

was her husband, that he had promised to come back to her, and that she would wait for him. She waited seven years. Then he was killed.

Me-o-tzi mourned when she learned of his death. I was not then with those people, but I heard that she cut off her hair and gashed her arms and legs, for mourning. Her heart was much the more sad on account of his having been killed in a battle where the Northern Cheyennes fought against him. About a year later she married a white man named Isaac. They had several children. One of her daughters is now a middle-aged woman living with us Northern Cheyennes on Tongue river. The mother lived to old age and died in Oklahoma six years ago, some time after Christmas (in January, 1921). But her name is continued among us. A little granddaughter of mine is known to us as Me-o-tzi. At times the young people joke her: "You are Custer's Indian wife."

p. 2 I came to the Northern Cheyennes when their reservation was in the Black Hills country (1868-1874). White people found gold there, so the Indians had to move out. The Cheyennes were told they must go to another reservation, but not many of them made the change. They said it was no use, as the white people might want that reservation too. Many Cheyennes, and many Sioux also, went to live in the hunting ground between the Powder and Bighorn rivers. White Bull and White Moon, my two brothers, left to go to the hunting ground, and I went with them. Word was sent to the hunting Indians that all Cheyennes and Sioux must stay on their reservations in Dakota. But all who stayed on the reservations had their guns and ponies taken from them, so the hunters quit going there.

Revised
The band of Cheyennes where I dwelt had forty family lodges. In the last part of the winter we camped on the west side of Powder river, not far above the mouth of Little Powder river. Soldiers came early in the morning (March 17, 1876). They got between our camp and our horse herd, so all of us had to run away afoot. Not many of our people were killed, but our tepees and everything that was in them were burned. Three days later, all of us walking, we arrived at Crazy Horse's camp of Ogallala Sioux.

The Ogallalas gave us food and shelter. After a few days the two bands together went northward and found the Uncpapa Sioux, where Sitting Bull was the chief. The chiefs of the three bands decided that all of us would travel together for the spring and summer hunting, as it was said that many soldiers would be coming to try to make us go back to the reservations.