

When the agent took over control of the issue of supplies and particularly the issue of beef which occurred every two weeks, there was always a chance for trouble. It is easy enough to dish out flour and sugar in equal quantities, but the Indian was not accustomed to the idea of weighing meat, and in his eyes some portions were much more desirable than others. The Indian policemen following the example of chiefs, were inclined to favor their own relatives and friends and give them the more desired portions. Sometimes their behavior was so provocative as to cause the injured Indian to attack them which usually resulted in the death of the offender. Thus at Rock an Indian named Crooked Neck, or Red Thunder, was shot down by Sergeant Shaved Head. Accounts vary among the Indians, but it is certain that Shaved Head pumped fifteen bullets in the body of the man, reloaded and defied the relatives of the dead man. Red Thunder was buried on a scaffold within earshot of the agency, and his spirit haunted Shaved Head so that Shaved Head dared not drink from a tincup. Whenever he did he saw Red Thunder's face looking at him from the bottom of the cup. Every pay day Shaved Head would draw his pay, spend it all for cartridges, and go to the scaffold where Red Thunder's body lay. The people at the agency could hear him shooting as he pumped the whole load in the body of his enemy. Shaved Head kept this up until the body of his enemy disintegrated and was gone from the scaffold. Shaved Head was mortally wounded in the attempt to arrest Sitting Bull.

One of the best agents was Dr. McGillicuddy at Pine Ridge, who had been a military surgeon. He was the first to put his reliance on the native police and to request that the military be withdrawn, in spite of the fact that he had to deal with Chief Red Cloud and Spotted Tail whom he described as being "as egregious a pair of old frauds in