I shot at the other several times but missed him. We learned afterwards that the one I killed was a Sub Chief and a great warrior named "Whizzing Arrow." He came from behind a stump and we met face to face not over six feet apart, and it had to be him or me, and I beat him to it and I took his scalp. It may have been against military orders, but when I was about 10 years old, back in Iowa we got word that the Indians had killed and scalped my favorite uncle, and I promised my grandmother that when I grew to be a man I would go west and kill an Indian to avenge Uncle Jim, and this was the first one that I was sure I had killed, so I took his scalp.

Lieut. Baldwin let me keep his trinkets such as rings, knives, bows and arrows. But his ponies were turned over to Gen. Miles when we reached his camp August 21st on the Canadian River west of Antelope Hills. Lieut. Baldwin made his report to Gen. Miles after which Miles sent for me, to have me give my version of the affair, which I did.

On the morning of August 22 or 23 we left with Miles' command and were with him in the battle of August 30 (on Byrnes Creek in the northeast corner of Briscoe County). At one time, during this battle, when Miles had his command deployed in a skirmish line, a small band of Indian sharpshooters had gained a point where the troops could not get action on them. He sent word to Lieut. Baldwin to send a couple of Scouts over a small flat, to dislodge them. He sent W. F. Schmalsle and myself. We had to crawl about 200 yards in plain sight of the entire skirmish line, to keep out of sight of the Indians. On the left the soldiers did not understand the orders, thought we were Indians crawling away, and commenced firing on us. Lieut. Baldwin saw our plight and tried to stop the firing, but couldn't make them understand. We were between two fires, the troops and the Indians. I said: "Let's get up and run for it," so we made a dash across the plateau and gained the point. When we got started it did not take us long to put the Indians on the run. After we got back Miles kept moving his troops from one hill to another, keeping it up all day and advanced right along. At one place when the Indians made a stand in front of Baldwin's command, the 18 Scouts, I among them, ade a charge on the point against Baldwin's orders. Schmalsle was near Baldwin and he stopped him saying, "I'll keep one of you back anyway." Schmalsle moved away from Baldwin a few feet, and then made a dash up the hill after us. When we got to that point the Indians had gone to another point. But I forgot to stop, and went on to the point where the Indians were. By this time Baldwin's command had come up from the rear and seeing the danger I was in, ordered a charge. By sheer luck they relieved me. As I recall it we fought them all day. They finally drew off to a hill about a mile away. Lieut. Baldwin's command of soldiers and scouts was always near Gen. Miles. The Indians had collected on a hill and seemed to be holding a council. Gen. Miles ordered the Artillery to put in a nine-pounder (Lieut. J. Worden Pope commanded Miles' Artillery detachment) and told the gunner to aim to hit the bunch of Indians. I was close and heard the command. It seemed to me a long time before the shell hit. It struck right in the middle of the bunch. That was the last we saw of the Indians that day. In the evening Miles ordered us to take the back track and we went back to camp. Next morning we took up the main trail and followed them to Tule Canyon. As I recall it Miles took the Cavalry and scouts and followed the trail to where it left the canyon and went out on the staked plains. We scouted around there for a while and then returned to headquarters on the afternoon of Sept. 6th. Gen. Miles asked Lieut. Baldwin to take what men he needed and carry a dispatch to Camp Supply. He selected W. F. Schmalsle, Ira Wing and myself. We left Gen. Miles' headquarters about four P.M. Sept. 6th. and that evening we rode into camp of Col. Biddle, in command of a supply train, on the Salt Fork of Red