

Says White Bull:

"The soldiers, firing from the saddle, kept on coming, pushing us back, but before long we were so many that the Ree scouts ran away leaving most of the ponies behind. Right then the soldiers got off their horses and formed a line facing north. I saw their guidon set up and yelled, 'Whoever is a brave man will go get that flag.' But before anyone could attack, the soldiers fell back to the timber along the river, taking their flag with them. After some hot firing, the soldiers climbed into their saddles and raced away up the river looking for places to cross. Then the Indians charged them. They used war clubs and gun barrels, shooting arrows into them, riding them down. It was like a buffalo hunt. The soldiers offered no resistance. I saw one soldier on a gray horse, aimed at him and fired, but missed. Just then I heard someone behind me yelling that soldiers were coming from the east to attack the north end of the camp where I had left my ponies. Then we all raced downstream together. Some rode through the camps and crossed the river north of them, but I and many others crossed as soon as we could, riding up a gully to strike the soldiers on the flank. After a while I could see five bunches of soldiers trotting along the bluffs. I knew it would be a big fight. I stopped, unsaddled my horse and stripped off my leggins, so that I could fight better.

With me were Iron Lightning, Owns-Horn, Shoots-Bear-as-He-Runs, and a couple of Cheyennes. By the time I was near enough to shoot at the soldiers, they seemed to form four bunches of men on horseback, heading northwest along the river.

All the Indians were shooting. I saw two soldiers fall from their horses. The soldiers fired back at us from the saddle. They shot so well that some of us retreated. Soon after, the soldiers halted and some dismounted. By that time the Indians were all around the soldiers, but most