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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

FORT YATES, N. D.

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letter # 700

NOTED

W.S. Campbell:

Just a few "musing-without-method" jottings that may aid:
 In "Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30, Part 2", all of which is
 "inspired" with the conventional outlook prevailing more among the makers
 of written accounts than among living frontiersmen up to 1912 when these
 books were published---a pronounced re-reckoning full trend since---
 just read 1. "Siouan Family", only two pages; then read "Red Cloud", only
 1 page, then read "Sitting Bull" 1 page--will not take much time to read
 it all; and you will feel to your very bones, as Indians felt, that Red
 Cloud, great man that he was, was not the one to personify the Sioux attitude
 which is given fairly correct in the first named article. He vacillated
 between submitting to the whiteman and heroically standing firm for the
 old-Siou Western Sioux unalterable determination to keep out of the
 affairs of whitemen, and to fight out of their own lands all whitemen,
 at any cost or risk. Red Cloud did not clearly ring and throb with the
 Spirit of the Sioux people. And there were only two men who might, conceivably
 have come to be the embodiment of the Sioux Spirit, viz: Red Cloud and
 Sitting Bull, who was 8 or 10 years younger than Red Cloud. When in 1865
 the Government projected the railroad from Ft. Laramie to Montana, Red Cloud's
 firm position required the energizing of others to hold it firm. And by this
 time the people of Red Cloud, the Oglala, had ceased to be the whiteheat
 throbbing center of the old Sioux Spirit of maintaining at all cost
 nationality with independence, and this Spirit had clearly passed to the
 Hunkpapa, the people of Sitting Bull. All I've ever heard from old Indians
 talking shows this clearly. And McLaughlin in his "My Friend" surely shows
 that he realizes this fact, though he suppresses it, as he does many other
 facts (Best not to criticize McL. but properly redact and use him, in your
 work, perhaps). The times called for some one man who should be the living
 embodiment of the old Sioux Spirit. And there was, all things properly
 realized and felt, only one such man, i.e. Sitting Bull. I have no doubt at all that the old
 Indian talk I used to hear, before the old ones were gone, that Red Cloud
 himself was more than friendly to the rising of Sitting Bull, in whom he
 felt the embodiment of the "no surrender" Sioux Spirit which he also realized
 was not with full and free mind and tone in himself. Red Cloud was great
 enough to appreciate a Sitting Bull, without jealousy. Now reflect how
 when Lincoln had become the "idol" of the people in his own locality
 (with just enough opposers to make his faithful-ones fervid--now and then
 a Rain-in-the-Face who was jealous), this spread like wild fire, far and
 wide. Reflect on other men in similar situation. There is nothing like
 zeal on fire in support of one in his own locality to herald a man, for
 the reason that, usually, "A prophet is not without honor save in his
 own country and among his own kin." For more than 50 years I've seen
 the vast difference between a man coming to a political convention
 seeking preferment (or his supporters demanding it for him)---a man
 who, by fair majorities has his delegation solid, and the man who comes
 with the free and bounding enthusiasm of practically his whole locality
 lifting him. You have seen this over and over. There is a psychology
 unseen (though avoid in your book dealing with academic psychoanalysis)
 in human beings which expresses itself and spreads far more free and
 far among the old Sioux than among whitemen, also. Likely you yourself
 have experienced something of this. I certainly have. Many ordinary
 men have. It is like the hosts singing at the birth of Jesus. It far-
 and-away surpasses calculated and planned strength. (O V E R)

helped him later
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