

As to One Bull not recalling specific jokes, that is the Indian of it. They cant recall when you want, but when they feel in the mood for it. *It is a*
At the banquet in Bismarck, SB took the napkin and put it into his chair & sat down on it, saying to Indians, in sign language "What is good for a white-man's face is fit for an Indian's ass." He would endure being understood as too ignorant to know the use of a napkin, for the sake of a joke with Indians. He could imitate well. Occasionally he would imitate a whiteman dancing with a white woman (this way of dancing being considered suggestive by Indians) for the merriment of Indians. He frequently imitated the manners of McLaughlin, to McLaughlin's angerment. He would sometimes ask for tobacco, & when the one asked said he had none, he gave him some. Nothing said, just done (He asked by a sign.) If he had got a deer, he might go to the tents of some of the poorer ones (who did not know of his good luck) asking for food, and when they were unable to give him much, sign them to go to his tent & get venison. He was an unusually good ventriloquist, and sometimes would call to a person as if it was some other calling to him. At times he would play children's games with children, and in such unusual ways as to make merriment. He would go to doing the work that belongs to women to do, and when someone asked him why he was doing that, would reply "I am trying to learn to be as we will all have to be when the whitemen get us."

It is difficult to say "trance state" or "clairvoyant", regarding Indians. They would "find things", some of them, in certain states of mind. I've seen this. The mind would, sometimes, travel away, leaving the body in such a state that it did not feel pins stuck into it. The medicine bowl did actually go around the fire in a circle, with some of them, as well as S.B. I've seen that. And in such a state, the Indian would half-speak, at times, sometimes speak quite clearly, sometimes a mere muscular movement as if devoid of strength to speak. And this manner is nor unknown among white people. My class mate, Rev. Dr. Barbour, deceased, would so pray the Church prayers, sometimes---not intentional but compulsory. Also his mind so much on the subject that the thoughts were not audibly uttered. I've often said that all races have the same characteristics, only some things large in one people are small in another people. His soliloquies were, so far as I have heard, generally regarding battles, or crises, which were many in his lifetime. He had no idea of getting communications from departed spirits, like mediums. No Indians had that idea---though such spirits appearing did sometimes say things. Spiritualism was so common that no great significance was attached to it. The stone was regarded by some Indians as possession, unique powers; the better informed ones regarded it as merely an aid to the mind in getting in touch with what it was seeking. Sioux Indians were not superstitious, like Niggers, as Indians are often described. They inclined to investigate and find out a reason. I took an old Indian to a gasoline stationary engine, for the first time; he did not show fear, like a Nigger, but went to studying and investigating at once. And I have always found this the same with all Northwest Indians.

The common term for whiteman was, and is, "wasicuⁿ" slight nasal "n". Pronounced waseechuⁿ (not too much of the h-sound. The "wa" has the meaning of the Gk. indefinite "tis", the Latin "Quis", exactly. The oldest meaning of the term was those multi-formed zephyrs that come rolling over the heated plains, which are mysterious ("wa" something-we-know-not-what). Then it was applied to any sort of beings that seemed roaming without regular habitat---might be thus applied, and was occasionally applied to Indians. It was applied to the Spanish & French, then to the English & Americans. To an Indian it means persons of unknown manners & characteristics who are rolling-in upon the country. Long-knives is not a term generally used to denote white people as such, but denoted "cavalry", as you say.

Mr. Gilmore has published a booklet "Prairie Smoke", Columbia University Press, I think it is now enlarged into a book. It is an interesting and valuable collection of many Indian legends. I aided him in the work. McL. was one of the most successful men ever in Indian service. From a blacksmith he rose to the highest position, except Commissioner. He had wonderful insight into human character. He could camouflage himself as well as any man I ever knew. He perceived that S.B. saw through him, and so, of course--like many another ambitious man---he wanted SB out of the way. That's the keynote of the whole. SB simply wanted to be let alone. Had he been let alone, he would doubtless have been quiet. He had said that he would get to Washington and reveal McLaughlin's misdoings (similar to misdoings of all Agents of his time) So McLaughlin, in my opinion, determined to kill him. Some 10 years before McL died, Red Tomahawk reminded McL that he promised the Indians who went out to kill SB that as soon as he became a great man on account of it, he would advance each Indian aiding him in it; & that he had not kept his promise. McL (now in what was supposed to be almost life-and-death authority) replied "Never talk of that to me again; if you do I will punish you." I know this to be fact; but cannot allow myself to be quoted, as I promised McL, some things when he was near death. McL sent the police on ahead to kill him. SB would have come-in, if possible, to do it safely. Buffalo Bill did not get to S.B. The order was countered, & men sent to bring back B. Bill

*It is a
note on the last page, I will write more down, as I often say to Gilmore,*

*They just look on the front man, which is all
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