

933 B, S. Jefferson St.,
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Stanley Vestal,
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Dear Sir:

After reading the interesting account of your interview with the late Chief White Cloud concerning the Little Big Horn Massacre, I can't resist writing you.

My father after his discharge from the Union Army in '65, married but lost his wife leaving him with a year old baby boy. This boy he took with him to Canada where he was hired by the British Government to work on the preliminary surveying of the Canadian Pacific railway in the Peace River country. He was up there for seven years and knew Sitting Bull well. My father always declared that the truth was never told concerning this massacre and the unjust treatment of the Indians that brought it on.

Sitting Bull told my father over a campfire that if he killed Custer he would cut his heart out and eat it. Gruesome as this may sound my father claimed that from the Indians' point of view there was just reason for this intense hatred for General Custer and the American military in general. My father told of the times he had seen Sitting Bull released from jail ~~a mere~~ skeleton after months of a diet of bread and water and he told why Sitting Bull was jailed. This is the story that wouldn't bear telling even today.

I am no writer or I would have written a book years ago before my father died and a part of it at least would require research. My father carried out of Canada a complete diary of his seven years there and included in this diary was a dictionary of nearly six hundred words of Indian language with translations all of which were destroyed in a hotel fire in Fargo North Dakota.

My father knew many of the chiefs of the Ogalallies and Uncapapas (I do not know whether or not these names are spelled correctly) One night while sitting around an emergency campfire during a blizzard an Indian squaw wandered in with a papoose strapped to her back. For many days the men fed her on fish soup until she was able to travel. My father learned from the styling of her moccasins to what tribe she belonged so he packed her and child on a dog sled and took her to her people. She was the chief's squaw.

After several weeks an Indian came into their camp with a dog sled complete with bear skins and after much waiting declared that the chief had sent for the little paleface papoose. My father didn't hesitate too long for he knew what it would mean to openly doubt the word of a chief whose tribes were periodically on the warpath. The men who were working