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Yes, S.B. was killed outside of the log house. There was no bed as we understand a bed. It was simply a lot of blankets thrown on the floor. Indians do not rest while sitting on chairs or on a bed. They want to sit on the ground. I have taught several of them to walk up ] a stairway, and it was a real task, too. I have Tomahawks own description of the whole affair, autographed and sworn to. He called it "The Battle in the Dark." That has never been printed. It is a rather dramatic episode as he told it, when he thought he was going to die. He had promised the story to me for years, and last year when he was sick, he came here to tell it "before he died." But he did not die after all.

Since the last paragraph was written, and old man named White-Cow-Walking was in to see me and shake hands. I asked him regarding S.B. and the Sun Dance. This is what he says, although I accept his story with a grain of caution, for I did not have time to draw it out of him without him knowing what I was after. He said that S.B. did take the Sun Dance. That he was cut with two cuts on the back, and the rope tied to the sticks inserted into the two cuts, and was suspended off the ground and hung in that position. There were many Hunkpapa there and some Mahpiyah-to (Blue Cloud people or Arapahoes) and a few Crows. (I would have taken more stock in his story if he had not said the Crows were there too) This took place on the ~~###~~ third river west of here. (That would place it on Fallon Creek or Powder River I believe, counting the Little Missouri river as the first stream) I would count more on the truth of his story if he were not, just now, a fugitive one might say, from the wanagi (body spirit) of his wife, who died last summer. At such times, they are extremely liable to "talk wrong." For instance, he did not address me as Charging Bear, but called me "Horse Cloud." "So my woman will not know who I am talking with" he said. So, by the process of thinking to evade her, he might tell me story which was just opposite to the real history. I hope that his woman's ghost finds repose soon, so I can get the truth of his statement. Just now, she comes to him - in the shape of a white dog which talks to him - at other times, the lodge flap is held open and her face look in upon him. So he says. So now, he has "run away some place." A grand old individual of the "mystic" sort - who still believe that leaves, water, clouds, stones, have life and spirits, and feel better if one calls these natural things by the name of "Grandfather." He is of the Eagle Lodge (One who has dreamed of eagles)

Yours truly,

A. S. Welch

