

United States Post Office

CLASS

Mandan, North Dakota,
November 17th, 1928.

Prof. W.S. Campbell,
Norman, Oklahoma.

Dear Professor Campbell :

I have your inquiry dated Nov. 1st, and have to beg absence from the office and desk for several weeks, during the recent excitement. Most of this time was spent among the Sioux, many miles from railways. I spent three days among Sitting Bull's old people, at Bull Head and Little Eagle, S.D., and in the immediate vicinity of his Ghost Dance camp, where he was killed Dec 15th 1890, just before sunrise, by 42 Indian U.S. Police and two Indian volunteers. One of these last named was Grey Eagle, whose two sisters were the plural wives of S.B. at his death. He is still a fine specimen of the dancing Sioux and a particular friend of mine. Many others are still living, who were in the Grand River fight, and followed Sitanka (Big Foot) where, at Wounded Knee, a couple of weeks after S.B.'s death, they were in battle with their old enemies, the 7th VC. I have the original hand written order, in both English and Sioux, for the arrest of this old Medicine man of the Hunkpapa Sioux. Also have all the reports of the affair which were afterward made by Major McLaughlin, in charge of Standing Rock at the time. These are in the shape of the office copy book, which every office had up to a few years ago - all long hand and copied on thin paper in a press. The Government has been after them but I do not intend to give them up without some fight, as I came by them in an honest manner. I believe that McLaughlin had retained some of the most important historical papers, to be used in his Memoirs, which, by the way, was never written. However, his "My Friend, the Indian" is a splendid volume and you no doubt have read it. I also have the original orders for the buffalo hunts of 1882 and 83, the last big herds were killed off on those years in N.D. S.B. (Tatankaiyotanka) was not an imposing man in personal appearance, neither in deeds of warriors valor. He was never a Chief. It is true that he was somewhat of a leader and was powerful among the insurrectos and hostiles, for "his medicine was strong." He had a great following among the women, for he was in the habit of giving his game meat away to those who had no one to hunt for them. He went into trances and "spoke with the tongues of men, long dead." He was short and heavy set, with a face more like an Indian woman's than a mans. When he returned from Canada, after the Little Big Horn affair, he promised to be good. But he was good only so long as he feared the soldiers; when he got into a camp miles away in inaccessible country, he quickly hypnoyized himself into a state of fearlessness and bragadocia. He went to Montana some place, in company with Chief John Grass (my own foster father) and Pizi (Gall) and some others, for the purpose of consulting Wovoka of the south. Gall and Grass took no faith in his claims concerning the Ghost Dance, just being intruded, and returned. Bull stayed and learned the songs and dances, and actually claimed to be God, in the last few days of his life. The correct story of his death, has never been told. I was on the field last week, together with three of the old Police