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survivor of the Little Big Horn, and his version of what happened there became the accepted account.

On the other hand, three other Crow scouts---Goes-Ahead, Hairy Moccasin and White-Man-Runs-Him---who were with Custer until the final stages of the battle told stories to their relatives that did not gibe at all with Curly's tale. All now are dead, of course, but the other three, in their accounts related to their tribe at Crow Agency, Montana, told that Custer had been first to die.

Pretty Shield, the widow of Goes-Ahead, related to historians years afterward that her husband had told her he knew that Curly had lied, but at that time the taciturn Indians had decided that nothing could be done about it and that it was none of their affair.

But the Indians were not questioned for long years after the battle, and by then there was small chance that what they had to say would have the slightest effect upon the legend of the Little Big Horn.

The picture of Custer brandishing his sword in defiance was too firmly fixed in the American mind to put aside even though that, too, unhappily is a myth. None among the officers on the expedition carried a saber.

The argument that Custer's men only met death when they ran out of ammunition simply isn't so. Examination of the bodies later showed that the detachment was overrun so quickly that few had a chance to fire more than one or two rounds.

(2) In an interview translated from the Sioux by one of the authors of this article (David Miller) an old warrior named White Bull, who was present at the fight, shed still another sidelight on history not too long ago. White Bull, who died last year, was the son of Sitting Bull's sister, Pretty Plume. His version of the battle was this:

"The day of the attack on us beside the Greasy Grass, I was looking after my horses at a grazing spot between two camp circles. In the distance I saw soldiers coming, so I picked out a horse and rode to Sitting Bull's tipi in the Huncpapa camp circle. The soldiers were attacking. We drove them back into some timber. (Reno's soldiers.)

"Just across the river from the Cheyenne camp I saw a column of other soldiers. They started shooting at the four Cheyennes who rode out to fight them. There were over two hundred soldiers and scouts, but these four Cheyennes stopped them. After that, several hundred warriors rushed in. I was in this group. Soon I was fighting the soldiers close in, jerking them from their horses and taking their guns and horses.

"I rushed at one soldier who was aiming his carbine at me. He threw his weapon at me without firing. Then he tried to get my rifle away from me. I lashed at his

face with my quirt, but he grabbed onto me and just would not let go. He got hold of my braids and tried to bite my nose off."