

Here is one of the greatest American authorities on the Indian and one of the greatest living Indian chiefs, Stanley Vestal (Professor Walter S. Campbell) of the English department and Chief White Bull of the Sioux, photographed this summer at the Sioux Reservation. Mr Vestal, whose biography of Kit Carson is ranked as one of the most distinguished biographies written since the war, is the author of "Sitting Bull, Champion of the Sioux" which Houghton Mifflin Company issued September 19. Chief White Bull is Sitting Bull's nephew and Mr Vestal recounts a delightful visit with the old chief during the past summer while he was completing research for a new biography

Chief White Bull

BY STANLEY VESTAL

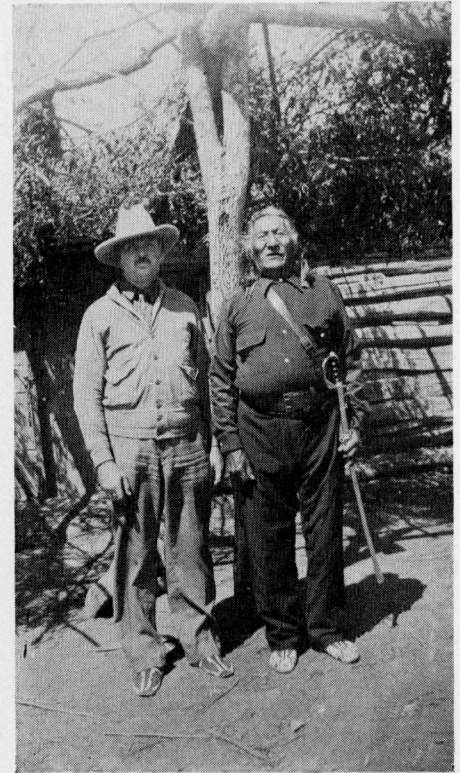
EVERY true Sooner has a deep-seated love of being first on the ground, a love of exploration, a keen appetite for discovery. Whether he finds this joy of discovery in wildcatting, in prospecting, or in research in laboratory or library, he has the taste for it in him, and I am no exception to the rule. To my mind, however, there is no keener pleasure than getting the facts of history straight from the lips of men who took part in great events. After all, the great interest in any story is the human interest, and no document (however rare) can compete in this respect with a living man who tells you in his own words of the battles of our past history. That is why I have spent so much time getting the stories of old Indians who fought on the Plains. They bring the past to life.

During my research on the life of Sitting Bull*, I met and talked with more than one hundred old Indians who had known him personally. Old men are more interesting than young men, because their characters are definite and fixed, their personalities are sharply outlined and hard-edged as a steel die. If you like them, you like them a great deal; if you don't—well, you simply cannot. Of all the old-timers I met, one struck me as most interesting and likeable. This was Sitting Bull's neph-

ew, Chief White Bull. From the first moment I laid eyes on him, I knew he was the man for me. From the start we got along splendidly.

That was some years ago, when he was helping me gather the life-story of his famous uncle. White Bull fought in fifteen battles, side by side with Sitting Bull, and the information he gave was of great value to me. But he himself is a grand old man, and anybody might be proud to have him for a friend. This past summer I drove to Dakota to see him again, and he told me the whole story of his adventurous life.

General Nelson A. Miles, the most successful Indian fighter on the Plains in early days, once stated that, of all the Indians he knew, Chief White Bull was the greatest dare-devil. And when you meet the Chief, you can believe it. He stands a little under six feet, and although eighty two years old, is perfectly sound and hale. Recently a clinic of specialists gave all the Indians on his Reservation a thorough physical examination. They found White Bull a little deaf, and missing one tooth; otherwise he was perfectly sound and healthy. He has had fifteen wives in his time, and a great number of children, grandchildren, and great grand-children, has killed a number of men, both Indian and whites, in hand-to-hand combat, and several times was able to shoot an arrow clear through a buffalo. Before



he was twenty seven, he had already distinguished himself in battle more than thirty times. And he is now one of the six head chiefs of his tribe. He is as intelligent as he is strong and brave. I have met few men of any race whose mind and memory were so clear and quick. Therefore he tells the truth. As he himself says, "The man who lies is a weakling."

His camp is more than a hundred miles off the railroad. I reached it after sundown. The old man came out erect and smiling, to grasp my hand, welcoming me in a ringing voice to the log cabin he had set apart for me. That night, I learned, there was to be a dance in the big log dance-hall there, and so I made up my mind to make a public presentation of the gift I had brought for him. He said it would be all right. I opened my bag and got out a red woolen shirt like those the Ruf-Necks wear. (I could not think of anybody outside that order better qualified to wear a Ruf-Neck shirt!) White Bull was delighted with the garment, and we went into his cabin, where he peeled off his calico shirt and I dressed him in the red one. Afterwards he went out and announced to the people they should gather for the dance, and about an hour later the drums began to thump, and we went into the hall.

There, later, the Chief told me it was

(TURN TO PAGE 29, PLEASE)

**Sitting Bull*, Champion of the Sioux, just issued by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, \$3.50.

cent Benet, and many others, musicians and painters and sculptors as well as writers.

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CHIEF WHITE BULL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

time for my speech. I got up and talked (through my interpreter, John Little Cloud) to the crowd, explaining what I had come for, and that I had been a soldier, and had brought a present for the Chief, because he was a soldier too. Afterward I got out a Sam Brown belt, and put it on him, and hung on it the sabre, engraved with his name, which I had selected as the most fitting gift for my old friend. He stood up very straight in his red shirt and big black hat, eagle-wing fan in hand, and when I had finished, accepted the gift with a ringing "How!" Then he and the old warriors danced with great fervor, and I was led out into the middle of the floor and publicly thanked by one of the chiefs for the honor I had shown their famous leader. The dance went on all night, and in the morning we began our talks together.

All day long White Bull would sit on a pile of blankets in my cabin, erect and keen-eyed, gesturing with both hands in the sign language to accompany his words, while the interpreter explained, and my secretary (Frederick Carder) noted what was said. When White Bull talks of old times, the cabin is generally crowded with old men who come to listen in, some of them veterans of the very fights he is telling about. I always kept tobacco on hand for these visitors, who sometimes were called upon by White Bull for some little fact he had forgotten. We began our talks about sunup, and kept on (with time out for lunch) until sundown. At the end of such a strenuous day, the interpreter, Carder, and I would be "worn to a frazzle," half lying down, or leaning against the mud-chinked walls. But White Bull would still be sitting erect, cross-legged, as wide-awake as ever, and would become indignant if anyone asked if he were tired. When the talk was over, he would mount his horse and ride out a few miles to see how his ponies were getting along! And in the chill dawn, when I would be shivering in my O. D. shirt, I would go outside my cabin and find the chief seated there, almost naked, enjoying the cool morning air!

Those talks were thrilling. The Chief is a good story-teller, and a wonderful mimic. When he describes a battle, you hear the yells and singing, the rapid clapping of hands suggests the rifle-fire, he imitates the screams of the dying,

and in pantomime shows how a slain man fell and lay on the ground. It is as good as a motion picture. And when he killed his enemy, he burst out into a hearty laugh of triumph. "Got him!"

But at last his stories were ended, and it was time to shake hands and part. I think all four of us were deeply moved by that parting, for all realized that it might be our last time together. Not much was said, and when I shook hands with the Chief, he said nothing, but held me tight with his free arm around my shoulders for two or three minutes. I hopped into the car, afraid to trust my voice. The last I saw of the old man, he was standing, watching, erect and motionless by his cabin, as our car shot away for the long drive home.

Let Sitting Bull's critics say what they will. When I find that a man like White Bull reveres the memory of Sitting Bull, I *know* that Sitting Bull was a great man.

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RAILWAY STRIKES AND RADIATOR CAPS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

ware and machinery, German; large-scale factories and department stores, French; and so forth. Many nationalities with conflicting interests—hence no unity. Labor is, compared with Capital, unified. It has, as Carleton Beals expressed it, "the common coefficient of an empty stomach." It was united by all the bitterness of centuries of exploitation; it is composed, in large part, of indigenes who, though once separated by racial and linguistic barriers, found a common race-affinity in their struggle with the white man. If it has seemed at times that there has been overmuch discrimination against American capital, it has been due to the increasing predominance of American capital in Mexico.

There will be strikes on Mexican streetcar lines and on Mexican railways for some time to come. Tourists will have to put up with occasional delays, will have to suffer the inconvenience of first-class, clean, well ventilated day coaches. But any such experience will fall far short of being worthy of the name Adventure.

Strikes are steadily diminishing. (Read the statistics if you doubt it.) The Church question has been settled, satisfactorily (even many Catholics admit it). The agrarian question will be worked out in time. The tumult and the shouting of the Revolution are dying down and the real work of the Revolution is beginning.

The new spirit of nationalism is apparent everywhere. "Compre artículos del país y haga patria" read placards in

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