

The University of Oklahoma
Norman, Oklahoma

7 26 20

Dear Mr. Waygold:-

I have your letter, with the drawing for chapter six. I like them very much. I see nothing to criticize in the figures and equipment of the men in the tail-piece. I like the figure of the Cheyenne with the lance especially well. It is admirable, and the headdress OK. The terrain in both drawings is in accord with the text. You are certainly doing excellent work.

The use of shields for initial letters seems very appropriate for a story of this sort, and worth adopting. I enclose a list of the first words of every chapter, as finally decided upon. Certainly a shield figures in every chapter.

The eagle group had been lost in a drawer. I sent it to you in my last letter

It may be more than a week before I get my final draft made up, but I hope not much longer. When I am accurate, I am slow on the machine. Stenographers are not to be had here in summer.

I am glad you approve of my story so far. I welcome your criticisms, and wish you sent more of them. As regards my title, I shall carefully consider what you have said, and see if I can find a better one. However, I have a few things to say in defense of this one, and it may be that I shall retain it. A good title is certainly not an easy thing to find, especially for such a story.

a. If a misconception, it is at least a popular one. We must depend on the general public for sales. Those who know Indians will perhaps forgive the title for the contents. The others will learn something. It should attract.

b. The preface suggests that the old Indian life is a happy hunting ground for the author only. Still, just now-when so many people are turning in every direction to escape from the realities of their existence- it seemed to me that the title might appeal and perhaps lead them to take a similar view.

c. Those who read the story through, even though lured to it by a different mood, may come to see that the escape from trouble lies in the grappling with it. If the story has any meaning, it should teach the lesson of great poetry and tragedy- that the glory of life lies in the splendors of courage and love, and not in avoiding hardship. I have no patience with the Pollyanna view of life, and it seems that this spirit has informed my story without thinking of it. In fact, for a long time I seriously considered attempting to do the thing in epic verse. But the undertaking was too great for me, situated as I am at present. The contrast (apparent enough, though apparent only) is this the key to the spirit of the story, as I conceive it. I suppose the preface should suggest this more adequately.

d. If, as you say, the book is unusual, so might the title be.

e. The title, though perhaps misleading at first glance, does suggest Indians, and a life removed from our own, and carries a suggestion of death to me.