

Shortly after that, there resounded throughout the camp of SB, the high-pitched, yet guttural call of the camp cryer, as he went about with important news:

"ENOKONE EUPO! ENOKONE EUPO!"

Freely translated, it means a little of everything from the demand for attention on the part of every inhabitant Sioux of a Sioux camp, to the need

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for hurry, for gathering about, for making ready for travel or whatever else an Indian desires to interpret along such lines. In this ~~same~~ instance it presaged the giving of great news. SB wanted his chieftans for matters of great moment. A council was to be held and at once. The ruse of the interpreter had been successful. Within an hour, with all the solemnity which only an Indian chieftan can know, the agreement had been made and sealed. SB, with forty of his chieftans would become a part of the Buffalo Bill Wild West. And all because of Annie Oakley.

A great day, that day of arrival, for SB. There was his daughter, and ~~there~~ there were the wonders of a Wild West exhibition; it was not long before the old Indian had become a seasoned trouper in every sense of the word.

A good-hearted old fellow, this wily medicine man, to judge from the notes of Annie Oakley, a bit amazed by the progress of the white man, and to a certain extent, a Communist.

"The contents of his pockets," say those notes, "were often emptied into the hands of small, ragged boys, nor could he understand how so much wealth should go brushing by, unmindful of the poor."

But dazed or not by the blingness of civilization,

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the unevenness of wealth and the general rush of the white man's world, there was one thing which SB did not neglect when he came to the land of the Paleface. That was his cunning and his ability to fight.

In the eyes of the Wild West Show he was just an "Injun." To the audience, he might be a strange, fearful creature, to be gawked at, dilated upon, and hated and feared and wondered about as audiences have a habit of doing. But his stardom ceased there. No hurrying flunkies attended to his wants, no rushing canvassman assisted him with his teepee nor cookhouse waiter brought his meal. When a beef was butchered and the squaws had attended to the niceties of cutting up the animal, ~~he~~ took his apportionment with the rest, hanging up the strips of meat about his teepee, and regarding them as one would regard sudden wealth. When the show arrived in the morning, SB put up his own tent, and more than one wandering sightseer, expecting that the conqueror of Custer would either be caged, or at least, partitioned off from ordinary gaze, passed by him by without a thought.

It was while he was engaged in the work of setting up his tent one morning in Pittsburgh,

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that a rather wild-eyed individual hove upon the showgrounds and approached a cowpuncher.

"Where's that damned old renegade?" he asked.

"Just who are yuh refferin' at, Pardner?" asked the cowpuncher and continued to pick his teeth.

"Sitting Bull! Show me the old renegade!" came the announcement in heightened tones, "He killed my brother in that massacre."

The lanky cowboy engineered another difficult maneuver with his toothpick, then lazily moved into a position into which he could leap to aid in the case of trouble. A few feet away, SB, giving no evidence whatever that he had heard his name mentioned in a tone of anger, drove vigorously at his pegs, and fussed