

What a damned lie!

At the battle of the Little Big Horn when Custer's men were slain, Sitting Bull was three miles away in the hills with his squaws and children. That night at the jollification after the destruction of the soldiers he was laughed at when he came into the council, but he justified his conduct in the hour of peril by saying that his life was too valuable to risk on the field of battle, that he had prophesied this defeat of the whites and it was due to his good medicine that it had taken place. He got away with it and was reinstated in the good graces of the tribe.

His following on this reservation never exceeded ten per cent of the people of the reservation. There is nothing good that could be said of this man and I regret that so much fame is attached to his name and so little to the names of those men who were really warriors, and that so little has been said and done for the courageous policemen who took Sitting Bull at the cost of the lives of several of their number.

I would love to talk with you about the matter but as I said in the beginning I am so pressed for time that I can not write more. I would recommend that you get Major McLaughlin's book, "My Friend The Indian". I think it is published by Double Day and Page or you can write to Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin of McLaughlin, S. Dak. She is the daughter-in-law of Major McLaughlin and I think has these books for sale.

Very truly yours,

E. D. Mossman

EDM:S

E. D. Mossman,
Superintendent.