

of them were between the soldiers and the river trying to defend the camp and the ford. Several little bunches of Indians took cover where they could, and kept firing at the white men.

When they ran me out of the ravine I rode south and worked my way over to the east of the mounted bunch of soldiers. Crazy Horse was there with a party of warriors and I joined them. The Indians kept gathering, more and more, around this last bunch of soldiers. These mounted soldiers kept falling back along the river, trying to reach the rest of the soldiers who were fighting on foot.

When I saw the soldiers retreating, I whipped up my pony, and hugging his neck, dashed across between the two troops. The soldiers shot at me but missed me. I circled back to my friends. I thought I would do it again. This time I yelled, 'This time I will not turn back', and charged at a run the soldiers of the last company. Many of the Sioux joined my charge and this seemed to break the morale of the surviving soldiers. They all ran, every man for himself, afoot and some on horseback, to reach their comrades on the other side. All the Indians were shooting.

I saw a mounted soldier waver in his saddle. I quirted my pony and raced up to strike him and count the first coup on this enemy. Before I could reach him, he fell dying from his saddle. I reined up my pony, jumped down and struck the body with my quirt. I yelled 'Onhey! I have overcome this one.' I took the man's revolver and cartridge-belt. ~~Did-Not-Go-Home~~ struck this enemy right after me; so he counted the second coup. I jumped on my horse and hurried on to join my yelling comrades in the charge through the dust and smoke drifting down the hill.

By that time the two bunches of soldiers were altogether and kept falling back northwestward along the river toward the third bunch of blue coats. I heard a bugle. Then all the soldiers who still had horses mounted. Chief Crazy Horse was dressed and painted for war with a white