge chairs. She had removed her terry cloth coverup. She was wearing a two piece, bright blue, halter style swimsuit.

Wearing sunglasses, she was lying on her green beach towel, which draped over her lounge chair. Her body was oily with suntan lotion and glistened in the sun.

While Diana was preoccupied with sunbathing, Matt looked at her revealing swimsuit. Removing his sandals, he placed his beach towel over his lounge chair. He grabbed his suntan lotion and spread it over the exposed areas of his body.

Sitting down on his lounge chair, Matt looked around the pool. He estimated about thirty adults were using the pool area. Except for the splashing of water, the pool area was relative quiet. A female lifeguard in a red swimsuit kept watch over the pool. The recreational club had two swimming pools. One of the pools was reserved for adults on weekends. Matt and Diana were using the adult pool.

Most of the adults were in their twenties and thirties, and a few of the women were wearing bikinis. About five persons were playing or

swimming in the pool. The others were sunbathing, lying on lounge chairs or sitting on lawn chairs at tables.

The pool area was enclosed by six-foot, cyclone fence and was covered by gray concrete. There were tables and lounge chairs scattered through the pool area. The swimming pool was large and deep at one end and shallow at the opposite end. The water was clear but bluish, and the pool had one diving board and a water slide.

Putting on his headphones to his personal cassette player, Matt listened to the music of his favorite woman singer. He lay back on his lounge chair and soaked up the sun. Diana turned over and lay face down.

Matt thought about his week-old relationship with Diana. He found her to be attractive, pleasant and desirable. She was quiet but intelligent. It wasn't often that he met professional Native American women with her qualifications.

Their sunbathing lasted for a couple of hours. Diana had pulled out a romantic novel and was again lying on her back. She was engrossed in the novel. Matt had been satisfied with listening to his music and watching swimmers play in the pool. Lying in the sun for two hours had thoroughly cooked him. His Native American skin was sensitive to the sun and subject to sunburning.

He finally said, "Diana. It's time to go swimming."

"Why?"

"Because I'm getting sunburnt lying here."

"You must have soft skin."

"I only sunburn when I lie directly in the sun," Matt said.

"Well. You have my permission to go swimming," Diana laughed.

"Thanks. But I want to go swimming with you."

"How much do you want to go swimming with me?"

"I'll take you dancing this evening."

"I'll accept your offer." Diana rose gracefully from her lounge chair and headed to the pool.

Matt followed closely behind, as they walked to the shallow end of the pool. Stopping at the pool edge, they gazed into the water. The water was reflecting rays of the sun and their images.

"Matt. I wonder if the water is cold. It does look cold."

"There is only one way to find out." Matt dove head first into the pool. Because of his sunbathing, the water felt icy cold, and he let out a howl as he surfaced in the water.

"Is the water cold?" she asked.

"When you first get in, the water feels icy cold."

"I'm not going into the pool if the water is too cold."

"But it's getting warmer by the minute," Matt said. Swimming

back and forth in the pool, his feet kicked up white water and created wakes in the pool. He was the only person using the pool. First hesitating, Diana moved to an aluminum ladder which descended into the pool. Placing her left hand on the top of the ladder, she lowered her right foot into the water to test it. She announced, "The water is a little chilly but not too cold."

She gripped the ladder with her hands and started to climb down the ladder. When the water reached her thighs, she stopped.

Watching her enter the pool, he asked, "Diana. What's wrong?"

"I can't go any further. It's too cold. " She started to climb up the ladder.

Matt quickly swam to Diana's position, grabbed her right leg and pulled her into the pool. Screaming, she was completely submerged in the water. When she surfaced, her long black hair was dripping wet, and water was running down her pretty face.

"Matt. I'm going to get you." Gaining her footing, she pushed off the pool floor and fell on Matt pushing him below the surface.

When he broke the surface, he seized Diana by the waist holding her fast. He said, "God. You're a tigress."

"I can defend myself." Diana pulled away and used her hands to splash water on Matt's face.

He swiftly retaliated by splashing water on her. When they quit their watery retaliation, they laughed together and then swam out to the deep water of the pool.

Hanging onto the drainage conduit, Matt dove to the bottom of the pool. The chlorine in the water bothered his eyes. Touching the bottom of the pool with his right hand, he swung his feet under him. With his feet he pushed off hard bottom of the pool and shot to the surface. They swam together for another twenty minutes and eventually returned to lower end of the pool still in the water.

Diana said, "Matt. I'm getting tired."

"Swimming is good exercise. It's good for you."

"Well. I'm not in good shape. "

"There is more than one way to be in good shape," Matt said.

"Thanks for the compliment."

"I stay in shape by jogging," he boasted.

"I go to aerobic classes twice a week," Diana revealed.

"You must be in good physical condition."

"Yes. I am," she said, "but I'm tired of swimming." She swam over to a ladder and climbed out of the pool leaving Matt in pool. Going back to her lounge chair, she picked up her beach towel and dried herself off. After donning her sunglasses, she lay down on the lounge chair to continue her sunbathing. The water had made her

skin cold, and the rays of the sun quickly heated her body.

Feeling invigorated by his swimming, he decided to stay in the pool. He swam from one end of the pool to the other end. Periodically, he dove to the bottom of the pool. Swimming for fifteen more minutes, he climbed out of the pool and retreated to his lounge chair where he dried himself off with his beach towel. He said, "Diana. I need to take a shower in the men's locker room."

"Why now?"

"Because I'm tired of sunbathing," he explained, "I don't want to be sunburnt. It might ruin my love life."

"What love life?" Diana said teasingly.

"I'd better keep my mouth shut." He left for the locker room carrying his roll bag. After he showered, he changed into his cutoffs and tank top.

Diana continued her sunbathing. She thought about the handsome, athletic Matt Lance. He was a charming Native American man. She had greatly enjoyed the time that she had spent with him. It wasn't often she met a suitable Native American man who wasn't already married. But still she knew little about the man. Her first marriage had made cautious about men. She cared about men, but she wanted to meet the right man. Of course, Matt could be that man, but only time would tell.

Matt came back and sat on his lounge chair. It had been a long afternoon at the pool, and he was ready to leave. He asked, "Diana. Where do you want to go dancing tonight?"

"It's up to you," she said.

"I drove past this live music place this morning," he replied, "Let's check it out tonight."

"It sounds great to me. I like dancing to live music."

"What about dinner?"

"Let's have dinner at my apartment," she offered, "I'd like to cook you dinner."

"Well. I am hungry."

"What do you want to eat?"

"What about some spaghetti and meatballs?"

"It's not exactly Native American food," she teased.

"It's still my favorite food."

"Okay. I'll cook you some spaghetti and meatballs," Diana said.

"It's getting late."

"Yes. Let's leave and go back to my apartment."

"Fine with me."

"I want to take a bath before I do anything," she said. She got from the lounge chair and put on her terry coverup. Carrying her roll bag over her shoulder, she led the way to the recreational club

building. Matt followed behind carrying his cooler and roll bag. Leaving the building, they climbed into Matt's car and drove to Diana's apartment.

When they arrived at Diana's apartment, she carried her roll bag into her bedroom. Matt carried in his cooler and returned to his car to pick up his change of clothes. When he returned, Diana was in her bathroom preparing to take a bath. Sitting down on the couch, he pulled out a soft drink from his cooler and popped open the can. Putting the soft drink on the glass coffee table, he got up and turned on the television set. A World War II documentary was playing on one of the channels, and he decided to watch it.

Thirty-five minutes passed. Diana finally came out of the bathroom. She had dried her hair and was wearing a blue robe. She immediately went into her bedroom. Matt continued to watch television and sip his soft drink.

Later ten minutes, Diana sauntered into the living room, dressed denim jeans and a yellow stripe blouse. She asked, "Matt. How are you doing?"

"Great."

"I didn't intend to leave you alone for so long," she explained, "but I needed to freshen up before I cooked dinner."

"I'm fine." Matt shown her his soft drink.

"Then I'll go cook dinner. It will be a simple dinner," Diana said. "I don't eat much." She retreated to the kitchen where she pulled pots and pans from the cupboards and ingredients for spaghetti and meatballs from the refrigerator and cupboards. She quickly cooked the concoction over her gas stove.

The aroma of the cooking was making Matt more hungry by the minute. He was glad that dinner was almost ready, as he was starved.

Diana walked into the living room and announced, "Matt. Dinner is ready."

"Good. I'm hungry."

"I hope you like my cooking."

"I'm sure I will. I haven't eaten home cooked spaghetti in a long time." He walked to dining table and sat down in a chair. He placed a large portion of spaghetti and meatballs on his plate and began to consume the delicious food in large bites.

Diana dished herself a small portion of food since she was always watching her weight. She rarely ate large meals, and as result, she managed to maintain her figure. Looking at Matt, she protested, "You're not touching the string beans."

"I prefer to eat the spaghetti," he replied.

"Strings beans aren't fattening."

"Spaghetti tastes better than string beans," Matt said defensively.

"You need a balance diet."

"Well. I do have lousy eating habits."

"You're not overweight,"

"I generally diet on weekdays and eat and drink on weekends," he said.

"Well. I like string beans and vegetables," she stated, "because they are not fattening."

"You don't look overweight," Matt said, "You're pretty."

"Thank you, Matt. You are considerate."

After they finished their meal, they watched television until eight o'clock. They sat next to each other on the couch holding hands.

Glancing up at her wall clock, she said, "Matt. I'd better get dress for tonight's dancing." Lifting up herself from the couch, she headed to her bedroom.

Closing the balcony drapes, Matt changed into the clothes that he had brought with him. When he finished dressing, he was wearing a brown suit and black boots. Opening his cooler, he picked up another can of cola, popped it open, and sat back down in the couch. He resumed watching television while he waited for Diana to return.

Diana walked out of her bedroom. She was attired in a bluish blouse and matching skirt, which loosely fit her body. Her long black hair had soft curves and hung to her shoulders. She was also wearing a turquoise ring and earrings.

"Well. You look beautiful tonight," Matt said.

"Thank you."

"You sure know how to dress well."

"Are you ready leave?" Diana asked.

"Ready as ever."

"Let's go."

Matt led the way out of the apartment, down the stairs, and out to his car. Driving to Van Dorn Street, he headed south. When he reached Pickett Street, he turned left and drove a little farther. Eventually, he pulled into a restaurant parking lot. Cars filled the asphalt parking lot. The sign on the restaurant read: Donne's Restaurant and Bar.

"Oh, Donne's," Diana said teasingly, "I've been to Donne's many times on dates."

"I'm sure you have," he replied, "Donne's is not far from your apartment."

Entering the restaurant, they waited to be seated. The live music hadn't yet started. The restaurant and bar were one large room. A thin wood partition separated the restaurant from the barroom.

Customers were still eating dinner in the restaurant portion of the establishment. The bar counter was crowded with patrons, men and women, drinking beer or hard liquor.

Dressed in a uniform of black pants, vest, and necktie, the host waiter guided them to a table near back of the restaurant. Once the music started playing, they would have a splendid view of the dance floor and the band. Covered by a white tablecloth, their wood table was small but adequate.

The band members had set up their musical instruments on a slightly raised platform. The music speakers were strategically placed around the bandstand. There were microphones everywhere. Multi-colored lights hung from the ceiling over the bandstand.

Wearing a black uniform, a tall, sandy-haired cocktail waitress came over to their table. She asked, "Do you wish to order drinks?"

"What do you want to drink?" Matt asked Diana.

"Let me have a light beer for right now."

"Anything else?" the cocktail waitresses asked.

"Put some ice in my glass," Diana requested.

"I'll take a light beer too," he said. The cocktail waitress walked back to the service bar.

The members of the band started to appear in front of the bandstand. They were dressed in bright blue pants and vests and bright yellow shirts. A platinum blonde was the lead singer. She was attired in a tight black dress.

"I wonder if that blonde can sing," Matt asked facetiously.

"Matt. You have a habit of making sexist statements," Diana stated, "It's annoying."

"What do you mean?" he asked, looking at Diana's face.

"You assume sexy women have no talent."

"I didn't say that. You're putting words in my mouth."

"You should take a sensitivity training class on sexism."

"I sorry if I offended you," he said, "I should have not mentioned the blonde singer."

Diana held her lips tightly together and gave Matt a hostile look.

The cocktail waitress returned with their beers. Setting the beers and glasses on the table, she filled the glasses with beer and left. The band members were climbing onto the bandstand and were about ready to play music. They were a pop music group who played tunes from the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties. There were six band members including the woman singer, who was sitting out in the audience. The band first played a rock tune from the Sixties.

"There's an oldie from 1967," Matt said.

"Yes. I remember the tune."

"Do you want to dance?" He extended his hand to Diana.



"I would like to dance," she said.

They got up and hurried to the hardwood dance floor. The music was fast and furious, and they danced uninhibited and spontaneously to the music. During the dancing Matt would spin on heels three hundred-sixty degrees. Diana was moving all over the dance floor sometimes bumping into other couples. They had a great time dancing to the tune. When the band struck up with another fast rock tune, they stayed on the dance floor and repeated their performance. After the second tune, they returned to their table.

"Matt. You have an interesting whirl."

"I call it the urban Native American shuffle," Matt cracked.

"I forgot that you are an urban Native American," Diana laughed.

"I just like to dance with abandonment, especially after drinking a few beers.

"I like fast dancing too. But it makes you hot and sweaty."

Grabbing his beer, Matt took a small drink. Diana sipped her beer, and they watched the frenzied dancing until the band played a slow dance tune.

"Diana. Do you want to dance," he asked.

Diana looked at the dance floor waiting to see how couples would be dancing. She didn't like to be the first couple on the dance floor.

She said, "Wait a second until more couples are dancing."

When number of couples reached five, she offered her hand to Matt. Taking a hold other hand, he led her to the edge of the dance floor. Moving his body close to her body, he wrapped his arms around her in a slow dance embrace.

She rested her head on his shoulder. The music was slow and romantic. Matt hoped for more moments like this moment. When slow music ended, the band played a Seventies tune, which was a favorite of Diana. They stayed on the dance floor to dance to that tune, and then they returned to their table.

The platinum blonde singer finally joined the rest of the band. Her specialty was show music tunes. She performed a series of medleys covering the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties. Matt enjoyed her singing and physical gyrations. The blonde was seductive and talented. When the blonde finished her performance, the band took a break.

Making her rounds, the cocktail waitress returned to Matt's table. He ordered another light beer, and Diana decided to change her drink and ordered a screwdriver.

"Diana. Are you enjoying the evening?"

"Yes. I enjoy dancing."

"I like live music too."

"And there's nothing like the atmosphere that live music creates," she said.

"Disco music is okay too," Matt said.

"Did you like the performance of the blonde singer?" Diana asked.

"The woman singer put on a good performance."

"She's good."

"She has an excellent voice," he said.

"I thought you would like the blonde singer," Diana said, "And it's just not her singing ability that you like."

"She is pretty foxy. You have to admit that," Matt teased.

"I'm in a no-win situation," Diana laughed.

The band returned to play its second set. They danced and drank until midnight as the band played good dance music, and the crowd was dancing mad. The blonde singer performed superbly, and the bartenders and cocktail waitresses were quick to serve. The bar ran like a good computer software, and the barroom was never overcrowded with customers.

"Well, Matt. I'm getting tired."

"So I am."

"We should head back to my apartment."

"Yeah. I need to pick up my cooler and clothes," he said.

"Matt. You're sly," Diana said teasingly.

"What do you mean?"

"You want to seduce me."

"We are adults."

"When we get back to my apartment," Diana said, "we can do a little talking in private."

"It sounds fine to me."

Leaving the restaurant and bar, Matt and Diana drove back to her apartment. The night had cooled, and the branches of leafy trees swayed in a cool breeze. A full moon shone through high clouds strewn across the night sky, and a few stars could be seen by the naked eye. Most of the apartment buildings were dark and silent as the residents were already in bed quietly sleeping.

Opening the apartment door, Diana turned on the lights. Matt followed her into the apartment and sat down on the couch.

She asked, "Do you want something to drink?"

"I'll have a cola drink."

"That sounds good."

Diana headed into her kitchen and got two cola drinks.

Returning to the living room, she set the cola drinks on her coffee table. She said, "Matt. Here's your cola drink."

"Thanks."

"Do you want to listen to some soft music?"

"Play the music," he directed.

Diana walked over to her stereo and record collection. Selecting a soft rock album, she put it on the record player and turned on the stereo. The music was quiet and romantic. It was a big change from the music that the band had played at Donne's Restaurant and Bar.

She then sat down on the couch close to Matt, and she said in a low voice, "Matt. I had a wonderful time tonight."

"Yeah. It was a fun night."

"You're not afraid to have fun."

"I try not to take myself too seriously," Matt said.

"I've never met a Native American man quite like you before." she gazed into his eyes.

"I suppose I'm one of a kind."

"Don't let my words go to your head," Diana said teasingly.

Gasping her hands, he gently kissed her, and they then embraced in a deep kiss. He held her tightly and kissed her hard.

Pulling apart, he said in an urgent voice, "Diana. You're a beautiful woman."

"Thank you."

"Matt. You can spend the night with me."

"You don't's have to ask twice," Matt said. They headed to her bedroom.

Diana's bedroom had a single large window overlooking a grove of green leafy trees. The window drapes were beige, and her bedroom furniture was Spanish styled. The bedroom closets filled one wall of the bedroom.

They made love, then they went to sleep. Matt slept on and off until nine o'clock. By that time, he was fully awake. Diana was beginning to stir from her deep sleep. She had most of the covers. He lay back in the bed pulling the covers over him, and he waited for her to awake. She eventually rolled over on her back, and she held her eyes shut trying to go back to sleep for a few more minutes.

Sitting up in bed, Matt used his right hand to stroke her body. Feeling his hand, Diana opened her sleepy eyes and jested, "Matt. You're oversexed."

"I'm a bachelor. It isn't often I sleep with a woman of my dreams," Matt said.

"You're a passionate lover. "

"I would like to marry you. "

"Do you love me?" she asked in a low voice, "You've only known me for a week."

"Well. I asked you to marry me," Matt said, "I must be in love

with you."

"Matt. You love my body."

"It's just not sexual love."

"You haven't know me long enough to have learned to love me,"

Diana said.

"How do you know? he asked.

"I have been married before."

"I remember you telling me that you were married before."

"I'm saying I know the difference between physical love and emotional love," she said.

"I think I know the difference too." Matt responded.

"Bachelors can be very immature about physical love."

"I've been in love before," he defended himself, "Love is nothing new to me."

"At this time I do not want to become involved with you."

"Why?"

"It has nothing to do with you," Diana explain, "I want to return to Arizona."

"Arizona is good place to live." Matt didn't know how to respond her statement.

"I'm certain someday you will be returning to Colville Indian Reservation," she said.

"Maybe."

"You'll return to your home reservation. It's in your nature."

"How soon do you plan to return to Arizona?"

"I've already applied for a couple of BIA jobs in Arizona."

"Have you heard anything yet," Matt asked.

"I should hear about them any day now," Diana said, "I don't want to become serious about you. "

"What about the last two weekends?"

"Matt. You are an attractive man, and you're a lot of fun. You're a Native American," Diana explained, "That's why I went out with you. That's why we made love."

"I'm positive something will develop between us."

"I'm sure over time we will learn to love one another. But there is not enough time. I plan to return to Arizona," Diana said.

"There's enough time," he pleaded.

"I think I'll take a shower." Lifting herself out bed, Diana put on her bathrobe and went to her dresser and closet. She pulled out some clothes and headed to her bathroom.

Matt heard the shower water go on. He lay back in the bed end thought about women and his bachelorhood. He lay there five minutes and then climbed out of bed. Picking up his clothing in the

living room, he returned to the bedroom and put on his cutoffs and tank shirt. Going back into the living room, he sat down on the couch and waited for Diana to finish showering. Turning on the television, he watched a movie.

Diana finished showering and went back into her bedroom. He walked toward the bedroom and stopped at the door. Looking into the bedroom, he saw Diana was busy dressing.

He said, "Diana. I need to take a shower."

"Go ahead. Let me get you a clean towel." She walked to a hallway closet and picked out a large, fluffy green towel. She gave the towel to Matt.

Going into the bathroom, Matt set the towel down on the toilet seat. Turning on shower water, he quickly undressed and climbed into the shower. Slowly turning his body through the cascading water, he thought of Diana and previous evening. Grabbing the soap, he washed his body and hair. After he dried himself with the towel, he dressed putting on his cutoffs and tank top.

Matt found Diana in the kitchen preparing breakfast. She had a frying pan on the gas stove. A blue flame from a burner was heating the frying pan. Eggs, ham and potatoes were cooking in a black iron pan. The aroma from the food made him hungry. He sat down in chair at the dining table. The morning newspaper was lying on the table.

She said to him, "I don't like to go out on Sundays. I generally eat breakfast at home."

"That is fine with me. I'm really hungry this morning." Matt picked up the front page section of the newspaper and glanced over the headlines. When he finished skimming the front page section, he picked up the sports section and started to slowly read it.

Carrying a large platter of food, Diana put the white platter on the dining table. The platter held fried potatoes, scrambled eggs, and fried ham. Returning to the kitchen, she brought back toast and coffee. After she set the table with dishes and silverware, she sat down at the table.

"You must like to cook," he said, "It isn't often I eat home cooked food."

"Yes. I like to cook if I have someone to cook for. Dish up," she ordered.

Using a large stainless steel spoon and a fork, he served himself large portions of scrambled eggs, fried potatoes and ham on his plate. While he ate, he read the business section of the paper. Diana served herself small portions of food, and she picked up the front page section of the newspaper and started to read it.

When Matt finished his breakfast, he said, "Well. I'd better be leaving."

"So early?"

"I'm sure you have things planned for this afternoon."

"Yes. Paula Pride is coming over this afternoon," Diana said, "and we'll going shopping."

"I thought so."

"I want you to leave before she gets here," Diana said sternly.

"Sure."

"I don't want Paula to know that you spent the night with me."

"Don't worry. I'm leaving soon," Matt responded.

"I do like you."

"Where do you plan to go shopping?"

"We plan shop up at Springfield," she said, "There's a large major shopping center there."

"I'd better be leaving. I need to do few things myself this afternoon." Standing up, Matt grabbed his cooler and his clothing and started for the door.

Following him to the door, she said, "Matt. Give me call next week. I enjoy going out with you."

"Sure. I'll give you a call."

"Good."

"I had a great time this weekend," he said.

"I had a wonderful time myself," Diana said, "Matt, goodbye."

"Bye. " Matt opened the door and left the apartment. Driving his car back to his apartment, he spent the rest of the day watching television and reading books and magazines.

## Chapter 13

Early Monday morning, Maxine Hubbard rushed into her office at the Interior Department Building. A departmental staff meeting was scheduled for that morning, and she was very anxious about the meeting. Before Susan Blanchard arrived at work, she wanted to prepare for the meeting. Once Susan arrived, she wouldn't have time to prepare.

Maxine would be reporting on the recommendations of a task force evaluating a BIA program. The evaluation was being conducted by a study team composed of BIA Central Office personnel. She was appointed the leader of the task force, and she would be justifying the recommendations of the task force.

Maxine was busy reading the preliminary report of the task force when Susan Blanchard arrived at her office. Always keeping her office door open, she saw Susan go into her office. For once Susan had arrived early for work.

Maxine immediately got up from desk and headed to Susan's office. When she entered the office, Susan was at her mahogany executive desk holding a box of fish feed. She was about to feed her exotic fish in the marine aquarium.

"Good Morning, Susan."

"I'm early for once."

"Did you have a good weekend?" Maxine asked.

"Oh, the weekend was enjoyable," Susan replied, "I didn't do much but relax."

"You look like you spent sometime in the sun."

"Yes. I did spend Saturday afternoon sunbathing."

"You got a good tan."

"How did your weekend go?"

"My husband and I worked on the lawn."

"Just lawn work?"

"No. We also went to a movie on Saturday night."

"Maxine. Did you go Marion's Restaurant and Bar on Friday after work?" Susan asked.

"Of course, I did."

"Was Matt Lance at Marion's?"

"Of course! Matt Lance was again boozing with Kenny Treatyrights," Maxine said gleefully.

"Was there anyone else?"

"Harlan Goodloe was also at Marion's with Treatyrights and Matt Lance," Maxine answered.

"What does Matt Lance sees in Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe?" Susan said aloud.

"I suspect that they're Matt Lance's boozing buddies."

"Over the weekend I thought about Matt Lance," Susan said.

"Why would you waste your weekend thinking about Matt Lance?" Maxine sounded concerned.

"His work experience with tribal government could be a valuable asset to us."

"Not Matt Lance."

"If he is willing to be properly trained and obedient, we could use him."

Susan's statements distressed Maxine, and she cried out, "Susan. I don't know."

"Well. Explain your concern."

"Anyone who hangs around with Kenny Treatyrights has be some sort of radical, militant Indian."

"I'm not sure."

"I don't understand," Maxine said.

"Basil Collins has a drinking problem too." Susan analyzed.

"Yeah. I know Basil Collins. He's always drunk."

"He does have a drinking problem, but he refuses treatment."

"But Basil is no radical, militant Indian," Maxine asserted.

"Basil wants to be a division chief, and I can make him one," Susan said bluntly, "Because of that desire, he's a trusted employee."

"Susan. I don't understand you."

"Matt Lance could be another Basil Collins," Susan explained, "a Native American male willing to accept my leadership."

"Has Herb Sharkley completed his investigation of Matt Lance?" Maxine asked.

"I haven't heard anything from Herb Sharkley," Susan revealed, "He must be still conducting his investigation."

"Sharkley is certainly taking his time."

"I don't believe Sharkley will find anything, except some heavy drinking and partying," Susan said.

"Why do you say that?" Maxine was trying to elicit Susan's thoughts.

"Matt Lance is a wimp."

"A wimp?"

"Yes. I have misjudged him. I thought he would be a stronger Native American man."

"Are you making your conclusions based on last Friday's meeting with Matt Lance?"

"I know a wimp when I see one!" Susan announced boldly.



"What do you mean?" Maxine asked.

"Mat Lance is a system player, and we are the system."

"I don't understand."

"Matt Lance wouldn't have left his Indian tribe to come to work for the BIA Central Office unless he naively believed in the system," Susan analyzed.

"What about his boozing with Kenny Treatyrights?" Maxine cried out.

"Kenny Treatyrights probably reminds Matt Lance of people back on his home reservation."

"I think it's more than that."

"Anyway, Matt Lance is not a vulgar and obscene person like Kenny Treatyrights."

"Treatyrights is not a loyal Central Office employee," Maxine thundered.

"Yes."

"He's always trying to make you look a fool and disputing your decisions."

"That's what I mean. We have a chance to make Matt Lance into a loyal Central Office employee," Susan exclaimed.

"I don't know."

"Aren't you excited?"

"Sure I'm excited," Maxine said grudgingly.

"We'll wean Matt Lance away from Kenny Treatyrights," Susan promised.

"How will you do that?"

"Once Matt Lance finds he can be an important person at the BIA Central Office, he will soon forget Kenny Treatyrights and the his friends," Susan said confidently.

"Matt Lance could a valuable trusted employee," Maxine agreed reluctantly.

"Once I'm done with Matt Lance, he will a trusted employee."

"I can't wait."

"And once Matt Lance is under our control, we deal with Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe."

Wearing a pleated dress, Jane Weaver walked into Susan's office and waited for the discussion between Susan and Maxine to end

Susan glanced up and saw Jane. She said, "Jane. What do you need?"

"A Mr. Daniel Wolfe is here. He's reporting for work."

"Who's Daniel Wolfe?" Maxine asked. Susan was full of surprises this morning.

"Daniel Wolfe is the summer intern that I hired."

"I didn't know you wanted one."

"Well. I know his mother well," Susan said, "Danny is a college senior, and he attends the University of Utah."

"Where will we to put him?"

"I thought we would place him in your office," Susan said teasingly.

"But my office is too small for two people," Maxine cried out.

"I'm aware of the size of your office," Susan said dispassionately. Maxine's face turned white than red. "I'll begin moving my things out."

"Maxine. I'm was only joking."

"I thought that you were serious."

"You never know when I'm just teasing. We'll find another office for Danny."

"I'm relieved."

Turning to Jane, Susan said, "Jane. Bring in Danny Wolfe."

Jane Weaver left the office and returned with Danny Wolfe.

Twenty-one years old, Danny was a Native American from Utah. He was wearing an old green sports jacket and a necktie. A handsome young man, he was above average in height and slender. His short hair was black; his eyes were brown; and his skin was a deep tan.

"Danny. I'm happy you arrived safely," Susan said.

"I arrived in Washington, D.C. over the weekend," he said nervously.

"I'm Miss Susan Blanchard. I am Director of the BIA Department of Government Services."

"Yeah. My mother told me about you," he said apprehensively. He shook Susan's hand.

"I'm sure you met my secretary, Jane Weaver," Susan said.

"Yes. I met Jane Weaver when I arrived."

Pointing to Maxine, Susan said, "This is Mrs. Maxine Hubbard. She is the Assistant Director of the Department. You'll be working closely with her."

"Mrs. Hubbard. I'm pleased meet you," Danny said, shaking her hand.

"Danny. I understand that you are a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," Susan said.

"Yes. My whole family are Mormons," he said proudly, "I've been a church member for the last seven years."

"It's good to know a young Native American man who doesn't drink alcohol," Susan said.

"A few of our Native American employees are known to overindulge," Maxine added.

"I never have touched the stuff," he boasted, "and I don't intend to start."

"That's good to hear." Susan was delighted, smiling at her prize student.

"Isn't it great?" Maxine exclaimed.

"It's against the teachings of God," Danny continued, "I would never defile my body with booze or drugs."

"It's good to meet a young Native American man with such high moral values," Susan said.

"Your mother must be proud of you," Maxine said.

"Thank you."

"Danny. I understand you're a straight "A" student in college," Susan stated.

"Yes. So far I've received excellent grades."

"What are you going to do after college," Maxine asked.

"I hope to go into the ministry," he said.

"It's young Native American men like you who are the future," Maxine said.

"Thank you."

"Maybe someday you'll can bring some moral order to Native American affairs," Maxine continued.

"Danny. You have an important job to do in Native American affairs," Susan lectured.

"I only hope that I can help," he replied.

"While you're with us this summer, I want you to work with the right people in the Central Office," Susan said.

"Yeah. We have a few radical, militant Indians working for the Central Office," Maxine added.

"Radical, militant Indians working for the BIA Central Office!" Danny cried out.

"Well. We do have some Native Americans who sympathize with confrontational politics," Susan corrected.

"Gosh. Even at the Central Office!" Danny exclaimed.

"We do best to weed them out," Maxine said, "but they are like weeds; they keep coming back."

"Danny. There are bad Native Americans and there are good Native Americans," Susan instructed.

"Miss Blanchard. You talk like my mother," Danny said.

"Well. I know your mother."

"She doesn't like Native Americans who don't work within the system."

"You should listen to your mother," Maxine urged, "Your mother has good advice."

"Danny. At the Central Office, you should avoid Native Americans like Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe," Susan urged, "You should stay away from them."

"Why should I stay away from them?"

"Because they drink and have wild parties all of the time," Susan condemned.

"Oh."

"And they have no respect for lawful authority," Susan continued, "and they are disloyal BIA Central Office employees."

"You forgot to include Matt Lance," Maxine added.

"Oh, yes. For right now, stay away from Matt Lance," Susan ordered.

"Are there any loyal Native Americans who work for the Central Office?" Danny inquired.

"I'm trying to think of one," Maxine said facetiously, "Oh, I don't take me seriously."

"Of course, the employees in my office are loyal BIA employees," Susan said. Maxine nodded in agreement.

"That's good to know," Danny said, greatly relieved.

"In their own way most of the Native Americans who work for the Central office are decent and hard working," Susan lectured, "Just stay away from Treatyrights, Goodloe and Matt Lance!"

"I'll certainly stay away from them. I don't want be near any Native American who may corrupt me," Danny replied.

"Danny. We need more Native American like you to work for the Central Office," Maxine praised.

"Thank you."

"You'll find that Susan is a good boss. Listen to her and obey her," Maxine said.

"Oh. I plan to obey her every word," he said, "I'm fortunate to be working for Miss Blanchard."

"Maxine. I want you take Danny Wolfe on a tour of the Central Office," Susan ordered.

"What about the departmental staff meeting?" Maxine asked nervously.

"I'm cancelling the departmental staff meeting."

"Why?"

"Because I need to testify on Capitol Hill this morning."

"Before Senator Miles?"

"Yes."

"I'll be happy to show Danny around the Central Office," Maxine said in exhilaration as she was elated her presentation would be delayed for a week.

"Jane. I want you contact the division chiefs about the cancellation of staff meeting," Susan ordered, "I don't want anyone needlessly showing up for the staff meeting."

"I'll start making the telephone calls right now," Jane responded.

Leaving Daniel Wolfe behind, Jane returned to her secretary desk to begin her task.

"Danny. Let's leave," Maxine commanded, "We have a lot of offices to visit."

Saying goodbye to Susan, Maxine and Danny left Susan's office. Their first stop was Maxine's office where she grabbed a steno notebook and pencil. She never went any place without them. She habitually took notes of every conversation that she heard, because Susan was always interested in what she wrote down.

Leaving her office, Maxine and Danny marched down the corridor until they arrived at Room 4675 at the end of the corridor. A doorplate next to the door read: BIA Division of Contract Compliance.

"Danny. I want you to meet Clarence Watson," Maxine said.

"What does he do?"

"He is the Division Chief of Contract Compliance Division."

Opening office door, Maxine walked into the office, and Danny followed her into the office. A medium build secretary with straight black hair was busy using a word processor. Forty-nine years old, she was a Native American from North Carolina.

Looking up at Maxine, the secretary smiled and said, "Maxine. Can I help you?"

Maxine and Danny approached the secretary desk which was located in the middle of the room. "Colleen. I'm taking Danny Wolfe on a tour of the Central Office."

"Is he a summer intern?"

"Yes. He will be working for Susan Blanchard."

"He must be something special," Colleen offered.

"Susan knows his mother."

"Oh."

"Where's Clarence Watson?" Maxine asked.

"He is meeting with some of his staff."

"Could you tell him that I'm here?"

"Sure. I'll ring him." Colleen picked up her telephone and punched two buttons.

"Colleen. We can come back later," Maxine said.

But Colleen started talking to Clarence Watson. Putting down the phone, she said to Maxine, "Mr. Watson wants you and Danny to go right in to his office and meet some of his staff. "

"Danny. Let's go in," Maxine directed.

Opening the door to Clarence Watson's office, they entered the office. Watson was sitting behind his executive desk. Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe were quietly sitting on a brown

vinyl sofa.

Maxine was startled by the presence of Treatyrights and Goodloe. Her vocal criticism of them had made her little afraid of them. As much as possible, she ignored them. But she liked and respected the elderly Clarence Watson. His stately appearance had a tranquilizing effect on her.

Pointing to Danny, Maxine said to Watson, "This is Daniel Wolfe. He is a summer intern and will be working for Susan Blanchard."

"Danny. I'm pleased to meet you," Watson said, "I'm the Division Chief for this unlikely outfit." He shook Danny's hand.

"I'm here for the summer. I never been in Washington, D.C. before," Danny stated nervously.

"Let me introduce you to Kenny Treatyrights. He's my Assistant Chief. " Watson pointed to Treatyrights, who stood up and shook Danny's hand.

"I heard about you from Miss Blanchard and Mrs. Hubbard."

"You have?"

"Yeah. You're one of those radical, militant Indians," Danny blurted out, "I'm suppose to stay from you!"

Flabbergasted, Maxine's face turned red. She moved a couple of steps towards Clarence Watson as she was afraid of Treatyrights' reaction.

"Clarence! Danny misunderstood what was said about the learned Mr. Treatyrights," Maxine said unconvincingly.

"Then what was said?" Treatyrights demanded.

"Susan and I never said Mr. Treatyrights was a radical, militant Indian."

"Are you talking about me behind my back?," Treatyrights asked. He stared fiercely at Maxine making her feel nervous and uncomfortable.

"Mr. Treatyrights! I don't like your tone."

"I don't like you talking about me."

"If you're becoming belligerent, I will leave," Maxine cried out. "You have to learn how treat women right!"

"If you weren't a woman, I would... ," Treatyrights snarled. He balled his left hand.

"That's it! Danny come along," Maxine ordered.

"Sure."

"Mr. Treatyrights! The Assistant Secretary will hear about your ill-mannered conduct," Maxine said angrily, as she shook her head. She grabbed Danny by the hand and dragged him out of Watson's office.

When they were out hearing distance, Maxine yelled out, "What did I tell about Kenny Treatyrights! That man does not belong in top

management. He is just a roughneck and a bully."

"Mrs. Hubbard. I am sorry I opened my mouth. The words just came out," Danny lamented.

"In the future, don't ever repeat anything what Susan and I have said in private," Maxine threatened, "You could get yourself into serious trouble."

"Mrs. Hubbard. It won't happen again."

"Let's go down to the second floor and visit the Division of Tribal Programs."

Maxine and Danny trekked to the elevator and rode it down to second floor. Shortly they were at the door of the Division of Tribal Programs. She opened the door and entered, and he was two steps behind her.

Sarah Strong was at her secretary desk proofreading some papers. Looking up, she said, "Good morning - Maxine. Can I help you?"

"Yes. But let me first introduce Daniel Wolfe." Maxine pointed to Danny.

"It's good to meet you, Danny," Sarah said enthusiastically.

"Danny is a summer intern. He will be working for Susan Blanchard."

"Danny. You must be excited."

"Yes. I'm glad to be here."

"I'm taking Danny on a tour of the Central Office," Maxine announced, "Is Chet Johnson in?"

"No. Chet Johnson went to a meeting, but Patricia Shoemaker is in her office."

"Well. Let's go visit Mrs. Shoemaker," Maxine said to Danny.

"Okay."

They walked back to Mrs. Shoemaker's office. When Maxine saw Matt Lance sitting at his desk, she cringed. Then she thought to herself that he was no Kenny Treatyrights and he wouldn't cause her any problems. She said dryly to Matt, "Miss Blanchard sent me down to find how you're doing on your responses to congressional inquiries."

"Fine," he replied with consternation.

"Will you meet the 4:00 p.m. deadline?"

"No problem!" he cried out, "Sarah is retyping the revised responses."

"When will they be ready?"

"They will be on Miss Blanchard's desk by noon."

"Very good, Mr. Lance." Maxine said coldly.

"Anything else?"

"Let me introduce Daniel Wolfe."

"Welcome abroad, Danny." Matt jumped up from desk and shook Danny's hand.

"He's a summer intern, and he'll be working for Miss Blanchard," Maxine revealed.

"I hope you like Washington, D.C.," Matt said to Danny, "I just arrived in Washington, D.C. myself."

Turning to Mrs. Shoemaker, Maxine said, "Good morning, Patricia. I'm taking Danny Wolfe on a tour of the Central Office."

Looking up from her desk, she said, "Well. Welcome Danny. I'm Patricia Shoemaker. I'm the Assistant Chief of the Division." She stood up and shook Danny's hand.

"I'm a college senior from Utah," Danny informed, careful not to make any further indiscretions.

"Which division are you with?"

"I'll be working for Miss Blanchard."

Mrs. Shoemaker commenced to explain to Danny the duties and responsibilities of the division, the structure of the program nationwide and the division's role within the Central Office. After five minutes, Danny was bored stiff with her presentation. But Maxine was engrossed with it and asked questions every couple minutes.

When Mrs. Shoemaker finished, Maxine said, "That was an excellent presentation."

"Thank you."

"You should come to a departmental staff meeting and make the same presentation."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. I'm positive that Miss Blanchard would love to hear your presentation," Maxine said.

"I'll talk Chet Johnson about it," Mrs. Shoemaker said guardedly, wary of Maxine.

Maxine turned around and faced Matt Lance who was busy proofreading. She growled, "Mr. Lance. Explain to Danny what you do for this office."

Looking up from his proofreading, he said, "I'm generally responsible for developing responses to congressional inquiries, developing comments on proposed legislation, and developing responses to Freedom of Information Act requests. I'll also be handling administrative appeals for the division."

"Huh. That sounds important," Danny cried out.

"Mr. Lance just started to work for the Central Office. He's still on probation," Maxine commented.

"It's my second week."



"He spent the last eight years working for his tribe on the Colville Indian Reservation."

"My work generally goes out under the signature of Miss Blanchard," Matt stated.

"You don't look or sound like a radical, militant Indian," Danny said innocently.

"Just because I'm from the Colville Indian Reservation doesn't make a radical, militant Indian," Matt protested.

"No. I didn't mean that," Danny cried out.

Maxine blushed and said, "Mr. Lance. You're just too sensitive about your reservation background. Your reservation experiences do not matter at Central Office."

"Who has been calling me a radical, militant Indian?" Matt asked loudly.

"No one. Danny just likes to tease." Maxine said, "Don't you, Danny?"

"I cannot tell a lie - not even a white lie," Danny blurted out, "I heard you're a bad Native American."

"Who has been slandering me?" Matt was now irate.

"I can't reveal their names."

Matt looked at the mischievous face of Maxine, and he said, "Then what did they mean by the term, bad Native American?"

"I suppose to stay away from you," Danny confessed, "because you're a bad influence."

"Well. Danny and I must be leaving. It's getting late," Maxine said excitedly, "We have many other offices to visit." She grabbed Danny by the hand and led him out the office. Outside of the office, she barked, "I wish would you keep your mouth shut about radical, militant Indians."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hubbard. I didn't intend to cause you any problems," Danny apologized.

"I'm so upset that I can't continue with the tour of the Central Office," Maxine said in exasperation, "Let's return to my office and have some coffee."

"Anything you say."

"Anyway, we need to find you an office and desk."

"Okay."

"I think we should talk to Stanley Howe about a desk for you."

"Who is Stanley Howe?"

"He is the budget analyst for the department," Maxine explained, "His office should be large enough to hold another desk." They journeyed back up to the fourth floor.

Matt Lance sat at his desk staring out the large window in his office. Paying no attention to Mrs. Shoemaker, he was thinking deeply about the comments of Daniel Wolfe. It was hard for Matt to believe that bureaucrats could be so ruthless. Making of groundless accusations by people who should know better dumbfounded him. Apparently paranoia and ambition go together.

Mrs. Shoemaker pondered what Matt was thinking about. She said teasingly, "Are the gremlins giving you problems?"

"I have dealt with paranoid personalities before," Matt asserted, attempting to be confident, "But I don't like dealing with relentless headhunters."

"Well! We have a amateur psychiatrist aboard ship."

"If you work for the Central Office, you have to be a psychiatrist or a mental patient."

"Well. Don't abandon ship. I'm having too much fun," she laughed in a friendly fashion.

"Don't worry. I'm here for the duration," Matt replied.

"That's good"

## Chapter 14

On a Tuesday morning in July, Susan Blanchard was at her office on the fourth floor of the Interior Department Building. Sitting at her executive desk, she was reading a lengthy memorandum from the Chief of the BIA Division of Police Services. Finishing the memorandum, she thought about the investigation that Herbert Sharkley was conducting on Matt Lance. It had been several weeks since he was ordered to do the investigation. Curious about the progress of the investigation, she picked up her phone and dialed the telephone number for Sharkley.

When the telephone rang in his office, Sharkley grabbed his phone receiver. He said, "This is Herbert Sharkley speaking." He was at his old military style wooden desk.

"Sharkley. This is Susan Blanchard."

"Oh, hello," he replied in a subdued voice.

"Where is the Chief of the Police Services Division?"

"The Chief is on a trip to California," Sharkley stated, "He left me in charge of the office."

"Does the Chief ever stay home?" she demanded, "He is always on some trip out West."

"The Chief was in the office a few days last week. "

"When will he be back?"

"Next Monday."

"Well. I don't need to talk to the Chief. I want to talk to you," Susan said.

"I'm here to answer any question that you may want to ask?" Sharkley's legs began to shake uncontrollably.

"It has been over a month since you started your investigation of Matt Lance. Is the investigation completed?"

"Oh. I'm about to write up the report. I only received the field reports yesterday," Sharkley lied.

"That's good! I want you to come up to my office - right now!" Susan ordered.

"Right now?"

"Yes. I want you to give me an oral report on the results of the investigation."

"Miss Blanchard! I'll be up as soon as I can," Sharkley cried out without thinking.

"Sharkley. I said - right now!"

"Okay. I'll be up in two minutes." Sharkley was shaking from fear.

"Make it one minute," Susan demanded. She hung up the her phone without saying goodbye.

Sharkley was in a state of shock. Mumbling to himself, he started to panic. Then he thought to himself that as a police officer he had been in trouble many times before. He had always used the inherent trust that people have for police officers to talk himself out of trouble. He could lie and stonewall as well as any politician. He knew that Susan Blanchard also had no experience with law enforcement and trusted his professional judgment. When it came to police matters, she could be easy be fool. Matt Lance might be an innocent victim - Sharkley thought - but that's way things go in Washington, D.C. Matt Lance should have stayed on the Coville Indian Reservation.

Still dreading the meeting with Susan, Sharkley gathered up the papers that he would need for the meeting. He put the papers in a brown folder and headed for the fourth floor.

After speaking to Sharkley, Susan phoned Maxine Hubbard and told her come into her office. Susan was attired in a navy blue blazer and skirt, and Maxine was wearing a white jacket and black full skirt.

When Maxine arrived, Susan said, "Herbert Sharkley is on his way up to my office. "

"Why?"

"The investigation of Matt Lance has been completed."

"That's good," Maxine exclaimed.

"Sharkley will give us an oral report on the results of the investigation."

"We'll soon find out whether Matt Lance is a radical, militant Indian, a boozier or a crook," Maxine said confidently, "He's probably all three."

"Don't judge too quickly," Susan responded.

"Susan. I'm no fool." Maxine cried out, "Matt Lance is too good to be true. He must be a crook!"

"You're being a little too hard on Matt Lance," Susan warned.

"How?"

"So far, he has done quite well as a program analyst."

"That doesn't mean anything."

"Matt Lance hasn't cause me any problems," Susan revealed, "Most of all, he knows his job and doesn't rock the boat."

"Then why order Sharkley do an investigation if you're happy

with his work." Maxine cried out emotionally. She was obsessed with the fear that Susan would find that Matt Lance was more qualified and experienced than she was. Her greatest fear was that Matt Lance would eventually get her job, but she planned to forestall that possibility as long as possible if not forever.

"If we can find something against Matt Lance, then we might be able to completely control him," Susan informed.

"Yeah. I see what you're trying to do," Maxine said, "But he's already afraid of you. "

"I know," Susan said, "but I want total control."

"Who cares about Matt Lance?"

"As I told you, Matt Lance would be a valuable ally if he joined us."

"I don't see why we need him as an ally," Maxine cried out.

"Maxine. Just trust my judgment."

"I'm trying too."

"He'll be putty in my hands."

"How will you seduce Matt Lance?" Maxine blurted out.

"What do you mean by the word - seduce?" Susan wasn't amused by Maxine choice of words.

"I meant that word but the word - entice."

"Sometimes I don't appreciate your sense of humor."

"He seems so naive and innocent. I think that it's just an act," Maxine said.

"He could be just playing dumb."

"What is your plan to get Matt Lance to join us?" Maxine still thought her best defense against Matt Lance was to label him a radical, militant Indian, a boozier, or a crook. It wasn't the first time or last time that she would use such tactics.

"Everyone has a weakness for power, money, and position," Susan analyzed.

"That's true."

"I'll make it clear to Matt Lance that if he supports me, he'll get a promotion and a pay raise."

"It just might work," Maxine thought out aloud, "But what job will he get?"

"Leave that up to me," Susan said.

"There aren't many good paying jobs available."

"Matt Lance doesn't necessarily have to get a promotion," Susan said, "He only has to think that he will get a promotion."

Still gasping for air from trip up to the fourth floor, Herbert Sharkley popped his head into Susan's office. Susan waved to him to

come into her office. Sharkley was wearing his BIA Police blazer, gray pants and a necktie.

"Sharkley. Take a seat," Susan ordered, "You look like you've been working hard."

Holding his folder on his lap, Sharkley sat in a cushioned chair next to Susan's executive desk. He boasted, "Yeah. I've been very busy coordinating criminal investigations."

"That's good to hear."

"Lawbreakers are constantly thinking of new ways to break the law."

"It's good to have a professional lawman like you on my staff." Susan stroked his ego.

"I try," Sharkley replied.

"Well. What do you have on Matt Lance?" Maxine demanded, unwilling to wait for Susan.

"Sharkley. Go ahead and give your report," Susan directed.

"For sure Matt Lance is a boozier," Sharkley said, stating obvious first.

"We already know Matt Lance is a boozier!" Maxine cried out.

Sharkley was shocked and intimidated by her outburst.

"Ignore Maxine," Susan directed, "Go ahead with your report."

"Matt Lance is known to associate with radical, militant Indians," Sharkley said.

"We have him now," Maxine said gleefully.

"When he lived in Seattle, he took part in a radical, militant takeover of a military fort in Seattle." Sharkley exaggerated the events to support his story.

"What was the name of the fort?" Susan inquired.

"Fort Lawton."

"It looks like Matt Lance is a radical, militant Indian to me," Maxine said, feeling greatly relieved.

"That's hard to believe. There must be some mitigating circumstances," Susan commented.

"There are none," Sharkley cried out.

"It is strange I haven't heard about the takeover of the military fort."

"Miss Blanchard. It happened a long time ago," Sharkley said.

"How long ago was it?" Susan asked.

"It was back in Spring of 1970."

"That's hardly a recent event."

"But it did happen," Maxine added.

"How does events in 1970 make Matt Lance a radical, militant Indian today?" Susan asked.

"Once a radical, militant Indian always a radical, militant Indian," Sharkley pointed out.

"Isn't a person entitled to reform?" Susan asked.

"Radical, militant Indians never reform," Sharkley opined.

"What is your source of information?"

"In 1970 I was assigned as a police sergeant on an Indian reservation in Western Washington," Sharkley said.

"What's your source?" Susan demanded.

"Information about the takeover of the Fort Lawton was printed in the local newspapers."

"But you weren't at the site of the takeover - right?," Susan questioned.

"No. I was not," Sharkley confirmed, "But radical, militant Indians were involved in the takeover of the Fort Lawton, and Matt Lance was there."

"How do you know Matt Lance was there?"

"Because Matt Lance admitted he was at the takeover of the Fort Lawton," Sharkley said.

"When did you hear this?"

"He was bragging about it when he a tribal councilman."

"In 1970, did Matt Lance belong to any radical, militant Indian organizations?" Susan asked.

"I don't know," Sharkley reluctantly admitted, "But he participated in the takeover."

"Sharkley. You haven't proven anything," Susan said emphatically.

"I must protest your conclusion," he said weakly.

"What other evidence do you have." Maxine was white-faced at Susan's statement.

Sharkley was speechless and distressed. His scheming depended on Susan accepting his story about Matt Lance participating in a militant Indian takeover of Fort Lawton. Apparently, Susan could not be easily fooled. With his principal allegation discredited, he sat mute in his chair.

"What else do you have against Matt Lance?" Maxine shouted, as she was losing her patience with Sharkley.

Pressured, Sharkley uttered, "Matt Lance was also a radical, militant student when he attended college."

"He was?" Maxine exclaimed.

"He actively participated in all kinds of anti-Viet Nam War demonstrations in Seattle."

"I thought that Matt Lance attended a Christian college," Susan announced.

"Maybe he did," Sharkley conceded, "But he associated with

student radicals."

"Being against the Viet Nam War doesn't make a person a radical or a militant."

"He's still a radical, militant Indian."

"Sharkley. You are missing my point," Susan barked.

"What point am I missing?" he cried out.

"Why would any student radical want to associate with such a straight-laced person?" Susan asked.

"I don't know, but they did."

"Anyway, you're talking about ancient history."

"Miss Blanchard. I haven't finished my story," he begged, "I'm working my way up to present times."

"Yes. Let's talk about the present," Maxine interjected.

"Well. As I said before, Malt Lance was a member of his tribe's tribal council."

"So what?" Susan snarled. She resented hearing about Matt's membership on the tribal council as if it was some badge of honor.

"But you know how radical and militant his tribe is," Sharkley yelled out, "and he was one of the leaders of the tribal council."

"Susan. You know how much trouble his tribe has given you and the Central Office," Maxine finally said.

"His tribe can be difficult."

"I suspect that Matt Lance was behind it all," Maxine asserted.

"His tribe ran the BIA Police off the reservation," Sharkley added.

"Why did the tribe do that?" Susan asked.

"We were looking into wrongdoing by the tribal council," Sharkley lied, "We were getting too close, so the tribal council ran us off."

"Where was Matt Lance?"

"At the time he was a tribal councilman," Sharkley said.

"Isn't it outrageous! When will the Native Americans learn?" Maxine cried out.

"I said the same thing," he responded.

"I can't see how the tribal membership keeps on re-electing the same tribal councilmen," Maxine asserted.

"Well. The tribal membership didn't re-elect Matt Lance," Sharkley said excitedly, "I think they smelled a rat and ran him out of office."

"So Matt Lance is a crook. I told you so!" Maxine danced around the office in elation.

"What is he accused of doing?" Susan asked calmly.

"Well. There were no criminal charges on records," Sharkley admitted, "But tribal councilmen like Matt Lance are pretty clever



about covering their tracks."

"But you can't fool the people all of the time," Maxine added.

"Maxine. Don't be trite."

"I'm not saying Matt Lance is a crook. He's just shady." Sharkley said, "and his own tribesmen know it."

"Sharkley. I thought you were an experienced police officer," Susan said.

"I have plenty of experience in investigating criminal conduct," he said, "I'll find something to charge Matt Lance with."

"So you really don't have any evidence against Matt Lance?" Susan said.

"Not yet! But he is a boozer," Sharkley cried out, "I have all kinds of evidence to establish that he boozes and parties."

"I can confirm what Sharkley is saying," Maxine howled.

"I'll concede that Matt Lance drinks too much," Susan said, "But heavy drinking does not necessarily make him a radical, militant Indian or a crook."

"I wasn't saying that," Sharkley said.

"Then what you are saying?"

"If he is a problem drinker, he might cause problems for you - Miss Blanchard."

"Don't get me wrong. I detest drinking," Susan replied, "My ex-husband was an alcoholic."

"I grew up in an alcoholic family," Sharkley exclaimed, "I'm only one to escape alcoholism." It was Sharkley's favorite story, and it got him plenty of sympathy.

"Matt Lance is bound be a bad influence on the other Central Office employees," Maxine announced, "All that boozing and partying! He should know better."

"Maxine. How is Matt Lance a bad influence?" Susan questioned.

"Well. He's already a bad influence on young Joe London."

"What happened?"

"Just last Friday, Matt Lance and Joe London were together at Marion's Restaurant and Bar."

The telephone rang on Susan's desk, and she picked up it. It was the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs. She and the Assistant Secretary spoke for about ten minutes. When the conversation ended, she announced, "That was the Assistant Secretary on the phone."

"What did he want?" Maxine asked in an alarmed voice.

"Apparently, Victor Dayman of the Justice Department is on his way over to meet with the BIA Central Office," Susan explained.

"Why does a Justice Department official want to meet with the

Central Office?" Maxine asked.

"Dayman is extremely upset about some Marxist government officials from Nicaragua visiting an Indian reservation," Susan said.

"You mean the Sandinistas."

"Yes."

"Marxist officials from Nicaragua visiting Indian reservations," Sharkley yelled, "It sounds like a job for the BIA Police. You know we have an intelligence unit."

"Some intelligence unit!" Maxine barked.

"I don't know what you mean?"

"You couldn't even warn us that Sandinist officials were visiting an Indian reservation," Maxine asserted.

"Sometimes we miss something."

"I'm losing confidence in the BIA Police," Maxine said.

"Miss Blanchard. Which Indian reservation did the Marxist officials visit?" Sharkley asked.

"The Assistant Secretary didn't know," Susan said.

"That's no help," Maxine cried out.

"We'll find out when Dayman meets with us this afternoon."

"Will the Assistant Secretary be attending the meeting?" Maxine inquired.

"No. He wants me to handle the meeting," Susan indicated.

"Anyone coming from the Interior Secretary's Office?"

"I plan to invite Everett T. Fuller."

"Who else should be at the meeting?" Maxine asked, as she wanted to be invited.

"Let's see. The Chief of Police Services Division is out of town," Susan said, "Herb Sharkley will to have represent BIA Police at the meeting."

"Thank you. Miss Blanchard," Sharkley said happily, "I'll get you the latest BIA Police intelligence on the visit."

"Of course, I want Maxine to be at the meeting."

"Thank you, Susan. I really wanted to attend the meeting."

"Who else should we invite?" Susan asked.

"I have a brainstorm," Sharkley cried out, "It concerns Matt Lance."

"Gosh. no. We don't want to invite Matt Lance to any meeting with representatives of the Justice Department," Maxine protested, "He's bound to cause problems at the meeting."

"That's my point!" Sharkley said gleefully, "If Matt Lance defends the visit of the Marxist officials, then we'll know that he is a radical, militant Indian."

"Sharkley. That's a brilliant idea," Maxine reversed herself.

"Thank you."

"Susan. Let's invite Matt Lance and see whether he defends the visit of the Marxist officials."

"It should be a valid test," Susan reasoned aloud.

"It's great test."

"I don't see why any tribe would invite Sandinist officials to visit their reservation," Susan said.

"Especially, when the President is so dead set against the Nicaragua Marxists," Sharkley cried self-righteously.

"Any Native American who would support the visit of Marxist officials to Indian reservation must a radical and militant Indian," Maxine opined loudly.

"And if Matt Lance defends the visit of the Nicaragua Marxist officials, then we have our proof that he is a radical, militant Indian," Sharkley cried out emotionally.

"Why don't we kill two birds with one stone," Maxine conspired.

"Maxine. What do you mean?" Susan asked.

"Let's invite Kenny Treatyrights to the meeting," Maxine said, "Then we can expose Treatyrights as a radical, militant Indian too."

"That is a great idea," Susan exclaimed.

"I was thinking of you."

"I can discredit Treatyrights once and for all," Susan said, "I'm fortunate to have such good people like you two on my staff."

"Thank you, Susan," Maxine said, "But all the credit should go Sharkley. He's one who thought of the idea of inviting Matt Lance to the meeting."

"I don't know about inviting Matt Lance to the meeting."

"But we must to invite Matt Lance," Maxine exclaimed, "He's dangerous one."

"Mrs. Hubbard is right," Sharkley blurted out.

"He's only a little fish," Susan asserted.

"But he obtained his position with the Central Office by misrepresenting himself," Sharkley yelled out, "The man is a fraud!"

"I'm more interested in getting Kenny Treatyrights," Susan said.

"We all are," Maxine added emotionally.

"He has caused me a lot of problems for three years. I now have the opportunity to discredit him."

"Are you trying to protect Matt Lance?" Maxine demanded.

"No! I am not. But I might be able to use Matt Lance," Susan said coldly.

"And Treatyrights?"

"I have no use for Kenny Treatyrights. You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

"You're right, Susan."

"Then Treatyrights will our target."

"But we need to get as much information on Matt Lance as possible," Maxine begged, "We may be able to use his radicalism and militancy against him."

"Maxine. Your reasoning is sound," Susan said. "Okay. We'll invite Matt Lance and Kenny Treatyrights to the meeting."

"I'll get on the phone and tell them to be at the meeting," Maxine said in elation.

"No, Maxine. I want you to wait," Susan said.

"Why should we wait?" Maxine asked incredulously.

"I want them to be late for the meeting."

"That's a smart move," Sharkley said, "I see what you're planning do."

"Make them feel conspicuous and guilty," Maxine said, "Good idea!"

## Chapter 15

After riding the elevator to the fourth floor of the Interior Department Building, Matt Lance hurried out of the elevator. He immediately sighted Kenny Treatyrights ambling down the corridor towards the BIA conference room. He said, "Hey, Treatyrights. Where are you going?"

Turning towards the voice, Treatyrights replied, "Oh, it's you, Matt. I'm on my way to meeting at the BIA conference room next to Susan Blanchard's office."

"Yeah. That's where I'm going too," Matt explained, "Maxine Hubbard phoned me and told me to be at the meeting. It is a meeting with a Justice Department official."

"Maxine phoned me too. The meeting is with a person named - Victor Dayman," Treatyrights stated, "He is pretty upset about something."

"If the Justice Department is involved, it must be an important meeting," Matt said apprehensively.

"It's hard to say. The Justice Department can be pretty paranoid about Native American affairs," Treatyrights said, "They are always panicking about something the Native Americans are doing."

Reaching the conference room, they heard talking and movement in the conference room. Treatyrights gently opened the wooden door, peeked in, and then quietly entered the room. Matt followed him into the room. At the far end of the table, they found two empty chairs at the conference table, and they sat down together.

Slowly shaking her head, Susan Blanchard glanced at her wrist watch and then looked at Treatyrights and Matt. Maxine Hubbard glared at them. Herbert Sharkley stared wryly at them and whispered something to Susan. The chilly reception unnerved Matt.

Finally Susan spoke, "Mr. Treatyrights and Mr. Lance. We have been waiting ten minutes for you to arrive. I'm happy you finally made it to the meeting."

Painted pale blue, the conference room was rectangular and small. Fluorescent lights provided lighting. In the room was large wooden conference table, which was far too large for the room. Cushioned conference chairs lined the table, and there were large windows in the north wall of the room, which overlooked "E" Street. The windows were shaded by linen drapes, and air conditioning

cooled the room.

Susan Blanchard sat at the head of the table in front of a chalky blackboard. With her back facing the windows, Maxine sat one seat down from Susan on her right. Sitting across from Maxine was Sharkley. Danny Wolfe, the summer intern, sat next to Maxine. Everett T. Fuller sat at the middle of the table with his back facing the windows. Victor Dayman, the Justice Department official, was sitting across the table from Everett T. Fuller.

Both Everett T. Fuller and Victor Dayman were attired in a gray, pin-stripe, three-piece suit. Danny Wolfe was wearing a worn brown blazer and tan slacks.

After shuffling some papers and whispering to Maxine, Susan announced, "I would like the employees of my department to mingle more with other Federal Government workers."

Maxine stood on her feet and said, "Mr. Treatyrights and Mr. Lance! Miss Blanchard wants you move closer to the head of the table and don't sit next to one another."

Sighing in defiance, Treatyrights got up from his chair and moved next to Everett T. Fuller. Matt stood up and sat down next to Daniel Wolfe.

"Susan. That's an excellent idea. Our BIA employees of Native American descent need to mingle more with the other Federal Government employees," Fuller preached, "They unnecessarily isolate themselves from the other employees."

"Yes. We all come from very different backgrounds and cultures," Susan lectured, "We all can benefit from being exposed to the culture and background of others. It's important that our Native American employees should mingle as much as possible."

"Miss Blanchard! You have a gift for words," Fuller cried out.

Susan smiled at Fuller, and then she said, "Today we are meeting to hear a complaint from the Justice Department."

"It's a serious complaint," Maxine added.

"Apparently, some Marxist governmental officials from Nicaragua made an unauthorized visit to an Indian reservation in the State of Washington. Am I right- Mr. Dayman?"

"Miss Blanchard. You're correct."

Matt and Treatyrights were highly surprised about the subject matter of the meeting, as it was an area for which they had no duties or responsibilities. Uncomfortable with the meeting, they pondered what Susan and Maxine were planning for them.

"Let's first introduce ourselves," Susan said, "Starting with Maxine, please give your name and the division or office that you work for."

"I am Maxine Hubbard, and I'm the Assistant Director of the BIA Department of Government Services," she said proudly, "I work for Susan Blanchard."

"I'm Danny Wolfe, an intern for the summer. I work for Miss Blanchard."

"I'm Matt Lance, a program analyst for the Tribal Programs Division."

From the other side of the table, Treatyrights said cautiously, "I'm Kenny Treatyrights, the Assistant Chief of the Division of Contract Compliance."

"My name is Everett T. Fuller," he announced pompously, "I am from the Interior Secretary's Office."

"My name is Victor Dayman. I am from the Justice Department."

"I am Herbert Sharkley," he said, "I am the Assistant Chief of the BIA Police Services Division."

"Well. Thank you for introducing yourselves. I'll now ask Mr. Dayman to address the meeting," Susan said.

A stocky but muscular man, Victor Dayman was in his early fifties. His face was stern and unsmiling, and his light brown hair was cut short. He did not have a grey hair on his head, and his eyes were hazel; his skin chalky; and his cheeks colorless.

Dayman had been in law enforcement work since he graduated from college. He has been an employee of the Justice Department for twenty-five years, and he hated lawbreakers, hippies, nonconformists, radicals, militants, and communists.

"I thank you, Miss Blanchard. I appreciate you giving me the opportunity to address such an august body of BIA employees," Dayman said.

"We appreciate your presence," Susan replied.

"Within the Justice Department, I am known as the friend of the Native American."

"Yeah. I can attest to what Mr. Dayman is saying," Sharkley cried out, "I have known Mr. Dayman for many years. He has always supported the BIA's efforts to bring law and order to Indian reservations."

"Sharkley. I thank you for your endorsement," Dayman responded.

"We're all in the same boat," Sharkley said.

Dayman continued with his presentation. "I was pretty upset when I heard that a delegation of Nicaragua Marxist governmental officials made an unauthorized visit to an Indian reservation in the State of Washington and were welcomed by the tribal council of the Indian tribe!"

"The BIA Police's Intelligence Unit detected the visit and filed a

report with the Central Office," Sharkley said excitedly, "We have a detailed report on the visit."

"I was terribly shocked over the visit myself," Susan said, "The Central Office knew nothing about the visit of Nicaragua Marxist officials."

"Mr. Dayman. I can assure you that the Department of the Interior knew nothing about the visit," Fuller reassured.

"Well. I'm glad to hear that," Dayman said.

"The Department would never endorse or encourage a visit of Nicaragua Marxist officials to any Indian reservation under our jurisdiction," Fuller announced.

"The visit was embarrassment to the Administration," Dayman said heatedly.

"I'm sure it was," Susan agreed.

"What will you do about it? Marxists pose an atheistic peril to our nation." Dayman's face was red with anger.

"The BIA Central Office shouldn't do anything about the visit," Treatyrights said bluntly, "The Indian tribes have the right to invite anyone they want to visit their reservations. They are governmental entities separate from the Federal Government."

Dayman trembled with anger at indiscreet statement of Kenny Treatyrights. He snarled, "Apparently we have a radical, militant Indian in the audience."

"Yes. We do have a few radical, militant Indians at the Central Office," Maxine cried out.

"Mrs. Hubbard. I fully agree with you," Dayman said, looking at Treatyrights. "The Justice Department has dealt with radical, militant Indians before. And I'm afraid it won't be the last time."

"I heard that the Nicaragua delegation also visited the City of Seattle, the City of Spokane and other cities in Pacific Northwest." Matt said, "Their visit was insignificant."

"Another radical, militant Indian!" Sharkley yelled out.

"Marxist are enemies of this country," Dayman yelled at Matt.

"Well. What are you going to do the cities," Matt asked.

"The Federal Government can't do anything about Spokane or Seattle, but Indian reservations are under Federal jurisdiction," Dayman exclaimed.

"Mr. Dayman. What do you mean by your statement?" Kenny Treatyrights questioned.

"I mean the BIA Central Office will have to do something about those visits or I will!" Dayman cried out angrily.

"The Central Office doesn't have the authority to do anything," Treatyrights replied.



"What's your name? I want to write it down," Dayman demanded.

"Kenny Treatyrights."

"Why don't you write down my name too," Matt said, "It's Matt Lance."

"If you want - Mr. Lance," Dayman replied coldly. He scribbled something on a tablet lying on the table. His legs and arms were shaking from anger.

"Matt Lance just started to work for the Central Office," Susan cried, defending Matt, as she didn't want him to get into trouble.

"That's no excuse," Dayman said testily.

"I'm sure didn't mean what he said," Susan continued, "He just spent eight years on the Colville Indian Reservation in Washington state."

"Mr. Lance. Was it your Indian reservation that the Nicaragua Marxist officials visited?" Dayman snorted.

"I think was," Maxine cried out.

"It would explain your willingness to defend the visit of the Nicaragua Marxist officials."

"No. The Nicaragua delegation didn't visit the Colville Indian Reservation," Matt replied.

"Mr. Lance must be unaware of the atheistic peril that godless communism poses to the world," Dayman shouted angrily. "I'm sure Mr. Lance doesn't know anything about Realpolitik"

"I was a political science major in college," Matt responded, "I studied international politics."

"Then you should know better," Dayman yelled out, "I'm keeping your name on my list."

"Fine with me," Matt said defiantly.

"Oh. Native Americans are so naive about international politics," Dayman screamed, "They just pawns in a dangerous game. They don't realize that they can easily get stepped on."

"Mr. Dayman. Don't get the wrong idea about the Central Office," Susan cried out, "We'll look into your complaint and see what can be done."

"Yeah. Don't let a couple of bad apples spoil your visit," Maxine said gleefully, "We recognize that we have a few radical, militant Indians amongst us."

"Mr. Dayman. In behalf of the Interior Secretary's Office, I sincerely apologize for the treasonous conduct of Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance," Fuller said self-righteously.

"It's too late," Dayman stated bluntly.

"The Secretary will hear about their traitorous conduct today. I can assure you," Fuller cried out.

"I'll keep your apologies in mind when I write up my report,"

Dayman barked.

"Thank you," Fuller said.

"But two names will figure prominently in my report to my superiors." Without saying goodbye, Dayman roughly grabbed his tablet off of the table and stormed out of the conference room.

Everyone in the room was instinctively quiet for about a minute. They waited for Susan Blanchard to say something. Oblivious to others, Susan was looking down at her notebook, and then she jotted a few words down in her notebook. Her face was pale and pained, and she appeared to be seething. She looked up at Treatyrights and Matt Lance and said heatedly, "Mr. Treatyrights and Mr. Lance, I hope you two are satisfied with your uncalled for conduct."

"It was despicable Maxine added.

"I'm certain you got me and the Central Office in a lot of hot water today."

"Barbaric behavior!" Fuller howled, "The Secretary will hear about it."

"Well. Do you two have anything to say for yourselves?" Susan liked to be in a situation where she the advantage of numbers.

"Susan! The man is just a blowhard," Treatyrights replied, "He doesn't know what he is talking about when it comes to Native Americans."

"Miss Blanchard - please!" Susan demanded.

"Mr. Dayman isn't a blowhard," Maxine protested.

"How can you say that about a man who has such a distinguished career as Victor Dayman?" Susan said to Treatyrights.

"Victor Dayman is one of the great men of this country," Maxine screamed.

"Mr. Dayman has always been good to me," Sharkley stated.

"Mr. Lance. Do you have anything to say?" Susan inquired.

"Kenny Treatyrights is correct," Matt said, a little intimidated by Susan's bluntness.

"Miss Blanchard. This was one of the most meaningless meeting that I ever was required to attend," Treatyrights said as he pounded hand on the table.

"Mr. Treatyrights. Quit yelling at me and pounding on the table," Susan demanded.

"It's none of our business whom Indian tribes invite to their reservation as long as they broke no laws."

"What about giving aid and comfort to the enemy," Sharkley yelled out, "I rest my case."

"I never knew we were at war with Nicaragua," Matt said.

"Mr. Lance! You are arguing technical legal points," Maxine

jumped in. "If we needed legal advice, we would have invited the learned Jonathan Stewart III to the meeting."

"Look! I simply don't think that communism in Central America is threat to this country," Matt said, "If it was, I would have a different opinion."

"You're a communist sympathizer!" Sharkley shouted, "I again rest my case!"

"Mr. Lance. You and Kenny Treatyrights have dangerous ideas," Maxine cried woefully.

"I'm tired of the arguing," Susan finally said, "Treatyrights and Matt Lance can leave."

Relieved the meeting was over, Treatyrights and Matt got up from the table and hurriedly left the conference room together. While they ambled down the corridor, Matt asked Treatyrights, "What did you think of the meeting?"

"Susan and Maxine were up to their old tricks," Treatyrights expounded, "There was no reason for you and I to be at the meeting. They set a trap for us."

"A trap!" Matt cried out.

"Susan and Maxine play for keeps," Treatyrights explained.

"It was an emotionally charged meeting."

"But I did noticed that Susan went out her way to keep you out of trouble."

"I didn't get the impression that Susan was trying to help me," Matt said, "They all seemed to be relentlessly attacking you and me."

"No. Susan told Dayman that you were a new employee at Central Office."

"But Susan later demanded that I explain my conduct at the meeting," Matt said, "I thought she was trying to intimidate me."

"Susan must be saving you for something," Treatyrights analyzed aloud. "I wonder what she is saving you for? Are you a friend of the Assistant Secretary?"

"No. I never met the man until I came to work at the BIA Central Office," Matt replied.

"Well. Susan sees something in you which I don't see," Treatyrights said.

"She just probably finds me attractive," Matt laughed.

"Not Susan!"

"Will we get into trouble for what we said at the meeting?" Matt asked, "I mean that Susan, Maxine, Fuller and Sharkley were pretty upset about our remarks to Victor Dayman. Dayman even wrote our names on a tablet, and Fuller plans to bring our names up with the Secretary of the Interior."

"No. We won't get into trouble."

"Why?"

"Victor Dayman will never to admit to his superiors that he couldn't handle a couple of Native Americans," Treatyrights said.

"I hope so."

"It just don't look good for him. Dayman was bluffing," Treatyrights continued, "He only wanted to bitch about the visit of the Nicaragua delegation. He will return to the Justice Department tell his superiors how he read us the riot act. That will be the end of it."

"What about Susan Blanchard and Everett T. Fuller?"

"The same is true for Susan and Fuller," Treatyrights said, "They will keep their mouths shut about the meeting. Anyway, we should have not been at the meeting. Susan would have plenty of explaining to do."

Back at the conference room, Fuller said to Susan that he had an meeting with the Secretary up coming in the late afternoon and that he had to prepare for the meeting. He would mention the disloyal conduct of Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance to the Secretary. He hurriedly left the conference room leaving Susan, Maxine, Sharkley and Danny Wolfe alone.

"Susan. Are you now satisfied that Matt Lance and Treatyrights are radical, militant Indians?" Maxine cried out, "We now have the proof!"

"I wish that we had the proof, but we don't have anything," Susan replied.

Maxine turned pale, and her knees weakened. She cried out, "But Treatyrights and Matt Lance supported the visit of the Nicaragua Marxist officials to the Indian reservation."

"No, Maxine. Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance only said that Indian tribes have the right to invite whomever they wish to visit their reservations," Susan explained.

"But I heard them," Maxine screamed, "Anyway Victor Dayman was irate about their comments. He took down their names,"

"Yeah. Dayman wrote down their names," Sharkley butted in.

"The problem with Dayman is that he is all smoke and no fire," Susan commented.

"I hope you're wrong," Maxine said somberly,

"I don't get me wrong. I have no love for Kenny Treatyrights."

"What do you mean by all smoke and no fire?" Sharkley asked.

"Dayman will go back to the Justice Department and tell his superiors that he bawled us about the visit," Susan said, "Once he is done bragging. Dayman won't do anything more."

"You don't plan to do anything more about the conduct of Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance," Maxine cried out in distress.

"Not at this time."

"You are letting them get away with their treasonous conduct."

"There is nothing I can do. I shouldn't have invited Treatyrights and Matt Lance to the meeting," Susan said, "They weren't the right people to invite."

"You mean our scheming went all for naught," Maxine said in a strained voice.

"There will be other days."

"Wow. Some people have nine lives."

"Maxine. What do you mean?" Susan asked.

"If I said what Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance said at the meeting, I would be been fired on the spot."

"Kenny Treatyrights won this battle. But he hasn't won the war. I have another idea," Susan said.

"What is it?" Maxine exclaimed.

"If I'm right, I should be able to consolidate my power at the Central Office," Susan said, "After that happens, it will be easy to neutralize Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe and their friends."

"Susan. Please tell me what you are planning," Maxine said, as she was worried and curious.

"I am still thinking about it. It is a big move for me," Susan explained.

"You got me curious," Maxine said.

"Sharkley. You mentioned that the BIA Police has an Intelligence Unit," Susan said.

"Yeah! We have an Intelligence Unit. I'm the head of it," Sharkley boasted.

"Good."

"We routinely gather information on radical, militant Indians, lawbreakers, and any newsworthy event affecting Indian country."

"I want you make a special effort to detect any visit of controversial people to the Indian reservations," Susan ordered, "I don't again want to be embarrassed by the Justice Department."

"But the Justice Department has the FBI," Sharkley cried out, "I will need more men."

"I will not increase your manpower," Susan said sternly.

"Okay. We will try to do the job with our present personnel," Sharkley smiled. He was deliriously happy with the mandate that Susan had given the BIA Police.

"Well, Danny Wolfe. You haven't said anything all afternoon," Susan said.

"I generally don't speak unless spoke to," Danny said.

"You must have something to say."

"The meeting was certainly exciting. I was impressed with everyone's performance."

"You're not including Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance - are you?" Maxine said in disbelief.

"Oh. I didn't mean to include them," Danny responded.

"Well. Let's get back to work." Susan ordered.

Saying goodbye, Danny Wolfe obeyed first and left the conference room. Sharkley followed Danny out of the room. Leaving together, Susan and Maxine were discussing a meeting scheduled for next day.

## Chapter 16

Late Thursday afternoon, Matt Lance was in his office at the Interior Department Building. He was busy straightening up his littered desk and placing books back on bookshelves. He was preparing to leave for a congressional reception on Capitol Hill. It would be his first congressional reception, and he was naturally excited about the prospect of attending reception.

Senator Anthony Miles, the charismatic Chairman of the Senate Native American Affairs Committee, was sponsoring the reception to celebrate the recent enactment of landmark Native American legislation, adopted by Congress. The President had reluctantly signed the important legislation into law. The reception was also to honor the persons who helped to lobby the legislation through Congress.

Mrs. Shoemaker was at her desk working with her personal computer. She was again entering budgetary information into the computer.

Matt sat down at his desk, and he asked, "Mrs. Shoemaker. Do you plan to attend the reception on Capitol Hill?"

"Nope. I don't plan to go."

"Why not?"

"I've attended countless congressional receptions," she explained, "and I have no special reason to attend to this one."

"Well. I've never attended a congressional reception before," Matt announced.

"Then you should go."

"It will be a new experience for me," he said cheerfully, "That's why I plan to go. It should be interesting."

"Watch your step! I'm sure that Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard will be there," Mrs. Shoemaker said teasingly, "They'll be watching you like a hawk."

"Please don't ruin the reception before I even get there."

"Do you plan to drink alcohol at the reception?"

"Yeah. I plan to have a few beers. It's a celebration," Matt said.

"If I were you, I wouldn't drink any beer."

"Why?"

"Because Susan and Maxine will strongly object to your beer drinking," Mrs. Shoemaker warned.

"I worked from 7:45 a.m. to 4:15. The rest of the time is mine," he protested.

"I'm positive that Susan will tell you not to drink beer."

"It's none of her business."

"She likes her employees make a good impression at events like congressional receptions."

"Susan should be just glad that I came to work for her," Matt complained.

"She doesn't see it that way," she replied.

"Now she's telling me how to live my life," he declared, "She has a lot to learn about being an effective manager." Nothing irritated him more than for someone to try to dictate his lifestyle.

"You should tell it to Susan. She's your boss!" Mrs. Shoemaker countered.

"Must you always remind me of that fact?"

Walking over to his closet, Matt put on his suit jacket. Saying goodbye to Mrs. Shoemaker, he headed to the entrance of the office. Before he reached the door, he saw Sarah Strong at her secretary desk working with her word processor.

"Sarah. I'm on my way to the congressional reception."

"You're leaving early?"

"Yes."

"Well, Matt. Have a good time," Sarah said.

"I will."

"Watch out for Susan Blanchard. She's bound to be at the reception."

"Yeah. I've already heard the same thing from Mrs. Shoemaker," Matt sighed.

"It's just some friendly advice."

"I won't let Susan Blanchard dictate my life or intimidate me."

"Then let me warn you that Susan despises Senator Miles."

"Yeah. I got that impression when met with Susan on my response to Senator's letter of inquiry," Matt said, "She didn't speak very highly of him."

"I wouldn't be too friendly with Senator Miles," she warned, "Susan would never forgive you."

"Well. I don't know Senator Miles," he said, "but thanks for warning me."

Saying goodbye to Sarah, Matt left the office and hurried out of the Interior Department Building. He waved down a gray taxi, which transported him to a tall hotel near Capitol Hill. After paying taxi fare, he quickly entering the hotel and walked directly to the conference room where the reception was being held. The



door to the conference room was open, and he gingerly walked into the room. He was glad that he decided to attend the reception. Maybe he might run into someone from the Colville Indian Reservation.

The reception room was a spacious hall painted a light brown. Glass chandeliers lighted the room. On the east wall were large windows, and green drapes hung from the windows. The floor was covered with a brown carpet. There were two portable wooden bars available to the guests, and the bars were manned by bartenders dressed in white uniforms.

Most of the male guests were attired in suits and ties, and the female guests were wearing colorful dresses, or blazers and skirts. There were Native Americans everywhere. Some of them were attired in office clothing; others were wearing casual clothing or traditional clothing.

Sighting Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe standing near the portable bars, Matt immediately walked towards their position. They both were already holding cans of beers.

Treatyrights quickly saw Matt coming towards him. He said, "Matt. You're a little late."

"Yes. I had work to finish at the office."

"Go get a beer."

"Where is Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard?" Matt asked cautiously.

"Are afraid of them?"

"No. I'm not afraid of them."

"Be a man. Don't let them intimidate you," Treatyrights said teasingly.

"I plan to have a few beers this afternoon," Matt said defiantly. Challenged by Treatyrights' statement, he walked to a portable bar, picked up a beer, and rejoined Treatyrights and Goodloe. He took a long drink from his beer and held it his hand.

"Well. There's a brave man," Treatyrights joked, pointing at Matt. Goodloe laughed loudly.

"Did Susan and Maxine make it to the reception," Matt asked again.

"Yeah. They're over in the corner talking to Basil Collins," Treatyrights said. He pointed to a corner of the spacious hall where Susan, Maxine, and Basil Collins were standing and talking to one another.

Always well-dressed, Basil Collins was dressed in tan silk sports coat, light blue slacks, and a yellow cotton knit sweater. Looking confident, he had a hard liquor drink in his hand.

Herbert Sharkley entered the hall and went directly to the table holding the appetizers. He grabbed a paper plate and began to load his plate with lunch meat, cheese, and crackers. When he finished, he strolled to a portable bar, picked up a free beer and wandered to the north end of the hall. Finding an empty metal chair, he sat down. More interested in his meal, he was oblivious to the people around him.

Sharkley was dressed in his usual BIA Police blazer, grey slacks and a necktie. His clothes verily fit his ponderous body. If he ate any more, he would need a new wardrobe.

Looking across the hall, Maxine Hubbard finally noticed Matt Lance, Treatyrights, and Goodloe. She cried out, "Susan! Who invited Matt Lance, Kenny Treatyrights, and Marian Goodloe to the reception?" She pointed over to the threesome, and Susan and Basil Collins turned to look.

"I expect that they invited themselves," Susan replied.

"They shouldn't be here," Maxine exclaimed.

"I have no problem with them attending the reception if they got permission to leave early from work."

"They probably didn't get permission."

"Maxine. They're on their own time now. "

"Well. I just know that they abandoned their job."

"We'll find out tomorrow if they got permission to leave early," Susan indicated.

"I heard that Kenny Treatyrights, Goodloe, and Matt Lance are malcontents and troublemakers," Collins said dryly. He already knew that Susan had no use for Treatyrights and Goodloe.

"Basil. You heard right," Maxine confirmed.

"They're always griping about the management of the Central Office," he said.

"See! What did I tell you about Treatyrights, Goodloe and Matt Lance," Maxine asserted, "The whole Central Office knows about their grumbling."

"Basil. What did they say about the management of the Central Office?" Susan asked, as she was distressed by his statement.

"At Marion's Restaurant and Bar they get drunk together," Collins revealed, "After a few drinks, they begin to talk about the Central Office."

"What do they say about Susan and me?" Maxine demanded.

"I hate to tell you. It's just drunk talk."

"Basil. You got my attention," Susan exclaimed, "Now please tell me what you heard!"

"Well. They said that because you are not a Native American, you

shouldn't be the head of the Department of Government Services," Collins lied.

"It figures," Susan said.

"They want a Native American in the job."

"Susan. I would simply ignore what they said about you," Maxine cried out, "They're just three malcontents."

"Oh, I'm used to those kind of disgusting, racist statements," Susan said.

"They're troublemakers," Basil Collins said.

"Someday I will get even with Treatyrights and Goodloe," Susan promised.

"How ungrateful! They're just three radical, militant Indians," Maxine howled.

"Yeah. They're just three radical, militant Indians," Basil Collins agreed.

"What else did they say about me?" Susan asked loudly.

"They said that they don't like working for a woman," Collins lied again.

"They're just three racists and sexists," Maxine said indignantly.

"It's strange," Susan thought aloud.

"Strange?" Maxine said.

"Yes. I have always heard they consider me unqualified for the job," Susan explained, "because I have no experience with tribal government or reservation living."

"Well. Alcoholism is a progressive disease," Collins said, "It must have fried their brains by now. They're bound to say anything in their drunken stupors."

"Basil. Thanks for the information," Susan said.

"I thought that you should know."

"It could be useful to me when I talk to the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs," Susan said, "He's always interested in what BIA Central Office employees are saying about the Central Office."

"I'll stick by every word I said," Basil Collins asserted.

"Basil. I appreciate the information," Susan said, "Someday I'll return the favor."

"Well. Excuse me. I think see an old friend," Basil Collins said. He was satisfied with his sabotage, and he hoped that his boss would be grateful. He headed straight to a portable bar to get another hard liquor drink. Believing himself one more step closer to success, he decided to celebrate a little.

Pointing to Treatyrights and his party, Maxine said to Susan, "Look at them booze. They're ignoring your directive not to drink alcohol at congressional receptions."

"Don't worry. I'm making a mental note of their insubordinate conduct," Susan said, "They will hear about their indiscreet conduct tomorrow."

"No respect! They have no respect for you."

"I've never seen Matt Lance drink before," Susan said.

"Well. He boozes a lot."

"What does he drink?"

"He only drinks beer. He always drinks beer at Marion's Restaurant and Bar."

"Maxine. I want you to go over to the Treatyrights, Goodloe, and Matt Lance," Susan said, "and tell them to mingle more with the other guests and don't drink so much."

"Must I! They will simply laugh at me once I leave them," Maxine protested.

"I merely want to let them know that I'm still their boss."

"Okay. I'll go over and talk to them. "

"Senator Bragg and Senator Miles should be arriving any moment," Susan said.

"It is getting late."

"Before the Senators arrived, I want you back here."

Reluctantly, Maxine proceeded to where Treatyrights, Goodloe, and Matt Lance were standing. Seeing Maxine coming, Treatyrights roared, "Let's get moving."

"Why?" Matt asked.

"Maxine is on her way over here. I'm certain she'll preach to us about something."

They attempted to elude her, but Maxine accelerated her pace and caught up to the threesome. She said, "Hey. I need to speak to you three."

Coming to a stop, Treatyrights barked, "What do you want?"

"Kenny Treatyrights! I don't like your tone," she protested.

"Well. What do you want?"

"Susan told me to speak to you three. "

"Well. You have. Goodbye! "Treatyrights joked.

"Look! I'm trying to be serious," she exploded.

"And I'm trying to enjoy myself," Treatyrights countered, "I've been to talking to some very important persons at the reception."

"Who? Goodloe and Matt Lance," Maxine laughed, "We've been watching you three."

"Who has been watching us?" Treatyrights asked.

"Susan Blanchard, Basil Collins, and myself," Maxine answered, "And Susan wants you three to mingle more with the other guests at the reception."

"Mingle! What do you mean by mingle?" Treatyrights asked.

"Susan does not like her Native American employees to isolate themselves from the other guests," Maxine explained, "She wants her employees to be exposed to other cultures and classes of people."

"What for?" Treatyrights asked.

"For you to become more culturally enriched," she said loudly.

"I'm already educated."

"Mingling is also good for the Central Office," Maxine pointed out, "People will find out there are actually Native Americans working for the Central Office."

"Since you put it that way, we will immediately start mingling with the other guests," Treatyrights said sarcastically."

"Also, Susan has a rule prohibiting her employees from boozing at congressional receptions," Maxine smirked, "We've been watching you three drink beer."

"Oh, I forgot about that rule." Treatyrights played dumb.

"Well. It's a standing rule."

"I hope that I'm not in trouble," Treatyrights acted scarce, as he attempted to hide his beer.

"Treatyrights! You mock Susan and me," Maxine exclaimed.

"No. I'm not."

"Someday you'll make a mistake, and I will be there to tighten the rope around your neck!" Frustrated and mad, she stomp away.

Treatyrights promptly headed to a portable bar, picked up a can of beer, went back to the group and then took a long drink from the beer. Susan and Maxine watched Treatyrights drink the beer. Matt observed Maxine tightening her fists and saying something to Susan.

Hearing a commotion, Matt looked over to the entrance to the reception room. A group of well-dressed people were entering the hall.

"It's Senator Miles," Treatyrights cried out, "We'll see some fireworks now!"

"It's Mad Anthony Miles," Goodloe yelled in exhilaration.

"What do you mean by fireworks?" Matt asked.

"Senator Miles doesn't like Susan Blanchard," Treatyrights laughed, "He is always getting on her case for trying to cover up the misdeeds of the Central Office."

Matt stared at Senator Anthony Miles who was leading a large entourage into the reception room. Charismatic and articulate he was a liberal Democrat from the Northeast, and he was the Chairman of the Senate Native American Affairs Committee. In his late forties, the Senator was wearing a dark grey, pin stripe suit.

At his ideal weight, he was tall and muscular. His ash blond hair covered the upper part of his ears. His eyes were blue, and his skin light-complexioned.

Observing Susan standing in the corner. Senator Miles walked directly to where she was standing. He was followed by two of his legislative aides. One aide was a young man in his early twenties; the other aide was pretty woman in her middle thirties.

"Hello Miss Blanchard," he said guardedly.

"Good afternoon, Senator Miles."

"I'm happy you were able to attend the reception," he said.

"I'm delighted to be here."

"It's a time for celebration." Senator Miles was enthused.

"It is an auspicious moment," Susan agreed reluctantly, "I'm certain something great will result from your legislation."

"Will the Assistant Secretary make a personal appearance?"

"No. The Assistant Secretary had a last minute emergency meeting to attend."

"That's too bad."

"He'll be unavailable all afternoon," she said.

"I'm sorry to hear that the Assistant Secretary won't be attending the reception," Senator Miles said, trying to be polite.

"He did want so much to attend the reception."

"Are you representing the Assistant Secretary at the reception?" the Senator asked.

"Yes. I'm representing the Assistant Secretary."

"Well. I would like you to say a few words about the importance of the legislation."

"That's why I'm here," Susan smiled.

"I know you testify against the legislation at the congressional committee hearings."

"Oh. I have no problem with saying a few words about the legislation," she said grudgingly.

"You sure gave me a battle over the legislation," Senator Miles smiled, "I hope you don't have any hard feelings."

"The legislation is now the law of the land and the President did sign it."

"Also, I want to apologize for the tough questioning I put you through the other day," Senator Miles said, "But I needed to get the facts from you."

"You were only doing your job," Susan grinned.

"I'm glad you're not taking it personally."

"I never get upset."

"And what about the report on Indian major crimes that I

requested?" the Senator asked.

"Herbert Sharkley of the BIA Police is putting together the report," Susan answered.

"It has been several weeks."

"If you want, you can talk to Sharkley now. He's sitting on a chair against the wall." Susan pointed to Sharkley who was working on his second plate of appetizers.

"I only need a written report," Senator Miles said.

"You'll get it."

"When will I receive the report? There is another congressional hearing coming up soon," he said, "I'll need the report before the hearing."

"You should receive the report next week," Susan said, "Mr. Sharkley is working full time on the report."

"That's good!" the Senator said.

"I want to keep you happy."

"Well, Miss Blanchard. I must leave you," he said, "Again, I'm happy that you were able to attend the reception."

"Senator Miles. I would have never dreamed of missing the reception," Susan said.

Senator Miles walked over to a group of tribal leaders and started to converse with them.

"Boy! Senator Miles has the nerve to ask you to speak at the reception," Maxine cried out, "Especially after he treated you so rudely at the congressional hearing."

"Senator Miles is simply being vengeful," Susan said.

"Senator Miles humiliated you at the congressional hearing," Maxine hollered.

"He's tough."

"He made you look like a fool. He even implied that you were covering up wrongdoing at the Central Office."

"Senator Miles feels a need to protect his friends - the Native Americans," Susan fumed, "He needs to show that the Central Office knows nothing about Indian tribes and their tribal governments."

"Senator Miles has no right to treat you like a common criminal," Maxine exclaimed.

"I'll get even with Senator Miles."

"How will you get even with Senator Miles?"

"I already have something in mind," Susan grinned.

"You won't tell me your plan for revenge."

"No. I'm still thinking about it."

Senator Frederick Bragg entered the reception hall. He was accompanied by a beautiful, petite brunette, who was thirty-four

years old. She was dressed in a pastel peach dress that clung to her shapely body.

Senator Bragg was attired in a dark blue, three piece suit. He was forty-five year old and was a neo-conservative Republican from the Midwest. He was a tall, distinguishing-looking bachelor with a boyish face, and his hair was greyish; his eyes grayish green. He was Vice Chairman of the Senate Native American Affairs Committee.

When Susan saw the brunette with Senator, her body shuddered involuntarily. She was shocked by the sight of Senator Bragg with a ravishing woman. Her heart raced from anxiety. Turning towards Maxine, she started talking to her about tomorrow's work. Periodically, she would look over to where Senator Bragg and the brunette were standing, and she had trouble paying attention to Maxine's chatter. Hoping for the best, she instinctively knew it didn't look good for her. She only wished the woman was something else other than a brunette as her pride was hurt. She prayed that the Senator wouldn't come over and introduce the brunette to her.

In a good mood, Senator Bragg was busy introducing the brunette to the reception guests. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of Susan Blanchard, standing in a corner of the room. Wanting to introduce his new fiancée to her, he walked towards where she was standing with Maxine. He considered Susan a loyal friend and ally. When it came to Native American affairs, he relied heavily on her advice. She was the only person whom he trusted at the BIA Central Office.

Observing Senator Bragg moving towards her, Susan initially wanted to escape. Then she decided to stay where she was standing, because she didn't want to appear to be jealous or disappointed.

"Hello - Susan. I'm happy you made it to the reception," Senator Bragg said cheerfully.

"I'm pleased to be here," Susan said, smiling with her teeth showing.

"Are you representing the Assistant Secretary?"

"Yes. He wasn't able to attend the reception."

"Susan. Let me introduce Miss Christine Barnhill," Senator Bragg announced proudly, "She is my fiancée. We will be married in August." Christine was smiling at Susan.

Speechless, Susan froze. The shock of the news caused her legs to tremble, and then her body shuddered. Losing her balance, she stepped back two feet and sighed deeply. Forcing herself to speak, she blurted out, "Congratulations- Senator Bragg and Christine. I'm really excited for both of you. There's nothing like being married."



"Susan. It's good to meet you," Christine said softly, "Senator Bragg speaks often of you. "

"Thank you, Christine," Susan said grudgingly, "I'm certain you and Senator Bragg will have a wonderful marriage. You are a lovely woman."

"Susan. I wish I could stay longer but I want to introduce Christine to other guests," Senator Bragg said.

"I understand."

"It's good to see you again." Senator Bragg and Christine moved off towards another group of people that he knew.

"Some people have all the luck," Maxine said loudly.

"Christine is really lucky to catch Senator Bragg," Susan said silently.

"But you have to admit Christine is a strikingly pretty woman."

Susan's face grimaced at Maxine's words. She thought aloud, "It won't be the same without Senator Bragg." She was still distressed by the news of the Senator's unexpected engagement but she was rapidly recovering.

"Susan. You like Senator Bragg - didn't you?"

"He was merely a politician whom I worked with."

"Senator Bragg is handsome," Maxine stated.

"The Senator is attractive. But I never had any romantic notions about him."

"There'll be other men."

"I'll be happy when this reception is over," Susan said irately, "So far, nothing has gone right."

Standing on a rostrum, Senator Miles spoke into a microphone and said, "We'd better get started with the recognition ceremonies of the reception."

Senator Miles then gave a short elegant speech about the importance of the enactment of the legislation. He explained the legislation would enable Indian tribes to create more employment opportunities on their reservations through enhancement of their tribal governments. He thanked the Senators and Congressmen who sponsored the original bill. He thanked those special persons who lobbied for and testified in favor of the legislation. One by one, he introduced the honored guests thanking them for their work.

Senator Bragg took the rostrum. He congratulated Senator Miles for successfully managing the enactment of the legislation. He then thanked the legislative staff of both houses for their work on the legislation, and he told the guests that the President supported the legislation and would work with Congress to implement the legislation. He finally introduced his future wife, Christine

Barnhill, to the guests.

Retaking the rostrum, Senator Miles introduced Congressman Clinton Burns who was the Chairman of the House Native American Affairs Subcommittee. The Congressman gave special recognition to three Native Americans who lobbied extensively for the legislation. Congressman Burns introduced Caria Young, a Native American woman from Idaho. She gave a brief speech thanking Senator Miles for his work in enacting the legislation. She then gave him a kiss and a bronze plaque for his work in behalf of Native Americans.

At the urging of Senator Miles, Susan Blanchard gave a short speech. She thanked the guests for attending the reception and identified the employees of the BIA Central Office who worked hard to enact the legislation. Some of the guests snickered at her remarks as they remembered that she had testified against the legislation. She simply smiled and proceeded to say that the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs fully supported the legislation. Begrudgingly, she congratulated Senator Bragg on his engagement to Christine Barnhill.

Senator Miles ended the ceremonies and told the assembled guests to continue their celebrating as there was plenty of liquor, wine, beer and appetizers left. He announced the beer was free.

With a beer in his hand, Matt Lance was still standing with Treatyrights and Goodloe. He said, "Treatyrights. This is the first time that I've seen Senator Miles in person. He is certainly attractive and articulate."

"Yeah. He's quite a Senator."

"I saw Susan talking to him."

"Susan really despises Senator Miles," Treatyrights said, half laughing.

"Well. That's not hard to believe."

"Boy! I wish I could have been at the last congressional hearing where Senator Miles gave Susan a tongue-lashing," Treatyrights exclaimed.

"Why did he chew her out?"

"Because she told the Senate Native American Affairs Committee that there is already enough money being spent on law enforcement, drug abuse, and juvenile delinquency on Indian reservations," Treatyrights said.

"How did the congressional committee react?"

"With complete disbelief," Treatyrights said.

"She should have know better."

"Senator Miles saw his opening and tore apart her testimony. I heard Susan was a nervous wreck when he got done with her."

"He sounds like a tough Senator," Matt said.

"Only if you make ridiculous statements like Susan does or give the Senator misinformation."

"Susan must have learned by now what to do at congressional hearings," Matt said, "She has been a director for three years."

"Susan just likes to provoke Senator Miles," Treatyrights laughed.

"Treatyrights and Goodloe. Do you want another beer?"

"That's why I'm here," Treatyrights yelled out, "I like to antagonize Susan and Maxine. "

"Get me one too," Goodloe said.

Matt ambled over to the bar, got three more beers and headed back to Treatyrights and Goodloe. He said to Treatyrights, "Susan must be really upset about Senator Bragg's engagement to Christine Barnhill. I heard she had eyes for him."

"I would keep my mouth shut about Senator Bragg and Susan," Treatyrights warned, "If she found out that you knew about her supposed love affair, she will be hopping mad with you."

"It was simply one of Susan's fantasies," Goodloe exclaimed.

"I won't mention it to anyone," Matt said, "but the whole Central Office knows about it."

"That's true," Treatyrights conceded.

"Didn't Senator Bragg know about Susan's feelings?"

"Susan has a very active imagination," Treatyrights explained.

"It looks like she did."

"She did make a big effort to please Senator Bragg. Apparently the Senator didn't know about her feelings."

"Well. I hope that Susan doesn't take her frustrations out on us," Matt said woefully.

"She's always hard to get along," Treatyrights replied, "Maybe now, she'll stop having us do unnecessary projects for the Senator."

"I've never worked on any projects for him."

"You lucked out. You haven't been at the Central Office long enough," Treatyrights said.

"Yeah. It's only been a few weeks. "

"God. I certainly got tired of working on those meaningless projects of Senator Bragg."

About this time, Danny Wolfe walked up to Treatyrights, Goodloe, and Matt Lance. He was wearing a wrinkled charcoal suit and a necktie. He tried to get the attention of Treatyrights and Goodloe. But they completely ignored Danny.

Matt Lance finally said, "Hello Danny. Are you enjoying the congressional reception?"

"Yeah, so far."

"Why aren't you with Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard?"

"Because they're no fun," Danny cried out, "They are always ordering me around and telling what to do."

"Are they a little overprotective?" Matt asked.

"Yes! They are always ruining my fun."

"Well. You'd better not be seen with us," Treatyrights growled. "I'm sure Susan would be extremely upset with you."

"Does Susan know that you came to the reception?" Matt asked.

"No. I'm no longer a kid." Danny protested loudly, "I'm twenty-one years old."

"Treatyrights is right," Matt said, "Susan wouldn't understand if she saw you talking to us."

"I'm not doing anything wrong!"

"But Susan will blame us for corrupting you," Matt replied.

"Well! If you're afraid, I'll leave you to yourselves," Danny said. He took leave of Matt, Treatyrights and Goodloe and walked over to a pretty female legislative aide that he knew.

## Chapter 17

Late Friday afternoon, Matt Lance was busy at his desk drafting a notice for the Federal Register. The weather was hot and humid. His office in the Interior Department Building was too muggy and sticky for comfort. The air conditioning unit in his office was not working properly. He had removed his necktie to make himself cooler and more comfortable.

Absent from her desk, Mrs. Shoemaker was at the law library, doing some research on a legal question. He expected her back in the office any minute. Walking into his office, Sarah Strong handed him a memorandum signed by Susan Blanchard.

Reading from a copy of the memorandum, Sarah said, "It looks like Susan is on the rampage about the congressional reception." She was trying to control her laughter.

"What is she upset about this time?"

"In her memorandum, she mentions three of her employees, who drank too much beer at the reception. Apparently they embarrassed the Central Office."

"Susan must mean Treatyrights, Goodloe, and myself. We drank a few beers," he admitted.

"Oh. I am certain that Maxine Hubbard wrote the memo," she analyzed aloud.

"Yeah. Maxine was there."

"According to the memo, you three were drunk and disorderly."

"We weren't drunk, and we weren't disorderly," Matt said indignantly.

"Well. That's what memo says."

"Gosh. How can Maxine and Susan make wild charges like that."

"You also violated Susan's directive prohibiting drinking by her employees at congressional receptions," Sarah continued.

"I didn't do any harm," Matt defended, "and I did meet some very important people."

"The memo goes on to say that in the future, Susan will instruct her division chiefs only to send those employees who will remain sober at congressional receptions," Sarah said.

"What will happen to the employees who were drinking at the reception?"

"Susan will take up their drunkenness and disorderly conduct with

their division chiefs."

"Well. That's not too bad."

"She hopes that their division chiefs will counsel them and where appropriate discipline the wayward employees."

"Is there anything else. "

"Susan wants her employees to mingle more with the other guests at congressional receptions," Sarah laughed, "She wants to enrich the culture of her Native American employees."

"Does Susan actually mean what she says in the memorandum?"

"Well. It's hard to say what Susan means," Sarah said, "but she does hate drinking by her employees, and she is always trying to eliminate drinking by her employees."

"Susan does not know what she is talking about," he said heatedly, "I'll bet she has never been intoxicated in her life."

"Maybe not. She does like to intimidate her employees. That way she can keep them under control."

"God. It's too deep for me," Matt cried out, "She should see a psychiatrist!"

"Susan may be just trying to be a good manager," Sarah said jokingly, "What you think is irrational or erratic behavior may be genuine attempts to establish discipline among her employees,"

"Thank you-Mr. Military Prosecutor," Matt laughed, "I've seen the Cain Mutiny on television."

"I thought it was apt," Sarah laughed, "Hopefully you won't mutiny."

"I've been thinking about it," he smiled.

At this point Mrs. Shoemaker walked into the office and sat down at her desk. She asked, "Well, Matt. How was the congressional reception?"

"Sarah and I were just discussing the reception."

"Is there a problem?"

"Apparently I'm in trouble for drinking a few beers at the reception."

"Yeah. It's all over the Central Office how Treatyrights, Goodloe, and you got sloppy drunk and embarrassed Susan and Maxine at the reception," Mrs. Shoemaker smiled.

"We were not drunk!" Matt said, "and I don't see how we embarrassed Susan and Maxine."

"But you admit that you drank a few beers," Mrs. Shoemaker cross-examined.

"A few beers never hurt anyone. "

"I warned you not to drink beer at the reception," Mrs. Shoemaker scolded in jest.

"I remember."

"Susan doesn't like her employees to drink at congressional receptions."

"But we didn't do any harm," he said.

"Here's a copy of the memorandum that Susan sent out," Sarah said, "She specifically mentions three employees who drank too much at the reception." She handed the memorandum to Mrs. Shoemaker who started to carefully read it over.

After reading the memorandum, Mrs. Shoemaker said, "I'm certain that Chet Johnson will be turning this matter over to me for my action."

"This is unbelievable," Matt cried out, "Susan should be glad that I even showed up for the reception. I didn't have to go."

"It might have been better for you if you stayed in the office," Mrs. Shoemaker lectured, "Oh, eventually you'll learn to stay away from Susan and Maxine."

"Don't worry. I don't plan to go to anymore congressional receptions," Matt announced.

"That's good," Mrs. Shoemaker replied, "I shouldn't have any problems handling her complaint against you. I'll merely tell Susan that you won't go to anymore congressional receptions."

"But I didn't do anything wrong," he protested.

"Susan and Maxine believe otherwise. "

"Let's drop the subject," he finally said.

"I understand that Senator Bragg is getting married," Mrs. Shoemaker said.

"Yeah. The Senator introduced his fiancée at the reception," Matt revealed.

"What's her name?"

"Christine Barnhill."

"How did Susan Blanchard react?" Mrs. Shoemaker asked.

"I don't know. I didn't ask Susan," Matt said, "and I wasn't watching her."

"She must have been very upset at the news," Mrs. Shoemaker conjectured.

"Yeah. She is taking her frustrations out on me."

"She had to be upset," Sarah added.

"Well. Susan didn't appear to be too distraught," Matt said.

"There is one good thing. "

"What's that?" Matt asked.

"Maybe, we won't have to work on anymore projects for Senator Bragg," Sarah said happily.

"That will be all right with me," Mrs. Shoemaker agreed.

"Senator Bragg's engagement to Miss Barnhill doesn't mean anything to me," he said dryly.

"I don't know about that," Mrs. Shoemaker said jokingly, "Susan is already calling you on the carpet for drinking at the reception."

"Personally I could care less," Matt said defiantly.

"If I were you, I would care."

"Well! It's 4:15 p.m. I'm heading to Marion's Restaurant and Bar for a few beers," he announced defiantly.

"I wonder what Susan would say about that," Mrs. Shoemaker continued her lecturing. Grabbing her leather briefcase, she said goodbye and walked out of the office.

Sarah retreated to her secretary desk and started to do some typing on the her word processor as she usually didn't leave work until 5:00 p.m.

Getting up from his desk, Matt washed up at the wash basin in his closet. He put on his necktie and donned his suit jacket. Saying goodbye to Sarah, he plodded out of the office and the Interior Department Building. He headed directly to Marion's Restaurant and Bar.

Arriving at Marion's, Matt Lance immediately went into the barroom. Across the dimly-lit barroom, he made out the contours of Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe. They were sitting at a table drinking their usual drinks. Matt walked up to their table and stopped.

"Matt. You look exhausted and thirsty," Treatyrights said, "Take a seat."

"It has been a long day for me ."Matt said, "I certainly need a beer." He sat down at the table.

Treatyrights signaled to Roxanne, the shapely cocktail waitress. She came directly to the table, and she asked, "Matt. Do you need something to drink?"

"Yes. Bring me a light beer."

Roxanne returned to the service bar and shortly returned with a beer glass and a beer. Matt took a long drink from the beer and ordered another beer from Roxanne.

"Boy! You're thirsty," Treatyrights said loudly.

"Have you seen Susan Blanchard's latest memorandum?" Matt asked, "She mentions our drinking beer at the congressional reception."

"Yeah. I read the memorandum," Treatyrights said laughingly, "I filed it the trash can."

"How could she say that we drank too much at the reception?" Matt grumbled loudly.



"I have no idea."

"And we weren't disorderly," Matt protested, "How did we cause Susan any embarrassment at the reception?"

"I'm positive that Maxine Hubbard drafted the ludicrous memorandum," Treatyrights said, "It's Maxine's writing style."

"Yeah! But Susan Blanchard signed the memorandum," Matt added.

"You're over-reacting to the memorandum," Treatyrights said.

"Maybe."

"That's what Maxine wants. She wants you to get mad and do something stupid."

"Maxine must be setting a trap for us." Matt was astonished at the cleverness and ruthlessness of Maxine Hubbard.

"Matt. Goodloe and I have been thinking," Treatyrights said seriously.

"About what?"

"Until you arrived in Washington, D.C., Goodloe and I never have had any real problems with Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard."

"What is your point?" Matt asked.

"You're a Jonah!" Goodloe cried out, "You're bad luck!"

"You're not so much a Jonah as you draw a lot of attention," Treatyrights analyzed aloud.

"What do you mean by attention?"

"You are a threat to Susan and Maxine," Treatyrights announced.

"They seem to want to discredit you."

"Why?"

"It must be your reservation background and experience with tribal government."

"What does my reservation background have anything to do with it?" Matt asked somberly.

"As I told you before, Susan and Maxine have no reservation background or experience with tribal government," Treatyrights said.

"I'm not after Susan's job or Maxine's job."

"They probably don't know that," Treatyrights said.

"It's stupid of them to think that way."

"Anyway, Susan isn't worried about you getting her job. You don't have any political connections to get her job."

"Then what is Susan worried about?" Matt asked.

"You have the knowledge and experience to question her judgment," Treatyrights said.

"That's why I'm in Washington, D.C."

"Well. It's frightening to her. Susan does not want to admit she

has weaknesses."

"Do you want me to quit being your friend?" Matt asked, "It may save you a lot of pain."

"That's not necessary. It wouldn't make any difference to Susan or Maxine," Treatyrights said, "For better or worst, our fates are tied together."

"What can we do?"

"If we can, we should begin fighting back," Treatyrights said.

"We should fight back," Goodloe shouted. He boxed the air with his fists.

"How can we fight city hall?" Matt asked.

"It won't be easy." Treatyrights said, "But Susan and Maxine are bound to make a mistake sometime. Then we will be able to turn the tables on them."

"Is Susan capable of making a major mistake?" Matt asked.

"Yeah. She's a dumb blonde. "

"Her approach to management is to have detailed control of people and events. "

"It's too deep for me," Treatyrights said, "But Susan does like to be consulted on all decisions made within her department. If that's what you're saying?"

"You got the gist of it."

"Maybe I got some intelligence after all."

"Susan also has her hatchet men like Maxine, Sharkley and Basil Collins who do all her dirty work," Matt opined.

"Yeah. She does have her trusted employees," Treatyrights admitted, "We need some dirt to throw at them."

"Maybe Sharkley," Matt said.

"Matt. You have something on Rattlesnake Herb Sharkley," Treatyrights said.

"I think so?"

"What is it?"

Matt explained that Sharkley had once worked as a BIA Police sergeant on the Colville Indian Reservation. Sharkley was accused of stealing some liquor and beer from the police evidence locker at the tribal jail. He allegedly used the stolen liquor and beer for a house party. He was the only person to have a key to the evidence locker. The tribal council investigated the theft. He explained at that time, he was a member of the tribal council.

At a meeting of the tribal council, Sharkley denied he had stolen any liquor or beer from the evidence locker. He maintained that he disposed of the liquor and beer at the tribal dump and put the empty bottles in a garage bin. Sharkley said that it was his usual practice

to routinely dispose of any liquor and beer seized as evidence at three month intervals.

Sharkley did admit that he had staged a house party and that a lot of liquor and beer was consumed at the party. He could not produce a sales receipt for the liquor and beer. Shortly after the house party, the theft of the liquor and beer was discovered. But he vehemently denied using any liquor or beer from the evidence locker. Because the evidence against Sharkley was weak, the charges against him were dropped. The Tribal council, subsequently, kicked the BIA Police off of the reservation. The tribe then set up its own police department and contracted with the BIA to provide police services on the reservation.

Sharkley was extremely angry at the tribe for kicking the BIA Police off of the reservation, as he had to relocate to an Indian reservation in the Southwest. He swore someday to get even with the tribe and the tribal council.

"Matt. It is an interesting story," Treatyrights said, "I wonder how we can use it against Sharkley."

"It is such old charge," Matt said, "To bring it up now would be unfair to Sharkley."

"Matt. You're truly naive," Treatyrights exclaimed, "It's war."

"Remember Pearl Harbor!" Goodloe cried out, "Remember the Maine!"

"Don't get me wrong," Matt protested, "I'm against Susan and Maxine as much as you are. But we should fight fair."

Treatyrights stared at Matt in disbelief, and he said seriously, "There is a rumor going around the Central Office that you are a wimp and possibly a nerd."

"I'm no wimp or nerd!" Matt cried out, "But we should fight fairly."

"You have convinced me that I'm on the wrong side," Treatyrights exclaimed, "I'm about ready to join forces with Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard."

"Start being a man!" Goodloe howled.

"Okay! You have convinced me," Matt said, "I'll tell my boss, Chet Johnson, about Sharkley."

"It's useless to tell Sheep Johnson," Treatyrights sighed.

"Maybe you're right."

"Somehow you'll going to have to tell Susan Blanchard about Sharkley, and you tell her in such a way as to discredit him."

"Why me?"

"Because you're the eyewitness."

"How will I get Susan Blanchard to listen to me?"

"Oh, you'll think of a way," Treatyrights said.

"It's impossible."

"We should try to find something against Susan and Maxine. But they are pretty clever women. "

"Susan and Maxine will never do anything to get themselves into serious trouble," Matt asserted.

"Don't give up too fast," Treatyrights said, "It may be possible to get Susan and Maxine in trouble with Congress."

"How can we do that?" Matt asked.

"Wait and see."

"Susan is a master at the art of coverup," Matt said, "and she has her front people, like Basil Collins and Sharkley, whom she can make the fall guy."

"She seems to have a lot of volunteers," Treatyrights conceded, "Central Office people will do anything for money, position and recognition."

"You haven't answered my question."

"Well. Susan Blanchard is always battling with Senator Miles," Treatyrights reasoned aloud, "If we could expose one of her schemes before she could find a front person, she might be in trouble."

"Your plan sounds too complicate to work," Matt said.

"Matt. Maybe you're right," Treatyrights said, "Susan looks pretty safe."

"I agree," Matt said, "But I'll see what I can do about Sharkley."

Treatyrights looked over at the entrance to the darkened barroom. Standing at the entrance was Danny Wolfe. Dressed in his old green blazer and tan slacks, he was looking over the barroom.

"Look what we have here," Treatyrights cried out, "It's the Mormon Indian kid."

"I thought Danny didn't drink alcohol," Matt said, "What is he doing here?"

"Susan probably sent him here to spy on us," Treatyrights said, "Maxine isn't here tonight."

"Danny is a spy!" Goodloe yelled out.

"Susan couldn't be that low," Matt offered.

"If Susan sent her son, maybe we should kill him ,"Goodloe cried out, making a biblical reference.

"That's a good idea!" Treatyrights feigned.

Danny Wolfe saw the trio sitting together at a table. He slowly moved toward their table maneuvering around tables and patrons. Reaching the table, he sat down without an invitation. He said cheerfully, "Hi. I came over to say hello."

"Well. You're welcome to sit with us," Matt said courteously.

"Do you want something to drink?" Treatyrights said grudgingly.

"Yeah. I'll take a beer," Danny said loudly.

Treatyrights and Goodloe were speechless.

"I thought you didn't drink alcohol," Matt exclaimed.

"Well. I drink now," Danny replied.

"But you're a Mormon, Mormons don't drink alcohol,"

Treatyrights blurted out.

"Yeah, Mormons don't drink alcohol," Danny answered, "I just want to find what beer taste like."

Treatyrights waved to Roxanne, the cocktail waitress, and she strolled over to the table. "Get us another round," Treatyrights said, "Also get the kid a beer. "

"Are you twenty-one years old?" Roxanne asked Danny.

"Yes, I am."

"Do you have an I.D.?"

"Yes, I do." Danny took out his driver's license and handed to it Roxanne. She took the I.D. back with her to the service bar.

"Does Susan Blanchard or Maxine Hubbard know that you are here?" Matt asked.

"Nope. They don't know. Susan and Maxine are not my mothers," Danny said emphatically.

"If they saw you here drinking beer with us, you could get into deep trouble," Matt said.

"Let him enjoy himself," Treatyrights cried out, "He isn't doing anyone any harm. "

"Let him enjoy himself," Goodloe yelled out.

Returning with the drinks. Roxanne set them down on the table. She handed a cold beer and a tall beer glass to Danny. Reaching in her pocket, she took out Danny's I.D. and gave it back to him. She thanked Danny for giving her his I.D. and congratulated him for having reached twenty-one years old. She handed Matt a light beer, Treatyrights a bourbon and seven, and Goodloe a bourbon and seven.

Roxanne refilled Matt's beer glass. When she attempted to pour Danny's beer into his beer glass, Danny told her he would fill the glass himself. She withdrew to the service bar.

Gripping the aluminum beer can with his right hand, Danny brought it to a level position. The beer can was wet and cold. He placed the lip of beer can on the edge of the eight-ounce beer glass and gently poured the pale amber-colored liquid into the glass. The beer slowly filled the glass. Dew immediately formed on the outside of the beer glass. As he poured, sudsy foam rose to the top of the amber liquid. Thousands of tiny bubbles floated from the bottom of the glass to the top.

Danny's audience made him hesitant to drink the beer. All eyes

were focused on him and the beer glass, and they eyeballed every movement that he made. While he regained his confidence, he decided to let the beer settle in the beer glass. The foam in the glass settled, and the number of tiny bubbles rising from the bottom dwindled.

With a sudden quick move, Danny seized the beer glass and raised it to his thirsty mouth. When the lip of the glass touched his open mouth, he slightly raised the bottom of the glass. The contents of the glass began to pour into his mouth. No one was sure what would happen to him, and they acted as if he might suddenly explode.

Danny swallowed the cool, sudsy liquor, and he exclaimed, "Boy! That tasted good." He immediately took another swallow emptying two-thirds of the glass.

Treatyrights waved to Roxanne, and she hurried over to the table. He ordered Danny another beer, and she again retreated to the bar.

"I hope no one from the BIA Central Office sees you drinking beer with us," Matt said.

"I don't care!" Danny cried out. He took another gulp of the beer emptying the beer glass. He grabbed the beer can and poured the remaining beer into the glass.

"Susan and Maxine will blame us for corrupting you," Matt said.

"It doesn't matter."

"When you came to Washington, D.C., you were such a good Mormon kid."

"I'm no longer a Mormon or a kid!" Danny cried out, "I'm a young man."

"You're not the one who will face Susan's wrath if she finds out," Matt pointed out.

"Is this the first time you drank beer?" Treatyrights asked.

"Yes. It is the first time I ever drank beer or any kind of alcohol," Danny answered.

Roxanne returned with another beer for Danny. He filled his beer glass with more beer and took another large swallow from his glass.

"Why did you pick tonight to start drinking beer?" Treatyrights asked.

"Because I want to drink beer with Native Americans," Danny said, "It's something that I always wanted to do. I'm a Native American."

"Well, Danny. You're getting your wish," Matt replied.

"Anyway, I'm lonely in Washington, D.C.," Danny explained, "and I want to find out more about Treatyrights, Goodloe and you."

"May I ask why?"

"Susan and Maxine are always talking about Treatyrights, Goodloe

and you," Danny said, "You three must be interesting persons."

"Lately we have been drawing a lot of attention from Susan and Maxine," Matt said.

"Are a spy for Susan?" Treatyrights asked bluntly.

"No! I'm not a spy," Danny insisted, "Even if they are my bosses, I would never be a spy for Susan or Maxine."

"Why not? Everyone else spies for Susan," Treatyrights thundered.

"Because they are always telling me what to do and ordering me around like a slave." Danny took another swallow from his beer glass.

"You must really be upset to be drinking so hard," Matt said.

"Let me order you another beer." He waved to Roxanne who rushed over and took Matt's order for another round of drinks.

"No. I'm not upset about anything," Danny said, "I must like to drink beer."

"Don't get sick," Matt replied.

"After this round, let's head uptown," Treatyrights said, "and make a night of it. Let's celebrate the liberation of Danny Wolfe."

"Let's drink to the liberation of Danny Wolfe," Goodloe yel led.

"That sounds good to me," Matt said.

"We'll go to the country western music bar up on 'N' Street," Treatyrights said.

"I haven't danced to country western music since I left the Colville Reservation," Matt said.

"We'll going dancing!" Goodloe cried out.

"Can I come along?" Danny asked.

"You're welcome to come with us," Treatyrights said, "You are the reason why we are celebrating. "

"It should be an interesting night," Matt added.

## Chapter 18

Danny Wolfe woke up Saturday morning with a severe hangover. His small dormitory room was hot and humid as there was no air conditioning. He did have a small fan to blow air across his warm body and to stir the stagnant air of the room. Pulling himself out of his small bed, he walked over to a window and pulled open the Venetian blinds. The sun was shining brightly, and he could hear children playing basketball on an open-air, blacktop court.

Danny was staying in a college dormitory during his summer stay in Washington, D.C. He was the sole occupant of his room during the summer term. He lived on the second floor of the dormitory building, which was three stories high. Although he complained about the lack of air conditioning in his room, he did like the college campus. It provided him with plenty of affordable services, and he enjoyed the company of people his own age. He also was taking a college course during the summer term.

His dormitory room had two small beds and two student desks built against the walls. The walls of the room were made of concrete construction blocks, and the walls were painted glossy yellow. The ceiling was covered with off-white ceiling tile, and the floor was covered by green floral floor tile. There were two windows on the south wall of the room.

Recalling the previous night, Danny tried to remember how he made back to his room. He recalled drinking beer with Harlan Goodloe, Kenny Treatyrights, and Matt Lance at Marion's Restaurant and Bar. Then they went to a country western bar and drank more beer. After nine o'clock, he could not remember what he did. But he did remember that he had a good time with Goodloe, Treatyrights and Matt Lance. Who brought him back to his dormitory room was a mystery.

Although he was sick, he did not have any regrets about drinking beer the previous night. The drinking of alcohol was a momentous decision for him. He had decided to quit the church and his religious life. It was a new beginning for him. It meant breaking lifetime ties with friends and relatives and the abandonment of a religious lifestyle. At the moment, he did not know what lifestyle he would adopt.

He never had been a sinner, and he did not even know whether he



would like a life of sin. But he did enjoy drinking the beer. If that was a sin, then sin must be okay. The reason why he made his decision in Washington, D.C. was unclear to Danny. But he had made the decision, and in his own mind the decision was final. There would no returning to his former religious lifestyle.

Danny's blazer, slacks, dress shirt, socks, and shoes were lying in a pile on the floor. He glanced at his radio clock and discovered it was eleven o'clock in the morning. He found his robe and put it on. With a towel, a bar of soap, a comb, and his electric shaver, he headed to the dormitory shower room and bathroom.

After he showered, Danny returned to his room, and he donned a blue pair of slacks and a red plaid shirt. He decided to eat brunch at the college cafeteria. Leaving his room, he walked down the hallway to a stairway, and he briskly proceeded down the stairway to another hallway, which led to the dormitory entrance.

Once outside, Danny stopped outside the dormitory building. The day was hot and humid, and the sky was free of clouds. A thousand feet down the street was a business district with all sorts of stores and businesses.

Crossing a street, he ambulated to the college cafeteria, which was located in an old building constructed of wood. It was at least hundred years old and looked stately and picturesque. Reaching the entrance of the cafeteria, he climbed a flight of wooden stairs. Pulling open a large set of old wooden doors, he gently entered the cafeteria.

Pulling out his meal ticket, Danny showed the ticket to the cafeteria attendant. He then pushed through a turnstile and entered a side room containing food and drink counters. Danny decided to eat a breakfast of scrambled egg, ham, toast, hash browns, orange juice and coffee. When he loaded up his tray with the desired food and drinks, he moved through another turnstile to a large room containing old wooden tables and chairs. He sighted a friend sitting alone at a table in the middle of the room. He decided to sit down with his friend.

His friend was John Clayton who was a Native American and who was also working in Washington, D.C. as a summer intern. He was working for the Indian Health Service up in Rockville, Maryland. John was a college senior and a pre-med major. He had long hair, which almost reached his shoulders, and he was wearing an old pair of blue jeans and a burgundy pullover shirt.

"Hi, John. Can I sit down with you?" Danny asked.

"Go head - Danny. No one else is coming." John was busy reading the morning newspaper.

Danny set down his tray on the table and started to consume his

breakfast. His night of hard drinking had made him famished for food. Within a few minutes he had downed his food. He then took a long drink from his orange juice and gulped down some coffee.

"Gee! You were sure hungry," John said, "When did you eat last?"

"It was twenty-four hours ago."

"What did you do last night?"

"I went out drinking beer with some friends from the BIA Central Office," Danny replied.

"I thought you were a Mormon."

"I was a Mormon."

"You mean you quit the church!" John exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Gosh! I hope I didn't have anything with you losing your religion."

"No. You had nothing to do with it," Danny said, "It was my own decision."

"I made a lot of fun of your religion," John said regretfully, "But I didn't intend that you give up your religion."

"I've been thinking about it for a long time."

"But you sounded so strong about your religious beliefs," John pointed out.

"It's over now."

"After you have had time to think about it, maybe you'll return to the church."

"No. I won't change my mind."

"Well! What do you have planned tonight?" John asked, "More drinking!"

"No. I'm having dinner with my boss, Susan Blanchard," Danny said, "She invited me to her house in Arlington, Virginia."

"Just you and your boss," John smiled, "I can see why you quit your religion."

"No! It isn't like that," Danny cried out, "She wants me to meet her daughter. She will be a freshman in college this Fall."

"Boy. Some people have all the luck," John exclaimed, "Daughter and the old lady!"

"It isn't what you think," Danny said, "You don't know my boss."

"Tell me about her."

"She may be very attractive, but she is a very prudish and domineering woman."

"A typical woman executive."

"Susan merely wants to show her daughter that there are fine young men like me in the world."

"Daughter doesn't sound like she is any fun," John opined, "You may even have a boring evening."

"I only hope her daughter is pretty as my boss."

"Well, good luck," John said. He got up from the table, picked up his tray, carried it to a chute, and placed it in the chute. Then he walked out of the cafeteria.

Danny watched John leave the cafeteria. He quickly finished his meal and left the cafeteria. He went back to his room to rest. He was still tired from the previous night, and he slept until 4:00 p.m. At that time he climbed out of bed and dressed for his dinner at Susan Blanchard's home.

Danny planned to wear his old light blue suit. By 4:50 p.m., he ready to go. Walking out of the dormitory, he hiked to the nearby Metrorail Subway Station. It was two blocks from the dormitory.

The long walk made him hot and sweaty, and his clothes were sticky. He rode an escalator to the passenger loading level of the subway. He then rode the subway to the Pentagon Metro Station where he caught a bus to Susan's home in Arlington, Virginia.

By 5:30 p.m., Danny was standing in front of Susan Blanchard's spacious brick house. A nameplate on a black steel post read: The Blanchard Residence. The house was a split level house with a full daylight basement. The composite roof was green, and the wood trimming was painted brown.

He calculated that the house must have four bedrooms. It had a double wide garage and a large patio. There was a swimming pool in the back yard. A chain link fence enclosed the back yard. The front yard was large and surrounded by a knee high brick fence. There were three cars parked in the driveway.

Danny slowly walked up the concrete steps leading to the front door. When he arrived at the front door, he rang the door bell twice. He nervously waited for someone to appear at the front door. No one appeared. He waited for three minutes and then rang the door bell for a third time. Within a few seconds he heard someone unlocking the front door. The door flew open, and standing in the doorway was Susan Blanchard.

"Oh! Danny. You made," Susan said delightedly, "Come in and take a seat in the living room."

Casually dressed, she was wearing a lavender floral print blouse and skirt. Both loosely fit her body. She left the top button of the blouse unfastened, and she was wearing matching earrings.

Danny was found Susan to be inviting, which made him feel very uneasy. He said, "Okay. I really appreciate you inviting me to dinner."

"Danny. You are always welcome in my home," Susan said. Obeying Susan, Danny marched into the living room, and he sat down on a large luxurious sofa.

"Do you want a soft drink?" Susan asked.

"Sure! I'll take a cola drink," he said.

"I'll get one for you." Susan headed to the kitchen to get the soft drink from the refrigerator.

The living room was beautifully decorated, and the furniture looked expensive. The carpet was royal blue, the window drapes were white, and the walls were painted yellow. Oil-paintings and framed photographs hung on every wall. Oak bookcases rested against the north wall, and the living room had a large plate-glass window. A walnut-wood television with a giant screen sat in a corner of the room, and a stereo video tape recorder sat on a cabinet next to the television. In another corner was a fancy stereo record player with giant speakers. Next to the stereo was a digital disc player and its speakers.

Susan returned from the kitchen and handed Danny a glass filled with ice and cola. Danny thanked her for the soft drink and took a swallow from the cold glass.

Susan sat down on a love seat, and she asked, "Well, Danny. How did you travel to my house?"

"I took the subway and a Metrobus."

"You should have said something to me," she said, "Brian or Michelle could have picked you up at your dormitory room and brought to my house."

"Who are Brian and Michelle?" Danny asked.

"They are my children."

"Oh. You mention your daughter before. How old are they?"

"Brian is sixteen and is still in high school. Michelle just turned eighteen and will be a freshman in college this Fall."

"Will they be here for dinner?"

"Michelle is home and will be dining with us, but Brian is spending the night with his father."

"Miss Blanchard. You have a beautiful home," Danny said.

"Thank you. But please just call me Susan when I'm at home. This is not the office."

"When do we eat?"

"As soon as Michelle finishes washing up, we will begin dining. Michelle and I cooked the dinner," Susan revealed, "It isn't often I cook anymore."

"What are we having for dinner?" Danny asked.

"Chicken and potatoes," Susan announced, "I hope you like broiled

chicken and baked potatoes. "

"Oh, it's my favorite food," Danny said. He was expecting prime ribs or at least a steak.

Hearing someone walking toward the living room, Danny glanced up and saw a pretty young woman approaching.

Susan also looked up and smiled. She said, "This is my only daughter - Michelle."

"Hi. I'm Danny Wolfe." He stood up and shook Michelle's hand.

Michelle had ash brown hair and light brown eyes, and her skin was creamy. She was of medium height and had a slender body and a pretty face. She was casually attired in light blue shorts and a light blue knit top with a "V" neckline. Danny found her highly stimulating.

"I'm pleased to meet you - Danny," Michelle said, "I understand you're a Mormon from Utah."

"Oh, yes. I'm from Utah." He was slightly embarrassed as he felt overdressed and out of place in his old light blue suit.

"Let's not talk now," Susan said, "Let's go eat dinner."

Susan led the way to the dining room. The dining room had large windows and green floral curtains, and the hardwood floor was not carpeted. A chandelier hung high over the dining table and chairs. The table was rectangular and made of heavy oak wood, and it could seat twelve people. A white table cloth covered the table, and the chairs were also made of oak.

"Danny. Take a seat," Susan directed.

"Where?"

"I'm sitting at the head of the table. Sit next to me. Michelle will sit across from you." Susan pointed to the place where she wanted Danny to sit. Susan and Michelle walked into the kitchen to get the food.

Danny sat down at the table. There were three place settings. Danny picked up the plate sitting in front of him. He clenched his right hand and knocked on the plate. It was made of hard plastic. The rest of the dishes were also made of hard plastic. Danny then picked up a steel spoon and read the label stamped into its handle. It read: U.S. Army. Upon reading the label, the spoon slipped from his hand. Before it could hit the floor, Danny grabbed the spoon in mid air. For some unknown reason, the label had caused him some consternation.

Returning to the dining room, Susan was carrying a large platter. On the platter was broiled chicken and baked potatoes. Placing the platter on the table, she sat down in the chair at the head of the table.

Michelle followed Susan into the dining room. She was carrying a

large bowl of salad and a steaming bowl of red beets. Setting the bowls down on the table, she sat down in a chair across from Danny. The smell of the food made Danny hungry. He had not eaten since noon. Picking up a large fork and reaching over, he attempted to fork a piece of chicken.

Susan was visibly upset at Danny's apparent lack of manners. She cried out, "Danny! We don't eat like that in my house."

"Sorry."

"Let us first say grace," Susan said, "Danny. I want you to say grace."

"Yes. Dame." Danny gave his standard short dinner prayer.

When he finished, he wasn't sure what to do next. He decided simply sit in his chair wait for Susan and Michelle to make the next move.

Susan reached over, picked up the platter, and handed it to Michelle. Michelle gave herself a piece of chicken and a baked potato. She then handed to the platter to Susan who set it down on the table. Susan proceeded to give herself a two baked potatoes. She forked one piece of chicken and placed it on her plate.

Susan hesitated about taking a second piece of chicken. Danny was growing concern that there wouldn't be any chicken left for him. But Susan picked up the platter and handed it to him. He forked a couple of pieces of chicken and one baked potatoes. Michelle and Susan were busy passing about the two bowls. But he was not interested in eating salad or red beets.

"Danny. My mother says that you are a senior in college," Michelle said.

"Yeah. I will a senior in college this Fall."

"How do you like Washington, D.C.?" Michelle asked.

"It's pretty different from Utah," Danny said, "I have met many interesting people at the BIA Central Office. It has been very exciting."

"Danny. I told your mother that Washington, D.C. would be a terrific educational experience for you," Susan said cheerfully.

"So far, Washington, D.C. has been quite educational."

"Your mother didn't want you to come Washington, D.C.," Susan revealed, "But I assured her nothing couldn't possibly go wrong. I told her I would keep an eye on you."

"Well, thank you - Susan - for talking to my mother," Danny said.

"What did you do last night?" Susan asked him.

"I just watched television at the student union building," Danny lied, "Then I went back to my dormitory room and read a novel."

"You're such a level-headed young Native American man," Susan praised, "Only wish that Michelle was more like you."

"Mother! I'm not a Mormon like Danny," Michelle fumed.

"Michelle! I want you to be more polite to our dinner quest."

"Oh, I don't mind- Susan," he said, "I'm used to such talk."

"Are there any wild Indians in Utah?" Michelle asked facetiously.

"No, Michelle. There are no more wild Indians left in the United States," Susan said laughingly.

"Michelle. If you meant aboriginal Native Americans, they still live on Indian reservations," Danny said.

"Danny. I was only joking. Don't take me seriously," Susan said, half laughing.

"Did you grow up on an Indian reservation," Michelle asked Danny.

"No. I've lived most of my life in Salt Lake City."

"So you are not a reservation Native American?" Michelle cross-examined, "But you're just an urban Indian!"

"Did I commit some crime by being an urban Native American?" Danny exclaimed.

"No, you didn't, I'm merely wanted to get the facts straight," Michelle said.

"You sound like a lawyer."

"I'm thinking about going to law school after I graduate from college."

"Michelle is a bright student," Susan said proudly, "She graduated with honors from her high school."

"Danny. What do you plan to do after college?" Michelle asked.

"Oh! Danny said he's going into the ministry," Susan blurted out.

"The ministry?" Michelle said in wonderment.

"Yeah, I've been thinking about going into church work," Danny said guardedly.

"Is there any money in the church work?" Michelle said sharply.

"Just the work of the Lord," Danny responded.

"I wish more young Native American men would go into the ministry," Susan said.

"It might be a good idea."

"I think more Native American ministers would vastly improve the lives of our Native American people," Susan opined, "It would make my job much easier."

"I don't think it would hurt any," he commented.

Danny returned to eating his meal. Since he didn't want to offend Susan, he used his fork and butter knife to tear apart his chicken. Once he separated the meat from the bone, he used his fork

to lift the chicken meat to his mouth. He slowly chewed on the meat.

Both Susan and Michelle used their hands to eat their chicken. Michelle carefully watched what Danny was doing with his chicken.

She said teasingly, "Danny. Are you eating your chicken Mormon style?"

"No. I just don't want to get my hands greasy," Danny said, blushing.

"There are plenty of paper napkins," Michelle replied.

Danny finished his two pieces of chicken and baked potato. Picking up his fork, he forked another piece of chicken and put it on his plate.

Having finished her meal, Michelle was watching Danny fork the piece of chicken. She said in a teasing tone, "Are you going to save something for Oscar?"

"Who is Oscar?" Danny ask. He immediately felt guilty about taking another piece of chicken.

"Oscar is my cat," Michelle revealed.

"Oh! There is plenty of food for Oscar in the refrigerator," Susan said.

"I didn't know you had a cat," Danny said. He put the chicken back on the platter.

"There is plenty of food for Oscar," Michelle exclaimed, "Danny, you can eat the chicken that you took."

"I'm not really hungry anymore," he said sheepishly. He watched Susan finish her meal.

When Susan finishing eating, she said, "Danny. Do you want dessert? We have some ice cream and strawberries in the refrigerator."

"No. I'm not hungry for dessert."

"Well. Let's go into the living room and talk," Susan said.

Danny followed Susan and Michelle into the living room. They sat down on the sofa, and Susan sat down on the love seat. They started to discuss the rapid economic growth of Northern Virginia, the availability of jobs for new college graduates, and the merits of a liberal arts education.

Danny was careful not to argue with Susan or Michelle. When 9:00 p.m. came, Danny was elated, as he could now graciously leave Susan's house. He conspicuously held out his left arm and looked at his digital watch.

"Oh, Danny! Do you have to leave so early?" Susan exclaimed. "I'm really enjoying your company."

"It's getting late for me," Danny said, "Like to be in bed by ten o'clock."

"So early!" Michelle cried out, "Don't you ever have fun?"



"I have a lot of studying to do tomorrow," Danny said.

"But it's summer time."

"I'm taking a college summer course in the evenings, and I have an examination on Monday evening."

"Do you have a way to travel home?" Susan asked.

"I plan to take the bus and subway home."

"Mother. I can take Danny home," Michelle volunteered.

"That's an excellent idea," Susan said.

"It would save some time," he said.

"Michelle. Do you have any gas money?"

"No."

"Well. Here is twenty dollars." Susan said.

"Thanks."

"Drive carefully."

"After I drop off Danny, I plan to go the Nightwatch Restaurant and meet some friends," Michelle said.

"Michelle. I want you home early," Susan ordered.

"I'll be home by midnight."

Michelle got up from the sofa and headed to the front door. Danny thanked Susan for the inviting him to dinner. He told her he had greatly enjoyed the meal and evening. She thanked him for his compliment. After saying goodbye to Susan, he followed Michelle out the front door.

Michelle owned a small blue sports car with two bucket seats and a black interior. She climbed into the driver's side, and Danny got in the passenger side. She started the car, let the motor idle, and then backed out of the driveway. She drove the car onto the street, and she then asked Danny, "Well! Where do you live in Washington?"

"Northeast Washington."

"That's a long drive. I'll need something to drink on the way."

"We can stop at a convenience store and buy some soda pop," Danny said innocently,

"No. I don't want to drink soda pop," Michelle exclaimed, "I want you to buy me some beer."

"Nope. I won't buy you any beer."

"Why not?"

"You're not old enough to drink beer," he protested, "You're only eighteen years old."

"I'm been drinking for couple of years," Michelle confessed, "It hasn't done me any harm."

"Does mother know you drink?"

"I'm old enough to make my own decisions."

"Your mother will be disappointed."

"Quit preaching to me."

"I still won't buy you any beer," Danny asserted.

"Do you want me to tell my mother that you tried to make a pass at me?"

Michelle threatened, "I'll tell her you tried to touch me in the car?"

"You wouldn't tell your mother that - would you?"

"Yes, I would."

"Okay. I'll buy you some beer." Shaken by her threats, he needed a drink himself.

Michelle saw a brightly-lit convenience store on the side of the road. Maneuvering her car into the turning lane, she pulled into the parking lot of store. Danny exited the car, ran into the large convenience store, and bought a half of case of cold beer. He climbed back into the car and set the beer between the bucket seats.

"Open me a beer," she ordered.

"It's against the law to drink an open container of beer in a moving car!" he protested.

"I know! Just give me the beer."

He reluctantly tore open the package containing the beer and selected a cold wet beer. The aluminum can was brightly colored. He pulled up on the aluminum tab, opened the can and held the can in front of her.

Michelle grabbed the can and took a swallow from the can. Danny gave into temptation and grabbed a can of beer.

"What are you doing?" Michelle demanded.

"I'm opening a can of beer for myself."

"Danny. You're a hypocrite!"

"No. I'm no longer a Mormon."

"You're so easily corrupted. I'm disappointed."

"I have my own life to live," Danny responded.

"I can't wait until I tell my mother about your beer drinking!" Michelle exclaimed.

"You plan to tell your mother!" His face was grimacing.

"Why not?"

"But think of me."

"But mother is always bragging about you," Michelle said, "Holding you up as a moral young man who doesn't drink alcohol. You're such a goody-goody."

"But Susan will tell my mother, and Susan even may fire me from my job!" Danny cried out.

"That's the chance you took."

"Well, maybe."

"You can't keep on living a secret life," she said, "It isn't right."

"I don't want to hurt my mother!" he insisted.

"But you make my life miserable," Michelle said.

"How's that?"

"My mother always preaching to me about your pure lifestyle," she related, "I don't like her sanctimonious moralizing."

"I can't do anything about your mother's preaching."

"Anyway, I want to see the expression on my mother's face when I tell her how you deceived to her."

"Can't you wait until summer is over?" he asked in desperation.

"I don't know if I can wait that long."

"Remember that Susan is my boss," Danny pleaded, "If she knew about my drinking beer, it would make working with her very difficult."

"You should have thought about that when you gave up your religion and started to drink beer," Michelle said.

"I know."

"But I can wait until the end of summer."

"Thanks. You saved my life."

Michelle drove onto the freeway and headed north towards Washington, D.C. and drove past by the Pentagon building. Danny could clearly see the Washington Monument in the distance. As they approached Washington, other federal government buildings became visible. Traffic on the freeway was slow. Exiting the freeway, they drove north on Capitol Street. Turning at main thoroughfare, they quickly arrived at the college campus. He told Michelle how to get to the dormitory, and she parked in the dormitory parking lot and exited the car.

Danny climbed out of the passenger side of the car. He said, "Well. Thanks for bringing me home."

"Grab the beer," Michelle ordered, "I want to drink a few beers with you."

"In my room?" He was astonished.

"Yes. I want to see your room and talk to you more," she said, "I never have talked to a former Mormon before."

"Well. I think it will be okay." Danny said timidly.

"Nothing is going to happen."

"The room is pretty bare." He was a little afraid of Michelle's aggressiveness, and he never had a pretty young woman in his room before.

"You don't have to make excuses with me," she said, "Lead the way."

Danny picked up the beer and headed to his dormitory room. Michelle followed. They entered the dormitory building and walked up a flight of stairs. Reaching his room, he unlocked the door to his room and entered.

Michelle walked in and sat down on a chair by a student desk. She turned on the radio clock to a rock music station.

Setting the beer down on the desk, Danny grabbed a beer, opened it, and handed to Michelle. She took a long drink from it. Grabbing a beer for himself, he sat down on a bed next to Michelle's chair. Danny was growing more nervous by the second, as Michelle was a very appealing young lady. Her unexpected appearance in his room was greatly troublesome to him as he was still a virgin. Confused and frustrated, he wasn't sure what to do with her. He thought of trying to seduce her, but he didn't know where to start. He knew Michelle had come to his room for some reason. His growing indecision was painful to him.

Smiling at Danny, Michelle sat on her chair looking attractive while she was sipping beer out of the beer can. Her legs were crossed, and her body rose and fell with her breathing.

"Yeah! You're really roughing it," Michelle exclaimed, "Your room doesn't even have air-conditioning."

"Oh, I survive."

"Why don't you take some of your clothes off," she said.

"I don't know."

"I don't bite."

Danny clumsily undid his necktie and threw it on the other bed. He then took off his suit jacket and roughly threw it on the bed. He was trying to impress Michelle with his forcefulness.

"Who have you been drinking with?" Michelle asked.

"This is only the second time I've been drinking," Danny revealed.

"I didn't ask that."

"Well. Last night I was drinking with Matt Lance, Harlan Goodloe, and Kenny Treatyrights.

"Kenny Treatyrights! My mother had better not find out about that," Michelle said threateningly.

"Yeah, I know. Susan has something against Kenny Treatyrights."

"She would hit the roof if she found out."

"Well. I wasn't doing anything wrong."

"Who is Matt Lance?" she asked.

"He's a Native American from the Coville Indian Reservation in the State of Washington."

"Does he work for my mother?"

"Yeah. He works for the BIA Division of Tribal Programs," Danny responded.

"My mother never has mentioned Matt Lance," Michelle said.

"He just started to work for the BIA."

"But she's always talking about Kenny Treatyrights. He gives her a lot of problems."

"Treatyrights is a colorful character."

They talked more about Treatyrights and Susan, and they then discussed mysterious Harlan Goodloe. They chatted about Susan as Danny's boss, and they drank a couple of more beers.

"This is the first time I drank beer with a Native American," Michelle admitted, "There aren't many Native Americans back East."

"I've never drank beer with a pretty young woman before," Danny replied.

"Danny. You're not a bad- looking young man. "

"Thank you."

"You are a little naive and inexperienced." Michelle got up from her chair and sat down on the bed next to Danny. She still had her can of beer in her right hand.

Danny gazed into Michelle' eyes, but he didn't make any moves toward her. He was still unsure of himself. Not saying a word, he stared briefly at her body.

"Do you like what you see," she said, breaking the ice.

"Michelle. You have an appealing body," he said as he was shaking from fear.

"I bet you're still a virgin."

"Yes."

"The Mormons really kept you locked up."

"It was against my religion to have pre-marital sex," Danny blurted out.

"So you never have been with a woman?" Michelle said, "You've never made love to a woman!"

"No. I haven't. I was saving myself for marriage."

"You're so innocent and untouched," she said, "I can see why my mother brags about you."

"When you are a Mormon, it is easy to be innocent and untouched."

"Why did you give up your religion?"

"I liked being a Mormon. But in me there is conflict between being a Mormon and being a Native American," Danny confessed. "I wanted to be a Native American."

"What do you mean by conflict?" she asked, "Don't you belong to the Native American race?"

"Being a Native American is more than just blood. It's cultural and political."

"I can understand what you're saying about Native American culture," Michelle said, "But I don't understand what politics has to

do with being a Native American. "

"Well. When you're a Native American, you have an allegiance to an Indian tribe," Danny responded, "You're committed to upholding and defending the sovereignty of your tribe."

"It's too deep for me. But you must have been giving it much thought," Michelle said.

"I have. It wasn't an easy decision to abandon my religion."

"Well. You can always change your mind and return to being a Mormon."

"I don't foresee myself changing my mind."

"Now you can have some fun," Michelle said teasingly, "You can make up for lost time."

She snatched Danny's beer out of his right hand and set their beers down on the student desk. He just sat on the bed not knowing what to do, except he was alone with a young woman.

Michelle sat back down on the bed and gazed into his eyes. She grabbed a hold of Danny's hands.

"You're ready for some action," she said seductively, "You're so shy. It's unbelievable."

"I'm not sure what you want from me."

"I want you - Dodo bird," Michelle cried out, "Let me show you what to do." She grasped Danny's right hand and put it on her bare leg.

"I don't know".

"Feel my body," She ordered.

They made love.

"Get off of the bed and let me up," she ordered. She was disappointed with his efforts at love-making.

Still shaken from his first act of love, Danny silently obeyed. He crawled off the bed and sat down in a chair. He asked weakly, "How did I do?"

"On a scale of ten about one," she teased.

"Well. It was my first time."

"Don't make excuses."

"I'm not."

"I'd better leave for home," Michelle said, "It's almost midnight."

"Why don't you stay the night?" he suggested.

"Do you want my mother to find out what we did tonight?"

"No!," he responded fearfully.

"She expects me to be home tonight." Michelle stood up and started to dress.

"Michelle. I wouldn't want your mother to find out."

"I wonder what my mother would do if I told her you seduced me in your dormitory room," she grinned.

"She probably would be angry with me," Danny said weakly.

"Danny. She might even shoot you. "

"For sure she would tell my mother," he thought aloud. He stood up and walked to Michelle.

"Please get away," she protested, "I got to go home."

Backing away, he started to put on his clothes. She completed putting on her clothes, and he walked her out to the car.

Climbing into her car, she turned on the engine. The driver's window was rolled down. Danny stood by driver's window. She said, "Danny. I had a good time tonight."

"I'm glad you did."

"I would like to see you again."

"I feel the same way about you," he said happily.

"There is something about you that I like," Michelle said, "It must be your naively and innocence. But you have plenty to learn about women."

"I don't have much experience with women."

"But we should keep our relationship a secret," she said.

"Why?"

"I wouldn't want my mother to find out. There is no sense in getting her upset."

"It's okay with me to keep it a secret," Danny said, "I wouldn't want to get your mother mad"

"My parents are sending me to an exclusive college," Michelle bragged, "They want me to marry into a prominent family. They want make a snob out of me."

"I suspect they want the best for you."

"Truthfully, I don't care what they want for me," Michelle said.

"It's your life."

"Right! Right! I got to go home," she said.

"Should I call you?"

"No. I'll give you a call at work. Don't call me at home. Mother might become suspicious."

"I had no intentions of calling you at home," Danny replied.

"Good! I must be leaving."

Michelle pressed on the gas pedal of her sports car. It zoomed out of the parking lot onto the street. Danny watched the car fade into the darkness of the night. It would be a night that he would fondly remember the rest of his life.

## Chapter 19

Early Wednesday morning, Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard were waiting outside a congressional hearing room in the Senate Office Building on Capitol Hill. The Senate Native American Affairs Committee had scheduled an oversight hearing on the condition of law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations. Susan would be representing the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs at the hearing. She planned to testify about adequacy of BIA law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations.

"Where is Herbert Sharkley?" Susan said impatiently.

"Sharkley is rarely late for anything," Maxine responded.

"I told him to be here sharply at 9:50 a.m."

"Well. He's going to be late."

"He knows how important this hearing is to me."

"Why isn't the Chief of the BIA Police Services coming to the hearing?" Maxine asked.

"Oh. He is out of town again."

"Again?"

"He is on a trip to the State of Washington," Susan complained, "The Chief is never around when I need him."

"He's always traveling somewhere," Maxine said indignantly.

"Sharkley will have to do."

"Susan. Why did you invite Sharkley to the hearing?"

"I brought him along for backup," Susan explained, "At the hearing Senator Miles is bound to demand the report on the adequacy of law enforcement on the nation's Indians reservations."

"Isn't Sharkley putting the report together?"

"Yes. But he hasn't completed the report." Susan said angrily,

"Why not?"

"He blames the area offices and local Indian agency offices for not providing him with the necessary information."

"What will you do if Senator Miles ask for the report?"

"That's why I invited Sharkley," Susan said, "He's going to have tell the Senator why the report is not finished."

In distance Sharkley came parading down the long corridor. He was wearing his BIA Police blazer, gray pants, and a red polyester necktie. While he marched down the corridor, he was smiling to himself. When sighted Susan and Maxine far down the corridor,



his smile turned to a frown. Fearful of his bosses, he liked to avoid any contact with them. But Susan had ordered him to appear at the congressional hearing. He knew that he was in trouble if he was called upon to testify. He slowly meandered towards his tormentors. When he approached them, he said nervously, "Miss Blanchard and Mrs. Hubbard. I made it."

"You're late," Maxine complained loudly.

"Oh. There was a police emergency on a Indian reservation in Montana," Sharkley lied, "I had to stay in the office and handle it. The Chief is out of town again."

"What about the report that you are putting together for Senator Miles?" Susan inquired sharply.

"Well. It's not done."

"You've had over a eight weeks to complete it."

"I can't get the area offices and local Indian agency offices to provide the necessary information," Sharkley responded, "If the Division only had direct line authority over BIA Police activity nationwide, I would have finished the report weeks ago."

"What will I tell Senator Miles?" Susan asked angrily.

"Why I have no Idea," Sharkley cried out, "It's not my fault. It's the fault of the area offices and local Indian agency offices."

"You're not the one who has to answer to Senator Miles," Susan stressed, "Senator Miles won't believe any explanation about the area offices or local Indian agency offices."

"I'm sorry - Miss Blanchard," he said, "I did my best,"

"Well. We'd better go into the hearing room and find a seat," Susan directed, "I don't want to be late for the hearing."

Sharkley pulled open the door to hearing room. Carrying a briefcase, Susan led the way into the hearing room. The hearing room was filled with people mostly dressed in office clothes. Threesome plodded to three seats in the front row and sat down.

The hearing room was small and had two large windows, and yellow drapes hung from the windows. Fluorescent lighting illuminated the room. There were three rows of folding chairs made of wood and metal. In front of the room was a raised platform, which served as the rostrum. An enclosed table was built on the platform. The members of the committee would be sitting on the platform. A couple of legislative aides were already sitting on the platform as they were waiting for the Senators to arrive.

"Susan. When are you scheduled to testify?" Maxine asked,

"Thank god. I'm first person on the witness list," Susan answered.

"That's good."

"At least we don't have to listen to Senator Miles' pronouncements of self-righteous indignation all morning."

Senator Anthony Miles entered the hearing room through a door in back of the rostrum. Wearing a gray, pin stripe suit, the Senator was smiling brightly and looking about the room. When he saw Susan, he raised his hand to her in recognition. His blond hair had been recently trimmed, and he was handsomely dressed. Sitting down in the seat reserved for the chairman of the committee, he started to confer with his legislative aide who sat next to him.

Senator Frederick Bragg entered the room and took a seat near the windows. He was wearing a navy blue, pin stripe suit. When he saw Susan sitting in the front row, he waved to her, and she waved back.

Senator Raymond Chapman and Senator Robert Howard entered the hearing room. Both men were in their late fifties and had gray hair. They were of average height and had light brown eyes, and they wore solid gray business suits.

When Senators Chapman and Howard took their seats, Senator Miles called the meeting to order. He announced that the Senate Native American Affairs Committee was holding an oversight hearing on the condition of law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations. He explained that a several years ago, the Congress had enacted legislation designed to improve law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations. The purpose of the hearing was to find out whether the legislation had in fact improved law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations. He mentioned that ten people would be testifying at the hearing. The first person to testify would be Susan Blanchard, the Director of the Department of Government Services of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

"Well, Miss Blanchard. You can move to the witness table and give your testimony," Senator Miles said, "I'm pleased that you are able to testify this morning."

"Thank you - Senator Miles," Susan grinned.

With her black leather briefcase in hand, Susan got up from her chair, moved to the witness wooden table and sat down. Opening her briefcase, she pulled out some papers. She set some papers aside and held three sheets of paper in her hands. After identifying herself to the members of the Senate Indian Affairs Committee, she commenced to read her prepared statement to the members of the committee. She thanked the committee for their efforts to improve law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations. She stated that she was representing the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs at the hearing. She explained that under the enlightened policies of the

President, law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations had vastly improved. She said the administration did not plan to request any additional funding for reservation law enforcement. Additional funding was not needed. She explained that there was a need for making more reservation crimes punishable under federal law. She said that the role of tribal courts in reservation law enforcement should be restricted to handing petty offenses. Finishing her statement, she welcomed any questions from members of the Senate Native American Affairs Committee.

"I thank you - Miss Blanchard - for your testimony," Senator Miles said.

"You're welcome."

"But I can see that you are still uninformed about the law enforcement needs of Indian tribes," the Senator said, "You also fail to appreciate that the Indian tribes have the right of tribal self-government on their reservations."

"I beg your pardon - Senator Miles," Susan battled, "Just last spring I visited a number of Indian reservations out West. And I talked to a number of tribal leaders."

"What did you learn from your trip?" Senator Bragg asked politely.

"The Indians are satisfied with the quality of law enforcement on their reservations," Susan said in a self-assured tone.

"That is good to hear," Senator Bragg said, "Is there a need for additional funding to be spent on reservation law enforcement?"

"No additional funding is needed," she testified, "There is already enough money being spent on reservation law enforcement."

"Miss Blanchard. How can you sit there and testify that the Indian reservations don't have persistent law enforcement problems," Senator Miles blurted out, "Apparently, you've learned nothing from your trip to the Indian reservations."

"I've been the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services for three years," she cried out, "I'm well qualified to talk about the law enforcement needs of Indian reservations."

"Have you ever lived on an Indian reservation?" Senator Miles asked pointedly,

"No. I have not," Susan admitted irately, "You ask me that question every time I testify. By now, you should know the answer to that question,"

"I simply want to make the record clear," Senator Miles said.

"You have."

"Before you became Director of the Government Services Department, did you ever work for the BIA or any Indian tribe?"

"Senator. You already know the answer to that question," Susan said.

"But I again want to hear the answer from you. Just for the record."

"Okay. I've never did work for the BIA or any Indian tribe before I became Director."

"So you do not have any actual personal experience with the law enforcement needs of Indian tribes - am I correct?" Senator Miles asked.

"If you say so - Senator Miles," Susan reacted, "But my last three years as Director of the Government Services Department does qualify me to speak as an expert on the law enforcement needs of Indian tribes,"

"On your trip last spring, did any tribal leaders complain about law enforcement?"

"Oh. There were a few Indians who complained about law enforcement," Susan exclaimed, "but they were not elected tribal leaders."

"To be a tribal leader, do you need to be elected?" Senator Miles asked.

"The only legitimate Native Americans leaders are those duly recognized by the Bureau of Indian Affairs as elected tribal officials," Susan said dryly, "and to be recognized by the BIA as a tribal leader, a Native American needs to be elected to the tribal council or to the tribal chairmanship."

"Are you saying that if a Native American leader is not an elected tribal official recognized by the BIA, then he is not an Indian leader?"

"Even some of the elected Native American officials are not well informed about law enforcement issues," Susan answered.

"Miss Blanchard. You seem to be obsessed with making condescending statements about Native Americans," Senator Miles cried out.

"Well. Native Americans are always complaining about Bureau of Indian Affairs, especially about the Central Office."

"I'll tell you - Miss Blanchard. There are real law enforcement problems out on Indian reservations," Senator Miles lectured, "The Native Americans whom you complain about are just good Americans who are just a little difference from the rest of us."

"Senator Miles. I resent you implying that I am some sort of bigot," Susan cried out, "Today I could line up my Native American employees in front of you. Each one of them would tell how much I am a friend of the Native Americans."

"Everyone of them?" Senator Miles challenged.

"Oh. I should qualify my statement - Senator Miles," she said heatedly, "Even within the BIA Central Office, there are a few

disgruntled or troubled Indian employees!"

"You said there are disgruntled or troubled Indian employees at the BIA Central Office," Senator Miles said incredulously, "Do you have any evidence to support your allegation."

"Let me introduce my Assistant Chief of BIA Police Services." Susan pointed to Sharkley, "This is Honest Herb Sharkley. He can tell you something about our BIA Indian employees."

Sharkley's face turned white; his heart raced; his vision went black and his tongue thickened. His body froze stiff, so that he could only move his eyes.

"Well, Mr. Sharkley. Do you have anything to say?" Senator Miles asked.

"Herb! Stand up and answered the Senator's questions," Susan demanded.

Standing up, Sharkley's legs were shaking. He said fearfully, "Well, Senator Miles. I've been with the BIA Police for over twenty-five years. Most of that time I've been assigned to various Indian reservations in Washington state and New Mexico state. I've dealt with quite a few radical, militant Indians in my time. They are quite a few of them on the nation's Indian reservations."

"Have you ever arrested a radical, militant Indian?" Senator Bragg asked.

"Oh, quite a few of them," Sharkley said excitedly.

"What were the criminal charges?" Senator Miles asked.

"I arrested them mostly for drunk driving, public intoxication and disorderly conduct."

"Did these so-called radical, militant Indians ever commit any violent crimes or major crimes?"

"No. They never did, but they were planning violent, anti-government activities," Sharkley asserted, "We were able to stop these criminal conspiracies, only because of the work of the BIA Police."

"What were they plotting?" Senator Bragg asked.

"They were plotting to seize control of the tribal governments," Sharkley revealed, "They wanted to subvert lawful authority of the tribal governments."

"Did these Native Americans run candidates for the tribal councils?" Senator Miles asked.

"Oh, Yeah. They did run candidates for the tribal council," Sharkley said, "Some of them were even elected to the tribal councils."

"And were recognized by the Bureau of Indian Affairs as elected tribal officials?"

"Yeah. The BIA didn't have much choice but to recognize their election to the tribal councils," Sharkley said woefully. "Why a

tribal council controlled by radical, militant Indians even kicked me off their reservation."

"Which Indian reservation?" Senator Bragg asked,

"The Colville Indian Reservation," Sharkley asserted.

"Mr. Sharkley. I'm tired of do-nothing officials from the BIA Central Office coming in this hearing room and slandering lawfully elected officials of tribal governments," Senator Miles said loudly,

"I was telling you the truth," Sharkley cried out, "I think."

"Mr. Sharkley. I don't know who you are. But I did not believe a word you told this committee," Senator Miles said angrily, "It is a sad commentary on the Bureau of Indian Affairs that people like you work for the Central Office,"

"I thought that Mr. Sharkley made some credible statements," Senator Bragg defended, "In the last twenty years there has been number of takeovers of government buildings by radical, militant Indians. There was the Wounded knee takeover in 1973 in South Dakota. Some radical, militant Indians even took over the BIA Central Office in 1972."

"Senator Bragg. The Native Americans, about whom you are talking, had some legitimate complaints against the Federal Government and, in some cases, their tribal governments," Senator Miles said, "Of course, I do not support violence as a means of protest or breaking of criminal laws as a means of protest."

"And I'm just saying that the Bureau of Indian Affairs has some legitimate reasons to be concerned about radical, militant Indians," Senator Bragg cried out.

"The use of such rhetoric only serves to inflame the situation," Senator Miles protested.

"I agree with Senator Bragg," Susan finally said, "We always have to be on guard for more takeovers by disgruntled Indians." She was happy that Senator Bragg had come to her defense.

"Yeah. We have always to be on the lookout for any plots to seize government buildings," Sharkley said, "You have to stay one step ahead of those radical, militant Indians."

"Is it a job qualification for jobs with the BIA Central Office that you have to be a paranoid personality?" Senator Miles asked sarcastically.

"Senator Miles. Our best political leaders are paranoid about something," Susan smiled, "That's what makes them great political leaders."

"Miss Blanchard. Which political leaders are you talking about?" Senator Miles asked, "I didn't know that you were into abnormal psychology."

"Senator Miles. I was only saying that it is healthy to have some fears," Susan replied.

"Let's return to the subject of reservation law enforcement," Senator Miles directed, "My legislative aides have been conducting a study of the adequacy of law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations. They have discovered that the BIA reservation jails are in deplorable condition. The tribal leaders are constantly complaining about the conditions of the BIA jails. It is very difficult to have an effective law enforcement program without adequate facilities."

"The renovation of existing BIA jails and the construction of new BIA jails are not within my area of responsibility," Susan informed, "The BIA Department of Administration handles the renovation and construction of BIA jails."

"Miss Blanchard. Then you admit that many BIA jails are not adequate."

"If Congress would quit coddling convicted prisoners, there wouldn't be any problem with the adequacy of the BIA jails," Susan said.

"What do you mean?"

"Congress is always coming up with new standards for treatment of prisoners - adult and juvenile. And overnight the BIA jails are rendered obsolete."

"So you admit that the BIA and the tribes need more funding for law enforcement," Senator Miles said gleefully.

"I'll concede that point to you - Senator Miles," Susan said.

"Now I requested the BIA Central office to prepare a report on the adequacy of law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations," Senator Miles asked. "Where is the report?"

"Senator Miles. Herbert Sharkley is preparing the report," Susan said, "He can give latest information on the report. Mr. Sharkley, please stand up and tell the Senator what you have."

Sharkley sagged against his chair. His heart raced with fear, but he forced himself to stand up. Every eye in the room was focused on him. His mouth turned completely dry. Speechless, he stared at Senator Miles.

"Mr. Sharkley. Do you have anything to say?" Senator Miles asked.

"I - I - I've been working hard on the- the report," Sharkley stuttered.

"Why hasn't BIA complete the report?" Senator Miles demanded. "The BIA has had over three months to do the report."

"Oh, I've been very busy with handling police emergencies on

Indian reservations out West," Sharkley lied, "I'm about to finalize the report. You'll have it on your desk by the end of the week."

"That's good news."

"If Honest Herb Sharkley makes a promise, you can depend upon it," Susan exclaimed. Sharkley cringed in fear.

"Honest Herb Sharkley. I would like an honest report," Senator Miles said.

"Oh, it will be an honest report," Sharkley said, trembling.

"Miss Blanchard. The committee has no further questions for you. I thank you for your prepared written statement and testimony."

"I thank the Senate Native American Affairs Committee for giving me the opportunity to testify," Susan said, "It is always a pleasure to appear before the committee."

Putting her papers back in her briefcase, Susan got up from the witness table and returned to where Maxine and Sharkley were sitting. With her face scowling, she told them to follow her out the hearing room. Visibly shaken, Sharkley hurried to the door of the hearing room and opened it. Susan walked through the open door, and Maxine and Sharkley followed her out of the hearing room. Just outside the hallway, she came to abrupt halt, and Maxine and Sharkley also stopped.

"Susan. The man is an animal," Maxine cried out, "Senator Miles has no respect for the female gender, and he is always coddling those radical, militant Indians."

"Senator Miles is a radical, militant-Indian sympathizer," Sharkley exclaimed, "You'll never get a fair hearing from him."

"I plan to get even with Senator Miles," Susan revealed.

"How do you plan to get even?" Maxine asked, greatly excited by Susan's statement.

"I'm too emotionally upset to talk about my plan for revenge," Susan said, "Let's get back to the Central Office. We have plenty of work to do." Threesome started to march in unison down the long corridors of the Senate Office Building.

Down the corridor came walking a tall, heavy-set Native American man. His face was rough and tough, and he had a slight beer-belly and a barrel chest. Appearing to be in late thirties, his straight, black hair was woven into two, long braids. A few grey hairs streaked his head. He wore red head band, floral blue ribbon shirt, and faded blue jeans. His heavy black boots needed to be polished, and his belt was made of heavy black leather.

When Sharkley saw the Native American man approaching, he came to a complete stop and cried out, "Speak of the devil. Here comes a radical, militant Indian."



"Who is he?" Susan demanded. She and Maxine stopped in their tracks. Maxine put Sharkley between her and the tough-looking Native American man.

"His name is Duren Moford," Sharkley said woefully.

"I've never seen a real live radical, militant Indian before," Maxine said apprehensively, "I mean other Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe and Matt Lance."

"Moford has caused a lot of problems on Indian reservations across the country," Sharkley asserted, "He is always trying to stir up good, law-abiding Native American citizens against the Bureau of Indian Affairs."

"Sharkley. Aren't you going to arrest Duren Moford?" Maxine exclaimed.

"What for? He hasn't done anything wrong," Sharkley cried out. "Oh! I mean at least not lately, but he does have a criminal record a mile long."

"He must be wanted for some crime," Maxine yelled, "He looks mean enough."

When Duren Moford approached the threesome, he recognized Sharkley and stopped in front of him. He said, "So you been hiding out in Washington, D.C."

"We want no trouble," Sharkley blurted out, "I have a couple of women with me. Just move on."

"I thought the BIA Central Office would have run you off by now," Moford said, as he started on his way.

"As soon as I get to my office, I'll run a criminal background check on Duren Moford," Sharkley said heatedly, "and see if there are any outstanding arrest warrants for him."

"Moford is probably on his way to testify before the Senate Native American Affairs Committee," Maxine said. "What a shame!"

"Senator Miles will be delighted," Sharkley said.

"I wish there was some law against people like Duren Moford testifying at congressional committee hearings," Maxine cried out.

"Why should there be such a law?" Susan finally spoke.

"The man is an obvious radical, militant Indian," Maxine pointed out, "He will only tell lies about the BIA Central Office and slander BIA officials."

"It's too bad the Federal Government doesn't such a law," Sharkley agreed, shaking his finger.

"We'll just have to persevere," Susan said.

The trio from the Central Office started on their way back to the Interior Department Building.

## Chapter 20

Friday morning, Basil Collins was walking briskly down the long corridors of the fourth floor of the Interior Department Building. He was on his way to an important meeting with his benefactors, Susan Blanchard and Everett T. Fuller.

Basil was attired in a blue pin stripe suit, and his elegant clothes neatly fit his tall stature. Beaming with pride, it was a glorious day for Basil Collins. At the age of forty-five, Susan planned to make him a division chief and would be working for Susan. His long years of undivided loyalty to the BIA Central Office had been finally rewarded. It would be best day of his life.

When Basil reached the north end of the building, he made a right turn down another corridor. In the distance, he could see Jane Weaver working at her secretary desk. She rarely smiled and had a somber look on her face.

Approaching Jane Weaver, Basil said cheerfully, "Good Morning, Jane."

"Hello Mr. Collins. Miss Blanchard is waiting for you. Go right into her office."

Basil strode to the door of Susan's office and pulled it open. Entering, he saw Susan Blanchard sitting at her executive desk. Maxine Hubbard was sitting in a cushioned chair next to Susan's desk. Everett T. Fuller was sitting on a small green couch facing Susan's desk. They were chatting about the new budget of the BIA Central Office.

Susan saw Basil at the door and said cheerfully, "Basil. Come in and take a seat on the couch next to Mr. Everett."

"Sure."

"Have you met Everett T. Fuller of the Interior Secretary's Office?"

"Oh, yes. I've attended many BIA meetings where Mr. Fuller has given inspiring speeches about the importance of government service," Basil wheedled.

Wearing a gray pin stripe suit, Fuller was fidgeting with long yellow pencils. His clothes loosely fit his late forty-ish, lanky body. In his lap was a white legal-size tablet. Fuller recognized Basil, but he did not know what Basil did for the BIA Central Office. Susan introduced Basil to Fuller.

"Basil Collins is a Native American from New York who has been

with the Central Office for many years," Susan said to Fuller, "He is presently the Assistant Chief of the Division of Administrative Records and Notices."

"Basil. It sounds like you have an important job with BIA Central Office," Fuller said, "We need Native Americans like you working for the Central Office and the Department of the Interior."

"Oh, it's important job," Basil bragged, "but I'm ready to tackle a more difficult job."

"The other day, I was talking to the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs about Basil Collins," Susan said, "He had nothing but praise for his work."

"Basil sounds like a Native American whom we can depend upon." Fuller cajoled.

"I have already talked to Basil about becoming the division chief of the new employment training program for reservation Native Americans," Susan said.

"Well. That's good to hear," Fuller bellowed, "Is Basil willing to accept this important job?"

"The Assistant Secretary has given me the responsibility of appointing the new division chief," Susan announced, "and Basil is willing to accept the appointment."

"Senator Miles should be really excited about appointment of Basil Collins," Fuller said, "Basil is exceptionally well qualified for the position."

"The only other serious candidate for the position was Kenny Treatyrights," Susan said woefully.

"Are you talking about that radical, militant Indian at the meeting with Victor Dayman from the Justice Department?" Fuller said, frowning.

"Yes. We're talking about the same person."

"I hope that Kenny Treatyrights wasn't seriously considered for the position," Fuller snarled.

"No. I threw his application job into the wastebasket as soon as I received it," Susan grinned. Maxine and Basil laughed in agreement.

"I would have done the same thing," Fuller thundered, "Susan. You're my kind of person."

"I had the Personnel Division working all day to come up with another copy of Treatyrights' job application," Susan said, "Mr. Fuller. If you want to go over the job applications, I have them on my desk."

"That wouldn't be necessary," Fuller indicated, "When it comes to Native American affairs, I have complete trust in your judgment."

"I do try to please the Secretary," Susan replied.

"Well, Basil. Do you have anything to say?" Fuller asked,

"Mr. Fuller. You can trust me to do my best."

"Basil. That's all we expect of you," Fuller replied, "I'm certain under your leadership the new employment training program will succeed."

Jane Weaver quietly entered the office, moved towards Susan's desk, and whispered something to Susan.

Standing up on her feet, Susan announced, "Senator Anthony Miles has arrived."

"Great," Maxine exclaimed.

"He is waiting outside in the hallway. He is here to talk to us about his new employment training program for reservation Native Americans."

"It isn't often we see a United States Senator at the Interior Department," Fuller said loudly.

"How many people are there in the Senator's party?" Susan asked Jane Weaver.

"Just the Senator and a legislative aide," Jane responded.

"Jane. Go and bring Senator Miles into my office," Susan ordered, "Mr. Fuller. I want you sit in the easy chair next to my desk. Basil. Take a chair by the windows."

Jane Weaver hurried to the office door and went into the hallway. A couple of minutes later, Jane returned with Senator Miles and a legislative aide. The Senator was dressed in a light gray suit. His legislative aide was an attractive brunette in her early twenties. She had sparkling brown eyes and a pinkish skin. She was slender and of average height. Her mouth was small and her face was pleasant and cheerful, and she was wearing a gray jacket and a blue skirt.

"Well. Welcome Senator Miles," Susan said smugly, "We're all excited about your visit to the Central Office. It is too bad that the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs is again out of town."

"Miss Blanchard. I'm glad to be here," Senator Miles said politely, "This is my new legislative aide, Miss Joan Miller. She works on Native American legislation."

"It's wonderful that such a young lady is interested in Native American affairs," Susan said, smiling.

"I've always been interested in Native Americans since childhood," Miss Miller said innocently, "It's a dream come true."

"Miss Miller. At the Central Office, we just call them - Indians," Susan instructed. Maxine and Fuller laughed loudly, and Miss Miller blushed and grinned.

"The Central Office should think about modernizing their

terminology," Senator Miles retort.

"Why should the BIA change its terminology after two hundred years?" Susan asked.

"The term American Indian is a misnomer," Senator Miles pointed out.

"But if the Indians have no objections and preferred to be called Indians," Susan lectured, "I have no problems with calling Indians - Indians."

"But in college we learned to refer to the American Indians as Native Americans," Miss Miller offered, "We were recognizing that the American Indians were the first Americans."

"Miss Miller. You have to admit the term, Native American, is a confusing term," Susan argued "or maybe I attended the wrong women's college."

"Well. We should get back to the purpose of the meeting," Fuller finally said.

"Senator Miles. Do know Everett T. Fuller of the Interior Secretary's Office?" Susan asked.

"Of course, Senator Miles knows me," Fuller bragged loudly,

"I must apologize. I don't remember ever meeting Mr. Fuller," Senator Miles said in a subdued tone.

"Oh, we met a couple of months ago when you met with the Secretary," Fuller divulged. His face turned red. He was greatly offended that the Senator did not recognize him.

"I remember meeting with the Secretary," Senator Miles said.

"Are you representing the Secretary at this meeting."

"No. I'm not representing the Secretary today," Fuller confessed grudgingly, "Miss Blanchard invited me to the meeting."

"Mr. Fuller has been very helpful to the BIA Central Office," Susan related, "He gives us direct access to the Interior Secretary's Office."

"I'll have to mention Mr. Fuller's name to the Secretary the next time I meet with him," Senator Miles said, "and tell him what a fine job that Mr. Fuller is doing for the Interior Department."

"Oh, you don't have to do that," Fuller moaned.

"I only have a few minutes," Senator Miles continued, "I'm here to find out who will be the head of the new employment training program for reservation Native Americans."

"The Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs gave me the sole responsibility of appointing the new division chief," Susan said proudly, "I've been very busy making a selection."

"May ask why you were given the responsibility?" Miss Miller asked Susan.

"Miss Miller. All BIA employment programs are administered by the BIA Department of Government Service," Susan lectured sternly.

"Miss Blanchard is the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services," Maxine said smugly, "That gives her the right to appoint the new division chief. Of course, only after all civil service laws and regulations are followed."

"Thank you Maxine," Susan said, "The Assistant Secretary wanted me to make the appointment because of my experience with BIA employment programs."

"Well. Who will be the head of the new employment training program?" Senator Miles asked.

"The new division chief is presently in this office," Susan said dramatically.

"Oh, no. You're not talking about Maxine Hubbard, are you?" Senator Miles cried out.

"Senator Miles! Maxine Hubbard has always been a loyal and valuable employee," Susan said angrily. "I couldn't possibly do without her."

"Then whom have you chosen?" Senator Miles asked, relieved it wasn't Maxine.

"I have appointed Basil Collins to the position," Susan announced, "Basil. Please come over here. I want to introduce you to Senator Miles."

Suffering from anxiety, Basil slowly walked over to where the Senator and Miss Miller were standing,

"This is Basil Collins," Susan said proudly, "He is the new Chief of the Division of Tribal Employment Training. The new division was created today by order of the Secretary of the Interior."

"At least you're taking this program seriously," Senator Miles said, "I worked extremely hard to get the legislation passed through Congress."

"Senator. Indian country owes you much for getting this program through Congress," Susan said, "I'm positive Basil Collins will do a terrific job."

"Basil. How long have you been with the BIA Central Office?" Senator Miles inquired.

"I've been with the Central Office for ten years," Basil responded with pride.

"Basil is a Native American from New York," Susan added, "He was the Assistant Chief of Administrative Records and Notice. He's one of the Central Office's best employees."

"Senator. I plan to go right to work on putting the program

together," Basil promised, "Because of your efforts, I have excellent piece of legislation to work with."

"Yes. The Senator did work very hard on the legislation," Miss Miller agreed.

"Maybe we can begin to find solutions to the problem of Native American unemployment on the nation's Indian reservations," Basil said nervously.

"Miss Blanchard. You have chosen the right person to head up the program," Senator Miles said happily, "Basil Collins sounds like a go-getter. I like that."

"Basil has completely reformed the Division of Administrative Records and Notices," Susan revealed, "I'm positive he will do the same in his new position."

"Well, Miss Blanchard. We must be leaving," Senator Miles said, "I need to head back to Capitol Hill for a hearing."

"Senator. We are disappointed that you have to leave so early," Susan said, "There is so much to talk to you about."

"If you need any help from the Senate Native American Affairs Committee," Senator Miles said, "please contact Miss Miller. She will be handling the program for the Committee."

"I'm certain we'll be contacting Miss Miller."

After saying his goodbyes, the Senator moved towards the door of Susan's office. Miss Miller followed him out of the office, and they headed down the corridor to the elevators.

"The man is animal," Maxine howled, "You did hear what Senator said about me. I didn't even want to run his crummy old program."

"Yeah. The Senator didn't even know who I was," Fuller whined. "and I'm a key man within the Interior Secretary's Office. Oh, the Secretary will hear about this."

"Basil, I need to talk to Maxine and Fuller in private," Susan said, "I'll contact you later at your new office."

"Okay, Miss Blanchard. I'll start to work on the federal regulations and notices which are needed to implement the program," Basil replied.

"Good idea!" Susan responded. Basil Collins hurried to the door and left Susan's office.

"You got a winner in Basil Collins," Fuller extolled, "I actually think this Native American program will work. The Senator has all of his ducks all lined up."

"Nope. You're wrong, Mr. Fuller," Susan said smiling, "The program will fail miserably."

"Miss Blanchard. How do you know that?" Fuller asked as he was astounded by Susan's statement.

"I hired Basil Collins to screw up the program."

"Basil seems to be an intelligent and industrious person," Fuller said, "He is charismatic and is well-dressed. He appears well qualified for the job."

"Basil won't be able to handle the stress of the job," Susan revealed, "He will started drinking heavily. Of course, he is already a heavy user of alcohol."

"Basil is a drunk," Maxine said bluntly.

"But Basil is a trusted employee," Susan said, "I gave him the job to reward him for his efforts on my behalf. He has done a lot of extra things for me."

"But why would you want one of your Native American programs to fail?" Fuller asked incredulously.

"Because I'm getting even with Senator Miles," Susan said without any remorse, "He created this program, and he takes special interest in it."

"That's why the Senator was over here this morning," Maxine pointed out.

"Now I'll sit back and watch the program fail," Susan declared, "and Basil will screw it up. I wonder what Senator Miles will say about that."

"The Senator has created a lot of problems for the BIA Central Office," Maxine said grudgingly, "and he has no respect for Susan and me. He is always criticizing us at the congressional hearings."

"I testified against the employment training program," Susan revealed, "The Senator told me that I knew nothing about Native American unemployment. Do you believe that? I was mortified when the legislation passed Congress and then was signed by the President."

"He treated Susan as if she personally caused Native American unemployment," Maxine said angrily.

"Yeah. The Senator does need to be taught a lesson," Fuller agreed.

"When I again testify about Native American unemployment, maybe Senator Miles will listen to me," Susan said, "He's always disregarding my testimony and listening to his Native American friends."

"If you need my help, just give me a call," Fuller said nervously, "I need to return to my office. " He said his goodbyes and left Susan's office.

"Well, Maxine. Are you going to Marion's Restaurant and Bar tonight?"

"I haven't been to Marion's lately."

"Why don't you go to Marion's tonight and find out what is happening," Susan suggested, "Does Basil Collins go there often?"

"Basil is a regular at Marion's."

"I plan to visit Basil Collins this afternoon and give him some excuses to drink tonight."

"Oh. You don't need give Basil any excuses to drink." Maxine commented, "He'll find his own excuses. The man is a drunk."

"But I'm tough and effective manager," Susan smiled, "I need to break-in a



new employee this afternoon. Basil has to learn whom he is working for."

"Lately Basil has been taking you for grant."

"Let's get back to work," Susan said. Maxine walked to the door and left Susan's office.

Late Friday afternoon, Diana Rivers and Matt Lance together entered the barroom of Marion's Restaurant and Bar. They were looking for Kenny and Gladys Treatyrights. The barroom was crowded and loud as usual. The bar was again serving free tacos appetizers during the Happy Hour. There was a short line of people lined up at a table getting the free tacos. The wooden bar counter was full of customers, and tables were rapidly filling up with customers.

Diana and Matt ambled to the far end of the barroom. Through the dim lighting, they saw Treatyrights and Gladys sitting at a table enjoying drinks. Harlan Goodloe was sitting with them.

Treatyrights sighted Matt and Diana and waved to them. They moved towards Treatyrights' table.

"Take a seat at the table," Treatyrights said to them. "We have been waiting for you."

They sat down at the table. Matt said, "I had to walk over to the South Interior Building to pick up Diana. It's good to see you again Gladys."

"Are you still working for the Central Office?" Gladys said in a teasing tone.

"I'm still there. I've managed to survive in spite of Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard," Matt replied.

"Speak of the devil, Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver are sitting across the room," Gladys pointed out, "But they haven't been watching us as they usually do."

Matt looked over to the table where Maxine and Jane were sitting. They were talking to one another and drinking their usual tequila sunrises. Maxine glanced over at Treatyrights' table and quickly turned her head back to Jane.

"Yeah, Gladys is right," Treatyrights agreed, "They're more interested in Basil Collins and Boswell Norton."

"Does Boswell Norton work in your office?" Diana asked Matt.

"Yes. Boswell Norton is the administrative officer for the division."

Boswell Norton was your typical administrative officer in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He wore a brown western-style jacket, black pants, a white shirt, a black polyester necktie, black socks, and black safety shoes. Forty-nine years old, he was chunky and balding. His remaining hair was a mixture of gray and black straight hair. His eyes were brown, and his skin brown, and he had bushy eyebrows, a long nose, and large eyes.

From the State of Oregon, he had been with the BIA for at least twenty-five years and with the Central Office for three years. He was a GS-11. No one knew why he had never been promoted to GS-12. There were wild rumors floating around the

Central Office of past disciplinary action against him. Everyone had a different story about his past troubles. They could not understand why he was sent to the Central Office. Was his exile to the Central Office a form of punishment? Most agreed that he did not voluntarily come to the Central Office.

Boswell Norton was a humorless and worried man. He always found some excuse to be out of the division office. If he wasn't getting coffee at the cafeteria or up at the snack shop, he was doing research at the library or hand-carrying papers to various BIA offices in the Interior Department Building. He used up all his vacation time and sick leave, and he always threatening to retire. No one ever took him up on his offer to retire.

Chet Johnson, the division chief, was unwilling to take any action against him. The division staff speculated whether he had something on Chet Johnson or maybe Chet Johnson was simply a poor manager.

Matt Lance was surprised to find Boswell Norton in a barroom, since he preached forcefully against the consumption of alcohol. Matt was especially surprised to see him drinking beer with Basil Collins. Matt thought the similarity of their first names possibly gave them something in common. They appeared to be old buddies.

Boswell Norton was slowly sipping icy beer from a glass. Basil Collins had ordered the beer for him, and Basil offered a toast to some unknown achievement. Matt could hear the crash of the glasses, even from across the room. Tonight Boswell Norton was unusually happy for an administrative officer.

Generally administrative officers were concerned with paper work and detail. They always feared their bosses and never wanted to sign any document that might get them into trouble. They were continually passing the buck, but they acted as if they knew everything. They would never admit to making a mistake. They could drop names with the best of the office-seekers. No one really like administrative officers.

"I heard that Susan Blanchard made Basil Collins the new Chief of the Division of Tribal Employment Training," Diana finally said.

"Maybe Boswell Norton is trying to obtain a new job from Basil Collins." Matt said.

"Treatyrighs. I understand you applied for the job that Basil got," Diana said innocently as possible, knowing that Treatyrighs might be upset.

"Yeah. I did," Treatyrighs admitted, "But I didn't know that Basil Collins got the job." The face of Treatyrighs turned pale and then sour. Doubting himself, he felt totally unqualified for the job and pondered why he ever applied for the position.

"Everyone at the Personnel Division knew that Basil Collins would get the job." Diana revealed, "Susan Blanchard must have talked to us every day about the status of Basil's job application."

"Susan Blanchard is up to her old tricks again," Matt commented, "It's just politics."

"It sounds like the job was pre-selected." Treatyrighs said, feeling mousy.

"How long has Basil been here?" Matt asked.

"Basil was here when we got here," Treatyrights said.

"He looks very intoxicated."

"Let me order Diana and you a drink," Treatyrights waved to Roxanne, the cocktail waitress. She hurried to the table and took the order. Diana and Matt decided to just drink beer. Treatyrights ordered a bourbon and seven for Goodloe and himself and a beer for Gladys. Roxanne retreated to the service bar and shortly returned with the drinks, and she placed them on the table and left.

"Diana. Are you still planning to return to Arizona?" Treatyrights asked.

"Next week I will be interviewed for a job in Arizona," Diana responded, "They are even flying me back to Arizona for the job interview."

"You might be losing your girlfriend," Treatyrights said to Matt, "I thought that you were a better lover than that."

"You know Native American love stories," Matt said jokingly, "Love between Native Americans is always difficult."

"Matt. How can you talk about our relationship like that?" Diana laughed, "God. A Native American love story! What will you think of next?"

"I heard that Susan Blanchard is available," Treatyrights said teasingly.

"Matt. If you ever had an affair with her, I would kill you," Diana jested.

"Susan is attractive enough," Matt joked, "But she is not my type."

"So you think Susan is pretty - eh?" Diana said.

"I like tall blondes."

"That's what all Native American men think of," Diana retort.

"Don't sell the reservation," she stated.

"You don't have to worry about me."

"I trust you," she said.

"Well. Let's go up to the Chinese restaurant and have dinner," Treatyrights finally said, as he was beginning to feel hungry.

"Good idea," Matt said, "Let's leave Basil Collins and Maxine to their machinations."

"Crazy Bear will be meeting us at the Chinese restaurant," Treatyrights said.

"Who is Crazy Bear?" Matt asked in whispering voice.

"Crazy Bear is the code name for Danny Wolfe," Treatyrights whispered back.

"Why isn't Danny here with us?" Diana asked, "Is he afraid of being discovered by Maxine?"

"I told Danny that it wouldn't be wise let Susan Blanchard know about his drinking until the end of the Summer," Treatyrights said, "Then we'll have some fun with Susan and Maxine."

"How did you get the Mormon kid to drink beer?" Diana asked.

"It was Danny who looked us up. It was his idea to drink beer," Treatyrights laughed, "I did buy him beer all night. Danny really hung in most of the night."

"How did he get home?" Diana inquired.

"Gladys met us at the country western bar," Treatyrights said.

"She drove Danny back to his dormitory room."

"Are you trying to lead Danny astray?"

"Yeah, I am. I'll do anything to wean Danny away from Susan," Treatyrights commented, "It is for his own good."

"Well. Susan is going to be irate with you."

"I don't care."

"I'm only warning you, " she said.

"Well, Let's go to the Chinese restaurant and meet Crazy Bear," Treatyrights exclaimed.

The group quickly finished their drinks and exited Marion's Restaurant and Bar. Maxine and Jane watched them as they left the barroom.

## Chapter 21

Though it was Monday morning in late July, for once the weather was cool as a cool high pressure system from Canada dominated the weather in the Washington, D.C. area. The weather was surprisingly pleasant, because the humidity was low, and a gentle wind blew from the North.

At the Interior Department Building, Maxine Hubbard was busy working at her desk preparing for a departmental staff meeting. Jane Weaver was typing at her secretary desk.

Exacting at 7:45 a.m., Susan Blanchard arrived and sauntered into her executive office.

Maxine waited a few minutes at her desk and then rushed into Susan's office. She was anxious to tell Susan about the events of Friday night at Marion's Restaurant and Bar.

With a box of fish food in her hand, Susan was busy feeding her fish in the aquarium. When Maxine stepped into her office, Susan looked up and said, "Well, Maxine. How did your weekend go?"

"My weekend was glorious. My Husband and I took a trip to New York City," Maxine revealed mirthfully, "We haven't been to New York City in a year, "

"It sounds like you had a great time."

"What did you do?"

"I stayed home with my son, Brian," Susan said, "Michelle took a trip to Baltimore, Maryland."

"Have you been sunbathing?" She noticed that Susan had a developing tan which was now distinctive.

"Yes. I was sunbathing at my pool."

"You do have a good tan," Maxine praised.

"Thank you. I enjoy sunbathing," Susan said. "I don't burn easily, and I tan easily."

"You're soon look like a Native American."

Susan smiled at Maxine's comment, and she said, "You seem to be in a good mood."

"Yeah. I feel good this morning."

"Well. What happened at Marion's Restaurant and Bar?"

"What did you do to Basil Collins?" Maxine asked humorously.

"Basil was staggering drunk at Marion's."

"Basil and I had a meeting at his new office," Susan revealed, "I laid down the law to him. I told him what I expected of him and his

program. When I finished, he looked pretty pale."

"When I arrived at Marion's, Basil was pretty drunk," Maxine said, "He must have been at the bar since the early afternoon."

"Was Basil drinking with anyone?"

"Basil generally drinks alone," Maxine pointed out, "But this time, he was drinking with Boswell Norton. He's the administrative officer for the Tribal Programs Division."

"Maxine. I know every employee who works for my department."

"Sorry."

"What was Boswell Norton doing?"

"He must be trying to get a job with Basil," Maxine indicated, "I've never seen Boswell drink so much beer before. After awhile, even he was pretty inebriated."

"Huh. My plan is already working," Susan announced, "If Boswell Norton transfers to Basil's Division, I can see nothing but chaos. Basil will be drinking all of the time. Boswell will never do any work until he is promised the moon."

"Basil and Boswell will make a great team," Maxine agreed gleefully, "Then you would approve the transfer of Boswell Norton."

"Yes. If it was possible, I would do it today."

"I'll start the paperwork today."

"Well. Were Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe drinking at Marion's?"

"Yeah. They were boozing at Marion's along with Gladys Treatyrights, Matt Lance, and Diana Rivers," Maxine revealed.

"Did you hear what they were saying?" Susan asked.

"Treatyrights kept on talking about Crazy Bear."

"Who is Crazy Bear?"

"I don't know. It's probably just drunk talk."

"Matt Lance is always drinking with Treatyrights and Goodloe," Susan said harshly.

"They're boozing buddies."

"Before it's too late, we will have to start weaning Matt Lance away from Treatyrights and his friends."

"You should forget about Matt Lance."

"Why?"

"Matt Lance and Diana Rivers came into the bar together."

"So what?" Susan was startled by Maxine's observation.

"Jane told me that they have been sleeping together."

"They have! Huh. Is she a pretty woman?" Susan's face turned slightly pale and her red lips stiffened.

"Diana Rivers is quite pretty and shapely," Maxine responded.

"Is Diana a good friend of Treatyrights and Goodloe?"

"They are excellent friends and close allies."

"Treatyrights seemed to have out maneuvered us," Susan admitted, "If Diana Rivers stays around Matt Lance, we won't be able to wean him away from Treatyrights."

"Well. I have good news for you," Maxine said, smiling.

"What is it?"

"Jane told me that Diana Rivers has put in for a job with the Phoenix Area Office in Arizona."

"What are Diana's chances of getting the job?"

"Well. This week she is traveling to Phoenix, Arizona for a job interview," Maxine revealed.

"So they're flying her back to Arizona for an interview," Susan said, "The Phoenix Area Office must be serious about her."

"She may have a chance to get the job."

"I hope she gets the job."

"Why?"

"Right now, she is upsetting my plans for Matt Lance."

"Susan. I just don't like Matt Lance. He's trouble."

"We've been over this before."

"Well. I can't let you make a mistake."

"Have you ever seen Matt Lance really drunk?" Susan asked.

"He does guzzle down his beer, and he is always boozing with Treatyrights and Goodloe," Maxine exclaimed.

"You haven't answered my question."

"But I've never seen him really drunk."

"Good."

"But only because he never stays too long at Marion's," Maxine said, "He stays for about one hour then he leaves."

"I just was wondering whether Matt Lance was a drinker like my ex-husband," Susan reviled, "My ex-husband could really drink. When I complained about his drinking, he would never listen to me."

"Matt Lance isn't much better."

"That's for me to judge," Susan said, "Well. We'd better get back to work."

Maxine retreated out of Susan's office. She was highly disrupted by Susan's plans for Matt Lance.

Matt Lance decided to use his lunch time to go jogging on the Mall. Leaving his office, he rode the elevator to the basement level of the Interior Department Building, and he walked directly to the Interior Health Club. The health club had a small gym, a weight room, men's and women's locker rooms, and a whirlpool. After he signed the register, he proceeded to his locker where he changed

into his jogging clothes.

Leaving the health club, he ambled down a long corridor and went through a door to a basement parking lot. He jogged past a security guard house and headed up a small incline which led to 19th Street: Leaving the building, he headed south on 19th Street until he reached Virginia Avenue. Stopping for a red light, he ran in place until the light turned green, and then he proceeded down 19th Street and crossed Constitution Avenue.

His blue athletic shoes pounded rhythmically against the gray concrete sidewalks and the black asphalt of the streets. His body felt energized from the initial physical exertion.

Using the sidewalk, he jogged along Constitution Avenue avoiding other joggers and pedestrians. When he reached Henry Bacon Drive, he turned towards the Lincoln Memorial and jogged down street. As he approached the Memorial, he had to maneuver around groups of tourists viewing the monument. Jogging around the structure, he reached the Arlington Memorial Bridge. Motor vehicles of every types were racing across the bridges. Nude statues of women were affixed to the entrance way to the bridge. A sharp turn on the bridge slowed the crossing vehicular traffic.

After he logged around the Memorial, he ran down some concrete steps leading to the Reflecting Pool. The salty sweat began to flow profusely from his forehead down to his eyes. His face was hot and red. Using his hand, he swiped the sweat away from his brow, and he wished that he had worn a headband. Reaching the Reflecting Pool, he gazed into its cool blue waters. On the banks of the Reflecting Pool, there were many tourists enjoying the view.

Reaching a graveled straightway, he made a mad dash for approximately a hundred yards before resuming his jogging pace. His heart began to pound against his chest, and his muscles began to ache. Reaching 17th Street, he came to a complete halt. The oily street was filled with bumper-to-bumper traffic. When a traffic light turned red, the traffic came to a stop. Maneuvering through the stalled vehicles, he crossed 17th Street.

The Washington Monument rose high in the cool sky. A green hill obscured the bottom portion of the Monument. Turning onto Independence Avenue, Matt jogged east on a sidewalk paralleling the avenue. Using 15th Street, he reached Jefferson drive and followed it to 14th Street. Because of the heavy traffic on 14th Street, he again came to a stop and waited two minutes for the traffic light to turn green. Once it turned green, he sprinted across 14th Street.

He then reached the area of the Mall containing the Smithsonian Institute. Slowing his pace, he jogged past one buildings of the



Department of Agriculture and then various museums of the Smithsonian Institute. Tourists were everywhere and came in all shapes, sizes, colors, ages, and dress. There were other joggers on the Mall. Some jogged fast; others jogged slowly; and others were just walking. Subway passengers were using an escalator to exit the Smithsonian Metrorail Station.

Still jogging on Jefferson Drive, Matt reached 7th Street, which was crowded with traffic. Stopping for the traffic light, he waited two minutes. When the light turned green, he dashed across 7<sup>th</sup> Street. Sweating profusely, salty sweat entered his eyes. He wished that he had a hand towel to swipe off his face. His tank top was wet in the back and front. His breathing was hard and rapid, and his feet, legs, and lungs ached.

Matt jogged past the Air and Space Museum. Reaching 4th Street, he against stopped for a traffic, then proceeded across the street. He decided to jog to the Capitol Building, which clearly visible from 4th Street.

He finally reached a large shallow pool across street from the Capitol Building. Across the pool, he could see a tall blonde woman running towards him. Sweat covered her creamy skin, and her jogging outfit was wet from sweat. She was wearing white running shorts, a white tank top, and a white headband. Her long legs were moving her body at a fast pace. Her body was bouncing with every stride.

Matt was struck by the beauty of the female jogger. When she jogged towards him, he thought that he recognized her, and as she drew closer, he was now sure. It was Susan Blanchard. She was more attractive than he ever imagined, as her jogging outfit brought out her physical beauty. In spite of being his boss, her beauty was pleasing and exciting to his searching eyes.

When he jogged past her, he yelled out instinctively, "Hi Miss Blanchard."

She yelled back, "Hello Matt."

"So Miss Blanchard is a jogger," he thought silently to himself, "Maybe that's why she was physically fit." He thought that she had a pretty face and body and that she had pretty eyes and delicate nose.

But Susan was a two-edged sword. She could be a tough and a demanding boss, and he didn't like the way that she managed her department. To him, her attempt to impose her own lifestyle and values on her employees was highly amusing. Her paranoia about her Native American employees was unjustified, and her need for a network of trusted employees only made her paranoia worst. He didn't appreciate the spying of Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver. The

spying was unflattering and demeaning to Susan and him. But he did appreciate that she was an attractive and intelligent woman.

Needing to keep trim, Susan Blanchard decided to go jogging on the Mall during her lunch break. After changing into her jogging clothes at the Interior Health Club, she jogged through a basement garage and up to Constitution Avenue. She planned to jog up to the Capitol Building and back. Though the distance was physically tiring, she had jogged up to the Capitol Building many times before. She personally enjoyed jogging on the Mall. The combination of physical exercise and the magnificent view was deeply inspiring to her. Her jogging route gave her a splendid view of the government buildings, the national monuments, and the Smithsonian Museums. And she liked displaying her athletic abilities to other joggers and to eye the tourists. Because the summer weather was sunny and cool, her jogging should be especially enjoyable.

Of course, she did resent the men who eyed her body while she jogged in her running shorts and tank top. But men were fascinated with her body. At times she wished that she was not so shapely as she hated being a titillating object for faceless men. But the emotional and physical benefits of jogging outweighed the carnal stares of men getting a cheap sexual thrill.

Jogging to paths on the Mall, she ran towards Capitol Hill. Fifteen minutes later, she had reached the Smithsonian Museums. The Mall was full of motley tourists and government employees enjoying lunch on the Mall. She had to maneuver continually around groups of walking people who were enjoying the sights of the Mall. Her jogging was constantly interrupted by traffic lights. Moving past the Natural History Museum and National Gallery of Art, she crossed 4th Street and rounded a large shallow pool in front of the Capitol Building.

Her body ached; her lungs rapidly sucked in air; and her face was red and sweaty. As she rounded the pool, her feet pounded the hard concrete sidewalk. Her body and clothing were wet from sweat. When she made the final turn to jog back to the Mall, she saw a physically fit man jogging towards her who appeared to be a Native American. His body well-conditioned, and sweat rolled off of his forehead. His tank top was soaked with sweat from jogging, and he appeared to be tiring. But he was still moving quickly around the concrete surrounding the pool his muscular body strained against the thin fabric of his jogging clothes.

As he moved closer, she finally recognized the Native American man. It was Matt Lance. She had heard from Maxine Hubbard that

he was a jogger, but this was the first time she saw him jogging in shorts and a tank top. In his jogging clothes, he was more handsome than she originally thought. She admired his confident face and muscular body. Feeling uneasy about her attraction for him, she tried to avoid looking at him.

Smiling at her, Matt looked into her bluish eyes, and his stare made her uncomfortable, especially because he was one of her employees. His unwanted advances would have to be discouraged - she thought. Once she returned to the office, she would immediately issue a directive reminding her employees of the government rules against sexual harassment. She could not have one of her employees treating her as a sex object. It wouldn't be right, and she didn't want him making lewd jokes about her if he was that kind of man. But still he was an attractive man.

When Matt Lance jogged past, he yelled at her, "Hi Miss Blanchard." Without thinking, she yelled back, "Hi Matt."

She immediately realized that she had made a grievous mistake by saying "Hi Matt". She could kick herself for uttering those offending words or even return a greeting of recognition any sort. This was the first time she ever addressed Matt Lance as "Matt." She hoped that he wouldn't get any wrong ideas about her.

But she remembered her plans to make Matt Lance one of her trusted employees at the Central Office. With him supporting her policies and decisions, she would have little difficulty dealing with troublesome Native American employees like Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe. His Indian reservation background could prove to be quite valuable to her, and maybe Senator Miles would quit questioning her judgment and accept her decision making,

She resolved to begin wooing Matt to her side as a trusted employee. She had a burning desire to neutralize the detestable Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Senator Miles.

He could be just the person that she needed to advance her career, but he would have to reform and would have to quit his drinking. Her ex-husband drank a lot and even blamed her for his drinking problem. Matt would also have to end his friendship with Treatyrights and Goodloe, as they were a bad influence on him. She might be able to mold him into model employee - she thought. She then thought about Matt's girlfriend, Diana Rivers. She quickly understood why he was attracted to the pretty Native American woman. For sure Diana would have been eliminated. If she stayed around, Susan would never be able to make Matt a trusted employee. Remembering Diana Rivers' quest for a job in Arizona, she decided to help her get the BIA job in Arizona.

Susan was glad that she had decided to go jogging, for she now

knew what needed to be done about Matt Lance. She quickened her jogging pace. When she reached 14th Street on the Mall, she waited for the traffic light to turn green and then crossed. Once on the other side, she headed towards the Washington Monument and her next stop, the Interior Department Building.

Walking into the Interior Health Club, she was hot and sweaty from her physical exertion. Her face was red; her shapely legs tired, and her jogging clothes were soaking wet. The jogging gave her a natural high, and her spirits were excellent.

Susan proceeded to the women's locker room. Quickly she showered and dressed as she needed to get back to her office. She thought that Maxine Hubbard must be pacing the floor by now and probably imagining she had been struck by a car crossing a street.

Soon after Susan's arrival, Matt Lance entered the Interior Health Club and walked to the men's locker room. He had jogged back to the Lincoln Memorial and then to the Interior Department Building. He was exhausted from his jogging. Sweat poured from his forehead; his muscles ached; his jogging clothes were wet from sweat. Though he was tired, he liked the exhilaration that jogging created in his body, though he habitually over exerted himself by jogging too far. He undressed and showered, and quickly dressing, he headed back to his office.

When Susan Blanchard arrived back in her office, Maxine Hubbard was there waiting for her. She asked, "Maxine. What do you need?"

"There is group of twenty high school students in the BIA conference room."

"There is?"

"They're taking a tour of the Central Office."

"So why don't you take care of them?"

"Well. While you were out, the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs called." Maxine explained grimly, "He wants you to make a presentation to the high students."

"What is so special about this group of high students?" Susan asked.

"They're from a high school for gifted students."

"Where are they from?"

"New York state."

"Are the students waiting for me?"

"Your presentation is scheduled for 1:50 p.m. You have a few minutes to get there."

"Why don't people tell me what is happening?" Susan cried out.

"Apparently the Assistant Secretary made all of the last minute

arrangements," Maxine replied, "But he had to attend a congressional hearing."

"A congressional hearing?"

"Yeah. At the last minute, Senator Miles called a hearing of Senate Native American Affairs Committee."

"Who else will be meeting with the students?" Susan asked, fearing the worst.

"The Assistant Secretary wanted representatives from the Contract Compliance Division and the Tribal Programs Division at the presentation," Maxine explained.

"Well. Who are they?"

"Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance."

"God. I have to endure another meeting with Treatyrights and Goodloe."

"Matt Lance will also be there," Maxine exclaimed.

"Why did the Assistant Secretary invite Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe and Matt Lance?"

"He wants them to address the high students about their activities and programs of their divisions."

"I've warned the Assistant Secretary about those troublesome Native Americans," Susan cried out, "But he simply ignores me."

"I hope that they don't say anything about radical and militant Indians," Maxine said, "High students can be so impressionable."

"Maxine. I wouldn't worry about them saying anything," Susan said testily, "They won't get a chance to talk much."

"That's good to hear."

"You'd better call Danny Wolfe and tell him to attend the meeting."

"I'll do it right away."

"I'll meet you in the conference room. And also call and tell Herbert Sharkley to attend the meeting."

Maxine hurried to her office and called Danny Wolfe. Susan walked out of her office and headed to the BIA conference room, which twenty feet down the corridor from her office. Opening the door to the conference room, she entered. The sun was shining through the draped windows. Fluorescent lighting lit the conference room.

Susan saw twenty young-looking high school students sitting around a large conference room. They were mostly wearing shorts and tank tops, but some were dressed in oversized clothing. Some of the students had short haircuts, and others had long hair.

Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance were already sitting at the conference table.

Susan walked over to where they were sitting. She said to them,

"Come up to the head of the table. Before the meeting begins, I need to speak to you."

The threesome obeyed and left their seats, and they grouped around Susan standing at the head of the table. Maxine and Danny Wolfe walked into the conference room and came over to the group. Danny was wearing his old light blue suit.

Herbert Sharkley entered the conference room and immediately went over to the huddle. He was wearing his BIA Police blazer and gray pants.

Susan started the discussion by saying, "Now, I'll do most of the talking at the orientation session. I will be making the presentation for the BIA Central Office. When you are requested to speak, keep it short and to the point."

"And don't bring up radical, militant Indians," Maxine said sternly, "Remember you're talking to impressionable children."

"I want Maxine and Matt to sit next to me," Susan directed, "Treatyrights will sit next to Matt. And Goodloe next to Treatyrights. Danny will sit next to Maxine. And Sharkley next to Danny."

The group disbanded and sat down in their appointed places. Waiting for someone to speak, the students became quiet and looked to the head of the table. Susan was busy writing some information on the blackboard.

Treatyrights leaned over and whispered to Matt, "You must be moving up in the world. You get to sit by Susan. She even called you Matt." He quietly laughed to himself.

"I don't know what Susan is up to," Matt responded.

"Whatever she is doing, just sit back and enjoy it," Treatyrights joked, "Even I'll admit Susan is attractive."

Susan finished writing on the blackboard and sat down at the head of the table. Her right arm gently brushed against Matt's shoulder. Her unexpected touch startled him, and he turned his head and instinctively looked at her body.

"Matt. I'm sorry that I alarmed you," Susan said quietly, reacting to his consternation.

"No problem - Miss Blanchard."

"Please just call me Susan."

"Okay." Matt was confused by Susan's request.

"Well. Let's get the orientation session started," Susan announced. "I am Miss Susan Blanchard. I'm the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services. The Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs originally planned to participate in the orientation. But he had to attend an important congressional hearing called by the Senate Native American Affairs Committee. I understand you are gifted students from a high school in New York state, and today

you're taking a tour of the BIA Central Office."

One pretty female student said, "Yes, We're high school students from New York state. Since Friday, we've been in Washington, D.C. We're on a field trip touring the nation's Capitol. It has been great so far."

"That's good to hear," Susan said cheerfully, "Next I want my employees to introduce themselves to the students." Susan first pointed to Maxine.

"I am Mrs. Maxine Hubbard. I'm the Assistant Director of the BIA Department of Government Services," Maxine said proudly, "I work directly under Miss Susan Blanchard."

"I'm Danny Wolfe. I'm a summer intern for Miss Blanchard."

"I requested Danny to attend," Susan explained, "Since he is a young man still attending college, I thought Danny might be able to provide some youthful insights about being a BIA Central Office employee." Then Susan pointed to Sharkley.

"I am Herbert Sharkley. I am the Assistant Chief of Division of BIA Police Services."

The students were visibly nervous about the presence of the BIA Police Officer. Susan then pointed to Matt Lance.

"I'm Matt Lance. I'm a program analyst for the BIA Division of Tribal Programs."

"I'm Kenny Treatyrights. I'm the Assistant Chief of the BIA Division of Contract Compliance."

"I'm Harlan Goodloe. I'm a program analyst with the Division of Contract Compliance. I work for Kenny Treatyrights."

Susan then gave a presentation about the Bureau of Indian Affairs. She used the blackboard to outline of the organization of the BIA and the Department of the Interior. She lectured about the many BIA Indian agency offices and the BIA area offices located throughout the nation. She explained the organization of the BIA Central Office and the Office of Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs. She finished by talking about the important congressional committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives that have jurisdiction over Native American affairs.

"I will now open the meeting up to questions," she said, "Before you ask your question, please identify yourself."

A skinny kid with long ash brown hair and gray eyes raised his hand. Susan saw him and said. "What is your question?"

"I'm Jack Upchurch. Are you a Native American?"

"I can hardly be a Native American with blonde hair and bluish eyes," Susan said humorously.

"Then why are you the Director of the Department of Government

Services?" Jack Upchurch asked.

Susan's face grimaced, and then she grinned. Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe smiled from ear to ear.

"Why that's a ridiculous question," Maxine cried out, "Miss Blanchard doesn't have to be a Native American to be a BIA director. And I must say that she had been an excellent director."

"Thank you Maxine," Susan finally said.

"Aren't there any Native Americans qualified to be Director of the Department of Government Services?" Another female student asked.

"I told already told you, being a Native American is not a qualification for the job," Maxine yelled out.

"But wouldn't being a Native American help a person to perform the job?" another students asked.

"It's not necessary for a director to be a Native American. Being a Native American wouldn't necessarily help you do the job," Maxine howled, "Anyway, Miss Blanchard has all kinds of political connections."

"You mean that she slept her way to the top," Jack Upchurch screamed back.

"You have a filthy mind, and you are disgusting," Maxine shouted back, "You must be a radical, militant student." Susan was stunned by the charge, but she had heard it before.

"Well. How did she get her job?" a female student yelled, "I would like to hear the Native Americans speak."

"Let the Native Americans speak! Let them speak! " the students began to chat, "Let the Native American speak! Let them speak!"

"You're nothing but radical, militant students," Maxine cried out, "Herbert Sharkley! Do something!"

"Well. What I should do?" Sharkley yelled out. He pushed his chair back and stood up.

"Arrest them for something," Maxine screamed.

"The BIA cop is going to arrest us!" students yelled in a chorus, "The BIA cop is going to arrest us! The BIA cop is going to arrest us!"

"What should I arrest them for?" Sharkley howled.

"You're the police officer." Maxine snarled.

"I suppose I could arrest them for disorderly conduct or incite to riot."

"I'm a lawyer !" Treatyrights cried out, "The student haven't broke any law. They are merely exercising their constitutional right of free speech."

"Treatyrights. You were told not to talk until requested to do so," Maxine yelled, "You're always supporting radicals and militants."



"You only told me not bring up radical, militant Indians." he countered.

"You never support the BIA Central Office," Maxine screamed, "You're always criticizing us, tearing us down, and making fun of the Central Office."

"You've never gave me a reason to support the BIA Central Office," Treatyrights battled back.

"Maxine. Write down everything that Kenny Treatyrights has said," Susan finally screamed, "I plan talk to Clarence Watson and the Assistant Secretary of Indians Affairs about the traitorous conduct of Mr. Treatyrights."

"You're finally writing up Kenny Treatyrights," Sharkley cried out in exhilaration, "He's one of the ringleaders."

"I was only trying to stop a potential riot," Treatyrights defended.

"If we wanted legal advice, we'd talk to the Associate Solicitor, Jonathan Stewart III, and not to a jailhouse lawyer like you," Sharkley cried out.

"That's telling him, Sharkley!" Maxine added loudly.

"Maxine. I want you to find out the names of these ill-mannered students," Susan said in disgust.

"That won't be hard. "

"I plan to report their rude and riotous conduct to their high school principal for disciplinary action."

"Good idea - Susan!" Maxine screamed.

"Go ahead and see if we care!" Jack Upchurch yelled out.

"I'm glad that my children, Brian and Michelle, were raised properly," Susan reacted, "They would never dream of acting like you rebellious students."

"Poor kids," Jack Upchurch cracked.

"Maxine, Danny, and Sharkley want you to leave the conference room immediately and return to work," Susan ordered, "and I want Matt Lance to handle the rest of the orientation session."

"Why him?" Maxine cried out incredulously.

"Just follow orders."

"Okay, Miss Blanchard. I'll complete the presentation," Matt said, though he was surprised by her request.

Susan leaned over and whispered to Matt, "Keep Treatyrights and Goodloe under control. I want you to come to my office tomorrow and give me an oral report about the remainder of the orientation session."

"Yes, Miss Blanchard."

Pushing her chair back, Susan quickly stood up and stomped out the conference room. Maxine, Sharkley, and Danny followed her out.

Treatyrights leaned over and whispered in a teasing tone, "Yes, Miss Blanchard. Okay, Miss Blanchard. Susan certainly has you trained well."

"What could I say?" Matt responded, "Susan is my boss."

"It appears that Susan is beginning to trust you," Treatyrights continued, "She told you to handle the rest of orientation session rather than Maxine. What has she done to you?"

"This is first time Susan has ever told me to handle a meeting."

"I thought you would back me up," Treatyrights said, "You left me to the wolves."

"You handled yourself well. You didn't need any help."

"You could have helped."

Matt stood up on his feet and said, "Well. We should continue the orientation session. Do you have any further questions about the Bureau of Indian Affairs."

The students had quieted down and were willing to continue with the meeting.

## Chapter 22

Early Tuesday afternoon at the Interior Department Building, Susan Blanchard was busy in her office studying a report from one of her Division Chiefs. Maxine Hubbard walked into the office and approached Susan's desk. Susan looked up and said, "Good afternoon, Maxine. Take a seat. What do you have for me?"

"I got the names of those barbarous high school students," Maxine replied. She handed her a list of names.

"Good work," Susan replied, "After the riotous meeting with those wayward students, it took me all afternoon and night to regain my composure."

"You look relaxed this afternoon."

"That little worm of student had the audacity to ask me whether I slept my way to the top," Susan blurted out.

Maxine privately wondered whether it was true. She said, "They were definitely radical, militant students."

"What's happening to our youth?"

"They have no respect for top government leaders."

"They were a disgusting lot," Susan agreed, "and it's too bad that kids just sometimes turn bad."

"And Kenny Treatyrights was supporting their riotous conduct" Maxine pointed out.

"Today I'll be meeting with the Assistant Secretary of Indians Affairs about the riotous conduct of Treatyrights," Susan said, "I plan to explain him that I cannot possibly do my job with mutinous employees working for me."

"And radical, militant Indians!"

"The Assistant Secretary should finally listen to me," Susan asserted.

"Harlan Goodloe even heads up a secret resistance organization of Central Office employees," Maxine disclosed for the first time.

"How did you find out about the resistance group?"

"From the secretaries who work for the BIA."

"Does Matt Lance belong to this group?"

"I don't know," Maxine replied, "But I wouldn't be surprised if he did belong."

"What about Diana Rivers?"

"She's definitely an agitator," Maxine said, "She's always

stirring up Central Office employees with her talk of employee rights and civil service laws."

"She must be a bad influence on Matt Lance," Susan thought out loud.

"They've been sleeping together. The talk of their meretricious relationship is all over the Central Office."

"You already told me that."

"I'm just warning you."

"If we're going to make Matt Lance a trusted employee," Susan said, "we'll have to get rid of Diana Rivers."

"What do you see in Matt Lance?" Maxine cried out emotionally, "I don't trust the man."

"Trust my judgment."

"But why him?"

"He'll give me more influence at the Central Office," Susan explained, "He might even have some good ideas. I can use the man. Once we get Matt Lance to join us, then we will smash the incipient resistance movement, Kenny Treatyrights, and Harlan Goodloe."

"But we've never needed a Matt Lance before," Maxine whined, "Why should bring him into our confidence now?"

"Well. I have made up my mind," Susan said sternly, "I'm determined to make Matt Lance a trusted employee."

"What if he is unwilling to become a trusted employee?"

"He won't turn me down."

"But what if he does?"

"Once he sees how beneficial our alliance will be to him," Susan asserted confidently, "He'll be quite willing to become a trusted employee."

"He'll never betray Kenny Treatyrights or Harlan Goodloe," Maxine said.

"Why not?"

"Because he believes too strongly in Indian tribes and tribal government."

"We'll see about that."

"I know I'm right."

"We'll need first to wean Matt away from Kenny Treatyrights," Susan said, "They are such good buddies. It may be difficult wean him away."

"Treatyrights is definitely a bad influence on him," Maxine stated, "and he's a disruptive influence on the entire Central Office."

"I'll be meeting with Matt Lance this afternoon."

"Why?"

"He'll be reporting to me about what happened after we left those

fiendish students yesterday afternoon."

"I hope that he was able to control those radical, militant students and Kenny Treatyrights," Maxine added.

"I'm certain he didn't have any problems with those rude students," Susan continued, "At today's meeting with him I plan to make known my intentions of making him a trusted employee. I'm confident that he'll be elated about the prospects of becoming a trusted employee."

"Do you want me at the meeting?"

"No. I can handle Matt Lance better alone. It should be an interesting meeting."

"Well. I'd better get back to my office." Maxine turned around and ambled out of the office leaving Susan alone.

Susan decided to feed her fish. Yesterday she had purchase a new brand of fish food, and she was interested in seeing how the fish reacted to the new product. Pulling open a desk drawer, her right hand clutched the box of fish food, and she walked over to the her marine aquarium. Leaning over, she looked into clear waters of the aquarium locating and watching her fish. Air bubbles slowly rose to the surface of the aquarium, and many species of exotic fish were swimming around or were motionless in the aquarium.

She thought about the innocence of her fish and their utter dependency on her for sustenance. The nurturing of her fish gave her immense pleasure and satisfaction. Only her children, Michelle and Brian, meant more to her. She wished her Native American employees could be more like her fish. Her fish never complained, and she had no complaints about her fish. Yes, her Native American employees should be like fish in an aquarium.

Maybe she would name her fish after her Native American employees. There is Matt Lance. This big fish is Kenny Treatyrights. This lonesome fish must be Harlan Goodloe. Here's Jane Weaver, and there's Maxine Hubbard. These small fish are Chet Johnson, Basil Collins, Clarence Watson, Boswell Norton, and Herbert Sharkley. This young fish must be Danny Wolfe.

But the aquarium lacked one fish - she thought to herself. Diana Rivers was not one of her employees. If she was going to make Matt Lance a trusted employee, she would need to eliminate Diana Rivers from his life. If Diana stayed around Matt Lance, the pretty Native American woman could possibly disrupt her well-developed plans. Diana was too pretty, and he would never voluntarily end his relationship with her.

In her mind Susan compared her own physical beauty with Diana's beauty. No, she wouldn't compete with Diana; Diana would have to go. But how could she get rid of Diana from the Central Office. It

would not be easy.

Susan remembered that Diana was in Arizona for a job interview. Apparently Diana wanted desperately to return to her home state. Maybe, Susan thought, she could help Diana get the job that she craved. She remembered that Mrs. Gail Crabtree was head of the Personnel Division for the BIA Phoenix Area Office. Once Mrs. Crabtree had worked for the Central Office, and she owed Susan a few favors.

Susan returned to her desk and sat down in her executive chair. She picked up the telephone receiver and dialed the number of the Personnel Division of the Phoenix Area Office. She could hear the telephone ring twice in Phoenix. Then someone lifted up receiver and a female voice said, "Hello. This is the Personnel Division. Can I help you?"

"Yes. I need to talk to Mrs. Gail Crabtree."

"Can I tell her who is calling?"

"Yes. This is Miss Susan Blanchard of the BIA Central Office."

"Oh. Miss Blanchard. I'll get her immediately."

Holding the telephone receiver against her ear, Susan waited for about a minute. She then heard someone pick up the telephone in Phoenix, and a female voice said, "Hello Susan. This is Gail Crabtree speaking."

"Hello Gail. It's good to hear your voice again," Susan said.

"What can I do for you?"

"I need your help concerning a Central Office employee."

"Okay."

"She has applied for a BIA job in Arizona, I think that the job is within the jurisdiction of the Phoenix Area Office."

"What is her name?"

"Diana Rivers."

"Oh, yeah. She has applied for a job with this office," Mrs. Crabtree related, "How well do you know Diana Rivers?"

"I know Diana Rivers quite well. She has been an excellent employee for the Central Office."

"That's good to hear," Mrs. Crabtree replied, "We plan to interview Diana this afternoon. But we got some excellent applicants for the job, and she probably won't get the job. I have another applicant in mind."

"Well, I want Diana Rivers to get the job. She is a trusted employee of mine at the Central Office."

"Is she an exemplary employee?"

"Yes. You have my assurance."

"Okay. Then I'll hire her if you want it done," Mrs. Crabtree said.

"I'm delighted."

"When I worked for the BIA Central Office, you did me plenty of favors. I got my present job only because of your intervention."

"I remember," Susan said, "But don't tell Diana that I helped her to get the Job. She's a very proud Native American woman. If she found out that I helped her to get the job, she would really be disappointed."

"I won't mention it to her."

"Excellent! If you need any help from the Central Office, just give me a ring," Susan said, "I'll do what I can for you."

"It's good to have a friend in Washington, D.C.," Mrs. Crabtree said.

"We women need to stick together."

"You're right about that."

"Well. I need to prepare for an important meeting with an employee," Susan said, "He'll be in my office any minute."

"Consider Diana Rivers hired," Mrs. Crabtree said.

"Thanks and goodbye." Susan hung up the telephone. Smiling, she returned to her aquarium and again eyed the swimming fish.

She said to herself, "Yes. That fish is Matt Lance."

Matt Lance was riding the elevator up to the fourth floor. There were two other men in the elevator. He was going to Susan's office for a meeting with her. As ordered by her, he would be reporting to her about the finish of the orientation session with the gifted high school students from New York state.

Amused by the events of yesterday, he still believed that the outspoken students were being unfair to Susan that afternoon. He did chuckle about the student's remark accusing Susan of sleeping her way to the top. He pondered whether it could be true and then quickly rejected the idea as absurd. Susan was prudish and proper. He couldn't imagine her ever furthering her career by being provocative as she was class conscious and reserved. She would never subjugate herself to the domination of a man, and she would have to be the dominant person in any relationship. So he thought.

But he believed that she was being unfair to Kenny Treatyrights, and he planned to tell her so. Treatyrights was only attempting to keep things civil and orderly at the meeting with the high school students. Maxine Hubbard only inflamed the high school students, and Herbert Sharkley did his usual bad job. He pondered why Sharkley was even at the meeting in the first place. Sharkley's presence at the orientation session only alarmed and agitated the students.

Matt was convinced that Susan had created her own problems with

the high school students. She was guilty of some bad decision making. She shouldn't have attempted to dominate the meeting by doing all of the talking. She should have let her Native American employees address the students before she opened up the meeting to questions from the students. Apparently, the students had sensed that she was attempting a coverup.

When the elevator reached the fourth floor, Matt Lance exited the elevator and proceeded to the corridor where Susan had her office. Walking down the corridor, he sighted Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver sitting around Jane's secretary desk. When he approached them, they suddenly quit talking and gave him an icy stare.

"Hello. I'm here to see Miss Blanchard," Matt said.

"Go right in. Miss Blanchard is waiting for you," Jane Weaver replied dryly.

The door to Susan's office was open. He walked through the door, and he saw Susan looking at the fish in her aquarium.

Susan heard his movement and turned around. She directed, "Matt. Please close the door. It's a private meeting."

"Yes, Miss Blanchard." He closed the door to the office.

"Now come over to the aquarium, I want you look at my fish."

Matt walked over to the aquarium, and he said, "Miss Blanchard. You must enjoy fish aquariums."

"Matt. Please just call me Susan. It is no longer necessary to call me-Miss Blanchard," Susan said, "We know one another well enough to drop the formalities."

"Sure. Whatever you want, Susan." Matt said cautiously.

"Do know why I enjoy my fish aquarium?"

"No. I have no idea."

"When I'm stressed out because of my work, I just walked over to my aquarium and watch my fish swim in the aquarium. They are completely dependent on me for their survival and nourishment," she explained, "They don't cause me any problems. They are perfect pets, and I enjoy feeding them, changing their tank water, and seeing all the aquarium devices are working properly. It is easy to take care of them."

"Yeah. Exotic fish are interesting to watch," Matt agreed, "They appear to have some human qualities and characteristics. I can see why you enjoy them."

"And after watching my fish, I feel relaxed."

"It's an excellent way to cope with stress of your job."

"Matt. Do you understand what I'm saying about the aquarium?"

"Well. You're saying that you can depend on your fish in the aquarium," he replied honestly, "because you control their



environment and their lives."

"Gosh, no. Men are so concerned about female domination," Susan exclaimed, "I'm saying that I'm a caring person and that I care about the BIA Central Office. I care about you, Matt. I care most about my employees who have a lot of potential, and you have potential."

"Thank you." He was surprised at her praise.

"Let's sit down on the couch," she said, "We can talk better." She walked to a small couch at the other end of the room. There was coffee table in front of the couch. The couch was large enough to hold two people. She sat down in a corner of the couch, and he sat down on the couch and looked at her face.

"Since you started to work for the Central Office in June, I've been watching your growth as a BIA employee," she said cheerfully, "I'm very Impressed with the quality of your work."

"Thank you again."

"You're an excellent writer, and Maxine and I are very proud of you. You will have a terrific future with the Central Office. You're going places."

"I came to Washington, D.C. to work in Native American affairs," he said, "So far, I'm happy with the job. I plan to stay."

"That's excellent," Susan said, "But you'll need help to succeed at the Central Office. I'm willing to help you."

"It is nice to have a boss who cares about your career," Matt said, trying to be polite.

"But if I'm going to help you, I'll need your cooperation."

"What kind of cooperation?" he asked suspiciously.

"We'll need work together on projects and assignments," she suggested, "Does that sound good to you?"

"It's already part of my job to cooperate with you in the performance of my duties."

"Matt. You're a special employee," Susan said, "I don't want you waste your time and efforts. It is hard to find qualified Native American like you, especially at the Central Office."

"Thank you again."

"We'll need to help one another to achieve our goals at the Central Office," Susan said, "We can be mutually helpful to another, and if you perform well, I'm certain there will be a promotion and a pay raise for you. You would like a promotion and a pay raise - would you?"

"The cost of living in Washington, D.C. is extremely high," Matt confessed, "I wouldn't mind a promotion and a pay raise."

"That's good to hear. Because I can get you a promotion and a pay raise," she said, "But first I'll need to see how well you do with the

projects and assignments that we'll be working on together. I'll need to find out how willing you are to cooperate with me."

"That sounds reasonable."

"You won't need to give up your friends, Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe," Susan said, "or even give up your beer drinking."

"I never intended to give them up."

"Matt. I got a feeling," she said, "that once you start working with me, you will quickly outgrow Treatyrights, Goodloe, and beer."

"Well. I don't want to give up living yet."

"Oh. That was really funny," Susan laughed, "You have a sense of humor."

"What about my girlfriend, Diana Rivers?" Matt said.

"I said nothing about Diana Rivers - did I?" Susan smiled, "When it comes time to implement our mutual cooperation agreement, she won't be a problem. That's why I didn't mention her name."

"That's good to hear. I was worried about my relationship with Diana."

"Don't worry about Diana," she smiled.

"She's only girlfriend I have in Washington, D.C."

"She is a lovely woman," Susan said, "I can understand why you like her so much."

"Yeah. She's good woman."

"Since we will be working closely together, we'll be having some social contacts."

"Like what?"

"I'll be needing an escort for congressional receptions and dinners," Susan replied, "There are only few invitations to those events, and I need to attend them."

"Fine. I'll be available as an escort," Matt said, looking troubled.

Placing her right hand on his hand, she reassured. "If you're worried about me being prejudice, I am not prejudice. I have no problem with being seen with you. If people want to talk, let them talk."

"I wasn't thinking about prejudice or bigotry," he said.

"Then what?"

"I was wondering about Maxine Hubbard. I hope that I'm not a threat to her."

"Maxine is a friend and a trusted employee," Susan asserted, "and some day I hope you will also be a friend and a trusted employee. I've already discussed our cooperation with Maxine, and she is all for it."

"She must be very loyal to you."

"Don't worry about her," she said, "She'll obey my orders. Of course, I expect you to obey my orders."

"I already do," Matt replied.

"Matt. After I left the meeting with those rude and obnoxious students, what happened?"

"Well. They quieted down, and I again opened the meeting up to questions," he explained, "They had quite a few questions about the role of the Central Office in Native American affairs."

"Did Kenny Treatyrights cause anymore problems?"

"No. Treatyrights was pretty quiet," Matt said.

"That's strange."

"He did answer a number of questions asked by the students."

"I still intend to talk to the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs about his mutinous conduct at the meeting," Susan said heatedly, "Kenny Treatyrights must learn to be a loyal employee of the BIA Central Office."

"I personally believe that Treatyrights didn't cause any problems at the meeting," he defended, "He was merely trying to get the students under control."

"We almost had a riot at BIA Central Office because of Kenny Treatyrights."

"Herbert Sharkley was the one who almost caused a riot."

"You'll never convince me of that."

"Treatyrights was just trying to prevent a riot." Matt explained, "Sharkley shouldn't have threatened students with arrest."

"You're really blaming Honest Herb Sharkley of the BIA Police for the riotous conduct of the students," Susan cried out, "That's hard to believe, Sharkley was trying to prevent a the riot."

"I'm not blaming anyone for what happened."

"I thought you were."

"You should have let other BIA employees at the meeting talk to the students."

"Now you're blaming me for the riotous conduct of those wayward students and Kenny Treatyrights," she exclaimed, "That's a new twist."

"Well. You could have been more tactful."

"How could I have known that those rebellious students wanted to hear from my Native American employees?" she said defiantly, "Anyway, I don't trust Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe. There's no way I'm going let them speak at meeting which I'm supervising."

"Why don't you trust them?"

"Matt! You'll have to accept the fact that Treatyrights and Goodloe are disgruntled or troubled employees," Susan said testily, "They're determined to undermine the lawful authority of the Central Office."

I have tried to work with them, but it's impossible."

"And I'm difference- right?"

Susan placed her right hand back on Matt's hand, and she said calmly, "No. You don't act like them. You're not trying to obstruct me. You're trying to help me. So far, you have been an excellent employee."

"To me, Treatyrights and Goodloe merely trying to do their jobs," Matt said.

"But you don't work with them. I do!" Susan countered.

"Okay. I'll admit I don't work with them, but they are my good friends, and they're not disgruntled or troubled employees. They are loyal to the Central Office."

"Matt. You're need been brain washed by them."

"How?"

"On countless occasions, I've tried to work with them. I suppose you can't teach old dogs new tricks," she declared lightheartedly, "Let's quit talking about old Kenny Treatyrights and his pal, Harlan Goodloe."

"It's okay with me." Matt decided that it was futile to continue his defense of his friends with the pretty woman. He knew that he would have other opportunities to change Susan's mind.

"Matt. Do you think that I actually slept my way to the top?"

Uncomfortable with her question, he reacted, "No. I don't think you would ever purposefully try to advance your career."

"Thank you."

"You are very virtuous, professional woman."

"But do you think I'm an attractive woman?" Susan asked, unhappy with his chosen words.

"You are attractive, but I don't have to tell you that," Matt said, "People are bound to say that you used your beauty to promote your career. It's only human nature."

"So I'm a righteous woman?"

"I've never thought otherwise."

"Do you think I'm qualified to be Director of the BIA Government Services Department?" she asked,

"You have a MBA degree and many years of Federal Government service," he conceded, "No doubt you have good political connections and friends."

"And I have three years of experience as Director of the BIA Department of Government Services," Susan pointed out.

"But you've never lived on an Indian reservation or have worked for a tribal government or a BIA field office."

"You sound just like Senator Miles," she blurted out, "He has never lived or worked on an Indian reservation - either."

"Well. He's a United States Senator, and you're the Director of BIA Department of Government Services. You're suppose to know something about Native American affairs," he opined.

"After three years as Director, I know plenty about Native American affairs and Native Americans."

"Well. It's important to have some experience working with tribal government at the grass roots level, especially a person in a high position."

"Matt, I do not know why Native Americans think that's so important," Susan said heatedly, "But that's precisely why I want to work more closely with you. I want you to share your reservation experiences with me. Our cooperation should make me a better decision-maker."

"As one of your employee, I've been always willing to cooperate with you," he said, "That's why I came to work for the Central Office."

"Today we have made enormous progress," Susan said, "We have agree to help one another. As I said before, you have a great future with the Central Office, and you'll have my assistance in achieving your rightful place at the Central Office."

"Well. I'll pledge my cooperation and assistance to you."

"Good."

"Then we are in agreement," he said.

"Yes."

"I only want to help Native American affairs."

"And to show you that I have no ill-will against your friend, Kenny Treatyrights, I won't talk to the Assistant Secretary about his mutinous conduct," Susan promised, smiling brightly.

"You're making the right decision about him."

"And I plan tell the Assistant Secretary that you're doing an excellent job for me," she said, "and someday you'll be promoted and get a pay raise."

"Thank you. Susan."

"Matt. I must go back to work. I need to prepare for a hearing on Capitol Hill," she said happily, "I'll be in contact with you later about our cooperation."

"Then I'll be going."

"Oh, Matt. Could you tell Maxine to come into my office."

"Sure. I'll tell Maxine to come in."

"Great."

Still looking at Susan, he got up from the couch and headed to the door of the office. He found Maxine still chatting with Jane Weaver. He said, "Mrs. Hubbard. Susan wants to talk to you."

"So it's Susan now rather than Miss Blanchard. You're moving up in the world." Maxine glared at him and walked past him into the office.

"Yeah. That's what Susan wants me to call her." Matt headed down the corridor toward the elevators.

Susan was still sitting on the small couch when Maxine entered. She walked over to the couch and sat down in an easy chair across the coffee table from Susan. Saying nothing, Susan was thinking deeply to herself.

"Well. How did your meeting go with Matt Lance?" Maxine asked anxiously.

"I think that we have a new trusted employee," Susan announced, "He is willing to cooperate with me on projects and assignments, and he's very interested in a promotion and a pay raise."

"I doubt that he'll ever become a trusted ally," Maxine warned somberly, "He will always be a radical, militant Indian. It's in his blood."

"Maxine. You shouldn't be so harsh."

"Matt will always put Indian tribes first before the BIA Central Office, and he'll never betray his friends, Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe."

"I have no plans for the Indian tribes," Susan said, "but I do plan to wean Matt from those mutinous employees. Rome wasn't built in a day. Time is on our side."

"You know those reservation Native Americans," Maxine cried out, "They're completely anti-BIA Central Office."

"But Matt grew up in Seattle, Washington and spent twenty-two years living there," Susan countered, "We'll turn him to our side. You wait and see."

"So he's an urban Indian. It won't make any difference."

"Why?"

"He's a true-believer in Indian tribes and tribal government."

"He did attend a Christian college."

"He's no Christian. Not the way he drinks and carries on with Diana Rivers."

"But he acts so innocent and naive. It is hard to believe he's still not religious," Susan said.

"Native Americans are good at playing dumb." Maxine revealed, "Someday you'll regret trying to make him a trusted ally. He's probably on the telephone right now with Kenny Treatyrights."

"I don't think so. I know Native American men."

"What will you do about his girlfriend, Diana Rivers?"

"Oh. Haven't you heard?"

"What?"

"Diana Rivers just got a job in Arizona. She'll be returning to home like she always wanted."

"How did you manage to get her a job in Arizona?"

"It's a trade secret."

"Even with Diana Rivers gone, it won't make any difference," Maxine said woefully.

"Matt wants to do well at the Central Office and help the Indian tribes. I have given him the perfect opportunity to fulfill his goal," Susan said.

"But he's a radical, militant Indian."

"Maxine. He doesn't talk or act like a radical, militant Indian, and he certainly doesn't have the background for it."

"Susan. I hope you're right."

"Matt Lance will be putty in my hands," Susan asserted, "I'll shape him into the kind of person that I wanted him to be."

"You're going to be disappointed."

"Well. Let's get back to work."

Maxine walked out of the office and shut the door to Susan's office. Stopping at Jane Weaver's desk, she said nervously. "Jane. We got big problems. Susan is actually going through with her plans to make Matt Lance a trusted employee."

"Why would Susan make him a trusted employee?"

"I really don't know," Maxine said grimly, "Maybe Susan is plotting to become the next Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs, and Matt Lance may be part of her scheme."

"It looks like you may be out of a job," Jane said gravely.

"If I go, you'll go too," Maxine cried out, "Once Matt Lance takes over my job, he'll get rid of you within a week."

"Maxine. You shouldn't have a problem finding a new job," Jane said innocently, "You're an Assistant Director of a BIA Department."

"Being an Assistant Director doesn't mean anything," Maxine screamed, "No one will want to hire me after I leave this job. "

"Why wouldn't they hire a highly qualified person like you?" Jane asked naively.

"Qualified! What am I qualified to do?" Maxine raved, "The only thing I've done for Susan is to spy for her, proofread letters and memoranda, and do Susan's dirty work."

"Well. You can always return to being a secretary."

"Don't get smart with me."

"What can we do about Matt Lance?" Jane's face was pale.

"We're not going down without fight. Matt Lance won the first

round," Maxine said, "But there are fourteen rounds to go."

"Are you talking about sabotaging Susan's plans?"

"Yes. We need to somehow discredit Matt Lance."

"It won't be easy."

"I actually think that Susan is attracted to the man."

"Why would Susan be attracted to him?"

"She thinks Matt and her have something in common," Maxine replied, and she can communicate with him. He's suave and sophisticated. The man doesn't even cuss and is very polite to women, and you must admit Matt is handsome. Most importantly he is single. He has no children and has never been married."

"But Matt Lance is a Native American," Jane said, "Susan wouldn't run around with a Native American male."

"I have worked with Susan for two years," Maxine said, "It won't matter to her. She's Susan Blanchard. She does what she wants, and she doesn't care what people think."

"What about Matt's girlfriend," Jane Weaver asked.

"Oh, that's why I know we are really in trouble?" Maxine cried out, "Susan, our loyal boss, got a job for Diana Rivers in Arizona. We are finished!"

"Well. I'd better go over to the Personnel Division and start looking for a new Job," Jane announced.

"Not so fast, Jane. We might still save our jobs."

"How?"

"If we can only prove that Matt Lance is a radical, militant Indian, then we may yet save our jobs."

"So far, you have failed to prove anything against Matt Lance," Jane said, "Maybe Herbert Sharkley of the BIA Police can help."

"Sharkley is the most useless police officer I have ever known." Maxine yelled out, "When I tell him what is going on between Susan and Matt Lance, he's going to have a heart attack. But he may still be helpful to us."

"Maxine. I will do anything you say to save my job. You have my cooperation."

"We still have a few months to do something about Matt Lance," Maxine explained, "I plan go back to my office and call Sharkley. If you hear an ambulance siren, you'll know that he has suffered a heart attack." Angry and frustrated, she walked into to her postage size office.

Smiling to himself, Matt Lance strolled down the corridor to the elevators. He was pondering what Susan Blanchard was really plotting as her motives were unclear to him. He pondered whether it could be some grand plot to make Susan the next Assistant Secretary of Indian



Affairs. There were rumors that the present Assistant Secretary was planning to leave his position. She was a very resourceful woman, but he quickly rejected the idea as too absurd to be true.

Continuing down the corridor, he thought about his meeting with Susan. If she actually thought he would become a trusted employee, she was dead wrong. Of course, as one of her employee, he was always willing to obey her orders and work on the motley projects and assignments given to him. And if she wanted to help his career, that was fine with him. No doubt she had good political connections and power to help his career, and he had no problems with cooperating with her on projects and assignments.

Anyway, he wanted to find out more about Susan as she was a interesting woman. He never had met a woman quite like her.

Of course, Diana Rivers would be upset, but he would make her understand what he was trying to do. Maybe Diana would finally get serious about him and give up her plans to return to Arizona.

He concluded that he had little to lose except for some good ribbing from Kenny Treatyrights. He resolved to cooperate with Susan Blanchard for the good of Native American affairs.

## Chapter 23

Early Thursday morning, Matt Lance and Chet Johnson were riding the elevator to the fourth floor of the Interior Department Building. They were going to the BIA conference room near the office of Susan Blanchard. Reaching the fourth floor, they ambled down the corridor to the conference room and entered.

Susan Blanchard was sitting at the head of the table near the blackboard. Sitting next to Susan on her right was the Deputy Associate Solicitor, Jonathan Stewart III. He was attired in a light gray, pin stripe suit. Kenny Treatyrights and Clarence Watson were sitting together further down the table.

Susan was busy reading some papers lying on the table in front of her. She looked up and saw Matt Lance walking in with Chet Johnson. She said, "Matt. I want you to sit next to me."

"Where?"

"Sit here on my left." Susan smiled at Matt, and he smiled back.

"Sure, Susan," Matt replied, "Anything you say." He sat down in a chair next to Susan.

Chet Johnson sat down next to Watson and Treatyrights. They all were looking at Matt Lance pondering the implications of the seating arrangement. Frowning, Jonathan Stewart III carefully eyeballed Matt for any defect, remembering him from their previous meeting.

Susan leaned over to Matt and said, "Did you get the material on the proposal to reorganize the BIA Department of Government Services? I had Maxine take it to you yesterday."

"Yes. She delivered the material yesterday afternoon to me," he answered, "I'm still reading the material, and I haven't yet form an opinion about the proposal."

"In a few days we should sit down together and discuss the proposal," she smiled.

"Fine with me."

Treatyrights looked at Chet Johnson and asked, "What's going between Susan and Matt?"

"I don't know. You're his friend," Chet Johnson replied, "You should know."

Maxine Hubbard walked into the conference room and froze when she saw Matt sitting next to Susan. Her face turned pale. She then walked around the table and sat down to next to Jonathan Stewart III.

Scowling, she glared at Matt.

Seeing Maxine sitting next to Jonathan Stewart III, Susan said, "Okay. Everyone is here. We can start the meeting. Since Mr. Jonathan Stewart III may not know my employees, I want them to introduce yourselves."

"Just refer to me as Jonathan Stewart III," Stewart III said, "You can drop the mister."

"Thank you, Jonathan Stewart III," Susan replied, "Matt. You can go first."

"I'm Matt Lance, a program analyst for the Division of Tribal Programs. I work for Chet Johnson."

"I'm Clarence Watson, the Chief of the Division of Contract Compliance."

"I'm Kenny Treatyrights, the Assistant Chief of the Division of Contract Compliance. I work for Clarence Watson."

"I'm Chet Johnson, the Chief of Division of Tribal Programs."

"I'm Mrs. Maxine Hubbard, Assistant Director of Government Services Department. I work for Miss Susan Blanchard."

"Now we're meeting with Jonathan Stewart III of the Interior's Solicitor's Office. He's a Deputy Associate Solicitor in the Division of Indian Law," Susan explained, "Jonathan Stewart III. We're very honored to be meeting you with this morning."

"Miss Blanchard. I've worked with all of your employees before." Stewart III pointed out, "I must add that I've had some difficulties with some of your employees."

"You should have talked to me about any problems that you're experiencing with any of my employees," Susan said seriously.

"In the future I will do that," Stewart III said. He coldly eyed Treatyrights and Matt Lance.

Susan continued, "We are meeting this morning to prepare for an administrative hearing on an appeal involving a dispute over a Public Law 93-638 contract. A Chippewa tribe has directly filed an appeal with the Central Office bypassing the Minneapolis Area Office. The Tribe believes it is entitled to more contract money because of language in a congressional report. Am I correct?"

"You have stated the facts of the appeal correctly," Stewart III said confidently.

"And the tribe is being represented by the tribal attorney, Dutch Armstrong," Susan said somberly, "The hearing will be held this afternoon in this conference room. A tribal official and Dutch Armstrong will be at the hearing."

"Dutch Armstrong is a pretty mean customer," Treatyrights said excitedly, "He's has beaten the Division of Contract Compliance

many times before."

"I wish my employees would quit bragging about the enemies of the BIA Central Office," Susan criticized, "and start bragging about our own people at the Central Office. We have some very excellent people working for us."

"Defeatism! I see it all the time at the Central Office." Stewart III cried out, "We actually defeat ourselves by defeatist talk. It's a self-fulfilling prophesy."

"But Dutch Armstrong is very slick attorney," Treatyrights said.

"It is unfortunate that we have a jailhouse lawyer amongst us," Stewart III cried out.

"Mr. Treatyrights. I actually think that you want the BIA Central Office to lose to Dutch Armstrong. Whenever the Central Office loses, you are in your glory," Susan charged.

"When the Central Office is the right, I have always supported it," Treatyrights answered, "The problem is the Central Office is rarely in the right."

"Mr. Treatyrights. You should retire and become a tribal attorney," Maxine yelled out.

"Mr. Treatyrights. Let me remind you that I'm the legal counsel for the Bureau of Indian Affairs," Stewart III said, "If you want to represent the BIA, join the Interior Solicitor's Office."

"Mr. Stewart III. I've never had any desire to represent the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and especially the BIA Central Office," Treatyrights fired back.

"He just wants to represent the radical, militant Indian tribes," Maxine cried out.

"Mr. Treatyrights. You sound radical to me," Stewart III retort.

"We do have a few radical, militant Indians at the Central Office," Maxine confirmed.

"Why is it if a Native American disagrees with the BIA Central Office, he's immediately labeled a radical, militant Indian by the Central Office?" Treatyrights said loudly.

"I agree with Kenny Treatyrights," Clarence Watson said, "The Central Office needs to be more tolerant of dissenting views. Treatyrights is only trying to be helpful."

Susan blushed and looked fiercely at Clarence Watson. If he wasn't so elderly and distinguished looking, she would have say something back to him, but she decided to say nothing. There was no sense in generating sympathy for the mutinous Kenny Treatyrights - she thought

"I agree with Clarence Watson and Kenny Treatyrights." Chet Johnson said weakly.

Susan stared at Chet Johnson, and he shrugged his shoulders. She said, "Let's get back to the purpose of this meeting. We must develop a strategy to combat Dutch Armstrong. I want Jonathan Stewart III to speak to you. He has some ideas on how to defeat Dutch Armstrong at the administrative hearing."

Stewart III rose to his feet and said, "Dutch Armstrong, the flamboyant tribal attorney, has given us a golden opportunity to defeat him for the first time. I have reviewed the material that Matt Lance gave me about the appeal. I have concluded that Dutch Armstrong has a very weak case. No. It's frivolous and groundless."

"We've heard that before," Treatyrights said.

Stewart III gave Kenny Treatyrights a sour look, and he said triumphantly, "But this case is completely different. We'll whip Dutch Armstrong. And when he gives the tribe an exorbitant bill for his services, the tribe will begin to lose faith in the man." Smiling gleefully, he was trembling from his anticipated victory.

"Dutch Armstrong will finally lose," Maxine sang emotionally, "It will be a new day for the Central Office. We won't have to worry about Dutch Armstrong anymore."

"Jonathan Stewart III may just have something," Susan said excitedly.

"Well, I don't think the appeal is frivolous and groundless," Treatyrights said.

"Treatyrights! There you go again," Susan exclaimed, "For his entire legal career, Jonathan Stewart III has been a lawyer for the Interior Department. You have never practiced law. Leave the legal advice to Jonathan Stewart III."

"Thank you, Miss Blanchard. I couldn't have said it better myself," Stewart III said, "Mr. Treatyrights. The Interior Departmental Manual clearly states that the Interior Solicitor's Office shall do all the legal work for the Department of the Interior. The BIA is a part of the Interior Department. If you persist with acting as an attorney, I will report you to the Interior Solicitor, and I'm sure he will file charges against you."

"How is the appeal frivolous and groundless?" Treatyrights asked.

"I've read the congressional committee report," Stewart III said arrogantly, "Nowhere in the report does it specifically state that this Chippewa Tribe should get any additional money for its Public Law 93-638 contract."

"But Senator Miles intended that all of the Public Law 93-638 contracts for this program be increased pro rata by the amount of money appropriated by Congress," Treatyrights replied, "and that

includes the Public Law 93-638 contract of this Chippewa tribe."

"Have you been talking to Senator Miles about this appeal?" Susan cried out, "You're not supposed to be talking to Senator Miles about anything."

"No. I haven't been talking to Senator Miles," Treatyrights said loudly, "I read it in the congressional committee report."

"Jonathan Stewart III. Does reading a congressional committee report constitute doing legal work for the BIA?" Maxine asked gleefully.

"I'll have ask the Interior Solicitor." Stewart III said. "but if it isn't, it should be."

"Kenny Treatyrights is right. In the congressional committee report, Senator Miles states that Congress intended that the Public Law 93-638 contracts for this program be increased pro rata by the amount of money appropriated by Congress," Matt Lance finally said.

"Another jailhouse lawyer!" Stewart III screamed, "What I am to do."

"Matt Lance is always supporting Mr. Treatyrights. They're boozing buddies too," Maxine exclaimed, as she saw a chance to publicly discredit Matt.

"Matt is not a malcontent," Susan said laughingly, "I can assure you he's only trying to be helpful."

"Maybe so. But I don't like to be ganged upon by people," Stewart III said bitterly.

"Matt meant no harm," Susan reassured.

"I've read the congressional report," Stewart III continued heatedly, "Senator Miles did not intend that the Public Law 93-638 contract of this Chippewa tribe be increased by new congressional appropriations. Mr. Treatyrights and Matt Lance. Are you now reassured?"

"Jonathan Stewart III is an excellent Deputy Associate Solicitor," Susan opined. "I'm convinced his legal interpretation of the language of the congressional report is correct."

"Thank you, Miss Blanchard. It's good to find someone in this conference room who believes in my legal skills," Stewart III said, clearly agitated.

"We should discuss ways of countering the tactics of Dutch Armstrong," Matt broke in, "He's bound to use some of his lawyer tricks at the meeting."

"Mr. Lance. I told you before not to tell me my job," Stewart III threatened, "I'm the one who is the attorney for the Interior Department. I can easily handle Dutch Armstrong."

"I was just making a suggestion," Matt replied.

"How will you handle Dutch Armstrong?" Treatyrights asked in a defiant voice.

"Mr. Treatyrights and Mr. Lance think that Dutch Armstrong is invincible." Stewart III said disparagingly, "But he's not invincible. This afternoon I will set a few of my own traps for Dutch Armstrong."

"What kind of legal traps are setting for Dutch Armstrong," Treatyrights said in disbelief.

"Mr. Treatyrights. I will not tell this group about the traps I'm setting for Dutch Armstrong." Stewart III said contemptuously, "One of you might warn Dutch Armstrong." He eyed Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance.

"Do you think someone at the Central Office has been working with Dutch Armstrong?" Susan asked seriously.

"Of course. There's no other explanation for Dutch Armstrong's legal victories."

"It would explain why Dutch Armstrong seems to know our every move," Susan added.

"Oh. I hate people who leak our secrets," Maxine cried out, "They should be shot as spies."

"Dutch Armstrong then uses the stolen information to defeat the Central Office every," Stewart III exclaimed, "I'm tired of losing to the man."

"The BIA Central Office loses, because we have weak cases," Treatyrights said defiantly, "and because Dutch Armstrong is an excellent lawyer."

"We definitely have a traitor at the Central Office," Maxine screamed.

"Yes. We have an informer," Stewart III hollered, "I'm now sure about it."

"Do you think it is someone within this room?" Susan asked. She thought about Kenny Treatyrights.

"Well. I have my suspicions about one individual and maybe two."

"I bet I know whom you are talking about," Maxine said gleefully.

"Then who's the renegade?" Susan blurted out, "I must know who's the traitor."

"I need more evidence against him," Stewart III said, "before I can expose him."

"Yeah. We'd better have ironclad proof before we expose traitor," Maxine agreed nervously.

"I think it's a good time to end the meeting," Susan finally said, "I want all of you at the administrative hearing this afternoon. The hearing will be held in this conference room starting at 2:00 p.m."

"I'm ready right now to take on Dutch Armstrong," Stewart III said confidently, "I plan to take no prisoners this afternoon."

"Gosh. I like military talk," Maxine cried out.

"Well. We'd better get back to work," Susan ordered, "Matt. I need to talk to you for a few minutes. Please stay behind. "

Jonathan Stewart III and Maxine left together. As they left, the two were discussing need to identify Central Office employees who were disloyal to the Central Office.

Kenny Treatyrights, Clarence Watson, and Chef Johnson departed together. When they reached the elevators, Clarence Watson said to Treatyrights, 'What's happening between Susan Blanchard and Matt Lance?'

"I don't know," Treatyrights said solemnly, "Matt has never mentioned anything to me about Susan and him."

"I just hope Matt Lance isn't a turncoat," Watson said seriously, "If Matt Lance ever became a trusted employee of Susan Blanchard, there would be no stopping Susan and Maxine."

"Do you think Susan is plotting to become next Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs?" Chet Johnson asked fearfully.

"She's an intelligent and ambitious woman," Treatyrights said, "She's capable of anything. No doubt an alliance with Matt Lance would probably help her to become the next Assistant Secretary."

"God. I hate to think about Susan becoming the next Assistant Secretary," Watson said woefully.

"But I always thought Matt Lance was in Susan's doghouse," Chet Johnson related, "Now I'll have to start treating him with deference since he's now an ally of Susan."

"I've seen many a Native American man turn bad because of a woman," Treatyrights laughed, "I only hope that Matt can resist Susan."

When the elevator arrived, Chet Johnson stepped in and rode it to the second floor. Treatyrights and Watson continued on to their office on the fourth floor.

In the conference room, Susan waited for everyone to leave before talking to Matt. When the room emptied, she asked, "Matt. What do you think of our chances of winning the appeal?"

"Dutch Armstrong is an awfully skillful tribal attorney," Matt related, "and our case is pretty weak because of the language in the congressional committee report."

"But Jonathan Stewart III is so confident of winning."

"He cannot work miracles," he said, "I think Dutch Armstrong will have an easy time with him, because Stewart III's analysis of the report language will not stand up to scrutiny."

"Well. I'll be the hearing officer at the appeal hearing," Susan



said defiantly, "No matter what happens, I will just rule against flamboyant Dutch Armstrong."

"He'll simply appeal your decision to the Federal Indian Court of Administrative Appeals."

"I don't care!" she cried out, "Just once I want to see how Dutch Armstrong reacts to losing."

"I don't think it a good Idea," Matt said, "You could get yourself into trouble."

"Let's quit talking about the administrative appeal."

"Is there something else?"

"Yes. Do you have a date with Diana Rivers on Saturday evening?" Susan asked deftly.

"No. Diana is leaving for Arizona on Friday," he revealed, "She got that job she wanted in Arizona."

"Oh. It's good to hear that she was hired for the job," Susan exclaimed falsely, "But you lost your girlfriend! Unless you two plan to carry on between Washington, D.C. and Arizona."

"No. My relationship with Diana is finished. She was a good girlfriend."

"Well. I want you to invite to my home for dinner," Susan said cautiously, "What about Saturday evening?"

"Yes. I'll be free."

"Since we'll be working together on many long-term projects and assignments, I want to become better acquainted with you."

"When time is dinner?"

"Be there at 5:00 p.m.," Susan said, "Here's map which will help you find my home."

"Thanks for the map. It should help me a lot."

"I'd better get back to my office," she said, "I must prepare for the hearing." Pushing her chair back, she stood up and walked out of the conference room.

Alone in the conference room, Matt examined the map. When he finished studying the map, he sat back in his chair and thought about Susan. He had to admit to himself that he was fascinated with his boss. He pondered why Susan was trying to befriend him. Maybe it was some complicate plot to make her the next Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs. He still didn't believe that she was capable of such scheming. Giving it some thought, he finally resolved just to perform his job and to be friendly to his boss, Susan. He then left the conference room for his office.

It was close to 2:00 p.m. in the afternoon. The group had reassembled in the BIA conference room. Susan Blanchard sat at the

head of the rectangular table near the blackboard. Jonathan Stewart III sat next to her on her right. Matt Lance sat next to Susan on her left. Maxine Hubbard was sitting next to Stewart III. Clarence Watson sat next to Maxine Hubbard. Kenny Treatyrights sat next to Clarence Watson. Chet Johnson sat next to Treatyrights. They were waiting the arrival of Dutch Armstrong, the tribal attorney, and the Tribal Chairman of the Chippewa Tribe, Frederick Smith. Everyone was excited about the administrative appeal hearing.

When door to conference room swung open, every head in the room turned towards the door. The room was suddenly quiet. A tall man dressed in an expensive suit walked into the room. It was Dutch Armstrong. He was a striking, charismatic man who had an air of confidence about him. In his middle forties, he had brown hair, hazel eyes, and a ruddy face.

A young woman in her twenties followed Dutch Armstrong into the conference room. Petite, slender and pretty, she had ash blonde hair, gray eyes and a soft, creamy skin. She dressed in a women dress suit.

A Native American man followed the young woman into the conference room. He was tall and husky and in his late thirties. Gray hair peppered his hair, and his face was rough and tough. He was wearing blue jeans and a red ribbon shirt.

The threesome stopped where Susan was sitting. Dutch Armstrong said, "Good afternoon, Miss Blanchard. Where do you want us to sit?"

Pointing to three empty chairs at the end table, she said, "You can sit in those chairs."

They moved down to the chairs. Dutch Armstrong sat down first. The young woman sat next to him, and the Native American man sat next to the young woman. When Dutch Armstrong and his party were settled, he said. "Miss Blanchard. We're ready to proceed with the administrative appeal hearing."

"Good. Then we will start the hearing," Susan said cheerfully, "I am Miss Susan Blanchard, the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services. I will be the hearing officer for this administrative appeal. I would like my employees to identify themselves. I'm certain that Mr. Armstrong does not know all of you. Let's start with Matt Lance and go counterclockwise around the table."

"I'm Matt Lance, a program analyst for the Division of Tribal Programs. I work for Chet Johnson."

"I am Jonathan Stewart III. I am a Deputy Associate Solicitor with the Division of Indian Law of the Interior Solicitor's Office."

"I am Mrs. Maxine Hubbard. I am the Assistant Director of the BIA Department of Government Services. I work for Miss Blanchard."

"I'm Clarence Watson, the Chief of the Division of Contract Compliance."

"I'm Kenny Treatyrights, the Assistant Chief of the Division of Contract Compliance."

"I'm Chet Johnson, the Chief of the Division of Tribal Programs."

"Mr. Armstrong. Can you introduce your party to us?" Susan asked.

"Sure, Miss Blanchard. This young woman next to me is Maureen Court. She is an associate attorney with my law firm."

"I'll be assisting Dutch Armstrong in litigating the appeal," she said, "Of course, I don't think he'll need much help." She grinned at Susan.

Pointing to the Native American man, Dutch said, "and this is Frederick Smith, the Tribal Chairman of this Chippewa tribe. He's here to represent his tribal council."

"My tribe has complete confidence in the lawyer skills of Dutch Armstrong," Smith announced.

"Of course, I'm Dutch Armstrong, the tribal attorney for this Chippewa tribe."

Susan then explained to the group that the purpose of the hearing was to resolve a dispute between this Chippewa tribe and the Bureau of Indian Affairs over the amount of money available to the tribe under a Public Law 93-658 contract. She set forth the procedures for the administrative appeal, and she delineated her role as the hearing officer for the appeal.

When she finished, she said, "Jonathan Stewart III has consented to defend the decision of the BIA denying the tribe more money for its Public Law 93-638 contract."

"I've been involved with the learned Jonathan Stewart III in other appeals," Dutch Armstrong disclosed.

"Since this Chippewa tribe is appealing a decision of the BIA, I will let Dutch Armstrong make his arguments first," Susan said.

Dutch Armstrong stood on his feet, and he said, "Thank you, Miss Blanchard. Let me first object to you being the hearing officer for this appeal. You cannot be objective and unprejudiced about the appeal."

"Why can't I be objective and unprejudiced?" Susan demanded, as she blushed.

"Because I heard you had a meeting this morning about this administrative appeal. You met with Jonathan Stewart III," Dutch

said, "and at the meeting you were developing strategy to combat and defeat me. You have already formed an opinion that the appeal is frivolous and groundless."

"I haven't form any opinion about this appeal," Susan said heatedly.

"I've heard differently."

"Mr. Armstrong. How did you find out about the morning strategy meeting." Susan's face was red with anger.

"A little bird told me," Dutch laughed.

"What did I tell you about there being a traitor in the conference room," Stewart III cried out.

"The informer has to be one of us in this room," Maxine yelled out, "I can only think of two people who could possibly be traitors to the Central Office."

"Oh, it's hard to understand why we have disloyal employees," Susan said loudly.

"So, Miss Blanchard. You admit to attending such a meeting this morning," Dutch continued.

"Yes. We had a meeting to discuss the procedures of this appeal," Susan said, "We did not discuss the merits of the appeal nor did I form any opinion about the merits of the appeal."

"At the morning meeting I didn't reveal any of my plans to defend the BIA in this appeal," Stewart III exclaimed, "Because I thought there might be a couple of traitors in the room, and, apparently, I was right."

"Yeah. That's right," Maxine cried out, "Jonathan Stewart III refused to reveal to us the traps that he plans to set for you, Mr. Armstrong."

"Traps! I'll have be cautious this afternoon," Dutch smiled, "Well. Miss Blanchard. How will you rule on my objection to you being the hearing officer?"

"Mr. Armstrong. Your objection is groundless, and I deny your motion."

"Please enter my objection to you being the hearing officer into the record."

"Oh, I will Mr. Armstrong," Susan said testily, "Let's continue with the administrative appeal. Mr. Armstrong has the floor."

"Let me read to you a passage from the congressional committee report about the appropriation of money for this BIA program," Dutch said. He proceeded to read a long passage from the congressional committee report. It indicated that Congress was increasing the appropriation for the BIA program in question. Congress expected that the Indian tribes be given more money for

their Public Law 93-638 contracts that had with the BIA. Their Public Law 93-638 contracts were to be increased pro rata by the amount of money appropriated by Congress.

When he finished reading, Dutch Armstrong argued that since this Chippewa tribe had contracted with the BIA to provide BIA program services, their Public Law 93-638 contract should be increased pro rata by the amount of money added by Congress to the program's appropriation. He said, "As I have demonstrated, this Chippewa tribe should be receiving a hundred thousand more dollars for their Public Law 93-638 contract. It is a simple but compelling argument." He finished his argument and sat down.

"Jonathan Stewart III. Do you have anything to say?" Susan asked. She was waiting anxiously for Stewart III to set one of his traps.

Jonathan Stewart III got to his feet. His legs were shaking, and his blood pressure shot out of sight. He finally said, "Nowhere in the congressional committee report is this Chippewa tribe even mentioned. Obviously, Congress did not intend that the Public Law 93-638 contract of the tribe should be increased or the tribe would have been specifically mentioned in the report."

"What happened to the money that the tribe should have received for its Public Law 93-638 contract?" Dutch asked, "I could never find out from the Central Office."

"None of your business!" Susan declared, "It was spent legally."

"The Central Office kept the money and used it for the Central Office's program," Treatyrights announced.

"What was the money used for?" Dutch asked.

"The money was spent on personnel and travel."

"Mr. Treatyrights. You had no right to tell Mr. Armstrong about the disposition of the money," Susan cried out, "You just revealed a top secret of the Central Office."

"I wonder what Senator Miles will say about that," Dutch exclaimed.

"Are you going to tell Senator Miles?" Susan asked angrily.

"You give me no alternative but to tell Senator Miles."

"Don't be too hasty. You haven't lost the appeal yet," Susan said worriedly, "Jonathan Stewart III. Do you have any further arguments to make at this administrative appeal hearing?"

"Yes. I do have further arguments," Stewart III said, "The mutinous Kenny Treatyrights has done his best to sabotage my case. But I have an ironclad case. The congressional committee report makes no mention of this particular Chippewa Indian tribe. The Central Office has the complete discretion to allocate the

appropriation for this BIA program as it wishes. The Central Office is not legally obligated to increase the Public Law 93-638 contract of the tribe. I rest my case."

"Mr. Armstrong. Do you have any further arguments?" Susan asked.

"No. I am finished with presenting my case," Dutch smiled.

"Well. It's time for me to make a decision on the administrative appeal," Susan said, "Jonathan Stewart III. You did an excellent job and made a convincing argument. But the congressional committee report is clear cut about how money added by Congress to the program should to be spent. The report specifically states that the Public Law 93-638 contracts of the Indian tribes are to increased pro rata by the amount appropriated. The Public Law 93-638 contract of the tribe should have been increased by one hundred thousand dollars."

Shocked by the decision, Stewart III froze solid, and his eyes turned white and bulged outward.

"Hooee," Frederick Smith yelled out. Delirious with victory, he hugged Maureen Court.

"Miss Blanchard. I thank you for your wise and fair decision," Dutch Armstrong grinned.

The face of Jonathan Stewart III turned angry red. Arching his shoulders, he slammed his ink pen into the conference table breaking the pen. Wild with rage, he jumped up from the table and charged towards Treatyrights. He screamed, "Let me at him. I'm going to tune him up a little."

Clarence Watson and Chet Johnson leaped from the table and wrapped their arms about Jonathan Stewart III, and they prevented him from reaching Kenny Treatyrights. Treatyrights leaped up from his chair and leisurely walked to the other side of the table.

Maxine ran over to where Matt Lance was sitting while Clarence Watson and Chet Johnson were still struggling with Stewart III.

Susan cried out, "Mr. Treatyrights. Leave the conference room! Leave right now !"

"Why should I leave? I didn't cause any problems," he said defiantly.

"Mr. Treatyrights. You're a radical, militant Indian," Maxine hollered, "You just caused another riot." She pointed to the ongoing struggle between Watson, Johnson, and Stewart III.

"Mr. Treatyrights. Get out of this conference room," Susan shouted.

"Okay, I'm leaving," he said. He walked over and shook the hand of Dutch Armstrong and then left the conference room. Dutch

Armstrong was beaming with pleasure.

When Stewart III saw Treatyrights shaking the hand of Dutch Armstrong, he went berserk and yelled, "Let me have five minutes with Kenny Treatyrights." Watson and Johnson hung on to Stewart III restraining him.

"Matt. Do you want to know why I dislike Kenny Treatyrights," Susan said heatedly, "Look at what he caused this afternoon. The man is a troublemaker."

"He wasn't responsible for what happened," Matt argued back.

"There he goes again. Always defending Kenny Treatyrights!" Maxine screamed.

"He has caused two disturbances in seven days!" Susan exclaimed, "You have plenty to learn about Kenny Treatyrights. You're so loyal to him."

"He hasn't done anything wrong," Matt said calmly.

"Miss Blanchard. I'm telling you - you're a serious mistake about Matt Lance," Maxine cried out.

"Maxine. Mind your own business," Susan said bluntly.

Maxine's face turned colorless at Susan's words, and she stomp on the floor with her right foot and glared at Matt Lance.

Jonathan Stewart III quit struggling with Watson and Johnson and returned his chair. With his head bowed, he was staring at the table. His elbows were on the table, and his hands were touching his forehead. Saying nothing, he was oblivious to the people in the conference room. His face was pained, and he kept saying to himself, "Why me? Why me?"

Frederick Smith congratulated Dutch Armstrong and shook his hand. Smith was wildly happy with the victory over the BIA. Smith and Maureen Court again embraced one another and did a small victory dance in the aisle.

"Jonathan Stewart III. It isn't that bad," Susan said, "You truly did an excellent job. The Area Office screwed up the appeal. That's why you lost. There will be other cases."

Looking up at Susan, he said sorrowfully, "I'm thinking about quitting the legal profession. I'm burnt out. I can't win a case anymore."

"Jonathan Stewart III. You shouldn't talk like that," Susan condoled, "You're a very excellent attorney. You have done a wonderful job for me and the Central Office."

"Yeah. Don't let old Kenny Treatyrights get you down," Maxine added.

Stewart III moaned at Maxine's words and lay his head on the table.

"Maxine. Quit mentioning the name of the mutinous Kenny Treatyrights," Susan ordered.

"Miss Blanchard. I'm getting the impression that all of you believe that Kenny Treatyrights helped me win this appeal by telling me about the morning meeting. I can assure you that I never talked to him about this appeal."

Upon hearing the words of Dutch Armstrong, Stewart III jumped up from his chair. Without saying a word, he rushed out the BIA conference room. He left behind his briefcase, papers, and tablets on the conference table.

"Then how did you find out about this morning meeting?" Susan seethed.

"Your secretary. Jane Weaver, told me over the telephone. When I called your office this morning, she said that you were meeting with Jonathan Stewart III," Dutch revealed, "I put two and two together and figured you were meeting about the appeal. I bluffed you."

"Mr. Armstrong. You'll never convince me that you weren't in cahoots with Kenny Treatyrights," Susan said heatedly, "If I can prove that Kenny Treatyrights was in league with you, I'll have him terminated as an BIA employee."

"Susan. Kenny Treatyrights is more loyal to the Central Office than you think," Matt Lane said.

"Kenny Treatyrights - loyal to the Central Office! That's hard to believe," Susan exclaimed.

"He's simply trying to do his job," Matt preached.

"He has a strange way of doing his job."

"Well, Miss Blanchard. I can't stay around here all day arguing with you about Kenny Treatyrights," Dutch said, "Mr. Treatyrights didn't talk to me. Good day, Miss Blanchard." He picked up his briefcase headed towards the door of the conference room. Frederick Smith and Maureen Court followed him out of the door.

"Dutch Armstrong is quite a lawyer," Matt said in admiration.

"I knew you would say something like that," Maxine said, shaking her head.

"He is certainly a lucky attorney," Susan admitted, "Let's get back to work."



## Chapter 24

Friday morning, Susan Blanchard and Maxine Hubbard were meeting in Susan's office at the Interior Department Building. Susan was sitting at her executive desk, and Maxine was sitting on a small couch situated in front of Susan's desk.

"Maxine. This morning, we'll be attending a meeting in the BIA Conference room," Susan said.

"What is the meeting about?" Maxine asked.

"It's about a proposal to reorganize the structure of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The proposal will affect the Area Offices, Indian Agency Offices, and the Central Office."

"Are you talking about centralizing all BIA decision-making at the Central Office?"

"Yes. The five Directors at the BIA Central Office will given line authority over programs within their department nationwide." Susan explained, "The Area Directors and Agency Superintendents will be directly responsible and accountable to the five Central Office Directors, and the Central Office division chiefs will be given line authority over their program nationwide."

"Oh, I like that idea."

"It should make the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents less critical and more compliant to the Central Office," Susan added. It was something that Susan always wanted as the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents had constantly ignored her orders.

"At times the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents have been troublesome to us," Maxine conceded.

"Of course, the five Central Office Directors will still be directly responsible and accountable to the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs," Susan added.

"Who will be at the meeting?"

"We'll be meeting with three junior executives from the private sector, Everett T. Fuller from the Interior Secretary's office, and Hillyard Chipeworth, the Director of the BIA Department of Natural Resources."

"Aren't you inviting Matt Lance to the meeting?" Maxine asked, "I thought you planned to work with him on various BIA projects and assignments."

"Matt Lance is not yet a trusted employee," Susan replied, "The

reorganization of the Bureau of Indian Affairs is too important of a project. He has only been with the Central Office for a couple of months. I still don't completely trust him."

"Well. That's good hear," Maxine said, "I'll never trust Matt Lance."

"Maxine. In a few months, Matt will be a trusted employee," Susan promised, "You wait and see, but we still need to wean him away from Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe. That will take a few months. Then once we form an functioning team, nothing will stop us."

"Susan. I hope you're right about Matt Lance."

"I know I'm right," Susan said "I know a lot about men."

"Yeah. But Matt Lance is a Native American male, and you know nothing about Native American men!"

"Maxine. It makes no difference." She shook her head, "Men are men."

"Are you inviting anyone else to the meeting?"

"Huh. Who else should we invite?"

"Honest Herb Sharkley! He's always preaching about the need for the Chief of BIA Division of Police Services to have line authority over all BIA police activity nationwide," Maxine said, "He told me he's sick and tired of Area Directors and Agency Superintendents interfering with BIA police activities. They 're always sticking up for the Indian tribes."

"Yes. We should invite Honest Herb Sharkley to the meeting," Susan said, "If our plans are going to work, we'll need good BIA law enforcement on the Indian reservations."

"I'll call Sharkley as soon as I return to my office," Maxine said excitedly.

"Maxine. I want you to keep the meeting and the proposal about the centralization of the BIA a top secret," Susan directed, "We don't want the Indian tribes or Senator Miles to prematurely find out about the proposal. If they found out about the proposal before it was put into effect, they could cause us plenty of problems."

"Susan. Can I ask you a personal question?"

"Go ahead."

"Are you plotting to become the next Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs?" Maxine asked.

"Why do you ask?"

"I heard rumors that the Assistant Secretary will be resigning shortly to return to the private sector, and people are already scrambling to succeed him."

"No, Maxine. I'm not plotting to become the next Assistant Secretary," Susan laughed, "I'm happy in my present position."

Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Your plan to make Matt Lance a trusted employee."

"My plans for Matt have nothing to do with any plot to become Assistant Secretary," Susan said laughingly, "Of course, I've thought of the position, but it really don't interest me."

"Susan. You would make a great Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs."

"Thank you for the compliment. I do need to prepare for the meeting."

"Yeah. I need to return to my office too," Maxine said, "I'll see you at ten o'clock." In good spirits she left Susan's office and returned to her office.

Exactly at ten o'clock, Susan walked into the BIA Conference room, and Maxine followed her into the room. She walked directly to the head of the table and sat down, and Maxine sat next to Susan on her right.

Sitting at the conference table were three well-dressed men in their early thirties. They were tall and well-built, and their hair was light brown, their eyes hazel; their skin off-white. They were attired in dark blue, expensive, three-piece suits.

Susan surmised the three men were junior executives from the private sector, and she decided to ignore them until the meeting started.

Wearing a blue suit, Everett T. Fuller of the Interior Secretary's office was talking to them. Then Herbert Sharkley walked into the room and immediately sat down next to Susan on her left. Sharkley was wearing his BIA Police blazer and gray pants.

Hillyard Chipeworth entered the conference room. From the State of California, he was tall and slender with sandy blond hair and blue eyes. His skin was a pale white. An average-looking man, he was wearing a light blue suit. He promptly walked over to where Fuller was sitting and sat down next to him.

When Hillyard Chipeworth sat down, Susan said, "Well. We should begin the meeting."

"Miss Blanchard. That's a good Idea," Chipeworth agreed, "Let's start the meeting."

"Since I don't know all of you, we should first introduce ourselves," Susan said.

"Good idea," Chipeworth replied.

"Let's go around the table. My name is Miss Susan Blanchard. I am the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services." Then she nodded at Maxine.

"I am Mrs. Maxine Hubbard. I am the Assistant Director of the BIA Department of Government Services, and I work for Miss Blanchard."

"I am Herbert Sharkley. I am the Assistant Chief of BIA Division of Police Services."

"I am Everett T. Fuller of the Interior Secretary's Office."

"I am Hillyard Chipeworth. I am the Director of the BIA Department of Natural Resources."

"I'm Ripley Battle. I'm a junior vice-president with the Monstrosity Mining Company, a large mining company in the United States."

"I'm Wharton Linder. I'm a Junior vice-president with Deep Well Oil Company. It isn't the largest oil company in the United States, but we're very large."

"I'm Horner Shaw. I'm a Junior vice-president with Big Tree Lumber Company, a very large timber and lumber company."

"It is wonderful to see the captains of industry so interested in the BIA," Chipeworth said cheerfully, "I've always said we need the private sector involved in Native American affairs. The privatization of Native American affairs has always been a goal of this administration."

"Mr. Chipeworth. I heartily agree with you," Wharton Linder responded, "The natural resources of the Native Americans need to be properly exploited. We need to apply time-tested business management principles to their natural resources."

"Indian reservations have lots of natural resources that we want access to," Ripley Battle said, "We figure the best way to get access to the natural resources of Indian reservations is through the BIA Central Office."

"Oh, I like big business talk," Maxine cried emotionally, "It's so exciting."

"Mr. Battle. That's why we are meeting today," Chipeworth said, "I've developed a proposal to centralize all BIA decision-making at the Central Office. Under the proposal, the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents will be directly responsible and accountable to the five Central Office Directors. And the five Central Office Directors will have line authority over their programs within their departments nationwide."

"Mr. Chipeworth. That means you will have the power to control exploitation of natural resources of the Indian tribes - am I right?" Horner Shaw asked.

"Yes. I'll have the authority to directly control the exploitation of natural resources of the Indian tribes," Chipeworth said, "We'll

be able to run things from Washington, D.C."

"Your proposal is great news for the private sector," Ripley Battle cried out, "The Area Directors and Agency Superintendents have been always sticking up for the Indian tribes and interfering with our plans for the exploitation of their natural resources."

"If my proposal goes through, the private sector won't have to worry about the Area Directors, Agency Superintendents, or the Indian tribes," Chipeworth explained, "Washington, D.C. will be calling the shots. You will be just dealing with the BIA Central Office."

"We can finally eliminate all that red tape," Horner Shaw yelled out, "That's what I call good business management."

"The Indian reservations need to be run like private businesses," Maxine cried out in agreement.

"Mrs. Hubbard. You're certainly right." Wharton Linder howled.

"Mr. Chipeworth. Does the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs know about your proposal?" Susan asked, "He has never talked to me about your proposal."

"Miss Blanchard. The Assistant Secretary is fully aware of the proposal to centralize BIA decision-making at the Central Office. And he has privately endorsed the proposal," Chipeworth replied, "Because the proposal is still being evaluated and reworked, the Assistant Secretary believes that it would be premature for him to become involved in the development of the proposal."

"The Assistant Secretary has made a very wise decision," Ripley Battle added.

"If the Assistant Secretary became involved with the proposal, he would have to inform the Area Directors, Agency Superintendents, and Indian tribal leaders of the proposal," Chipeworth stressed, "not being businessmen, they would get all upset about the proposal and try to kill it. They would run directly to Senator Miles and complain to him about the proposal."

"Oh, I hate Senator Miles," Horner Shaw snarled, "He's always sticking up for those Indian tribes. He makes the private sector look like we're a bunch of robber barons trying to steal natural resources of the Indian tribes."

"Senator Miles accuses me of doing the same thing," Chipeworth commented.

"Well. If the Assistant Secretary endorsed the plan, then I have no problems with the proposal," Susan said emphatically, "When it comes to the programs of the BIA Department of Government Services, I think I can make better decisions than the Area Directors or Agency Superintendents. It will be nice to have the

Area Directors and Agency Superintendents taking me seriously."

"Mr. Chipeworth. Do you mean that the Chief of BIA Police Services will have line authority over BIA police activities nationwide?" Sharkley asked excitedly.

"Yes. The Chief of Division of Police Services will have line authority over all BIA Police activities nationwide. He will be able to run things from Washington, D.C.," Chipeworth pointed out.

"Hallelujah! Sharkley screamed, "We can begin planning a crackdown on lawbreakers and radical, militant Indians."

"Law enforcement and economic development go hand in hand," Ripley Battle said, "Radical, militant Indians have caused my company a lot of problems, and it is good to hear that the BIA Police is trying to do something about them."

"Thank you, Mr. Battle. It's a never ending battle," Sharkley said emotionally, "We even have radical, militant Indians at the Central Office."

"Yeah, we do," Maxine cried out in agreement.

"You can say that again. The Central Office does have a quite few radical, militant Indians," Ripley Battle said, "The entire area of Native American affairs is infested with radical, militant Indians."

"I wouldn't say that," Susan finally said, "It only appears like there are radical, militant Indians at the BIA Central Office. They are more like disgruntled or troubled employees."

"I bet I know who they are," Sharkley hollered.

"Still one too many," Horner Shaw added.

"Miss Blanchard. I stand corrected," Ripley Battle, "I have a habit of overstating things."

"Does the Secretary of the Interior know about the proposal?" Wharton Linder asked.

"No. The Secretary doesn't know," Everett Fuller replied, "unless the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs told him." He really didn't know whether the Secretary knew, but he had to say something.

"It's too early to involve the Secretary or the Assistant Secretary," Chipeworth said, "The Central Office first needs our Native American experts and scholars to analyze and evaluate the proposal, then we will involve the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary."

"Yeah. First we need to involve our Native American experts and scholars," Maxine agreed.

"Can we trust these Native American experts and scholars?" Horner Shaw asked skeptically.

"Of course, we can trust them," Chipeworth said, "We pay them

enough money."

"They have been always helpful to me," Susan added.

"It's good to hear that you can depend on them," Horner Shaw said.

"We have made a lot of progress this morning," Chipeworth said gleefully, "We should get back together in about three weeks. By then I should have finalized my proposal for centralizing BIA decision-making at the Central Office."

"It's certainly bound to make the Indian tribes mad," Ripley Battle indicated, "But if they cannot manage their natural resources like businessmen, then it is time for the Central Office to manage their natural resources for them."

"I completely agree," Chipeworth said, "The private sector will find that the Central Office will be much more agreeable to their plans than the Indian tribes."

"It has been a truly historic meeting," Wharton Linder said emotionally.

"If there nothing else to discuss, then let's end the meeting," Chipeworth said, "Remember to pick up the packets that I prepared for you,"

The meeting ended. Sharkley, Chipeworth, and Fuller walked over to the three Junior executives to shake their hands and talk further. Susan and Maxine stayed where they were,

"Maxine. Let's return to my office," Susan said.

"Okay."

Pushing her chair back and standing up, Susan gathered together her material and put it in her briefcase. Grabbing her briefcase, she left the conference room and returned to her office. Maxine followed to her office. There she sat down at her executive desk, and Maxine sat down in the couch situated in front of her desk. She asked, "Maxine. What did you think of the meeting?"

"I thought it was great," Maxine exclaimed, "The Central Office Directors are finally getting line authority over their programs within their departments. It means greater power for you."

"Well. I do crave the power," Susan admitted, "But I wonder if Hillyard Chipeworth has the support of the Assistant Secretary. If he doesn't, I'm sticking my neck out."

"But Chipeworth said that the Assistant Secretary privately endorsed the proposal."

"Chipeworth and I were the only BIA Directors at the meeting," Susan said.

"Chipeworth and the Assistant Secretary are very close," Maxine pointed out, "He must be involved with the proposal to

centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs."

"I hope Chipeworth knows what he is doing," Susan said, "We are taking a big chance, but it does mean more power for me and a greater role in setting policy."

"I'm certain that Chipeworth knows what he is doing."

"Well. Let's go have some lunch," Susan said. They left her office and headed to a local restaurant, as she never ate lunch at the Interior cafeteria. She preferred restaurants where people would not be gawking at her.

Late Friday afternoon, Matt Lance and Diana Rivers entered Marion's Restaurant and Bar. He was glad to get out the heat and humidity of the day, and they sauntered into the barroom, which was again crowded with customers. He sighted Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe sitting at a table in the rear of the barroom. They walked over to the table.

"Matt and Diana. I'm happy you arrived," Treatyrights said, "Take a seat."

"It's good to see, Treatyrights and Goodloe," Matt said. He and Diana sat down at the table.

Treatyrights waved to Roxanne, the cocktail waitress. She hurried over to the table and took their order. Matt and Diana both ordered beers. Retreating to the service bar, Roxanne quickly returned to the table with the beers.

"Well, Diana. This is your last day in Washington, D.C.," Treatyrights said, "We will miss you. It has been good knowing you."

"Tonight I'm flying out to Phoenix," Diana said, "I'll be leaving from the Washington National Airport. I've already packed, and I plan to take a taxi to the airport. But I wanted one last drink with Matt Lance, Harlan Goodloe, and you."

"God. I hate to see you leave," Matt said, "We've had some great times together. You'll be missed by everyone."

"Matt. We have already said our goodbyes," Diana said sternly, "and I don't want to go through that again. I'm here to have a good time."

"It won't be the same without you," Goodloe said seriously.

"Well. I'll keep in touch," she said, "I'm positive I'll be coming to Washington, D.C. on business once in a while. When I'm in town, I'll look you up."

"Yeah. Do that when you're in town," Treatyrights said.

"Let's change the subject. You're making me cry."

"That's a good idea," Matt said.

"Matt. What is happening between you and Susan Blanchard?"



Treatyrights asked.

"What! I haven't even left town," Diana laughed, "and Matt is already taking up with another woman."

"Matt has been sitting next to Susan at meetings," Treatyrights revealed, "They have been whispering back and forward, and he has been very agreeable with her."

"Matt. What's happening between Susan and you?" Diana asked. "Has Susan seduced you?"

"No. She hasn't seduced me," Matt answered, "Susan merely wants to work with me on various projects and assignments. She thinks that I do excellent work for the Department. But it's strictly a professional relationship."

"You've just admitted that you're a collaborator," Treatyrights said teasingly.

"You're a traitor!" Goodloe yelled out, "You should be tried and shoot."

"It isn't as bad as it sounds," Matt said, "Susan simply wants my assistance on certain projects. Anyway, she is my boss, and I have no problem working with her."

"Matt. Is Susan plotting to become the next Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs?" Treatyrights asked, "I heard that the present Assistant Secretary will be leaving soon."

"Well. You'll have to ask Susan Blanchard," Matt said, "She hasn't told me anything about becoming the next Assistant Secretary."

"Do you mean that Susan is using Matt to become the next Assistant Secretary?" Diana teased, "Matt. What did Susan promise you for your cooperation?"

"To be honest, Susan promised me a promotion and a pay raise if I did good work for her," Matt admitted.

"So that's it."

"Her promise doesn't mean anything to me," Matt said.

"Susan probably tells same thing to all of her new employees," Treatyrights said, "Anyway, I expect to be promoted -with or without Susan's help- if I'm qualified. It doesn't depend on her."

"I don't get me wrong," Matt pleaded.

"Susan has never promised me a promotion and a pay raise," Treatyrights laughed.

"Treatyrights. You're already the Assistant Chief of a BIA Division," Matt said forcefully, "You already have a good job."

"Maybe so."

"I see no harm in working with Susan. She is simply my boss, and she's willing to help me get ahead at the Central Office."

"Susan also a attractive woman," Diana grinned, "You can't resist

her beauty."

"Her beauty hasn't nothing to do with it," Matt said, "It is strictly a professional relationship."

"I know a number of honest Native American men, like Matt, who have turned bad because of tall, sexy blondes," Treatyrights laughed, "Has Susan accidentally rubbed up against you?"

"No. Just the usual incidental physical contact that one person has with another person," Matt said, "Her arm or hand would accidentally touch me. Just things like that. Once we did sit down together on a small couch in her office."

"Susan is not the type of woman who would allow accidental contact," Diana grinned.

"She sat down next to you on a small couch," Treatyrights exclaimed, "When did this happened?"

"Last Tuesday, I met with her about the trouble with the high school students at the orientation meeting," Matt responded.

"You mean on a love seat," Diana said laughingly, "Was she seductive?"

"Matt. I'm truly surprised about your conduct," Treatyrights said righteously.

"Well. Because of me, Susan doesn't plan to report your conduct with the high school students to the Assistant Secretary," Matt said with satisfaction.

"Matt. I never needed you help," Treatyrights said, "Susan was merely playing games with you. She had no intention of doing anything about my conduct, because I did not do anything wrong. And she knows that. She's playing you for a sucker."

"I told Susan you didn't do anything wrong," Matt replied, "But she was convinced otherwise."

"It appears that she is attempting to make you a trusted employee," Treatyrights finally concluded, "and she has the weapons to do it. Can you hold out against her?"

"Susan tries to make trusted employees of all her male employees," Diana commented with a smile.

"Susan is my boss. I'm only doing my Job. She did mention to me something about becoming a trusted employee," Matt said, "But it meant nothing to me. I'll never become a trusted employee of Susan."

"Have you gone out with Susan yet?" Diana inquired, "Have you been two timing me?"

"What do you mean?" Matt replied.

"Have you and Susan gone to dinner, lunch or on a date?" Diana asked.

"Well, Susan has invited me to her home for dinner on Saturday

evening," Matt revealed, "Apparently, she had a practice of having her employees over for dinner. It is her way of improving employee morale. She wants to get better acquainted with me."

"This is the first time I've ever heard of Susan of inviting any of her employees to dinner at her house," Treatyrights said, "She's plotting something."

"And I'm now conveniently out of the way in Arizona," Diana said, "Susan is more powerful than I thought. But if she did help me get the job in Arizona, I thank her. She did me a favor. I am very happy about returning to Arizona."

"Susan can scheme all she wants," Matt said, "This is one Native American who will never join Susan as a trusted employee. I'm a confirmed Native American."

"Your famous last words," Diana joked. "Matt. Just sit back and enjoy yourself."

"Well. Goodloe and I still trust you," Treatyrights said, "But we'll be watching you. That blonde is quite powerful and scheming. I'm not sure how long you can hold out against her."

"I'll admit Susan can do a lot for me," Matt said, "but don't worry about me. I can take care of myself."

Looking at her wrist watch, Diana said, "Gosh. It's getting late. I need to get to the airport." She pushed back her chair and stood up. Matt got up at the same time. He said, "I'll get you a taxi cab. There should be a taxi outside of the restaurant."

"After this drink, Goodloe and I are headed to the Chinese restaurant," Treatyrights said, "We plan to meet Crazy Bear there. Let's all leave together."

"Matt. I don't want you to come to the airport with me. I would like to be alone at the airport," she said, "Anyway, you're Susan's boy now. You'd better go with Treatyrights and Goodloe."

"Susan means nothing to me," Matt said, "You're the only one."  
"I know."

"Well. Let's get going," Treatyrights urged.

Treatyrights and Goodloe led the way out of the barroom and to the street. Matt waved down a taxi, and the taxi cab pulled up to where the group was standing. Matt and Diana embraced and kissed. Diana stepped into the taxi and gave the taxi driver instructions to head to the airport, and the taxi cab drove off. Matt watched the taxi cab disappear into the distance.

"Let's go meet Crazy Bear," Treatyrights finally said, "He's probably waiting for us."

## Chapter 25

Late Saturday afternoon, Matt Lance drove his car into the driveway of Susan Blanchard's house. He was arriving for dinner with Susan, and he exited his car and walked up the concrete stairway leading to the front door. He was wearing his slacks and a dress shirt, and he had left his blazer in his car.

Susan's home was a brick split-level house with a large garage, a full-daylight basement, large yards and a swimming pool. He was highly impressed with the size of the house. Ringing the doorbell, he waited for someone to answer the doorbell. He could hear the footsteps of someone coming to the door, and then the door knob turned, and the door opened.

Susan stood in the doorway, and she was casually dressed. Seeing Matt standing in the doorway, she said, "Oh, Matt. You made."

"Hello, Susan. It wasn't easy to find your house. The streets were confusing."

"Come in and take a seat in the living room."

He followed her into the living room. The television was turned on and a movie was playing, and a teenager boy was watching the television from an easy chair. When he saw Matt, the teenager stood up and waited for Susan to introduce him.

"This is my son, Brian," Susan said, "He is sixteen years old and in high school."

Brian was wearing blue jeans, a shirt, and athletic shoes. His short hair was sandy blond; his eyes blue; and his skin tanned white. Of average height, he had a long-limbed body and looked younger than his sixteen years.

"Hello, Brian. My name is Matt Lance." He was favorably impressed with the young man.

"Matt Lance is one of my employees at the Central Office." Susan said, "He will be having dinner with us tonight." She was a little insecure about inviting Matt to dinner at her home.

"It is good to meet you, Mr. Lance." Brian said.

"Please just call me, Matt."

Michelle Blanchard walked into the living room. She was wearing a blue tank top and white shorts. She walked over to where Matt and Susan were standing.

Matt thought that Michelle was pretty. But her clothes were little

revealing, which made him feel uncomfortable.

"This is my daughter, Michelle," Susan said, "She will be a freshman in college this Fall."

"Hello, Michelle. I'm Matt Lance. I work for your mother."

"I'm pleased to meet you," Michelle said softly, "My mother has mentioned your name to me."

"Matt. Why don't you take a seat on the couch and watch television with Brian," Susan suggested, "Michelle and I need to set the dinner table."

"Okay."

"It isn't often that I cook for one of my employees," Susan said, smiling.

"Well. Thanks for inviting me to dinner. It isn't often I eat home cooked food."

"Matt. Would you like a beer?" she asked.

He was surprised at her offer. He said, "Yes. I'll take a light beer if you have one."

"I have your favorite beer."

"I thought you didn't like drinking," he said.

"I don't drink alcohol myself, and I usual don't serve my guests alcoholic beverages," she said, "But I want you to feel at home. And as I told you, you don't need to give up drinking beer just because you'll be working with me."

"Well. It's your house. I'll follow any rules you have."

"I don't mind you drinking beer in my home. It won't do any harm."

Matt sat down on the couch and watched television. Susan left for the kitchen and shortly returned with a cold can of light beer and a beer glass. She placed them on the coffee table.

"Matt. Enjoy your beer." She smiled at him.

"Thanks for the beer." He was pleasantly surprised at the act of Susan in providing him a beer.

"We'll probably eat dinner in about thirty minutes." Susan retreated to the kitchen.

Matt sat back and looked at the television. He poured some beer into his beer glass and took a drink, and he tasted the beer.

Brian looked at Matt Lance and said, "That's first beer I've seen in this house since my father lived here."

"What your father's name?" Matt asked. He wanted to learn more about Susan's ex-husband.

"His name is Bud Blanchard. He lives in Silver Springs, Maryland," Brian said, "My mother and father have been divorced for four years."

"That's too bad. What does your father do for a living?"

"He is a patent lawyer. He works for a prestigious law firm in Washington, D.C."

"I know a few attorneys. I thought of going to law school myself."

"Well. I plan to become an electrical engineer. I like working with computers."

Brain and Matt discussed the merits of becoming an electrical engineer. After which, they chatted about the merits of attending a private college. Matt found that Brian was intelligent and talkative.

Susan returned to the living room and announced that dinner was ready. Brian and Matt followed her into the dining room. Susan sat down at the head of the table. Michelle sat next to Susan on her left. Matt sat next to Susan across from Michelle, and Brian sat next to Michelle. Matt waited for Susan to start eating.

"We need to say grace," Susan announced, "Matt. Could you say grace?"

"What is it about Native Americans and grace?" Michelle thundered, "The last time we said grace was when Danny Wolfe was here and had dinner with us."

"Michelle. Matt Lance attended a Christian college in Seattle. I'm certain he is used to saying grace before his meals."

"Oh. You attended a Bible college," Michelle said teasingly, "That's interesting."

"No. It was a liberal arts college," Matt said, "But it had courses about the Bible, and you had to attend chapel. It was okay."

"I would like to hear you say grace," Michelle said.

"Well. I haven't said grace in a number of years. I'm a little rusty," Matt said, "But I can give it a try." He remembered back to the time when he was a regular church-goer and attended a Christian college. He recalled the countless times he had said grace before meals.

"I know you can do it," Susan said. It was part of her plan to make Matt a trusted employee.

"Well. Bow your head and close your eyes," Matt smiled.

Susan, Brian, and Matt bowed their heads and closed their eyes. He proceeded to give a rambling prayer, Michelle looked at Susan and Matt. Smiling, she wondered what was going between her mother and him. He finished saying grace.

"Matt. That was a good prayer," Susan exclaimed, "You'll have to come to church with me someday."

"I would be happy to attend church with you. I haven't been to church in years." Matt wanted to please Susan.

"Maybe we can go to church next Sunday," Susan said, "I'm busy tomorrow."

"It looks like I'll be dusting off my Bible," he said facetiously, "I took lots of Bible courses in college, and I went to Sunday school and church every Sunday."

"I like men with strong biblical background," Susan said, "They're so upright."

"Did you major in biblical literature in college?" Michelle asked.

"No. I was a political science major in college."

"That sounds radical," Michelle smiled, "Were you a student radical?"

"Michelle! Student radicals do not attend Christian colleges," Susan declared, "I can't imagine Matt being a student radical."

"It was a time of student activism," Matt replied, "A number of students had some legitimate gripes."

"Thanks for the history lesson," Michelle commented, "then you're not a radical, militant Indian."

"No. I don't think there are any radical militant Indians," Matt stated.

"You sound just like Senator Miles," Susan said disapprovingly.

"I wasn't thinking of the Senator," he said.

"Matt. You're entitled to your opinions," Susan smiled. "Just be more quiet about them."

"I wasn't parroting the Senator."

"Matt also has a Master of Business Administration degree." Susan needed to reassure her children that her guest was well educated and deserving.

"Did you get MBA degree from the Bible college?" Michelle continued to tease.

"Michelle! Quit being rude to Matt," Susan protested, "He's my guest in my home."

"Mother. I was just teasing. I meant no offense."

"Matt doesn't know you well enough for you to be teasing him."

"Susan. I'm not offended, and I value my Christian education," Matt said facetiously.

"I like men with a strong Christian education background," Susan said innocently.

"Anyway I got my MBA degree from a state university in the State of Washington," he announced, "The business school has a national reputation for the quality of its graduates."

"Matt does excellent work for me," Susan added, "He's one of my best employee."

"You must be a Super Native American," Michelle commented.

"I would like to think so," Matt jested.

"By now, you must make a ton of money with all your education," Michelle continued her levity.

"You don't make much money working in Native American affairs," Matt explained, "The Indian tribes do not have that much money, and the opportunities on rural Indian reservations are limited."

"It sounds like you substituted your religion for Native American affairs," Michelle analyzed aloud.

"I'm not materialistic, and I like working in Native American affairs," he replied.

"Matt. Do like broiled chicken and baked potatoes?" Susan asked. She lifted the cover off of the platters of food sitting on the dining table. The food was still steaming hot.

"Yeah. Native Americans like chicken and potatoes," he smiled. He was expecting something more sumptuous than chicken and potatoes, but he didn't let his disappointment show.

Susan dished up first and handed the platter to Matt. He took a couple of pieces of chicken and a baked potato and handed to the platter back to Susan, who handed it to Michelle. Matt then gave himself some salad and string beans. They ate quietly for about twenty minutes. He finished his meal and watched the others eat.

Finishing eating, Susan said, "Matt. Do want dessert? Michelle baked a fabulous cake."

Matt didn't want to eat dessert, but Susan trapped him. He said, "Yes. I'll have some dessert."

"Michelle. Go get your cake. "

Michelle left the table and went to the kitchen. Returning with the cake, she placed it on the table. It was a walnut cake with white frosting. She brought a large kitchen knife with her and cut a piece for Matt. She placed the piece of cake on a saucer and handed it to him.

Using a fork, Matt tasted the cake, and then he said politely, "It tastes delicious."

Michelle smiled at him and said, "Have you ever been married?"

"No. I never have been married, and I never have lived with any woman - either."

"You're not a . . .?" Michelle said.

"No. I've had plenty of girlfriends," Matt responded quickly "over the years. "

"It's hard to believe you've never been married," Michelle said, "You're an attractive man."

"Thanks. I've never met the right woman to marry," he said, "Anyway, marriage isn't a panacea. I enjoy being single. It gives me the opportunity to work in different places and meet new people."

"Matt's girlfriend was recently transferred to Phoenix, Arizona,"



Susan said.

Matt remembered Diana's statement about Susan engineering her transfer, and he grinned at Susan.

"I'm surprised one of those Christian girls didn't grab you when you were attending college," Michelle remarked, "They must have been after you."

"If they would have pushed a little harder, they might have won me over," he stated, "If I married one of them, I probably would have gone into the ministry."

"Oh. You were that religious," Susan exclaimed, "That explains a lot to me."

"I believed and enjoyed the Christian fellowship."

"Why did you leave the church?" Susan asked. She was now confident that her plan was working.

"My church didn't permit the drinking of alcoholic beverages," he said facetiously, "You know how Native Americans like to drink beer. The preacher gave me a choice of quitting drinking or quitting the church, and I chose to quit the church."

"You're being facetious," Susan laughed loudly, "Why did you quit?"

"I'm not a hypocrite," he said, "You strongly believe in your religion or you get out. There is no in between. At least not for me."

"Would you ever go back to the church?" Susan asked.

"I have nothing against the church. If it offered me something, I would have no problems returning," he said, "But I don't envision myself ever returning to the church."

"If you were married and wife believed in attending church, would go back?" Michelle asked.

"If my wife wanted me to attend church, I would probably attend church."

"At least you have some family values," Susan praised.

Brian was completely bored with the after dinner conversation. He said, "Mother. I need to leave for the movies. A friend and I plan to see this teenager horror movie."

"Brian. You can leave for the movies," Susan said, "But be home by midnight."

"I'll try," Brian left the table and quickly walked out of the room.

"Mother. I have to leave too," Michelle said, "I plan to meet some friends at the Nightwatch Restaurant. I should be home early." She left the dining the dining room.

Matt and Susan were alone, she gazed at him. He said, "Susan. You have lovely children. They are intelligent and attractive."

"Thank you. Brian and Michelle are good kids. Matt. Do you any plans for the evening?"

"No. I don't. Diana flew to Arizona yesterday."

"Oh. You'll get over Diana," Susan said.

"It will take some time."

"It was enjoyable to have you over for dinner, I've learned a lot about you this evening."

"I enjoyed having dinner with you," he said, "It isn't often I eat a home cooked meal."

"I enjoyed cooking for you," she said, "It isn't often I cook food for anyone. The children can cook for themselves, and I simply don't have the time to cook anymore, "

"It's hard for me to imagine you cooking," Matt said.

"Why?"

"Because you're my boss."

"I don't have any problems cooking for you. "

"I wouldn't have any problems cooking for you. I can cook simple meals," Matt said.

"Let's do something tonight," Susan suggested, "Do like to dance?"

"Yes. I like to dance."

"Great."

"Do you want to dance to disco music or live music?" Matt asked. He was surprised that she wanted to socialize further with him. He had no problem going dancing with her.

"I like live music."

"Well. We can go dancing at Donne's Restaurant and Bar," Matt said.

"I've never been to Donne's Restaurant and Bar. Where is it?"

"Donne's is West Alexandria. I've danced there before."

"I need to change my clothes," Susan said, "It won't take long to change."

"Okay."

"While I change, why don't you into the living room and watch television."

"Fine."

"Do you have to change?"

"No. I have my navy blue blazer and a red necktie out in the car."

"Matt. If you want another beer, you can get one out of the refrigerator." Susan said.

"I'll take a soft drink."

"You can find one in the refrigerator." She stood up from the table and left for her bedroom.

Walking into the kitchen, Matt opened the refrigerator door and

grabbed a can of cola. Opening the can, he took a long swallow from the can. He then returned to the living room. Turning on the television, he sat down on the couch and waited for Susan to return.

After a wait of thirty minutes, Susan walked into the living room. She was dressed in blue dress with a pleated skirt.

"Matt. I want to take my own car," Susan said.

"It's fine with me." He wondered why she wanted to take her own car.

"I'll follow you to your apartment. You can leave your car there," she said.

"Sure. Let's leave for Donne's Restaurant and Bar."

Matt walked to the door and exited the house. Walking out to the driveway, he climbed into his car and drove out onto the street. In her car. Susan followed him to his apartment building. Parking his car, he climbed out of it and waited for her to drive up. He put on his navy blue blazer and donned his red necktie. She drove up, and he climbed into her car.

"So this is where you live," she said, "My ex-husband and I lived here twenty years ago, our apartment was small but adequate."

"My apartment is also modest, but it will do for my purposes," Matt said.

"You should buy a house, it's a good investment," Susan commented.

"I wish I could afford a house."

"You should be able to afford a house on your salary." Susan said jokingly, "You merely have to quit spending your money on beer and entertainment. It's waste of money."

"I don't plan to give up living yet. I'm too young."

"Okay. Where is Donne's Restaurant and Bar?"

"You need to drive down Van Dorn Street for a couple of miles," Matt stated.

Susan followed his instructions and drove to Van Dorn Street and headed south. They drove south a couple of miles. Pointing to a building and parking lot, he said, "Donne's Restaurant and Bar is over there. Pull into the parking lot."

"I know what I'm doing, Matt. I'm not helpless."

Susan drove her car into the parking lot and parked close to the entrance of the restaurant. They exited the car and entered the restaurant. The barroom was full of customers who generally were well-dressed, though a few customers were casually dressed.

A waiter took them to a table, which was situated in front of the bandstand. The band had not yet arrived, but the bandstand was crowded with music equipment and lights. There were guitars, drums, microphones, speakers, and lights.

Matt recognized the platinum blonde singer sitting at a table near the dance floor. She was wearing a revealing black gown that tightly fit her shapely body. A cocktail waitress walked over to their table to take their orders. He ordered a beer and Susan ordered a cola drink. The cocktail waitress shortly returned with the beer and the cola drink.

"I haven't been dancing in a long time," Susan admitted.

"Diana and I use to go dancing quite often. "

"You do miss Diana - don't you?"

"I'll get over her. It will take a few weeks, but I'll find someone else."

"I'm certain you will." She used her right hand to touch his left hand. He instinctively gazed into her eyes and examined her face.

"Susan. How old are you?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I'm curious."

"I'm older than you."

"Why should I care?"

"I'm thirty-nine."

"You don't look thirty-nine years old. You really have taken care of yourself."

"And you don't look thirty-two."

"I supposed it's clean living," Matt laughed.

"Some people don't show age. I suppose we are both lucky."

"I don't know. Some of those young women are pretty disappointed when I tell them my age,"

"I don't have that problem."

"That's because you're a pretty woman."

"Thank you."

Matt decided to bring up the subject of Herbert Sharkley, the BIA cop. Since Susan appeared to be a good mood, it might be the best time to discuss Sharkley with Susan.

"Susan! Herbert Sharkley and I lived on the same Indian reservation for a few years. When I was a tribal councilman, he got into some trouble for allegedly stealing some liquor and beer from the police evidence locker."

"Honest Herb Sharkley! You must be mistaken. Sharkley is such a honest police officer and a loyal employee."

"No, Susan. I'm not mistaken. I was part of the investigation."

"Did Kenny Treatyrights put you up to this?"

"No, Susan. Treatyrights has nothing to do with it."

"It happened too long ago," she said, "Anyway, Herbert Sharkley is a trusted employee. I don't want him to get into trouble. His successor might not be so cooperative."

"It's up to you, Susan."

"No, I won't pursue your allegation against Sharkley, but I will discuss your allegation with him. After Sharkley and I have discussed your charges, I'm certain that Sharkley will be a lot more loyal to me. And I must say Sharkley will be more supportive of you."

"Don't need to include me,"

"Matt. You are so naive,"

"I maybe."

"That's what I like about you. But we live in a dog-eat-dog world. You'll have to protect yourselves from other predators or you won't survive long in Washington, D.C. You need friends."

"Maybe."

"I'm not talking about stupid old Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe," she said emphatically, "They're both losers."

"I could never end my friendship with them. They're good friends."

"I have offered you to join forces with me," she said, "and become one of my trusted employees. There will be a lot of fringe benefits, and I'm willing to be friends with you."

"I appreciate your offer of friendship. I do find you to be attractive."

"I won't order to quit being friends with Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe," Susan said, "But in time I expect that you'll outgrow them. We've been over this before."

"Susan. I willing to work with you, because you are my boss, and only because you are my boss!" he said, "I do recognize you are trying to help me. For what reason, I don't know."

"That's all I expect from you is your cooperation and loyalty. Matt. I like you. You're different from other men that I have met. That's why I want to help you."

"Susan. Your offer is hard to resist," Matt said.

Susan was pleased that she was getting to him. She continued, "I plan to send you to some management training programs. Hopefully, you will learn something about team work. Team work is very important management tool."

"Susan. You forget that I have a MBA degree. "

"Yes. It won't hurt you take some refresher courses," she said, "I want us to work together as a team. The Interior Department has a good management development program. I'll see if I can get you into the program. Would you like that?"

"If you say so, Susan. "

"Yes. I think it's a good idea," Susan said, smiling, "You must think I'm too assertive."

"Nope. You're a little bossy. I will say that."

"I'm glad you don't find me too assertive," she said, "Most men who threatened by a woman are always quick to label the woman pushy. It is especially true of women executives."

"I'm not threatened by you. If I was, I wouldn't be willing to work with you," he replied.

"That's good to hear. My ex-husband called me a domineering once, and we're now divorced."

"I've found that ex-husbands call their ex-wives a lot of things," Matt smiled.

"Then you understand."

"I hope you don't have a jealous ex-husband. I've dealt with many jealous ex-husbands."

"I really don't know if he is jealous type," Susan said, "He divorced me and married his pretty young secretary."

"He married his secretary !" He was surprised at her admission.

"Yeah. It took me a few years to get over the humiliation."

"You seem okay now."

"That little tramp! She's a pretty little brunette," she seethed, "In of the spite of the kids, Bud and I don't talk much anymore."

"He gave you up for a pretty brunette. That's hard to believe. "

"Yeah, I gave him the best years of my life. I even helped his career. I'd better quit talking about it. I really get upset when I talk about it."

The band members entered the barroom and climbed up on the bandstand. They were dressed in shining blue trousers, yellow shirts, and black boots. The band specialized in playing pop rock tunes from the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties. The band first played a couple of fast tunes. The dance floor was crowded with couples dancing to the music. They watched the couples dance while the band played another fast tune.

"Well, Susan, Would you like to dance?"

"I thought you would never ask."

Susan and Matt rose and headed to the dance floor. He led her to the middle of the dance floor where they started to dance moving their bodies in rhythm with the fast music. Susan's blonde hair was bouncing through the air, and her body was heaving and gyrating against her dress. She was twisting and turning her body in utter abandonment.

The music ended, and the band started to play a slow tune. Matt started to leave the dance floor, but Susan grabbed his hand and pulled him back. She said, "Let's dance to the slow music."

He moved close to her body catching her hands. He put one hand around her waist and drew her body close his body. They danced

slowly until the music ended, and then they returned to their table.

"Matt, You're romantic. I like romantic men who like to dance."

"It comes naturally to me. Native Americans like to dance."

They sat back and watched the dancing. Eventually they danced to another fast tune, and then the band took its break. The cocktail waitress came by, and Matt ordered another drink.

"Matt. You sure like beer."

"Yeah. I like to drink beer, but I'm strictly a weekend drinker," he said defensively, "I don't let it interfere with my work."

"Why do you drink?"

"I find that beer relaxes me."

"I object to drinking, My ex- husband was an alcoholic. He drank excessively," Susan revealed, "He even want me to drink with him. Can you believe that?"

"Do you object my drinking?"

"You're different. You don't get sloppy drunk. Anyway, I want you to have a good time," she said, "You're used of drinking when you go dancing. I have no right to impose my lifestyle on you, and I was the one who asked you to go dancing."

"I'm glad you so understanding,"

The band returned to the bandstand and played an opening tune. On signal, the platinum blonde singer got up from her table in the audience and moved to the bandstand. She climbed up on the bandstand, grabbed a microphone, and started to sing a medley of tunes. She swayed and shook her voluptuous body in rhythm with the music.

"The platinum blonde singer is beautiful and talented," Susan remarked.

"She is pretty."

Susan was threatened by younger women. She said, "But she is young."

They listened to and danced to the music the rest of the evening. After a couple of hours, Susan looked at her digital watch and saw it was twelve-thirty. She said, "Matt. It's late. We should leave. I need to get home."

"Okay."

They left the restaurant and climbed into her car. She started engine and drove her car out of the parking lot. Ten minutes later, they arrived at Matt's apartment building, and she parked her car in front of the apartment building.

"Matt. I would like to see your apartment,"

"You're welcome to come up. I live on the second floor." He was

surprised at her request.

They exited the car, and he led the way into the apartment building. After riding the elevator to the second floor, they walked down the hallway to his apartment. He opened the door and turned on the lights.

Susan followed him into the apartment, She walked directly to the balcony, opened the balcony door, and went out onto the balcony. She looked at the surrounding buildings and park like area below his apartment. Returning to the living room, she eyed his secondhand furniture and other possessions. Then she sat down on his small couch.

Matt had gone to the refrigerator and to get a soft drink. He returned to the living room, and he said, "Susan. Do want something to drink?"

"No. I don't need anything," she replied, "Matt. You have a Spartan apartment."

"I'm a bachelor. I don't need much."

"The typical bachelor!"

He moved to the couch and sat down on it. She was sitting four inches away. He moved closer to Susan and put his hand on her knee. When she did not object to his hand, he attempted to move closer, but she pushed him back..

"Not so fast, Matt."

"What's wrong?"

"You're getting too close," Susan said.

"Well. You can't blame me for trying."

"Anyway, I'm your boss."

"I knew you would say that."

"I don't want to be accused of harassing you."

"You need not worry about me complaining."

"I don't take chances. I hardly know you," Susan said, "but we have lots of time to become friends."

"What do you mean?" Matt deliberately played dumb.

"Matt. You haven't done anything for me."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't play dumb with me?"

"I'm not."

"If you told me tonight that you planned to give up your friendship with Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe, I would feel better about our friendship," Susan said.

"I think I understand."

"And I don't want you to be womanizing," she said. She stood up and walked to the door of the apartment.

Matt got up and followed her to the door. He said, "Susan. Thanks



for the dinner and dancing."

"I'll admit had a nice time tonight," Susan said.

"I'm glad that you did."

"Matt. There is plenty of time for friendship."

"At least you're making your feelings known. I appreciate your honesty."

"We will do quite well together."

"I'm looking forward to our collaboration."

"Hopefully, in a few weeks, our friendship will grow." She opened the apartment door and left the apartment. He followed her out the apartment and down to her car. Climbing into her car, she started the engine, waved at the him and pulled of the parking lot.

Matt watched her car as it drove off into the darkness of the night. He thought about the events of his evening with Susan Blanchard. He wasn't sure whether he was a victim or a rogue.

## Chapter 26

As usual on Friday morning, the spacious cafeteria of the Interior Department Building was crowded with customers. Drinking coffee, two Native American men sat at a table situated in a side room of the cafeteria. They were tribal delegates, and they were in Washington, D.C., to complain about Hickman Dingfield, an employee of the BIA Central Office.

While they drank coffee, they were having a lively discussion about the problems that they were experiencing with, Hickman Dingfield. They wanted the BIA Central Office to remove him from his position.

The Indian tribes thought Dingfield was anti-Native American. They believed that he was purposely making bad rulings and decisions to undermine or abrogate the treaty rights of Indian tribes and to frustrate their right of tribal self-government.

One of the delegates was Monroe Bratton. He was a Native American from Oregon and a member of the tribal council of his tribe. He was short and rather average- looking Native American in his middle forties. He had greyish black hair which almost reached his shoulders. He was wearing faded blue jeans, a red plaid shirt, and old brown boots.

The other delegate was Erwin Stepfoot. He was a Native American from Washington state and a member of the tribal council of his tribe. He had a medium build and short cut, straight, greyish hair. He wearing a old green leisure suit and beat up black shoes.

Another Native American man was ambling towards their table. He was Arnold Langlot of the Colville Confederated Tribes of the State of Washington. He was a member of the tribal council of the Colville Tribe, and he was tall and handsome. In his late thirties, he had straight, black hair which was styled. He was wearing brown slacks, a yellow stripe shirt, and brown boots.

Nearing the table, Arnold said, "Hello, Monroe and Erwin."

"Arnold. Take a seat," Monroe said politely.

Arnold set his briefcase on the floor and put his newspapers and cup of coffee on the table. Pulling out a chair, he sat down.

"Arnold. How are things on the Colville Indian Reservation?" Erwin asked.

"Everything is okay, The tribal council just completed its annual reorganization," Arnold revealed, "I was elected Chairman of the

Legislative Committee."

"Arnold. We've been waiting for you," Monroe said.

"This is the first time that I've been in Washington, D.C. and inside the Interior Department Building. I got lost trying to find the cafeteria."

"We'll be meeting with Susan Blanchard and Everett T. Fuller at ten o'clock," Monroe said.

"We've been trying to develop strategy on how to get rid of Hickman Dingfield," Erwin said, "We have developed a list of complaints against Dingfield." He handed the list to Arnold who carefully read the list.

"After they read our list of complaints, I'm certain Susan Blanchard and Everett T. Fuller will listen to us. Dingfield can't possibly have the support of the BIA Central Office or the Interior Department," Erwin said.

"It may be difficult to get rid of Dingfield," Arnold said, "When I entered the Interior Department Building, I ran into Matt Lance."

"Who is Matt Lance?" Erwin asked.

"Matt is a program analyst for the BIA Division of Tribal Programs," Arnold said, "He told me that Susan Blanchard and Everett T. Fuller are pretty tough and very pro-BIA Central Office. He said that complaining to them about Dingfield is like talking to a brick wall. He didn't see any possibility of getting rid of Dingfield."

"Why Dingfield is anti-Indian tribe. Anyone can see he's a racist," Erwin cried out.

"So far, we haven't been able to get rid of Dingfield," Arnold said seriously.

"You may be right," Monroe said.

"Look at all the complaints we have filed against him over the years. The Central Office just seems to promote him."

"Yeah. You're right. After all of our complaints against him, Dingfield is still around," Erwin admitted grudgingly.

Arnold's face glowed with excitement. He said, "I have an idea. Why don't we use some reverse psychology."

"Reverse psychology?" Erwin exclaimed.

"Yes. Why we don't go into Susan Blanchard's office and praise the work of Dingfield. We'll tell them how much Dingfield has helped the Indian tribes and given the tribes inside information, which we have passed on to Senator Miles," Arnold explained.

"That's a ridiculous idea," Erwin cried out, "They won't buy that story."

"Erwin is right," Monroe yelled out. He couldn't bring himself to support an idea of a Colville Indian, even if it was a good idea.

"Well. It was just an idea," Arnold said grimly, "I need to get more coffee." He stood up and headed to the food and coffee counters.

When Arnold was out of hearing range, Erwin marveled, "Those Colville Indians are pretty smart. I would have never thought of reversing our strategy."

"Yeah. Those Colville Indians are clever," Monroe admitted reluctantly.

"Well. Let's go up to the office of Susan Blanchard and praise Dingfield for his work behalf of the Indian tribes. We will praise Dingfield for supporting Indian treaty rights and our right of tribal self-government. We'll tell them that Dingfield is a great advocate for the Indian tribes."

"Yeah. I'll try anything," Monroe exclaimed.

Carrying a cup of coffee, Arnold Langlot returned from the food and coffee counters and again sat down at the table.

"Arnold. We decided to go along with your strategy of praising the work of Dingfield rather criticizing his work," Erwin said.

"We don't think your strategy will work," Monroe announced, "but we are willing to give it a try. Nothing else has worked against Dingfield."

"It might work," Arnold said in elation.

Threesome finished their coffee and started their long journey up to the fourth floor of the Interior Department Building.

Susan Blanchard was sitting at her executive desk in her office. Maxine Hubbard and Everett T. Fuller were sitting on a small couch in front of her executive desk.

"The tribal delegation should be here any minute," Susan said.

"I don't understand their complaint," Fuller said.

"They're coming to complain about the work of Hickman Dingfield," Susan said disdainfully, "The Indian tribes are always complaining about Dingfield. I wish they would quit complaining about him and let the man do his job."

"Dingfield must be doing a good job for the BIA Central Office or the Indian tribes wouldn't be complaining about him," Fuller asserted.

"That's the way I look at," Maxine agreed. "I wouldn't trust a BIA employee that the Indian tribes trusted."

"You give me a Central Office employee that the Indian tribes criticize, I'll show you an employee who is doing a good job for the Central office," Fuller exclaimed.

"I use the Indian tribes as a reverse barometer when it comes to evaluating employees of Central Office," Maxine revealed, "If the

Indian tribes think a BIA employee is doing a good job, I know he can't possibly be doing a good job for the Central Office."

"The Indian tribes say that Dingfield is anti-Native American," Susan delineated, "They charge Dingfield with trying to abrogate their treaty rights and frustrating their right to tribal self-government."

"How can those radical, militant Indians say things like that?" Maxine cried out, "I've never known more fair and honest man than Dingfield."

"I wish we had a thousand Dingfield's," Fuller yelled, "working for the Central Office. Maybe we would get something done at the Central Office."

"Well. You'll both have opportunity to tell your opinions to the tribal delegation," Susan smiled, "They should be here soon."

"Susan. I don't think we should upset the tribal delegation," Maxine said anxiously, "They might become violent. I wonder if we shouldn't have Honest Herb Sharkley of the BIA Police up here."

"Yeah, Maybe we should have Honest Herb Sharkley up here," Fuller cried out, "I don't feel uncomfortable around reservation Indians. They look and sound so different."

"No. We don't need Sharkley. We shouldn't have any problems with the tribal delegation," Susan said, "I've been through these complaint sessions a thousand times."

"I couldn't possibly repeat what I just said about Dingfield to the tribal delegation," Fuller said fearfully, "I'm only a representative of the Interior Secretary's Office."

"Fear not, Mr. Fuller. You won't have to repeat what you said," Susan said, "The tribal delegation will make their same old tired complaints against Dingfield. When they are finished making their complaints, I'll tell them I will have their allegations investigated by Maxine Hubbard and Honest Herb Sharkley. Like you, I think that Dingfield has done terrific job for the Central Office. If Indian tribes didn't complain about something, I would be worried."

"Well. At least we agree about Dingfield," Fuller said, greatly relieved by Susan's statement.

Jane Weaver entered Susan's office and announced the tribal delegation had arrived. Susan directed Jane to send them into her office. Monroe Bratton, Erwin Stepfoot, and Arnold Langlot marched into Susan's Office. Susan told them to sit down on the large couch in her office.

Susan, Maxine, and Fuller moved to another large couch situated across from the other couch. A large glass coffee table was located between the large couches. Susan asked whether they wanted to drink some coffee. They said that they would like to drink a cup of

coffee. Maxine left the office to get the coffee and returned shortly with a coffee pot, cups, and spoons. She set them down on the coffee table. Walking to a closet, she got some sugar and creamer.

"Well. We should start the meeting," Susan said, "We first should introduce our ourselves. I am Miss Susan Blanchard. I am the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services."

Susan pointed Maxine. "I am Mrs. Maxine Hubbard. I am the Assistant Director of the Department of Government Services. I work for Miss Blanchard."

Susan then pointed to Fuller. "I am Everett T. Fuller of the Interior Secretary's Office."

"Please introduce yourselves," Susan said to the tribal delegates.

"I'm Arnold Langlot. I'm a member of the Tribal Council of the Colville Tribe of Washington state."

"I'm Erwin Stepfoot. I'm from Washington state and a member of the tribal council of my tribe."

"I'm Monroe Bratton. I'm from Oregon and a member of the tribal council of my tribe."

"I understand that you three are here to complain about Hickman Dingfield," Susan said, "The BIA Central Office is always willing to listen to Indian tribes, especially when they have complaints about one of our employees."

"No. We have no complaints to make against Dingfield," Arnold announced, "He's doing a wonderful job for the Indian tribes."

Fuller, Maxine, and Susan looked astonished and gaped at their visitors. Maxine looked at Susan and Fuller to see their reaction.

"No. We have no complaints, criticisms, or gripes against Hickman Dingfield," Erwin said, "Dingfield has been very helpful to the Indian tribes. He keeps us well informed of what is happening at the Central Office and what is happening in Washington, D.C."

"He is our best source of information about the BIA Central Office," Monroe explained, "Senator Miles is very appreciative of Dingfield's work."

"It's good to hear that Dingfield is doing such a great job with the Indian tribes," Susan smiled, "He has always done excellent work for the Central Office."

"We have found Dingfield to be honest and fair in his treatment of the Indian tribes," Arnold said, "He's always fighting for the treaty rights of the Indian tribes."

"Dingfield is always supporting the tribes' right of tribal self-government," Erwin said.

"He's also an excellent and fair administrator of his program," Monroe added.

"If you don't have any complaints against Dingfield, then why did you travel clear across the nation to meet with the Central Office about Dingfield?" Susan asked. Maxine and Fuller were dumfounded about the pronouncements of the tribal delegation.

"Dingfield asked us to intercede for him," Arnold said, "The Indian tribes want the BIA Central Office to give Dingfield more authority and to increase the funding level of his program."

"Yeah. Dingfield needs more power and money," Erwin agreed.

"It isn't often, we hear such praise for an employee of the Central Office," Susan said mirthfully, "I think we may be able to increase Dingfield's authority and the funding level for his program."

"It's wonderful to hear praise for a Central Office employee," Fuller cried out.

"Maybe we did some good by coming to Washington, D.C.," Monroe exclaimed.

"I can't wait to tell Dingfield," Arnold said happily, "He'll really be happy about today events. We're really good friends."

"Is Dingfield in his office today?" Erwin said, "We'd like to visit him."

"No. Dingfield is not in his office," Susan said, "This week he's traveling in the Southwest."

"Oh, that's too bad. We truly wanted to confer with Dingfield," Arnold said, "But I'm sure that he'll be out in the Pacific Northwest in the near future."

"Oh. I'm certain Dingfield will be traveling there in the near future," Susan confirmed.

"Well. We should be leaving," Monroe said, "We have a meeting scheduled with Senator Miles and his legislative staff."

Arnold, Erwin, and Monroe stood up, and Fuller, Maxine, and Susan also stood up and shook hands with the tribal delegation. Saying their goodbyes, the threesome left Susan's office and headed directly to the elevators on the fourth floor.

When they left, Susan cried out, "I think we have discovered the source of the leaks to Senator Miles."

"You think it's Dingfield?" Maxine asked.

"Yes. He's in a position to know everything that goes on at the Central Office. So that's how Senator Miles has been discovering our every move."

"But Dingfield has always been a loyal employee of the Central Office," Maxine cried out.

"Well. Some Central Office employees just turn bad," Fuller said woefully, "You never know who will be a turncoat. I'm really shocked that Dingfield could be a traitor."

"I never did trust Dingfield," Maxine said loudly, "He has cold, beady eyes."

"I knew it when the tribal delegation started to brag about Dingfield," Fuller said angrily, "No employee of the Central Office can be popular with the Indian tribes and still do a good job for the Central Office. Yes. It's pretty clear that Dingfield is league with the Indian tribes."

"What should be done about Dingfield?" Maxine asked. She was still in shock.

"Send him to Point Barrow, Alaska," Fuller cried out, "That's a good place for him."

"Yes. We'll have to do something about Dingfield," Susan said earnestly, "We can't have an informer in our midst. Maybe I can engineer a transfer for Dingfield before he returns to the Central Office. For sure he'll get a smaller office, I'll arrange for a change of offices today."

"That sounds good to me," Fuller said enthusiastically, "It's hard to believe Dingfield is a traitor."

"Yes. I'll arrange a transfer immediately," Susan thought aloud, "Well. We'd better get back to work."

Fuller left Susan's office leaving Susan and Maxine alone. Maxine was concerned about Matt Lance and Susan, she wanted to question Susan further about Matt.

"Maxine. Are you out of work to do?"

"No. I was merely wondering how you were doing with Matt Lance. He wasn't at today's meeting with the tribal delegation," Maxine said.

"Matt is coming along fine. I'm making good headway with him," Susan said cheerfully. "He's on his way to becoming a trusted employee, but it will take a few more weeks."

"Susan. That's wonderful to hear."

"Matt is coming over to my home on Saturday. We plan to go swimming in my pool, and then we will probably go dancing again. On Sunday we plan to go to church and a music recital."

Maxine turned green at the news. She said laughingly, "You are really leading Matt Lance around by nose." She exploded into difficult laughter.

"Yes. Matt has been very compliant," Susan smiled, "But he still has faith in Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe. I'll admit that it may take a few more months to wean away from them. But he's already weakening. I can tell. Of course, he will never admit it."

"After they made Matt Lance, they must have broke the mold," Maxine laughed, "Well. I'd better return to my office." She walked



to the door.

"Maxine. Shut the door when you leave my office."

When she left the office, Maxine closed the door. Jane Weaver was sitting at her secretary desk. Jane looked up at Maxine and asked, "How did the meeting go?"

"The meeting went badly," Maxine said somberly, "Hickman Dingfield is a traitor to the BIA Central Office. Susan will be getting rid of him by transferring him to Alaska."

Jane was shocked by the news. She said gravely, "It's hard to believe Dingfield is a traitor. If you can't depend on Dingfield, who can you depend upon at the Central Office?"

"Susan also has another weekend date with Matt Lance. She is certain that Matt will become a trusted employee. They even plan to go to church together."

"If they are dating, it looks bad for us."

"As they say if Central Office employees date three time, they're married," Maxine said somberly, "Well. We're finished. It's merely a matter of time until Susan calls me into her office and tells me that I'm being temporarily transferred to Eastern Area Office. The next day, you'll find Matt Lance sitting at my desk."

"You're being too pessimistic," Jane said, "Susan would never get rid of you."

"That's what I said about Dingfield. Now he is on his way to Alaska." Maxine walked back to her office and called the Personnel Division.

## Chapter 27

Late Friday afternoon, Matt Lance entered Marion's Restaurant and Bar and walked into the barroom. As usual, the barroom was packed with customers, who were dressed mostly in office clothing. When he entered the barroom, he quickly sighted Kenny Treatyrights, Gladys Treatyrights, and Harlan Goodloe sitting at their usual table in the back of the barroom.

Matt made his way to Treatyrights' table. When he neared the table, Treatyrights looked at Matt and said, "Matt. Take a seat."

"Sure."

"How did your week go?"

"I've been very busy," Matt said. He said hello to Gladys and Goodloe and sat down. Roxanne, the cocktail waitress rushed over to the table and took Matt's order. He ordered a light beer. Roxanne retreated to the service bar but shortly returned with his beer. She set the beer on the table and left. He grabbed the beer and took a long drink from it.

"Ahh. The beer tasted good," Matt exclaimed. "I plan to drink a few beers tonight."

"How did your dinner date with Susan Blanchard go?" Treatyrights asked.

"It wasn't a dinner date," Matt said, "I had dinner with her family at her home. After dinner, we went dancing."

"I was afraid you would say that," Treatyrights said somberly.

"We ended up at my apartment," Matt admitted.

"What happened at your apartment?" Gladys asked.

"Nothing! We just talked a little bit and Susan went home."

"Matt. You're quite a lover," Treatyrights said jokingly, "I can't believe you got Susan to go to your apartment. She's more human than I thought."

"But nothing happened. But she did tell me that she likes my work," Matt said, "We had a long talk about the Central Office. She only wants my help and cooperation."

"Well. Don't sell reservation," Gladys laughed, "We still believe in you."

"Don't worry about that. My relationship with Susan is strictly professional," Matt reiterated, "I only want to get better acquainted with her. I found that she is a complicate woman. I have sympathy

for her. I might be able to reform her and to get her to do a better job. I'm doing it for the good of Native American affairs."

"I've heard that before," Treatyrights said sarcastically, "Susan can't be reformed."

"Well. On Saturday I plan to go to her place for swimming and sunbathing," Matt revealed.

"That's not exactly working together," Treatyrights said.

"Then on Sunday we plan go to church and a music recital."

"Has Susan has seduced you," Treatyrights cried out, "You're slowly becoming one of her trusted employees. By next Monday, you'll be deeply in love with her, and I bet that you won't be able to say anything bad about her."

"It will never happen to me," Matt asserted, "I'm still your friend."

"What is Susan Blanchard plotting?" Gladys asked.

"Susan must be plotting to become the next Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs," Treatyrights declared, "I'm afraid that Matt will become her point man. She must be planning to replace Maxine Hubbard. Now, if Matt replaced Maxine, Susan would better access to information about Indian reservations and the governments of the Indian tribes. She wouldn't need Goodloe and me."

"Susan told me that she wasn't interested in becoming the next Assistant Secretary," Matt said, "She merely wants my cooperation. We are already working together on selected projects."

"No candidate for the job of Assistant Secretary would ever admit that they wanted the job," Treatyrights opined, "Also, Susan could be using Matt to show people how Native Americans accept her."

"It is too deep for me," Matt protested, "Susan just likes me as a person."

"I wonder if Maxine knows about Susan's plans," Gladys said.

"Maxine must know," Treatyrights said, "Maybe that's why she has been treating Goodloe and me so well lately. She knows that she could be out of a job."

"Pretty soon Matt will be spying for Susan," Gladys laughed.

"It could happen," Treatyrights laughed.

"Our relationship has been strictly professional," Matt said, "I might be able to influence Susan for the good. She can't be all bad."

"Gosh. You're already in love with Susan," Gladys cried out.

"Oh, Mattie. You're such a tall, dark, handsome Native American," Treatyrights mocked.

"Susan hasn't said that yet," Matt responded, "She's not that kind of woman."

"If she hasn't, she will. Give her time," Treatyrights asserted.

"Well. We'll have to let nature take its course," Gladys said teasingly, "I hate to see a good Native American man turn bad, because of a woman."

"I can handle Susan Blanchard," Matt said, "and maybe I can have a little fun at the same time."

"So far, Susan has led you around by the nose," Treatyrights laughed.

Through the entrance of the barroom walked a medium-built Native American man. He was slightly over weight, and some gray hair dotted his black hair. He looked that he was in his late thirties or early forties. He was wearing a cheap blue suit and rattlesnake skin, cowboy boots, and he had very short hair and was clean shaven. When he saw the party at Treatyrights' table, he walked over to the table and stopped, he said, "Hi. My name is Horrel Nutley. I'm a BIA Superintendent from an Indian agency in the State of Oklahoma."

"Take a seat," Treatyrights directed.

"Thanks." Nutley sat down at the table.

"Do you want drink?" Matt asked, "I plan to order a round of drinks."

"I certainly do," Nutley said.

Matt waved to Roxanne. and she hurried to the table. When she arrived, he said, "Get us a round of drinks. Also, take Nutley's order.

"I'll take a beer," Nutley said. Roxanne returned to the service bar.

"What are you doing in Washington. D.C.?" Treatyrights asked Nutley.

"I'm here for thirty days on a training program for BIA Superintendents," Nutley said, "The Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs wants to expose the BIA Superintendents to the workings of the Central Office. He believes that there is too much misunderstanding between the Central Office and the field offices on the nation's Indian reservations."

"You should have told the Assistant Secretary to send the Central Office employees out the Indian reservations to learn something about Native Americans," Treatyrights asserted.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," Nutley said excitedly, "The Assistant Secretary might get angrily at me."

"I won't worry about the Assistant Secretary," Treatyrights said. "Start worrying about Native Americans on the reservations. The Central Office knows nothing about reservation Indians."

"So this is where the Native American employees of the BIA Central Office hang out at," Nutley said.

"Yeah. This is one of our places," Treatyrights said, "But we have other places. We always have to be on lookout for Central Office spies."

"There are spies at the Central Office," Nutley cried out, "Why would the Central Office want to spy on its employees."

"Because the Central Office thinks there are disgruntled or troubled employees working at the Central Office," Matt said. Roanne returned with the drinks.

Treatyrights leaned over and whispered to Nutley, "That was Matt Lance. We think he's a spy for the Central Office. Don't say anything bad about Susan Blanchard."

Nutley whispered back, "Thanks for telling me. Yeah, he does look like a spy."

"So you're from Oklahoma?" Treatyrights said to Nutley, "I'm originally from Oklahoma."

"Yeah. I sure love Oklahoma," Nutley said, "I hated to leave it."

"I must say I miss Oklahoma too," Treatyrights said, "Someday I plan to retire there."

"What do for recreation in Oklahoma?" Matt asked.

"I really enjoy hunting for rattlesnakes," Nutley said, "It's a great sport."

"So you're an Oklahoma snake charmer?" Matt said.

"Yeah. I certainly like those rattlesnake roundups," Nutley said.

"I once caught a rattlesnake eight feet long. Have you ever ate rattlesnake meat?"

"I can't say I have," Matt responded.

Matt found that BIA Superintendents were a pretentious lot. Although only a few other BIA employees made more money than Superintendents, they were basically cheap. They never bought a round of drinks, and they always went to the bathroom when it was time to order another round of drinks. They talked like they knew everything, but they actually knew nothing. They would panic at the mere mention of discord. They talked fast and lived fast, and they talked slick..

Matt didn't trust one of them. To get them to take a stand on any issue was impossible. They always bragged how the Indian tribes supported them. But they were terrified of the power of the Indian tribes. Matt didn't like Superintendents, mainly because he thought they were wishy-washy.

"Let's head up to the Chinese restaurant and meet Crazy Bear," Treatyrights cried out.

"Can I come along?" Nutley said, "And who is Crazy Bear?"

"Sure. You can come along," Treatyrights said, "You're find out about Crazy Bear when you get there."

The group finished their drinks and headed to the Chinese restaurant for more drinks and more good times.

Early Saturday afternoon, Matt Lance was driving his car to Susan Blanchard's house as she had invited him over for an afternoon of swimming and sunbathing. He tried to imagine what she would be wearing at the pool side and whether they again would go dancing in the evening.

Matt tried to move his car faster through the maze of busy streets, but the traffic lights were conspiring against him. They impeded his speedy movement at every opportunity. It seemed his car virtually crawled to Susan's house, but he finally arrived at her house. Exiting his car, he hurried up to the front door of her house and rang the door bell. He could hear someone coming to the door.

Matt was wearing a gray shirt and blue denim cutoffs. He was carrying a roll bag, which contained his swimming trunks, a beach towel, suntan lotion, sunglasses, and sandals.

The door opened. Standing in the doorway was Susan Blanchard. She was wearing a yellow tank top, blue shorts, and white athletic shoes.

"Matt. Come in. You're looking fit today."

"Sure. You look great in your outfit." He walked into the house.

"I tend to dress casually at home."

"You look good."

"Thank you. Follow me to the dining room." Susan walked to the dining room with Matt following behind. Reaching the dining room, Matt sat down at the table. She went into the kitchen and returned carrying a beer and a beer glass. She set the beer and beer glass down in front of him.

"Thanks for the beer." He grabbed the can of beer and poured some beer into the beer glass, and then he took a swallow from the beer glass.

Meanwhile Susan sat down next to Matt, and she was broadly smiling at him. She announced, "I kept my promise about your beer drinking. I know how Native Americans like to drink beer."

"That's good to hear. I wouldn't want my lifestyle to cause any problems."

"I'm sure your beer drinking won't," she said, "Most Native Americans at the Central Office drink."

"I don't know about that," Matt said, "Most Native American don't drink."

"Oh. You wouldn't know that from the way employees talk at the Central Office," Susan replied.

"Where are Michelle and Brian?" Matt asked, "I didn't see them in the house."

"This weekend Brian is visiting this father in Silver Springs, Maryland. Michelle is touring the Smithsonian Museums with her new boyfriend. She won't be back until midnight."

"Then we'll be alone this afternoon."

"Yes. We'll be alone," she grinned.

"Yeah. We'll be free to talk about anything we want. We won't have to worry your children."

"How did Friday night go at Marion's Restaurant and Bar?" Susan asked confidently, "I'm certain you went there last night."

"Yeah. I was at Marion's having a few beers. I had a good time."

"Were Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe at Marion's?"

"Yes. They were there. I was drinking beer with them."

"What did they talk about?" Susan asked. She had to know what was said at Marion's and whether they talked about her.

"Football and politics." Matt attempted to be evasive.

Susan put her hand on Matt's hand. "Did you talk about me?" She knew she could get him to talk. He was a perfect source of information.

"Of course, we always talk about you."

"Oh. What did they say about me?" Susan demanded as she resented being the subject of idle talk.

"They were speculating whether you would become the next Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs, and they also wanted to know what was happening between you and me."

"Did you tell Treatyrights and Goodloe it was none of their business," Susan cried out.

"No. I didn't. We weren't doing any harm."

Susan let go of Matt's hand, and she said heatedly. "I wish they would quit talking about Central Office business in a barroom. Someone might hear them. It doesn't look right."

"They meant no harm. We were just having a good time," Matt pleaded.

"I don't like my employees talking about me in a barroom," she seethed, "Did they make any lewd jokes about me?"

"No. They didn't make any jokes about you." He didn't like being cross-examined.

"Matt. Who is Crazy Bear?"

"You'll have ask the National Park Service." Matt tried again to be evasive.

Susan smacked her lips. "Don't get smart with me. Treatyrights

refers to some unknown person as Crazy Bear. You're the friend of Kenny Treatyrights. You should know who is Crazy Bear. I want to know who is Crazy Bear!"

"Treatyrights has many nicknames for the people that he knows. It could be the nickname for Harlan Goodloe. Goodloe calls himself Chief Crazy Bear."

"No. The nickname for Goodloe is the Crazy Man," Susan said testily, "My nickname is Old Boss. Treatyrights has no respect for me! Maxine's nickname is Pussy Cat. Jane's is Sour Puss. Chet Johnson's nickname is Sheep. He calls Sharkley -Rattlesnake Herb. How can he slander Honest Herb Sharkley!"

"You know more than I do." He took a drink from his beer glass.

"Don't play dumb with me," Susan said calmly, "I want the truth from you."

"I'm not playing dumb. I just don't know who is Crazy Bear," Matt lied, "I'm telling you the truth. Why are concerned about Crazy Bear?"

"There have been leaks of information from the Central Office." Susan said, "I think it is Crazy Bear, the friend of Treatyrights, who's leaking the information."

"Susan. I wish I could help, but I don't know who is Crazy Bear," he lied, "Since you and I have been working together, Kenny Treatyrights doesn't trust me as he once did."

"I believe you," she finally said, "and it's good to hear that Kenny Treatyrights is beginning to distrust you."

"We're still good friends, but our friendship is not what it once was."

"You'll outgrow Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe. You wait and see," Susan said, "What else happened at Marion's on Friday night?" She wanted him to provide her more for more information.

Matt decided give Susan some tasty information, which she might find useful. He didn't want to discourage her or to have her lose trust in him. He said, "Horrel Nutley was at Marion's."

"Nutley, the BIA Superintendent from Oklahoma. Huh. That's interesting."

"Yeah. He was drinking beer with us." Matt said reluctantly.

"What did Nutley have to say?"

"He was talking about Oklahoma and rattlesnake hunts," he said, "and he mentioned Central Office spies." He knew she would be satisfied with that information.

"Does Nutley actually believe that the Central Office has spies?"

"Well. He was concerned about the possibility of there being spies at the Central Office."

"I wish Nutley would mind his own business. He'll be around another three weeks," Susan threatened, "He'll soon find out about Central Office spies."



"I hope that I didn't get Nutley into trouble," he said, though he knew that he had.

"No. You didn't get Nutley into trouble, but you did well by telling me what Nutley said. It was significant information. You're making yourself useful."

"I hope that you are satisfied."

"Yes."

"Good."

"Let's go sunbathing," Susan directed.

"That's why I'm here."

"I need to change in my bedroom." she said, "You can change in the hall bathroom." She got up and went to her bedroom.

Carrying his roll bag, he ambled to the hall bathroom and changed into his blue swimming trunks. He donned his sunglasses and walked out to the pool. The pool was large; its water was a clear blue; and gray concrete surrounded the pool. There a couple of lounge chairs by the pool. He set his roll bag by the lounge chairs and sat down. He waited for Susan to come out.

Ten minutes later, Susan strolled out to the pool. She was wearing a white two-piece swimsuit. She told Matt to go in the house and get the ice cooler. It was full of beer, pop and ice.

Matt returned with the ice cooler. Sunbathing, Susan was lying on a lounge chair. Matt opened up ice cooler and grabbed a beer. He asked Susan whether she wanted a can of pop. She said yes, and he gave her a can of pop. He then lay down on a lounge chair next to Susan. They lay there for about thirty minutes.

"Susan. You said that Brian is sixteen and Michelle is eighteen years old."

"Yes. They're that old. So what?" Susan sighed as she was suspicious of his intentions.

"And you are thirty-nine years old?" He was setting a trap, and he was smiling to himself.

"Yeah. What are you getting at?" She suspected that Matt was teasing her.

"And if you add nine months of gestation, that means you were probably twenty years old when Michelle was conceived." He was smiling at Susan.

"I didn't know you were a mathematician," she said sarcastically, "and I don't like your holier-than-thou attitude. I can tell you went to Christian college. You were sheltered from the world - weren't you?"

"Yeah. We had our own Christian community. Pre-martial sex was prohibited."

"Matt. Would please keep quiet about that subject? It happened long ago."

"Okay. I was merely reminiscing about the past and thinking about you."

"Matt. Could you put some suntan lotion on my body?" Susan smiled. She decided to get some revenge. Arousing the sexual desires of Matt was fitting punishment for his indiscretion.

"If you want." He couldn't believe his good fortune.

Susan rolled over onto her back. Matt grabbed the tube of suntan lotion and squeezed some white cream onto his hand. He started to rub the lotion on her back. His hands were shaking.

He spread the lotion over her back, arms, and legs. His hands slowly rotated over her body. When he finished with her back, she rolled over on her back. Smiling at Matt, she could see her revenge was working. Squirting more lotion into his hand, he started rubbing the lotion onto her stomach and navel. He worked his way to her chest and stopped. He skipped over her chest and rubbed the lotion onto her shoulders and arms. Going to her legs, he worked his way up to her hips.

"Is there anything wrong?" She was smiling brightly at him.

"No. I'm finished."

"Matt. You did a very good job."

"I'm glad of being of some assistance," Matt confirmed, "Susan. Let's go swimming."

"Knucklehead. You just put suntan lotion on me," Susan said, "I can't go swimming now."

"Well. Then I'll go swimming alone. I need the exercise."

Matt stood up and walked over to the swimming pool. Climbing down a ladder, he eased his body into the pool. The water was warm, because the day was hot and humid. When reached the end of the ladder, he pushed his body away from the ladder. Swimming to the edge of the pool, he dove for the bottom of the pool. Reaching the bottom, he turned his body around and used his feet to push off the bottom. He shot to the surface. He swam back and forth across the pool until he tired. Exiting the pool, he lay down on a lounge chair next to Susan.

"Did you have a good swim?" Susan asked.

"Yeah. I feel a lot better. I worked off some of the surplus energy in me. It's good exercise."

"I don't like swimming, but I like sunbathing," she said, "It's so relaxing."

"I don't like sunbathing. I sunburn too easily."

"I didn't know that Native Americans could get a sunburn," Susan smiled, "You're so golden brown."

"Our natural tan doesn't always protect us, and I have soft and sensitive skin."

Susan reached over with right hand and touched his leg. She slowly rotated her hand on his thigh and then gently pinched it with her fingers. She said, "Yeah. You do have soft skin."

"You have soft skin yourself."

They spent the rest of the afternoon lying in the sun. He would occasionally dive into the pool to cool off and to avoid being burnt by the sun. They spent a pleasant afternoon together enjoying each other's company. When seven o'clock came, they left the pool side return to the house and changed back into original clothes.

Matt volunteered to cook dinner, and he quickly cooked a meal of hamburgers, fried potatoes, and string beans. They slowly ate their dinner.

When they finished, she said, "Well, Matt. What do you want to do tonight?"

"It's up to you. I'm willing to do anything you want."

"Let's go dancing again. I enjoy dancing, and you dance well."

"Well. We could go disco dancing at Good Time Charlie's. It's a good bar."

"I never have been to Good Time Charlie's," Susan said, "I need to change into something more appropriate for dancing. Why don't you go into the living room and watch television while I'm dressing." She left the dining room and retired to her bedroom.

Matt went into the kitchen and got a cola from the refrigerator. Going to the living room, he turned on the television and sat down on the sofa.

One hour later, Susan returned to the living room. She was wearing a white jacket, navy blue skirt, and a yellow print blouse. She said, "Matt. I'm ready to go."

Matt said, "Let's go my apartment. I need to change my clothes."

They walked out of the house to his car. He drove his car to his apartment building and parked it in front of the building. They exited the car, entered the building, and rode the elevator to the second floor. Leaving the elevator, they ambled to his apartment. After entering the apartment, Susan sat down on the couch. Matt turned on the television and got Susan a soft drink from the kitchen.

"I need to take a shower and change my clothes," Matt said, "It shouldn't take too long."

He headed to his bathroom, stripped, and showered. Wearing robe, he went into his bedroom and dressed. He decided to wear his dark brown blazer and pants with a necktie. Returning to the living room, he told Susan he was ready to go. They left the apartment and

returned to his car. Starting the engine, he drove to a hotel and drove into the hotel parking lot. After parking the car, they walked into the hotel and headed to the Good Time Charlie's.

The colorful disco was packed with people. Most of the women were wearing evening clothing, and men were wearing jackets and ties. They found a table and sat down. A cocktail waitress rushed over to the table and asked whether they wanted something to drink.

"I'll take a beer," Matt said, "Susan. Do you want something to drink?"

"I'll take a beer too."

Matt had a surprise look on his face. He said, "I didn't you know you drank beer. It should be an interesting evening. "

"I haven't drank alcohol in years," Susan said, "You must be corrupting me."

"We are mutually corrupting," he laughed, "Now I can get you drunk tonight and easily seduce you at my apartment."

"It won't be that easy," she smiled, "I can handle beer."

"It has worked on many other women that I have been with," he smiled.

"A few beers won't hurt me. I believe in moderation."

The cocktail waitress returned with the beers and two beer glasses. She set beers and beer glasses down on the table. She filled the beer glasses with beer and left for the bar. Susan and Matt picked up their beer glasses.

He looked at her face and smiled, and he said, "Cheers."

They hit their beer glasses together. He took a quick drink from his beer glass and watched her take a drink for her glass. She slowly raised the glass to her mouth. When the glass reached her red lips, she took a small drink from the glass.

"That tasted good," she said, "I almost forgot how beer tasted."

"I like to drink beer. Maybe I drink too much," he said, "But I have always been a bachelor. I never had to be responsible for anyone else, except myself, and I do like nightclubbing."

"You must spend a lot of money on entertainment. It must be expensive."

"Yes. It's expensive. I do spend a lot on nightclubbing."

"Matt. I don't want you to tell Kenny Treatyrights or anyone else about me drinking beer," Susan said sternly, "I don't want them to get the wrong idea about me."

"I don't kiss and tell." Matt remembered the previous night when he talked about their affair.

"That's good to hear. I like men who can keep their mouths shut," she said, "Let's dance to that slow dance tune. I like slow dances."

They proceeded to the dance floor. He put his arms around her body. She didn't object to his embrace. They stayed on the dance floor for a couple of more dances. Tired from dancing, they returned to their table, sat down, and resuming drinking their beer. They watched other couples dancing on the dance floor. The cocktail waitress returned, and he ordered two more beers. They spent the rest of the night at Good Time Charlie's. They danced several more times and drank more beer. They enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

When it reached midnight, Susan said, "Matt. We'd better leave for home."

"Yes. It is late. We should leave. Do you want to go to my apartment?"

"I'm not that drunk, but thanks for trying," she smiled.

They walked out to his car. They climbed in, and he drove to Susan's home in Arlington, Virginia. Arriving at her home, they entered her house. On the door, Susan found a note from Michelle, her daughter. The note said that she was spending the night with her girlfriend.

"Susan. I had a great time today," Matt said.

"I had a good time too. I like being with you. You're an interesting man."

"We remember we'll be attending church tomorrow," Susan said, "It's a community church down the street. I'm certain you have driven past it."

"When do you want me to pick you tomorrow?" Matt asked.

"Be here at ten o'clock," Susan ordered.

"Okay."

"Then in the afternoon, we'll be attending a music recital," she continued.

"Sounds great," Matt said, "I haven't been to a music recital since I graduated from college."

"I want to expose you more cultural activities," she said, "Music recitals are good for the spirit. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"I should enjoy it. I like listening to recital music."

"That's good to hear. I like men who appreciate good music."

"Susan. I'd better be leaving for home," he said, "Good night."

"Matt. Good night. I enjoyed being with you tonight."

He left her home and drove back to his apartment.

Susan went into her bedroom and changed into her night clothes. She heard loud knocking on the front door. She hoped it wasn't Matt Lance. She decided that she wouldn't let him back in her home at this late hour. She put on her robe and went into the living room.

She cracked the front door open and peered out the small opening.

Standing in front of the door was her ex-husband, Bud Blanchard. He was tall and well-built. Forty-one years old, he had greyish brown hair and green eyes, and he was wearing a jacket and necktie. Appearing highly agitated, he was obviously drunk. His face was flushed; and his shoulders were arched. He was moving his legs back and forth.

"Bud. What do you want? It's almost one o'clock in the morning."

"I want to come into my house," Bud cried out, "Let me in my house."

"Bud. You're drunk. I want you to leave! You have no business being here."

"No. I won't leave," he said angrily, "I first want to say a few things to you." He grabbed the door and forced his way into the house.

Susan fell back to the living room and said heatedly, "You haven't changed a bid. You're still sloppy drunk and still using physical force against women. I think I'll call police."

"This is my house. I paid for it." Bud shouted, "I don't want you entertaining men in my house. I know you have been entertaining your boyfriends in my house."

"Oh. So that's what it is all about," she said forcefully, "You're jealous that I have men friends. If I remember correctly, we are divorced, and I got the house in the divorce settlement. It's my house and not your house."

"But I paid for this house with my money. You didn't pay for it."

"Tell it to the judge."

"Don't say that."

"I didn't tell you to run around with your pretty brunette secretary," Susan yelled out, "You made your choice. You dumped me for her. Now get out of my house."

"My children live in this house," Bud shrieked, "While they're still living here, I don't want you to entertain men here. Do you understand?" He balled his fists.

"I'll entertain whom want in this house. You no longer own me or this house. And I'm very discreet about whom I entertain in this house." Susan fired back, "I want you to get out this house now or I will call the police." She walked to the telephone and picked up the receiver.

"Did you have Matt Lance over this afternoon?" Bud yelled.

"Oh. Does Matt Lance have you jealous? He's really a gentleman."

"I'm jealous of no man," he cried out, "I don't you running with an Indian."

"You use Brian and Michelle as a cover for your jealousy," she said, "I wasn't the one who was unfaithful. You're one who ran around with your secretary, Bud. You can't have me back."

"Did you permit drinking in this house."

"Yes. Matt Lance drank a few beer this afternoon at the pool. You're drunk all the time yourself," she hollered, "In fact I went dancing with him tonight, and I drank a few beers with him."

"Where is Michelle?"

"Michelle is staying overnight at a girlfriend's home. She left a note on the door."

"Where is Matt Lance now?"

"Oh. Matt Lance is my bedroom," Susan responded loudly, "He's sleeping in my bed."

Shaken, Bud's eyes turned white, and his arms began to shake uncontrollably from anger. Then he moved towards Susan. She ran towards her bedroom. Yelling into her bedroom, she said, "Matt. Get out bed and throw my ex-husband out my house."

Bud stopped in his tracked. His body was still shaking from anger, and he was emotionally distraught. With face in anguish, he stared at Susan for a few seconds. Then he turned around abruptly, he headed silently to the front door and left the house.

Susan ran to the picture window in the living room and looked out. She watched Bud climb into his car and drive out of the driveway. His car faded into the darkness of the night.

She was badly shaken from the experience, and she went into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and got a soft drink. Returning to the living room, she slowly drank the soft drink sitting on the couch in the living room. She thought about Matt Lance and her ex-husband. She wished that life could be simpler and more idealistic, but she knew that was impossible. Finishing her soft drink, she returned to her bedroom and tried to go to sleep.

It was ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Matt Lance pulled his car into the driveway of Susan's home. Exiting his car, he went to the front door and knocked on the door. Wearing his best suit, he waited for Susan to come to the door.

She opened the door and said. "Come in. Matt. You're right on time this morning." She was wearing a white dress with a pleated skirt.

He walked into the house, and he said, "Susan. You look tired. Did you sleep well last night?"

"No. I'm a little tired. My ex-husband, Bud, was over last night after you left."

"Being a lifelong bachelor, I have dealt with many jealous ex-husbands. They're inevitably jealous and possessive. Did he do anything to you?"

"No. I told him that you were in my bedroom," Susan explained, "Bud lost his nerve and left my house. He's probably upset with you."

"What else is new with ex-husbands?" he said jokingly, "I only hope that Bud isn't violent type. I wouldn't want him to hunt me down with a gun and a knife."

Susan laughed, and she said, "Bud would never hunt you down. He's afraid of men but not women."

"I've had many bad experiences with ex-husbands," he revealed, "They inevitably blame me for all their women troubles."

"Bud was actually capable of violence last night." Susan revealed, "I've never seen him so angry. He was really perturbed about me entertaining you at my house. He said it wasn't proper, because of the children living in the house. But I think he was just jealous of you. You're first single man I've ever invited to my home."

"Bud has to realize that you have your own life to live," Matt said, "You're bound to entertain men at your home. It is amazing how men can be so possessive about their ex-wives."

"Matt. Have you had breakfast?"

"Yeah. I ate breakfast before I came over here. I had bacon and eggs."

"Well. We'd better head to the church," she said, "I attend an Interdenominational church."

"Why that type of church?"

"No special reason. I just like the minister. He can give good sermons about sin."

"Is he a fire and brimstone preacher?" Matt jested. He recalled his church-going days.

"No. He's not an old-fashioned preacher," she replied, "When you attended church, you must have listened to many preachers of that type."

"I've listen to few of them in my day. I belonged to a working class church."

"My church is not that kind of church. It's a high class church," she bragged.

"Your church must be a liberal church," he said, "Christian liberalism!"

"Do you have something against liberal churches?"

"No. But I remember the Preacher Holmes railing against Christian liberalism."



"Well. We don't slap Bibles or yell praise the lord at our church," Susan explained.

"As long as the preacher preaches the Bible, that's all I care," he smiled.

"You are really being facetious this morning. I like your sense of humor."

"We should leave for church," Matt said, "We may be late."

They left the house and climbed into his car. He started the engine and drove the car out of the driveway onto the street. When he came to the main thoroughfare, he made a sharp right turn and proceeded up the street for a couple of blocks.

Susan pointed to a church made of stone. He immediately thought the parishioners must have a lot of money, as the magnificent church must have been expensive to build and must be expensive to maintain. He drove into the church parking lot and parked the car. They exited the car and strolled to the stone entrance of the church.

Susan didn't want to go into the church too early, so they stood outside of the entrance of the church. She said, "Matt. I've been thinking. Maybe you shouldn't talk too much. Better yet, maybe you shouldn't talk at all. Let me do all the talking today."

"That's a strange request," he protested, "I must have attended church a thousand times."

"Isn't what you think."

"Then what?"

"I'm a member of this church. All the church members know me. They're used of seeing me attending church alone. Because you are with me, they will be gawking at us and speculating who you are."

"Do you want me to grunt and groan like a caveman?"

"No, no. You're not trying to understand me," Susan said seriously, "The less you talk the less interaction we'll have with the other church members."

"I won't make any scenes. I'm used of attending church, and I know church etiquette. You're worried about nothing," Matt said, "Let's go into the church."

"You're making me sound like some sort of bigot," she cried out, "and I don't like it." She glared at Matt.

He smiled at her and said, "Okay, Susan. I'll keep quiet, but nothing is going happen."

"If you say nothing, nothing will happen."

They entered the church and found two seats near the middle of the auditorium. The church was spacious and had a large pulpit constructed of wood. Stain glass windows flooded the church with

sunlight. The church benches were made of hardwood. There was seating for about a thousand people in the main auditorium, and the church was crowded with people. The parishioners of the church were dressed in their best Sunday clothes.

As Susan predicted, the other parishioners were highly interested in Matt. They kept looking over to Susan and Matt and talked among themselves about the new churchgoer. She smiled brightly but felt uncomfortable about the stares of the parishioners. Matt simply ignored their searching stares.

The minister started the church service with an opening prayer. He prayed for the salvation of the congregation and of the nation. Attired in a black robe, the minister was rather short and had gray hair. He had a booming voice and was an elegant speaker.

Then the assistant minister replaced the minister in the pulpit. In his early thirties, he was tall and had a blond hair and blue eyes. He led the congregation and choir in the singing of hymns. An organist played hymns on a large, sorrowful-sounding organ. The choir perform a special hymn.

Matt was familiar with most of the hymns, and they reminded him of his youth when he regularly attended a Christian church. At one time, he had even planned to become a minister, but gave up that idea after two years of college. He pondered what would have happened if he had gone into the ministry. He was certain that he would be happily married and have at least three children. He would be a minister at a small church, and his income would be extraordinarily small. But money wouldn't be a consideration, just the saving of souls, the worship of God, and Christian fellowship.

After the hymn singing was finished, the minister returned to the pulpit and started to give a sermon about sin. Waving his hands and shouting his message, the charismatic minister thoroughly made his parishioners uncomfortable with their lives.

Matt thought about the wages of sin, and he pondered whether he lived a sinful life. Maybe he should return to the church. He pondered whether Susan was plotting to get him to return to the church. She was a clever person. Maybe she wanted just to tame him. But she did care enough about him to get him to go to church.

To Matt, Susan didn't act like a Christian, at least not like any Christian that he knew. Of course, he realized that there were different types of Christians in the world. Still she didn't act like any Christian with whom he had grown up with. She could be self-serving and selfish, and religion seemed more of a means for her to achieve her ends. She probably didn't even realize what she was doing. He could not take her religiosity seriously. Anyway, he liked

her better as a hypocrite, and he didn't want a woman who was too religious. When it came to Susan's religion, he wouldn't have anything to worry about.

The minister finished his sermon and led the congregation in a final hymn. An offering was taken. Matt and Susan both put twenty dollar bills in the offering bowl, and then minister gave a final prayer and benediction. After the church services, the minister rushed to the entrance of the church to bid farewell to his church parishioners.

Susan and Matt waited in their seats while the auditorium thinned out. When enough people had filed out of the church, they rose from their seats, moved to the aisle, and proceeded to the entrance of the church.

They became a part of a long line that was backed up into the church. The line slowly moved forward to the entrance. Ten minutes later, they were approaching the minister who was shaking hands of his parishioners, thanking them for attending, and saying goodbye.

"Well, Susan. I'm glad to see you in church again. It has been awhile," the minister said, "Who's your friend?"

"Oh. This is Matt Lance," she said nervously, "and Matt. This Is Reverend Critter."

"Reverend. It's good to meet you," Matt said, "I enjoyed your sermon."

"You gave a great sermon on sin," Susan praised, "I only wished that Michelle and Brian were in church to hear it, but it's hard to get them to attend church. Their father is a bad influence."

"I like to preach about the evils of sin," the Reverend said, "Are you bringing some of your wards to church?"

"What do you mean?" Susan asked.

"If I remember correctly, the Native Americans are wards of the Federal Government."

Susan blushed at the statement of Reverend Critter. She replied, "In some ways reservation Indians are the wards of the Federal Government. In other ways they are just liked anyone else."

"The Federal Government has a trust responsibility towards Native Americans, especially when they live on reservations," Matt added.

"The trust responsibility of the Federal Government is very limited," Susan countered, "It mainly has to do with protection of the lands and natural resources of Indian tribes."

"I disagree," Matt said, "The trust responsibility of the Federal Government is pervasive and encompasses basic government

services for Native American people. The country was stolen from the Native Americans. The Federal Government owes them something."

Other parishioners were smiling at Susan and Matt and enjoying their internecine argument.

"We certainly stole the country from the Native Americans," the Reverend conceded.

Susan grinned at the Reverend. She wanted to leave as quickly as possible as she didn't like people staring at her. She said, "Matt. We shouldn't argue in front of the Reverend."

"Are you a Native American?" the Reverend asked Matt, "You look like one."

"I try to be," Matt responded, "I'm a Native American from the Colville Indian Reservation."

"Where is it located?"

"The State of Washington."

Susan wanted to change the subject to religion as she knew the Reverend would be more interested in Matt's religious background. She said, "Matt attended a Christian college."

"So you know something about Christianity," the Reverend said.

"Yeah. There's nothing like a Christian education," Matt grinned.

The Reverend looked Matt in the eye and said cheerfully. "Well I'm glad to see you two in church. Come again."

"Yes. We'll coming again." Susan said.

"I'm sure we will," Matt said.

They shook the Reverend's hand and walked down the steps of the church entrance. Susan grabbed Matt's hand and said. "What did I tell you about talking. You embarrassed me in front in the Reverend."

"When you're mad, you're almost human."

"I never get mad," she said, "I plan to get you into the Interior Department's management program as quickly as possible. Maybe you will learn something the about the trust responsibility of the Federal Government."

"Well. You'd better hurry. There is a presidential election coming up. You may not be around in a year. I may end up teaching the management course."

"I'm positive the right side will win the election. I won't lose my job," Susan smiled, "We shouldn't argue about politics and religion. We have more in common than you realize."

About this time a woman wearing a red dress approached them. It was Mrs. Mary Wright, the BIA social worker. When Susan saw her approaching, she attempted to escape, but Mrs. Wright was too quick and caught up to them. Mrs. Wright was the last person that Susan wanted to meet at church as Mrs. Wright was a very pious woman.

Susan knew that Mrs. Wright knew Matt Lance and that she would cause a scene.

"Miss Blanchard. You brought a Native American to church," Mrs. Wright said loudly, "and it's Mr. Matt Lance. You made a wise decision in bringing him to church. He really needs the Lord. Maybe you can Christianize him."

"Matt attended a Christian college."

"Once I was member of a church," Matt related.

"Oh. So he knows something about being a Christian," Mrs. Wright exclaimed, "He must be a backslider, and you're getting him back into the church. That's really wonderful."

"He's well acquainted with being a Christian," Susan offered.

"If we could only get the rest of the Native Americans at the Central Office to attend church, we might have something," Mrs. Wright said, "We'll have to start working on the other employees. Just think if we had a bunch of Christian Native Americans running the Central Office. What a difference that would make."

"It sounds like a good idea to me," Susan agreed. She looked at Matt and grinned.

"I have a lot of respect for Christians, but you are asking for too much," Matt said, "There are already too many nominal Christians. They don't play by the same rules as more committed Christians."

"What are you saying?" Mrs. Wright asked.

"Well. Getting Native Americans to attend church wouldn't mean anything. Some would attend church just to promote themselves and would feign religiosity," he explained.

"Oh, hogwash. You have dwarfed view of manlike," Mrs. Wright said self-righteously,

"Unfortunately, it is true. There are all kinds of liberal churches out there," Matt said, "You just have to study church history. It will confirm everything I'm saying."

"I didn't know that you were an expert on church history," Susan smiled,

"I can clearly see that you did attend Christian college," Mrs. Wright said indignantly, "You're a Born Again Christian - aren't you?"

"Apparently not. I quit the Church and became a sinner," Matt said in jest..

"Then were you kicked out of your church?" Mrs. Wright cross-examined. She didn't like Matt.

"No. I left on my own accord. It was beer drinking or religion. I chose beer drinking." Matt continued his jesting.

"You're a sinner with no remorse or excuse."

"It was my decision."

"A Christian Indian turned bad. It's too bad," Mrs. Wright sighed.

"Matt and I must leave," Susan finally said, "We need to return to my home and eat lunch before we go to a music recital this bright afternoon. We don't have much time to eat."

"I need to leave too. Goodbye," Mrs. Wright said. Leaving Matt and Susan alone, she walked to her car and drove out of the parking lot.

"I told you to keep quiet, but you wouldn't listen to me," Susan said, shaking her head, "You say things, which are disturbing to people. You must be a freethinker. You must have had problems dealing with other Christians. It explains why you left the church."

"It wasn't because I didn't believe in religion. I had no problems with the dogma," he said, "But I didn't want to spend the rest of life keeping my thoughts to myself."

"Matt, You're not a true sinner. I'm more a sinner than you are."

"Neither am I a saint, I have my vices like all people. I'm a human being."

"I'm tire of talking about religion."

"I agree."

"Well Let's return to my home and eat some lunch," Susan suggested, "The music recital doesn't start until two o'clock. We have some time to kill until then."

"It is fine with me. I would like to eat a sandwich. I'm a little hungry," Matt said.

They returned to Susan's home. Since they had already eaten breakfast, she prepared a couple of ham sandwiches. They consumed their sandwiches in the dining room.

Susan explained to Matt that some local college students would be performing at the music recital. She showed him the program. He related that he not attended a music recital since he left college. He admitted that he enjoyed classical music and baroque music.

She quizzed him on his knowledge of music styles, and she was quickly satisfied that he had a rudimentary knowledge of music. She explained to him that she once played the violin. He said that he never had any desire to learn to play a musical instrument. She argued that a person was not truly educated unless they knew how to play at least one musical instrument. He simply smiled at her comments.

Shortly before two o'clock, they returned to the church. The church had a music room for music recitals and choir practice. When they entered the room, the music recital had already started. They found seats near the front of the room. Because of the prying

stares of other people in the room, Susan was uncomfortable. But the music was enjoyable, and the college students performed well. They both enjoyed the music recital.

## Chapter 28

On Thursday afternoon, Susan Blanchard was in her office at the Interior Department Building. Smiling to herself, she was reading the final plans to centralize authority at the Bureau of Indian Affairs Central Office. She was excited by what she read.

The five Central Office Directors would be given direct line authority nationwide over programs within their departments. Under the proposal the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents would be directly responsible and accountable to the Central Office Directors. The Division Chiefs at the Central Office would also be given line authority over their programs nationwide. Most importantly, BIA decision-making would be centralized in Washington, D.C.

Susan didn't completely understand the significance of the centralization plans. She only knew that the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents would be directly responsible and accountable to her instead of just the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs. It was something that she always craved, and now it was about to happen. Her authority and responsibility would be increased tremendously. What she liked most of all was that Area Directors and Agency Superintendents would have to listen to her and follow her decisions, unless the Assistant Secretary overruled her decision-making. She couldn't imagine the Assistant Secretary ever overruling one of her decisions.

Susan planned to congratulate Hillyard Chipeworth, the Director of BIA Department of Natural Resources, for the development of the centralization proposal. He had done a fine job.

Maxine Hubbard cracked open door to Susan's office and peeked through the opening. Susan looked up and saw Maxine, and she waved to Maxine to come over to her executive desk. She said, "Maxine. Take a seat on the couch."

Maxine sat down on the small couch, which was situated in front of Susan's desk. She said, "Susan. What are you reading? You look like the cat who just ate the canary."

"I'm reading the final plans for the centralization of the Bureau of Indian Affairs," Susan said happily, "Chipeworth and I met with the private sector representatives this morning. You know - Ripley Battle, Wharton Linder, and Horner Shaw. They are vice-presidents with mining, oil and gas, and timber companies. Chipeworth presented his final proposal at the meeting."



"Yeah. I remember them. You mean something actually happened on the proposal to centralize the BIA."

"Yes."

"Generally we have one meeting on centralization of the BIA. Then someone leaks the proposal to Senator Miles and that is the end of the proposal," Maxine commented.

"Not this time! We kept everything very secret. Even Crazy Bear didn't find out about the proposal. Even Senator Miles doesn't know about the proposal," Susan said proudly.

"Did you ever discover who is Crazy Bear?"

"No. I'm still searching for the renegade who is leaking information about the Central Office," Susan said, "Maybe it's my intuition, but I think we'll shortly find out who is Crazy Bear."

"Have you asked Matt Lance? He must know who is Crazy Bear."

"Of course, I have asked him. Matt doesn't know who is Crazy Bear."

"Matt Lance has to know who is Crazy Bear," Maxine cried out, "Kenny Treatyrights is always talking about Crazy Bear."

"So What?"

"Apparently Crazy Bear is a boozing buddy of Kenny Treatyrights. If Crazy Bear is a boozing buddy of Treatyrights, then he is a boozing buddy of Matt Lance."

"Matt would never lie to me," Susan said confidently, "I'm beginning to have complete trust in him. He has done excellent work for me, and he has provided me with invaluable information."

The blood drained from Maxine's face as she was highly perturbed by Susan's statement. Her worst fear were confirmed. She asked, "How long have you been dating Matt Lance?"

"I wouldn't call it dating. I'm merely trying to re-educate him," Susan said, "but I been seeing Matt for the last four weekends. This weekend we plan to go a dinner theater."

"Is Matt Lance ready to become a trusted employee? You must know by now."

"I think that he's infatuated with me," Susan confessed, "Of course, my relationship with him is strictly platonic. Native American men easily fall in love with any woman."

"Has Matt tried to seduce you?"

"Matt does try. I'll give credit for that," Susan said, "But he's not my type. Until a better man comes around, I have no problem socializing with him. I'm learning a lot about Native American men."

"Do you think that he's representative of Native American men?" Maxine was curious their affair.

"No. But he's not like any Native American man that I ever met."

Susan shook head.

"Do you think you can get Matt to betray Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe?"

"Yes. He's infatuated with me. If I told him to end his friendship with Treatyrights and Goodloe, he would obey me," Susan said confidently, "especially if I threatened to end our relationship. I pretty much dominate our relationship."

"Well, Susan. You seem very confident about Matt Lance. But he still boozes with Treatyrights and Goodloe on Friday afternoons at Marion's Restaurant and Bar."

"He's beginning to change. I can see the change," Susan said, "It's still too early to tell him to quit drinking with Treatyrights and Goodloe. Apparently, it doesn't do him any harm. In spite of his drinking, he still does excellent work for me."

"But he hasn't told you who is Crazy Bear." Maxine grinned, "Until he does tell you, I wouldn't trust him. He still believes too much in Indian tribes and their tribal governments."

"He might be trying to change me, but he is not succeeding," Susan smiled, "I don't see myself as an ally of Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe."

"Matt is really naive if he actually thinks he can change you."

"If I do a good job for the Administration in this position, I expect to be appointed to a more important position," Susan revealed, "and I won't let Matt Lance be an obstacle to my career goals."

"That's good to hear. I was afraid he was a bad influence on you."

"Matt is merely a Central Office employee that I'm attempting to make into a better employee," Susan said, "No man can be a bad influence on me. I control my own life."

"I didn't mean to say that a man like Matt Lance could possibly influence you."

"Maxine. I need to leave for the reception that Ripley Battle, Wharton Linder, and Horner Shaw are staging for the Indian tribes," Susan said, "It's a little get-together between the private sector and the Indian tribes."

"Can I go the reception? You know how much I love receptions."

"No. You cannot go the reception. I want you stay in the office and be acting Director."

"But why do you want me to stay in the office?" Maxine was angry with Susan.

"Because I only want Matt Lance to be my escort," Susan explained, "Senator Miles will be making an appearance at the reception. And I want to surprise him with Matt Lance."

"The Senator will not be easily fooled."

"Oh. I'll make it clear to the Senator who Matt Lance is," Susan grinned.

"Well. I'd better let you go the reception," Maxine said. She started to leave office.

"Maxine. You can stay in my office," Susan said, "It might be more convenient to you to use my office rather than your office. I won't be returning to my office this afternoon."

"Well, thanks. I would like to use your office."

Susan walked past Maxine and left the office. She ambled down the corridor to the elevators and rode an elevator to the second floor. Matt Lance was waiting for her at the "E" Street entrance of the interior Department Building.

"Matt. Did you have any problems with Chet Johnson letting you attend the reception?"

"Nope. He was very agreeable about letting me go," Matt said. "Chet is actually afraid of me. He agrees to everything I ask for."

"You're in the major leagues now," Susan said, "Chet Johnson knows it. You'll like being in the major leagues. There are plenty of fringe benefits being in the major leagues."

"Yeah. But I'm losing all my Native American friends," Matt revealed, "They think I'm spying for you."

"You'll find new friends, and maybe you'll find some friends who can help you get ahead."

"Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe haven't yet abandoned me," Matt said somberly. They walked slowly out of the building and waited for a taxi cab on "E" Street.

"Oh, out of jealousy, they'll quit being your friends too," Susan said, "I've seen it happen too often at the Central Office. A Native American does well or is promoted, and the rest of the Native Americans are jealous. They do their best to undermine him or her. They want to drag them down to their level. It happens all of the time. It's simply jealousy."

"I don't think it is jealousy. They think that I sold out to the establishment."

"Matt. You sound just like a disgruntled employee," Susan smiled, "How can the other Native Americans at the Central Office possibly think you sold out to the establishment?"

"As long as I'm working with you, they'll think that I sold out."

"Does it really matter what other Native American think?" she smiled, "I know you haven't sold out."

"Thanks for reassuring me. I'm only willing to work with you for the good of Native American affairs," Matt said, "I need to be in a

strategic position to do something to Native American affairs. "

"Matt. You make me sound like a evil person." Susan said.

"I didn't intend that."

"Like you, I am working for the best interest of the Indian tribes and Native American people. That's why we're working together on BIA assignments and projects," she explained, "Anyway, I like you as a person. I have share your company for four straight weekends. I must like you."

"I feel the same about you. You've been good company."

"Let's drop the talk about you being a traitor to Native American people," Susan smiled, "I know you are not a traitor to your race. If you were, I wouldn't be working with you."

"Yes. Let's talk about something else. It is a depressing subject anyway."

"Matt. You shouldn't take it so hard."

A taxi cab pulled up to the Interior Department Building. They climbed into the taxi cab. Susan gave the taxi driver directions. The taxi cab pulled out and headed to the hotel where the reception was being held. The driver maneuvered the taxi cab through the heavy traffic. Within five minutes, the taxi cab arrived at the downtown hotel. They exited the taxi cab, and Matt paid the taxi driver. Entering the hotel, they proceeded to the reception room.

The reception room was full of well-dressed people. Most of the men were wearing suits and neckties, and the women were generally attired in blazers and skirts or dress suits. A few of the Native Americans in attendance were wearing blue jeans and casual shirts.

The reception room was large, but it had no windows. Glass chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and there were several portable bars serving hard liquor drinks and wine. On a large table were tubs full of beer and ice. The beer was free. On another table were appetizers and other food.

"Matt. Why don't you go get a beer. There should be free beer at the reception."

"I thought you didn't want your employees drinking at public receptions."

"Well. This is not a congressional reception. It is a reception sponsored by the private sector for Indian tribes," Susan said, "I don't mind you drinking. I don't want you to feel out of place at the reception. The other guests will be drinking something."

"Okay. I'll go get a beer." He ambled over to the table with the beer. Grabbing a can of beer, he opened it and took a swallow. He returned to where Susan was standing.

Susan had walked over to where Herbert Sharkley was sitting on a chair. He was wearing his usual BIA Police blazer, gray pants, and a red necktie. On his lap was a plate of full of cheese, crackers, cold cuts, potato chips, and other appetizers. In his right hand was a can of beer. When he saw Susan approaching him, he tried to hide his beer, but she was too quick.

"Hello, Herbert Sharkley. I'm glad you made it to the reception."

"Oh. I would never miss a reception for Native Americans," Sharkley exclaimed, "You never know what you're going to discover. You know loose lips sink ships. The liquor and beer makes the Native Americans talk a lot."

"It's good to know that you're always on the job. I got good news for you."

"Miss Blanchard. What is it?"

"Today Hillyard Chipeworth and I put together the final plans for the centralization of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. You'll be getting line authority over BIA Police activity nationwide."

"Great. That's best news I've ever heard. Boy, those Indian tribes have better watch out now."

"Sharkley. Do you have a vendetta against Indian tribes?"

"No, Miss Blanchard. I meant lawbreakers and radical, militant Indians."

Susan saw Matt returning and said, "Don't say anything to Matt Lance about the proposal to centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The proposal is still a top secret."

"I won't mention anything to Matt Lance. I don't trust him anyway."

When Sharkley sighted Matt approaching, his stomach turned sour. He had heard from Maxine that Susan was running around with him. His worst fears had been confirmed.

"Herbert Sharkley. How are you doing?" Matt asked, "You look like you're enjoying yourself."

"Oh. I'm doing okay. I'm just enjoying the reception. I enjoy the company of Native Americans."

Susan sighted Ripley Battle, Wharton Linder, and Horner Shaw in the reception room. She said, "Matt. I want you to meet three wonderful gentlemen from the private sector." She led the way to where the threesome were standing. They were wearing expensive, dark blue, three-piece suits and red club neckties. They had drinks in their hands.

Ripley Battle sighted Susan coming towards them. When she arrived, Battle said, "Well. It's Susan Blanchard. I'm glad you came to the reception. It has been a real success."

"I'm happy to be here," Susan said excitedly, "and I'm glad the reception is a success."

Matt arrived and stood by Susan. He eyed the men that Susan was talking to. He estimated that three men were in their thirties, and he was struck by the fact that they were very similar in appearance and dress. Their similarities made him feel uneasy, as he never liked junior executives from the private sector.

"Susan. As you can see, our reception is well attended by Native Americans," Battle said gleefully, "We have all kinds of tribal representatives in attendance. We might even be able to make a few deals."

"It's good to get the Indian tribes and private sector together," Susan said, "The private sector has so much to offer the Indian tribes. They have so much to learn from the private sector."

"And the Indian tribes have so much to offer us," Horner Shaw smiled.

"Who is your escort?" Wharton Linder asked. "Does he work for you?"

"Oh. This is Matt Lance. He's one of my top employee. He's a program analyst for the Division of Tribal Programs," Susan said, "He's my escort at the reception."

After the threesome introduced themselves to Matt, Matt said, "I understand you're from the private sector. Are you junior executives?"

"Yeah. You're right. I'm a junior vice-president of a mining company," Ripley Battle said proudly, "Wharton Linder is a junior vice-president of an oil company, and Horner Shaw is a junior vice-president of a timber and lumber company."

"We're staging this reception for the Indian tribes," Wharton Linder pointed out, "We want to get better acquainted with them. We want to develop their natural resources. This reception should prove to be very educational to all sides. "

"You must admit that the Indian tribes have plenty of natural resources that need developing," Horner Shaw pointed out, "We got the money and expertise to do it."

"Matt. Isn't that exciting?" Susan exclaimed, "Private sector is so wonderful."

"Well. You can't beat economic development," Matt admitted, "as long as you have the consent of the Indian tribes. They do need the jobs that economic development creates."

"Of course, we'll get the consent of the Indian tribes," Ripley Battle laughed loudly. All three eyed Matt Lane, and they wondered privately whether he was a radical environmentalist.

"Matt. These men are not robber barons." Susan said laughingly,

"That age is long gone."

Matt wanted to say something biting to Susan, but he thought the better of it. He didn't want to make her mad, and there were other forms of persuasion. He said, "Anyway, It's all a matter of economics and in the end the bottom line."

"Matt has a MBA," Susan revealed, "He knows the fundamentals of business management."

"It's good to hear that the BIA Central Office has such qualified employees." Wharton Linder said, "It will make our exploitation of Indian natural resources much easier."

"Exploitation of Indian natural resources!" Matt said loudly. His fears were confirmed.

"Matt. You're reading too much into the innocuous words of Wharton Linder," Susan laughed, "The BIA will protect the natural resources of the Indian tribes. It's our trust responsibility."

"Susan. We need to talk to you in private," Horner Shaw said, "without Mr. Lance present."

"Matt. Why don't you go over and talk to Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe," Susan suggested, "I saw them come in. I'll find you later."

"Okay, Susan." He walked slowly towards the table holding the beer. He figured that Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe should be standing somewhere nearby. He sighted them, and he maneuvered through the reception guests until he reached them.

"Matt. It's good to see you at the reception," Treatyrights said, "You're looking good."

"I need another beer," Matt said. He walked over to the table with the beer. After he grabbed a can of beer, he returned where they were standing.

"Well. How is your old lady doing?" Treatyrights said teasingly, "I'm surprised she's letting you drink."

"I don't have a wife." Matt didn't want to be teased about his relationship with Susan.

"I mean Susan Blanchard," Treatyrights finally said, "She must be here or you wouldn't be here."

"Yeah. Susan is at the reception," Matt said, "She's talking to some representatives from the private sector." He pointed to where she was standing with Battle, Linder, and Shaw.

"What's their names?" Treatyrights asked, as he thought that he recognized them.

"Ripley Battle, Wharton Linder, and Horner Shaw. They're junior executives."

"Susan must be up to something if she is talking to them."

Treatyrights said, "Those three are always trying to find ways to steal the natural resources of Indian tribes."

"She didn't tell me anything about them, but she's very supportive of them."

"Well. When is the wedding date?' Treatyrights laughed, "Will we be invited?"

"My relationship with Susan is strictly professional. We'll not having an affair."

"I heard you've been out with Susan four weekends in row," Treatyrights asserted, "You're the only man that I know who has dated Susan four times. She has seduced you."

"I don't mind being with Susan. She's an interesting woman," Matt said, "Nothing has happened on our social outings, but they were enjoyable."

"Matt. I hate to admit it, but I think Susan has won you over to her side." Treatyrights charged, "You've been collaborating with her for five weeks now."

"It looks bad, but our working together doesn't mean anything."

"Of course, you'll deny everything for the next few weeks, but I've seen many a love sick Native American," Treatyrights said, "I bet you have even done some spying for her."

"I have no reason to spy for Susan," Matt said. Feeling guilty, he thought of Superintendent Horrel Nutley. He hadn't intended to say anything to Susan about him. But he had to give to her some tasty information as he didn't want to expose the identity of Crazy Bear.

"Watch out! Your old lady is coming," Treatyrights cried out.

After she finished talking to Ripley Battle, Wharton Linder, Horner Shaw, Susan went hunting for Matt. She decided to head in the direction of the table with the free beer. Quickly sighting Matt, she hurried over to where he was standing.

"Matt. You found Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe," Susan smiled forcefully.

"Yeah. They were easy to find."

"Well, hello, Mr. Treatyrights and Mr. Goodloe." She said grudgingly. Treatyrights and Goodloe said hello to Susan.

"Yes. I've been just enjoying their conversation," Matt said.

"I hope you haven't been giving away any state secrets," Susan laughed.

"No. Matt has been the perfect BIA Central Office employee." Treatyrights grinned.

Sensing some resentment. Susan said, "That's really good to hear, especially when it comes from Kenny Treatyrights. It means that Matt is making good progress towards becoming an excellent



employee of the Central Office. I'm happy to hear I'm succeeding."

Treatyrights and Goodloe took long swallows from their beers in defiance of Susan. "I'm certain with your help Matt is on the road to success," Treatyrights retort.

"I think so. Anyway, I'm not forcing Matt to do anything that he doesn't want to do," she said confidently, "Matt. Am I forcing you to do anything against your will?"

"No. You haven't forced me to do anything against my will. I'm freely willing to work with Susan for the good of Native American affairs," Matt said.

Susan was smiling triumphantly, and she said, "Mr. Treatyrights and Mr. Goodloe. It's time that we sit down and talk about our differences," she smiled, "I think we can reach an accommodation, which will be satisfactory to everyone. The only thing want from you is your support. Your support could be valuable to me. If you are willing to be reasonable, I can be reasonable."

"Miss Blanchard. You've always had my support," Treatyrights said.

"I'm talking about your public support," she clarified, "But it's only suggestion. I only want to show Matt that I can be reasonable. I'm not afraid of you."

"What are your conditions for surrender," Treatyrights said derisively.

"Kenny Treatyrights! You're really a funny man," Susan responded, "To very end fighting the Central Office. What am I to do with you? I can't have you opposing me all the time."

"Miss Blanchard. I'll never make a deal with you. I'll never betray the Indian tribes," Treatyrights said.

"I've heard that before. I think you simply don't have a choice," Susan grinned.

Treatyrights looked up and saw Senator Anthony Miles. The Senator was walking towards where the group was standing. Miss Joan Miller, his legislative aide, was with him. The Senator was wearing a gray suit, and Miss Miller was wearing a blue women's suit.

"Well, Miss Blanchard. I'm happy to see you at the reception," Senator Miles said, "I just finished talking to your friends, Ripley Battle, Wharton Linder, and Horner Shaw. They seem to be in good spirits. They have more plans than the President of the United States."

"Senator Miles. I'm happy you were able to attend the reception," Susan said cheerfully, "The purpose of the reception is to encourage cooperation between the private sector and the Indian tribes. We

want to encourage economic development on the Indian reservations. We believe that the private sector has much to offer the Indian tribes. You must admit that the Indian tribes have plenty of natural resources."

"It sounds like an admirable Idea," Senator Miles said, "I'm positive that the Indian tribes want the private sector involved in the economic development of their reservations."

"We finally agree on something," Susan grinned, "I'm not a bad person."

"Yes. For once we do agree," Senator Miles smiled, "Miracles do happen."

"Let's me introduce you to my boyfriend, Matt Lance," Susan smiled.

Matt was shocked by Susan's words. He never dreamed she would be so opened about their relationship. No doubt the admission would confirm Treatyrights' worst fears about him. Susan was grinning at the Senator as if she was issuing a challenge to fight.

Shaking his head, Senator Miles stared at Matt Lance and Susan in disbelief. He pondered what she was plotting. He had to admit to himself that she might not be patronizing and condescending after all. She could actually be sincere about her role in Native American affairs. He quickly dismissed the thought as ridiculous. But she was actually associating a Native American male. She might not that be all bad. He finally concluded that she hadn't reformed, but he was totally confused by her relationship with Matt Lance. Obviously Matt had to be very naive about Susan Blanchard.

Now the Senator's mind was pained, because he was thinking like a bigot. He had to admit that Susan had made a masterstroke. He had never believed that she was capable of doing what she was doing. She was more clever than he gave her credit for.

"Well, Mr. Lance. I'm pleased to meet you." Senator Miles said. He introduced his legislative aide, Joan Miller. The Senator was already well acquainted with Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe. They had met many times before.

"Miss Blanchard. I'm really upset with the way Basil Collins is maladministering the Division of Tribal Employment Training," Senator Miles finally said, "I don't want the program to fail."

"We've received a lot of complaints about the program from Indian tribes throughout the nation," Joan Miller revealed, "Basil Collins is doing a miserable job."

"Is there something wrong with the program? The Indian tribes are known to complain just to complain," Susan said bluntly, "I've assigned the best people we have at the Central Office to the Division

of Tribal Employment Training. Basil Collins is one of our best employees at the Central Office. Boswell Norton, the administrative officer for the program, has years of experience as a BIA administrative officer. I can't understand what is wrong."

Joan Miller pointed over to a corner of the reception room and said, "Isn't that Basil Collins and Boswell Norton standing there over in the corner?"

Susan looked over to the corner and said. "You mean those two men. Yes. They are Basil Collins and Boswell Norton. So what?"

"They look very intoxicated," Joan Miller said, "That's the problem with the program."

"Oh. I'll have to counsel them about drinking at receptions. It's not good for the image of the Central Office," Susan said, "They know that they shouldn't drink excessively at receptions."

"The complaints about them are that they are always out of the office. Apparently, they spend a lot of time in the bars," Joan Miller said, "They're accused of being drunk all the time."

"I would like Basil Collins replaced," the Senator said, "He's wrecking the program. Apparently, he can't handle the stress of being a Division Chief."

"Senator Miles! We do have Civil Service laws and regulations. It might take some time to replace Basil Collins. He is bound to put up a fight. He just got the job," Susan smiled.

"We're not asking you to break the law," Joan Miller said, "I'm positive that the Central Office has ways to replace people if the need arises. We want him replaced."

"Well, Senator Miles. I'll look into the matter and see what can be done," Susan said.

"That's all we are asking," Senator Miles responded, "Please quickly look into the problem."

"Matt. We need to leave reception," Susan said, "I have a meeting to attend tonight."

"Fine with me," Matt said. They said their goodbyes, and Susan led the way to the door of the reception room. They walked out of the reception room into the corridor.

Susan stopped and said gleefully, "Matt. Today has been one of the best days of my life."

"Why are you so happy?"

"It's too hard to explain. But also I feel myself changing. I hope I'm not losing my competitive edge," Susan said, "It's a dog-eat-dog world. I can't let my guard down."

They walked through the hotel lobby to the hotel entrance. There they caught a taxi cab back to the Interior Department Building

where Susan had parked her car. She planned to drive Matt to his apartment in Alexandria, Virginia.

Back in the reception room. Senator Miles was speaking to Kenny Treatyrights. He asked, "Who is Matt Lance? The Senator was still disturbed by Susan's masterstroke.

"Matt is a program analyst for the Division of the Tribal Programs," Treatyrights replied, "Lately Susan and Matt have been collaborating together on projects and assignments."

"Where is Matt Lance from?"

"He's a Native American from the Colville Indian Reservation," Treatyrights said, "He's has spent the last eight years living on his tribe's reservation and working for his tribe. He knows a lot about Indian tribes and their tribal government."

"Susan said that he was her boyfriend. What did she mean by that?" Senator Miles asked.

"They've been socializing for four weeks in row," Treatyrights said with regret in his voice, "I really don't know what is happening between them."

"Is Matt Lance a friend of yours?"

"Matt was a friend of mine, and he still could be friend," Treatyrights said, "But he has fallen under the influence of Susan Blanchard. Whether we remain friends depends on how Susan uses him. She's bound to use him."

"Can Matt Lance be that naive?"

"At the moment I suppose Matt is very gullible and naive," Treatyrights said, "That blonde has seduced him. She'll use him for her own purposes."

"I thought I was getting Susan Blanchard under control," Senator Miles said, "But she has outmaneuvered me. She has regained the momentum. She's dangerous as ever. "

"Well, Senator. You're being too pessimistic. Right now, Susan thinks she is at the height of her power. I'm positive she hasn't been consulting with Matt Lance. She's bound to make some big mistake, which will reduce her power in spite of her supposed alliance with Matt Lance," Treatyrights opined.

"Well. I hope you are right," Senator Miles, "I need to talk to other guests at the reception. It was good to see you again Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe." The Senator and Joan Miller walked over to another group of Native Americans at the reception.

"Goodloe. Let's leave and head to Marion's Restaurant and Bar," Treatyrights said.

"Why do want to go Marion's?" Goodloe asked, "We're having a

good time here.”

"If I'm right, we should find Maxine Hubbard at Marion's."

"Why do you want to talk to Pussy Cat Maxine?" Goodloe inquired.

"We may be able to get some inside information from her about Matt and Susan." Treatyrights moved towards the door of the reception room and walked out.

Goodloe followed close behind. Reaching the entrance of the hotel, they caught a taxi cab, and they directed the taxi cab driver to take them to Marion's. When the taxi cab arrived at the Marion's, they exited the cab. Treatyrights paid the taxi cab driver, and they entered Marion's and marched into the barroom. The barroom had few customers, and there were plenty of empty bar stools at the bar counter.

Kenny Treatyrights was right about Maxine Hubbard. She was sitting alone at a table drinking beer, She looked intoxicated. Treatyrights decided that they should sit in their usual spot. In order to reach their table, they would have to walk past Maxine Hubbard. If she wanted to talk, she would know where they were sitting.

Treatyrights led the way to the table, and Goodloe followed. When they walked past Maxine, she looked up but said nothing. She took another drink from her beer.

They sat down at the table. Treatyrights waved to Roxanne, the cocktail waitress. She rushed over to the table and took their order. They decided to stay with beer. Roxanne retreated to the service bar. A few minutes later, she returned with two bottles of beer and two beer glasses. Setting the beer glasses on the table, she poured beer into the glasses, and then she returned to the service bar.

Maxine Hubbard kept looking over to Treatyrights' table. Finally, she picked up her beer and walked toward the table. When she arrived, she asked cautiously, "Can I sit with you?"

"Go head Maxine," Treatyrights said, "This is the first time you have ever drank with us."

"Yeah. I'm a little upset about Susan and Matt Lance," Maxine said sorrowfully, "Susan told me this morning that Matt is infatuated with her. They've been dating for four weekends in row."

"Yeah, I know," Treatyrights said, "We just got back from the reception. Susan introduced Matt Lance to Senator Miles as her boyfriend."

"Within next few days, I know that Matt Lance will be replacing me," Maxine said with resignation.

"It's a logical move for Susan," Treatyrights agreed, "She can better use Matt for her purposes."

"For two years of my life, I have worked for Susan," Maxine whined, "She has never had a more loyal employee than me. Now because of a pretty face, she is replacing me."

"Matt Lance is also danger to Goodloe and myself. With the knowledge that he can provide she, she can make our lives truly miserable," Treatyrights said, "She might be able to neutralize us."

"Why don't we form an alliance to defeat Matt Lance," Maxine suggested eagerly.

"That's a good idea," Treatyrights teased, "There must be some way to discredit Matt Lance."

"Sharkley and I have tried. The man is clean. We couldn't find anything on him," Maxine said sadly, "The worst thing he does is drink beer. Susan knows that he drinks and lets him drink."

"Yeah. We drink with Matt. He handles drinking well. It's not a problem for him."

"It's hopeless," Maxine said, "I even suspect that Susan even likes him."

"It's hard to believe, but all the evidence does point to it," Treatyrights agreed.

"Susan likes Matt, and Matt is infatuated with Susan," Maxine whined. "What are we to do? I'm convinced Susan will soon call me into her office and tell me I'm being temporarily transferred to the Eastern Area Office."

Maxine, Treatyrights, and Goodloe drank and talked for another hour. Then they left Marion's to return to their homes.

## Chapter 29

Early Friday morning, Matt Lance was riding the elevator up to the fourth floor of the Interior Department Building. He was going to Susan Blanchard's office to pick up a proposal about the reorganization of the BIA Department of Government Services. Susan and Matt have been working on the proposal for a month, and she wanted him to review a revised draft of the proposal.

Reaching the fourth floor, he exited the elevator and walked down the long corridor to Susan's office. He could see Jane Weaver in the distance. Reaching Susan's office, he said, "I'm here to pick up a proposal that Susan wants me to review."

"You mean Miss Blanchard. She is not here," Jane barked. She had never like Matt.

"I know that Miss Blanchard is not in her office," he said, "She just telephoned me, and she told me to come up here and pick up the proposal. It's in a large manila envelope. She told me that she gave it to you to give to me. It must be on your desk."

Jane searched her desk and found the manila envelope. She handed the envelope to Matt. He grabbed it and left Susan's office. He proceeded to the elevators and rode an elevator to the second floor. He exited the elevator and walked down the corridor to his office. Entering the office, he saw Sarah Strong at her secretary desk.

When she heard Matt enter the office, Sarah looked up and said, "Susan Blanchard called again. She said she will call back in a hour. She needs to talk to you. "

"I wonder what Susan wants," Matt said, "She's such a perfectionist about details."

"What's happening between Susan and you?" Sarah asked, "May I ask?"

"We've been working together on some projects and assignments. Nothing special."

"No spying or political alliances?"

"There's nothing to worry about."

"Well. According to latest gossip, Susan and you have been socializing together," Sarah said.

Matt smiled and said, "Yes. We've been socializing, but only because I need to know more about the woman."

"Susan and you! It's hard to believe. What do you see in Susan Blanchard?"

"Well. She's a pretty blonde," Matt laughed.

"People are saying that you're selling out the Native Americans by collaborating with Susan."

"I'm not selling out the Native Americans," he protested, "Susan is simply my boss. We're simply working together. It's strictly a professional relationship. It's for the good of Native American affairs."

"Matt. I wanted to tell you what I heard. There are a lot of people who are now afraid of you. "

"What else is new? People have the wrong idea about me."

"Matt. I like you. You're one of few Native Americans who are capable of contributing something to Native American affairs at the Central Office."

"Thank you."

"But Susan is slowly molding you into her type of person. It isn't good," Sarah warned.

"Well. I'm doing my best for Native American affairs. But thanks for the warning," Matt said defiantly. He walked towards his desk and put the large manila envelope on his desk.

Mrs. Shoemaker was at her desk working with the computer. She was busily entering budgetary information into the computer. When Matt entered, she turned off the computer and said, "Matt. What are working on today? Lately, Susan has been keeping you quite busy."

"She wants me to review a proposal to reorganize the BIA Department of Government Services."

"That sounds harmless. It won't get any place."

"Thanks for the information."

"Do Susan and you have a special relationship?"

"Yes. We've agreed to work together on some projects and assignments," Matt answered reluctantly.

"Oh."

"I'm learning a lot from my collaboration with Susan."

"Has Susan gotten to you? "

"No. We're working together for the good of the Native American people," he asserted.

"Your statement familiar ring, which I've heard before."

"I can't understand why people are so paranoid about Susan Blanchard," Matt blurted out, "She's not that bad of a person."

"Well, We don't sleep with Susan either," Mrs. Shoemaker smiled.

Matt was shocked at her groundless charge. He said vehemently,



"I've never slept with Susan. She's not like of woman. It's strictly a professional relationship."

"At least not yet."

"What are you saying?"

"I was only talking figuratively," Mrs. Shoemaker responded.

"Figuratively?"

"There are a lot rumors about you and Susan. Apparently, you have upset the balance of power at the BIA Central Office. People are expecting to a few heads to roll at the Central Office."

"What do you mean? I'm not that importance of a person. I'm just a program analyst."

"Everyone expects you to replace Maxine Hubbard. Maxine will be transferred to the Eastern Area Office."

"That sounds absurd to me," Matt said, "I could never take over Maxine's job."

"You could never say 'no' to Susan," Mrs. Shoemaker smiled, "I've heard that Susan has you twisted around her little finger. Have you ever said 'no' to Susan?"

"That's not true, Susan and I have a give and take relationship."

"Well. Keep it up. I like to hear juicy gossip about you and Susan," Mrs. Shoemaker laughed. She turned on her computer and started to enter information into it.

Returning his work, Matt grabbed the large manila envelope and opened it. He pulled the proposal out of the envelope, it was twenty pages long. Immediately he saw that Susan and Hillyard Chipperworth had surnamed the title page by writing their initials in appropriate approval boxes. He read the caption of the title page, which read: A Proposal to Centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He initially figured that Jane Weaver had mistyped the title page of the Susan's proposal to reorganize the Department of Government Services. Jane could be a sloppy typist.

Matt flipped the title page over and started to read the next page. He was quickly shocked at what he discovered. Apparently, Susan and Chipperworth were proposing to completely reorganize the BIA nationwide. The five Central Office Directors would be given line authority over programs within their departments nationwide. The Area Directors and Agency Superintendents would directly be responsible and accountable to the five Central Office Directors. The Division Chiefs at the Central Office would also be given line authority over their programs nationwide.

Matt realized that under the proposal the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents would lose considerable power to the five Central Office Directors. Central Office Directors would no longer

just be advisors to the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs. They would actually be setting policy and make decisions which would be binding on the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents. The Central Office would have the plenary power to make local governmental decisions.

The Indian tribes would be under the heel of the Central Office. Their treaty rights and rights of tribal self-government would be endangered and hindered. The very existence of the Indian tribes would be endangered.

Matt said to himself, "That dumb blonde. What is she up to? I bet she doesn't even know what she is doing."

The proposal was ill-conceived, because it left the Indian tribes out of the equation. The proposal didn't even recognize that the Indian tribes were the primary governing bodies on their Indian reservations. He realized that the proposal to centralize the BIA had to be killed, but how could he kill the proposal.

Matt didn't want to confront Susan Blanchard with the proposal. Such a confrontation would only end up in a futile fight between her and him. He didn't want to end his working relationship with her, but he would have to act secretly to kill the proposal. Hopefully, she would never find out about his infidelity.

The telephone rang twice. Matt picked up the receiver and said, "Hello. This is Matt Lance."

"Hello, Matt. This is Susan. I'm calling you to find out whether you bought the tickets for the dinner theater. I'm sure you bought the tickets, but I wanted to be certain."

"Yes. I bought the tickets yesterday. We'll have good seats."

"We should have a great time. I like attending the theatrical performances."

"I'm looking forward to it. I'll be over at your place at five o'clock tomorrow," he said.

"How do you like the revised proposal to reorganize the Department of Government Services?"

"I'm reading it now. It sounds great. You have some good ideas."

"I have worked long and hard on that proposal," she said, "It has a good chance of being implemented."

"Susan. I heard a rumor that there is a proposal to centralize the BIA. BIA Decision-making would be centralized at the Central Office. Do you know anything about it?"

"No. I never have heard of such a proposal. I'm certain it doesn't exist. Someone is just spreading malicious rumors to upset people. It must be Crazy Bear who is doing it."

"Well. I merely wanted to mention the rumor to you," Matt said.

"I thought you should know. "

"Well, thanks. I'd better return to the meeting. Goodbye." She hung up the telephone.

Matt knew that he couldn't confront Susan with the proposal. But she had made things easier for him by denying she knew anything about the proposal. He now wouldn't feel guilty about betraying her. But how he would kill the proposal to centralize the BIA. He decided to talk to Kenny Treatyrights about the proposal since he trusted his judgment. He put the proposal into his briefcase. He headed to the copy room to make copies of the proposal. After he had made copies, he put the proposal back in the large manila envelope. Walking to the elevators, he rode the elevator to the fourth floor. He planned to return the original proposal to Jane Weaver. Exiting the elevator, he hurried to Susan's Office. He saw Jane Weaver at her secretary desk. She was doing some typing.

Walking up to her, he said, "Jane. You gave me the wrong envelope." He handed the manila envelope to her.

She snatched the envelope from his hands, and she said, "I hope you didn't read contents. It was a confidential document."

"No. I didn't read the contents of the envelope. It's not the document that I needed."

Jane searched her desk and eventually found the right envelope. She handed it to Matt, and he grabbed envelope and left Susan's office. He rushed down the long corridor to the office of Kenny Treatyrights. Entering his office, he saw Treatyrights at his desk reading some papers.

Treatyrights looked up and waved to Matt to come in. Matt walked up to Treatyrights' executive desk.

"Matt. How you are doing today?"

"I'm doing fine."

"What can I do for you today?"

"I need your advice on a private matter involving Susan and myself."

"Last night I was drinking with Maxine Hubbard at Marion's Restaurant and Bar," Treatyrights revealed, "You've sure her climbing the walls. She wants to form an alliance with me to defeat you. She's really afraid that you're after her job. I've never seen her so upset."

"You were actually drinking with Maxine Hubbard - right?" Matt was surprised.

"Life has many strange bedfellows," Treatyrights laughed, "Which reminds me. You and Susan certainly upset Senator Miles yesterday. He doesn't know what to think about you."

"Susan has her good points and her bad points, but I wish that she wasn't involved in Native American affairs," Matt said.

Matt put his briefcase on a chair and opened it up. He grabbed a copy of the proposal to centralize the BIA and handed to Kenny Treatyrights.

Treatyrights placed the proposal on his desk and started to studiously read it. Astonished, he couldn't believe what he was reading. He finally said, "Susan and Hillyard Chipperworth have lost touch with reality."

"I feel the same way," Matt agreed.

"Susan is more stupid than I thought. She won't survive this controversy. I thought she would do something stupid like this. As they say, power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. She's taking a big chance in supporting this proposal."

"What do you mean about Susan not surviving?"

"There's no way she'll get away with this. She'll be in deep trouble once the Indian tribes find out about the proposal," Kenny Treatyrights said, "They'll want her fired."

"What can we do to kill the proposal before the Indian tribes find out?"

"Why should I help Susan Blanchard? She has never supported me, and she despises me."

"Because you're my friend, and I like the pretentious woman," Matt said.

"Like the woman!" Treatyrights exclaimed.

"Yes."

"I have no reason to help Susan Blanchard, and she shouldn't be involved with Native American affairs."

"As my friend, help me to kill the proposal before anyone is hurt."

"You ask a lot of me. We probably can get rid of Susan once and for all. It's the first time she has given us that opportunity." Treatyrights said, "My instincts tell me to get rid of her."

"I think she's changing. She does trust me, and I seem to have some influence over her."

"Trust you! She didn't even consult with you about the proposal to centralize the BIA," Treatyrights cried out.

"I know."

"People are not inherently good, They're born mean and bad. Susan is not capable of changing."

"Okay. I realize that people are hard to change," Matt said.

"She'll never appreciate what you are doing for her," Treatyrights said, "But I'll help you kill the proposal. I'll live to regret this day."

"Maybe Susan will never find out that we killed the proposal."

"She has ways of discovering things. You won't be able to coverup your infidelity."

"Well. How do we kill the proposal to centralize the BIA?"

"Let's go to Capitol Hill and give Senator Miles a copy of the proposal," Treatyrights said, "I know the Senator quite well. I'm positive he could easily kill the proposal. He has killed many other misconceived proposals of the BIA Central Office."

"How can the Senator kill the proposal?"

"Well. If I was the Senator, I would confront Susan with the proposal," Treatyrights smiled, "Boy, I would like to be at that meeting. I would like to see Susan's face turn red then green."

"I agree that Susan deserves whatever she gets. No doubt she will be embarrassed."

"We'd better leave for Capitol Hill. The Senator should be in his office."

Treatyrights pushed back his chair and stood up. Matt headed to the office door and opened the door. Treatyrights followed him out of the office. They ambled to the elevators. Riding the elevator to the second floor, they exited the Interior Department Building. Catching a taxi cab on "E" Street, the taxi cab drove them to the Senate Office Building. Exiting the cab, Matt paid the taxi cab driver. Treatyrights walked towards the Senate Office Building and walked into the building. Matt followed behind. After the security guards checked Matt's briefcase, they proceeded to the office of Senator Miles.

The door to Senator's office was open. Joan Miller, the Senator's legislative aide, was sitting on a couch. A blonde blue-eyed receptionist sat at a desk. When Treatyrights and Matt entered the office, Joan Miller stood up. She immediately recognized Kenny Treatyrights, and she said, "Kenny Treatyrights. Can help you?"

"Yes. We want to see the Senator? We have something to show him."

"Do you have an appointment?" the pretty young receptionist asked, as she eyed the twosome.

"No. We don't have an appointment, but we need to see the Senator," Matt said.

"It's important that we see him today," Treatyrights emphasized.

"What's so important?" Joan Miller asked, "I need to know before I talk to the Senator."

Treatyrights handed a copy of the proposal to Joan Miller. She quickly read the proposal, and she immediately understood the significance of the proposal.

"Susan Blanchard and Hillyard Chipeworth are planning to centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs," Treatyrights explained, "The five Central Office Directors would be given line authority over programs within their departments nationwide. And the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents would be directly responsible and accountable to the five Central Office Directors. The Division Chiefs at the Central Office would also be given line authority over their programs nationwide."

"Why would they want to centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs?" Joan Miller asked incredulously, "Don't they already have enough to work to do?"

"Hillyard Chipeworth wants to steal the natural resources of the Indian tribes," Treatyrights charged, "He's in cahoots with Ripley Battle, Wharton Linder, and Horner Shaw."

"Yes. I remember them from the reception. They're junior vice-presidents with large companies, which have interests in mining, oil & gas, and timber. I didn't like their looks," Joan Miller said.

"Battle, Linder, and Shaw would love to get their hands on the natural resource of the Indian tribes. They're robber barons," Treatyrights said heatedly, "If the BIA was centralized in Washington, D.C., they would only have to deal with the BIA Central Office. They could simply ignore advice and recommendations of the Area Directors, Agency Superintendents, and the Indian tribes."

"What about Susan Blanchard?" Joan Miller asked, "What's in it for her?"

"Susan is power mad. She craves to have absolute power over the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents," Treatyrights explained, "Right now, she is only an advisor to the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs. The Assistant Secretary, Area Directors, and Agency Superintendents have the real power. Under the proposal, Susan would gain plenary control over the Area Directors and Agency Superintendents. She would be in a powerful position to dictate to the Indian tribes."

"Mr. Lance. Aren't you the boyfriend of Susan Blanchard?" Joan Miller asked incredulously.

"I don't think so. I only socialize with her," Matt replied.

"But you are friends with her."

"Yes."

"Aren't you betraying her?" Joan asked, "She's bound to be angry with you for betraying her."

"I'm really trying to keep her out of deep trouble by killing the proposal before she become too deeply involved," Matt explained,

"I'm trying prevent a war."

"You have a strange way of awarding friendship," Joan Miller commented.

"Matt has talked me into prematurely exposing the proposal," Treatyrights said grudgingly, "I wanted to let Susan dig her own grave then expose the proposal to centralize the B IA."

"That's what I would have done," Joan Miller agreed, "But we now know about the proposal, and Matt knows we know. We're force to do something. Let me go talk to the Senator."

Joan Miller walked into the office of Senator Miles. Treatyrights and Matt sat down on the couch and waited. Twenty minutes later, she returned. She announced, "The Senator would like to talk to you."

"That's why we are here," Treatyrights said.

"Please come into his office." She walked back into the office.

Treatyrights and Matt stood up and entered the Senator's office. Senator Miles was sitting behind his executive desk. He was attired in a dark gray suit.

The Senator stood up and walked over to them. He shook the hand of Kenny Treatyrights and said, "I'm glad you gave me a copy of the proposal to centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Susan and Chipperworth have gone bananas."

"I'm just doing my job," Treatyrights said, "I'm loyal to the Indian tribes."

The Senator turned and shook Matt's hand. He said. "Well. We meet again Mr. Lance. You'd better make up your mind which side you're on. You're in a war. Susan Blanchard is the enemy."

"Matt thinks he can reform Susan Blanchard," Treatyrights grinned, "and make her a supporter of Native American rights."

"Matt. You're really naive." Senator Miles asserted.

"That blonde has him under her thumb," Treatyrights exclaimed, "He wants to keep her out of trouble. That's why he gave you a copy of the proposal to centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs."

"It a strange way of keeping her out of trouble," the Senator commented.

"Maybe," Matt responded.

"What we should do is set a trap for Susan Blanchard," Senator Miles said, "Let her get more deeply involved with the proposal and then spring the trap. We would probably get Susan's head on a platter."

"That's what I wanted to do," Treatyrights agreed, "But Matt is against it."

"But I'm not that devious," Senator Miles said, "What I plan to do is to make an unannounced visit to the BIA Central Office on Monday morning. I'll talk to Susan Blanchard about the proposal. I'm sure

she'll deny everything. Then I will show her my copy of the proposal to centralize the BIA. I'm sure that will kill the proposal."

"Senator Miles. That's a great idea," Treatyrights grinned, "I wish I could be at the meeting on Monday morning. Susan will be lying like hell to you. She'll have a heart attack when you show her the copy of the proposal. She'll be really irate and embarrassed."

"Mr. Matt Lance. You cannot mention anything to Susan," Senator Miles said. "Don't warn her."

"I won't mention anything to her," Matt said grimly, "You got my promise."

"Good."

"But I don't want Susan to find out that I was the one who exposed the proposal to centralize the Bureau of Indians Affairs." Matt said.

"Your secret is safe with me," the Senator said.

"Thank you."

"It should be an interesting confrontation," Senator Miles smiled, "I'll find out how well Susan can lie. Once she finds out that I have a copy of the proposal, she should tell me the truth."

Senator Miles said goodbye to Treatyrights and Matt. Leaving the Senator's office, they walked through the open door of the Senator's reception room. Walking down the corridor of the Senate Office Building, they exited the building. Treatyrights was ecstatic about results of the meeting, and Matt was pleased but quiet.

Maxine Hubbard and Herb Sharkley had just left Senator Bragg's office. They were marching down a corridor of the building towards an entrance of the building. Sharkley was wearing his BIA Police blazer. They had just finished meeting with Senator Frederick Bragg. They met with the Senator about the adequacy of law enforcement on an Indian reservation in the Senator's home state.

"Senator Bragg was certainly mad about the adequacy of the law enforcement on the nation's Indian reservations," Maxine said grimly, "He didn't believe a word we said."

"Yeah. He even criticized management skills of Susan Blanchard," Sharkley said woefully.

"He has never before criticized Susan," she pointed out, "Susan will be mad when I tell her."

"Hey. Look ahead. That's Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance," Sharkley exclaimed.

"You're right. It's the mutinous Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance. They're coming out of the office of Senator Miles," Maxine cried out gleefully. "I wonder what Susan will say about that."

Maxine and Sharkley stopped. Embracing one another, they



danced around in celebration as they were deliriously happy.

Sharkley yelled. "We got the proof that the Matt Lance is radical, militant Indian. We got the proof. We got the proof. Matt Lance is a radical, militant Indian."

Maxine and Sharkley quit dancing and waited for Treatyrights and Matt to leave the building. In order to avoid detection, they decided not to walk by the office of Senator Miles. They turned around and walked to another building exit.

Maxine imagined how Susan would react to the news that Matt Lance and Kenny Treatyrights had made an unauthorized visit to the office of Senator Miles. Susan was bound to explode with anger, and she was bound to be deeply shocked about Matt Lance's betrayal.

Maxine regretted that Susan wouldn't be in her office until Monday. She decided against telephoning Susan over the weekend. Exposing the infidelity of Matt Lance would have to wait until Monday morning.

Sharkley waved down a taxi cab. After climbing into the taxi cab, Maxine told the taxi cab driver to take them back to the Interior Department Building.

## Chapter 30

Saturday evening, Matt Lance pulled his car into the driveway of Susan Blanchard's house. Climbing out of his car, he strolled up to the front door of the house. Knocking on the door, he waited for someone to open the door. The wooden door opened, and standing in the doorway was Michelle Blanchard.

"Matt. Come in. Mother is still getting ready," Michelle said, "She'll be ready soon."

He entered the house and walked into the living room and sat down on the sofa. The television was turned on. Michelle sat down in a easy chair.

"Where is Brian?" Matt asked.

"Oh. Brian is spending the weekend with my father, Bud, up in Silver Springs, Maryland," Michelle replied, "Brian won't be home until late Sunday night."

Susan walked into the living room, and she said, "Well, Matt. You're always on time."

"Are you ready to go the dinner theater?" Matt asked.

"Yes. I'm ready to go," she said enthusiastically, "Where's the dinner theater located?"

"In Alexandria on Duke Street," he explained, "I've never been to a dinner theater before, it's a new experience for me."

"What's playing?"

"A musical is playing."

"Do you want to go dancing afterward?" Susan asked.

"Why not?" Matt replied, "Let's go to Donne's Restaurant and Bar again and dance to live music."

"Fine."

"We should have a good time."

"Michelle. We won't be back until after midnight," Susan said, "What do you plan to do tonight?"

"I plan to stay home and watch television," Michelle smiled. She was happy that her mother wouldn't return until after midnight. As she planned, the house would be her for the evening.

"It's unusual for you stay home on Saturday night," Susan said. "Is there anything wrong?" She pondered whether Michelle might be ill though she looked all right.

"No. Nothing is wrong," Michelle responded, "I spent all my

extra money last night. Anyway, I'm a little tired from last night. It was a long night for me. I had plenty of fun."

Susan pondered whether Michelle was suffering from a hangover. She asked, "Michelle. Did you go to a house party and drink alcohol last night?"

Michelle was tiring of hiding her drinking from her mother. She believed her drinking was harmless fun, and she was irritated at the question of her mother. "Yes. I drank some beer last night," Michelle said defiantly, "I'm eighteen years old. I'm old enough to make decisions for myself."

"How many times have I told you that I don't want you drinking alcohol until you're twenty-one years old," Susan said. She was shocked by the Michelle's admission. She suspected her of drinking alcohol before last night but could never prove. Now Michelle had deliberately confronted her with the knowledge of her drinking. She was deeply puzzled by Michelle's admission, especially in front of Matt Lance. Michelle had never acted this way before. Her wayward behavior disturbed her.

"It's a little late now," Matt blurted out. He knew immediately that he had made a mistake.

"Matt. Please stay out of this," Susan seethed. "Michelle is not your rebellious daughter."

"I was just trying to be helpful," Matt responded, "I'll go out to the car and start the engine." He left the house and walked out to his car. It would be safer for him outside of the house.

Susan and Michelle were alone in the living room. "Young lady. we'll have a long talk tomorrow evening. We need to reach an understanding about your drinking. "

"But father told me you've been drinking beer yourself," Michelle countered, "You admitted to him drinking beer with Matt Lance." She didn't want her mother to get the best of her.

Susan was speechless and embarrassed, but she quickly regained her composure. She hated to be the object of gossip. She couldn't understand what Bud was doing. She said, "So Bud has been talking about me to my children. I'll have to talk to your father about gossiping about me."

"Mother. I'm sorry. But I didn't want to keep my drinking a secret any longer."

"I wish that you were more like Danny Wolfe. He's a perfect young man," Susan said, "He doesn't drink alcohol or cuss. and he's very respectful of his parents. He obeys his parents."

"I'm not Danny Wolfe. I'm your daughter." Michelle was tempted to tell her mother about the real Danny Wolfe, but she didn't want

to completely ruin her mother's evening. Anyway, she hoped that Matt Lance would talk some sense into her mother. He seemed to have an ameliorating effect on her.

"Michelle. We'll talk tomorrow evening," Susan said, "I must be leaving for the dinner theater." She walked out to Matt's car and climbed in.

Matt backed his car out of the driveway. Reaching the main thoroughfare, he made a left turn and drove east. The traffic was light.

Susan was still upset, and she scolded, "Matt. I don't appreciate your interference." She wanted to maintain control of her world, but she also wanted to get Matt's opinion. That's why she spoke to him. She knew that he would say something insightful and very sanctimonious.

"I didn't mean to interfere, Michelle is your daughter," Matt said, "But you're trying to close the barn door after the horse has left the barn. It's a little late to be closing the barn door."

"I knew you would say something rustic. But please say what you want to say."

"Well. Your daughter will be going to college this Fall," Matt said, "Unless she has some religious reason not to drink alcohol, you won't be able to stop her from drinking alcohol if she wants to drink. She has eaten the forbidden fruit, and Michelle doesn't strike as being a religious person."

"Now I didn't raise my daughter right. A bachelor couldn't possibly understand children."

"No. I'm not saying that. I'm saying that people need good reasons not to drink alcohol," he explained, "Apparently, Michelle has just recently started to drink alcohol, and she has a lot to learn about the consumption of alcohol."

"Are you saying just let her do what she wants?"

"Yes. You won't be able to control her, She seems to be a level headed young woman," he said, "She'll discover on her own whether drinking alcohol is good for her or not."

"For a man who doesn't have any children, you certainly have a lot of advice how to raise children," Susan responded, "Let's drop the subject and talk about something else."

"It's fine with me." Matt reached Duke Street and pulled into a large parking lot. They were in a shopping center. They exited the car and walked towards the dinner theater.

Danny Wolfe had rented a car. He drove his rental car into the driveway of Susan Blanchard's house. Michelle peeked out of the

window and saw it was Danny. She hurried to the front door and walked out to Danny's car.

Danny climbed out of the car and opened the trunk of the rental car. He was wearing blue denim cutoffs and a red tank shirt.

"Danny. Can I help with something?" Michelle was standing next to the car.

"Yeah. You can carry my roll bag." He handed his roll bag to Michelle.

"Did you get the beer?" she asked, "We can't drink my mother's beer."

"Yeah. I bought a case of beer and some snacks at the store. "

"My mother would kill you if she knew that you were corrupting me," Michelle laughed.

"Who is corrupting who?" he laughed back, "I suppose we're mutually corrupting each other."

Danny picked up the case of beer and the bag of snacks and carried them into the house. He took the case of beer out to the swimming pool and placed the beer on a table.

Carrying the roll bag, Michelle followed him out to the pool. She placed the roll bag by a lounge chair and returned to the house. She came back with a portable radio, and she turned on the radio. Although it was still light, she turned on the outside lights to the pool.

The day was still hot and humid. Danny removed his tank shirt and cutoffs. He was wearing his swimming trunks under his cutoffs. Michelle unzipped her jumpsuit and removed it. She was wearing a black bikini.

"God. You're gorgeous." Danny exclaimed.

"You're romantic tonight." she said. Then she walked over to the table and opened the case of beer. She grabbed two cans of beer and handed a can to Danny.

Opening his beer, he took a thirsty drink from the can beer. He said, "The beer tastes good. It is my favorite brand of beer."

Michelle moved to a lounge chair and lay down. Danny followed and sat down on a lounge chair. He could feel the humidity against his skin.

"Where did Susan and Matt go?" Danny asked. "They've been socializing a lot lately."

"They went to a dinner theater in Alexandria," Michelle answered.

"Oh."

"Have you eaten?"

"Yeah. I ate dinner at the college cafeteria before I came over. I'm not hungry."

"What do you think of Matt Lance?" Michelle asked, "I think he is a nice man."

"He's a fine person. He's very committed to Native American affairs," he said, "He is a little too serious. But he does excellent work. Your mother certainly likes his work."

"My mother likes him," Michelle said, "But I don't think she could ever fall for a man like Matt Lance. But I respect him, and I'm glad my mother is socializing with him."

"Why do you say that? Matt Lance has a lot to offer a woman like your mother."

"Matt Lance isn't my mother's type."

"Why?"

"She is materialistic," Michelle said, "Matt has not accumulated any wealth. He's really rather poor. My mother likes men with money."

"Why is money so important? Money can't buy you happiness."

"It's important to my mother," she declared, "Matt doesn't have anything that my mother could possibly want. I expect my mother will quickly grow tired of him."

"Then why do they go out? They are dating for a reason. They have to like one another."

"Their socializing does trouble me. Originally, I thought she was merely using him to strengthen her position at the Central Office." Michelle analyzed, "But she really doesn't need Matt Lance."

"Well. I've been drinking regularly with Matt, Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe," Danny confessed, "Matt is an intelligent professional man."

"I'm surprised my mother hasn't found about your drinking with Treatyrights, Goodloe, and Matt Lance. How have you kept it a secret from my mother? She has all kinds of friends who tell her everything."

"Well. I have a code name. It's Crazy Bear. They always refer to me as Crazy Bear when they talk about me," he said, "Plus I don't drink at Marion's Restaurant and Bar. So far, Maxine Hubbard and Jane Weaver have not caught on. We drink at the Chinese restaurant."

"So that's how you been avoiding detection," she said, "My mother is obsessed with finding out who is Crazy Bear. She thinks Crazy Bear has been leaking Central Office secrets."

"It hasn't been me leaking information," Danny said, "Anyway. what secrets does the Central Office have to leak, 'How to mismanage the Central Office'." They both laughed.

"Well. You're really putting one over on my mother," Michelle laughed, "She has never been so completely fooled, and you're

working right in the same office with her."

"Does your mother know about me and you? I haven't mention anything to her."

"I haven't told her anything about you," she said, "Tonight I did tell my mother that I drank beer. She was pretty upset. If she knew about you, she's bound to blame you for corrupting me."

"I'll be returning to Utah in about ten days. After I leave, it won't matter."

"Once my mother finds out what's happening, she's bound to tell your mother."

"Well. My mother will find out about me anyway," Danny said, "Maybe we should tell Susan and get it over with. But I'm afraid of your mother. She's going to be really mad."

"Let's go swimming. If I remember correctly, that's why we are here," Michelle finally said.

She got up from the lounge chair and ran towards the pool. She dove head first into the pool. He waited for her to surface before he dove into the pool. He surfaced along side of her. She grabbed his arm and pulled him under the water. She swam across the pool to a ladder and started to climb up. He caught her by the leg and pulled back into the pool. Escaping his grasp, she swam to the shallow end of the pool. Cornering her, he put his arms around her waist. She threw her arms up breaking his hold.

Danny moved towards her. When he reached her, they embraced and kissed. He kissed her hard, and she eagerly returned his kiss.

She then pushed him away, and she said, "Not tonight."

Danny stared at her pretty face and acquiesced. He said, "Okay."

"Let's get out of the pool and talk," she requested. She climbed out of the pool and headed to their lounge chairs. He followed behind pondering whether his Summer had ended.

Michelle sat down on a lounge chair and began sipping a can of beer. Danny sat down on a lounge chair next to her lounge chair. They listened to music and chatted about the unimportance. Danny was anxious to talk about their Summer relationship, but he was hesitant to bring up the subject.

Finally getting up the nerve, he said, "I'll never forget this Summer and you, Michelle."

"I don't let it go to your head," Michelle smiled.

"It will be tough to return to Utah. Utah was never like this."

"You must have a girlfriend back home. You must have lots of girlfriends."

He did not want to confess to Michelle that he had no girlfriend back home. He replied, "Yeah. But none like you."

"Someday you'll have to return to Washington, D.C.," Michelle said, "Utah will never be the same to you. Washington, D.C. has plenty to offer a person like you."

"Michelle. If you're still around and available, I'll come back to Washington, D.C."

"Long distant romances never work out," she said. "Once you leave Washington, D.C., I'm afraid I'll never see you again. There has to be some physical contact or romance dies."

"I could stay in Washington, D.C. There are plenty of good colleges in Washington, D.C. "

"Right now, you'll never stay in Washington, D.C. You have too many obligations back in Utah. But in a few years you're be back. I can see it in your eyes. You like the adventure of Washington, D.C. "

"We'll see what happens. If you're still available, I'll come back and work here."

"Of course, I'm promising you nothing," Michelle said, "You're just a summer fling. This fall I'll going to college. I already have few college boyfriends who love me as much as you do. They're sharp and have some class. They come from good families and have money."

"Is that important?" he asked.

"Yes."

They sat by the pool and drank beer until eleven o'clock. At that time, Danny left Susan's house and drove back to his dormitory room. Michelle went to sleep in her bedroom.

Late Sunday evening, Susan Blanchard was sitting on the sofa in her living room. Michelle was sitting on an easy chair across from Susan.

Both of the women were fidgeting and had solemn expressions on their faces. The room was totally silent. Susan's expression turned to a smirk. She was anticipating her cross-examination of her wayward daughter.

Michelle resolved not to let mother get the best of her whatever the cost. If she had to tell Susan the truth, she planned to do it.

"Well. What do have to say about your drinking beer?" Susan started the dialogue.

"Mother. I know you're disappointed, but I'm old enough to make my own decisions," Michelle asserted, "I have no problems drinking a little beer. At least I'm not hooked on hard drugs."

"You're not yet hooked on drugs," Susan fired back, "First it will be alcohol; then marijuana; and finally hard drugs. I bet you have even tried marijuana. Michelle. You disappoint me."

"No, mother. I haven't tried marijuana or any hard drugs."



"Your father is an alcoholic. I don't want you to end up an alcoholic like him."

"My father is not an alcoholic. He does drink a little too much," Michelle said defiantly.

"You were little too young to remember his drinking habits," Susan cried out, "Michelle. He used to get sloppy drunk. I'm certain you can't remember that."

"According to father, you were drinking beer the other night with Matt Lance."

"Having a few beers with Matt Lance did me no harm. I was not intoxicated," Susan said, "Anyway, you're still a minor, and it is against the law for you to drink alcohol."

"All of friends my age drink beer. Why shouldn't I drink like they do?" Michelle asked.

"But you live in my house; I support you; and I'm sending you to college," Susan said, "When you live in my house, I want you follow my rules. It's a reasonable request."

"But father also supports me and pays for my college education," Michelle said, "He has no problem with my drinking beer. Anyway, at college I'll be living in a college sorority."

"I'll talk to your father and find out what he has been saying to you," Susan said, "I only wish you were more like Danny Wolfe. He is such a perfect young man."

Michelle lost her temper at her mother's remark about Danny.

"Yes. Danny is perfect at having sex with me," Michelle cried out.

Susan's face turned red from embarrassed and shock. "What did you say about Danny Wolfe?"

"Mother. I said that Danny Wolfe and I have been having sex. Your perfect young man has been lying to you and deceiving you. He's no longer a Mormon. He drinks beer, and we have made love."

"He did rape you? He must have rape you," Susan asked angrily.

"No. He didn't rape me. Danny is too much of a gentlemen to rape me."

"He got you drunk and took advantage of you. That's what he did - right?"

"We both knew what we were doing. We were not drunk at the time."

"When did it happen?" Susan asked in a rage, "When did he rape you?"

"It was not rape, but it happened the night you had Danny over for dinner. When we left the house, we went to a convenience store and bought some beer. Then we went to his dormitory room. Danny was a virgin."

"It sounds like he raped you. Many times have you been out with Danny?" Susan screamed.

"We've been out together about ten times. The latest date was last night," Michelle confessed, "He came over here, and we drank beer and went swimming."

Susan was speechless. "Last night, did Danny have sex with you?"

"No. We did not," Michelle said, "But Danny is becoming a good lover, but he still has a lot to learn. We've done it a number of times."

"I'm shocked at you and Danny," Susan yelled, "That little worm of a Native American male!"

"Danny wants to continue our affair."

"Not in a thousand years," Susan cried out, "He's lucky if I don't get my pistol and shoot him."

"I already told him that our affair would end when he returns to Utah."

"Good."

"Danny is not my type, but I like him."

"He's so secretive and clever."

"I also know that Danny Wolfe is Crazy Bear. His code name is Crazy Bear," Michelle said gleefully, "and he has been drinking and partying with Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance. They have been drinking and partying up at a Chinese restaurant in Washington, D.C."

"Did you say Matt Lance?" Susan cried out. Her body was uncontrollably shaking with anger.

"Yes. Matt has been drinking and partying with Danny Wolfe," Michelle revealed.

"How do you know?"

"Danny told me that they took him to Marion's Restaurant and Bar and got him drunk."

"So they corrupted Danny Wolfe," Susan yelled, "Then they got Danny to rape you. Matt must have been laughing at me all this time."

"No, mother. Danny did not rape me," Michelle cried out, "I wanted it to happen."

"Danny did take advantage of you, and he violated the trust I had in him."

"Well. While Matt was dating you, he was drinking and partying with Danny."

"They corrupted and debauched my daughter," Susan seethed, "How could Matt do this to me?"

"Mother. Danny didn't seduce me, and he didn't start me drinking," Michelle asserted.

"You don't need to protect Danny anymore," Susan condoled, "The truth is out."

"But mother."

"Michelle. I don't blame you. You're innocent girl who was taken advantage of. They intended lead you astray. I should have suspected something. You'll be revenged. I can promise you that Danny Wolfe and Matt Lance will face my righteous wrath."

"Mother. I'm a young woman, and I'm not innocent. I'm just as guilty as Danny."

"Michelle. You don't know what you're saying," Susan said, "You have been traumatized by the experience. You'll feel better in a few months."

"But mother."

"You said that Danny is Crazy Bear - right?"

"Yes. Danny's code name is Crazy Bear. They wanted to keep their partying a secret"

"I would never have suspected Donny Wolfe. Him and his Mormon Indian routine!" Susan said heatedly, "He had me completely fooled. I fell for it hook, line and fishing pole."

"What will you do to Danny?" She regretted that she exposed Danny's cover.

"Tomorrow morning, I'll make Danny Wolfe confess that he raped you."

"Mother. Danny didn't rape me. I can't seem to make you understand," Michelle protested.

"Well. Even if he didn't rape you, he is guilty of deceiving of me and of being the traitorous Crazy Bear," Susan said angrily, "For that I will fire him tomorrow. After Danny, I'll confront the devious Matt Lance."

"I didn't intend to cause Danny or Matt Lance any harm," she said regretfully.

"Don't worry Michelle. You'll be revenged. Heads will roll tomorrow."

## Chapter 31

Early Monday morning, Susan Blanchard walked stiffly into her office at the Interior Department Building. Jane Weaver was at her secretary desk.

"Jane. Where's Maxine Hubbard?" Susan asked sternly, "It's unusual for her to be late for work."

"She must have got stuck in a traffic jam. She hasn't called the office," Jane answered.

"When Maxine arrives, send her into my office. I need to speak to her as soon as possible."

Susan entered her office and walked to her executive desk. She opened a desk drawer and picked up a box of fish food. Moving to her aquarium, she looked into the fish tank. Her fish were all right. They were swimming back and forth in the aquarium. Placing some fish food into the tank, she thought about the previous night. Still shaken, she resolved to confront Danny Wolfe first and then confront the unfaithful Matt Lance. It was bound to be traumatic day.

Hearing her office door open, she looked up and saw Jane standing in the doorway. Jane's face was pale. "Jane. What's wrong? Did something happen to Maxine?"

"No, Senator Miles is here. He wants to talk to you," she said nervously.

Susan's stomach turned sour. She wondered why the Senator wanted to see her. This was the first time that Senator Miles had ever dropped in unexpectedly. It had to be something important, but she couldn't think of any reason why the Senator should want to talk to her. Maybe Crazy Bear had struck again. She didn't want to keep the Senator waiting too long. She said, "Jane. Send Senator Miles into my office. I'll deal with him first."

Jane left the office. Seconds later, Senator Miles entered the office, and Joan Miller, his legislative aide, followed the Senator into the office. They walked towards Susan's desk and stopped in front of her executive desk. The Senator was smiling brightly, and Joan Miller was quiet.

Susan was still at her aquarium watching her fish. She looked up and said cheerfully, "Welcome Senator Miles. It is a rare occasion that I see a United States Senator in my office at 8:00 a.m. in the morning."

Good morning, Miss Miller." She ambled back to her desk but remained standing.

"It's never too early to do federal government business," Senator Miles smiled.

"Senator. How can I help you?" Susan grinned, "I'm certain this isn't a social call."

"Miss Blanchard. I want to know whether you know anything about a proposal to centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs," Senator Miles asked. He looked directly into Susan's eyes.

Joan Miller explained, "This proposal would give the five Central Office Directors nationwide line authority over programs within their departments. The Area Directors and Agency Superintendents would be directly responsible and accountable to the five Central Office Directors. The Division Chiefs at the Central Office would also be given line authority over their programs nationwide. BIA decision-making would be centralized in Washington, D.C."

Senator Miles added, "I believe that the proposal, if implemented, would diminish the Indian tribes' right of tribal self-government and possibly abrogate the treaty rights of the Indian tribes. It would allow the private sector to steal the natural resources of the Indian tribes and would let unqualified people at the Central Office run Native American affairs."

"If the private sector wanted to steal the natural resources of the Indian tribes, the private sector would only have to make its shady deals with the BIA Central Office," Joan Miller continued.

"Senator Miles. You're always paranoid about the private sector stealing the natural resources of the Indian tribes," Susan smiled, "There are no more robber barons. That age is long gone."

"Miss Blanchard. You're evading my question," Senator said, "Do you know anything about the proposal to centralize the Bureau of Indian Affairs? A 'yes' or a 'no' will do."

"Senator Miles. I know nothing about any proposal to centralize the BIA," Susan replied.

"Is the Central Office considering such a proposal?" Joan Miller asked.

"Of course, not! I'm not on trial. I would know if the Central Office was considering a proposal to centralize the BIA," Susan said heatedly, "I'm the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services."

Senator Miles opened the leather folder that he was carrying. He took out a copy of the proposal to centralize the BIA and it handed to Susan. Quickly reading the title page, she first blushed then turned pale. Her legs shaking, she grinned weakly at Senator Miles.

"Miss Blanchard. Could you look at the title page of the proposal?" Joan Miller asked.

"I've already read the title page."

"Are those your initials in the approval box? It appears to be your handwriting," Joan Miller inquired.

"You know the initials are mine," Susan said angrily, "Hillyard Chipeworth developed the proposal to centralize the BIA. But I did approve it. It's a good proposal."

"I appreciate your honesty," Senator Miles smiled, "Of course, the Senate Native American Affairs Committee will be holding hearings on the proposal to centralize the BIA."

"It's such a far-reaching and ill-conceived proposal," Joan Miller said, "I'm sure the Central Office will need the approval of the committee before it can proceed with implementing the proposal. We wouldn't want the Central Office to violate the rights of the Indian tribes or congressional policy."

"Senator Miles. You again beat the Central Office. You won't have to worry about any hearings," Susan seethed, "I think the proposal to centralize the BIA will die a quiet death."

"For your sake, I hope so," Senator Miles said, "I wouldn't want to hold any hearings."

"We have finally discovered who is leaking information from the Central Office," Susan said, "His code name was Crazy Bear. Does it ring a bell? I'm positive you know Crazy Bear."

"Miss Blanchard. We're very discreet about keeping our sources of information confidential," Joan Miller responded.

"Crazy Bear is Danny Wolfe, and I'm positive that Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance are in league with him," Susan protested, "They're mutinous employees."

"I've never heard of anyone called Crazy Bear," Senator Miles said, "That's truth."

"Isn't Matt Lance still your boyfriend," Joan Miller smiled, "You mentioned his name at the reception."

"Matt Lance was a friend," Susan said, "But he has violated my trust and betrayed my offer of friendship."

"The BIA Central Office can be covert and calculating," Senator Miles said, "Wouldn't you agree - Miss Blanchard? The Central Office forces Native Americans to be clever and secretive."

"The BIA Central Office needs to be covert in order to survive," Susan said, "When you have mutinous employees like Danny Wolfe, Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance, you have to take countermeasures, Senator. The Native Americans aren't harmless people."

"Well, Miss Blanchard. We must be leaving. I have a hearing to attend," Senator Miles said, "It was a productive meeting. It took awhile to get the truth from you, but in the end you told me the truth. The BIA Central Office is grudgingly learning to tell the truth."

"I don't know what to say," Susan conceded, "You caught me red-handed. I confess my guilt. "

Senator Miles and Joan Miller turned around and left the office. Maxine Hubbard was standing outside of the office. As soon as the Senator exited the office, Maxine dashed into the office.

Susan had sat down at her executive desk. Her face was pale, and her facial muscles were taut. She looked up at Maxine and said loudly, "Maxine. Why were you late this morning?"

"I got stuck in a traffic jam. That's why I was late," Maxine said grimly, "I got some important information to tell you. But first why was Senator Miles here this morning?"

"The Senator found about the proposal to centralize the BIA. He was here to confront me with the proposal," Susan related, "He had a copy of the proposal. After I denied knowing anything about the proposal, he handed me his copy of the proposal. The Senator won that round."

"I know how the Senator got a copy of the proposal. You'll be shocked at the news."

"Who gave the Senator a copy of the proposal? Was it Crazy Bear again?"

"Well. Last Friday Herbert Sharkley and I went over to the Capitol Hill to meet with Senator Bragg," Maxine explained, "Guess whom we saw come out of the office of Senator Miles?"

"One of my employees has talking to Senator Miles! It must have been Danny Wolfe."

"No. It wasn't Danny Wolfe. How could you suspect Danny Wolfe?" Maxine said incredulously, "He's such a good Mormon Indian kid." She was puzzled by Susan's response as she liked Danny.

"Because Danny Wolfe is Crazy Bear. Michelle told me last night that Danny was Crazy Bear."

"So Danny Wolfe is the mutinous Crazy Bear? I'm shocked at the news of his sedition."

"Michelle and Danny have been drinking and partying together. Danny corrupted by daughter," Susan seethed, "Michelle told me that Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance have been secretly drinking and partying with Danny Wolfe all Summer."

"Danny is not much of a Mormon if he ever was one," Maxine said

angrily.

"Danny was deceiving us all along. I'll never trust another Mormon Indian kid," Susan announced.

"Susan, I have more bad news for you. It was Matt Lance and Kenny Treatyrights whom I saw coming out of Senator Miles' office," Maxine said, "Matt must have given a copy of the proposal to centralize BIA to Senator Miles. He's a traitor to the Central Office and a mutinous employee."

"Matt Lance deceived me too. He played with my emotions.," Susan cried out, "He betrayed me."

"I told you from the beginning that Matt Lance was a radical militant Indian."

"Maxine, you might be right. Matt Lance may be a radical, militant Indian," Susan agreed.

"What will you do?" Maxine asked. She was greatly excited at the turn of events.

"I plan to confront Danny Wolfe, Matt Lance and Treatyrights with their insubordination and mutinous conduct," Susan said, "I'll force Danny to confess and then fire him."

"Can I be in the room when you confront them? I want to see how they react," Maxine asked.

"No. You can't be in the room. I have some personal things to say to Danny and Matt."

"I understand," Maxine said gleefully, "Matt Lance was a person whom you tried to befriend. You must be deeply hurt."

"Go and tell Danny that I want to see him. Don't tell him anything," Susan ordered.

"It will be my pleasure. He'll be in your office in five minutes," Maxine promised, "Susan. Take no prisoners." She strolled out of the office down to Danny's makeshift office.

Susan decided to stay standing in back of her executive desk for her confrontation with Danny Wolfe. Five minutes passed. Susan pondered what happened to Danny Wolfe. She was about to call Maxine when Danny Wolfe walked into the door. She shook with anger at the sight of him.

"Danny. I want you to stand in front of my desk." Susan was trying to hold in her anger.

"Sure, anything you want," Danny said weakly. He walked over to Susan's desk and looked at her. He could see that she was upset, and he figured that Susan may have found out about Michelle and him.

"Danny. I had a lot of trust in you. I respected your religious beliefs and faith, but I have found out you have betrayed me," Susan said, "You've been lying to me and deceiving me."



"Michelle must have told you that I'm no longer a Mormon," Danny said fearfully.

"Oh. Michelle told me everything about you. She told me you have been drinking and partying with Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe and Matt Lance. What do you have to say?"

"Yes. I fully confess to drinking and partying with them. They are good friends of mine."

"Did they corrupt you? It will go easier on you if you implicate them," Susan cried out.

"No. They didn't corrupt me. I took up drinking on my own. It was my own decision," Danny said woefully, "They're not the blame for my drinking."

"Danny. It's hard to believe you. It will go much easier on you if you quit protecting them," Susan demanded, "I can understand how a young man like you could fall in with the wrong crowd."

"No. I can't blame anyone else. I'll admit to deceiving you. I was deceitful."

"It's good to hear you still have some honesty in you," Susan said, "Now, are you Crazy Bear? I want you to confess to being the mutinous Crazy Bear."

"Yes. I'm Crazy Bear, but I never involved with any mutinous acts against you. I'm only guilty of deceiving you."

"Have you been leaking Central Office secrets to Senator Miles?" Susan cried out emotionally.

"No. I haven't been leaking any information. There are no secrets to leak."

"You may deny it, but I know better. You have been working with Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance to undermine the authority of the Central Office and to leak information to Senator Miles. You belong to their mutinous conspiracy, and you're a traitor to the Central Office. Admit it." Susan's face was red with anger, and she had trouble restraining her anger.

"I'm not guilty of being a traitor. The only thing I did is to drink and party with Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance," Danny said grimly.

"You stole the proposal to centralize the BIA from my desk and gave it to Kenny Treatyrights and Matt Lance. They then gave the proposal to Senator Miles. I know the truth."

"I know nothing about any proposal," Danny cried out, "I'm not guilty of stealing anything."

"Michelle told me more," Susan seethed, "She told me the truth about you and her."

"She did." Danny was shaken by the Susan's statement, and his

body shuddered from fear.

"Michelle told me that you raped her. Now tell me the truth, " Susan said angrily.

"I might have seduced her, but I didn't rape her. Michelle must have told you the truth."

Susan was irate with Danny's answer. "You got her drunk, then you took advantage of her. Confess!"

"I wasn't drunk, and Michelle wasn't drunk. I was a virgin when we made love," Danny yelled out, "She was the aggressor, and I was the innocent party. I'll admit to having sex with her."

"Liar!" Susan yelled, "My Michelle is not capable of doing anything like that."

"Michelle was the one who seduced me. That's the truth. You'll have accept the truth."

"You just won't come clean - will you?" Susan hollered, "But I'll get the truth from you."

"Why don't you talk to Michelle in my presence," Danny said. "She will back me up."

"You'll never see her again!" Susan howled, "She doesn't ever want to see you again."

"I plan to continue my contact with her."

Susan trembled from anger and glared at Danny. She wanted to physically attack him, but she restrained herself. "My daughter will never see you again. Not someone who lied and deceived her mother. I'll never let her continue an affair someone who corrupted her and led her into sin."

"I just wanted to make my feelings known," Danny said weakly, "Michelle is something special."

Susan had to again restrain herself from slapping Danny. "You have nothing to offer Michelle."

"Nothing right now. But someday I'll have something," Danny said defiantly.

"Danny. You might have been someone if you stay with the system," Susan countered, "But you just turned bad. Sometimes a good kid just turns bad for no reason."

"I haven't turned bad, and I'm an adult and not a kid. I made an adult decision."

"Now, did Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance put you up to seducing my daughter?" Susan asked, "I'm positive they are behind the seduction of my daughter."

"They knew nothing about Michelle and myself," Danny answered. "Michelle wanted to keep our relationship a secret. I never told them about my affair with your daughter."

"I really don't believe you," Susan cried out, "It's clear to me that Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, Matt Lance and you conspired together to corrupt and seduce my daughter."

"No. Only Michelle and I were involved. There was no conspiracy."

"You make my daughter sound cheap and promiscuous," Susan yelled, "You have no right to do that. Oh, I'll get the truth out of Matt Lance. He'll tell me the truth about you and Michelle. "

"Matt Lance knows nothing about Michelle and me. I'm sorry that I have upset you," Danny said ruefully, "Michelle and I should have been honest with you from the beginning."

"I resent you blaming my daughter," Susan fumed, "You don't have any class."

"She was just as guilty as I was. Your daughter is not free of guilt."

Susan's face reddened, and she clinched her fists. Regaining her composure, she said, "Your mother will be very disappointed in you. I'm the one who'll have to tell her that her son has turned bad. I'll have to tell her that you gave up your religion, took up drinking and partying, and seduced my daughter. Your mother will very upset about your disreputable conduct."

"I didn't take advantage of your daughter. Anyway, my mother is bound to learn the truth about me."

"Your mother didn't want you to come to Washington, D.C.," Susan said, "But I talked her into letting you come to Washington, D.C. I told her that nothing could possibly happen to you. I promised to keep an eye on you and to keep you out of trouble. Look what happened."

"It looks like you were wrong, and my mother was right," Danny smiled.

"Mr. Wolfe. You are fired," Susan said gleefully, "I want you out of your office by noon."

"This was to be my last week of work anyway."

"Get out."

"What can I say?" Danny said, "I'm sorry about what happened. I deserve to be fired."

Susan walked to her office door and opened it. "Maxine. Come into my office!"

"Susan. What do you need?" Maxine asked. She was smiling broadly.

"Danny Wolfe has been fired by me. Take him to his office and collect his personal items," Susan ordered, "Then take him over to the Personnel Division for final processing. Then throw him out on the street, and I mean throw him out onto the street."

"Susan. It will be my pleasure to carry out your command," Maxine said, "Mr. Wolfe. Come with me. We have a lot to do today. It's too bad you chose to ally yourself with wrong side."

Maxine and Danny left the office. Susan strode to her executive desk and pick up her telephone receiver. She dialed the telephone. Sarah Strong answered. Susan told Sarah to put Matt Lance on the telephone. Sarah instinctively knew from Susan's voice that Matt was in trouble.

Matt picked up his telephone receiver and said, "Hello. This is Matt Lance."

"Mr. Lance. Get up here right now!" Susan screamed, "and I mean right now!"

"Is this Susan?"

"Yes. This is Miss Blanchard. Who do you think it is?" Susan slammed the telephone down.

Matt surmised that Susan has found out his trip to the office of Senator Miles. She sounded really angry. He pushed his chair back and stood up. Walking over to his office closet, he donned his brown blazer.

Matt hurried out of the office and headed to the elevators. Catching an elevator, he rode it to the fourth floor. Exiting the elevator, he ran into Maxine and Danny. Maxine was smiling broadly, and Danny looked dejected. Danny was carrying a cardboard box and his briefcase. Maxine stepped in between Matt and Danny. Matt walked past them without saying a word. Reaching Susan's office, he saw Jane Weaver at her secretary desk, and she stared fiercely at Matt.

"Mr. Lance. Go right into Miss Blanchard's office," Jane said, "She is waiting for you."

Matt ambled past Jane and entered Susan's office. Susan was standing behind her desk. When she saw Matt, Susan jerked and made an angry face at him. She said, "Matt! I want you to stand in front of my desk. Don't come near me."

Matt strolled to the front of Susan's desk and stopped. "Susan. What do you want?"

"Danny Wolfe has just made a full confession," she fumed, "Do you have anything to say?"

"What did Danny do?"

Matt said cautiously.

"Oh. He confessed a lot!"

"I hardly know Danny," Matt said, "He's your summer intern. What did he say?"

"So you're still using your Native American tricks on me,"

Susan cried out, "You're still playing innocent, naive and dumb. It won't work anymore. I know the truth about you and Danny. "

"Susan. I don't know what you mean. You'll have to be more specific."

"Matt. I know have you betrayed me and that you're a traitor to the Central Office."

"How did I betray you?"

"I expected you to be a man and admit your guilt," Susan said angrily, "But you want hide behind an innocent kid. Because of you, I had to fire Danny this morning."

"What for? Danny only drank a little beer with me. That's no big sin," Matt reproved.

"Now, the truth is coming out," Susan said, "Danny confessed to being Crazy Bear. He admitted to drinking and partying with Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and you."

"So Danny is Crazy Bear. That's no big crime. That was only his code name."

"We'll get to the traitorous Crazy Bear later," Susan said heatedly, "Did corrupt Danny Wolfe?"

"Look Susan. Danny was the one who looked us up at Marion's Restaurant and Bar. We didn't force him to drink beer," Matt explained, "Danny told us that he had given up being a Mormon and that he wanted to try a different lifestyle. We didn't corrupt Danny Wolfe."

"I'm the one who will have tell his mother that some of my employees corrupted her son," Susan preached, "She'll be really disappointed about Danny. Did you think about that when you led him into sin. And you knew what you were doing. You have a religious background."

"Danny is old enough to make his own decisions. If he wants to drink, he'll drink."

"Danny Wolfe corrupted my daughter," Susan cried out, "He got her to drink and party with him."

"So that's what you are mad about. They are both old enough to make their own decisions."

"It's only part of it," Susan fired back, "I suspect that Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and you got Danny Wolfe to corrupt my daughter. Be a man and confess to the crime."

"Look Susan. Danny never told us that he was running around with Michelle." Matt said, "If he did tell us, we would have forced him to tell you about his affair with Michelle."

"It's hard to believe you," Susan said, "Do know that Danny raped my daughter?"

"Danny is not capable of raping anyone. He is not a violent person, and he likes women."

"Oh. I knew you would take Danny's side," Susan charged, "Native American men stick together."

"Young people who drink and party together are bound to have sex," Matt said.

"Not my daughter," Susan said confidently, "Michelle is not that kind of girl. I raised her right."

"What does your daughter say about her relationship with Danny Wolfe?"

"None of your business! But she told me enough about Danny and her."

"Your daughter is not a religious woman," Matt said, "She's bound to engage in sex."

"I don't want you talking about my daughter. Let's get to the real reason why I have you in my office," Susan said.

"Well. Why I'm here."

"Senator Miles was in my office this morning. He had a copy of a proposal to centralize the BIA. I suspect Danny Wolfe of stealing of the proposal from my desk and giving it to Kenny Treatyrights and you. Then Treatyrights and you gave it to Senator Miles."

"I'll admit to giving the proposal to Senator Miles. Danny had nothing to do with it."

"But Danny is Crazy Bear. He is the traitor who been leaking the secrets of the Central Office. You've been working with him," Susan exploded, "You've been using me."

"Danny is no spy or a traitor," Matt said, "He may have deceived you about his drinking and partying and his affair with Michelle, but he had nothing to do with leaking the proposal to Senator Miles. I will take full responsibility for leaking the proposal to Senator Miles."

"Mr. Lance. I wish I could believe you. But you are a devious and corrupt Native American man."

"Yesterday, Jane Weaver mistakenly gave me the proposal to me," Matt said, "I made a copy of the proposal and gave a copy to Senator Miles. I'm solely responsible."

"And what about Kenny Treatyrights?" Susan yelled out, "I know he was involved."

"Kenny Treatyrights was not involved. Only I gave the proposal to the Senator."

"Do you want me to bring in Maxine Hubbard and Herbert Sharkley?" Susan threatened, "Maxine and Sharkley saw Kenny Treatyrights and you leaving Senator Miles' office."

"Well. I plead guilty as charged." Matt was stunned by the

Susan's revelation.

"Why did you betray me to Senator Miles?" Susan asked, "I brought you into my house. I socialized you. I let you touch me. I wanted to make you a trusted employee. I could have made you into an important person at the Central Office. You took advantage of my hospitality, goodwill and friendship."

"I gave the proposal to Senator Miles for your own good," Matt said.

"For my own good! This morning I was humiliated by Senator Miles," Susan cried out, "He caught me lying to him. He will hold that over my head as long as I remain a Director. You made me look like a fool. I'll never forgive you for your traitorous and mutinous conduct."

"And you failed to consult with me on the proposal to centralize the BIA," Matt replied, "The proposal was doomed from the beginning. I could have told you that. By exposing the proposal prematurely, I saved you from a lot of serious problems down the road."

"And you were only thinking of my welfare," Susan hollered. "Thanks you for your troubles."

"I'm sorry."

"You cause me to be humiliated, and I cannot forgive that."

"Susan. You're a naive person," Matt said, "You know nothing about Native American affairs, and you shouldn't be in Native American Affairs. Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe are right about you."

"Maxine was right about you. You are a radical, militant Indian," Susan cried emotionally.

"I once felt there was something between us. Maybe I was wrong."

"Yes. You were wrong. I socialized you to make a trusted employee," Susan said heatedly, "That was my only purpose in doing anything with you. You got nothing from me. You have no bragging rights."

"Susan. I no longer want to work for you," Matt said coldly, "I resign my position."

"I would had fired you anyway," Susan yelled out, "You've saved me a lot of work. You would have never survived your probationary period as an employee of the Central Office."

"I'm sorry it ended this way," he responded.

"Well. Goodbye, Mr. Lance," Susan said, "and don't run down to the office of Kenny Treatyrights and warn him. As soon as you leave, I plan go to his office to confront with his insubordination and mutinous conduct. Hopefully he will resign his position like you."

"You need not worry. Kenny Treatyrights can keep care of himself."

Matt turned around and walked to the door. Opening the door, he

left the office and headed to the elevators. Susan waited a few minutes for Matt to leave the fourth floor. Maxine walked into Susan's office and stood in front of Susan's desk.

"Maxine. I thought I told you to stay with Danny Wolfe," Susan said, "and keep an eye on him!"

"I didn't want to miss the excitement," Maxine said. "Danny will be busy with the Personnel Division for another hour. What happened to Matt Lance? He looked pretty grim when he left. "

"I extracted a full confession from him. Then he resigned," Susan said, "Next I plan to go Kenny Treatyrights' office and confront with him his mutinous conduct. Maybe I can get Kenny Treatyrights to resign his position."

"Can I go with you to the Office of Kenny Treatyrights?" Maxine pleaded.

"No, Maxine. You can't go with me. I want to do it alone," Susan said, "Go back to the Personnel Division and keep care of Danny. I have everything under control here."

Maxine left Susan's office. A few minutes later, Susan hurried out of her office and dashed down the corridor to the office of Kenny Treatyrights. Opening the office door, she entered the office, and she shut the door.

Kenny Treatyrights was startled by her appearance in his office. This was the first time Susan had ever set foot in his office. He knew it was a bad omen. He stood up and said "Can I help you?"

"You sure can," Susan responded, "You can save me a lot trouble by resigning your position."

"Miss Blanchard. What are you talking about?" Treatyrights asked incredulously.

"I just got done with confronting your co-conspirators, Danny Wolfe and Matt Lance," Susan smiled brightly, "They confessed, and I fired Danny Wolfe and Matt Lance resigned his position."

"And now you expect to do the same with me," Treatyrights laughed.

"Danny Wolfe and Matt Lance made full confessions about their mutinous conduct and insubordination," Susan said, "They implicated you in their conspiracy to leak Central Office secrets."

"We were not involved in any conspiracy. You don't any proof of a conspiracy."

"You three conspire to undermine the authority of the Central Office and to leak the secrets of the Central Office to Senator Miles," Susan yelled, "Admit your guilt!"

"Does the Central Office have any secrets worth leaking?" Treatyrights laughed.



"Mr. Treatyrights. Don't get smart with me," Susan said, "Danny has confessed to being Crazy Bear and to drinking and partying with Matt Lance, Harlan Goodloe, and you. Matt admitted that Harlan Goodloe, him and you corrupted Danny Wolfe. Then you counseled Danny Wolfe to corrupt my daughter. Michelle and Danny have been drinking and partying together."

"Miss Blanchard. Wait a minute. Harlan Goodloe, Matt Lance and I may have drank few beers with Danny Wolfe, but that is all. I never knew that Danny was running around with Michelle. If we knew about their affair, we would advised to him to tell you. That is the truth."

"I don't believe you," Susan cried out, "You Native American men are always sticking up for another."

"How did Danny corrupt your daughter?" he smiled.

Susan turned green. "Since you can't be a gentleman, I'll drop that subject," Susan said, "But I have proof that you and Matt Lance gave a proposal to centralize the BIA to Senator Miles. Maxine and Herbert Sharkley saw you and Matt leaving Senator Miles' office. Matt Lance has already admitted to stealing a copy of the proposal from my office and giving the copy to Senator Miles."

"Susan. I'll freely admit that Matt and I gave a copy of the proposal to Senator Miles," Treatyrights said, "The Senator had a right to know about the proposal to centralize the BIA. We didn't do anything wrong. Anyway, the Senator would have found about the proposal."

"Oh. You did nothing wrong," Susan yelled, "This morning I was humiliated by Senator Miles. You gave him information which he used to humiliated me with. I can never forgive you."

"I hope it did some good. You deserved to be confronted by Senator Miles."

"This time I'll write you up for unauthorized contacts with Congress and insubordination," Susan cried out.

"Miss Blanchard. We did it for your own good. It was a stupid proposal," Treatyrights said, "You would have got yourself into deep trouble with the Indian tribes for pushing a proposal to centralize the BIA. It shows that you're completely ignorant about Native American tribes and their affairs."

"That's what Matt Lance said. It didn't do him any good," Susan said loudly, "He's now out of a job."

"Matt was the one who wanted to save you. Senator Miles and I wanted to let you dig your own grave, and then chop your head off," Treatyrights said, "We should have ignored Matt's pleas."

"The Secretary and Assistant of Secretary of Indian Affairs would have backed me up," Susan countered.

"I don't think so. I've been around the Central Office for ten years. You were being used by Hillyard Chipeworth," Treatyrights said, "The proposal was just another grand plan to rob the Indian tribes of their natural resources. It would be easily killed by the Indian tribes."

"I don't believe you, Mr. Treatyrights," Susan said, "You're just trying to divide the Central Office with your self-serving statements, and it won't work with me."

"Matt Lance saved you, because he must see something in you," he said.

"There was nothing between us. Matt Lance has an active imagination," Susan said, "I merely wanted to make him a trusted employee, which I failed to do. That I'll admit."

"I don't know about that."

"I didn't come here to be disparaged by you."

"Miss Blanchard. Apparently, having a little Native American in you didn't make you into a Native American," Treatyrights grinned. He waited for her to react to his comment.

Susan blushed and stomped out of Treatyrights' office. She marched down the corridor to her office. She couldn't believe that Kenny Treatyrights could be so vulgar with her.

Jane Weaver was at her secretary desk. She looked up and said fearfully, "Susan. Bud Blanchard, your ex-husband, is in your office. He wants to talk to you."

"I'm sick of dealing with men today," Susan yelled out, "What does he want." She walked into her office.

Wearing a dark blue suit, Bud Blanchard was sitting on a couch situated in front of her desk.

She hurried to her desk and sat down. She said, "Bud. What do you want? You know you shouldn't come to my office."

"Michelle telephoned me at work," Bud said somberly, "She told me about Danny Wolfe."

"God. What is Michelle doing?" Susan asked, "I simply don't understand her any longer."

"Susan. You've been a bad mother to my daughter."

"Oh, blaming me now. If I remember correctly, you divorced me."

"That's water under the bridge," Bud said, "I know you've been running around with that Native American, Matt Lance. You've been a bad example to Michelle."

Susan turned red and shook with anger. "I haven't corrupted your daughter."

Bud Blanchard pulled out a pistol and pointed it at Susan. She

looked down the barrel and smiled. The black barrel was long and shiny. Bud's gun hand was shaking. He cried out, "I plan to shoot you, Matt Lance, and Danny Wolfe."

"Don't pull your theatrics on me. It wouldn't work. I've a rough day already dealing with mutinous employees," Susan said, "If you plan to pull the trigger, do it. I don't have all day."

Bud Blanchard lost his nerve and lowered the gun. He said, "I really don't want to hurt you. I just want to shoot those two Native American males. Yes, I will shoot them."

"Well. I fired Danny Wolfe today, and Matt Lance quit his job. But you probably can find them at Marion's Restaurant and Bar," Susan revealed, "I'm positive they will be at Marion's drowning their sorrows with a six pack of beer. They're drinking buddies."

"You said that they will be at Marion's Restaurant and Bar-right?"

"Yes. They should be there. If Kenny Treatyrights is there, please shoot him too."

Bud Blanchard put his pistol back in his suit jacket. He stood up and left the office without saying goodbye. Susan was relieved that he was gone. She pondered what would happen if he actually shot Danny Wolfe and Matt Lance. She envisioned the newspaper headlines reading: BIA Employees Caught In Love Nest. No doubt her name would be smeared on the front page of the local newspaper. But she quickly dismissed the idea as ridiculous.

Maxine hurried into Susan's office. She saw Susan sitting at her executive desk, and she looked drained from the events of the day. Maxine asked, "What was Bud Blanchard doing here?"

"Maxine. You're very nosy today."

"But I'm dying to know. Is your ex-husband jealous of Matt Lance?"

"Well. Bud came up here to shoot me, Matt Lance, and Danny Wolfe," Susan smiled, "But he lost his nerve. I directed Bud to go Marion's Restaurant and Bar. I told him that Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe probably would be there tonight drowning their sorrows with beer."

"Do you think your ex-husband would actually shoot Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe?"

"No. Bud will lose his nerve like he did with me. He won't shoot them."

"But Matt Lance and Danny are Native Americans," Maxine said eagerly, "He might not have any qualms about shooting two Native Americans. If he is mad enough, he might shoot them dead."

"Well. That's chances you take when come to work for the

Central Office," Susan said in levity.

"What happened with Kenny Treatyrights? Did he resign like Matt Lance?"

"Kenny Treatyrights again avoided the bullet," Susan admitted, "It will be impossible to fire him. But I have the heads of Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe to deliver to the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs if he has any complaints about the morning meeting with Senator Miles."

"Susan. Do you want me to go to Marion's Restaurant and Bar tonight?"

"Sure, Maxine. Go to Marion's and find out what's happening. "

"I even have some crocodile tears for Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe," Maxine said emotionally, "The Central Office will never be the same without them. They were unforgettable characters."

"For once I agree with you. "

## Chapter 32

Late Monday afternoon, Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe, and Matt Lance were on the second floor of the Interior Department Building walking in unison to the "E" Street entrance of the building. They were heading to Marion's Restaurant and Bar for a last drink.

"Danny Wolfe is already at the Marion's Restaurant and Bar," Treatyrights said, "We're suppose meet him there. When he called me, he sounded pretty upset about being fired."

"Isn't that the Deputy Associate Solicitor, Jonathan Stewart III, coming towards us," Matt said.

The tan suit jacket of Stewart III was torn, and his clothes were spoiled and in disarray. The buttons on his blue dress shirt were gone. His white athletic shirt was showing, and his tan pants had a tear in them. His hair was messy; his face unshaven; and his eyes bloodshot. Smelling of alcohol, he looked like he had been drinking all night. Bruises and scratches covered his tired face.

"It sure looks like Jonathan Stewart III," Treatyrights said, "It looks like he has been in a fist fight. Someone finally punched out his lights. Who could have done it?"

When Stewart III moved closer, he stopped and said happily, "Hey, Treatyrights, Goodloe, and Matt Lance. It's good to see you."

They were surprised at Stewart III's friendliness, and the threesome came to a stop by Stewart III.

"What happened to you?" Treatyrights inquired.

"Oh, I got into fight in a bar. I was arrested for disorderly conduct and spent the night in jail," Stewart III explained.

"Why did you get into a fight at a barroom?" Matt asked. He highly surprised at Stewart III's admission.

"Because I felt like getting into a fight last night," Stewart III said, "I just bailed out of jail."

"Won't you get into trouble with the Interior Solicitor's Office for fighting in a barroom?" Treatyrights asked. "There is a code of ethics for federal government employees."

"Oh. I don't care anymore," Stewart III said gleefully, "I just won the Maryland lottery for eight million dollars. I'm a rich man. Isn't it great?" He did dance in the corridor.

"Well. Congratulations!" Treatyrights said, "I've have never won

anything playing the lottery. Some people have all the luck. But it's good to hear you won the lottery."

"What do you plan to do with the money?" Matt Lance asked, "It's a lot a money."

"I plan to move to West Virginia and write exploitation novels," Stewart III exclaimed, "I always wanted to write exploitation novels." He continued his trek down the corridor.

"Some people have all the luck," Treatyrights asserted.

The threesome continued on their way to Marion's Restaurant and Bar. Fifteen minutes later, they arrived at the Marion's and went directly into the barroom. The barroom was crowded with people, dressed in office clothing. Through the dim lighting, they saw Danny Wolfe sitting alone at a table in the back of the barroom. He was drinking a can of beer. Reaching the table, the threesome sat down.

"Danny. How are you doing?" Treatyrights asked, "After being fired, you look okay."

"I'm fine. Of course, I don't like being fired. But I'm okay," Danny said, "I'll be glad to return to Utah. I won't have to listen to Susan Blanchard or Maxine Hubbard anymore."

Treatyrights waved to Roxanne, the shapely cocktail waitress. She rushed over to the table and took their order. They decided to drink beer. Roxanne retreated to the service bar and returned with four cans of beers and three beer glasses. She set the beer glasses in front of Treatyrights, Goodloe and Matt Lance. She filled each beer glass with beer and finally refill led Danny's beer glass. She left for the service bar.

"Cheers!" Matt said. They hit their beer glasses together and simultaneously drank beer from their beer glasses. They set their beer glasses down on the table.

"Boy, that beer tasted good," Treatyrights said, "Matt. You're making me into a beer drinker. "

Matt bursted out laughing and doubled over onto the table. A minute later, he had brought his laughter under the control. He said laughingly, "Do you know that I even had Susan Blanchard drinking beer?"

"I can't believe you got her to drink beer," Treatyrights said, "Did she enjoy it?"

"Susan must have enjoyed the beer. She drank about four beers that night."

"Did get Susan drunk and seduce her?" Treatyrights joked.

"No."

"Susan Blanchard had her problems?" Danny said.

"Yes. She was a paranoid about losing control," Matt analyzed, "She had to control everything and everyone."

"You are good at psychology," Treatyrights said, "Maybe you can cure Harlan Goodloe."

"Goodloe just needs to leave the BIA Central Office," Matt pointed out, "Working for the Central Office is bound to drive any Native American crazy."

"You are really lucky get out of this insane asylum," Treatyrights said.

"What will do?" Danny inquired, "Will you stay in Washington, D.C.?"

"I plan to return to the Colville Indian Reservation and pick fruit," Matt joked, "Apple picking season is about to start in Eastern Washington state. "

"At least you haven't lost your sense of humor," Treatyrights said, "You're a tough person."

"Danny. You should told us about your affair with Michelle," Matt lectured, "You got us into a lot trouble by not telling us."

"Michelle was the one who wanted to keep our affair a secret," Danny explained.

Maxine Hubbard and Herbert Sharkley walked into the barroom and found a table near the door. In a good mood, they were laughing and joking. Sharkley was wearing his BIA Police blazer and a red polyester necktie. They ordered drinks. Sharkley went to the table holding the appetizers and filled a plate with appetizers. He ate the appetizers while he carried his loaded plate back to his table. Occasionally they would look over to Matt's table to see what was happening. Out of sheer gratitude, Maxine ordered a round of drinks for Matt's table.

Roxanne filled the order and carried the beers over to Matt's table. She said, "These beers are from Maxine Hubbard and Herbert Sharkley." She set the beers on the table and returned to the service bar. Matt waved at Maxine. Smiling broadly, Maxine waved back.

"So Pussy Cat Maxine and Rattlesnake Herb are here," Treatyrights cried out, "Don't they ever let up with their spying. Susan is bound to get a blow-by-blow account of our evening."

"They don't bother me," Matt said, "Their present glee will be short-lived."

Bud Blanchard entered the barroom. Looking angry, he surveyed the barroom looking for Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe. Sighting Maxine, he went directly to her table. He asked where Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe were sitting. Grinning, she pointed to Matt's table.

Bud Blanchard hurried to Matt's table. He said, "Are you two Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe? I'm looking for them."

"Well. I'm Matt Lance." He pondered who was the well-dressed man.

"I'm the father of Michelle Blanchard and ex-husband of Susan Blanchard."

"I didn't rape your daughter," Danny cried out fearfully, "Just ask Michelle. She'll tell you."

"I just wanted to meet the two Native American men who involved with my daughter and ex-wife," Bud said.

"It's us," Matt said. He looked into Bud's eyes fearing the worst.

"I planned to shoot you two. But after I left my ex-wife's office, I finally remembered how difficult Susan made why life. If I couldn't shoot her, I couldn't shoot you two."

Danny was greatly relieved by Bud's statement.

"Take a seat," Matt said, "So you are Susan's ex-husband. I've heard a lot about you."

"Yes. I'll take a seat. I never socialized with Native Americans before," Bud said.

"Do you want a drink?" Treatyrights said cautiously, "We are drinking beer this evening."

"Yeah. I need a drink. Beer is okay with me. I enjoy drinking beer," Bud said.

Treatyrights waved to Roxanne. She rushed over to the table. Bud ordered a beer. She scooted to the service bar and returned with a can of beer and a beer glass. She placed the beer and glass in front of Bud. She filled Bud's glass and retreated to the service bar.

Bud grabbed his beer glass and took a long drink from it. He said, "I sure needed that. It has been a long day for me. Law practice can be hectic."

"Are you a beer drinker?" Matt asked, "That's the only alcoholic beverage I drink."

"Yeah. I like beer," Bud answered, "I've drunken a lot of beer in my lifetime."

"Beer is the breakfast of Native Americans," Matt joked.

"Did you ever go bed with Susan?" Bud asked.

"No. I never did sleep with her," Matt said.

"God. I was under the impression, you have been sleeping in my house with Susan," Bud said, "It made me mad. One Saturday night, Susan even told me, you were sleeping in her bedroom. I was wildly jealous about you. Since our divorce, I thought she was asexual."

"Well. It wasn't me," Matt admitted.

"Danny. You must have been sleeping with my daughter."



"Yes. I have been sleeping with her," Danny said reluctantly, "but only with her consent."

Maxine and Sharkley were closely watching Matt's table. They were highly disappointed that Bud Blanchard didn't pull a gun on Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe. They expected Bud to be angry and jealous. It looked like he was quickly becoming friends with Matt Lance, Kenny Treatyrights, Harlan Goodloe and Danny Wolfe. Susan was bound to be upset at the turn-of -events.

"Matt. What do you plan to do next," Treatyrights asked.

"I plan to return to the Colville Indian Reservation," Matt replied, "It's not heaven, but it is home."

"And Danny. What do you plan to do?"

"I'm returning to Utah to finish college," Danny explained, "I'm planning to go to graduate school."

"We need to celebrate today's event," Treatyrights said, "Let's head up to the Chinese restaurant and have dinner on me."

"That sounds good to me," Matt said, "I'll start packing my things tomorrow."

"I'm always game," Danny said, "Let's celebrate my return to Utah."

"Can I come along?" Bud said cautiously, "You Native Americans like to have fun."

"We sure do," Matt exclaimed.

"Bud. You're welcome to come along with us," Treatyrights said.

"And let me pay for the meal and drinks" Bud said, "I owe something to Matt Lance and Danny Wolfe. I've been acting like a jealous fool."

The group finished their beers, and they got up from the table and left the Marion's Restaurant and Bar. They caught a taxi cab and headed to the Chinese restaurant where they drank and celebrated the night away.

## Chapter 33

Early Tuesday morning, Susan Blanchard was in her office at the Interior Department Building. Maxine Hubbard walked into her office, and she said excitedly, "Have you heard the news about the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs?"

"No. What is it?"

"Well. He has resigned his job."

"There has been rumors that he was leaving to return to the private sector," Susan said.

"Apparently, Hillyard Chipeworth was named the Acting Assistant Secretary of Interior Affairs," Maxine said.

"That's a surprise choice."

"Hillyard Chipeworth has been very loyal supporter of the Secretary of the Interior."

"Chipeworth and the Secretary went to the same college," Susan said, "I think they're are friends."

"What Chipeworth's chances of becoming the next Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs?" Maxine asked.

"Well. Chipeworth was made Acting Assistant Secretary," Susan analyzed aloud, "I figure that he has the job."

"I thought you were after that job."

"Don't be foolish, Maxine," Susan replied, "I'm not a friend of the Interior Secretary."

"Susan. It's all politics."

"I'm not disappointed as I never wanted the job."

"It pays to be neutral and not to make waves," Maxine said.

"Maybe."

"Do you think that Chipeworth will make any changes?"

"They all do."

"Do you think they will make any changes in this office?"

"I have no idea."

The telephone rang, and Susan answered the telephone. It was the Assistant Secretary's Office. The Acting Assistant Secretary wanted her to attend an emergency congressional hearing. She would not have to testify. She put down the telephone, and she said to Maxine, "I need to attend a congressional hearing that Senator Miles called at the last minute."

"Then I'll be leaving," Maxine said, "Good Luck, Susan."

“Thanks. I may need it with Senator Miles.”

Maxine left Susan’s office and went back to her office. With her office door open, she watched Susan leave for the congressional hearing. About twenty minutes later, Hillyard Chipeworth arrived at Jane Weaver’s secretary desk.

Jane was surprised to see Mr. Chipeworth, and she said to him, “Susan Blanchard went to Capitol Hill.”

“I know,” Chipeworth said, “I sent her there.”

“Where is Maxine Hubbard?”

“She’s in her office.”

“Well. Call her. We’re having a meeting in Susan’s office. I want both of you there immediately.” Chipeworth entered Susan’s office, and he sat down at Susan’s executive desk.

Jane Weaver went into Maxine Hubbard’s office. Maxine was sitting at her desk. Jane said, “Hillyard Chipeworth wants to meet with us.”

“Hillyard Chipeworth!” Maxine exclaimed, “Doesn’t he know that Susan went to Capitol Hill.”

“I told him Susan was gone.”

“What’s Chipeworth up to?” Maxine thought out loud.

“It cannot not be good,” Jane said, “I’ve been through this before.”

“We’ve better not keep Hillyard Chipeworth waiting,” Maxine said. They both left Maxine’s office and walked into Susan’s office.

Hillyard Chipeworth was waiting for them, and he said, “Take a seat on the couch.”

“Thank you, Mr. Chipeworth,” Maxine said.

“As you know I am the Acting Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs, and I will be nominated to become the next Assistant Secretary,” Chipeworth said with pride.

“Congratulations!” Maxine said.

“Thanks,” Chipeworth said, “I’m here today to tell you that the BIA Department of Government Services will undergo reorganization.”

“That’s great,” Maxine exclaimed, “It really needs it.”

“I will be holding a meeting of the department employees today to tell them my plans.”

“Susan will be glad,” Jane Weaver blurted out.

Chipeworth glared at Jane, and Jane quickly became silence and frightened.

“I’m here to inform you that Susan Blanchard is being transferred to the Eastern Area Office, effectively immediately,” he said, “Do any of you have any problem with that?”

“Why no, Mr. Chipeworth,” Maxine exclaimed, “Susan will be happy to get away from all of the pressure and politics.”

“Politics.”

“I did not mean to say politics,” Maxine responded fearfully.

“Ms. Hubbard. I have been watching grow as an employee of the Central Office.”

“Thank you, Mr. Chipeworth,” Maxine said, “I’m loyal to you and the Central Office.”

“That’s good to hear,” Chipeworth replied, “Because I’m looking for an Acting Director of the BIA Department of Government Services.”

“Are you thinking of appointing me,” Maxine cried out.

“Yes,” he said, “And if you do a good job for me, you may become the permanent Director.”

“I knew something good would happen to me if I just followed orders,” Maxine exclaimed.

“Maxine. Do you accept the appointment.”

“Of course, I accept.”

“Good.”

“When do I start,” Maxine asked.

“Immediately!” Chipeworth yelled out, “You can take over Susan’s office today.”

“I couldn’t do that without giving Susan time to move out.”

“Maxine. I’m ordering you move into Susan’s office today.”

“Mr. Chipeworth. You have my obedience. I’ll move in immediately.”

“Maxine. I want you to deal with Susan Blanchard and tell her that she is being transferred to the Eastern Area Office. I don’t like dealing with women. They can be emotional about being fired.”

“Mr. Chipeworth. I’ll handle it for the Central Office.”

“Good. You know what you’re doing,” Chipeworth said, “I must return to my office and make final arrangements for the departmental meeting.”

“Mr. Chipeworth. I’ll do a good job for you,” Maxine promised.

“Ms. Hubbard. I have complete confidence in you.”

“What about me?” Jane Weaver yelled out.

“Ms. Weaver. You have a new boss now,” Chipeworth said, “Obey her and you will have no problems.”

“Thank you. Mr. Chipeworth.”

Hillyard Chipeworth stood up from Susan’s desk and walked out of the office. Maxine was shaking from the stress of Chipeworth’s announcements.

“Maxine. Do you plan to keep me as your secretary,” Jane asked.

“Of course.”

“Well. We’ve better start moving you into Susan’s office before Mr. Chipeworth returns.”

“I think that’s a good idea.”

Maxine and Jane started to move Susan’s personal items to the end

of the room. By noon they had moved Maxine in and gathered together all of Susan's items.

"Well, Jane. That was a lot of work," Maxine said, "Susan has a lot of her property and items to move out."

"I'm tired already," Jane replied.

"When will Susan be returning," Maxine asked.

"She planned to return by 1:00 p.m."

"Good," Maxine said, "Then I can go to lunch and be here when she returns."

"Maxine. What if Susan becomes irate and causes problems?"

"We could call Security," Maxine said, "But even better, we should have Herbert Sharkley here."

"Brilliant idea," Jane cried out, "Sharkley will protect us."

"Susan wouldn't dare to try anything with Sharkley present."

"Call Herbert Sharkley and tell him to be here at 1:00 p.m."

"Yes."

"Well. I'm going to lunch," Maxine said. Maxine left her new office and ate lunch at the Interior Department cafeteria where she received many congratulations on her new job. After lunch she returned to her office, but she first stopped to talk to Jane Weaver.

"Susan is still not back?"

"No. Susan has not returned yet," Jane responded.

"Is Herbert Sharkley here?"

"Herbert Sharkley is already in your office."

"I hope that Susan does not become emotional when I talk to her," Maxine said.

"Susan is pretty tough."

"I'm afraid of that." Maxine went into her office, and she explained what was happening. Sharkley agreed to help.

Twenty minutes later, Susan Blanchard arrived back from Capitol Hill. She had not eaten lunch, and she was not in a good mood as Senator Miles had forced her testified against her wishes. She walked up to Jane Weaver, and she inquired, "Jane. Is there anything new that I should know about."

"Ms. Blanchard. I can't tell you anything."

"Why not?"

"I just can't."

"Then where is Maxine Hubbard?"

"She is in her office."

"No. She's not in her office. I looked."

"Yes. She's in her new office," Jane cried out, "I didn't want to tell you." Jane picked up her telephone and called Maxine. Maxine told her to escort Susan into her new office.

“Maxine told me to escort you into Maxine’s office.”

Susan finally realized what Jane was trying to tell her. She took a deep breath, and she said, “Take me in.”

Jane got up from her secretary desk and went to Maxine’s new office. Susan followed, and Jane opened the door. Maxine was sitting at her executive desk, and Herbert Sharkley was sitting by Maxine’s executive desk. Jane and Susan entered the office and approached Maxine’s desk.

“Miss Blanchard. Mr. Chipeworth has instructed me to tell you that you are being transferred to the Eastern Area Office, effectively immediately. You are no longer the Director of the BIA Department of Government Services.”

“What! Hillyard Chipeworth couldn’t be here to tell me,” Susan cried out.

“No. It is my job. He appointed me the Acting Director of the BIA Department of Government Services,” Maxine responded.

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Don’t get emotional, Miss Blanchard,” Sharkley instructed.

“Sharkley. It figures you and Maxine would be working together.”

“Miss Blanchard. You need to move your things out of this office by the end of the day,” Maxine said.

“Maxine. Please call me Ms. Blanchard.”

“If you wish.”

“I’ll need some help.”

“I’ll get you some help,” Maxine replied.

“Thanks.”

“Ms. Blanchard. Don’t make things difficult for me, Jane Weaver or Herbert Sharkley. We’re only doing our jobs.”

“I won’t,” Susan responded, “I’m still in shock.”

“You should have seen it coming,” Maine said, “I told you not to trust those radical, militant Indians.”

“Who are talking about?”

“Matt Lance in particular and Danny Wolfe, Kenny Treatyrights and Harlan Goodloe.”

“I fully agree that they are radical, militant Indians,” Sharkley yelled out.

“Matt Lance is not a radical, militant Indian,” Susan asserted.

“Susan. No one will ever know now,” Maxine said, “Goodbye.”

The End