

The ghost shirt was not "a uniform" and it was never made of "bleached rawhide" (whatever that is), but of buckskin, or more often of old flour-sacks, and it was not "plain." It was printed with symbols of Indian religion believed to have protective power (the eagle, magpie, buffalo, morning star, etc).

Sitting Bull was not a "sullen old war-singer" nor did he lead the ghost dance.

Mr. Wayne says that Big Foot was joined ^{"STANLEY VESTAL"} by Sitting Bull's followers while "on the way to the Badlands." Big Foot was arrested by the troops and taken to Wounded Knee; he did not go there and encamp, but was escorted by the troops.

Mr. Wayne blames the Sioux for selling their cattle. But that was the fault of the Indian Bureau. (I must say, as a good Republican, I am amazed at the Curtis Publishing Company covering up for bureaucrats!)

Mr. Wayne does not like Sioux cooking. Well, that is a matter of taste. I don't like his flippant tone.

Mr. Wayne does not even spell his Sioux name properly. It is Cetan (pr. Chetan) or Hawk, Ska (pr. Ska) meaning White.

If you want somebody to write about a subject, why in hell don't you try to find somebody who knows something about that subject?

Nothing amuses me more than the vast set-up and expenditure of American magazine editors when it comes to research. They invariably spend ten times what it would cost (to hire some competent researcher) by hiring somebody who knows nothing about the subject. Of course, it's the stockholders' money; why should the editor care?

Did it ever occur to you that learning to write a half-baked article ~~was~~ easier ~~than~~ than to know what you are talking about?

No wonder the Sioux (says Wayne) are bitter!

Yours cordially,

"STANLEY VESTAL"