

"Sitting Bull - big chief, you brought this disaster upon yourself and your people."

Louis Pismen was interpreting.

The soldiers having dismounted rushed to the camp - ransacking anything worth keeping. Red Tomhawk took charge of the police force and after everything was prepared to take the dead and the wounded Indian police as well as sitting Bull's corpse, discharged us from this campaign, and having complimented us for doing our duty as we did, ask us to attend the funeral of our comrades, killed in the fight. Strong arm, Hawkman, Little Eagle and Artoite were killed. Bull head, Shavehead and Middle were wounded seriously. Seven ghost-dancers besides sitting Bull were killed on the sitting Bull's side.

About this time, some of the relatives of the police killed arrived and such lamenting over the dead was seldom known in the history of my race. Taking a last look on my dead friends and relatives, I, in company with Charles Artoite of Hawk, started for home. On the way, we past several deserted homes of the ghost dancers and felt sorry that such a big mistake was made by listening to outsiders who generally cause nothing but trouble.

I reached home and before our reunion I asked my wife, brothers, sisters and mother to prepare a sweat bath for me, that I may cleanse myself for participating in a bloody fight with my fellow men. After doing this, new or clean clothes were brought to me and the clothes I wore at the fight were burned up. I then, was reunited with my family. God spared my life for their sake.

The next day I took my family into the agency. I reported to Major McLaughlin. He laid his hand on my shoulders, shook hands with me and said: "He alone is a man. I feel proud of you for the very brave way you have carried out your part in the fight with the Ghost Dancers." I was not very brave right at that moment. His comment nearly set me a crying.