The Indian women pictured above are (left to right): Has-Many-Horses (or Captures Horses), Sitting Bull's daughter; Good Heart, his younger wife; Four Times, his older wife, mother of John Sitting Bull; and Standing Holy, John Sitting Bull's sister. This photograph was taken by D. F. Barry in front of Sitting Bull's cabin on the Grand river, North Dakota, in 1890, and the women in it were identified (possibly for the first time in history) by John Sitting Bull in an interview with the author of this article in 1936.

skin leggings. Just above the ankle was a long white scar.

"That's why he remembers the Custer battle, although he was only four years old at the time," McCoy explained quickly. "When Reno's detachment of Custer's command struck the Hunkpapa lodges at the lower end of the village, the Indians were thrown into a panic at first. In all the confusion the little boy became separated from his mother. A bullet broke his leg, so he was unable to flee with the other children and their mothers. He crawled into some bushes and was found there after Reno's men had been driven across the river and taken refuge on the bluffs above. That scar is his reminder of the Battle of the Little Big Horn."

It might be mentioned in passing that the scar is more than John Sitting Bull's reminder of that famous frontier fight. It also helps refute one of the many lies which the white men have told about his father in relation to the battle. Stanley Vestal in his "Sitting Bull, Champion of the Sioux" (published by the Houghton Mifful of the whites by broken treaties and unfulfilled promises, determined to maintain his authority as a chief of his people and to save them from losing all of their ancestral homes to the land-hungry whites.

The climax of this struggle came early in the winter of 1890. The Ghost Dance excitement which had swept the Sioux provided a convenient excuse for the government authorities to act. Professing to believe that Sitting Bull was about ready to lead an uprising of the fanatical Ghost Dancers, Lieut.-Col. W. F. Drum, commander at Fort Yates, was ordered to arrest the old chief at his home near the Grand river on the Standing Rock reservation. But Maj. James McLaughlin, agent at Standing Rock and the chief instrument of the Indian Bureau in its contest with Sitting Bull, persuaded the army officers to let him make the arrest with a force of his Indian police (among whom were some of Sitting Bull's bitterest enemies), with the troops in reserve, to be called upon if needed.

So on the night of December

his tracks.

For a little while there was a fierce melee of hand-to-hand fighting between the police and Sitting Bull's warriors. Then the fire of the "Metal Breasts" drove the warriors back into the timber and the police took refuge in Sitting Bull's cabin, bringing their dead and wounded with them.

Then, writes Vestal:

While they were moving the mattress to make a bed for Bullhead, the police found Crowfoot, Sitting Bull's son, hidden there. Crowfoot was a schoolboy of 17 winters. A Metal Breast called out, "There's another one in here." The boy sprang up, crying, "Uncle, I want to live! You have killed my father! Let me go!"

They called to Bullhead where he lay, covered with blood, mortally wounded. "What shall we do with him?" Bullhead answered, "Kill him, they have killed me." Red Tomahawk struck Crowfoot; the blow sent the boy sprawling through the door. Those outside shot him dead. They showed no mercy: their hearts were hot that day.

A short time later, the troops, which had been sent from Fort Yates under the command of Capt. E. G. Fechet to support the Indian Police if needed, arrived on the scene and rescued the survivors in Sitting Bull's cabin.

Otter Robe . . . acted as interpreter for some of the soldiers. He heard Sitting Bull's wives crying, went into the smaller cabin, and found them and some other women seated in a row on the bed. They would not get up, and so the soldiers pulled them off. Under that bed they found Sitting Bull's deaf-mute son and another lad. The soldiers searched these lads to disarm them, found that one of them had a jack-knife with a broken blade, and took that. It made Otter Robe laugh . . .

When the police and soldiers started back to the fort, there was a dispute among the Metal Breasts. They did not wish to put Sitting Bull's body in the same wagon with their own dead. But Sergeant Red Tomahawk had strict orders to bring in the chief dead or alive, and he said they must do it; there was only one wagon for the dead. Then the policeman decided to throw the chief in first, and lay their dead comrades on top of him. This was done . . . And thus Sitting Bull was carted like a dead dog toward the stronghold of his enemies, with four dead men riding his mangled, blood-soaked body over the prairie ruts.

Perhaps, even though half a century has elapsed since that cold winter morning, John Sitting Bull still remembers the scene in the log cabin as the "Metal Breasts" dragged Chief Tatanka i-Yotanka toward the door; perhaps he has an all-too-vivid recollection of his brother, Crowfoot, with hands uplifted, begging for mercy; perhaps he sees again in memory his father's last journey "over the prairie ruts."

So his reluctance to "talk" about the events of December 15, 1890, is quite understandable!