

The command consisted of troop "F", Eighth Cavalry, Lieutenants S L H Loscum and M F Steele and forty-eight enlisted men; troop "G," Eighth Cavalry, Capt. E G Fechet, Lt.s E H Crowder and E G Brooks and fifty-one enlisted men; Capt. A R Chapin, medical officer, and Hospital Steward August Nickel two Indian scouts Smell-the-Bear and Iron Dog, Louis Primeau, guide and interpreter. The artillery, consisting of one Gatling gun with "G" troop, and one Hotchkiss breach-loading steel rifle, with "F" troop, was under the immediate command of Lt. Brooks. Transportation, one four-horse spring wagon and one Red Cross ambulance.

For the first four miles the squadron moved at a quick walk. A halt was then made and the men were told to fix their saddles and arms securely, as I intended to make a rapid ride to Oak Creek.

The ride to Oak Creek was taken at a brisk trot. Two or three short halts were made in order to tighten the girths and to change the troop leading the column. On reaching the creek, at about 4:30 AM, I was greatly surprised and concerned to find that the scout whom Bull Head had been directed to send to meet me at that point had not arrived. Although bewildered by this event, I realized that there was but one thing to be done, to push my command to Grand River as rapidly as possible and act according to the situation found. The gallop was the gait from this time on. I was pushing the animals, but still not too fast to impair pursuit beyond Grand River should I find that Sitting Bull had escaped.

Just in the gray of the dawn a mounted man was discovered approaching rapidly. He proved to be one of the police, who reported that all the other police had been killed. I forwarded to Colonel Drum the substance of his report, with the additional statement that I would move in rapidly and endeavor to relieve

any of the police who might be alive. This courier (Hawkmán), by the way was mounted on the famous white horse given to Sitting Bull by Buffalo Bill.

The men at once prepared for action by removing and stowing away their overcoats and fur gloves. While they were doing this I rode along the line, taking a good look at each man. Their bearing was such as to inspire me with the fullest confidence that they would do their duty. The squadron was advancing in two columns, the artillery between the heads, ready for deployment. The line had just commenced the forward movement when another of the police came in and reported that Sitting Bull's people had a number of the police penned up in his house; that they were nearly out of ammunition and could not hold out much longer. At this time we could hear some firing. In a few minutes we were in position on the highlands overlooking the valley of Grand River, with SB's house, surrounded by the camp of the ghost-dancers, immediately in front and some twelve hundred yards distant. The firing continued and seemed to be from three different and widely separated points, from the house, from a clump of timber beyond the house, and from a party, apparently forty or fifty, on our right front and some eight or nine hundred yards away. At first there was nothing to indicate the position of the police. Our approach had apparently not been noticed by either party, so intent were they on the business on hand. The pre-arranged signal (a white flag) was displayed, but was not answered. I then ordered Brooks to drop a shell between the house and the clump of timber just beyond. It may be as well to state here that the Hotchkiss gun would not have been up on the line at this time but for the courage and presence