

before I got to my home lodge all of them were riding wildly back down through the camps. It appeared they had been beaten and were running away. But I soon learned what had happened. I heard a Cheyenne old man calling out:

"Other soldiers are coming! Warriors, go and fight them!"

On a high ridge far out eastward from the Cheyenne camp circle I saw those other soldiers. A few Indians were out there, and shots were being exchanged at long distance. Great throngs of other Indians, many more Sioux than Cheyennes, were lashing their ponies through the waters of the river or had crossed it and were on their way up the coulee valley toward the high ridge. It appeared there would be no end to the rushing procession of warriors. They kept going, going, going. I wanted to go too.

"Let me have a horse," I begged my elder brother, White Bull.

I had seen other battles, in past times. I always liked to watch the men fighting. Not many women did that, and I often was teased on account of it. But this time I had a good excuse, for White Bull's son, my nephew, named Noisy Walking, had gone. I was but twenty-nine years old, so I had not any son to serve as a warrior, but I would sing strongheart songs for the nephew. He was eighteen years old. Some women told me he had expected me to be there, and he had wrapped a red scarf about his neck in order that I might know him from a distance.

I crossed the river and followed up the broad coulee where the warriors had gone and were still going. The soldiers had lined themselves out on a long ridge nearer to the river and a little lower than the ridge far out where we first had seen them. By the time I got close enough to see well, the Indians were all around the soldiers, I think. Most of the warriors, when they got where they wanted to go, left their ponies back in gulches and hid themselves for crawling forward along little gullies or behind small ridges or knolls. The soldiers also got off their horses. The getting off the horses was good for both the Indians and the soldiers. A man on a horse can be seen better for shooting at him, while it is hard for him to do good shooting, as his horse will not stand still for him to make a good aim, especially if much shooting is being done.