

Shortly after we got back from this Custer fight, all the Indians in the four tribes found out about my trouble with Sitting Bull. There was an Indian in the Ogallala camp by the name of Little Hawk, an uncle to Crazy Horse, the latter one of the bravest of all the Sioux Indians. He went for me and asked me how the trouble started, what I intended to do, and told me I had better come and stop in the Ogallala camp, which I did. I never went back to Sitting Bull's camp. I had never met Crazy Horse until this time. He was in the camp when I went in. There were several young bucks there, and he was among them. Crazy Horse had somewhat peculiar features. He had sandy hair, and was of a very light complexion. He didn't have the high cheek bones that the Indians generally have, and didn't talk much. He was a young looking Indian--appeared much younger than his age. There were a few powder marks on ~~his~~ side of his face. I stopped at the Ogallala village from that time on. The head men of the Ogallala village were Big Road, Little Hawk, He Dog and Crazy Horse, but the latter did not consider himself \* the chief. He generally attended the council or anything of that sort. The Black Twins were the most prominent Ogallalas. They were actually twins--were the most prominent among the older men in the village. I was there the rest of the time until 1875, close on to 1876. I never saw Sitting Bull again until 1875, when I went to him from Red Cloud to try to induce him to make a treaty with the whites about the Black Hills country. I had not left the Indians at that time, but had made up my mind to leave them. I was continually planning some scheme to get away without causing any trouble. I was with the Northern Indians, called the hostile Indians, and they never went into the agency, but the agency Indians would come to us. They were a kind of go-between. All our ammunition was supplied by these go-betweens.