

C.R. COOPER, Annie Oakley, cont.

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of an Indian war had been reversed, and the "massacre" had caused Sitting Bull to be looked upon as a combination of an Indian superman and a fiery demon.

But whatever the opinion, there was no doubt of his importance. Sitting Bull typified everything that was fierce and savage, and all that was cunning. A thousand legends had sprung up about him, one whom he could recommend as being a great warrior, a great racer, or rider or shot must be all that and more, for he was the Indian of all Indians. Therefore the fortuitous circumstance.

Sitting Bull with his companion warriors, Rain-in-the-face, limping as a result of a wound received in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Red Cloud, and Curley the Crow Scout, accredited with being the true sole survivor of the Custer Massacre, arrived in St. Paul, Minn., on their way to Washington to see the Great White Father and arrange with him for new treaties. Naturally their presence had been the signal for unwonted interest; St. Paul was as much engrossed with Sitting Bull and his chieftains as those chieftains were engrossed with the big city of St. Paul and the methods of living practised by the whites. The result was that they were taken everywhere and shown everything in which they expressed the slightest interest. One of the things which Sitting Bull had desired to see was a show, and at that show was--Annie Oakley.

A powerful old fellow, steeped in the ability of regarding things with a certain air of judicial, Sitting Bull endured most of the performance with occasional grunts of "Waste," indicating his approval or a running undercurrent of comment in Sioux with his companions which gave little indication as to enjoyment or disapproval. Then at last the act of Annie Oakley and Frank Butler began and Sitting Bull sat up with a new interest. He could understand guns and shooting and marksmanship. He grunted at the first few efforts, and became more engrossed. Slowly his excitement intensified. Finally, as the house applauded one of Annie Oakley's more difficult feats, that of shooting the end from a cigarette held between the lips of her husband, the old medicine man arose from his seat, his heavy arms waving in wild gesticulation.

"Watanya cicilia!" he shouted in Sioux.

"Watanya cicilia!"

It meant "Little Sure Shot," a name which Sitting Bull often had applied to his own daughter who had met death shortly after the battle of the Little Big Horn. But as Annie Oakley later described it, all she could think of was the name of a saint.

Time and again as the act progressed, Sitting Bull repeated the name, and then, the show over, proceeded stolidly to his hotel, where with a glance about his room and an examination

*Ask
Zulu*