

Matters ran on that way until fall, when Custer's and Stanley's commands made a march through the Yellowstone followed by the Indians. I supposed the Troops were after them, and the Indians were trying to flee from them. We went to the Yellowstone and crossed at the mouth of the Big Horn. While there we met the warriors of four other villages, that is--the Sans Arcs, Minneconjou, Ogallalas and Cheyennes.

We crossed the Yellowstone right in ahead of the soldiers, and could hear the military band playing. The soldiers expected to fight, and we were making preparations to protect the women and children if they should attack. I could distinctly hear the band ~~playing~~. It was years since I had heard a band. They were playing Custer's favorite battle tune. That was "Garryowan." The other Indian village was camped on the Big Horn, about four miles up.

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* After we got all the children across, all the warriors of this other village came down to meet the troops for the purpose of fighting. That was the first fight I ever saw between the Indians and troops. The Indians were on one side of the river and the troops on the other. The troops could not get across, but the Indians could. The Indians swam across and fought the soldiers on the other side, on a kind of tableland there. It was just a running fight. I had a pretty fair scrap there myself. They were fighting on the other side, and I had got into the hills to look on. I didn't take any hand in the fight. I was back some distance from the river. There were lots of Indians there. The soldiers were throwing shells from there to the hill where we were. I got thirty standing on the hills watching them, and thought I would go down to the river and get a drink. It was across a big flat where I had to go. When I started they were fighting above on the other side of the river, and I thought I would not have any trouble in going down and getting a drink. Opposite me, about three hundred yards on the other side of the river, was a big bank, probably seventy-five feet high, where the river had washed into the bank and made a quarter circle around. I came right under this bank, got off my mule and went down to get a drink. While I was drinking I heard a kind of rattling noise, and, looking up, saw two companies of cavalry coming down to where I was drinking. I could not get down to my mule, as the soldiers commenced shooting as soon as they saw me. I ran for the trees. It was not
116 over three hundred * yards, and I got behind one of those trees while the two companies were shooting at me, and never got touched. The mule, of course, stampeded and went back into camp, so I just stayed there until the troops got through fighting and went off. I didn't have any arms. There was only one Indian killed during the fight, and I heard there were a few soldiers killed.