

August 23, 1929.

Dear Supt. Crawford:

I have just received your most kind letter of the 19th. I am afraid I shall never be able to repay your great kindness in this matter, but I assure you I shall always be anxious to try. We start Sunday morning (the 25th), and I shall wire you as we near the destination(Bismarck). When I say "we" I mean that my cousin, a young man, is coming along to drive for me part of the time, and our professor of Anthropology will join us in Nebraska. These people are simply going for the outing, and will not be in your way. We are driving through, and camping on the way.

With regard to the expense, I shall be happy to take care of the food and incidentals of the councils, and to pay such fees as you think best. As you realise, I am a teacher on a teacher's pay, but I wish to do what is right by the Indians every time. If I did not, it would hardly be fitting for me to attempt the life of Sitting Bull!!

Recently I was in New Mexico, where a rancher friend gave me a small supply of shed buffalo wool from his herd. I know that some Plains Indians like to have this shed wool, and am bringing it along, in case some old fellow may want it.

We shall be delighted to have the psoralia. I have often read of it, but never tasted the dish. Mrs. Campbell joins me in thanking you for this thoughtfulness for us.

Cordially yours,

W.S.CAMPBELL