

"Custer came up along the ridge and across the mountains from the right of the monument. The Cheyennes and the Sioux came up the coulee from the foot of Reno Hill, and circled about. I led the Cheyennes as we came up. Custer marched up from behind the ridge on which his monument now stands, and deployed his soldiers along the entire line of the ridge. They rode over beyond where the monument stands down into the valley until we could not see them. The Cheyennes and the Sioux came up to the right over in the valley of the Little Big Horn. Custer paused his men in groups along this ridge. They dismounted. The men who had dismounted along the ridge seemed to have let their horses go down the other side of the ridge. Those who were on the hill where the monument now stands, and where I am standing now, had gray horses and they were all in the open. The Sioux and the Cheyennes came up the valley swarming like ants toward the bunch of gray horses where Long Hair stood. I led the Cheyennes up the long line of ridge from the valley blocking the soldiers, and I called to my Cheyenne brothers: 'Come on, children; do not be scared!' And they came after me yelling and firing. ~~As we~~ we broke the line of soldiers and went over the ridge. Another band of Indians and Sioux came from over ~~the~~ beyond the ridge, and when I got ~~to~~ over there, I got off my horse and told my men to wait, and we

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loaded our guns and fired into the first troop which was very near us. At the first volley the troop at which we fired were all killed. We kept firing along the ridge and which the troops were stationed and kept advancing. I rode my horse back along the ridge again and called upon my children to come on after me. Many of my Cheyenne brothers were killed, and I whipped up my horse and told them to come on, that this was the last day they would ever see their chief, and I again started for the bunch of gray horses on the hilltop. The Indians followed me, yelling and firing. I could not break the line at the bunch of gray horses and I wheeled and went ~~to~~ to the left down the valley with the line of soldiers facing me as I went, firing at me, and all my men firing at the soldiers. Then I rode on up the ridge to the left. I met an Indian with a big war-bonnet on, and right there I saw a soldier wounded. I killed him and jumped off my horse and scalped him. The Indian I met was Black Bear, a Cheyenne. I then rode down the ridge and came to a group of four dead soldiers; one of them had on a red flannel shirt, the other ~~three~~ had three ~~stripes~~ red stripes on the arm, one had three stripes, the other had three stripes and a sword. They all had on good clothes, and I jumped off my horse and took their clothes and their guns. When I turned back I could not see anything but soldiers and Indians all mixed up together. You could hardly tell one from the other.

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As I rode along the ridge I found nearly all the soldiers killed. I again rode up to the ridge along which Custer's troops had been stationed. I found two or three killed and saw one running away to get on top of the hills ~~in~~ beyond, and we took after him, and killed him.

"The whole valley was filled with smoke and the bullets flew all about us, ~~making~~ making a noise like bees. We could hardly hear anything for the noise of guns. When the guns were firing, the Sioux and Cheyennes and soldiers, one falling one way and one falling another, together with the noise of the guns I shall never forget. At last we saw that Custer and his men were grouped on the side of the hill, and we commenced to circle around and round, the Sioux and Cheyennes, and we all poured in on Custer and his men, firing into them until the last man was shot. We then jumped off our horses, took their guns, and scalped them.