

places along the stream. Some boys were fishing. All of us were having a good time. It was somewhere past the middle of the forenoon. Nobody was thinking of any battle coming. A few women were taking down their lodges, getting ready for the move on down the valley that day. After a while two Sioux boys came running toward us. They were shouting:

"Soldiers are coming!"

We heard shooting. We hid in the brush. The sounds of the shooting multiplied -- pop -- pop -- pop -- pop -- pop -- pop! We heard women and children screaming. Old men were calling the young warriors to battle. Young men were singing their war songs as they responded to the call. We peeped out. Throngs of Sioux men on horses were racing toward the skirt of timber just south of the Uncpapa camp circle, where the guns were clattering. The horsemen warriors were dodging through a mass of women, children and old people hurrying afoot to the benchland hills west of the camps.

p. 3 From our hiding place in the brush we heard the sounds of battle change from place to place. It seemed the white men were going away, with the Indians following them. Soon afterward we got glimpses of the soldiers crossing the river above us. Many of them were afoot. Then we saw that the Indians were after all of them, shooting and beating them.

I came out and set off at running toward our Cheyenne camp circle, the last one, at the north end down the river, more than a mile from where I had been hiding. In all of the camps, as I went through them, there was great excitement. Old men were helping the young warriors in dressing and painting themselves for battle. Some women were bringing war horses from the herds. Other women were working fast at taking down their tepees. A few were loading pack horses with tepee belongings, while others were carrying heavy burdens on their backs. Many were taking away nothing, leaving the tepees and everything in them, running away with only their children or with small packs in hands. I saw one Sioux woman just staying at one spot, jumping up and down and screaming, because she could not find her little son.

Clouds of dust were kicked up by the horse herds rushed into the camp circles, as well as by the horses that had been picketed near at hand by the Indian camp policemen and had been mounted and ridden to the fight when came the first alarm. The mounted Indians were still going to the place where had been the fighting, south of the Uncpapa camp. But