

move for his gun. And this Indian then said, "I had my pistol ready and before he moved for his gun, I pulled my gun and shot him. Burst his brains out." And he said, "I was standing close to him and I had my buckskin suit on, and my shield and my war bonnet. And that man's brains splashed on my clothes." Well, then they struck him, and gave him (counted) coup. So I said, "Who gave the first coup?" And they looked at each other. They hadn't eaten supper yet. So this half-Cheyenne--my wife's relation--said, "I was the one that first shot him." "No," this other man said, "No. The one that you splashed that brains on was the first one that hit him, and then you got in there and you shot him." So there was a difference of opinion. Well, they wouldn't smoke. So I thought I would invite them again. Then later on this man that claimed he shot this--either Mexican or Southwest Indian--went to Geary. So I heard about them separately. I got this man that actually couped this man they thought was an Indian. He said, "I was the one that first hit him--with my club. Then this fellow came along and shot him. That's why I was so close to him that his brains--when this fellow shot him--at close range--that's how this man's brains splashed on my clothes. But if he had been first, then I would have been further away." So I got to think about that for a while. So I went up to Canton some time for some camp. We were invited to dinner and I saw this man--my wife's relation. His name was Howling Wolf. So he said, "You come from Bridgeport?" We used to go over this crossing here at Bridgeport. I said, "Yeah. I'm from your relation's family." And I said, "I always thought I'd like to be sure about you and Little Left Hand--not this Left Hand