

of a Warrior

Photographed By the Author



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ember 15, itered Sit- was still kened by d Toma- policemen. e was un- e agency. two wives

did not like the looks of things and one of them stepped outside and began singing a "Brave Song."

It was no time until all the Indians of the camp were up and running to Sitting Bull's cabin that stood at the south end of the large circle of tepees. The situation was tense and it needed but an impulsive overt act to release repressed hates that smouldered in the hearts of these warriors of the plains.

It is a well-known fact that there was an enmity of long standing between Captain Bullhead and Sitting Bull; also between him and Catch-the-Bear. And we are told that it was Catch-the-Bear who shot Bullhead. As the wounded policeman fell he turned and fired his gun into the body of Sitting Bull. At the same moment Red Tomahawk shot the chief in the head and it is agreed that this was the immediately fatal shot.

With Bullhead down, Red Tomahawk assumed command and the fight became one of defense on the part of the policemen who took refuge in the Sitting Bull's cabin and in the rude log stable nearby. The attackers poured lead into the buildings, and just as the policemen's ammunition was about gone, two troops of the Eighth United States Cavalry came up. The hostiles fled. Five of Red Tomahawk's men were killed and several wounded.

Red Tomahawk is said to have taken complete credit for the killing of Sitting Bull, and for that he has been honored by the white people and roundly censured by the Indians.

The fearlessness of the Indian policemen who entered the camp of Sitting Bull is doubly manifest when it is understood that there was a strained relationship between them and Sitting Bull. If the white people were looking for bloodshed there was no better way to see their hopes realized than to send these policemen into the very homes of their red brothers when there were old animosities that dated back to the day when Sitting Bull called Bullhead an old woman while on a buffalo hunt.

After the Sitting Bull trouble was over, peace came to dwell in the te-

pees of the Sioux and the years passed and the warriors grew old. Each year sees many of the old Indians taking the trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds. And with the passing of Red Tomahawk a fine representative of the old western plains Indian has

gone, removing a link with the good old days when the Indian rode his fleet pony across the virgin prairie, unfettered by fences, happy in the freedom of the lark.

During the last years of his life, Red Tomahawk was honored in many ways. His profile is used on the state highway markers in North Dakota. He met many of the high officials and famous personages of the world, including Queen Marie of Rumania, President Theodore Roosevelt and Marshall Foch. In the summer of 1929 he visited Washington and other cities of the east, as the guest of General Summerall. With his interpreter, Frank Zahn, he was received by the guest of Vicepresident Curtis, at a luncheon at the White House. He was the guest of Vice-president Curtis, at a dinner to which many notables were present.

Today, all that is mortal of Red Tomahawk, lies in the grave. As the Indians gathered to pay their last respects to their friend,—as they thronged the premises about the small frame house, a solitary figure sat on a distant hilltop; sat there meditating upon the past—a Sioux mourning for a Sioux.



Red Tomahawk

Photos by Frank B. Fiske

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