

May 15, 1931.

Chief Joseph White Bull,
Cherry Creek, South Dakota.

My dear friend:

I was happy to get your letter.

I have been hoping to see you next summer, but now it looks as if I cannot do it. I am still working hard on your uncle's life, and am making a big book of it. It is taking longer than I thought it would. And so I may not be able to see you this summer. If I do, it will be ⁱⁿ August, I think. But I cannot promise yet.

I heard from Mr. W.W. Stirling, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology in Washington, ^{D.C.} where Sitting Bull's book of drawings is. He is coming to South Dakota, he says, next summer, and wrote me that, if he can make it, he will see you about the drawings of your own brave deeds. He says he would like to have them, and I think he would pay you something for them. But you can find out about it when he comes down there. ~~It might be a good thing for you to write him and ask him when he is coming to see you, so that you will know. Tell him I told you to write.~~ It might be a good thing for you to write him and ask him when he is coming to see you, so that you will know. Tell ^{him} I told you to write.

I have spent the whole year working on this book about you and your uncle, trying to get every word straight and true, and so I have not had time to earn any money. If I can finish the book in time, and find somebody who will pay for it, I will certainly come to see you, my friend, if I am well. Right now I have to finish the book, and I am short of cash. I saw your son last summer at Little Eagle; he is a fine boy. I will let you know later whether I can come or not.

Your true friend,