

I was tremendously impressed by the great respect evidenced by visiting Sioux Chiefs, who came to pay their respects to Sitting Bull, and seek his advise. Sitting Bull had started life as a warrior at the age of fourteen, but while in his thirties he was called upon for higher duties, and installed as Medicine Man of the Sioux Nation, an honor that comes only to a real leader.

Sitting Bull was ever consistent, and frankly told the visiting Indian Commissioners, Generals, and others, sent to parley with him, that he had no confidence in their promises, that they had lied to his people on too many occasions. It was Sitting Bull said, "The Great Spirit made me an Indian, but not a Reservation Indian. I would rather go hungry when game is scarce than receive daily rations and lose my liberty".

I was with Sitting Bull when Captain Pratt of the Carlisle Indian School asked to have some of the children sent to the school. Sitting Bull did not answer for a moment, was apparently deep in thought, and then said, "I have seen the results of school ~~children~~. The children who return are not white nor Indian. Nothing is done for them. I love my children too much to have anything like that happen to them. I will not approve this request".

Indian schools had been regularly started about 1871, and the Carlisle School in 1879, so by 1882 Sitting Bull, who was always kept informed of matters of interest to his people, spoke with a knowledge of the situation.

*Jalta*

Visiting Sioux Chiefs were frequent visitors, coming in groups of five and six from all parts of the Sioux territory. I was always invited by Sitting Bull to sit in the conferences. Being young and inexperienced, I made a "break" in the first conference. As the pipe passed slowly from one to another in the group squatting in a circle in Sitting Bull's tepee, it came to me. I hesitated a moment, and then said to Sitting Bull, "I have never smoked, and do not wish to begin now". It was rather foolish but Sitting Bull promptly replied, "Good, if you do not smoke you will keep a good eye and a good nerve". Rather good for an Indian, but I was getting such jokes of wisdom daily from this man. From this close contact I learned to admire him for his wisdom, his unswerving loyalty to his people, and his frank critical attitude towards the whites in authority over his people. I am afraid my Irish ancestors would not have exercised the patience, and would not have suffered so many wrongs without constant hostility.

One night as I sat in Sitting Bull's tepee, a squaw sat between us holding a one year old baby girl. The baby was very ill and had several convulsions while I was present. After one severe convulsion, when it looked as if the end was near, Sitting Bull took hold of its little wrist to feel the pulse, and imagine my amazement to see the tears rolling down his cheeks, and he actually sobbing. Here was one supposed to be a hard-hearted savage displaying emotions that we all thought the Indian warrior scorned--tears--and sobbing like a woman. The baby died the following morning at daybreak.

Sitting Bull named me "Kahrinumpah", or Two Crows, after one of his Chiefs that I reminded him of. He always greeted me by this name as I approached the camp.

One of his children, a ten year old girl, named Standing Holy, always joined me, and took my hand as I roamed about the camp. We became great friends, and one day as I asked Sitting Bull to let me send the girl to a Convent in St. Louis where she could get an education, the little girl came to my side, took my hand, and looked as if she would like to go, but her father said, "No, I love her too much.