

they were all firing at him. When we saw that the smoke was all going toward the soldiers that gave us a chance to charge from this side, and we all made a rush. When we made the charge we got them all stampeded. For smoke and dust we could not see the soldiers as they retreated toward

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the river. The Sioux were fresh, and we soon caught up with them. We passed a black man in a soldier's uniform and we had him. He turned on his horse and shot an Indian right through the heart. Then the Indians fired at the one man, and riddled his horse with bullets. His horse fell over on his back, and the man could not get up. I saw him as I ~~here~~ rode by. I afterward saw him lying there dead. We fought them until they rolled and tumbled and finally had to go into the river, which was very deep. We made them cross the river. The country ~~was~~ ~~around the river in those days~~ was very heavily wooded. We chased some of the soldiers into the woods, and others across the river and up the hill. I did not know the name of the commander of the soldiers at that time, but I afterward heard it was Reno. I also heard afterward that they had a big trial and charged him with being a coward, but I praised him for rushing into camp. The reason I praised him was that he had only a few soldiers and our camp was a great camp, and he came rushing into the camp with his few soldiers. In all history of my great-grandfather I have never known of such an attack in daylight. After they retreated over the hills and we had killed a large number of them that battle was ended. I was at the Custer Battlefield this morning, and I noticed there were no monuments up for the soldiers

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who fell on the Reno Field. As we had finished with the Reno battle and were returning to camp we saw two women on the Reno Hills waving two blankets as hard as they could. Two of us rode over to where they were, and they yelled to us that the genuine stuff was coming, and they were going to get our women and children. I went over with the others and peeped over the hills and saw the soldiers advancing. As I looked along the line of the ridge they seemed to fill the whole hill. It looked as if there were thousands of them, and I thought we would surely be beaten. As I returned I saw hundreds of Sioux. I looked into their eyes and they looked different—they were filled with fear. I then called my own band together, and I took off the ribbons from my hair, also my shirt and pants, and threw them away, saving nothing but my belt of cartridges and gun. I thought most of the Sioux will fall to-day: I will fall with them. Just at that time Sitting Bull made his appearance. He said, just as though I could hear him at this moment: "A bird, when it is on its nest, spreads its wings to cover the nest and eggs to protect them. It cannot use its wings for defense, but it can cackle and try to drive away the enemy. We are here to protect our wives and children, and we must not let the soldiers get them." He was on a buckskin horse, and he rode from one end of the line to the other, calling out: "Make

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a brave fight!" We were all hidden along the ridge of hills. While Sitting Bull was telling this I looked up and saw that the Cheyennes had made a circle around the Custer on the west, north, and east sides, and that left a gap