

The horses turned loose by the soldiers--bays, sorrels and grays, were running in all directions. Lots of Indians stopped shooting to capture these horses. I tried to head some off, but other Indians were ahead of me. I caught just one sorrel.

Now that the soldiers were all dismounted their firing was very fierce. All at once, my horse went down. He was shot through the fore-shoulder and chest, through the ribs and through the head just behind the ears. I was left afoot. Other Indians had dismounted. It was hand to hand fighting after that. I charged in afoot."

At this time, General George Armstrong Custer stood five feet ten inches in his socks and White Bull in his moccasins was slightly shorter than the General. In his boots Custer was about six feet in height.

"A tall, well-built soldier on foot saw me coming and tried to bluff me, aiming his rifle at me, but when I rushed him, he threw his rifle at me without shooting. We grabbed each other and wrestled there in the dust and smoke. It was like fighting in a mist. This soldier was very strong and brave. He tried to wrench my gun from me and nearly did it. I pulled away and lashed him across the face with my quirt. He let go and grabbed my gun with both hands until I struck him again. But the soldier fought hard. He was desperate. He slugged me with his fists on the jaw and shoulders, grabbed my long braids with both hands, pulled my face close and tried to bite my nose off. I thought my time had come. So I yelled for help: "Hey, hey, come over and help me!" I thought that soldier would kill me.

Bear Lice and Crow Boy heard me call and came running. My friends tried to hit the soldier but we were whirling around, back and forth, so that mostly they only hit me and knocked me dizzy. I yelled as loud as