

out of reach. It probably also accounts for the fact that Custer failed to find a crossing of the river near enough to the position of Reno where he could "support him with the entire outfit", as the orders given to Reno indicated. Of course, he probably failed to send out scouts because of his continued fear that the Indians would escape him.

Proper reconnaissance, of course, would have shown him the numbers of Indians that opposed him, but his failure to have this information was not entirely his fault. It is undoubtedly true that the numbers of Indians absent from reservations had been concealed from the War Department and from the generals in the field.

HERMAN GASTRELL SEELY, when called upon for his contribution to the discussion, disclaimed any qualifications as an expert on Custer, pointing out that he was there, instead, as a "ghost writer" for an expert, his brother-in-law, the late Dr. William Frackelton of Sheridan, Wyo., whose story of the death of Custer had formed one of the chapters in their book "Sagebrush Dentist." Furthermore, he said, the Frackelton version of the death fitted in with, and helped to clear up, several points in the earlier discussions, particularly the lack of an effective reconnaissance by Custer in advance of the battle.

Here is the story, as read from the original rough manuscript typed by Dr. Frackelton for revision and incorporation in the book of his reminiscences:

During the dance, Medicine Crow, the chief, and his head men and I were talking over the entertainment for the following days. The main event was to be the reproduction of the Custer battle. (The Bots Sots show at Sheridan in July, 1902.)

They talked very earnestly among themselves for a short while. Then Steals the Bear told me that inasmuch as I was a member of their tribe now, they had decided to tell me the true Indian version of the real Custer battle.

We went away from the dance; Medicine Crow, the chief; White Man Runs Him, the last of the four Crow scouts attached to the command of Gen. George A. Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn; several Cheyenne Indians and a few Sioux who had been in the fight; and my trusty interpreter, Steals The Bear.

We went to Medicine Crow's tepee, where a contour map was made of sand, outlining the hills and valleys and gulches just as you saw several weeks ago on our visit to the battle field. As I remember it now, it was a perfect reproduction of the ground.

One of the Cheyennes, picking up some black ashes, deftly dropped or sprinkled them down each alternate depression representing a gulch and remarked, "Cheyenne".

Then a Sioux picked up some white wood ashes between his thumb and fingers and did likewise in the remaining empty depressions (alternately) and said, "Sioux".

Then White Man Runs Him made some circles in the sand, way down on the flat near the stream, made the sign of smoke coming out of the teepees, and said, "Heap teepees", more than he could count, and said that the women and children had been taken way down the river out of harms way.

That smoke was coming out of many of the teepees to give the soldiers the impression that the people were not aware of their coming and were in the village unprepared for any attack.

The trap was ingeniously set for Custer and it was estimated that there was in the neighborhood of seven to nine thousand warriors waiting and concealed.

It was the greatest number of Indians ever known to have congregated in one bunch ready for battle. They had run away from all the reservations, obtained all the ammunition and guns they could procure from the different agencies, and met on