me do, no matter how near death a person may be. You will be able to restore life and cure him. Any time you do this with this whistle, you shall not fail, because when you blow on the whistle I'll hear it.

"My son, you have now finished with the experiences that were allotted to you. You have made it clear to us that you are sincere in your ambition to become a great man. All of the important things which go to help one become famous have been given to you. Now that your wish is granted and your work done, you are to wait until you are told to begin exercising the powers that are given to you. Go now and prepare yourself, my son. As it was told you, you must get ready for the life you are to live."

Then Bull Lodge woke up. Rising to his feet he prayed long and earnestly to the giver of all things. He thanked him for all that was revealed to him and for the many gifts, but especially for the supernatural powers attached to each one.

Bull Lodge was twenty-three years old when this experience of fasting was completed. He started at the beginning of his seventeenth year, and completed the course at the end of his twenty-third year.

At his leisure he began to gather material to make the articles that were given to him throughout the course of his experiences. First he set out to make the shield, because it was the first article that was revealed and given to him. Then he made the others one by one in sequence, exactly as they were revealed to him.

■ IRON TEETH
as told to Thomas B. Marquis

Born in about 1834, Iron Teeth led a traditional Cheyenne woman's life on the plains. But in 1877, she and her people were exiled to Indian Territory (present-day Oklahoma) and her life changed dramatically. In 1878, a large group of Cheyennes, including Iron Teeth and her family, escaped from that reservation and made a months'-long trek to Nebraska with Morning Star and Little Wolf's bands. There, in January 1879, she took part in the Fort Robinson Outbreak, when many Northern Cheyennes were killed trying to escape imprisonment by the army. Iron Teeth was ninety-two years old when she told her story to Dr. Thomas B. Marquis in 1926. Marquis, who had been the agency physician, wrote books and articles about the battle of the Little Big Horn and life among the Cheyennes and the Crows. He completed The Cheyennes of Montana *in 1935, shortly before his death.*

Iron Teeth, a Cheyenne Old Woman

Ninety-two years ago I was born in the Black Hills country. The time of my birth was in the moon when the berries are ripe, in the last part of the summer. My father was a Cheyenne Indian, my mother was a Sioux. My parents brought up their family as members of the Cheyenne tribe. Our people traveled over the whole country between the Elk River and Mexico. . . .

My grandmother told me that when she was young our people did not have any horses. When they needed to go anywhere they put their packs upon dogs or on little pole travois drawn by dogs. The people themselves had to walk. In those times they did not travel far nor often. But when they got horses they could move more easily from place to place. Then they could kill more of the buffalo and other animals, and so they got more meat for food and gathered more skins for lodges and clothing.

I remember when parties of our men used to go afoot from the Black Hills far southward to get horses. Each man took along only his lariat rope, his bow and arrows, his sheath-knife, a little package of dried meat, and two or three extra pairs of moccasins tucked into his belt. Their women were sad in heart as they made these moccasins, for sometimes the travelers were gone a whole year, or sometimes they were killed. . . .

We planted corn every year when I was a little girl in the Black Hills. With sharpened sticks we punched holes in the ground, dropped in the grains of corn, then went hunting all summer. When the grass died we returned and gathered the crop. But the Pawnees and the Arikaras got to stealing or destroying our growing food, so we had to quit the plantings. We got into the way then of following all the time after the buffalo and other game herds.

We learned of vegetable foods growing wild. We gathered wild turnips, wild sweet potatoes, and other root foods. We found out the best place for berries. One time, when we were traveling past some white settlements, our people got a few watermelons. These were to us a new kind of food. The women cut them up and put them into pots for boiling. After a while they looked into the pots and found nothing but water and seeds.

Our dolls were made by tying a stuffed buckskin head on the end of a forked stick. Such a doll had hair glued to the head, beads for eyes, and a face painted on the buckskin. The stuffing for the head was buffalo hair. The clothing was of beaded and fringed buckskin. We girls built playhouse tepees for ourselves and our dolls. We would hang little pieces of meat out upon bushes and play like we were drying meat, the same as our mothers did at the home lodges. Sometimes we would play at moving camp. The boys would come with willow baskets. Everything would be put into the baskets and then the boys would drag them to wherever we might want to go. We would ride stick horses. The doll might ride on a stick horse beside the play-mother, or it might be carried on her back.

My mother made me a fine doll that I kept in a rawhide satchel with its extra clothing and moccasins. But I lost it. The Pawnees came and attacked our camp. All of the women and children went running, without stopping to take anything from the lodges. I had to leave my satchel and the doll behind. For a long time afterward, many times I cried over that lost baby. At night I dreamed about the enemy having scalped it and cut up its body.

A great issue of government presents was made to the Cheyennes when I was 15 years old. The place was near the forks of what we called Horse River and Geese River. Soldier houses had just been built there. We were given beef, but we did not care for this kind of meat. Great piles of bacon were stacked upon the prairie and distributed to us, but we used it only to make fires or to grease robes for tanning. We got soda but did not know what to do with it. Green coffee was distributed among us. We supposed the grains were some new kind of berries. We boiled them as they were, green, but they did not taste good. We liked the sugar presented to us. They gave us plenty of it, some of it light brown and some dark brown.

We got brass kettles, coffeepots, curve-bladed butcher knives and sharp-pointed sewing awls, which were better than ours that were made of bone. There were boxfuls of black and white thread for us. The thread was in skeins, not on spools. All of the women got black goods, colored goods and bed-ticking material. We made the cloth into summer clothing for children and draperies for the interiors of the lodges. We were given plenty of colored beads, brass buttons, brass finger rings, and red and blue face paints. Blankets were issued out to everybody. None of them had mixed colors. All were of some one or other solid color–red, blue, yellow, green, white. No shawls were given. It was some time afterward when we first saw shoulder

shawls. Also, it was some time afterward when we first saw blankets having mixed colors. I first saw them among the Crows.

Our chief told us: "These presents are given to us because the white people are friendly and they want us to become civilized, as they are." Two certain white men did most of the gift distributing at this time. We called one of them Yellow White Man. He belonged with the Crow Indians. The other was a full white man. He gave us the blankets, so we called him Blanket White Man, or Blanket. The Cheyennes knew him after that time. We learned the white people called him Jim Bridger.

The first time I rode alone on horseback occurred when I was about ten years old. My father gave me a yearling colt. When we were traveling, my mother would put packs upon the colt with me. Usually I had two badger skins filled with dried chokecherries behind me, swinging down the colt's sides. Boys teased me by riding up close and lashing my colt to make it jump. At first I was frightened and they laughed at me. But I soon got used to it, and after a little while I became a good rider.

After I grew older I liked to break horses. When I became a woman I never asked any man to tame my horses for me. Before trying to ride them, my sister and I used to take the wild animals to a sandy place beside the river. Sometimes we would lead one out into deep water before mounting it. A horse cannot buck hard in deep water. One time a bucking horse threw me into a deep and narrow ditch, where I lit upon my back. My sister had to help me out from the ditch, but I was not hurt. I was never badly hurt in this way nor any other way. I never had a broken bone. I have been shot at many times but no bullet or arrow ever hit me.

Lots of wild horses used to be running loose on the plains to the southward. I had a good running horse when I was a young woman, and I always carried with me a lariat rope made of spun and plaited buffalo hair. As a girl I played a romping game we called "wild horses," in which some children would run here and there while others would try to throw lariats about their bodies. In this way I learned to toss the rope. One time, after my marriage, I was riding with my baby strapped to my back when I saw some wild horses. I put the baby in its cradle board down on the prairie and got after the herd. That day I caught two horses.

I was married to Red Ripe when I was 21 years old. But my name was not changed. The Indian women of the old times did not lose their own names on account of marriage. In my girlhood I was called

Mah-i-ti-wo-nee-ni—Iron Teeth. All through my life I have been known to my people by this same name.

My husband was a good hunter and did not need my help for gathering meat, but I often went hunting with him. One time, when we were riding after a small herd of buffalo, he called to me to get in front and turn them uphill. A buffalo cannot run fast uphill, so when I chased them in that direction it was easy to keep close to them. I struck different ones with my hatchet. A bull whirled and knocked down my pony. I fell sprawling, but my husband drove away the angered animal and saved me. Another time, when I was alone and afoot, I roped a buffalo calf. It dragged me, but I held on and finally I led it into our camp.

One time, far up the Powder River, I got after a beaver that was running along the bank. I sprang upon it and grasped the fur on its back. It struggled and tried to bite me. But I held it and threw it upon a high bank and climbed up after it. I knelt upon it and used one hand for beating its head with a stick. Another time I chased a black and white striped little animal. I plunged forward and grabbed it. Right away there was a strong smell. It was a skunk. My eyes were blinded, and I was almost strangled. But I was hungry for meat, so I did not let loose. I pounded it to death with my club. I then caught seven young skunks from a den where the old one belonged. Besides the meat, I got some pretty skins. I tanned all of them and sewed them together for a robe that my little girl wore upon her shoulders. I have caught lots of prairie dogs. They are wary and quick, so they are hard to catch. The best way is to hide beside a hole. If the hunter keeps very quiet and waits long enough, the prairie dog will finally creep out from the hole. Then it can be grabbed and beaten to death. . . .

Any kind of meat tastes good to me if I am very hungry. Young dogs or wolf pups are good enough if I cannot have anything better. Old dogs or full-grown wolves have a strong and unpleasant odor that I do not like. Buffalo, elk, deer, antelope and bighorn sheep used to be the favorite meats of the Cheyennes. The best of all was buffalo. We never grew tired of this food. The worst of all meats I know anything about is the kind the white people have in cans they buy at the trading store. I do not understand how they can eat and enjoy such food. There is no good taste in it. Another thing: I do not like the glistening appearance of that kind of meat when the can is opened.

I never learned how to swim. Many a time I sat on the bank of a stream and watched other girls swim, but I was always afraid of going in where I could not wade.

I never heard of Christmas until I was about 45 years old. The Cheyennes did not know of any such time. All of our religious and other celebrations were in the spring, summer or autumn seasons. We did not have any special festivals in winter. We considered it best to sleep much and eat only a little food during the cold weather, the same as the animals and the trees and grass.

When any woman among us gave birth to a baby, she was kept at rest several days. Her friends took care of her. If the camp was being moved, they stayed behind, or she might be brought along on a travois bed, which does not jolt when being dragged slowly. If enemies were in pursuit, and if the movement was rapid, the sick woman was usually hidden away somewhere. One time, when we were running away from the Pawnees, I and another woman stayed behind to help a friend bring her new baby. We hid in some timber. The Pawnees passed near to us, but they did not see us. We stayed there two days after the baby came. Then we made a bed upon a travois of buffalo skins stretched across two lodgepoles, to be dragged by a horse. Upon this bed we placed the mother and her baby. We knew where our people were going, so we took all of the short cuts and found them after three days of travel. If the Pawnees had found us, they would not have killed us. Indians did not kill each other's women and children. They captured them, to add them to the tribe of the captors.

But the white people did not spare us in this way. I know of one case when a sick young woman and an older helper stayed behind and hid themselves. At that time we were only moving camp, not fleeing from enemies. Two days later, the husband of the young woman went back to see how his wife was getting along, or to help in bringing her to the camp. He found the dead bodies of the mother, the baby and the woman helper. Horse trails showed that a band of white men had killed them. The husband was made crazy by his grief and anger. He vowed after that he would never have pity for any white people.

Very old or disabled people sometimes had to be abandoned to die or to be killed if enemies were in pursuit of us. Friends could not stay with them as all might be killed. Even if no enemies were near, it was so much trouble for old or sick ones to move from place to place that they would often ask to be left alone. . . .

Our children used to ride in woven willow baskets swung between the travois poles, when we were traveling. They would often climb out, play along the way, then climb back in again and go to sleep. One time, when some Pawnees were after us, one of our women lost a little girl from her basket. It was plain that the enemy people had captured and would keep the child. All through that mother's remaining life she mourned on account of the loss of her daughter. . . .

Our men sometimes stole each other's wives. According to our old-time ways, married couples were allowed to break their union at any time either of them might want to do so. Each of them might then take another mate at once. Among us, when any man took another man's wife, the victor got the woman on a horse with him and they rode about the camp. Young people followed them and sang lively songs. In one case of this kind, when I was yet a young girl, the losing husband came with his friends, all bringing their bows and arrows. The old men came and made them go away. The young people went on with their gaiety.

All Indians liked to get women and children from other tribes. Captives were treated kindly, to make them feel contented so they might not try to escape. The women became wives, perhaps second or third wives to some man. The children always found many people anxious to adopt them. . . .

A woman of the Ute tribe was brought to us about the time I was married. She had with her a boy four or five years old. The man who had caught her made her his wife and adopted the boy as his own. They were treated well, but she appeared not to be happy. One day she was down by the Greasy Water River tanning skins. After a while she was missed. Her husband and others searched for her. The boy told them his mother had gone somewhere across the river. Trails showed that she had taken a horse and gone away in a hurry. She left her boy with us, and she never came back. . . .

A white girl four years old came for a time into my keeping. That was about 77 years ago, before I was married. We were in camp on Turkey River. One of our women, out alone digging turnips, was found dead with her pack of turnips on her back. Several bullets had been shot into her body. Some of our boys, hidden in reeds by the water, had seen white men on horseback in that vicinity. Many of our young warriors wanted to go out and fight the white men, but our chiefs decided we should move away from the river into the hills to keep away from any fighting.

As I was packing to go, a woman brought the little white girl to me. She said: "I give you this girl." I asked why she did not want to keep her. She replied: "I am afraid the white people may kill me if they find her with me. If you are not afraid, you may keep her. If the white

people get too close, she can be turned loose for them to find her alone, or you can throw her into the river." I thought about the matter a few moments, then I said: "If you promise not to ask her back from me, I will take her." The woman promised. It was raining hard, and the night was beginning to come. I made a blanket sling and put the child into it. I swung her upon my back, between my shoulders. She slept there while I walked and carried her almost all night, until we got to the new place for camping, in the hills.

Two or three days later, when all signs of danger were gone, the woman asked me to give the little girl back to her. "No, I want her for my own," I answered. I was not married though, so I gave her to a cousin of mine who had a husband but no children, who begged for her. All through her girlhood, I made dolls and moccasins and beaded clothing for her. When she became old enough, I taught her how to tan robes. She learned from me that one side of a buffalo must be skinned and the hump cut off before it can be turned over for skinning the other side.

This white girl grew to womanhood as a Cheyenne, not knowing any other language. She married a Cheyenne man, and they had several children. She kept her skin always stained to a brown color, so that white people might not recognize her and try to persuade her to join them. She could not hide, though, her blue eyes and her light brown hair. Several years ago she died, on the Rosebud Valley side of this reservation. Children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of hers are living now as full-blood members of our tribe. When I look nowadays upon her little descendants, learning to read and write at the white man school, it seems like I am living in another world. My thoughts go back nearly 80 years to the time when as a big girl I fled through rain and darkness while carrying on my back a sleeping little white girl who afterward became a woman, then an old woman, and then died, and who was their great-grandmother.

When I was about 18 years old a great band of Shoshonis attacked our tribal camp while we were having our annual Willow Dance, the principal Cheyenne religious ceremony of each year. Our camp was on a stream flowing into the upper part of the Powder River. We were surprised, so our young men were not ready to fight. But they got their bows and arrows and guns as soon as they could and put themselves forward so as to give the women and children a chance to escape. Many women fled without packs, and even without horses. They just seized their children and ran away afoot. Many of our

young men were killed. For a long time afterward our hearts were sad. That was one of the worst days for the old-time Cheyennes.

I was on a horse and leading another one bearing packs. Two Shoshoni men came running toward me. I heard a Cheyenne voice call out: "They will capture Iron Teeth!" But I had a gun and I fired a shot toward the two Shoshonis. Not many Indians then had guns so I suppose I only frightened them, did not hurt them. Anyhow, they got away from me as fast as they could go. Many of our young women were captured that day. One of these was a cousin of mine. I never heard of her afterward. I suppose she was made the wife of some Shoshoni man and raised a family for that tribe.

White Frog's wife gained a high name for herself when a band of Pawnees attacked the Cheyenne camp. The warriors of that tribe took many of our women, at different times, but in her case they failed. She was running away afoot and alone. A Pawnee man caught her. She made signs that she was willing to go with him. But suddenly she jerked her hatchet from her belt and struck him. His head was split wide open, and he fell dead. After all of us got reassembled in quiet camp, she was heralded as a brave woman. Young warriors led her on horseback about the camp and sang songs in her praise, the same as was done for the regular warriors. Her husband, White Frog, gave away all of his horses and robes and blankets, to show how proud he was of her. . . .

. . . Our tribes were to have a permanent home in our favorite Black Hills country. We were promised that all white people would be kept away from us there. But after we had been there a few years, General Custer and his soldiers came there and found gold. Many white people crowded in, wanting to get the gold. Our young men wanted to fight these whites, but there were too many of them coming. Soldiers came and told us we would have to move to another part of the country and let the white people have this land where the gold was. This action of the soldiers made bad hearts in many of the Cheyennes and Sioux. They said it was no use to settle on any new lands because the white people would come there also and drive us out. The most angered ones went out to the old hunting grounds lying between the Powder and Bighorn Rivers.

My husband and I took our family to the Red Cloud Agency, known to us as the White River Agency, where all Cheyennes had been told to go. He was in bad humor because of our having been driven from our Black Hills home country, but he thought it was best

to do whatever the white people ordered us to do. In a year or two we heard that many white soldiers were going out into our old western hunting grounds to fight the Indians there and make them come back to the new reservations in Dakota. Later, in the middle of that summer, we heard that all of the soldiers had been killed in a great battle at the Little Bighorn River.

When we were told of the great victory by the Indians, my husband said we should now go into the Montana lands, to join our people there. With many others, we left Dakota and found the Cheyennes. The tribe traveled together during much of the remainder of that summer, hunting along the Powder, Tongue and Rosebud Rivers. My husband was busy killing buffalo, antelope, deer and other animals, and I was busy tanning skins and storing up meat and berries for use during the winter. We stayed with the main tribal band led by our favorite Old Man Chief, Morning Star, or Dull Knife. When the leaves fell from the trees and the grass died, the tribal camp was made on a small stream flowing into the upper part of Powder River, almost in the Bighorn Mountains. Our men did not want to fight. They wanted to keep entirely away from all white people, wanted to be left alone so they might get food and skins to provide for their families. They said that nobody would trouble us in this place so far away from other people.

But we were not allowed to live in peace. When the snow had fallen deep, a great band of soldiers came. They rode right into our camp and shot women and children as well as men. Crows, Pawnees, Shoshonis, some Arapahoes and other Indians were with them. We who could do so ran away, leaving our warm lodges and the rich stores of food. As our family was going out from camp, my husband and our older son kept behind and fought off the soldiers. My husband had a horse, but he was leading it as he walked, so he might shoot better when afoot. I saw him fall, and his horse went away from him. I wanted to go back to him, but my two sons made me go on away with my three daughters. From the hilltops we Cheyennes looked back and saw all of our lodges and everything in them being burned into nothing but smoke and ashes.

We wallowed through the mountain snow for several days. Most of us were afoot. We had no lodges, only a few blankets, and there was only a little dry meat among us. Some died of wounds, many froze to death. We came down from the mountains to the valley of the Tongue River and followed down this stream. After 11 days of

traveling, we found a camp of Oglala Sioux. They fed us and gave us shelter. But the remainder of that winter was a hard one for all of us.

When spring came, all of the Cheyennes surrendered to soldiers or went back to the Dakota agencies. I was afraid of all white men soldiers. It seemed to me they represented the most extreme cruelty. They had just killed my husband and had burned our whole village. There was in my mind a clear recollection of a time, 12 years before this, when they had killed and scalped many of our women and children in a peaceable camp near Mexico. At that time I had seen a friend of mine, a woman, crawling along on the ground, shot, scalped, crazy, but not yet dead. After that, I always thought of her when I saw white men soldiers.

In Dakota, we Northern Cheyennes were told that we must go to Oklahoma, to live there on a reservation with the Southern Cheyennes. None of us wanted to go there. We liked best the northern country. But one of our chiefs, Red Sash, or Standing Elk, made friends with the white men soldier chiefs by lying to them and telling them we were willing to go. My two sons then said it was the only thing our family could do. I suppose all of the other Cheyennes felt the same way. So all of us were taken to lands in the South. . . .

In Oklahoma we all got sick with chills and fever. When we were not sick, we were hungry. We had been promised food until we could plant corn and wait for it to grow, but much of the time we had no food. Our men asked for their guns to be given back to them, so they might kill game, but the guns were kept from them. Sometimes a few of them would take their bows and arrows and slip away to get buffalo or other meat, but soldiers would go after them and make them come back to the agency. The bows and arrows were used at times for killing cattle belonging to white men. Any time this happened, the whole tribe was punished. The punishment would be the giving of less food to us, and we would be kept still closer to the agency. We had many deaths from both the fever sickness and starvation. We talked among ourselves about the good climate and the plentiful game food in our old northern country hunting lands.

After about a year, Little Wolf and Morning Star, our principal Old Man Chiefs, told the agent: "We are going back to the North."

The agent replied: "Soldiers will follow you and kill you."

My two sons joined the band determined to leave there. I and my three daughters followed them. I think that, altogether, there were about 500 Cheyennes in this band. The white soldiers chased us.

They came from every direction. Some of the Indians went back as soon as the bullets began to fly. But my older son kept saying we should go on toward the North unless we were killed, that it was better to be killed than to go back and die slowly.

Only one buffalo, a calf, was killed by our men during the long flight back to the old home country. A few cattle belonging to white people were killed. Our chiefs told the young men not to do this, but our people were very hungry and no other food could be found. I have heard it said they killed some white people not soldiers. If they did, it must have been white people who started the fight. At that time all of us were trying to stay entirely away from all other people, so we could travel without interruption.

Chills and fever kept me sick along the way. We had no lodges. At night, when we could make any kind of camp, my daughter helped me at making willow branch shelters. Day after day, through more than a month, I kept my youngest daughter strapped to my body, in front of me, on my horse. I led another horse carrying the next-youngest daughter. The oldest daughter managed her own mount. The two sons always stayed behind, to help watch for soldiers. For 45 years I kept the Indian saddle I rode during those days. Not long ago I burned it up, with other old things. I never supposed anyone would want that saddle. . . .

We dodged the soldiers during most of our long journey. But always they were near to us, trying to catch us. Our young men fought them off in seven different battles. At each fight, some of our people were killed, women or children the same as men. I do not know how many of our grown-up people were killed. But I know that more than 60 of our children were gone when we got to the Dakota country.

We separated into two bands when we got near the old home regions. The two bands were led by Little Wolf and Morning Star, or Dull Knife. I and my family stayed with Morning Star's band. At Salt Creek, as we got to the old Red Cloud Agency, my younger son and the oldest daughter set off with some other Cheyennes to go forward to the agency. Some of our friends warned them not to do this, that the Pawnees and Arapahoes who belonged to the soldiers would kill them along the way. But they were determined to go. It turned out they did what was best. They got through without any serious trouble. I and my three remaining children and the other people with us had before us many other days of hard trial.

Morning Star said we should be contented, now that we were on or own land. He took us to Fort Robinson, where we surrendered to the soldiers. They took from us all of our horses and whatever guns they could find among us. They said then that we must go back to the South, but our men told them it was better to die by bullets. After a few weeks of arguing, our men were put into a prison house. We women and children were told we might go to the agency. Some of them went there, but most of us went into the prison with the men. In the one room, about 30 feet square, were 43 men, 29 women and 20 or 30 children.

"Now are you willing to go back to the South?" the soldier chiefs asked us.

Nobody answered them. The quantity of food given to us became less and less every day, until they gave us none at all. Then they quit bringing water to us. Eleven days we had no food except the few mouthfuls of dry meat some of the women had kept in their packs. Three days we had no water.

Guns had been kept hidden in the clothing of some of the women. One day, a woman accidentally dropped a six-shooter on the floor. Soldiers came and searched us again, taking whatever weapons they could find. But we kept five six-shooters, with some cartridges for them. I had one in the breast of my dress. We hid all of these under a loose board of the floor. My family blanket was spread over this board.

The men decided to break out of this jail. The women were willing. It was considered that some of us, perhaps many of us, would be killed. But it was hoped that many would escape and get away to join other Indians somewhere. Women cut up robes to make extra moccasins. I made extra pairs for myself and my three children. We piled our small packs by the two windows and the one door, or each woman held her own pack ready at hand. The plan was to break out just after the soldiers had gone to bed for the night. I gave my son the six-shooter I had. He was my oldest child, then 22 years of age.

After the night bugle sounded, my son smashed a window with the gun I had given him. Others broke the other window and tore down the door. We all jumped out. My son took the younger of the two daughters upon his back. The older daughter and I each carried a small pack. It was expected the soldiers would be asleep, except the few guards. But bands of them came hurrying to shoot at us. One of them fired a gun almost at my face, but I was not harmed. It was bright moonlight and several inches of snow covered the ground. For

a short distance all of the Indians followed one broken trail toward the river, but soon we had to scatter. My son with the little girl on his back ran off in one direction, while the other daughter and I went in another direction. We had no agreed plan for meeting again.

I and the daughter with me found a cave and crawled into it. We did not know what had become of the son and his little sister. A man named Crooked Nose also came into our cave. We could hear lots of shooting. The next day we still heard shots, but not so many. Each day after that there was some further firing of guns. We stayed in the cave seven nights and almost seven days. More snow kept falling, it was very cold, but we were afraid to build a fire. We nibbled at my small store of dry meat and ate snow for water. Each day we could hear the horses and the voices of soldiers searching for Indians. Finally, a Captain found our tracks where we had gone out of and back into the cave. He called to us. I crept out. He promised to treat us well if we would go with him. He and his soldiers then took us back to Fort Robinson.

My toes and fingers were frozen. Others who had been caught and brought back were in the same condition, some of them in worse condition. A soldier doctor told us to rub snow on the frozen parts. I did this. At first there was great pain and burning, but this soon passed away. The frozen parts continued sore, but finally they got entirely well.

I was afraid to ask anybody about my son and the little daughter, as my asking might inform the soldiers of them. But I kept watching for them among the Indians there. After a while the little girl came to me. I asked her about her brother. It appeared she did not hear me, so I asked again. This time she burst out crying. Then I knew he had been killed. She told me how it had been done. That night, they had hidden in a deep pit. The next morning some soldiers had come near to them. The brother had said to her: "Lie down, and I will cover you with leaves and dirt. Then I will climb out and fight the soldiers. They will kill me, but they will think I am the only one here, and they will go away after I am dead. When they are gone, you can come out and hunt for our mother." The next day she came out, but the soldiers caught her.

Four of my women friends were shot to death the night we broke out. I do not know how many men and children were killed. Some of the people were never seen again after that night. A few of them got away to Sioux camps on the reservation, and afterward they were sent to Pine Ridge Agency. I heard that seven of the soldiers were killed, all of them shot by one man, a son of One Horse, and then the young

man received a fatal wound. We who had been recaptured were kept in a group by a high cut bank, where soldiers guarded us. Some coffee and a box of crackers were brought for all of us. This was all we had to eat, although we were as hungry as wolves. The soldiers hurried us, so that many of the people did not have time to eat much. A few put crackers into their blankets and ate them afterward. Some shoes and socks and blankets were given to us. We had no place of shelter. My daughters and I got some cottonwood branches and built for ourselves a kind of lodge. With the blankets given to us, this was the best place for sleeping I had been in for a week.

A day or two later all of us were again put into the prison house. Our number now was only about half what it had been. The soldier chief at the fort came and talked to us through an interpreter. He said he pitied us and did not want to kill any more of our people. He then asked if we were willing now to go back to Oklahoma, so that no more of us would be killed. But we were mourning for our dead and we had no ears for his words. Everybody said: "No, we will not go back there."

We expected then that the soldiers would come at once into the prison and shoot all of us. But they did not. Instead, a few days later we were taken to Pine Ridge Agency. There we were put among the Oglala Sioux. Little Wolf and his small band, who had separated from us in coming from Oklahoma, went to Fort Keogh and then were put upon lands by Tongue River, in Montana. Other Cheyennes were with us in association with the Oglalas on Pine Ridge Reservation. Finally, after 12 years, all of us were brought together on this Tongue River Reservation.

We old Indians never knew of any way of obtaining food except by hunting. The government promised to feed us if we would live on the reservations. But I am given very little food. Each month our Indian policeman brings me one quart of green coffee, one quart of sugar, a few pounds of flour and a small quantity of baking powder. I am told that I might get more if I should go each month and ask the agent for it. I myself must go and get it, as they will not send it by a friend. But my home is more than 20 miles over a mountain from the agency. I have no horse to ride or to drive. My daughter who lives with me is a widow and has no children. She likewise has no horse. When either of us wants to go anywhere we have to walk, unless a friend invites us to ride. This being my case, it should not be expected that a 92-year-old woman get her food by personally going to the agency every month, on a certain day of the month, and during

certain hours of the day when the agent or his helper is at the office. It would be hard enough in summer. It is impossible in winter.

To keep myself from starving, I still do some work. I have good eyes yet and good hearing, and I can walk far if given plenty of time. Sometimes I cut wood, but it makes me more tired than it did when I was younger. Last summer, I went by myself and gathered choke-cherries. I pounded them up, dried them, and stored away a sackful of this dried fruit, for winter use. I also gathered seven gallons of serviceberries and dried them. The missionary gave me some squashes and pumpkins, and I cut them into slices and dried them in the sun to keep for winter. He also gave me a dog that barked at people who came to his place. I killed the dog, ate some of the meat, and dried the remainder of it. When a friend gives me any kind of meat, I dry in the sun whatever I do not need for my present hunger. I used to smoke tobacco. But several years ago I quit. I decided it was not good for the health, and also it costs too much money. Prairie woman, who is now interpreting for me in talking to you, sometimes shares her food with me. When winter cold comes, Spotted Hawk lets me stay at his house, to keep warm there. But I do not like to depend in this way upon my friends. I think the government ought to do better in keeping its promise to take care of the old Indians.

This hide-scraper I have is made from the horn of an elk my husband killed, just after we were married. He cut off the smaller prongs and polished this main shaft. The Indian men of the old times commonly made this kind of present to their young wives. Besides using them in tanning the women made marks on them to keep track of the ages of their children. The five rows of notches on this one are the age-records of my five children. Each year I have added a notch to each row, for the living ones. Any time, I can count up the notches and know the age of any of my children. Throughout 72 years it has always been a part of my most precious pack. There were times when I had not much else. I was carrying it in my hands when my husband was killed on upper Powder River. It was tied to my saddle while we were in flight from Oklahoma. It was in my little pack when we broke out from the Fort Robinson prison. It never has been lost. Different white people have offered me money for it. I am very poor, but such money does not tempt me. When I die, this gift from my husband will be buried with me.

This sheath-knife scabbard was also made for me by my husband, soon after we were married. Since then, every day it has dangled from my belt. It is not for sale. Red Ripe was the only husband I ever had. I

am the only wife he ever had. Through 50 years I have been his widow, I could not sell anything he made and gave to me.

I used to cry every time anything reminded me of the killing of my husband and my son. But I now have become old enough to talk quietly of them. I used to hate all white people, especially their soldiers. But my heart now has become changed to softer feelings. Some of the white people are good, maybe as good as Indians.

According to our Indian ways, it is considered not right to speak the name of any of our own dead relatives. But mine have been gone many years, and you are well known to us, so I have told you who my husband was. I tell you now the name of my son who was killed: we called him *Mon-see-yo-mon*—Gathering His Medicine. Lots of times, as I sit here alone on the floor with my blanket wrapped about me, I lean forward and close my eyes and think of him standing up out of the pit and fighting the soldiers, knowing that he would be killed, but doing this so that his little sister might get away to safety. Don't you think he was a brave young man?

■ HENRY EDGAR

Henry Edgar was a prospector in Montana's early gold-mining camps. During 1863, he kept a journal detailing his life as a prospector. He also recorded the discovery of gold in Alder Gulch, one of the largest strikes in Montana. Edgar's journal was transcribed by Israel Clem, Meagher County's representative to the Montana Territorial Legislature in 1871-1872 and again in 1881-1882. He served as a state representative from Granite County in 1897-1898. The journal appears in Volume 3 of Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana *(1900).*

Journal, 1863

May 2nd: All went well through the night, but towards morning the horses became restless, and required a good deal of looking after. Just as morning came I took two of them where the boys were sleeping and woke them up. I put the saddles on and was just going out to Bill when the hills were alive with Indians. They were all around Bill and I got on the horse and started for him, but an Indian grabbed him by the head; I pulled my revolver, Simmons was along side of me and told me not to shoot. Well, I got off and gave the rope of the other