

The Wounded Knee Interviews of Eli S. Ricker

(Article begins on second page below.)

This article is copyrighted by History Nebraska (formerly the Nebraska State Historical Society). You may download it for your personal use. For permission to re-use materials, or for photo ordering information, see: <https://history.nebraska.gov/publications/re-use-nshs-materials>

Learn more about *Nebraska History* (and search articles) here:
<https://history.nebraska.gov/publications/nebraska-history-magazine>

History Nebraska members receive four issues of *Nebraska History* annually:
<https://history.nebraska.gov/get-involved/membership>

Full Citation: Donald F Danker, ed., "The Wounded Knee Interviews of Eli S. Ricker," *Nebraska History* 62 (1981): 151-243.

URL: <https://history.nebraska.gov/sites/history.nebraska.gov/files/doc/publications/NH1981Ricker.pdf>

Article Summary: Eli Ricker, a Chadron area rancher, lawyer, and newspaper editor, spent more than twenty years researching Sioux Indians. This article includes transcripts of nine of his 1906-1907 interviews about the Wounded Knee Massacre.

Cataloging Information:

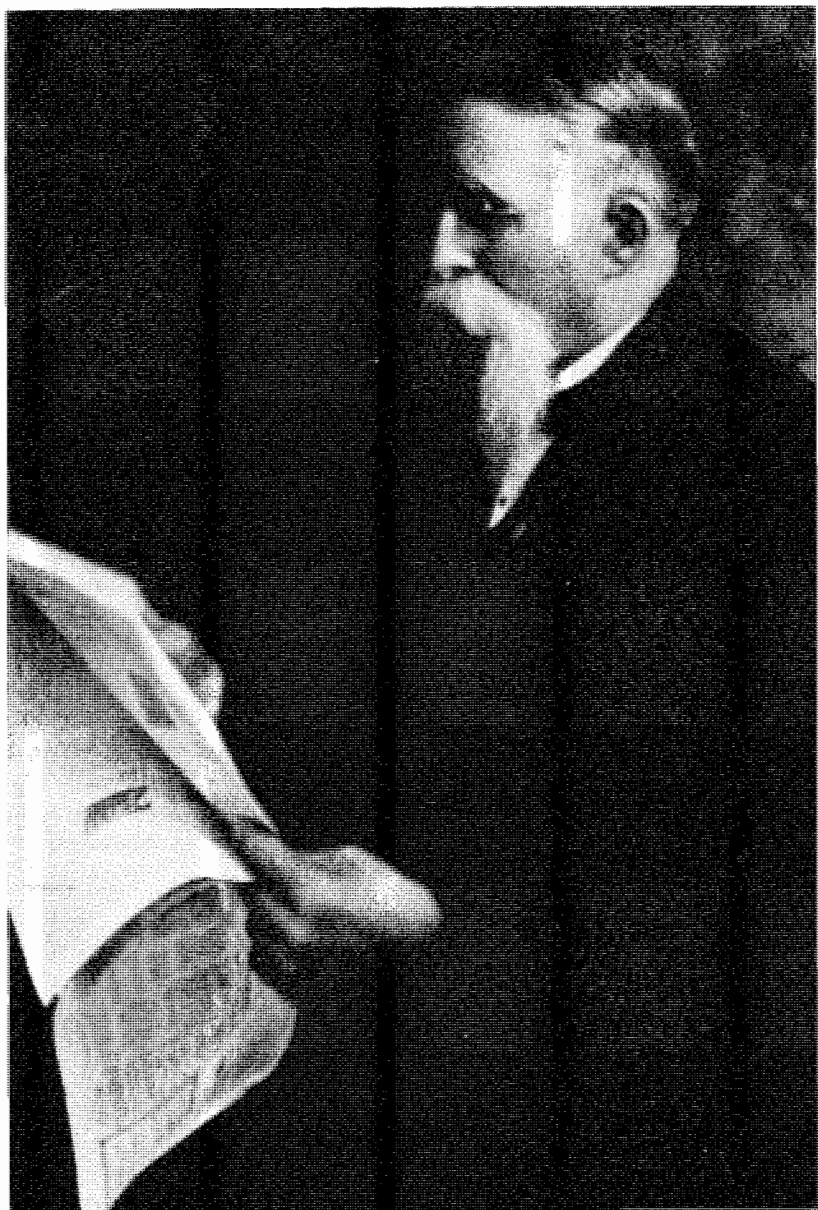
Interviewees: Joseph Horn Cloud, Dewey Beard, Philip Faribault Wells, Richard C Stirk, Paddy Starr, Robert O Pugh, Charles W Allen, Louie Mousseau, M Swigert

Names: Eli S Ricker, Addison E Sheldon, Mari Sandoz, Nelson Miles, George Bird Grinnell, Daniel Royer, John R Brooke, Sitting Bull, James McLaughlin, Buffalo Bill Cody, Big Foot, Edwin Vose Sumner, Charles W Allen, James W Forsyth, James McLaughlin, Hump

Place Names: Chadron, Nebraska; Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota; Rosebud Agency, South Dakota; Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota; Cheyenne River Agency, South Dakota

Keywords: Eli S Ricker, Battle of Wounded Knee, Sioux, Ghost Dance, Sitting Bull, Big Foot, Minneconjous, Pine Ridge Reservation, Rosebud Reservation, Nelson Miles, Joseph Horn Cloud, Dewey Beard, Philip Faribault Wells, Richard C Stirk, Paddy Starr, Robert O Pugh, Charles W Allen, Louie Mousseau, M Swigert, Hotchkiss guns, Edwin Vose Sumner

Photographs / Images: Eli S Ricker; Eli S Ricker Collection, Nebraska State Historical Society; monument to Indians who died at Wounded Knee, dedicated May 30, 1902; Charles W Allen, August 1944; map of the campaign against the Sioux Indians (*14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 1896); Ghost Dancers as depicted by Mary Irvin Wright; map of Wounded Knee battlefield drawn by Philip F Wells; map of Wounded Knee Battlefield from the *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 1896; explanation of the map of Wounded Knee Battlefield; brothers White Lance, Joseph Horn Cloud, and Dewey Beard, February 1907; survivor of Wounded Knee Zitkala-noni (Lost Bird), baptized Marguerite after adoption by General L W Colby, commander of the Nebraska state troops



Eli S. Ricker

The Wounded Knee Interviews of Eli S. Ricker

EDITED BY DONALD F. DANKER

INTRODUCTION

The citizens of Chadron, Nebraska, met on November 25, 1890, and passed a resolution which they sent to Secretary of War Redfield Proctor. The people of Chadron and vicinity were alarmed by rumors of pending Indian attack from nearby Pine Ridge, Rosebud, and Standing Rock agencies. The resolution read in part:

Whereas, we citizens of the State of Nebraska living near the border of the Great Sioux Reservation know whereof we speak, and

Whereas, at the invitation of the Government, we have purchased our lands from it, paid our money therefor to it, and established our homes on said lands with the implied assurance of Government protection. . . .

Resolved, that allowing thousands of savages to be "armed to the teeth" in the center of a sparsely settled agrarian state, is a condition improvident and unreasonable

Resolved, that the leaders and instigators of criminality in savages should receive at the hands of the Government the punishment the law provides for traitors, anarchists and assassins.

Resolved, that in our judgment the exigencies of the occasion demand nothing short of complete disarming the Indians . . . and we respectfully suggest that the shortest route to the satisfactory settlement of the question would be to deprive the savages of their horses, substituting therefor oxen trained to the plow.

F. S. Little
W. Rucker
E. S. Ricker

A. C. Putnam
A. Bartow

Committee on Resolutions¹

One of the Committee on Resolutions making suggestions for the suppression of the so called "savages" was Eli S. Ricker. In the years to come Ricker changed his attitude in regard to the Indians' characteristics. This change of attitude of a pioneer settler was unusual but not as remarkable as the course of action that Eli S. Ricker took because of it. He resolved to write the

history of Indian-white relationship and chose as a title "The Last Conflict Between the White Race and the Indian Tribes of America." He hoped to write an objective history doing justice to the Indians.

Ricker was born in Maine in 1843 and was raised in Illinois. He served in the 102nd Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment during the Civil War and participated in the Sherman campaign. After the war he briefly tried homesteading in Kansas, then returned to Illinois and married. He was admitted to the Iowa bar in 1884 and on September 17, 1885, moved to Dawes County, Nebraska, where he ranched and then set up a law practice in Chadron.² He was elected to three terms as county judge as a member of the Populist Party. He edited the *Chadron Times* from 1903 to 1905. From 1905 until his death in 1926, the major portion of his activities was devoted to his research on the Indians, including the interviewing of dozens of people.

Chadron is on the border of Nebraska and South Dakota and the Sioux of the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations were frequent visitors. Ricker became acquainted with them and was fascinated by their history.

Ricker's newspaper began to publish more and more items concerning the Indians. Its readers could follow the increasing interest of the editor in the Sioux and his growing sympathy for and understanding of their position.

The following excerpts from *Chadron Times* illustrate the point:

Oglala Sioux

Five hundred strong camped in the vicinity Monday and Tuesday. Chief American Horse brought his band from the Porcupine district about 70 miles away. . . .³

Many expressed themselves as liking to trade in Chadron because of the large stock and cheap prices.

Fast Thunder, an Indian, let a cripple have a dollar last Tuesday to go and buy a cigar. The change and the cripple are now out of sight and the Indian older and wiser.⁴

On November 19, 1903, Ricker headlined a story of an attack upon a Pine Ridge Indian hunting party by citizens of Wyoming as "The Paleface Outbreak in Wyoming."⁵ In a previous issue he had expressed the opinion "The red man is peaceful by nature and choice. He is a devoted husband and father, a very agreeable host and he never forgets a friend. The provocations which turned him toward war have not been fairly set forth. . . . The

Indian story has been written only from the outside and he is yet to appear as his own interpreter.”⁶

Eli Ricker spent about a quarter of a century gathering material for the history that would be fair to the Indian. Participants in the final 25 to 50 years of the Indian-white struggle lived in the area. Ricker sought them out. He interviewed the Indians, the ranchers, the scouts. Many were half-bloods or their children, many were full bloods. He used interpreters if necessary and collected innumerable photographs. He traveled many miles and corresponded voluminously. Area libraries such as the Denver Public Library and the Nebraska State Historical Society Library were mined for their information. However, the interview was his main research method. In that pre-tape recorder day he utilized the nickel tablet commonly used by school children. He filled tablet after tablet with interviews, others with notes from books and journals, documents, correspondence, and his own thoughts. All was recorded in a fine Spencerian handwriting as legible as print.

His work caught the attention of the US Bureau of Indian Affairs which appointed him to a position in its archives. This was a mixed blessing for Ricker because, while it gave him access to much new material which he copied into his research notes, it also widened his interest to non-Plains Indians and their earlier struggles so that the formidable task he had undertaken became even broader in scope.

It is obvious that he found research a fascination. There always was more to find, as new facts would point to more facts which should be ascertained before the writing was done. Writing was postponed. There was always some new material to locate. Eli Ricker postponed serious writing until he was ready, but by then he was 80 years old. He moved to a son's home in Grand Junction, Colorado. His family and friends urged him to complete his work. They built for him a sound-proof concrete study and library in which to work. It was too late. He puttered, prepared tentative outlines, introductions, and conclusions. He arranged and rearranged his notes. He did what countless other scholars have done. Then came the inevitable. He suffered a physical breakdown, realized that he would never finish his great work, and began to think about what to do with his material. He died on May 27, 1926, before he could reach a decision.⁷

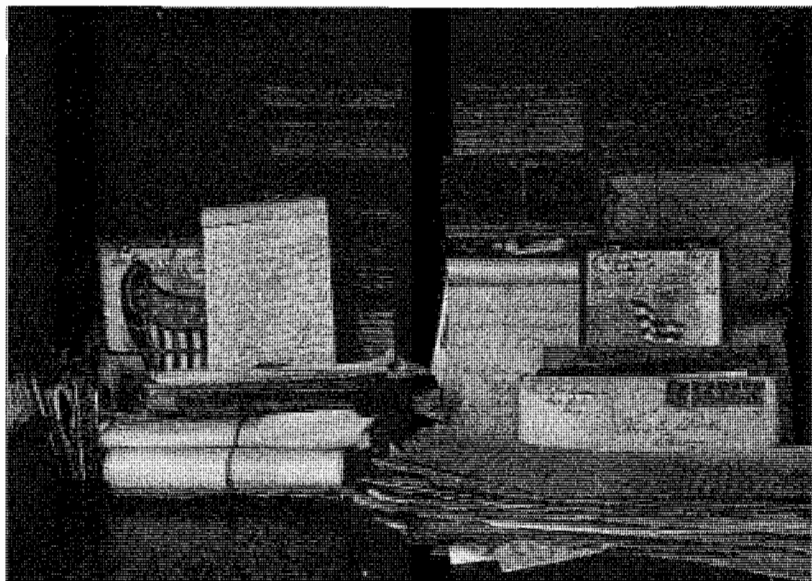
Ricker's years of research had not been without personal cost. His son Leslie wrote a letter to his father expressing his admiration of him, but deploring the fact that he had been deprived of his example and guidance when he needed it most, and thus was neither as well read nor as cultured as his father.⁸

The judge's family discussed selling his collection. Henry Ford and Herbert Auerback, a well-known book dealer, had been contacted. However, the superintendent of the Nebraska State Historical Society, Addison E. Sheldon, was asked to inspect the collection and give advice. Sheldon was from Chadron, had been a Populist, a newspaper editor, and old acquaintance of Ricker's. He had helped the judge with the research. Sheldon advised that the family give it to the Nebraska State Historical Society, which they did in 1926.

Leslie Ricker wrote to other relatives the following, "You speak of Pa putting in so much work and never lived to finish it. . . . Well, I will say this. In a letter I have from Addison E. Sheldon, Superintendent of the Historical Society of Nebraska, (he) writes that a large amount of material that Pa procured for his history . . . was almost invaluable. So much history he got would have been lost . . . it was finished in a way. He had succeeded far beyond many others in an effort for authentic records."⁹

Sheldon reported to the Nebraska State Historical Society Board, "This is an outstanding collection. . . . I do not know whether or not I should live long enough to carry out Judge Ricker's project. . . . It is one of the most important acquisitions secured by the Historical Society in its life." One of the Board members expressed the opinion that it would take a year or so to do it.¹⁰

Sheldon, like Ricker, never published the research. The first serious work done with it was by Mari Sandoz in the early 1930s, and that was one of arrangement. She was a University of Nebraska student from the Chadron area and was employed by the Nebraska State Historical Society. Her father, Jules Sandoz, had known some of the Indians Ricker had interviewed. She became interested in the collection, read it thoroughly, collated, and catalogued it. Some years later she used a number of the interviews as part of the material for her books, especially *Crazy Horse—Strange Man of the Oglalas* and *Cheyenne Autumn*. Others have used the material, especially Robert Utley in his *The Last Days of the Sioux Nation*, published in 1963.¹¹



Eli S. Ricker collection, Nebraska State Historical Society. . . . (Below left) Monument to Indian dead at Wounded Knee, dedicated May 30, 1902. . . . Charles W. Allen, August, 1944.



Ricker and subsequent users of his interviews were faced with a common problem. His material was unique, valuable, and sometimes the only source of information on a particular individual or event. Yet, it was of varied merit according to the informant's memory, veracity, and role in the narratives. Ricker had collected it in such quantity that the task of verification was immense. However, he had assembled the yet untold story from the participants of events. The past they recalled was relatively recent. The intensity of feeling is evident. If Ricker had not recorded the stories, many would have gone unrecorded. Included here are some of the interviews that Eli S. Ricker made with survivors of the Wounded Knee affair. They are supplemented and annotated by the editor from information gathered largely from Indian Bureau and War Department files in the National Archives. They represent individuals who participated in both sides of the sad incident termed as the Battle of Wounded Knee by the whites and the Massacre of Wounded Knee by the Sioux. Ricker agreed with the Indians.

The Sioux, after the last desperate struggle of the 1870s, had been placed upon reservations in the Dakotas. Not only were their lands greatly restricted, which prevented a nomadic hunting existence, but further measures were taken to alter their culture and habits—to change them into replicas of the white man—to eradicate in decades patterns of behavior centuries in the making. They were unhappy and bored. The free days were in a past recent enough to be alive in their memory. They had been promised adequate, even bountiful food and supplies from the government. This did not turn out to be the case, and they believed the promises had been broken. Loss of accustomed freedom was accompanied by actual want.

The situation was reported well before the tragedy at Wounded Knee. At the Fort Belknap Indian Agency an Army inspector wrote, "It will be noticed that the flour ration is less than $\frac{1}{2}$, the coffee, salt, soap and sugar about $\frac{1}{5}$ the Army ration."¹²

General Nelson Miles, commanding troops in South Dakota, telegraphed General John A. Schofield, commander of the Army, and Senator Henry L. Dawes.

The difficult Indian problem can not be solved permanently at this end of the line. It requires the fulfillment by Congress of the treaty obligations in which the Indians were entreated and coerced into signing. They signed away a

valuable portion of their reservation. . . . They understood that ample provision would be made for their support; instead their supplies have been reduced and much of the time they have been living on half or two-thirds rations. Their crops as well as the crops of the white people for two years have been almost a total failure. . . . If the government will give some positive assurance that it will fulfil its part of the understanding. . . . They can safely trust the military authorities to subjugate control and govern these turbulent people.¹³

There were opposing points of view. A. T. Lea, special US Indian agent at Pine Ridge Agency, reported to the acting commissioner of Indian Affairs that the Indians were gluttons, wasteful, and overly generous hosts: "When they get up in the morning a pot is put on the fire and filled with meat. . . . Every neighbor or friend who calls has a large dish of meat set before he or she[sic]. . . . The coffee pot rarely gets cold." The acting commissioner added in a letter to the secretary of interior, "I think Lea is better informed on the subject than the military officers. . . . These Indians were not in a starving condition, though many of them suffer from hunger more from their improvident habits than from any lack of food."¹⁴ A part of the attempt to change Indian ways which contributed to lack of food was the elimination of the "5th quarter" of beef. It consisted of organs that the white authorities did not consider edible but which the Indians had been accustomed to eating.¹⁵

The bored and hungry Indians turned to religion for aid. Soon disturbing reports reached Washington of a movement called the Messiah Craze or Ghost Dance. General Miles wrote, "Emissaries have been among the various tribes telling them of a new religion and a coming Messiah, and holding out promise of that which is most dear to the Indians' heart, namely the destruction of the white race, the restoration of their dead relatives and the return of the buffalo."¹⁶

Official enquiries were sent to the Indian agents in the West to check on the movement. Few agents took it seriously; some pointed out that periods of emotional religion were not uncommon to European and American Christians and cited camp meetings as an example. There was some fear of a sinister influence at work among the tribes. A report was received from the Cheyenne reservation in Oklahoma that a strange intense young white man from the East was at work inciting the Pawnee. Investigation turned up the scholarly George Bird Grinnell hard at work on his pioneer ethnological and historical works.¹⁷ More

common suspects were Mormon agents. Even Miles allowed himself to speculate on this possibility.

A lieutenant colonel at the Rosebud Agency one month before the Wounded Knee affair reported, "Hollow Horn Bear has stated his belief that the Ghost Dance is popular because it is a Feast to which the hungry and starving Indians are attracted and where they are fed (and it would), cease if the people received sufficient rations. . . . Among other suggestions which I might make, none seem so promising to future peace and quiet as the full issue (of food) to Indians . . . their crops have failed utterly . . ." ¹⁸

Agent Daniel Royer at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota was certain that the situation was dangerous. The following plea to the commissioner of Indian Affairs reflected Royer's state of mind:

Indians are dancing in the snow and are wild and crazy . . . employees and government property have no protection and are at the mercy of these dancers. Why delay by further investigation. We need protection and we need it now. ¹⁹

Five days after Royer's plea US Army troops marched into Pine Ridge and by December 1 the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Agencies bustled with soldiers. The forces included the 9th Cavalry, made up of Negro troopers dubbed "buffalo soldiers" by the Sioux, and the 7th Cavalry, including a few who had known Custer. ²⁰

The nation became interested in the brewing Indian trouble. Newspaper correspondents crowded the agencies and filed lurid stories. . . . Suggestions and comments came to the War Department on how to deal with the situation, including the following letter to the Secretary of War.

If he (Father Francis M. J. Croft) could be sent quasi-officially on a confidential mission under the secret service of the War Department, I respectfully suggest. . . very good results might be achieved and a good plan worked out to let the Indians know and to ascertain exactly what they intend to do. ²¹

Father Croft did go to the area and was wounded at the fighting at Wounded Knee.

The first contingents were commanded by General John R. Brooke who moved into Royer's house. He telegraphed his superior, General Nelson Miles, "I have had the agent retain visible control. . . . These people (the Indians) have real grievance on the score of reduction of last year's beef, the failure of crops . . . which reduces them to great straits in the way of food. This

should be corrected at once.”²²

Miles replied, “The only way you can feed those Indians is to consider all under your control, prisoners of war and supply them with sufficient food. First from the agent’s supply and addition needed from Army supply.”²³

Brooke found that various bands were scattered over an area slightly over the width of the present day state of South Dakota. The Standing Rock Agency began in North Dakota and extended southward to the Cheyenne River Reservations. Along the Missouri River were the small Lower Brule and Crow Creek Reservations, and the large Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations bordered Nebraska.²⁴

There was little problem at the Crow Creek and Lower Brule agencies. The Ghost Dance influence was strong at the Cheyenne River agency. At Pine Ridge many of the most dissatisfied people were gathered at a natural fortification known as The Strong Hold. Here the most sincere believers in the new faith danced and defied the agents’ orders to desist. Discontent also was widespread at the Rosebud Agency.²⁵

Standing Rock Agency proved to be the flash-point of the explosion to come. Ghost Dancing was practiced by relatively few at Standing Rock, but the presence of two strong men made for a dangerous situation. Sitting Bull, whose reputation originated in part on the banks of the Little Big Horn, exercised a strong unofficial influence over the agency, and especially over a band of his followers who lived near to the old chief. The capable, strong-willed agent, James McLaughlin, resented Sitting Bull’s disruptive presence, especially after the chief espoused the Ghost Dance for either political or religious reasons. His motives were unclear but his actions obvious, at least to McLaughlin.

The agent, as well as the US Army, decided that Sitting Bull should be removed from Standing Rock Agency. It was the implementation of this accord that was clouded by conflict of method and jurisdiction. General Miles, directed by President Benjamin Harrison to suppress the unrest on the reservations, believed the removal of Sitting Bull his duty. Agent McLaughlin disagreed. He had at his command loyal Indian police and he believed that civil jurisdiction should take precedent over military. McLaughlin was supported by US Army officers at nearby Fort Yates who did not agree with the methods of Miles.

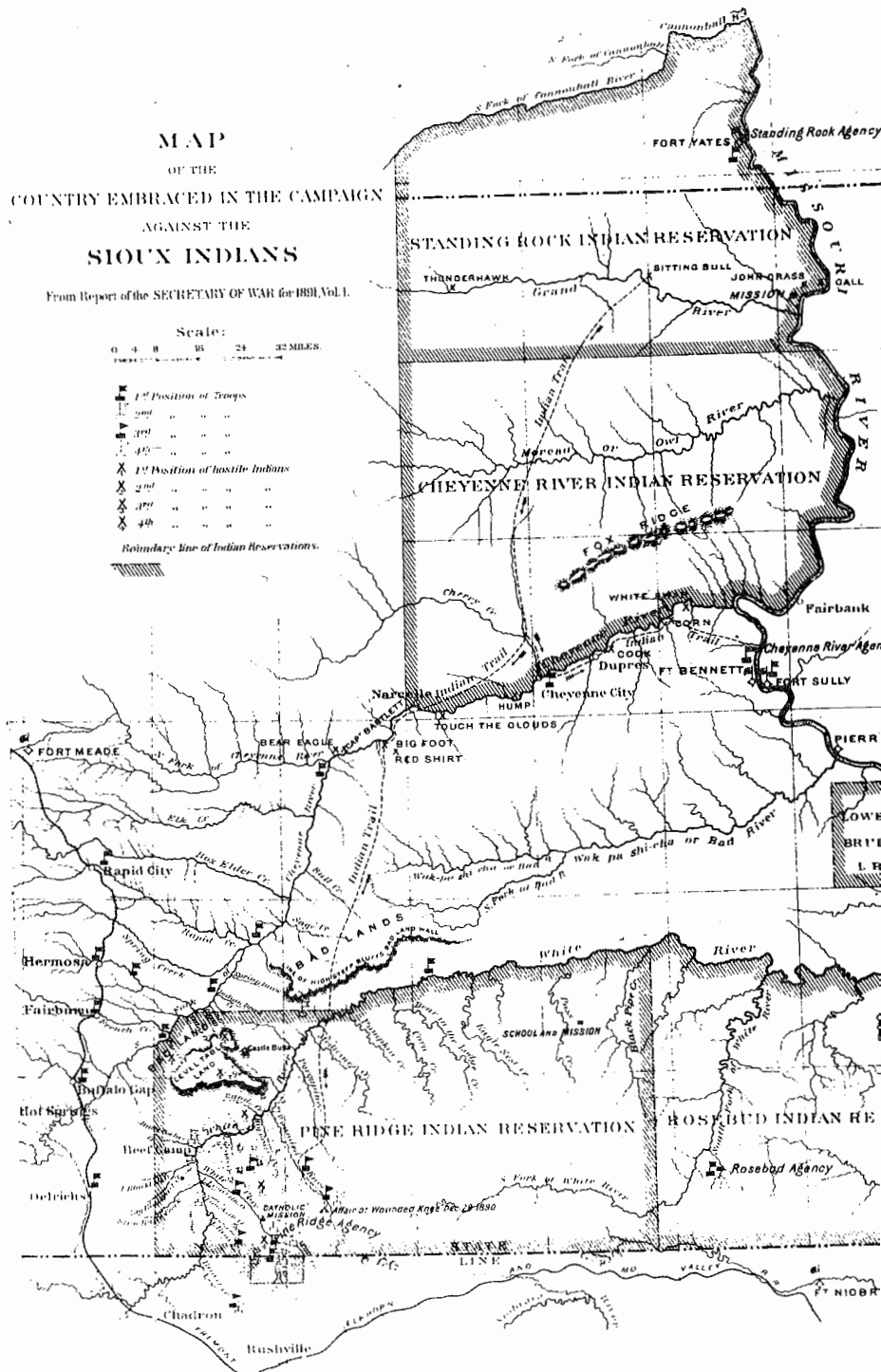
MAP OF THE COUNTRY EMBRACED IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE SIOUX INDIANS

From Report of the SECRETARY OF WAR for 1891, Vol. I.

Scale:
0 4 8 16 24 32 MILES

- 1st Position of Troops
- 2nd " " "
- 3rd " " "
- 4th " " "
- 1st Position of hostile Indians
- 2nd " " "
- 3rd " " "
- 4th " " "

Boundary line of Indian Reservations.



The General had attempted to use his old friend Buffalo Bill Cody to bring in Sitting Bull. Cody and the Indian were friends. Sitting Bull had been a major attraction with the Cody Wild West Show for a time.

McLaughlin and the military at Fort Yates cooperated in bringing about the failure of the unorthodox methods of the old timers. There was an unsuccessful attempt at the Fort Yates Officers Club to drink Cody under the table the night before he and his companions were to go to Sitting Bull's camp. There was a successful ruse to set him on a false path on the way.²⁶

After the failure of the Miles-Cody attempt to obtain Sitting Bull, McLaughlin and the Fort Yates officers pursued the matter. McLaughlin sent out some Indian police commanded by a Lieutenant Bull Head. McLaughlin received an urgent message written on December 14, 1890, at 12:30 a.m. from John Carignan, the teacher of an Indian school near the Sitting Bull settlement.

Bull Head wishes to report what occurred at S. B.'s camp at a council held yesterday.

It seems that Sitting Bull has received a letter from the Pine Ridge outfit asking him to come over there as God was going to appear to them.

S. B.'s people want him to go, but he has sent a letter to you asking your permission and if you do not give it he is going to go anyway; he has been fitting up his horse to stand a long trip and will go horseback in case he is pursued.

Bull Head would like to arrest him at once before he has the chance of giving them the slip.²⁷

McLaughlin, with the assent of Lieutenant Colonel William F. Drum at Fort Yates, made arrangements for Sitting Bull's arrest. Indian police were to apprehend the chief with soldiers positioned within a few miles if help was needed.

The arrest went badly. Sitting Bull, aroused from sleep and urged by his followers, struggled with the police. An angry crowd gathered and the policeman Lieutenant Bull Head was shot by a Sitting Bull supporter. The police shot Sitting Bull dead, and after a hand-to-hand fight retreated into Sitting Bull's cabin where they were besieged. In the cabin was Sitting Bull's 17-year-old son hiding under a blanket. After brief discussion the police killed him. One of the police eluded enemy fire and rode through to the soldiers. He reached a cavalry squadron which hurried to the rescue. The Sitting Bull people fled after a few Hotchkiss cannon shells exploded near them. At the site were left

eight dead Indians, including Sitting Bull. Four Indian police were dead and three wounded. Two of these, including Bull Head, had wounds which would kill them. The fleeing Indians were frightened and certain that the soldiers would pursue and kill them. Messengers of desperation and doom, they sought refuge over on the Dakota Reservations. Their stories of bloodshed and predictions of war were persuasive to some of their uneasy hosts, and the events leading to tragedy at Wounded Knee accelerated.²⁸

One of the bands reached by the Standing Rock refugees was led by an old Minneconjou named Big Foot. The chief was not a noted warrior, but among his people at least, was an arbitrator of disputes. There is evidence that he had guided his people as peaceably as possible from the old free years toward the gloomy present. On May 4, 1875, on the eve of the last great Plains Indian battles, Big Foot had written from the Red Cloud Agency in Nebraska.

My Great Father

I was promised all kinds of animals to raise and also one small light wagon. I was told that my Great Father wanted me to induce a hundred Indians to farm with me. I told him all poor people and those that wanted to listen to me, I would help them. I was told I would have a good house to live in, my Great Father and I have not forgotten. We have an agent here which I believe everything he tells me and obey him.²⁹

These hardly are the words of a militant warrior. Yet as the years passed, Big Foot longed for the buffalo days as did his people. He clutched at the straw of hope the new religion offered and allowed its evangelists to visit his Minneconjou band on the Cheyenne River reservation. He changed his mind on the Ghost Dance but not soon enough to avoid classification by the Army as a disruptive influence.³⁰

The order was issued for Big Foot's band to be brought to the Pine Ridge Agency. A series of telegrams from General Miles indicate that officer's urgency and intentions.

December 19, 1890. Capt. E. P. Ewers: Where are Hump and Big Foot? Miles.

Dec. 20. Commanding Officer. Fort Bennett, South Dakota. Is Big Foot at the Agency? Miles.

Dec. 20. Gen. Brooke. There must be no move on these Indians unless to prevent their immediate escape, until every commanding officer is thoroughly instructed and the order given by myself. Miles.

Dec. 20. Gen. Brooke: You can assure all Indians I intend to do what is right and I believe I can secure on the part of our government the fulfillment of the treaty obligations to the full extent. I certainly shall not rest until this is done. Miles.

Dec. 21. General Brooke. I believe all or very nearly all of the followers of Sitting Bull have been captured and Col. Sumner reports today the capture of Big Foot's band of about one hundred and fifty. He has been one of the most defiant and threatening. Miles.

Dec. 22. Col. Sumner. I am most gratified with your rounding up that body of Indians. You had better take them to Fort Meade and hold them. . . They have been defiant and should be held under positive control . . .³¹

Unfortunately, especially for the ill-fated Indians, Colonel Sumner allowed Big Foot's band to slip away. On December 24 he reported to the adjutant general that Big Foot "deceived him (Sumner) and eluded his command going south in light order. This was most unfortunate just at this time and may turn the scale against the efforts that have been made to avoid an Indian war. Up to this time the prospects looked favorable. Miles."³²

Miles was correct concerning the incident turning the scales against peace. Sumner explained his failure in part by stating that a white man had made a false report to the Indians, which alarmed them into flight.³³

As his people fled, Big Foot became ill with pneumonia and rode in a wagon. The weather was cold, the terrain rough, and the region was being searched by soldiers of the 6th and 7th Cavalry. The search was spearheaded by scouts, usually mixed-blood or full-blood Sioux, whose wilderness skills were as acute as those of their quarry. Major Whiteside of the 7th Cavalry offered \$25 to any scout who would guide him to the fugitives.³⁴

Thus, the events led to the episode at Wounded Knee, which would go beyond history into the realm of symbolism, especially to the descendants of the victims. The story is told here in eyewitness accounts gathered by Ricker from informants whom he could locate. They vary with point of view and with the veracity and perceptiveness of those interviewed. The accounts were recorded by a man sympathetic with what was a minority viewpoint and whose sentiments were decades ahead of his time. Eli S. Ricker would not have been out of place in the 1970s, yet he strived for as much objectivity as the human and documentary sources of his day offered to him. Following are excerpts from interviews and other items on Wounded Knee from the Ricker Collection:

THE INTERVIEWS

JOSEPH HORN CLOUD

*Interview with Joseph Horn Cloud*³⁵

Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1906 at Day School No. 23

He says:

He is about 35 years old. His father's name was Horned Cloud. (Joseph says that he has shortened the name Horned Cloud to Horn Cloud for convenience). Both the father and the mother of Joseph and his brothers, Sherman and William and his sister Pretty Enemy, were killed at the battle of Wounded Knee; and also the wife of his brother Beard, the oldest brother.

Joseph attended Day School at Cheyenne River Agency at the school on Plum Creek, his teacher was Mrs. Helen A. Williams, wife of John Buck Williams; attended two and one half years. When he was eight years old he attended a public school of white and Indian pupils ten miles above Pierre, South Dakota for one year. At this place his grandfather had a homestead, and his uncles, Stephen Yellow Hawk and Samuel Yellow Hawk (his Indian name was Bear Ears), had homesteads above Pierre.³⁶ After five years the uncles had to pay taxes. In one more year, Joseph's grandfather would have had to pay taxes, but he said he could not stand the burden, so he sold out and went across the Missouri River to the Cheyenne River Agency and settled on the Morrow River where he died after the trouble of 1890 and where his grandmother also died after the troubles.

Big Foot's Massacre—as it is always called by the Indians.³⁷

In the month of August, 1890, Horned Cloud and two other families with three wagons got a pass from Capt. Hennessey and they went up to the foot of Dog Teeth Butte, camped there on the Missouri River and hunted antelope. They returned in October.

When the pass was obtained, Capt. Hennessey³⁸ was in camp near one of Big Foot's camps. Big Foot's band proper was encamped near the forks of the Cheyenne. There were other bands of his people scattered along the Cheyenne River. Hennessey was encamped on the River above Big Foot's camp and between it and Eagle Bear's camp or band of Big Foot's people. Big Foot was the *head man* of the Minneconjou Sioux living on the Reservation. Big Foot and Eagle Bear were about six

miles apart on the river and Hennessey was camped between them. Capt. Hennessey said he came from Ft. Mead, he added, some say the Black Hills. There were no white settlers yet on the cession to speak of; there was a cow ranch on the Belle Fourche River and a few settlers on the south Cheyenne River scattered as far up as Smithville where there was a post office and a store kept by Frank Cottle, who is still there in business.

There was no Ghost Dancing here when Horned Cloud's party went off on the hunt; but when it returned and came to Fort Cheyenne, which Hennessey's camp was called, Hennessey told them that the Medicine Dance, as he called it, had begun. That the Indians just before that had been dancing four days, but that the police had stopped it. When the Indians got through their haying began again to dance and continued this a week. The Minneconjous did not go to dancing till the Pine Ridge people came over and taught them to sing and dance. The Rosebud Indians did not take any part in starting this among the Minneconjous. There was no more dancing until they went down the Cheyenne River.

Early in November 1890, Big Foot's people went down to the mouth of Cherry Creek which is on the north side of the Big Cheyenne to a place of issue to draw rations. This point was about 60 miles from the agency on the Missouri River. The Indians did the freighting of these rations from the Agency to the mouth of Cherry Creek.

After the rations were issued to them, they returned to Big Foot's camp, and after a few days they closed up their houses, fences and gates to make things solid and secure. They started to the Agency where Fort Bennett then was, to draw their annuities. Thinks they started Nov. 17. When they got to a little store on Cheyenne River kept by one old and two young Germans, 20 miles above Cheyenne Creek, they went into camp. In the night, an old Indian came into camp and told that soldiers were coming up the river and next day two young men came in a diagonal course across from Cherry Creek to Big Foot's camp bringing news of the killing of Sitting Bull. The next day Big Foot moved his camp over the river for better grass to a point opposite the store. At the same time, he dispatched ten of his young men to the mouth of Cherry Creek as to whether the report that had been brought was true. When they arrived there, they found 300 of Sitting Bull's people who fled there from Standing Rock after

their chieftain's tragedy. They all wanted to come to where Big Foot was, but the Minneconjous at the mouth of the creek under Hump who was their chief, would not permit them to move up the river. Two of the ten young men returned to Big Foot and confirmed the report of Sitting Bull's death and told him of the 300 of his followers at the mouth of Cherry Creek. The remaining eight of the young men took sides with Sitting Bull's people, insisting that they should not be prevented from going to Big Foot, and there came near being a conflict between these young men and Hump and some of his men. But the young men had to come away with only 20 men, women and children. These were fed and given presents. The next day a number of Hump's band came up to Big Foot, there being some 30 wagons. That evening scouts (Indian) came to the camp and reported that soldiers were coming up the River to where Big Foot was. The scouts advised him not to go to the Agency for the annuities. Before noon, some cavalry came and Big Foot was told to go up the river to his old camp, to his old home. He moved and that night camped at Narcisse Narsell's ranch under guard of the troops. Before sun up, the bugle sounded the call and an interpreter told them to go to Big Foot's camp. An officer counted the young men and told them to march with the soldiers. The next section of wagons was one headed by two old women. They were passing through a gate, two wagons abreast when the wheels locked and the wagons got entangled so that they could not proceed. An officer told them to "hurry up, hurry up, be quick." A young man called Black Coyote, a relation to the women, spoke up and said, "I am still living ; I don't like to see my relations abused by a white man." He took off his coat and rushed to the officer. The interpreter Felix Benoit called out, "Hold on!" The officer mounted, spurred his horse and rode away to the soldiers. He had been treating the Indians as though they were mere animals. He was very angry. As soon as this young man took off his coat all the Indians said let us go ahead to the wagons. They all mounted and rose up to the wagons in front and then all the wagons came together in a park. The soldiers had left them for awhile. There was ice on both sides of the River; this was cut away by the Indians and both they and the soldiers went over. Now the Indians were near their old settlement. Black Coyote, a nephew of Big Foot, told the officer that they would not go any further, but would go to their old camp. The officer refused to let them

stop. Then two Indians, Henry One Eye and Standing Elk, rode up to him and, seizing his horse by the bits, they led him to Big Foot. Then this officer said, "Let me go! I will let you go to your houses." He was released and all the Indians repaired to their camp, the soldiers going to the forks of the Cheyenne River. The Indians were not disturbed again for a long time.

On December 23, Joseph and William Horn Cloud went down the river for some hay. When they were loading, an Indian rode up with a sweating and foaming horse and told them to hurry and get home, that some soldiers were coming to fight. The Horn Clouds did not believe him and kept at their work and loaded up their wagon. Coming home, they met their brother Frank coming to them. He told them that a white man had come and told the Indians that a lot of troops were going to come tonight and tomorrow night. Frank said that their father had sent him to tell them to hurry home. They hastened home as fast as they could with their hay. Leaving their load of hay when they got home, these two leaving Frank with their parents and taking White Lance, another brother, the three rode over to Big Foot's—about three miles. There they saw the white man that Frank had told them about, his horse still wet with sweat, he was telling the Indians that the troops would come tonight or tomorrow night and that they should go to Pine Ridge, for there were more Indians there. But Big Foot refused. This man kept on telling them to run away. The Indians argued among themselves, some tried to persuade Big Foot to go, saying that this white man whose Christian name was John (can not give his last name) and who they called Red Beard, was a friend to them and always had been, and he would not tell them anything but the truth.³⁹ Big Foot continued his refusal, saying that he would not leave his home. Red Beard persisted in urging them to go, telling them that he did not want to see their women and children killed. Big Foot would not yield. He said, "This is my home; this is my place; if they want to kill me—if they want to do anything to me, let them come and do as they please. I don't want to do anything wrong towards the white people." Then Red Beard spoke and said "Red Fish," addressing one of Big Foot's men, "my friend (kola) if you want to defend yourselves, you must remember your knives and your guns; do it like a man." Some of the Indians still wanted to go to the Pine Ridge Reservation. Red Beard again spoke up: "I heard the officers agree together to bring a

thousand soldiers from Fort Mead to take all the men and bring them to Fort Mead as prisoners." He repeated this statement. He then said he was going to return to his ranch on the Belle Fourche by way of the soldiers' camp, and told the Indians not to tell on him.

After his departure, the Indians talked among themselves and some said they should go to Pine Ridge, while others said they should stay at their houses. Others urged that all of them should go together to the cedars in the canyon and wait there three days, and if the soldiers did not come in that time they should all return to their homes. They were at this time at the mouth of Pass Creek on the south side of the Cheyenne River. The creek is on the south side and flows north into the Cheyenne. This Pass Creek, so called by the Indians, is by the whites called Deep Creek. At the mouth now stands the Pedro Post Office.

The Indians hitched up their teams and moved up the creek to the south about six miles, then bore off on the ridge toward the east about three miles. Here they stopped and had a council and decided to go to Pine Ridge. Big Foot still held out, but the sentiment of his people being against him, he gave in to the overwhelming pressure.

Red Cloud, No Water, Big Road, Calico and Young Man Afraid of his Horses had been sending overtures to Big Foot to come over and join with the friendly Indians and help make peace, and they had promised if he would do this and peace was brought about that they would give him a hundred horses. Big Foot, now seeing that opposition was of no avail, concluded to accept the offer and if a peaceable settlement of the difficulties was had, to get the horses.

They had to move ten miles to water; this brought them to a branch of the Bad River where they camped for the night. Next morning, they crossed the main stream of the Bad River and at noon stopped for dinner on a branch of the Bad River, moving in a south-westerly course. Going six or seven miles farther, they arrived at the big wall of the bad lands on the north side of the White River. The Pass was very difficult. Wagons had been over it before, but it was now washed out, there were great gullies and holes, but the men took axes and spades and worked a passage way so that they got down and reached the White River about sundown and crossed, the rear teams getting over after dark. This day, though the sun shone brightly, was windy, raw and cold.

That night, Big Foot was taken very sick with pneumonia. This was the 24th of December. They camped on the south side of the river. Next day, they moved eight miles to Cedar Springs, now known as Big Foot's Spring. Had to move very slow owing to Big Foot's sickness. On the 26th, they moved again four miles to Red Water Creek. On the 27th, they moved about noon and at supper time arrived at Medicine Root Creek, about where Kyle now is. Here Big Foot said he wanted to see the chiefs and urged his people to move on. They drove five miles farther to American Horse Creek where there was a log school house, and where there is now the regulation Day school no. 17. Big Foot was unable to proceed any farther, being a very sick man. On the 28th, the camp was astir early and began the march up Yellow Thunder Creek toward Porcupine Creek. By noon they had proceeded fifteen miles and as they reached the hills skirting Porcupine on the east, four Indian scouts were discovered watering their horses in the stream. A few Indians made a dash upon them and captured two, Old Hand, who was a brother of Little Bat, and another. The other two made their escape. After the capture of these scouts, they all halted on the Porcupine for dinner. The Indians did not learn from their captives of the soldiers being on Wounded Knee. On the passage from White River to Porcupine, while they passed a number of houses, no person was seen, except Francis Mayock, a crazy Irishman who was guarding a house belonging to Condelario Benavidez. He told them all the Indians had gone to the Agency to get annuities or to do fighting.

About 2:00 p.m. they hitched up their teams and started for Wounded Knee. Having crossed the Porcupine and raised up to the top of the hills on the other side, they saw a cloud of dust rising and when they had descended on the other side, the soldiers had also come over the hills from the west, and the two columns met here on Pine Creek, the soldiers crossing it and taking position in line of battle facing the approaching Indians who had hoisted a white flag. Four Hotchkiss cannons had been run out a few yards in front of the line of soldiers. Pine Creek is a dry creek two miles east of Porcupine butte.

A white-haired officer with an interpreter (Ricker: I suppose Major Whiteside and Little Bat) asked for Big Foot, and the wagon in which he lay was pointed out. They went up and the officer asked, "What is your name?" "My name is Big Foot."

"Where are you going?" Big Foot answered, "I am going to Pine Ridge to see the people." "Why do you go to Pine Ridge?" Big Foot replied: "I am going because they sent for me."

"Do you want peace or to fight?" inquired the officer. "No," said the Chief. "My great fathers were all friendly to the white people and died in peace, and I want to die the same." The officer then said, "If you are telling me the truth I want you to give me 25 guns." Big Foot answered, "I am willing to give you the 25 guns; but if I do I am afraid you will do some harm to my people. Wait till we get to the Agency and we will decide as we please. I will give you all you ask and will return to my home." Big Foot's strength was failing; he spoke slowly and in faltering accents. The officer said, "All right," and extended his arm, the two shook hands. Big Foot continuing, said: "I am going to see the Pine Ridge people to make a peace for them and the white people; and if I make a peace I will get a hundred horses for a reward."

The officer spoke to the people and said that Big Foot was in a bad place, and that he should be put into his ambulance, at the same time motioning to some of his men to bring up the ambulance. Big Foot was then taken out of his own wagon in a blanket and removed to the officer's conveyance. The Indians and soldiers now started for Wounded Knee about five miles away, the Indians being ahead and the ambulance containing Big Foot being in the lead. This was flanked on either side by a sergeant and a soldier mounted. There were about 40 Indians on horseback; they were flanked on each side by a line of cavalry soldiers. The rest of the soldiers were in the rear of the column.

On this movement from the Cheyenne, the Indians had ridden either in wagon or on horseback.

It was nearly sunset when this procession reached the camp on Wounded Knee.

When they crossed Wounded Knee Creek on the bridge, they passed by the door of the trader's store and some of the Indians went in and bought candles, sugar, coffee, bacon, etc. The store was kept by George E. Bartlett.⁴⁰

Colonel Forsyth came out from the Agency at night arriving about 11 p.m. with Capt. Taylor's scouts and some wagons.⁴¹

The first thing after the guard had been changed in the morning, an old Indian named Wounded Hand harangued the

camp, telling the people there was going to be a council with the soldiers. Then all the young men came forward and sat down in the circle with the old men in front of where Big Foot had slept the night before. Then Big Foot was, by direction of an officer, brought out on a blanket and laid down near the eastern extremity of the half or three-quarters circle or council. On his left was his brother, on his right was Horned Cloud, father of Joseph Horn Cloud. Just behind Big Foot stood old man Wounded Hand. The Indians set quietly in the circle looking at the officers. Capt. Wallace⁴² was standing just behind Horned Cloud and John Shangrau,⁴³ interpreter was in the group. Capt. Wallace, thinking from the costume of Joseph Horn Cloud who was in citizen clothes that perhaps he belonged to the Pine Ridge Indians, asked John Shangrau who he was. Shangrau said, "You ask him. He talks English." Wallace asked Joseph his name and he replied, "Joseph Horned Cloud." "Where is your father?" continued the Captain. Joseph pointed to his father near him in the section on the east side (and north of the eastern end of the council). Horned Cloud was sitting at Big Foot's right with a fur cap on his head. He was smoking and passing his pipe to Wounded Hand who was standing behind him. The Captain asked Joseph if he was sure that he belonged to this outfit, meaning Big Foot's band. Joseph said "yes." An officer spoke up (it must have been Major Whiteside) and said to Big Foot, "Big Foot, I want 25 guns. Yesterday everybody had a gun. I want 25 of them."

Big Foot said, "All right." He said to the people, "Bring 25 guns. If I was able to talk I would talk for you, but I can not talk." Blood was flowing from his nose, he was stiff and weak.

The young men went to their quarters and brought out 25 guns and laid them down in the center of the circle. The officer then said, "I want five more." The young men went again and brought forward five more guns. Then the officer demanded five more and added, "I want them all." Big Foot said, "Bring them all, boys." They answered back to Big Foot, "There are no more guns." Then the officer said, "What have you done with all the guns? I will send the soldiers to get the guns themselves." Big Foot said, "All right. Let them do it." Speaking to his followers he said, "Boys, do not be mad, let them do it." The soldiers went back into the Indian camp, took sacks out of wagons and emptied them on the ground, went into tents and everywhere examining,

picked up some old shot guns, knives, tomahawks, arrows, and awls, and they searched the persons of the women.

While this was going on, the same officers said to the Indians, "I want you all to stand in a rank before the officers." There were 125 in the council, including Joseph Horn Cloud. Continuing, he said, "I want the same number of soldiers to stand in front of the Indians and take their cartridges out of their guns and cock them and aim at their foreheads and pull the triggers. After this you will be free. Afterwards you will go to the Agency and I will give you nine beeves."⁴⁴ Some of the Indians were getting wild at such talk and some said, "Now he sees that we have nothing in our hands, so he talks this way." Others said, "We are not children to be talked to like this." A man cried out: "Take courage! Take courage!" Big Foot spoke up, "Yes, take courage. There are too many children and old people." Meaning in these words addressed to his people that they should be calm because there were so many old men and women and little children that they must keep their patience and take no risk and bring on danger.

Two or three times Big Foot was raised to a sitting posture by his brother Iron Eye on one side and Horned Cloud on the other, he wanted to address his followers and encourage them to be patient and remain cool and do nothing to bring on trouble, but he could not sit up but a moment and then had to be laid down to rest.

The maudlin talk of the officer set all the Indians to murmuring. Capt. Wallace spoke to Joseph Horn Cloud and said, "Joseph, you better go over to the women and tell them to let the wagons go and saddle up their horses and be ready to skip, for there is going to be trouble; for that officer is half shot." Joseph started and when he came to the guards, they would not let him pass, but Captain Wallace seeing this motioned to the guards to let him through, and he went on: Joseph told the women to saddle the horses and be ready to run. He went to catch his own horse which was just in the rear of this Indian camp but in front of the line of guards. They helped him to catch the horse then he brought him in and hitched him to a wagon. Then he returned to the Council. He went through the ranks of soldiers and immediately in the rear of the council and then he saw the deaf man making a big cigarette out of bag paper. He was standing and three cavalry sergeants (they each had three yellow stripes or

chevrons on their arms) were moving toward him from behind. They seized him before he knew they were there, two taking hold of his arms, the others trying to take the gun away from him. Before the sergeants had come up, this man who was deaf had been holding up his gun in both hands over his head and telling the Indians that it was his own gun, that it had cost him a good deal of money, that if anybody wanted it he must pay for it, for he would not give it up without pay. The three sergeants approached him from behind as above stated. Just as the struggle between him and the sergeants began someone cried, "Look out! Look out!" These words were scarcely uttered when the gun went off, elevated in the air at an angle of about 45 degrees and pointing eastwardly. Instantly, there was a volley from the soldiers standing around the circle. These shot the men in the back.

Before this point was reached, I should have said that the searching party was going around on the inside of the circle or council and taking the guns and had gotten pretty well around toward the east extremity of the circle when the firing broke loose. There were a few of the warriors at this end who had not been searched and still had guns. They were near the deaf man who was gesticulating and talking about his gun.

Another omission. Just before Captain Wallace sent Joseph to tell the women to saddle up, the Medicine Man was swinging his arms and singing Ghost Songs and marching around inside of the circle. He was a Rosebud Indian named Good Thunder. He was wounded. Afterwards he was an Episcopal preacher on the Rosebud Reservation for awhile. Then he quit and has done nothing since.

Shakes Bird went round on the outside of the council singing Ghost Songs.

When the shooting began, the women ran to the ravine. The shooting was in every direction. Soldiers shot into one another. Many of the Indians in the circle were killed. Many of them mingled with the soldiers behind them picking up guns from dead soldiers and taking cartridge belts. They took guns they had turned over and the cartridge belts they had turned over with them. Many Indians broke into the ravine, some ran up the ravine and to favorable positions for defense.

Beard (who is a brother of Joseph Horn Cloud, but is not called Horn Cloud, called Beard only) and William Horn Cloud,

David Horn Cloud, who is now called White Lance, and Sherman Horn Cloud, who is a brother of Joseph, and George Shoot the Bear and Long Bull, both cousins of Joseph and two old men, one of whom belonged to Big Foot's band and the other to Sitting Bull's band, and a woman called Helena Living Bull and a little son—these all took refuge in the pocket in the ravine and here William Horn Cloud was killed and here Beard killed four soldiers, one being stabbed with a knife (a sergeant), the other being shot. White Lance received three wounds in his right leg and one slight wound on top of his head. He was borne from here up the ravine by George Shoot the Bear and Peter Stand.

Some cannon were moved to the bank of the ravine and some were planted on Cemetery Hill.

When the firing began, there was soon so much smoke enveloping the scene that nobody could be seen with distinctness. There was no wind to clear it away. It hung like a pall over the field. Through rifts in the smoke, heads and feet would be visible. Women were killed in the beginning of the fight, just the same as men were killed. Women who were wounded and had babies, placed the little things in there for safety, some women made places for themselves and crawled into them for protection; some women were found lying dead with dead infants on their breasts, one mother lay dead, her breast covered with blood from her wound and her little child was standing by her and nursing.

Before the burial party came out from the Agency, the Indians had been over the field, especially was this true of Short Bull who belonged to the Rosebud Reservation. Short Bull, who was with the hostiles, came on to the field from the Agency and gathered up his relatives who were in the fight.

The soldiers shot women the same as they shot men. Beard was wounded while in the pocket, first in his shoulder close to where the collar bone joins the shoulder and the bullet ranged down his back nearly the whole length of his body, he was wounded the second time in his right leg. Men, women and children fled in a stream up the road and around the northeast corner of the big field and within close range of the cavalry. A great many women and boys and girls were killed along here. Some turned off into the field to get out of reach of the cavalry fire and a number were killed in this field. Joseph Horn Cloud passed up this road and crossed over south to the canyon or ravine and went into it, and

then out of it again, following the road on the north side of the field back into the fight where the cavalry was; there he soon went to a lot of horses that had collected from all quarters, some with harness, some with saddles on—all a little way northwest of the cavalry; and here he caught three horses, first one, then a second and then a third, all of which were successively wounded; then he got two more and with these he went up to the hill a few hundred yards from the cavalry and northwest of the field; he heard a woman behind him call, "Brother, come and help me." He turned back to her. She had a baby on her back. She was crying. The horses were unmanageable. They were hard on the bit and the best he could do was to circle around her in a wide circuit. At last he got up to her and jumped off his horse and told her to get on, this horse had a saddle on, but she could not mount as the horse kept turning; while she was trying to mount and while her foot was in the stirrup, she was knocked to the ground by bullets. The infant was strapped to her back all the time. She arose and, Joseph still assisting her, she succeeded in getting into the saddle. Joseph threw the saddle from his own horse, which was rearing in the air, but catching it by the mane he seated himself on its back and then went over to the band of horses again and caught two more; he gave one of these to Chief Dog, a policeman at the Agency who was a cousin to Joseph and wounded in the face; the other horse he gave to a Pine Ridge Indian. Then Joseph came back again to the fight. This was after noon; he came back behind the cavalry this time. When the cavalry moved up west to the top of the hills and crossed and went down west and crossed Fast Horse Creek, Joseph followed far to the right out of reach of their bullets. The cavalry came back in a few minutes and Joseph fell in behind and followed. The cavalry resumed its old position and Joseph went over to the head of the ravine or one branch of it; here he heard the Pine Ridge Indians who had come; some soldiers had advanced up the north side of the ravine and got around some of the Indians who had streamed up there. These Pine Ridge Indians coming at this moment released the prisoners as the soldiers fell back; these released Indians went with the Pine Ridge Indians back to Pine Ridge. Joseph stayed around about an hour. In the meantime, he went up toward the Pine Hills and over the head of the ravine. Here he saw his brother Beard coming out of the ravine; he was the last to leave it, the firing all ceased and the battle was at an end. Joseph offered

Beard a horse but he could not ride because of his wounds. So he walked to Fast Horse Creek. Some Indians came and an Indian with a saddled horse let Beard have it, as he could ride this. Then Joseph gave the Indian his horse and he was left afoot. Joseph and Beard and five other Indians all went to the Holy Rosary Mission and then off north to the hostile camps at the big white gap on the White Clay, just above the commissary. Here the Indians were exhibiting all kinds of emotions—some crying, some singing the ghost song and dancing.

Here he saw the Indian woman and the baby that he had furnished the horse to; she gave the horse back to him. She had seven bullets through her clothing. One had passed through the wrappings around the ankles of the infant, but none of these made a single wound; the woman remained in that neighborhood a few years and then returned to the mouth of Cherry Creek on Cheyenne River, her old home, and died there of consumption.

When the Pine Ridge Indians came up and released the captives, these latter ran from the ravine to avoid the shots of the soldiers, but the soldiers killed three—an old man, a Cheyenne woman, and a girl. A Pine Ridge man was wounded in the right arm, his name was Yellow Hair. These were killed and wounded on top of the hills while running to reach the ravine. There were also two Indians killed near the top of the hills by some soldiers who were concealed in a hollow ravine.

Joseph had his brother Sherman killed in the council, also his father and his mother and his sister Pretty Enemy were killed in the ravine back of the Indian camp, and young brother William was killed in the pocket. Beard's wife and his son Tommy were killed in the camp.

Names of those killed at the Wounded Knee Massacre, Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, December 29, 1890.⁴⁵

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Chief Big Foot | 11. Trouble in Front, son |
| 2. Mrs. Big Foot | 12. Last Running |
| 3. Horned Cloud | 13. Red White Cow, daughter |
| 4. Mrs. Horned Cloud | 14. Mother-in-law of Shedding Bear |
| 5. William Horned Cloud, son | 15. High Hawk |
| 6. Sherman Horned Cloud, son | 16. Mrs. High Hawk |
| 7. Pretty Enemy, niece | 17. Little Boy, son |
| 8. Mrs. Beard, daughter-in-law | 18. Little Girl, daughter |
| 9. Thomas Beard, grandson | 19. Whirl Wind Hawk |
| 10. Shedding Bear | 20. Mrs. Whirl Wind Hawk |

21. Young Lady, daughter
22. Young Girl, daughter
23. Little Girl, daughter
24. Little Boy, son
25. Little Boy, son
26. He Crow
27. Pretty Woman, daughter
28. Buckskin Breech Clout
29. Running in Lodge, son
30. White Feather, son
31. Little Boy, son
32. Bear Woman, the oldest woman in the Band
33. Crazy Bear
34. Elk Creek
35. Mrs. Elk Creek
36. Spotted Chief, son
37. Red Fish
38. Mrs. Red Fish
39. Old Good Bear
40. Young Good Bear
41. Mrs. Good Bear
42. Little Boy, son
43. Pretty Hawk
44. Mrs. Pretty Hawk
45. Baby Pretty Hawk
46. Mrs. Lap
47. Shoots the Right
48. Bad Wound, son
49. Bear Parts Body
50. Little Boy, son
51. Brown Beaver
52. White Beaver Woman
53. Black Coyote (the one who made the trouble)
54. Red Water Woman
55. Sun in the Pupil
56. Mrs. Sun in the Pupil
57. Henry Three or Pretty Bold Eagle
58. Iron Eyes (Big Foot's brother)
59. Mrs. Iron Eyes
60. Has a Dog
61. Red Shirt Girl
62. Pretty Woman
63. Albert Iron Eyes
64. White Day
65. Little Boy, son
66. Charge at Them
67. Old Woman, mother
68. Mrs. Iron American
69. Mrs. Yellow Buffalo Calf
70. Louis Close to Home
71. Cast Away and Run
72. Bad Braves
73. Red Horn
74. Winter
75. Strong Fox
76. Mrs. Strong Fox
77. Little Boy, son
78. One Feather
79. Little Boy, son
80. Without Robe
81. Old Man Yellow Bull
82. Mrs. Old Man Yellow Bull
83. Brown Woman
84. Shakes the Bird
85. Red Ears Horse
86. Shoots with Hawk Feather⁴⁶
87. His mother
88. Ghost Horse
89. Little Boy, son
90. Chief Woman
91. Mrs. Trouble in Love
92. Hat
93. Baby boy
94. Mrs. Stone Hammer
95. Little baby
96. Wolf Eagle
97. Good Boy, son
98. Edward Wolf Ears
99. Little Girl
100. Shoot the Bear
101. Kills Assiniboine
102. George Shoots the Bear
103. Mrs. Shoots the Bear
104. Kills Crow Indian
105. Little Body Bear
106. Mrs. Little Body Bear
107. Little Boy, son
108. Baby girl
109. Red Eagle (This man was in the tent and killed by the cannon. Ricker's note)
110. Eagle Body, daughter
111. Little Girl
112. Little Elk
113. Mrs. Little Elk
114. Black Shield's little girl

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| 115. White Wolf | 155. Last Talking, old woman. She is alone, her property, two horses, bedding and lodge. |
| 116. Red Ears Horse, sister | 156. Not go in Among, son of Hailing Bear, and Her Good Medicine |
| 117. Old woman, her mother | 157. Wounded Hand |
| 118. Wood Shade | 158. Comes Out Rattling, wife |
| 119. Mrs. Wood Shade | 159. Big Voice Thunder |
| 120. Running Standing Hairs | 160. Mercy to Others |
| 121. Mrs. Running Standing Hairs | 161. Long Medicine |
| 122. Young lady, daughter | 162. Broken Arrow |
| 123. Scabbard Knife | 163. Mrs. Broken Arrow |
| 124. Mrs. Scabbard Knife | 164. Young Man |
| 125. He Eagle | 165. Young Woman |
| 126. Mrs. He Eagle | 166. Brown Turtle |
| 127. Edward He Eagle, son | 167. Old Woman, mother |
| 128. Young girl, daughter | 168. Bird Wings |
| 129. Young boy, son | 169. Not Afraid of Lodge |
| 130. Log | 170. Bear Comes and Lies |
| 131. Mrs. Log | 171. Wears Calf's Robe |
| 132. Really Woman, son | 172. Yellow Robe |
| 133. Brown Hoops | 173. Wounded in Winter, son |
| 134. Little boy, son | 174. Mrs. Black Hair |
| 135. Young girl, daughter | 175. Bad Spotted Eagle—a Cree Indian |
| 136. Mule's daughter, young lady | 176. Mrs. Bad Spotted Eagle
(the above were visiting Big Foot's tribe) |
| 137. Red Other Woman | 177. White American |
| 138. Black Flutes, young boy | 178. Long Bull |
| 139. Takes away the Bow | 179. Courage Bear |
| 140. Gray in Eye | 180. Mrs. Courage Bear |
| 141. Mrs. Drops Blood | 181. Fat Courage Bear |
| 142. Young boy, son | 182. George Courage Bear |
| 143. Little boy, son | 183. Black Hawk |
| 144. Old Woman | 184. She Bear, wife |
| 145. Mrs. Long Bull | 185. Weasel Bear, daughter
(Joe Horn Cloud added Weasel Bear when we were running this list over. Ricker) |
| 146. Young girl, daughter | |
| 147. Spotted Thunder | |
| 148. Swift Bird | |
| 149. Mrs. Swift Bird | |
| 150. Boy, son | |
| 151. Boy, son | |
| 152. Strike Scatter | |
| 153. Boy, son | |
| 154. Wolf Skin Necklace | |

List of those not killed at Wounded Knee, but who were of Big Foot's band and in the action.

Shell Necklace
 Birds Afraid of Him
 Sees the Elk
 Made Him Long
 Made A Stand
 Black Zebra

Black Shield
 Fast Wolf
 Gray
 Dewey Beard
 White Lance
 Joe Horn Cloud

Frank Horn Cloud	Iron Horn Woman
Little Cloud	Comes Out Alive Woman
Bear Runs in the Woods	Little Girl
Good Bear	Hollow Horn Woman
Gets In a Fight	Comes Crawling Woman
Sinew Belly	Elk Woman
Bull Man	Different Woman
One Skunk	Stops Her Horse
Tattooed	Hawk Woman
Holy Comes (Medicine comes.	Smoke Woman
Holy and Medicine have same word in	Good Natured Woman
Dakota, Medicine is holy. The word	Her Horse
medicine is now rather more com-	Her First
mon. Ricker)	Horse Nation
Running Hawk	Brings It to Her
You Can Eat Dog	Her Elk Tooth
Little Bull	Liver Gall
Black Bugle	Eagle Shape
His War	Her Eagle
Long Bull	Her Yellow
Shows His Cloud	Her White Horse
His Two Lance	Her Room
Wears Fur Coat	Little Eyed Woman
Fat Hips	Ground Horn Woman, wounded,
Wounded Both	later died
Good Horse	Gray Owl Woman
Fast Boat	Good Land Woman
Kills in the Middle	Bring Her Home
Runs After It	Her Cedar
Goes to War	Good White Cow
Kills Two	Kill Her White Horse
Man Himself	Kills Them First
Kills in a Hurry	Standing Elk
Shot Him Off	Her Neck
Scout	Her Brown Faced Dog
White Horse	Her Shell Walks
Picks and Kill	She Wears Eagle
He Eagle	Sees the Bear
Wind in Guts	Two Lance
Mustang Elk	Young Big Foot
White Eagle	His Crow
Kills One Hundred	Black American
Hits her on a Run	Black Hair
White Face Woman, the Oldest in the	Chief Dog
band except perhaps Bear Woman	Son of Red Horn
Black Crow	Son of Little Body Bear
Her Good Horse	Enemy Afraid of Him
Red Finger Nail Woman	Little Wound
White Cow Comes Out	

DEWEY BEARD⁴⁷

*At Day School No. 29, Pine Ridge Reservation
Feb. 20, 1907—Joseph Horn Cloud Interpreter⁴⁸*

Dewey Beard, 43 years of age, says that White Lance, his brother, is 38 years of age. We, the Horn Clouds, were living on the Cheyenne River Agency. We had no news, but one day saw some troops coming. While they were coming, . . . I went to the soldier's camp to get a pass to go to the Little Missouri River to hunt. Hennessey⁴⁹ was the officer commanding the camp. While over to the Missouri and after coming back, we heard that the Medicine dance had begun, and afterwards it was called the ghost dance. We saw the Indians have a ghost dance. The soldiers came to see it and we went over to see it too. We had not joined yet in it. Some three men from Pine Ridge Agency were visiting over there. These three men brought a written letter from the Red Cloud Agency, and in it were the names of Red Cloud, No Water, and Big Road and Chief Knife and several others. When it was read, it was this way: "My Dear Friend Chief Big Foot, Whenever you receive this letter, come at once. Whenever you come to our reservation a fire is going to be started and I want you to come and help us put it out and make a peace. Whenever you come among us to make a peace we will give you 100 head of horses."

Big Foot said, "We have to go to the Agency and get some annuities and some blankets and quilts and when we come back I will see if we can go to the Pine Ridge Agency and make a peace." This was said to his people. He also returned a reply, the contents of which Beard did not know.

After the Council was over a few days, Big Foot's people went to Cheyenne River Agency to draw annuities. Went down the river, taking two days. At the second camp, two men came to the camp, one being the nephew of Sitting Bull, and who was wounded in the leg. The other was a friend or neighbor. Both came without blankets—and had but little clothing. They went into Big Foot's lodge. Big Foot came out and cried to his people saying that Sitting Bull was killed and his people were flying and scattering all over the country coming this way. So we were camped right across the river opposite the store. . . Big Foot sent ten young men to visit Sitting Bull's people and told them to bring them over.

Big Foot also said that Sitting Bull's people had no food or clothing, and he told these ten men to bring them over and he would feed and clothe them there. I was one of the ten young men, and we went over and saw some women and young men who had not much clothing on and were keeping themselves warm by the fire. They were singing death songs, mourning, some crying for the death of Sitting Bull and others killed. The women were on the north side of Cheyenne River and at the mouth and side of Cherry Creek where it empties into the Cheyenne. The men were holding council opposite and on the south side of the river. We arrived at the council. The Chief Hump was the chief scout. Hump said to us, "What you come over here for?" We said, "The Chief Big Foot sent us after Sitting Bull's people. He told us we would feed and clothe them, and after that, the Scout could do with the Sitting Bull people what he pleased." (Hump was first cousin to Horned Cloud, Sr.) Hump said, "You don't have to take them up to Big Foot's camp. I will take all these people to the Agency. You people want to fight, and I will bring some infantry to help you!" (Joe explains that Hump was angry and supposed that the young men had come on an errand of war from their chief). Hump would not let the ten men take the people up the river, but had his people get their guns and bows and arrows; and he said, "Let us fix them!" Hump's people were all around and angry at the ten young men; but the Sitting Bull Indians ran up and pulled Hump's people back and would not let them hurt the ten men. Hump's people were Sioux, but not a part of Sitting Bull's Indians. They lived on Cherry Creek and were at this time counselling with Sitting Bull's people.

These ten started toward Big Foot's camp. They overtook some of Sitting Bull's Indians coming toward Big Foot's camp, some hid themselves from Hump's people. The ten went right on to camp without waiting for these fugitives. When they arrived, Big Foot asked why they did not bring Sitting Bull's people. They told him that Hump told them to come home without them; and he also sent word that he would send infantrymen to Big Foot, as they sent them to an angry party. Big Foot answered, saying that his people ought to go down to the Agency to get their annuities, but now they would not go, as Hump was talking about war; so they must go back to their camp and stay there. He said Hump was making him afraid.

Big Foot was camped about opposite the store, when, about



Ghost dancers as depicted by Mary Irvin Wright. From *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology* (Washington DC: Government Printing Office, 1896), ff. 922.

daylight, somebody hollered out to the people that those people who came to them (some of Sitting Bull's single men) had come and gone into the store to help themselves to duck⁵⁰ and other stuffs and goods. The two white men running this store had got alarmed and run away without locking the building when Big Foot camped opposite. Big Foot said that some of his people had got some foods out of the store; that it was a wrong thing that they did; and he ordered some of his young men to search the camp. The young men searched all the lodges in Big Foot's camp, but did not find anything. While this was going on, five good saddle horses disappeared from Big Foot's camp. Sitting Bull's people stole the horses and carried off goods from the store on them.

While we were camping on the south side of the Cheyenne River, the soldiers came to the north bank of the river; I saw mules, wagons and cavalry. The officer was called by the Indians, Three Fingers.⁵¹ Three Fingers told the Indians to move up the river; and that old people who had no horses to ride in the army wagons. He told them to go back to Big Foot's camp and stay there. We think that Hump had told a story to this officer about Big Foot and this was the reason the soldiers came to Big Foot's camp. The camp went up the river. While going up the river, Beard and several others were going behind the wagons; a half-breed interpreter, Felix,⁵² came and told them if anybody had told them to chase and kill cattle to eat, not to do so. Felix said, "Tell the soldiers that I am going to kill the beeves for you." Three Fingers had told the Indians to do this so he could ascertain how many guns the Indians had. Felix told them that Three Fingers had done this to see how many guns they had and then in the evening he was going to take their guns away. Three Fingers gave the Indians eight beeves and told the Indians to chase and kill them, but they would not do it, and Felix did it for them. When this news was heard by Big Foot, he asked why Three Fingers wanted to take their guns; he did not mean to do any harm; he did not think of war; did not want war. The soldiers were all around Big Foot's camp, guarding till the sun rose up in the morning. Big Foot told his people that the soldiers were going to move the camp up the river and to pack up and get ready to go. This was at an old herd cattle ranch, called Narces Narcell (as it sounds). Felix told Big Foot that Three Fingers was a friend of his and to march with him and the Indians should go along with the soldiers.

Three Fingers said the young men should ride the horses and the women drive the wagons; that the column should pass through a pole fence and gate at this ranch, and as the wagons should go through, a troop of cavalry would fall in behind them; then 10 more wagons and another troop and so on until all were distributed in this way. About 20 wagons passed and after half an hour, another 10 wagons and a troop, and so on, thus stringing the column out for several miles. The Indians got uneasy for the safety of their people who had gone on ahead and were far away. The signs were threatening to the Indians. In passing through this gate, some women got their wheels locked and choked the gate, having broken something and the children were crying for fear; and Black Coyote tried to get through the gate twice, but the interpreter Felix headed him off. The Officers told them to hurry up. Then Black Coyote got angry and took his gun out of the wagon and the soldiers and interpreter ran away. As soon as Black Coyote took his gun, the Indians started and ran their horses toward the head of the column, but Black Coyote's horse was bucking and he was last to go forward. Then the mounted young men rushed forward, passing a great many wagons. When they overtook the soldiers, the latter were afraid and formed in a line as the Indians came rushing up. The Indians were between the river and the soldiers. The bugler blew his bugle; the soldiers loaded their guns; and the Indian women got into a panic from fright, supposing they were going to be killed. We crossed all the wagons over the river at the crossing, and we, the Horned Clouds were at our houses, (Dewey was married and lived close to his father) and they went into their own houses. Just close by our house Three Fingers and some Indians were marching along and the soldiers were passing on ahead and Three Fingers was on the point of going ahead too, when Big Foot seized his bridle and held him back, and told him that Three Fingers had forced him in the morning to ride with him saying he was his friend, and now he wanted Three Fingers to ride with him, which he did. Big Foot told the Horned Clouds to move up to his camp, which they did the next day. While they were camped with Big Foot, he told me my duck (tent) was in the soldiers' camp and I went over to see if the tent was there. On the way I met a white man and an Indian on the road. (The) Indian said, "you better go back home because this man was to have a council with all the Indians." He came back with them. Somebody hollered out for all the Indians to

come together for this white man wants to tell you something. All assembled around the white man who told them things which I heard myself.⁵³ The white man spoke as follows: "My dear friends; I have come over to talk with you and tell you that the officers had a council last night and they have spoken or decided this way. All the officers talk that they will catch all the Indian men tonight (not the women) and take them over to Fort Mead and then move you to an island in the ocean in the east. If you don't want to give up the arms, you can defend yourself and do as you please." The white man said he lived there and had lots of cattle, and he was afraid that if there was war, he was going to lose all his cattle; therefore, he told them truly all the soldiers said; because I am a friend of the Indians. Then he began to tell again. There's going to be trouble over at Pine Ridge. They have already started the trouble and you can go over there right away if you want to save your lives. If you don't listen to me, you will get into trouble; you didn't listen to me before and got into trouble. I want you to go to Pine Ridge. The Indians called this white man Red Beard; he said he had cattle over there.

Big Foot got up and said to his people he had received a letter from Pine Ridge Reservation. He has to go and get his annuities, and after that done he will go. So Big Foot and he went down to the Agency to get his annuities, but they brought him back and he had had trouble thinking about it ever since. Big Foot says this night we have got to move upon one of the hills where there is wood and stay all night for I don't want to see my women and little children scared by the soldiers and in the morning we will come back to our camp. The people were satisfied to do this. Big Foot said because the white man had told him this, his heart was bitter. Near sun down they moved up to the hill. Big Foot told all the young men to stay with their horses all night on horseback, and if they saw the soldiers coming in the night they were to fly to Big Foot's camp on the hill and let them know, so they could all move at once for Pine Ridge for safety. The young men stayed in Big Foot's camp that night and he was with them. After dark two scouts were sent up the river in the direction from which the soldiers would come to see if they were coming and to watch. They came back late at night and said it was true that the soldiers were coming, but were a good way up the river yet. One young man was sent up to the hill with the news—to the camp on the

hill. Dewey Beard and another were dispatched up the river to see where the soldiers were, and on their return the other young man said, when we come back, we have to go up to the camp on the hill. When they went up there, the river was so full of ice that they stayed on the north side of the river (This was north of the Cheyenne and Joe thinks it was what is now called the Belle Fourche River. Ricker) and white soldiers were up in line on the south side. When the two returned to where the mounted young Indians were and told of the situation, they all went up to the camp on the hill; while the same two were left where the young Indians had been waiting. The troops could not cross the river—it was so bad, so the two followed up to Big Foot's camp on the hill. The same two followed up the Deep Creek, called by some Pass Creek, and they met a young Indian scout who was singing the death song, and he told these two that Big Foot had started for Pine Ridge. The two cut across country, crossing Big Foot's trail. They caught up with those who were far behind, these were old women and children crying and singing death songs. Beard said to the people he had overtaken that he did not like to see them suffering and mourning this way and he would stay behind, and would let them know if the soldiers were coming. He sat down on hillside and waited and watched till near daylight. Between daylight and sunrise, he started and followed up to Bad River. At this point all the people saw him and were scared, not knowing who he was, and they stopped and waited until he came up to them. The people, on his arrival, asked if the soldiers were coming and he told them that they were not—he had seen none. From there Big Foot moved slowly, crossing that day a branch of the Bad River and at noon had dinner on another branch of the Bad River. They struck the badlands about sundown that day; they passed through these and a little before sundown went down the Big Foot Pass, and at dark were at the White River. (He forgot to say that by Big Foot's orders the people had taken their live cattle with them. Ricker)

Some of the cattle were wild and only the gentlest were taken over that night. We never thought of fighting or war, therefore had brought our cattle along. All the people crossed the White River that night. Next morning, the camp moved and that night came to a spring (now known as Big Foot's spring) just over the ridge east or northeast of Beard's present house on the Red Water

Creek. Big Foot had been taken with pneumonia at the White River, and he was so bad that they camped two days at this spring. While waiting at this spring, White Lance and Bad Brave and Comes Lie Hard were dispatched back to White River to see if any soldiers were coming. Saw nobody. When Big Foot came to the spring, three messengers were sent forward to the Agency to give notice that Big Foot was on his way to the Agency, and was very sick with pneumonia. It was told the messengers to further report that Big Foot came not secretly, but openly and peaceably. Next day the Indians moved to a point on Red Water about one mile below Beard's present place. In the night, one of the three men sent to the Agency returned to the camp, his name was Big Voice Thunder. He didn't get beyond Wounded Knee, but found soldiers camping over there. Two went on to the Agency. Beard says at this point that he knows I want nothing but the truth, so he says he tells me only what he saw and heard and personally knows.

Next morning, the Indians saw some looking glasses shining up on the hill southeast of them. They were going to move the camp, but were waiting for those who were shining the glasses to get back into camp.

Those shining the glasses were Bear Comes and Lie and Shaggy Feather, the latter was an Oglala, who had come back from Pine Ridge with Bear Comes and Lie. They brought news this way: That Short Bull's whole camp is going to move to the Agency the day after tomorrow and they want you to move in the same day—wanted Big Foot to hurry up to be in time; "They" mean the Indians at Pine Ridge Agency wanted Big Foot's company in on time because they wanted to make peace. They sent word to Big Foot that cavalry was out at Wounded Knee, and for him to go around these and avoid them and come to the Agency. They sent this word by Bear Comes, Lie Down (this was Shaggy Feather).

Big Foot was pretty low and it was no use to try to go around and Big Foot said he would go directly to the soldiers' camp.

About 4 o'clock p.m., after being two days on Red Water just below Beard's house, they began to move and travelled till midnight and went into camp on American Horse Creek where the log school house was six miles southwest of Kyle. Just at sunrise they moved again, going up the creek along the main

road to the Agency. While on the ridge between the Medicine Root and Porcupine Creeks, they discovered a lot of scouts in front of them. These retreated with great precipitation. The young Indians chased them to find out who these scouts were and discovered that they were scouts. White Lance and others went down into a ravine and up the next hill, and on the summit met scouts coming toward them. The Indians said, "How, How!", but the white scouts did not answer them, but retreated hastily (Beard was in rear now and White Lance in front). The Indian scouts chased the others down the hill and caught one and held him by the bridle rein. When he was caught, he told the Indians that there was nothing wrong at all; that the soldiers were camping on Porcupine Creek; still two of the scouts had run toward Wounded Knee. By this time the Indian column had caught up with these advance scouts. Here the Indians stopped for dinner; when that was over, they went right on. Before they got up on the ridge, some Indian scouts in service of the government, came in among them. There was one, High Back, was in the Indian column ahead of the others, but it is not known how he got there. When we got up on top of this ridge, we saw some soldiers coming at the foot of Porcupine Butte, also some pack mules. We agreed together that we would not be afraid to go in among the soldiers, we agreed together that way. At the foot of Porcupine Butte is a dry creek or ravine; and lots of pines there; drawn up in line we found the soldiers on the east side of the creek, and in front of them were 2 Hotchkiss cannon that he saw. The Indians feared from the position and actions of the soldiers that the latter were going to fire on them; but Big Foot had told them to go right up to the soldiers calmly and confidently, showing no fear; and they did so. . . . The soldiers aimed their guns toward the Indians, and some of the soldiers laid down to be ready to fire. Their guns were clicking as if cartridges were being inserted into the barrels. All the Indians were frightened and thought they were going to be killed. Beard dismounted by a Hotchkiss gun and shoved his hand into it because he was anxious to die. While he was doing this, he heard the wagons coming. He saw Big Foot coming in a light wagon driven by Big Foot's nephew, a pole was up at the front and a white flag was floating from it. Big Foot's wagon was driven right down in front of the line of soldiers and stopped there. Dewey was on foot at

this moment. He saw an officer go up to Big Foot's wagon and he went up and listened to the officer talking.

Big Foot was lying in his wagon, his nose was bleeding all the time, the blood had run in the wagon and the officers were standing looking at the blood. The officer opened the blanket to see Big Foot's face and spoke, "Can't you talk? Aren't you able to talk?" Big Foot said, "How!" and put his hand out to shake. The officer said, "How," too. "I hear that you come out from the Cheyenne River Agency, that you come fearful as a war party; I have been looking for you. Now I see you today." The officer continued, "Now I want you to tell me where you expect you are going to."

Big Foot answered, "I am going to see my people over on the White Clay and come to the Agency."

The officer said, "I heard you coming hostile, but now I see you today and I am very glad to see you and you see me too." Then they both shook hands.

The officer said, "I am very glad to see you are peaceable. Therefore, I want you to give me 25 guns."

Big Foot said, "All right, but I am afraid; if I give you the 25 guns, I am afraid that you are going to do harm to my people in such a country. I am willing to give you the 25 guns, but wait until we get to the Agency and I will give you whatever you ask—the 25 guns, knives and horses."

The officer said, "I am glad you speak frankly with me; I had heard that you were hostile, but they had lied about you." He shook hands again with Big Foot. The officer continued, "I see that you are in a hard wagon and it is pretty hard for you in here; I want you to ride to our camp in an easier one," and he caused an ambulance to come up. Some soldiers put Big Foot in blankets and carried him and placed him in the ambulance. (Beard says he forgot to say that when the officer demanded 25 guns, Big Foot replied that he was that kind of man.) Big Foot was put into the ambulance and they all went over to Wounded Knee in a friendly manner. When they arrived at Wounded Knee, soldiers were stationed who showed us where to camp in a circle and they gave us some provisions. While the rations were being distributed, soldiers were putting up five tents for those who had no shelter to sleep in. Right in front of where the scouts camped, a small tent was put up, large enough to hold four persons. Big Foot was put into it. During the supper and the putting of Big Foot into the

tent, some soldiers planted the Hotchkiss cannon on the cemetery hill and brought up ammunition for them.

When Big Foot was put into the tent, a physician went to attend him, and Little Bat⁵⁴ was there as interpreter. After this and late in the night some scouts (Indians) arrived. The scouts camped just over on the other side of the ravine and these called across to the Big Foot Indians about some relations they had in his camp. The scouts had a camp fire. The two lots were not allowed to pass and repass. An interpreter came into their camp and told them that soldiers were coming that night from the Agency.

I will now tell you my own part in what followed—what I saw and heard. I did not sleep that night—did not lie down till morning—was afraid—could not rest or be quiet or easy. There was great uneasiness among the Indians all night; they were up most of the night—were fearful that they were to be killed—were in doubt, did not know what was to happen. The soldiers were stationed all around them, and this was a feature that added to their alarm. That night and all the day ending in that night, he had no appetite, was “impressed with fear and foreboding,” could not and did not eat, could not help thinking of the infants and children and what might befall them and he could not sleep or be easy. Before the sun rose, his father came from Big Foot’s tent and said, “I will give you advice—all my sons—Therefore, I have come. They say it is peace but I am sure there is going to be fighting today. I have been in war all my life, and I know when my heart is growing bitter that there is going to be a fight, and I have come to tell you—all my sons, what I want you to do. If one or two Indians go to start trouble, I don’t want you to go with them; don’t you join them. Besides this, if the white people start trouble first, then you can do what you want to—you can die among your own relations in defending them. All you, my dear sons, stand together and keep yourselves sober and all of you, if you die at once among your relations defending them I will be satisfied. Try to die in front of your relations, the old folks and the little ones, and I will be satisfied if you die trying to help them. Don’t get excited. When one or two under the Government laws start trouble they are arrested and taken into court and put in jail, but I don’t want any of you to get into such trouble, but to stand back until all the whites assail us, and then defend our people. I have come to tell you this as advice before the trouble begins. I want you to heed my warnings.”

When he was done, he went into Big Foot's tent. At this an Indian called and harangued all the men to come into a council. The haranguer said as soon as the council is through you are going right on to the Agency and they want you to hurry up.

The haranguer said that while the council was going on the women should hitch up the teams to be ready to go.

All the Indians came to the center for the council. Two lines of foot soldiers stood immediately around the Indians. Another two ranks of soldiers encircled the Indian camp, the last rank being mounted. There was a council. I stayed inside my lodge—did not go to council; had a notion to start with the wagons. While I was in my tent, my mother came and looked in and said, "My son, some soldiers are coming and gathering all the guns and powder and axes and knives and bows and arrows and they are coming this way." When I looked out, I saw soldiers coming loaded with guns, knives, axes, crowbars, war clubs, bows and arrows. I saw all this with my own eyes. I went inside and got my carbine gun and dug a little hole and laid my gun in and covered some dirt over it and threw the quilts and blankets over to the other side of the lodge (not over the covered gun). A soldier came and looked in and told him to come to the council. Before doing so, he took some cartridges and buried them outside his lodge, in front of the door covering them with manure, so that if while at council trouble started, he would know where to find ammunition. While I was going to the council with the soldier, I passed my brother Joseph who was leaving the council, and I asked Joe what he was coming out of the council for, and he replied that he was going after water—that Captain Wallace had sent him out. I went into the council and saw ten young men standing a little to one side, these had given up their guns and belts and knives.

While I was sitting in the council, my father came to me and admonished me to remember what he had said this morning. Then he asked Dewey where his other brothers were, and the latter replied, "Two of them were standing over among those ten young men," and the father added that they ought all to stay together.

Then one of the interpreters said, "This officer asked yesterday for 25 guns, but you did not give them, now he will get them, he will take them himself; so he will pick them himself and you better give those you have in your blankets, and your knives and

belts and it will be all right. When you give all the guns and knives, you will stand in one rank right along the edge of this bank (meaning the ravine) and some number of soldiers will stand in front of you and aim the guns at your foreheads, but the guns are unloaded. Joe explains that the Indians were to submit to this in the nature of penance, admitting thereby that in not turning over the guns the day before, they had done wrong and would submit to this nonsense in order to wipe away their fault. (Forsyth must have been drunk. Ricker)⁵⁵

The Indians did not understand the soldier's orders. They could not comprehend this foolishness. But this offended and angered them and they reasoned among themselves and said they were human beings and not cattle to be used this way. They said they did not want to be killed like dogs. We are people in this world.

Most of the Indians had given up their arms; there were a few standing with their guns, but the soldiers had not been to them. The knives were piled up in the center of the council; some young men had their guns and knives, but they had not been asked yet for them.

There was a deaf Indian named Black Coyote who did not want to give up his gun; he did not understand what they were giving up their arms for. The Indians agreed among themselves that they would explain to him what the disarming meant, and then they would take his gun away from him. The Indians who had so agreed wanted to tell the officers of their plan, but the interpreter was gone just then, and Horned Cloud asked where the interpreter was. The people were getting excited. Nobody said anything in answer to Horned Cloud. The people grew wild. The deaf man heard about having guns pointed at their foreheads, and he said that he did not want to be killed; he was a man and was raised in this world.

While the deaf man held his gun up, Beard could not hear all that was said on account of the confusion, but some soldiers came behind him and tried to take his gun from him. All the sergeants stepped back and yelled, "Look out! Look out!" and held their guns toward the deaf man.

While the two or three sergeants came to the deaf man and were struggling with him for possession of the gun, Dewey heard something on the west side and looked that way and saw the Indians were all excited and afraid, their faces changed as if they

were wild with fear; he saw that the guns of the soldiers were pointed at the council, a part of whom were sitting down and a few who were standing up. The old people had wrapped their blankets around their legs and were smoking. The struggle for the gun was short, the muzzle pointed upward toward the east and the gun was discharged.

In an instant a volley followed as one shot, and the people began falling. He saw everybody was rolling and kicking on the ground. He looked southeastward and he did not know what he was going to do. He had only one knife. He looked eastward and saw the soldiers were firing on Indians and stepping backwards and firing. His thought was to rush on the soldiers and take a gun from one of them. He rushed toward them on the west to get a gun. While he was running, he could see nothing for the smoke; through the rifts he could see the brass buttons of the uniforms; he rushed up to a soldier whose gun rested over Dewey's shoulder and was discharged when the muzzle was near his ear, and it deafened him for awhile. Then he grabbed the gun and wrenched it away from the soldier. When he got the gun, he drew his knife and stabbed the soldier in the breast, but the knife did not enter deep, and the soldier was trying to seize Dewey by the throat and by his buckskin coat about the breast; as the soldier raised his left arm, Dewey stabbed him again, this time in the side close to the heart. When the soldier fell down, he still kept struggling and tried to rise, but Dewey got astraddle his body and held his head down and then stabbed him by the kidneys till he died. The soldier was crying as loud as he could. While Dewey was on this soldier, some other soldiers were shooting at him, but missed him and killed soldiers on the other side. When he got up he ran right through the soldiers toward the ravine, and he was the last Indian to go into the ravine. The soldiers were shooting at him from nearly all directions, and they shot him down. He fell down on his right arm, he began to rise up, and as he did so, he saw a soldier a few yards in front of him. The soldier began snapping his gun at him, but he was excited and probably his gun was not loaded, as it did not go off. Dewey Beard at length raised to his knees to shoot the soldier, he snapped, but he too had been in too much of a hurry and had not loaded his gun.

The soldier was crying out as loud as he could. Soldiers were running all around him about this time.

Dewey tried to get to the ravine and succeeded in getting on his

feet, as he was going, he met a soldier coming up out of the ravine. The soldier tried to go around him but could not and Dewey shot him in the breast and killed him. After the soldier fell, he was kicking and Dewey jumped over his feet to go on. Right on the edge of the ravine on the south side were soldiers shooting at the Indians who were running down into the ravine, the soldiers' shots sounded like fire crackers and hail in a storm; a great many Indians were killed and wounded down in there. While Dewey was going down into the ravine he was shot again, this time in the leg just above the knee; as he expresses it, "in the lap." He then sat down, got out his cartridges and shot at the soldiers right at the edge of the bank; doesn't know how many times he shot, but a good many. While shooting, a shell got stuck in his gun so he could not shoot it any more. Then he ran a little farther up the ravine.

When he went to the bottom of the ravine, he saw many little children lying dead in the ravine. He was now pretty weak from his wounds. Now when he saw all those little infants lying there dead in their blood, his feeling was that even if he ate one of the soldiers, it would not appease his anger. He went farther up the ravine and he came to an old Indian who had a gun which he was holding up and he said to the old man, "Give me that gun and you take this one," and they exchanged. When he got this gun he made another rush at the soldiers, accompanied by two other Indians who got killed on the flat on the south side of the ravine. He now returned to the ravine alone. Just before he got to the edge of the ravine to go down into it, he met what at first he thought was a soldier, but it proved to be an Indian scout; the two shot at each other, but both missed his man. Just before he started down into the ravine, but after shooting at the Indian scout, one of Big Foot's men grabbed him by his buckskin coat and swung himself behind Beard. The soldiers shot at the two men but missed Beard and killed the other man. The Indians all knew that Dewey was wounded, but those in the ravine wanted him to help them. So he fought with his life to defend his own people. He took his courage to do that—I was pretty weak and now fell down. A man who was wounded by being shot through the lower jaw, had a belt of cartridges which he offered Beard and asked him to try to help them again. When he gave me the cartridges, I told him I was badly wounded and pretty weak too. While I was lying on my back, I looked down the ravine and saw a

lot of women coming up and crying. When I saw these women, girls and little girls and boys coming up, I saw soldiers on both sides of the ravine shoot at them until they had killed every one of them. He saw a young woman among them coming and crying and calling, "Mother! Mother!" She was wounded under her chin, close to her throat, and the bullet had passed through a braid of her hair and carried some of it into the wound, and then the bullet had entered the front side of the shoulder and passed out the back side. Her mother had been shot down behind her. Dewey was sitting up and he called to her to come to him. When she came close to him, she fell to the ground. He caught her by the dress and drew her to him across his legs. When the women who the soldiers were shooting at got a little past him, he told this girl to follow them on the run, and she went up the ravine. He got himself up and followed up the ravine. He saw many dead men, women, and children lying in the ravine. When he went a little way up, he heard singing; going a little farther, he came upon his mother who was moving slowly, being very badly wounded. She had a soldier's revolver in her hand, swinging it as she went. Dewey does not know how she got it. When he caught up to her she said, "My son, pass by me; I am going to fall down now." As she went up, soldiers on both sides of the ravine shot at her and killed her. I returned fire upon them, defending my mother. When I shot at the soldiers in a northern direction, I looked back at my mother and she had already fallen down. I passed right on from my dead mother and met a man coming down the ravine who was wounded in the knee. Now these two men were the targets for many rifles on both sides of the ravine. Hundreds of bullets threw the dust and dirt around them. This wounded man had a Winchester rifle and he offered it to Beard and asked him to kill as many as he could, but Beard did not take the Winchester. A little while before this he had got rid of the disabled gun in which the shell stuck; he had given it to White Lance's partner and taken one from him; these guns were some taken from soldiers. We didn't have any guns of our own; all these guns we had taken from soldiers to defend ourselves with. We took the guns not from dead soldiers, but from living ones; all of us young men took them (*sic* Ricker).

Afterwards, having used all the cartridges for the carbine he had, he now took the Winchester from the old man who said there were a good many cartridges inside of it. When he took this,

he heard more noise of shooting up the ravine. He heard someone say that White Lance was killed. Dewey was wounded so that his right arm was disabled; he placed the thumb of his right hand between his teeth and carried his Winchester on his left shoulder, and then he ran towards where he had heard that White Lance was killed. As he ran, he saw lots of women and children lying along the ravine, some alive and some dead. He saw some young men just above, and these he addressed, saying to them to take courage and do all they could to defend the women. "I have, " he said, "a bad wound and am not able to defend them; I could not aim the gun," and so he told the young men this way. It was now in the ravine just like a prairie fire when it reaches brush and tall grass and rages with new power; it was like hail coming down; an awful fire was concentrated on them now and nothing could be seen for the smoke. In the bottom of the ravine, the bullets raised more dust than there was smoke, so that they could not see one another.

When Dewey came up into the "pit," he saw White Lance upon top of the bank, and was rolling on down towards the brink to get down into the ravine. He was badly wounded and at first was half dead, but later revived from his injuries. When Dewey went into the "pit", he found his brother William Horn Cloud lying or sitting against the bank shot through the breast, but yet alive; but he died that night. Just when I saw my wounded brother William, I saw White Lance slide down the bank and stand by William. Then William said to White Lance, "Shake hands with me, I am dizzy now." While they had this conversation, Dewey said, "My dear brothers, be men and take courage. A few minutes ago, our father told us this way, and you heard it. Our father told us that all people of the world born of the same father and mother, when any great tragedy or danger comes, it is better that all of them should die together than that they should die separately at different times, one by one." Meaning that it is better for all of the same family to die at one time in front of their relations, between them and the enemy; it looks better for their bones to be piled together in defense of their own people—better than for the family to die separately, leaving some behind to mourn for those who had died or been killed singly and alone.

White Lance and William shook hands. Then White Lance and Dewey lifted their brother up and stood him on his feet; then they placed him on White Lance's shoulder. White Lance was

wounded in several places and weak from loss of blood, but he succeeded in bearing William to the bottom of the ravine. There he was put down upon the ground, leaning against the bank (says White Lance).

Dewey said they now heard the Hotchkiss⁵⁶ or Gatling guns shooting at them along the bank. Now there went up from these dying people a medley of death songs that would make the hardest heart weep. Each one sings a different death song if he chooses. The death song is expressive of their wish to die. It is also a requiem for the dead. It expresses that the singer is anxious to die too. At this time, I was unable to do anything more and I took a rest, telling my brothers to keep up courage. The cannon were pouring in their shots and breaking down the banks which were giving protection to the fighting Indians. The warriors had before this been shooting at the cannon on the hill and driving back the gunners. The soldiers were pretty close to the edge of the bank and these kept up a continual fire on the Indians. Even if there was no more shooting, the smoke was so thick that the wounded could not live, for it was suffocating. The Hotchkiss had been shooting rapidly and one Indian had gotten killed by it. His body was penetrated in the pit of the stomach by a Hotchkiss shell, which tore a hole through his body six inches in diameter. The man was insensible, but breathed for an hour before he expired. At the same time this man was shot, a young woman close to Dewey was shot between the shoulders. The bullet came near hitting him. He heard a laugh and she was smiling, all unconscious that she was wounded. The next moment, a young man was shot down right in front of this woman. When the man fell, his bow and arrows fell all around on the ground. Dewey told some of the young men there to gather up the bow and arrows and use them again. Dewey said to them, "Get the bow and arrows and shoot at them; the white people are afraid of arrows."

Just at this trying moment, Dewey's reason and recollection seemed to resume possession of him, and the sight of this wounded young woman recalled his thoughts to his own dear wife and little boy (25 days old) and his parents, not knowing their fate. He went up the ravine in search of them. He came on to a number of women and children hovering in a little pit for shelter from the infuriated soldiers who were all around, shooting at them. When he arrived there, they were all wounded, but yet alive. In this same place was a young woman with a pole in

hand and a black blanket on it. When she would raise it up, the soldiers would whistle and yell and pour volleys into it. One woman here spoke to Beard and told him to come in among them and help them. He answered that he would stay where he was and make a fight for them; and that he did not care if he got killed, for the infants were all dead now, and he would like to die among the infants. When he was saying this, the soldiers were all shooting furiously. He had now regained some strength so he could hold his gun. He was peeping out for the soldiers who were lying down on their breasts. There was one within a short distance, and him he shot and killed. Dewey now lay down again in a little hollow on his breast. When he raised up for another view of the soldiers, they were approaching. He took a shot at one and brought him down wounded, and two other soldiers took hold of the fallen man to drag him away. (After the trouble was past, Dewey heard in the talking of the fight, some soldiers say that this wounded soldier begged them to take him back to the Indians, so they might kill him.)

Dewey laid down again in the same little hollow and reloaded his gun. The soldiers across from him were shooting at him while he was loading. While he was loading, he heard a horseman coming along the brink of the ravine—could hear the foot falls. This man as he came along, gave orders to the men which he supposed were to fire on the women in the pit for a fusillade was instantly opened on them.

Dewey raised himself for a look at this horseman, and he was not sure that he had on a sword, but he had something swinging. Dewey took a shot at the man and he fell from the horse. This man was the one who had driven the soldiers up close to the bank. Dewey saw him hanging down from his horse after he was shot, and the soldiers were fleeing back when they saw this officer was shot. I was wanting to see how the officer fell, so he was raising up to look, when a bullet swept close to his ear, after it first struck the ground and threw dirt in his eyes so as to blind him. The battle at his juncture was very hot. But for being blinded by the dirt, he could have now picked off a number of soldiers, as they were standing on the level ground and he was behind the bank in the hollow. A good many shots were now directed at him and he went down and moved along the ravine, thinking he was going down, but he was going up the ravine. The sun was going down; it was pretty near sundown. He saw lots of dead persons in

the bottom as he passed up the ravine. All the cavalry were coming down the hill; they saw him and began shooting at him. There was an Indian scout pretty close, who shot at Dewey, and the latter shot several times at him. Dewey climbed the hill farther in a southwesterly direction. While going, he looked back down on cemetery hill and saw something shining like a glass, and several shots were taken at him, going clear over his head and raising little clouds of dirt behind him. While this was doing, he saw five Oglala Sioux on horseback. He called them, but they were afraid and ran away, but he kept on calling and going till they all stood still and he came up to them. He went on with them a little way and soon he met his brother Joseph coming toward them on horseback. Dewey asked, "Where are you going?" Joe answered, "All my brothers and parents are dead and I have to go in and be killed, too; therefore I have come back."

Dewey said, "You better come with us; don't go there; they are all killed there," and the five Oglalas joined with Beard in the same appeal. Now the Oglalas left these two brothers. Then Joe got off his horse and told Dewey to get on. Dewey was covered with blood. He mounted the horse and Joe walked along slowly. After a little, a mounted Indian relation came up behind them. The three went together over to White Clay Creek below the mission and into the hostile camp (above where the Commissary now is) there on both sides of the creek. When they arrived, the Indians all flocked about them to look at them and to shake hands with them. They were crying and singing death songs; they did not speak with these three. When the people were done shaking hands with them, they were told that their two youngest brothers had been brought over there, and now these youngest brothers were brought to Dewey and Joe. These were Frank and Ernest. When Dewey saw these two youngest brothers, he was now more sorry than he was over at Wounded Knee. He was wondering how these two youngest had got out of their trouble and reached White Clay. Seven of us were saved from Wounded Knee—five brothers, one sister and Dewey's little infant.

Seven of the family were lost, viz, Horned Cloud, Sr. and wife; two brothers, William and Sherman; Dewey's wife, Wears Eagle; Good or Pretty Enemy (woman who lived with the Horned Clouds and was one of the family and was a cousin of Dewey).

Ernest was young and ran many miles and through over-

exertion and exposure, contracted consumption and died twelve years after, was never well again; Dewey's little infant, Wet Feet, died afterwards in the next March. This child was nursing its dead mother who was shot in the breast. It swallowed blood and from this vomited and was never well, was always sick till it died.

When the fighting began at Wounded Knee, the sun was just a little above the hills. He has never made so complete a statement of this affair to any person.

He (Dewey) says he was at this time twenty-five years old.

First sitting	2:15
Second sitting	1:15
Third sitting	1:00
Fourth sitting	:30
Fifth sitting	3:30
Sixth sitting	<u>3:00</u>
	11:30 ⁵⁷

PHILIP F. WELLS

Sketch of Philip Faribault Wells (Pronounced Faribo, Fr.)

He was born in December, 1850 in Frontenac, Minnesota.⁵⁸ His mother was a half-blood Sioux Indian woman who never spoke English. His father was James Wells, a white American. The city of Faribault was named for the famous Alexander Faribault, his uncle. The place was, at this date, wholly an Indian country, there being not a white settler there. In the territorial days of Minnesota, James Wells was a noted character and once at least, was a member of the legislature. When Philip was two years old, his father removed with his family to what is now Faribault, Rice County, Minnesota, then a wilderness swarming with Indians. The Wells family was not outranked in importance by any of the pioneers of that period, and this fact can not be better confirmed than to say that a township and a county in that state are named in honor and recognition of it. (Alex. Faribault was a half-blood; his wife and Mr. Wells' mother were sisters). Mr. Wells' brothers have received honorable mention for their services in Civil and Indian wars.

On the 18th August, 1864, Mr. James Wells who, not liking the narrow restraints of civilization and still full of fondness for the free yet perilous life of the remote frontier with which he had always been identified, accompanied by Philip, Wallace and Aaron, his sons (all of whom have since been conspicuously

identified with the Indian service) and an Indian whom he had raised to manhood, and the wife of this Indian, were on their way to the Black Hills to examine the country with a view to settling there, when they ran across a party of hostile Sioux (a relic of the recent Minnesota war), and James Wells and the woman were killed and Philip wounded. This was on a branch of the Big Sioux river called the Lone Cottonwood, in what is now South Dakota. The terrible hardships borne by this party in their endeavors to escape out of this hostile country by night marches, enduring starvation, are yet fresh themes in the recollections of the early settlers. They finally reached home in pitiable condition, being mere skeletons and scarcely recognizable. Their horses were taken by the Indians and they were on foot nearly a month, the oldest brother Wallace carrying Philip most of the time as he was wounded.

Soon after this hard experience and yet a boy of about 15, Philip left home, and during the next ten years roamed throughout the west, including Mexico south and the British possessions north. After this time, he was in the Indian service almost continually; he was interpreter, farmer and acting agent for the Interior Dept.; in 1877 and 1878 he was a deputy revenue officer on the Canadian line, which was merely auxiliary to his business as a fur trader among the Indians. I occupied under the War Dept. the positions of scout, chief of scouts, and guide and interpreter. In the fall of 1876, was employed by the Reverend Mr. Fennell, missionary of the Episcopal Church under Bishop Hare, who was killed, I narrowly escaping with my life. A year or two later I took part in the capture of the notorious outlaw, Brave Bear. In 1881 was employed by the War Dept. to assist in securing the surrender of Sitting Bull and was an interpreter for seven steamboat loads of Indian prisoners of war brought from Fort Buford to Fort Yates. (This was when the final surrender of Indians took place.) Served as scout, interpreter and guide with the Army on various expeditions against the Indians. Became head farmer at Standing Rock Agency (quit the War Dept. in 1882) about 1882. In 1883 took charge of Turtle Mountain Reservation as farmer and Acting Agent and remained in those positions 4 years. In spring of 1887, I was appointed Assistant Clerk at Pine Ridge Reservation, and in addition was official interpreter. In 1889 was official interpreter for the Sioux Commission which treated for a portion of the Sioux Reservation. In

1890 was appointed by Col. Gallagher, purser in charge of Medicine Root district.

In the fall of 1890 resigned as farmer to take position as chief of scouts under War Dept. Was in battle of Wounded Knee and affair at Drexel Mission.⁵⁹ After peace was restored, was appointed farmer of White Clay district by Capt. Brown of 11th Inf., Acting Agent. While in that capacity, the killing of the 4 cowboys by the band of the notorious Two Sticks took place; he cared for the dead and with assistance of friendly Indians saved the living that were left. In 1894 he quit the public service altogether, being unable any longer to harmonize with the class of men who were directing Indian affairs, he feeling that it was not intelligent supervision that was wanted, but silence and submission instead. He next established a stock ranch on the Reservation where he has made selections for allotments to himself and children of whom he has six, five sons and one daughter. Since 1886 he has been principal interpreter between the government and the Sioux tribe of Indians in the making of all the treaties between these parties, and in all the attempts at treaty making which failed.

Following is the portion of the Wells interview dealing with Wounded Knee:

The Indians in the western part of Pine Ridge Reservation moved toward those advancing, and a meeting took place in the Wounded Knee region. The united bodies agreed to take up a position in the bad lands and they at once moved to it.⁶⁰ It was upon an elevation difficult of access, which in the southwest would be called a mesa. The main part of this table was some 4 miles long and 2 miles wide, and it could be ascended only at the eastern and western extremities; at the latter the passage-way was much broader in extent and easier grade, while the other was of trifling width and more difficult ascent. On the north side and near the east end there was a spur of this mesa containing about 1000 acres, and at the point where it connected with the main table it narrowed to a small neck, 5 or 6 rods across. From the elevated position they had taken, they kept a vigilant watch to guard against approach and surprise. They had taken their families with them, and also a herd of cattle for their subsistence. They climbed up the east passage-way. This mesa was surrounded by a perpendicular wall of Bad Land rock, except at the points mentioned. When General Brooke arrived at the Agency he

began to send out Indian messengers to these Indians to establish communication with them in the interest of peace, but these were driven off by threats and refused to receive them, until Father Jutz (pronounced Uts), he was a Jesuit priest at Holy Rosary Mission, and Jack Red Cloud, son of the noted chief Red Cloud, were sent out by General Brooke. The Indians received Father Jutz kindly and agreed to surrender if the terms proposed should be satisfactory, and it is understood that they proposed some conditions which they would insist on. Father Jutz returned to the Agency and later made another trip into the Bad Lands and obtained their surrender. They returned with him and went into camp on White Clay below the Mission. (It was now that Prof. Bailey⁶¹ called at the Mission and was hospitably entertained by Father Jutz overnight and given every information in his power to assist him in his writings, and granted his request to go out next day with Father Jutz to the Indian camp and ride by his side at the head of the column while coming into the Agency; and afterwards he assailed the Catholics and Father Jutz and accused them of responsibility for the war, and falsely told how the priests received the confessions of the Indians and made charges and took payment in furs and bead work for forgiveness of their sins, etc. Ricker)

The next morning they moved in and pitched camp on the ridge north of Wolf Creek and the Agency. Provisions had been sent out to them from the Agency to their camp below the Mission.

Sitting Bull had been killed on or about December 15 and the authorities were desirous to secure the surrender of the hostiles and get their arms before the latter could be informed by couriers that fighting had begun and the old chief was dead. After Sitting Bull's death, a party consisting of about 100 Indians left Standing Rock Agency. These were relatives and followers of Sitting Bull. An Indian scout named Standing Soldier belonging to Capt. Taylor's scouts, was sent out with a squad with instructions to go near the head of Medicine Root Creek and on the east divide and follow north there on to the Big White River, thence back to the Agency, for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of Big Foot and his band. This band of 100 from Standing Rock, it is understood, were seeking to join the hostiles in the Bad Lands, and having discovered the U.S. soldiers stationed by General Carr, they made a wide detour to the east

expecting to pass around their flank and rear and affect a junction with their friends in spite of the obstacles they had found in their way.

Standing Soldier met these Indians on the divide and persuaded them to believe that the soldiers had surrounded the hostile position in the Bad Lands, and that the best thing for them to do would be to go into the Agency where the friendly Indians were camped. He sent a courier forward to inform Captain Taylor that he was coming with this party, when the latter came in sight of the battle of Wounded Knee, but swiftly returned to let Standing Soldier know of what had occurred directly in his path. Standing Soldier was obliged to deceive the Indians by telling them that there were troops in their way and that it would be necessary to move into the Sandhills in a wide circuit and come into the Agency from the south. Standing Soldier arrived with his prisoners at the Agency sometime in the night of the 30th.⁶² These Indians had slipped away from Standing Rock unknown to the agent, James McLaughlin, or to General Sumner. They camped south of the Agency with the friendly Indians.

There were a few Indians who were acting as neutrals who were camped on the ridge north of Wolf Creek before the hostiles were brought there. The very friendly Indians were south of the Agency and near the military.

Big Foot slipped away from Cheyenne River Reservation and from General Sumner. He came down through the Bad Lands, descending into the White River valley through the Big Foot pass, which took its name from him, and crossed the White River a little above Interior, South Dakota, and near the mouth of Medicine Root Creek, and moved southward to Porcupine Butte, from which place he was proceeding northwest, when he was intercepted by the scouts.

Captain Taylor had two troops of Scouts. Mr. W. thinks there were 100 of the Sioux Troop, and 50 of the Troop of Cheyennes. The Northern Cheyennes were settled at Pine Ridge Agency as a part of the Pine Ridge Indians; but after the troubles of the year, they were at their request allowed to remove and settle on Tongue River.

There were two other troops of scouts consisting of young Indians and boys who were organized after the battle in the hope of enlisting them in the U.S., but the plan failed and they never did anything.

There were also a body of headquarters scouts—7 or 8 in number, among whom were Big Bat, Little Bat, Frank Guard, Louis Shangrau, John Shangrau, No Neck, Woman's Dress. Ricker.

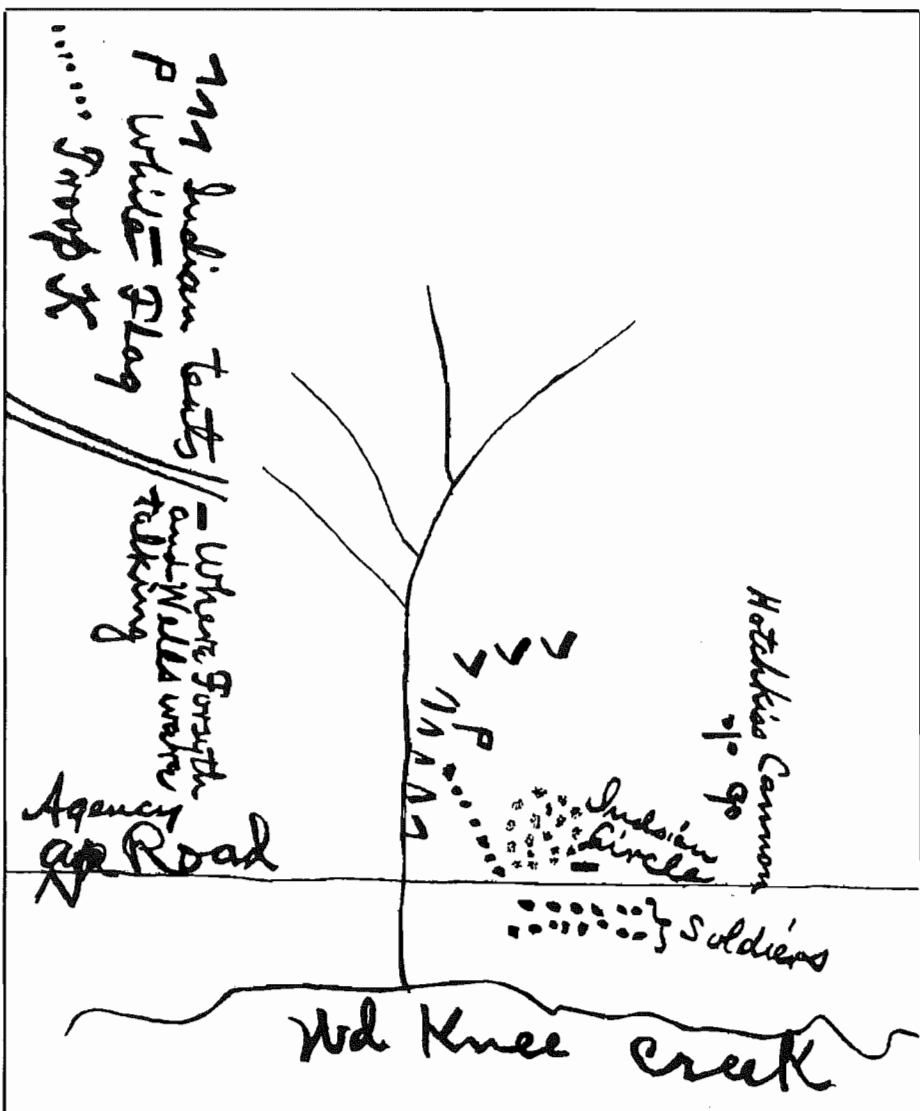
On the 28th, the scouts located Big Foot at Porcupine Butte. A courier was sent to Major Whiteside at Wounded Knee, who had been out there two or three days. Whiteside marched with the cavalry to Big Foot and found his men drawn up in line, but after a parley, it was agreed that they should come in with the soldiers and camp at Wounded Knee.

THE BATTLE

Mr. Wells spent the night before the battle about half a mile down the road leading to the Agency, with a troop of Capt. Taylor's scouts.⁶³ They came out the night before with Col. Forsyth and arrived about 11 p.m. In the morning after taking breakfast where they had camped that night, he could see that the soldiers were drawn up between the Indians and the Wounded Knee Creek. The positions were about as follows (see p. 206):

Colonel Forsyth turned away while Mr. Wells was watching and listening to the medicine man on the west side of the circle, who was facing to the west and holding up his hands and praying for protection. The Colonel asked Mr. Wells what the man was saying. "It is nothing but a harmless prayer that he is saying, Colonel; but don't disturb me, for I must pay very close attention to catch all he means; however, I will let you know just as soon as he says anything you should know." "All right," answered the Colonel, and he walked away. Then the medicine man stopped praying, and stooping down, took some dirt and rose up facing the west, raised his two hands, and still facing the west, cast the dirt with a circular motion of his hand toward the soldiers in the rear. Then he walked round the circle, and when he got back to the starting point on the west side, he stopped and uttered exclamations which in Sioux signify regret, and that he has decided on a desperate course. For instance, if he has submitted to abuse, insult, or wrong with patience and fortitude, but has made up his mind to retaliate or take revenge upon the offender, he exclaims: "Haha! Haha! I have lived long enough" (which means in Sioux that he is ready to give his life for this purpose. Ricker).

Then he turned toward the young men who were standing together and said: "Do not be afraid and let your hearts be strong to meet what is before you; we are all well aware that there are lots of soldiers about us and that they have lots of bullets; but I have received assurance that their bullets cannot penetrate us. The



Philip F. Wells map of Wounded Knee.

prairie is large and the bullet will not go toward you, but over the large prairies, and if they do go towards you, they will not penetrate you. As you saw one throw up the dust and it floated away, so will the bullets float away harmlessly over the prairies."

Mr. Wells then stepped to Big Foot's brother-in-law to talk with him and get him to try to quiet and pacify the Indians. This brother-in-law impressed Mr. Wells by his better dress and his generally intelligent appearance as a man of more than average parts—as a rather superior Indian. Just then Colonel Forsyth called out to him saying that he better get out of there, for it was beginning to look dangerous. Mr. Wells answered, "In a minute, Colonel; I want to see if I cannot get this fellow to quiet them." Then he addressed the Indian and said: "Friend, go in among the young men and quiet them, and talk to them as a man of your age should." This was said to him in a low tone so that the others should not hear. He replied, very loud so that all the Indians could hear his words: "Why, friend, your heart seems to beat. Why, who is talking of trouble or fighting?"

"Yes, friend, my heart beats when I see so many helpless women and children if anything should happen," replied Mr. Wells.

"Friend, it is unnecessary that your heart should beat," again said in a loud voice by the Indian. After the Indian's first reply to Wells, a powerfully built young man stepped out of the circle and came round to where these two were standing and talking. He kept taking steps slowly as though he intended to get behind Mr. Wells without his observing what he was doing. But Mr. Wells suspected his purpose and was watching him, and as the young Indian moved around, he kept turning his own body so that he did not get behind him. At the same time, seeing that he could not persuade the older Indian, he continued to talk, attempting to change the subject. He held his rifle with both hands at the muzzle, the butt resting on the ground. The young Indian had no gun under his blanket, but Mr. Wells could not tell if he had a revolver or a knife concealed, and he was reflecting on the different modes of attack which this Indian might be contemplating—whether he would grapple and try to overpower him—whether he would strike him with a club or knife—whether he should shoot with a revolver—or whatever else he would attempt to do to dispose of Mr. Wells and get his gun; for one of his main objects was to obtain that, as Mr. Wells saw from the way he was

eying it. He dared not turn his back on the Indian, but began to move backwards with the intention that when he got far enough from him to walk away with safety, he would get out of the circle. By this time, Mr. Wells was convinced that a clash was coming. On that instant, he heard the cry to his rear and left, coming from the direction of the soldiers, "Look out! Look out!" Wells threw his gun into position of "port" and turned his head quickly to the left and rear for a look at the Indians standing in a circle; one Indian near the center of the circle stood facing the soldiers with his gun pointing at an upward angle—in the last position in which a hunter holds his piece before placing it to his shoulder to fire; still holding his gun so, it was discharged—the contents going into the air, over the soldiers' heads, as the smoke indicated. At that instant, 5 or 6 young warriors threw off their blankets and drew their guns toward him. Mr. Wells says that when this first shot was fired and the Indians dropped their blankets and drew their guns, he heard the command which sounded like Colonel Forsyth's voice: "Fire! Fire on them!" Mr. Wells, having the Indian near him in his thoughts, turned toward him, both movements occupying only an instant of time. The Indian was already upon him with an upraised long butcher knife ground to a sharp point, in the act of dealing a deadly blow. A man of surprising agility, Mr. Wells dropped to one knee, at the same time throwing up his gun with both hands as a guard, and ducking his head to avoid a blow in the face. The Indian's wrist struck the gun, but the knife was long enough to reach his nose which was nearly severed, and hung down over his mouth, held by the skin. Before Mr. Wells could rise, the Indian renewed his attack, standing over him with the savage knife uplifted and trying to grasp his gun with his left hand. It was a desperate play between life and death and lasted but a moment. Mr. Wells, holding the gun above his head, kept it in swift motion as a guard against the knife. The Indian now summoned all his strength to break down the guard with a furious blow and the weight of his body, and raising his blade higher in the air for the mighty stroke, he opened his own guard and Wells gave him a blow on the left with the muzzle of his gun, which stunned him. This gave Wells time to regain his feet. The Indian staggered back a step or two. Wells sprang backwards. Now they were three paces apart. Wells levelled his piece at his breast; the Indian was glaring into his eyes; to escape the shot that he thought could not be withheld, he

turned a quarter round and dropped on his hands and knees. Wells had saved his fire. Like a flash, the muzzle of the gun went down and the bullet entered the Indian's side below the arm; he pitched forward on his face, dead. Then a corporal rushed up to the prostrate body, placed the muzzle of his own gun between the shoulders and fired. About the same instant, a bullet struck him, inflicting a mortal wound from which he died in a day or two in the hospital at the Agency. Having vanquished his foe, Wells started for shelter behind the wagon close by in which some of the guns taken from the Indians had been placed. While running, he slipped on the grass and nearly fell. A young brave who, it was afterwards learned, was following him, dealt a blow with his knife from behind, intending to stab between neck and shoulder. He overreached and left a cut in the front of Wells' coat.

Mr. Wells remained in the action until the main part was over. When he was taking aim with his gun, the piece of his nose suspended by the skin was in the way and once he tried to pull it off, but could not. It is well for him that it would not yield, for it was replaced by the surgeon and he has had many years use of it since and it has performed its functions, including that of good appearance, down to the present time. Lieutenant Preston saw him in the fight covered with blood, and came up and asked if he was badly hurt, and seeing his condition, led him away to the surgeon. Preston was the second in command of the Taylor scouts.

Captain Wallace was killed in the rear of his troop K. He was struck by a bullet in the upper part of his forehead and it tore through the top of his skull.

Mr. Wells confirms what McFarland has said about the Indians falling back up the ravine and when ever the place where one was hidden was discovered, a Hotchkiss shell was thrown there.

The first dispatch from the battlefield to the Agency announcing what had taken place was borne by Lieutenant Guy Preston, accompanied by a soldier of the Seventh Cavalry.

I asked Mr. Wells his opinion as to the intention of Big Foot of giving the whites battle, and he said:

I do not believe they had any intention of fighting, and for these reasons: First, when Major Whiteside met Big Foot at Porcupine Butte, Big Foot was drawn up in battle array and was perhaps equal to Whiteside in numbers, or nearly so.

Second, the ground was in his favor, being adapted to the Indian style of fighting; whereas, the soldiers would have had, for awhile at least, to operate on the open plain.

Third, after the Indians knew they were discovered and the troops were coming, the Indians had ample time for defensive preparations and did not improve the opportunity to make themselves more impregnable.

When Whiteside met them, he formed his troops in line of battle. While in these positions, a long parley took place. If the Indians had not been willing to yield, they could have safely retreated with the landscape favoring their movements and their rear guard fighting.

Fourth, but the Indians surrendered. This was where the actual surrender was. When they came to Wounded Knee, they were prisoners in possession of their arms. The battle there was over the question of giving up the guns. Big Foot admitted the principle which Forsyth contended; namely, that the Indians should surrender their weapons, but used evasion to avoid doing so. The Indians had delivered before the action only some inferior pieces.

Mr. Wells believes the Indians put up a bluff, but it got away from their control, it was carried too far, till the young warriors plunged on the danger line and precipitated the tragedy. He relates the following circumstance: After the action, he stood by the dead body of Big Foot's brother-in-law and, after Indian custom addressed the dead man, "Haha!" the Indian exclamation of regret. "Friend, I tried to save you, but you would not obey me, and now you have destroyed yourself." At that, the wounded Indians lying within hearing, uttered their approval of what he said, by the usual, "How." They had heard him in conversation with this man before the battle and knew from the Indian's answers that Wells was pleading with him to pacify the people. . . .

ENGAGEMENT NEAR DREXEL MISSION

(Properly Holy Rosary Mission)

Dec. 30, 1890.

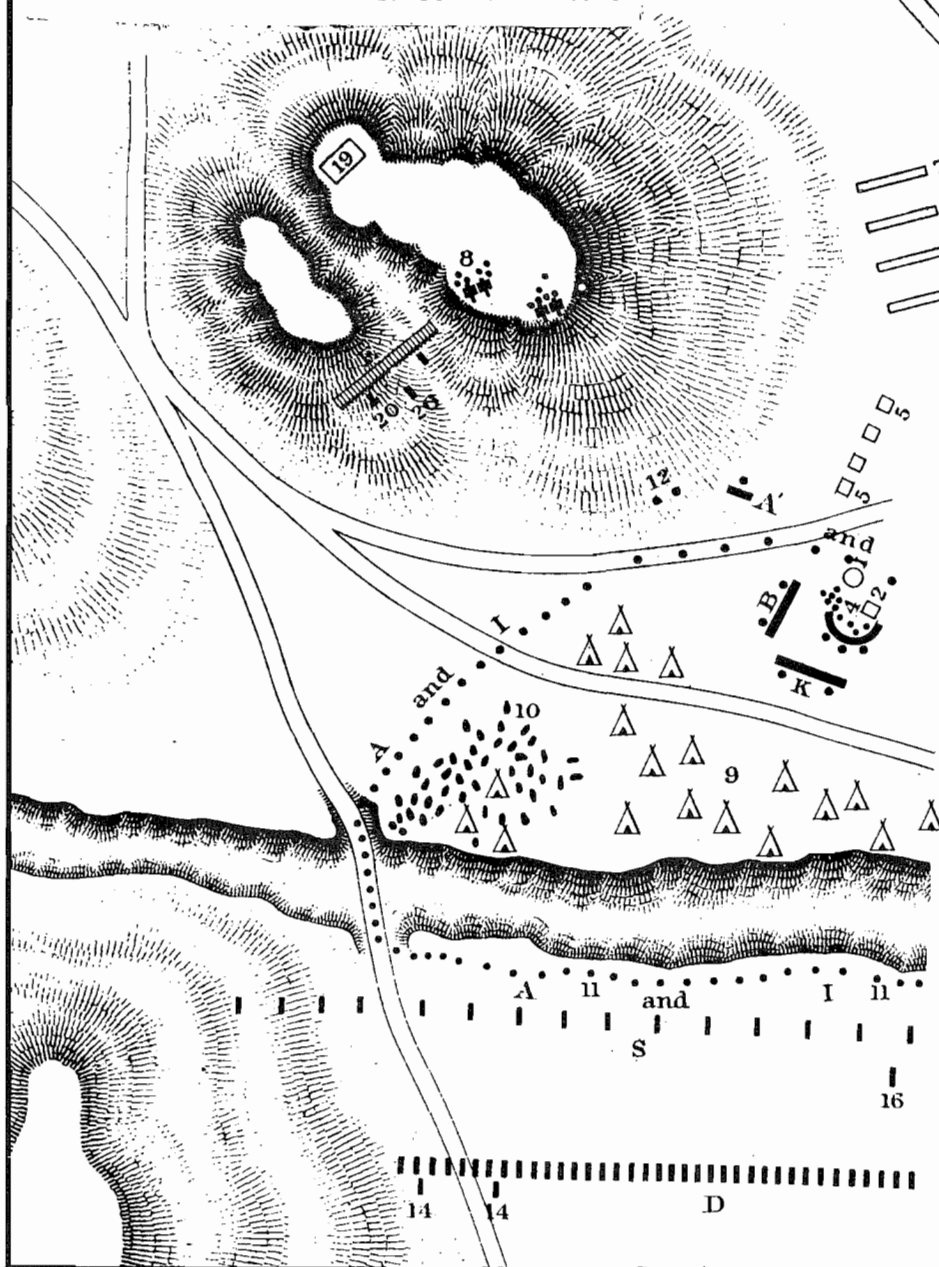
When Mr. Wells reached the Agency the night of the battle about 10 or 11 o'clock P.M., he went to the hospital inside the Agency enclosure, in hospital tents, and saw 30 or 40 wounded soldiers and the surgeons were busy. He stepped in and was shown by a doctor a place in another tent where he could lie down, there being plenty of robes. He rested there till daylight. Word came that the Holy Rosary Mission was on fire, all its occupants having been killed. His wife was teaching a day school on the hill south of the Mission and on the south side of the big ravine, just south of the Mission. She had two young children

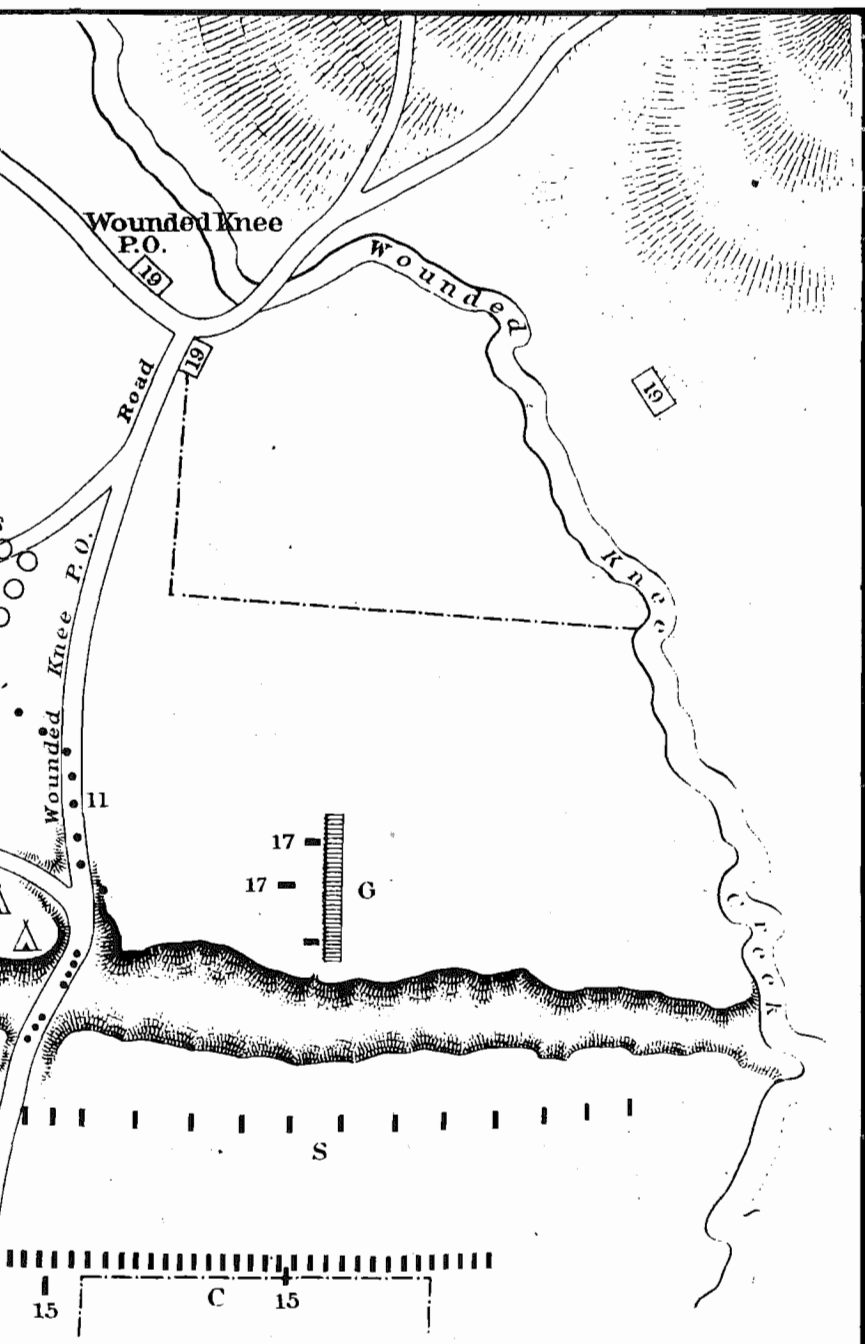
which she kept with her. This Day School had been built before the Mission. The latter was begun in the summer of 1887, the same season Mr. Wells came from the north.

Mr. Wells heard the report and alarm given outside; he jumped up and buckled on his revolver and grabbed his rifle. The first thought in his mind was that his family was killed, and as he came out he saw several cavalry horses saddled and cow ponies with cowboy saddles. Not knowing to whom any of these belonged, he selected what looked to be the best cow pony and mounted and started for the Mission. He flew half-crazed and heedlessly for a mile. Then, recovering his equilibrium, he began to reason. Until now, contemplating revenge for the death of his family, he asked himself, "Am I likely to get revenge by this wild chase, when I may dash into an ambush and be killed?" A second thought was quickly in his mind, and that was to exonerate the Indians and to wreak his vengeance on the authors of these horrible scenes and bereavements; and these were instantly depicted in his mind, standing out as the responsible monsters who should pay swift penalty for this crime. He seized the instant resolve to take their lives upon sight, and if the consequences be to follow his murdered family, that he would do as his free choice and cheerfully. He would first make affectionate disposition of their remains. He dashed onward, now taking precautions against surprise. Smoke was rising in dense columns in the direction of the Mission. He was now convinced that the news was correct and that the worst could be expected. Riding a mile and a half farther, to his great joy he discovered that the conflagration was at the Day School where he had been living; a little farther on he saw the spire of the Mission Church standing unharmed; and then his thoughts and feelings were changed to thanksgiving and gratitude and the war within himself was over.

Mrs. Wells was at the Day School in the forenoon on the 29th of December, 1890. About 11 a.m. she noticed that there was commotion among the young Indians, at first the children, and then it spread to older ones, the parents gathering at the school and talking to the children—the meaning not being apprehended by Mrs. Wells. About noon or a little after, she noticed that the young men were stripping to a war footing; that is, were naked except the breech clout, and they were bestirring themselves and getting their ponies. An Indian woman came and asked Mrs. Wells, who guessed from her news, to go to the

WOUNDED KNEE BATTLEFIELD





Map (Plate XCVII) and legend (see following page) from *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology* (Washington DC: Government Printing Office, 1896), ff. 868.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE XCVII.

Compiled from map by Lieutenant T. Q. Donaldson, Seventh United States cavalry, kindly loaned by Dr J. D. Glennan, United States Army.

- A and I. Seventy-six men from A and I troops forming dismounted line of sentinels.
- B. Troop B dismounted and in line.
- C. Troop C mounted and in line (sorrel troop).
- D. Troop D mounted and in line (black troop).
- E. Troop E mounted and in line (bay troop).
- G. Troop G mounted and in line (gray troop).
- K. Troop K dismounted and in line.
- S. Indian scouts.
 - 1. Tent from which a hostile warrior shot two soldiers.
 - 2. Tent occupied by Big Foot and his wife and in front of which the former was killed.
 - 3. Tents put up for the use of Big Foot's band.
 - 4. Council ring in or near which were General Forsyth, Major Whitside, Captain Varnum, Captain Hoff, Captain Wallace, Doctor Glennan, Lieutenant Robinson, Lieutenant Nicholson, Lieutenant McCormick, and the reporters.
 - 5. Officers' tents, first battalion.
 - 6. Enlisted mens' tents, first battalion.
 - 7. Bivouac of second battalion on night of December 28, 1890.
 - 8. Four Hotchkiss guns and detachment of First artillery, under Captain Capron, First artillery, and Lieutenant Hawthorne, Second artillery.
 - 9. Indian village.
 - 10. Indian ponies.
 - 11. Dismounted line of sentinels.
 - 12. Captains Hsley and Moylan.
 - 13. Lieutenants Garlington and Waterman.
 - 14. Captain Godfrey and Lieutenant Tompkins.
 - 15. Captain Jackson and Lieutenant Donaldson.
 - 16. Lieutenant Taylor, Ninth cavalry, commanding Indian scouts (S).
 - 17. Captain Edgerly and Lieutenant Brewer.
 - 18. Captain Nowlan and Lieutenant Gresham.
 - 19. Indian houses.
 - 20. Lieutenants Sickel and Rice.

Just beyond the limit of the map, toward the west, the ravine forms a bend, in which a number of hostiles took refuge, and from which Lieutenant Hawthorne was shot. Captain Wallace was found near the center of the council ring. Big Foot was killed two or three yards in front of his tent. Father Craft was near the center of the ring when stabbed. The Indians broke to the west through B and K troops. While in the council ring all the warriors had on blankets, with their arms, principally Winchester rifles, concealed under them. Most of the warriors, including the medicine-man, were painted and wore ghost shirts.

Wounded Knee map on preceding page.

Mission. Mrs. Wells tried to put her off for a little while till she could finish clearing away her dinner table, but the woman was persistent and, as Mrs. Wells seemed in no hurry to go, she caught the young child, Alma, in her arms and started off on the run (the child was nearly 3 years old) to the Mission. Mrs. Wells did not understand what it all meant, but she had a secret fear that the woman was kidnapping the little girl. So she grasped the boy Tommy who was between 5 and 6 years old and ran after her as hard as she could. They reached the Mission nearly together. but when Mrs. Wells saw the woman directing her course to the Mission, she felt relieved, but she could not conjecture what all the trouble was about, though she realized that some danger was impending. Mrs. Wells went to Father Jutz, the Father Superior, and inquired the cause of so much commotion, but he did not know. He said he was just starting to the Agency to learn the cause. He was not gone more than half an hour when he returned and said that he had been stopped by the Indians who would not let him pass, but they told him that there was fighting going on and to go back and stay at the Mission. He advised Mrs. Wells to remain there also, and she stayed. That afternoon and night, people kept coming and going, and about 20 persons from the neighborhood were there all the time. Some sat up and spent the slow hours of suspense in conversation; other retired, but there was no sleep at the Holy Rosary Mission that night.

It should be observed that from the beginning of the difficulties, the Indians had told Father Jutz to keep within the enclosure around the Mission and he would be safe; that those precincts would be treated as sacred, and that all therein would receive protection and be exempt from danger. When it became apparent to the hostile Indians that there was probability of fighting, the full bloods had quietly notified their half-blood relations that, if it came, they had better go to the Mission, for they would be safe in that place, as it was agreed among all of them that the enclosed premises of the institution should not be invaded. Father Jutz had been specified as the only friend the Indians had among the whites on the Reservation.

(I should have stated farther back that when Mrs. Wells went to the Mission, she found it practically emptied; there were not more than a dozen children remaining. The others had run away and the Father Superior was in the dark as to what was causing the exodus.)

Mrs. Wells states that on the morning of the 30th, many straggling Indians who were passing the Mission from the direction of the Agency towards their rendezvous north of there, stopped at the gate and were fed by the Sisters of St. Francis, Mrs. Wells herself assisting. Later the soldiers came along, as they had been ordered out in that direction to reconnoiter and extend succor to any who were in peril. These, hearing that the Mission was on fire, left the Agency without breakfast and, as they passed along, were also fed as the Indians had been. Mr. Wells says that the Indians had been refreshed in the same manner on the 29th. This was done by carving bread and meat and carrying these out on trays and large vessels.

Returning to Mr. Wells, he states that he reached the Mission and found everything all right.

On the 29th, these Indians about the Mission and north of the Agency gathered, apart on the ridge north of Wolf Creek and fired into the Agency. A part of these hostiles moved to Wounded Knee and were driven off by the Cavalry, as elsewhere stated by Mr. Wells. On the night of the 29th, the fighting Indians at the Agency fell back to a position about 12 miles north of the Agency and about 4 miles east of the White Clay in the hills—a good position, well protected, a very broken, hilly country. The Indians who had marched to Wounded Knee, retired from there and joined these in the new position in the hills.

On the morning of the 30th, about daylight, the 7th Cavalry was ordered out and moved down past the Mission, and were regaled there with a piece of bread and meat which each took from the baskets of the donors as he passed. They went about two miles below the Mission, where they were fired on from the hill tops near the rear of the column. The firing came from one side. The troops formed, facing the danger, though no Indians could be seen. Then came a hostile volley from the opposite side of the column. A disposition of some of the soldiers was made to meet the fire from this quarter. Then a fresh fire came into the column from the front. Then some more troops were wheeled into position to repel this attack. It looked as though the enemy had closed in on all sides, and the concern was that they had established themselves in the rear as well as elsewhere. This situation lasted an hour or more until the 9th Cavalry appeared. The situation was felt to be critical because the Indians kept out of sight and it was impossible to tell whether they were all around

the troops, nor could their numbers be conjectured. Not more than three or four could be seen at any one time. Lieutenant Mann, a soldier of the 7th Cavalry, was wounded and afterwards died. Three Indians were wounded. One of these died afterwards.

As was later learned, these shots came from 30 or 40 young Indians who were without experience, some of whom had returned from eastern schools. They fired from one side, then ran to another place and fired, then repeated this in another place. The 9th Cavalry made one charge, the boys scattered and hid, and the affair was done. Mr. Wells considered at the time that the troops were in a dangerous situation and that was the universal feeling.

About a month after this affair, Mr. Wells was ordered to investigate this, and he did so. He found that this force of young men had been directed by the Indians at the rendezvous not to engage the troops that might come in sight, but to get what information they could and retire before them and report, so that the main body might be put in readiness for battle.

RICHARD C. STIRK

*Interview with Richard C. Stirk⁶⁴
North of White River, in South Dakota,
10 November, 1906.*

He says he came out into this country with cattle in 1870; came to Fort Laramie in 1872, and after the Old Red Cloud Agency was moved from the Platte to Robinson, he came down in the spring of 1874 from Fort Fetterman to Red Cloud and was employed there in 1874 and 1875. In 1893 he went into the Indian trades business and has been in it ever since—six years at Pine Ridge, seven years at Manderson, and now at Pine Ridge. This year (1906) he has the contract to supply the Indians with beef.

Wounded Knee

When the troubles of 1890 came to a head, all the people on the Reservation were ordered into the Agency, and after they got in there, the authorities would not let them out. Stirk says he was living about 2 miles below his present residence on White River and didn't know there was any trouble at the Agency. They received orders to go to the Agency, but did not know for what

reason till they reached there and found soldiers occupying the place. He left everything at home and the Indians helped themselves, ransacking everything. He got about 50 cents on the dollar for his losses. Other people suffered likewise. But all the people thus treated, suffered less from depredations by the Indians than by the whites. The soldiers hired remote citizens to furnish transportation to them; these whites when returning to their homes, pillaged houses of their contents, taking livestock. During the trouble, Stirk skipped out from the Agency to his ranch and took 40 head of horses into the Agency for safety, and these were stolen from him then and taken to the sand-hills for shipment east, but two friends gave him aid and he recovered them. White men were doing this. Doc Middleton did it, having Tom Butcheldes do the work. They were taken down on Snake River, a hard place to find them. Bennett Irwin and John Riggs had seen the horses go by and they knew the country and posted Stirk, who recovered them.⁶⁵

Stirk says there were some newspaper men at the Agency, and Whiteside was out at Wounded Knee with the troops, and these men wanted to go out, and Stirk took them out. This was the day or two before the battle. They found that the scouts had reported no Indians in sight. Two of the correspondents remained and Charley Allen and Stirk went back to the Agency. That night, a courier arrived stating that Big Foot was captured with his band and was at Wounded Knee. So Allen wanted to go back, as did others, and Stirk took them out that night.

Next morning, the Indians were told to come together in a circle and to bring all the arms they had with them. The circle was formed as Joseph Horned Cloud described it. He says it was open on the east side, and towards the hill. There were two ranks of soldiers around behind the Indians. The circle was just about a quarter circle. On the north side, there was just one soldier guard walking.

The old Indians urged the young Indians who hesitated, to come into the circle, to come forward and bring their guns. A sergeant and two or three soldiers with him, began at the west end of the segment of the circle to search the seated Indians. As soon as they searched one, they moved him over about ten feet to the right and he sat down. There was one Indian painted black who was a hateful looking man—mean looking. When the searchers came to him, the trouble began.

After the searchers had examined a few Indians and obtained nothing but a few worthless guns, like squirrel rifles and guns out of repair, they were convinced that the Indians had not brought out their good guns. So, an order was given for the tents and wagons to be searched. The Indians had some of their wagons nearly loaded at this time, and their horses harnessed, and some teams were hitched up. Some of the hitched up teams ran away when the firing began. A detachment of soldiers went about the tents and found guns in wagons, in tents buried in the dirt, and some were concealed by the women under blankets. This searching party was thus occupied about half an hour and, while they were busy, the searching of the circle ceased. While the searching was going on, a certain Indian was making medicine—telling them to be brave, that the soldiers' bullets could not pierce their shirts. He was gesticulating with his arms, making signs over their heads and passing his hands toward the sun, etc. Stirk thinks he should have been made to keep still.

When the party searching the circle began again their work and reached the black painted man, he rose up and hesitated about being searched, and when the sergeant opened his blanket, he brought his gun down on him and shot. The Indians were expecting him to make some trouble, for he was a single man and had said he was willing to die, and he was a bad man and had been making some talk before. When he got up and a little scuffle ensued between him and the sergeant, several of the Indians in the circle rose up. When this black painted warrior fired, he shot the sergeant.

Before the party searching the circle resumed the search, an officer asked an officer in charge of the search, how many he had and the man replied 57, and added that he guessed he had them all. (Mr Stirk says he thinks there were 63 warriors counted in the circle.)

When the sergeant was shot, the next thing was the general fusillade—soldiers firing, Indians running toward their lodges, etc. Stirk thinks there were not more than 5 or 6 guns in the hands of the Indians when the battle began.

The main firing, where most of them were killed, did not last ten minutes. But scattered firing and all lasted about four hours. Mr. Stirk left for Rushville before the last shots were fired, carrying dispatches for newspaper correspondents, for which service he was paid \$300.

Before he left, the soldiers were bringing in prisoners. The first he saw was a woman brought in leading a horse with her little child on the horse.

Mr. Stirk says he did not see any particular barbarities committed against the Indians, but he has heard of them and knows that they were true—such as, rushing up on them when they were hiding down in pockets in the ravine, and killing them indiscriminately without offering to take them prisoners.

When the fighting began, soldiers and Indians were coming—led and running together. It was all uproar, shooting, yelling, smoke and flame.

Stirk saw all he has related. He had no business there; he was an onlooker and watched everything closely. His attention was not distracted by any duties to be performed.

He says there need have been no trouble at all, if the agent had had any backbone. Says the ghost dancing was dying out, some of the Indians beginning to drop it.

There is substantial agreement, I find, between Stirk, Wells and Horn Cloud as to the discharge of the first gun and a scuffle, except that Stirk says a sergeant was killed.

Stirk says positively that the sergeant was killed at the first fire, for he saw him fall. They were standing pretty thick in and around there at the time. He thinks there were three soldiers with the sergeant. I am satisfied that it was a squad with a non-commissioned officer that was searching. Stirk says there were other soldiers within five feet of them. Stirk stood within 20 feet of the scene and he thinks he knows as much about it as anyone; he had nothing to distract his attention and was there doing nothing but looking on. Thinks Wells was pretty badly rattled, knowing that something was coming. Horn Cloud was young and not familiar with official insignia.

I have called his attention to the scuffle mentioned by some between the Indian and the officer—of the swinging up and down of the arms—the covering of one end of the gun and the raising of the other and vice versa. He says it was not so, that the black painted warrior stood up holding his gun under his right arm, and in his right hand, with the muzzle pointing down to the ground, the butt pointing upwards behind his right shoulder, his left arm extended across his breast, his left hand holding his blanket which hung over his gun. The sergeant had some struggle to open his blanket to get the gun. While this scene was



Brothers White Lance, Joseph Horn Cloud, and Dewey Beard, February, 1907.

transpiring, the Indians in the circle began to rise up here and there. The black painted Indian finally swung his gun up on the sergeant and let it off, killing the sergeant instantly. Stirk stood at this instant within ten feet of Forsyth, and he heard no command to fire by anybody. The firing began almost in an instant after the killing of the sergeant.

After the soldiers were stationed around the circle and before searching began, the soldiers were ordered to load their guns right in the faces of the Indians. Stirk says the Indians did not know what was going to be done to them or where they were to be taken, and this loading in their faces was calculated to set the Indians to reasoning and to make them uneasy and fearful.

The medicine man frequently used the words, *ob e lech i o*, meaning "be brave, stand up and be brave."

Stirk says that Jim Asay was keeping a trader's store at the Agency. He was at Wounded Knee with a barrel of whiskey. Stirk says that whiskey was very abundant the night before the battle; he saw this and was invited to partake; the officers were passing from tent to tent and drinking and congratulating Forsyth on his capture of the Indians. He says he did not see that the officers were boozy the next morning, but he knows that whiskey was plentiful. Doesn't think the soldiers had any. He does not think the officers were intoxicated next morning. Stirk had a good deal of freedom, was acquainted with several of the officers and had access to their tents, and knew considerable on the inside. The only blunder he could see in the morning of the battle was that the medicine man was not hushed up—suppressed; says this fellow was talking and exhorting from half an hour to an hour.

He did not hear of any hushing up of the affair.

PADDY STARR AT FRANK SALAWAYS

Tuesday, August 26, 1907⁶⁶

Paddy Starr says that he was at the battle of Wounded Knee. He was standing across the ravine among the scouts. He was a scout.

Before sunrise, he was up. The women had rations that had been issued to the Indians and they were feeling happy and singing and it seems that they did not suspect any evil or danger. The trouble began about sunrise. The first Paddy noticed, was a single shot where quite a lot of people were standing. He looked and saw the smoke of a gun rising above this assemblage. As soon

as he looked, there was another shot in the same place. As soon as he heard this, he saw the swords of the officers waving above their heads, and the glinting of the sunbeams from the rising sun. The morning was still and voices could be heard a long way off. Then came to his ears the words, "Look out!" Then, more prolonged and drawled out, was the repetition, "Look out!"

Then broke forth the thunderous peal of guns in a volley. John Shangrau was issuing crackers to the women. It seems as if the fire was poured into these helpless creatures. All the soldiers joined in the fusillade and the cannon rang out with fierce spirit. There were soldiers behind the scouts who were south of the ravine and about 400 yards from the headquarters and southwest from the headquarters. These soldiers fired also and the scouts were obliged to run, mounted, south to escape the crossfire of the soldiers.

Firing was in all directions, it was wild and reckless. All was in confusion. After the battle was over (it did not last till noon), he and others went down along the ravine and called to the Indians that if any were living, to sit up and be saved. He saw a few women sit up, all badly wounded. He looked into the ravine and saw men and women and children and horses and wagons piled up, dead and dying.

When the firing began, he saw men and women and children fleeing into the ravine, some falling as shots took effect.

He saw, after the word had been given for them to sit up and be saved, one wounded man who raised up as well as he could, bracing himself with his hands behind him, who was shot dead by some soldiers coming down the ravine from above. Perhaps these soldiers had not heard the call to sit up and be saved; nevertheless, they were killing everything clean as they went.

He says there were 30 or 40 taken prisoner, mostly wounded. These were taken to the Agency.

When Paddy Starr, who had the contract to bury the dead at Wounded Knee, went out to bury them, his party found seven living—five grown and two little children, infants. One of the latter was badly frozen. He thinks it lived; he handed it over to Jim Harrison, a Mexican, and told him to take it over to Red Bear's house (log house) which stood about 30 yards in front of the commissary. In Red Bear's house he found an old decrepit squaw sitting by the door; she was blind and deaf and was holding a baby in her arms. This old woman was the mother of

Crazy Bear who was himself insane. (Starr says nobody went to the battlefield before his own party. I doubt this, for I think the party who went for the wounded was ahead of him. Ricker) He was two days burying the Indians. He went out with one company of the 7th Cavalry (he thinks) and one wagon of working tools and two wagons of provisions for the burial party and about 30 laborers. When he went, there were soldiers already out there, entrenched on the ridge about the battlefield where I saw the pits.

He tells of Mary Thomas being found on the field when Zit-ka-lanum was found. Mary's Indian name is Neglicu, meaning "comes out alive."

ROBERT O. PUGH⁶⁷

Allen, South Dakota, August 21, 1907

He was issue clerk at Pine Ridge Agency before and during the troubles of 1890. He was in service under Colonel Gallagher. Says Gallagher was one of the best Indian agents ever in the service. Was honest. Didn't steal a thing during his incumbency. When Gallagher went out of office, the wood, of which there was about 300 cords and the hay, of which there was about 150 tons, and the grain—corn and oats—of which there was some 600,000 pounds were all in store at the Agency. After Royer came with his chief clerk, Bishop J. Gleason (the present farmer at Manderson), they received 6000 head of cattle at 1200 lbs. per head when they actually weighed less than a thousand lbs. There were about 250 lbs. on each head to be divided among the contractor, agent, chief clerk and possibly others, making the aggregate 1,500,000 lbs., which at two and three quarter cents a pound, gave these grafters the snug sum of \$40,000 (exactly \$41,250). A good profit for a single dishonest transaction. But this was not all the stealing. The wood, hay and grain were stolen remorselessly—stolen clean. The wood went with such dispatch that the Boarding School had to burn tree tops and such inferior fuel. The school children did not leave the Boarding School. They were kept. This is positive.

Agent Royer and Chief Clerk Gleason were broken-down small politicians of South Dakota. Senator Pettigrew was their patron.⁶⁸ They were overwhelmingly in debt. They came to this reservation as political adventurers in search of fortunes—of

which they were much in need. From the day of their arrival to the day of Royer's departure, stealing went on at a galloping rate. Rations (sugar, coffee, etc.) went as though they were blessed with animated life and were on a stampede. The only thing that escaped the cyclone of robbery was the annuities which could not be disposed of without leaving tracks of easy detection. Assistant wise heads, who were beneficiaries of the transactions, counseled the bringing of the Army. The Army is a mammoth consumer—a safe destroyer. The “wise” ones borrowed these supplies from the Agent. The “wise” ones then sold the borrowings to the military. Vouchers which were signed by an Indian, whose mark was witnessed by the clerk, were forged. The “wise” ones said if the troops came there would be a large demand for forage, fuel and other supplies, and that the opportunity for a harvest was at hand. The agent was advised that the need for troops was wholly wanting, but he insisted that he had private advices which settled the matter in his mind. He went away and came back with the troops. He had previously disposed of Pugh by telling him that he must have a man in his place that he could depend on, so Pugh was put out to look after the beef here.

Gleason did not depart the Reservation when Royer left, but having demonstrated to his chief his incompetency, he was given the position of Farmer.

The ghost delusion was a religious craze similar in many respects to religious excitements which have penetrated communities of the white race. Pugh saw ghost dancing. These dancers would exert themselves until they fell in a trance. The medicine man went to one and received from the entranced his statement in a low tone. The medicine man cried out in a loud voice what he heard from the prostrate dancer. He had seen the Black Eagle. He had seen the Christ, he had been told that the white men would disappear, that the Indian would again come into his own and the buffalo and other kinds of game would come back. The Indians would be filled and happy. These visions were assisted by empty stomachs—the gnawings of hunger working upon the superstitious, untutored intellect. The dancer coming out of his trance would bite into the turf. He would lie quivering, as with an ague.

Commissioner Morgan⁶⁹ was a Baptist preacher, filled with more religious zeal than sound judgment. He did not realize the importance of creature comforts as a foundation of religious

conversion. Instead of meat, he gave them tracts. Told that the Indians were hungry, he inquired what kind of religious reading would be best for them. He acted as though a diminishing ration would create a spiritual appetite. He was zealous for God, expecting the Indian to take care of his own stomach before the time of enthrallment. The difficulties were serious for all concerned. Ignorance and dishonesty were holding carnival. The people would make good the expense. The Indians would be blamed for the trouble. And they would be butchered, too. The whole thing was bad from the start. It wound up in the worst disgrace that has signalized our fighting for a hundred years. It seemed as though the devil had come, in capricious mood to do all the wickedness he could invent. At any rate, it was done. This is beyond controversy. Let the historic page blush with crimson color, for it is written in the blood of murder.

Bob Pugh and Charley Allen say that the burden of the ghost song was, "Father, my Father, has said my Saviour will come" This was a sort of chorus or refrain.

CHARLES W. ALLEN⁷⁰

*Allen, South Dakota,
Wednesday, August 21, 1907*

He was at the battle of Wounded Knee and was on the field during the fighting.

He was present at the Council. He saw Big Foot brought out of his tent and placed close to the circle. The Indians were stubborn and opposed to surrendering their arms. Big Foot talked to them feebly, but without much influence. The medicine man harangued them. He was a fine orator if ever there was one. (As Mr. Allen could not understand what he said and has given me what he was told that he said, I will not put it down. Ricker)

Getting tired of the council, which to him resembled a ward caucus, he went over to where the soldiers were disarming the Indians. Little Bat was here and John Shangrau. The soldiers had got about two-thirds of the way around. In front of one tent a woman was lying on the ground. A soldier engaged in the search said, "Roll that woman over; maybe there is a gun under her." Another turned her over, exposing a gun handsomely concealed. In another place, a girl was found covering up some kind of firearms in like manner. The soldiers were searching the bags

of knives and forks and taking all the murderous weapons. The wagons that the squaws had partly or wholly loaded were unloaded and examined for arms.

He saw the little children in numbers playing about the tents like little children around a country schoolhouse. Two hours afterwards he saw the same children lying dead or wounded where they had been cavorting in mirth just a short while before.

While the search was going on, he heard a shot. In a moment, came the popping of soldiers' guns, and men, women and children began to fall. The Indians broke to get away. He says the officers could have had no expectation of battle, or the disposition of the soldiery would have been different.

Big Foot was killed in this manner. Some of the Indians feigned that they were dead. Big Foot did so, as one of that number, or else he laid down because he was unable to sit up. At any rate, he was lying on his back. Big Foot raised up; as he did so, a soldier who was standing among the other soldiers and one officer, leveled his gun at the chief and shot him in the back and he fell back dead. Big Foot's daughter was standing by Big Foot's tent; she saw this dastardly deed and ran toward her father. As she did so, a lieutenant snatched a gun from the hands of a soldier and shot her in the back. She fell dead on the spot and her spirit kept company with that of her sire. This officer was Lieutenant Reynolds. My informant stood with this group of officers and soldiers and saw these things done. These facts are absolute and certain. (In writing, the name of the officer is to be suppressed. My pledge was given never to let it be known who it was that gave me the name of this officer. It was on this condition that he gave it. There is no mistake as to who it was. My informant rode by his side to the Agency after the butchery and heard him addressed by name many times. My informant is an acquaintance of 22 years and thoroughly trustworthy. Lieutenant Reynolds is the man. Ricker)⁷¹

Lieutenant Garlington was on Cemetery Hill with a troop. He was wounded in the elbow.

He says the bright sun was shining in Big Foot's face and he thinks he rose up on that account.

He says the council was not assembled until 8 or 9 a.m. The fighting began about 11 a.m. The main fighting was done in half or three quarters of an hour, but the excitement lasted two hours. The troops and the train did not leave the field for the Agency

until about 3 o'clock p.m. It was after one o'clock at night when they arrived at the Agency.

Says no cannon was fired into the tent where the Indian was shooting from; but a soldier went up and cut a slit in the tent and the Indian shot him in the breast. Then the cry came to burn the tent. It was set on fire. The Indian was scorched brown and the stock of Little Bear's gun was burned.

Lieutenant Garlington⁷² had his troop on Cemetery Hill. He was wounded in the elbow. He was left there with a guard and his troop was sent west along the road and up the hill to head off and beat up the Indians. The troop of gray horses was the farthest west and on the road up the ridge to the west. This was commanded by Captain Jackson and was stationed out there to ward off Indian reinforcements and to pick up straggling Indians.

The military took all the wounded, red and white, into the Agency when they went in; but when the party went out a few days later—the party Dr. Eastman and George E. Bartlett went with—this party found a few as stated by Dr. Eastman, a few who had been missed.

At Wounded Knee, Charles Allen heard the commands of the officers at the opening of the fight. He thinks the affair was an *accident of war*, very deplorable, yet an *accident*. The officers were free from the influence of liquor in the morning. During the night before, there had been some conviviality. Allen was with Major Whiteside, Captain Wallace and other officers that night, they were not intoxicated, but felt well.

Allen says there were soldiers drawn up as Philip Wells avers; but there was also a cordon of soldiers thrown around the council, and it was impossible for these soldiers to shoot without killing one another.

LOUIE MOUSSEAU

*Interview of Louie Mousseau*⁷³
Allen, South Dakota,
November 2, 1906

He owned the trading store at Wounded Knee at the time of the battle. He bought out William Robertson and Ephraim Bartlett. The officers who had come out with Whiteside occupied Louie Mousseau's house behind the Commissary. He reserved

the kitchen and the bedroom. They put goods into his cellar. They played cards, gambled for money and drank some. He saw these things. He saw Captain Wallace gamble. He had \$800 or \$900 worth of goods, four wagon loads, just put in. When everybody was ordered into the Agency by the agent, he went in for fear of the Indians. On December 26, 1890, the first troops came out from the Agency to Wounded Knee. Four companies came, commanded by Captain Wallace, as he was the one who was doing everything and giving orders around there. Next morning, Louie came out with the troops. After the battle, he locked up his store and went into the Agency with the command. Short Bull's people were around the battleground that night after the battle, and Louie's store was broken into and his goods destroyed and taken. He got only 2 sacks of flour, 4 sides of bacon and 4 lbs. of baking powder. Afterwards, the government paid him \$407 for his loss. This was all he got out of \$1200 worth of loss to his store.

On the night of December 28, after Big Foot was brought in, Louie was sent into the Agency by Captain Wallace and everybody called him captain, though he might have been Major Whiteside for all he knows. He came right back with a message from General Brooke.

Forsyth came out with four companies that night after he had returned to Wounded Knee.

Big Foot was found this way. On the morning of December 28, Little Bat came to his room early in the morning before light. He wanted salt and some sardines. Louie asked him what he was doing there in Louie's kitchen. He was after salt and sardines. He answered that he was going out after Big Foot. He said, "You fellows have been out here a week and cannot find him and I am going out." He went out and came back a little after sun rise and said he had discovered them just as they were moving camp from Porcupine. Now one-half the soldiers were sent out, the others remaining in camp. Bat and other scouts went out too. The first time, Bat went alone. Louie does not know what took place out there. Louie says the council circle was filled clear around and the only opening was a small one at the southwest side.

Louie saw early in the game, when the disarming began, that there was going to be trouble; so he went to his house and stripped off some extra clothing so as to be free to move. Louie was at this time employed by Cressy⁷⁴ of the *Omaha Bee* at \$5 a day as interpreter. Not until the next spring did he go into the

government service, when he enlisted as a scout. Captain Wallace began saying that the Great Father wanted them to give them their arms. He said that in the past when Indians gave up their guns, they were not paid for them, but in this case they could be paid and he told them to tag their guns, that the government did not want trouble—wanted only what was right. In a little while, two old guns were brought forward, an old Spencer and a Hawkins.

As the guns were not produced, he told them again that if the guns were not brought out, he would have to take them by force. None were brought in response to this. He waited a little while and, as no more were brought, he had a bugle call and ordered the soldiers to disarm them. They went around and lifted the Indian tents right up. The women went to crying. (He says the Hotchkiss cannon were first planted near the top of the hill. When the first soldiers went out, 2 cannon were taken out; and when Forsyth came, he brought two more. Ricker)

One pile of guns was up at the foot of Cemetery Hill—12 in this pile, the other pile with 57 in it was down near the council and not far from the scouts' tents. An officer at the pile of 12 (and Louie was right there) called to one down where 57 were and asked how many he had, and he answered 57, and the officer at the pile of 57 asked the other how many he had, and he said 12. At this time, three Indians with blankets were standing inside the circle at about the north and east side. Somebody went up to them (he thinks it was Captain Wallace) and a couple of orderlies and an interpreter with him. He opened the blanket of one who had a Winchester and the Indian turned it over to him. The second one did not have any gun that Louie saw. When he went to the third, the Indian would not give his up, but he brought it up to "arms Port" and Wallace had hold of it,⁷⁵ and they swung it first one end up and then the other and, when the muzzle was up, it was discharged. Everybody went to hollering, "Look out! Look out!" and there was quite a stampede. A wire fence was close by and many, both whites and Indians, went through it. The horses tied at the northeast corner of the camp with ropes when the firing began, got to pitching and jumping. After this gun was discharged, there was a pause of perhaps half a minute, maybe not so long, two more shots were fired and he saw Wallace and the Indian fall. Then the Indians broke for the guns in the piles. Then the soldiers fired a sudden volley. That was the dismounted

cavalrymen. There were no infantrymen there. This dismounted cavalry must be what some speak of as infantry. He does not think that the mounted cavalry fired, their horses were jumping and charging. After this volley, the firing was continuous and the field soon enveloped in smoke.

Little Bat was at the upper end of the company, up the ravine with a party, who were disarming. There were two parties who were disarming at the same time—both started together. After the fight was about over, the cannon were moved down, but were not fired after the removal. He tells about building breastworks with sacks of oats and says the soldiers piled some up around his store.

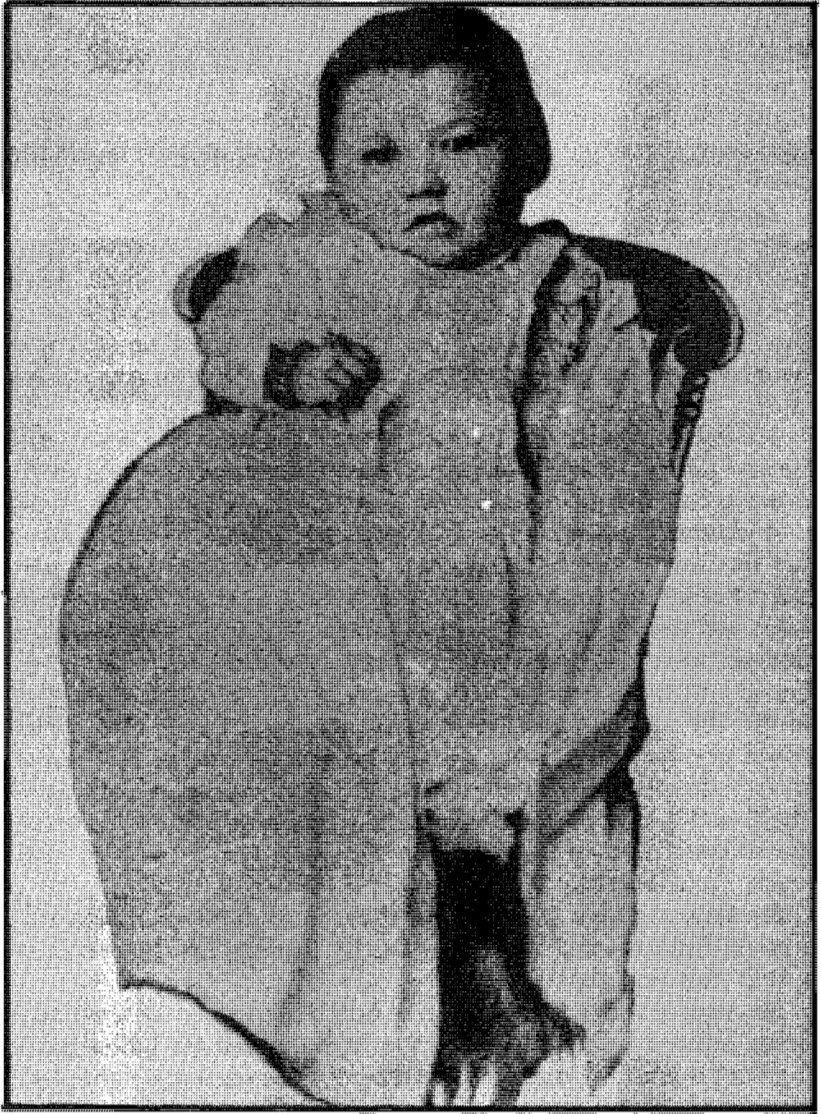
He tells of a woman close to the road crossing the ravine; and he and Little Bat heard some hollering (after the battle was over) down by the ravine—heard words like these, "Shoot him again!"

A wounded woman lying in a washout right in the road and at her feet was a little baby swathed, as is their custom, and it was alive. Somebody took it. . . . and it was saved; a little boy about two years old was lying up against the bank, half sitting as though it was yet alive, and four soldiers were standing right above it. Louie and Bat went down, drawn by what they had heard, and found the woman and asked if she was hurt much and if she could get up. She did not want to be moved, and said, "Those soldiers just now killed my two children (she thought both were dead) and I want to lie here and die with them." Bat went up to the soldiers and, in his forcible way, gave them a berating and made them go away.

He says, as Horn Cloud does, that the soldiers encircling the council fired toward the center at the Indians inside and they surely shot one another.

He says it was a bungle and a botch—no need of anybody being injured if it had been properly managed. He talked with Big Foot that morning and he said he did not want any fight—no trouble. He said it was surprising that they should come out with cannon to meet him. He told his people to give up everything, even to a jackknife, for they did not want trouble. Louie heard this. If there had been no attempt to disarm, there would have been no trouble.

Louie Mousseau is chairman of the Progressive Class, but says he does not do much in this line of work since his people are so disheartened and discouraged.



Survivor of Wounded Knee Zitkala-noni (Lost Bird) was baptized under the name of Marguerite after adoption by General L. W. Colby, commander of the Nebraska state troops. From *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology* (Washington DC: Government Printing Office, 1896), 878.

Wounded Knee massacre set the natives back more than he can tell; they at once fell right off and have constantly declined until he dares not contemplate what the end will be. Mr. William Robertson told me the same thing about the effect of Wounded Knee. The Indians have been downcast and apathetic ever since. They appear to feel, and they have said, what is the use to make any effort; progress in civilization does not bring protection; when we get a start and show a progressive spirit and disposition, the troops come and kill us off. We mourn for our dead under civilization, as well as under savagery.

Father Croft came out to Wounded Knee with Forsyth the night before the battle. When Louie got up next morning in his house, he found Father Croft in his bed on one side and Little Bat on the other side of him.

Louie Mousseau brought out a dispatch from General Brooke the night before the battle. Probably this contained an order to disarm the Indians. Possibly when Colonel Forsyth went out a little later the same night, he had orders to that effect.

M. SWIGERT OF GORDON⁷⁶

He says that the 7th Cavalry went up from the Agency before the battle on Monday, and he followed them up.

He says the only troops in the battle were the 7th Cavalry and no infantry.

After breakfast, the Cavalry got ready and went up over Cemetery Hill and headed down towards the trader's house and came around up to the west of the tepees. The two leading companies were dismounted and four horses were held by one trooper. Colonel Forsyth ordered the Indians to come to council and Little Bat interpreted to the haranguer who cried, "Come to Council! Come to Council!"

The Indians came out of the tepees, bringing the little boys with them, and they sat down on the ground. Colonel Forsyth ordered a chain guard thrown around in an oblong hollow square, about 60 x 100 feet, the soldiers standing four to six feet apart. Colonel Forsyth observing that the Indian boys were in the council, asked why they were there. Chief Big Foot said those boys had proved themselves brave and they had a right there by that reason; that when an Indian boy had proved his bravery, he was recognized of right as a warrior. Forsyth then said if they want them in the council, let them stay. The Colonel then told

them that the Great Father had sent him there to take their arms and ammunition and the Great Father would pay them what they were worth; that he would send a wagon train with them to help them back to their houses at Standing Rock and a company of soldiers to guard them and see them safe home; that the Indians at Pine Ridge were excited and that there were some bad Indians among them, and that if these were to go there, it would make trouble. The Indians cried out in one acclaim: "Lelle Washta, lelle washta" (very good, very good).

Then Colonel Forsyth said to let ten Indians from this end of the council and ten from the other end go to their tepees and get their guns and ammunition.

At first they hesitated, then went strolling off leisurely or slowly, as if disinclined to do as told. They were gone to the tepees about half an hour and seemed to be moving around uneasily. When some had returned, more went out and about an hour was consumed before all had come back, and it was declared by them that they had brought all they had. They turned over a lot of old worthless guns, numbering about 60. These were piled in two piles, one pile in front of Big Foot's tepee at the east end of the Council or square, and the other pile near the west end, or parties had been sent out from each end and they returned to where they had respectively gone out. These piles were under guard of soldiers. Colonel Forsyth now said to them: "When you passed under examination as prisoners yesterday, you had 160 good guns and you have brought only 60 old worthless guns that were not counted." The Indians, it must be remembered, were now standing up, they did not sit down on their return, as is usual in council. Forsyth then said, "You must go and get those guns and fetch them in, for we know that they are here inside our guard line, and we must have them and I will have the men search the tents and the grounds until we find them." The Indians stood there talking and declaring that these were all, Little Bat interpreting what was said, the Indians remaining in their places and showing no disposition to go as directed or give up their arms.

Six soldiers were now sent to search the tepees. They returned in about half an hour, bringing two guns, and stated that these were all they could find and that they found two Indians with the guns. While they were talking, one of the guards called out, "This Indian right here has a Winchester; the wind blew his blanket up

against it and I saw it." Another guard said this Indian has a six shooter and a belt of cartridges on him; then another guard cried out, "They are all armed!" "Search them!" said the Colonel, directing the searching party to search the Indians. Then two or three seized the Indian with the Winchester and took it from him; then the medicine man threw off his blanket and revealed that he was painted blue, being naked except leggings, and breech clout and a head dress and covered with yellow spots the size of a half dollar (silver). He began to jump and dance backward and forward before the Indians and to sing a war chant. He stooped down to the ground and took up a handful of dirt and made two signal motions—opened two fingers and threw up a part of the dirt, then made two steps sideways and threw up the balance over the heads of the Indians. Little Bat, the chief interpreter, cried out in a loud voice, "Look out, they are going to shoot!" Just then, the whole band of Indians threw their blankets in the air and opened fire.⁷⁷ The troops were taken by surprise. The men holding the horses turned them loose. The civilians (11 in number) fled to shelter. Teamsters sought protection behind their wagons and any other objects. The horses tied on either side of camp (by) ropes, instinctively lowered their heads and held them down, crowding close together. The women and the little girls poured over the bank into the gulch where they had dug a ditch the night before, about 18 inches wide and deep and about 80 or 100 feet long, in which they laid down for protection.

(After the chain guard had been placed, these men had been ordered to load their pieces, which they did.) Everything was in instant panic on the field. The chain guard returned the fire. Opposite lines poured relentless shots into comrades as well as into Indians. The soldiers, as well as Indians, were under double fire. Many fell by the hands of their own men.

Mr. Swigert ran down to the trading house, 175 paces distant, and took shelter and remained there about an hour. A soldier also came (also Asay and two or three others with him) behind this house. The bugle sounded the order to fall back into line. Then followed several volleys of small arms fire. The Hotchkiss guns were fired at this time. (There were 3 or 4 of these, but one became disabled at the onset.) When the firing had ceased, all behind the house went back to the field. When the soldiers fell back under orders and formed the line of battle, the troops came into view of the trench on the south side and at the bottom of the

gulch under the bank, and the killing and wounding of the women and girls now took place here. As soon as the fire was directed on these, they began to move about and it was discovered that they were women and the firing on them was stopped. The Indians fled in all directions, mostly to the south and west, and were pursued and shot down. Some were killed a half mile from the central field. The dead lay thickest on the council ground. Soldiers and Indians together, in places three deep. Big Foot, who was sick and sitting in front of his tent during the council, was killed there. An Indian sprang into the scouts' tent, where there were a lot of guns and ammunition, and from this place he shot several of the soldiers. When the firing from this place was noticed, a return fire was directed to this spot. A Hotchkiss threw a shell into the tent, which set the tent and ammunition on fire, and the Indian was killed and burned. After the firing had ceased on the field, two Indians were in a little depression up the gulch about 300 yards from the field, and they were concealed by big grass, and from here they kept up a fire on any soldiers in sight. A soldier was detailed to go up the gulch and tell these to stop firing and to come in as prisoners, that they would be protected. They refused to surrender, saying that their friends were all dead and that they were ready to die too. A cannon was then trained on them. One shell was all that was needed to stop the shots from them. At this moment, a team came into sight, hurrying as fast as they could, going up out of the gulch. The officer asked the gunner what they were. The gunner looked through a glass and said they were Indians, and the officer said, "Can't you stop them?" The gun was trained on the wagon. There were five in the party—two men being on the ground, whipping and urging the horses. The shell exploded with terrible effect, tearing horses, wagons and Indians in pieces. An eye witness says the sight was as if a pile of rags had been thrown into the air. All were killed, except a small baby.

Swigert says that the soldiers did not bury the Indian dead. A party of citizens went out from the Agency and buried these.

He says he saw a woman running west with a papoose on her back. A shot killed her. The child was old enough to sit up, but could not walk. He told one of the Indian scouts to go and get this child and take it to the squaws near the hospital. The scout tore open the mother's dress and pressed the infant down to the mother's breast, where it went to nursing.

An Indian man and woman mounted on horseback were escaping along the road toward the Agency. These were torn into fragments by a shell. There must have been thirty or forty Indians who got away and saved their lives. An Indian boy and girl, in the early part of the action, caught two of the horses which were turned loose by the soldiers who were holding them when the firing began, and rode to the hostile camp and told the hostiles to turn back, as those by the creek had been disarmed and killed.

There were a number of women who were uninjured and these with the wounded women, were taken to the Agency. The wounded women and men were taken to the Episcopal Church at the Agency.

Mr. Swigert thinks that under the orders that Colonel Forsyth had, there was no escape from the fight, as the Indians would not give up their arms. Forsyth was obligated by orders to disarm the Indians and the Indians would not be disarmed. It was like an irresistible force meeting an immovable object.

Ricker's own reaction to Wounded Knee was stated as follows:

Suppose (I say) that it was an accident. Why should the soldiers have fired when no shots had been poured into them? Was there no authority and no discipline among the officers and soldiers? Could they not wait 'till the recalcitrant Indians, or Indians who forcibly refused to deliver their guns, were overcome or restrained? It is said Indians in the Council arose when the first shot occurred. Was it not natural that they should do so without intention to fight? The action of the troops was over hasty, premature and more like a mob than trained soldiery.⁷⁸

Ricker indicated several times in marginal notes the frustration of sorting fact from error. The voluminous records of the US Army illustrate that more educated and professional men than were Ricker's informants saw the event in varying fashions and gave differing descriptions.

There may be a part of history which never can be exactly described by those who attempt to reconstruct it. Perhaps the Poet Laureate of Nebraska came as close to truth as possible:

And where the women and children fled
Along the gully winding to the sky
The roaring followed 'till the long thin cry
Above it ceased.

The bugles blared retreat
Triumphant in the blindness of defeat
The iron-footed squadrons marched away

And darkness fell upon the face of day.
 The mounting blizzard broke. All night it swept
 The bloody field of victory that kept
 The secret of the Everlasting Word.⁷⁹

NOTES

1. Record Group 94. Records of the Adjutant General's Office, National Archives, Washington, D.C.
2. Eli. S. Ricker Collection. Diary Box 21, Folder 33. Nebraska State Historical Society.
3. *Chadron Times*, June 11, 1903.
4. *Ibid.*
5. His sympathetic treatment of this episode helped establish a trust for him among the Sioux. Leslie Ricker to A. E. Sheldon. Leslie Ricker to A. E. Sheldon.
6. *Chadron Times*, June 11, 1903. Ricker was quoting Charles A. Eastman. However, his letters, notes, and subsequent work are proof that he fully accepted the ideas expressed.
7. Obituaries and biographical items in Ricker collection. Box 23, folder 1.
8. Leslie Ricker to E. S. Ricker, December 11, 1916, and E. S. Ricker to Leslie Ricker, December 24, 1916. Ricker Collection.
9. Leslie Ricker to Dear Relatives of the Round Table. Detroit, October 18, 1927. Ricker Collection.
10. Stenographic report of the Nebraska Historical Society Annual meeting, January 11, 1927.
11. Utley's work is a most thorough and objective account of the Wounded Knee affair.
12. Captain William S. McCaskey, 20th Infantry. Inspector to Post Adjutant, December 14, 1889. Fort Assiniboine, Montana. RG 94. AGO 5412. National Archives.
13. Miles to Schofield, December 19, 1889. Schofield forwarded the letter to the Secretary of War with the weakening endorsement. "Yet the importance attached to them (the plight of the Indians) does not perhaps seem so great to those who have other responsibilities as do the General."
14. Acting Commissioner R. V. Belt, to the secretary of the Interior. Neither Lea nor Belt understood the eating habits of a big-game hunting people. Ration day was like the killing of a bison. When there was food, you ate, because tomorrow the hunt might fail. Centuries of habit could not be discarded in a few years.
15. C. A. Earnest, US Army to Brevet Lieutenant Colonel M. N. Sheridan, Headquarters, Department of the Platte. November 12, 1890. RG 94. Principal Records Division Document File 5412. National Archives.
16. General Miles to Adjutant General November 28, 1890. RG 94. AGO 5412. Sioux troubles. National Archives.
17. D. D. Keeler, clerk in charge, Pawnee Agency, Oklahoma Territory, to D. Wood, US Indian agent, Ponca, Oklahoma Territory. January 19, 1891. 75. BIA Special Case No. 188. The Ghost Dance. National Archives Microfilm.
18. J. S. Pollard, Lieutenant Colonel 21st Infantry to assistant adjutant

general, Department of Platte, Rosebud Agency. November 29, 1890. RG 94. AGO 5412.

19. Royer to commissioner of Indian Affairs, November 15, 1890. RG 75 Special Case, No. 188. Also see Robert Utley, *The Last Days of the Sioux Nation*, 111.

20. For a comprehensive account of the military activities, consult Utley, *The Last Days of the Sioux Nation*, chapters 7-14.

21. US superintendent of Immigration James R. O'Breirne to Secretary of War Redfield Proctor. New York, November 24, 1890. National Archives. Croft had been a missionary at Rosebud and Pine Ridge for 10 years. He was at Wounded Knee on the morning of the fight and suffered a stab wound.

22. Brooke to Miles, November 24, 1890, telegram. RG 94, Principal Record Division Document File 5412. Sioux Trouble. Box 47. National Archives.

23. Miles to Brooke. Telegram. December 1, 1890.

24. See map, page 160.

25. See Wells interview, 69 for a description of the Stronghold. As to relative strength of the Ghost Dance on the various reservations, see Utley, 112.

26. McLaughlin to commissioner of Indian Affairs, Telegram, no date: "William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) has arrived here with commissioner from General Miles to arrest Sitting Bull. Such a step at present is unnecessary and unwise, as it will precipitate a fight which can be avoided. . . . I have matters well in hand. When proper time arrives, can arrest Sitting Bull without bloodshed. . . Request General Miles order to Cody be rescinded and request immediate answer."

RG 94, AGO 5412. National Archives: Also see Don Russell, *The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill*, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1960) 355-362; Stanley Vestal, *Sitting Bull, Champion of the Sioux*, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1952), 280-281; Utley, 124-125.

27. John Carignan to McLaughlin. RG 94. Principal Record Document File 5412. Sioux Indian Troubles. Box 47. National Archives.

28. Vestal, 294-307; for an account differing in some detail, see Utley, 156-165.

29. Big Foot to Great Father. RG 719, Red Cloud Agency, Microfilm Roll 719. National Archives.

30. Utley, 173.

31. Letters and telegrams sent by the Military Division of Missouri, 1890-1891. RG 393. Microfilm. National Archives.

32. Miles to Adjutant General, December 24, 1890. RG. 393.

33. Miles to Brooke, December 29, 1890. Also see Horn Cloud interview, pp 18-19.

34. Major Samuel M. Whitside to Brooke, Wounded Knee post office, December 27, 1890.

35. Joseph Horn Cloud was born in 1874 and died September 20, 1920, Records in BIA Office, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, obtained by Kathleen Danker, 1977.

36. The Dawes Act of 1887, 49th Congress, Session II, Chapter 119, page 389, Section 4, provided that Indians could homestead. The Federal Land Office Tract Books, which include homesteads and attempted homesteads, indicate that a community of Indians had homesteaded near the site described by Horn Cloud, which was in Range 81, Township 3. The homesteaders' names

are spelled in the Dakota language. The Federal Land Office Records consulted are Tract Books housed in the National Archives annex.

In an interview made on August 6, 1977, Lawrence Riggs, 311 East Prospect, Pierre, South Dakota, indicated that his grandfather, T. L. Riggs, a Congregational missionary, was instrumental in aiding some of his Indian charges to homestead near his Oahe Mission on the Peoria Bottoms, of the Missouri River, a site now covered by the Oahe Reservoir. It is possible that Horn Cloud referred to this group.

37. The Ricker interviews for the most part are quoted here as they were written. The editor has made only obvious minor corrections. Sometimes Ricker would quote the source in the first person, sometimes in the third. Obviously he edited as he recorded. These transcripts are more articulate than verbatim modern day tape recorded interviews.

38. Captain A. G. Henissee.

39. Utley identifies "Red Beard" as John Dunn, a rancher on Belle Fourche creek. Utley, 183.

40. George E. Bartlett interview. Ricker interviews, Tablets 44 and 45.

41. Colonel James W. Forsyth, 7th Cavalry; Lieutenant Charles W. Taylor, 9th Cavalry.

42. Captain George D. Wallace, 7th Cavalry.

43. John Shangrau was a Sioux Indian scout.

44. Horn Cloud and Beard mention the episode of the cocked, unloaded guns. These are the only clear references to this reported action that the editor has found.

45. This is the list prepared by Joseph Horn Cloud. Many of the names of the dead are inscribed on the monument Horn Cloud had erected at the mass grave at Wounded Knee Cemetery. The monument still stands at this date. See footnote 48.

46. He was hit by a Hotchkiss shell. See Beard's statement, page 197 on a 6 inch hole through the man's stomach.

47. Dewey Beard was born in 1862 and died November 2, 1955. BIA Records, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

At his death, the *Sheridan County Star*, Rushville, Nebraska, November 3, 1955, placed his age at 98 and his birth year in 1857. The obituary stated that Beard "is believed to be the last survivor of the famed battle of the Little Big Horn. . . . In 1906 he was allotted 940 acres on Red Water Creek where he lived until 1942 when his land was sold for the aerial gunnery range.

In his later years, he was made an honorary chief of the Oglala Sioux for his services . . . especially for helping to win adequate compensation for Indians forced to sell out cheaply when the gunnery range was established. He appeared several times in Washington, DC on matters affecting the Sioux and also had appeared in TV and some movies."

James H. McGregor, a retired BIA employee, obtained an interview from Beard which was published in *From the Viewpoint of the Sioux, the Wounded Knee Massacre*, Fenwyn Press Books, reprint 1969, copyright 1940. McGregor stated that Beard's Indian name was Wasu Moza and that he was the only living survivor of both the Custer and Wounded Knee battles. McGregor stated that at the age of 77 Beard rode horses and handled a horse herd and during the summer time, with his family, sold curios to tourists at the Bad Lands National

Park. Beard's published interview was brief and added nothing to what he told Ricker.

In *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*, June 6, 1906, Vol. VII, No. 6, 731-736, there appeared an article by the famous Western novelist Rex Beach, entitled, "Wounded Knee." It was based almost in entirety on a statement by Beard. Indeed, it drew Ricker's attention to Beard. (See footnote number 48.) In it the language is Beach's and some of the facts vary, either for dramatic effect, because Beard changed his story or there were misunderstandings in interpretation.

48. While obtaining the Beard and Horn Cloud interviews, Ricker wrote to his wife. The letter is descriptive of Ricker's methods and persistence:

"Pine Ridge Reservation
Day School No. 29, 5 miles
below Kyle, S.D.
February 21, 1907

"My Dear Wife,

"... Monday, the 11th, I started ... on foot, with the determination to reach Kyle. ... There was some snow and a vast amount of ice all over the ground. ... At one o'clock p.m. I brought up at Day School No. 13 on Porcupine Creek, John Snowden teacher. ... Mrs. Snowden filled one of my pockets with hard tack and I started crossing The Porcupine on a log. ... I noticed that I had lost my cotton handkerchief. Went back half a mile but did not find it. Needed it. ...

I found a good interpreter (for the Chipp's interview. ed.) The interpreter and I slept together that night in a single bed. He was drunk and I remember when he changed ends in the night and used my feet as a pillow.

"... Joseph Horn Cloud and White Lance, his brother, live in the neighborhood. I wanted to see these, and also Dewey Beard, the older brother of these, all of whom were in the fight at Wounded Knee. Do you remember the article in *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine* for June, 1906, which I read to you, being the statement of Dewey Beard. ... I was desirous to interview him.

It was now Saturday and I was told that he was coming over from the Red Water, seven miles off that day. ... but he did not come. Next morning I walked over to his place, and finding him at home, he agreed to hitch his team to his wagon and come over for his brother Joe to interpret the story. He cannot talk English, but his wife can talk a little. We had dinner. He gave me a cup of beer and I did not feel my tramp so much afterwards. ... Next day we got together here at the school. I got ready to write when the Indians raised the point on how much their compensation was to be. When that was settled, Beard and White Lance went off. ... with the understanding that they had gone for their costumes to have their picture taken at noon by Mr. Truman, the teacher. Noon came and the Indians came not. I waited till night was nearing when I made up my mind that they had thrown up the job, so I walked back to Kyle five miles, determined to leave this valley. ... and I dropped a card in the office for you stating that fact. But White Lance was there. ... he found an interpreter. ... and let me know that he and Dewey were coming in the morning to have their picture taken. I agreed to stay. The next day was Butcher Day and the following was Issue Day and these men could not do much. ... I returned to the school house and have been here till now. I finished with Dewey Beard's statement today at noon; and he tells me that it is the most complete statement that he has

made to any person. Have also obtained a list of the names of Indians killed at Wounded Knee, besides the names of survivors of Big Foot's band. . . . I have found the hardest work to get information on the Medicine Root Creek of any place I ever visited, but I have obtained what I came for, and will crack my fingers at the adverse winds...."

49. See footnote 38.

50. Duck is a closely woven cotton cloth.

51. Evidently Colonel E. V. Sumner.

52. Felix Benoit.

53. See Joseph Horn Cloud Interview, 18-19.

54. Baptiste Garnier.

55. Ricker's outrage is evident by his note with exclamation point in the Beard interview. Rex Beach must have been told the same thing by Beard. In the "Wounded Knee" article in *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*, the episode is reported as follows:

"At this point, Philip Wells spoke saying, 'When the soldiers have taken your rifles, you must march past in a line and they will hold out their guns to you' He meant by this that they would hold their weapons in front of them, as soldiers do sometimes; but we thought they would take aim at us."

Either Beach edited an incredible statement to make it credible or Beard told two stories. Wells does not mention the episode.

56. A Hotchkiss shell was 1.65 inches in diameter and carried an explosive charge.

57. See footnote 48 for details of Beard interview.

58. Philip Wells was born in 1851 and died January 2, 1947. BIA Records, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

59. Drexel mission was Father John Jutz's Holy Rosary Catholic Mission four miles from the Pine Ridge Agency. The enraged Indians spared the Mission, but fought an indecisive skirmish with troops of the 7th and 9th Cavalry. The 9th was a unit of Negro soldiers.

60. See footnote number 25 on the Stronghold.

61. Paul Bailey, author of *Wovoka, The Indian Messiah*, reprinted Los Angeles, Western Lore Press, 1957.

62. Standing Soldier brought his prisoners to the agency with their arms, where they gave them up without incident. Thus, one Indian scout succeeded where the captors of Big Foot failed.

63. Wells was serving as interpreter.

64. In April, 1908, the Pine Ridge Agent appointed ten Indian representatives from each of six districts of the Pine Ridge Reservation for the purpose of voting upon the enrollment into the tribe of certain white men who were married to full-blood or mixed-blood wives. Land allotments were the main issue. When Richard Stirk was considered, several Indians spoke out:

"Robert American Horse: 'He is a white man. . . . I know that he is married to a mixed-blood and she has lots of children by him. He ran a store at Wounded Knee and got a full-blood Indian girl in a family way and that was not right.' "

"John Thunder Bear: 'He (Stirk) was caught with a jug by the policeman, and we sampled it to find out it was whiskey or not and we tasted it and it was whiskey. Soon after the jug was captured, we sampled it.' "

The vote was 40 to 1 against admitting Stirk.

The stenographic report of the hearings is in the manuscript collections of the South Dakota Historical Society, Pierre, South Dakota.

65. Harold Hutton, *Doc Middleton*, Swallow Press, Chicago, 1974, 167 has the following:

"Taking advantage of the chaotic situation (Wounded Knee Affair) Middleton ran off thirty-five or forty head of Indian ponies and headed southeast with them. It has been said a couple of horses belonging to whites got in the bunch... John Riggs. . . Henry Chamberlain and a few others formed a posse and set out in pursuit. They overtook Middleton on the Snake River and dispossessed him of the horses."

Hutton obtained the information from an interview made in 1950 with Chamberlain.

66. The census of 1904 for the Pine Ridge Reservation, White Clay District, listed Paddy Starr as 45 years old, with his wife Nellie, age 38, and four children. Indian census rolls, RG 75. Microfilm copy 595. Roll 369, National Archives.

67. Robert O. Pugh was a native of Great Britain married to a mixed-blood woman. He attended the Second Black Hills Conference in 1876. Mari Sandoz Collection, University of Nebraska.

The council held in 1908 (see footnote 64) voted 40 to 0 to deny Pugh an allotment. A sample bit of testimony follows:

Charles Turning Hawk: "He was married to an Indian woman and then threw her away and married another one, and I don't think this is a good example. And he is a white man and not entitled to any land."

68. Senator Richard F. Pettigrew.

69. Thomas J. Morgan.

70. Charles Allen was editor of the *Chadron Democrat* periodically from 1887 until 1894. Records of newspapers and editors, Nebraska State Historical Society Archives.

He also was a friend of Red Cloud, the husband of an Oglala girl and had brought a trail herd up from Texas. Mari Sandoz Collection.

71. Robert Utley states that there was no army officer named Reynolds present at Wounded Knee. Utley, 213.

72. Lieutenant Ernest A. Garlington.

73. Louis Mousseau was listed in the Pine Ridge Agency Census, June 1896, as 27 years old, married to wife Jennie aged 27, and with two children, Joseph 5 and Louis Jr. 3.

74. Will Cressy dispatched exciting accounts to the *Bee* before and after the killing at Wounded Knee.

75. No other accounts viewed by the editor have Wallace holding the gun.

76. Swigert seems to have gone to Wounded Knee as a spectator.

77. This account of the first shot differs from most others.

78. Ricker Tablet Number 11.

79. John G. Neihardt, *The Cycle of the West*, University of Nebraska Press, 1961, page 110 of "Song of the Messiah." [*The Cycle of the West* is page numbered by poem.]