

When One Bull was about six years of age, his uncle Sitting Bull, made him a present of a very pretty pinto pony for being very good and attentive to horses. One Bull valued the pony very highly. Sitting Bull had raised this himself, hence it was classed as a favorite animal, being raised right in the family circle and not got from some outsider through trade.

One Bull named the pony Itanchan--Chief. He would get up very early in the mornings to see that Itanchan was safe, would water it and feed it, comb it and brush it regularly and in fact had his whole attention on the pony. As there were no stables in those days, One Bull would drive Itanchan from one place to another. When it was windy and cold, he would drive it in some coulee--away from wind and when it was too hot he would keep it under the shade of trees--would drive it into a deep place in the river for the purpose of giving it a good bath. Then he let it roll and kick round in the sand. After this, he pulls up sage brush and wipe off the sand and dirt and gives it a general toning up every day. Having become a very beautiful looking creature.

One Bull broke Itanchan to ride when the animal was about two years of age. He never used a whip or a spur nor a saddle with tight girths. He never employed anything to make the animal become mean in disposition. More than this he never used any vulgar words or expressions unbearable to hear. His method of breaking the animal was kind persuasions.

Itanchan became a very swift runner and eventually became the swiftest pony in the whole camp. Several tempting offers were made to buy Itanchan to all of which One Bull flatly declined.

Early one morning he went out to attend to Itanchan when to his sorry he had discovered that the animal was missing. He made a very diligent search for three solid days but all to no avail. He felt very sad over it. The matter was as reported To Sitting Bull. He at once decided to help his nephew