

64 Interview with One Bull 176

Sitting Bulls Sister was One Bull's mother.

Good Feather was his mother

He lived with SB and was brot up as his son and was present at battle 1876 (tent)

On the morning of that day on which the battle occurred, I went out to look up the horses and round them up and then came back to SB tent. Shortly after that a man came up on horseback and said that the soldiers were not very far away. I took my rifle and went to the house and I was not more than two miles from the soldiers. I went to the house at the village and just as I got in they began firing. I was about 22 or 23 years old then. I came out of the house and got on my horse and took my mother on with me. SB took my grandmother and sister away with the provisions for them. Then things began to happen. I got on my horse again and started to the soldiers. Just past the place where I started there was a big hill where the Indians were standing and I crossed the creek and came up to the Indians. At that time the soldiers were leaving their horses among the trees and were shooting as fast as they could. I called to the Indians to get off their horses and kneel on the ground and to shoot back and try to scare off the soldiers. All the Indians dismounted and commenced to shoot. In a few minutes I told the Indians to get on their horses and chase the white men and we all got on our horses and started to run my horse leaning way down the other side so the men could not hit us with their shooting. Before we reached them the soldiers turned and ran into the timber and we started to make a return and came back and found we had lost one of the Indians. He was the first man killed. Good Bear Boy was the Indian who fell at the Upper Villages. When I saw this man fall I told Looking Elk to turn back and take him from the field. He refused to go and I had to go to the man alone. I found he was shot in the back, but was not dead yet. I put him across my horse and took him out. The soldiers were now chasing me from the timbers. Before we reached the hill they had shot my horse thru the hind leg, and the horse could not run. The Indians commenced shooting again and chased the soldiers back. After that the battle was a hard to hand fight and I remember nothing further until it was all over. Everything happened so quickly. I took the dying man off the field and got covered with blood. When SB and my people saw me they told me to come back and not go fight again; they thought I had been shot. I told them that I was not injured at all and had not been hit, but my horse was shot thru the leg, the blood was that of a wounded man.

I came back thru the battle field and the Indians were and the soldiers were lying all mixed up on the ground. After the battle was finished we came back on the hill and at that time we did not know anything about Custer or who he was. We saw a company of soldiers down at the lower village. The Oglalas were camped there and they came back over the big hill to the creek. The Oglalas are the ones who got Gen. Custer. It was just before noon when we started to fight and everything was over in the early afternoon.

Reno who was entrenched as far as from here to the Little Oak day school (which is 2 or 3 miles) to where Custer was cleaned up.

SB was back on the hill on the edge of the battle field sort of directing things tho he himself did not go into the fight at all I had some authority myself because I was the member of his family and entitled to the right.