

River (a few miles north of Clarendon, Donley County). I needed a remount, as my horse was played out. I was ordered to the picket line to select a horse from the 6th Cavalry. I chose a horse of Canadian breed one of the best I have ever ridden. (4)

We left Col. Biddle's camp just before dark. We planned to travel by night and hide away during the day. Just at day light Sept. 7th we made camp on the head of White Fish Creek (near where the Santa Fe R.R. crosses it in the southern part of Gray County). Here we had our first encounter with Indians on that memorable ride of Sept. 6 - 10, 1874. I was the scout on guard that morning when the Indians discovered us. We had traveled all night and of course were all worn out. I was so drowsy I could hardly keep my eyes open. I chewed tobacco at that time and I put tobacco spittle in my eyes to keep awake, and it was well I did or I would not have seen that Indian who was looking for us. I slipped back down the hill and gave the alarm to the others who were just finishing breakfast, and we were ready for them. He had not seen me and when he came over the rim of the draw looking for us we all took a shot at him and I guess we all hit him. In the attack by the rest of the band which took place at once, they killed our pack mule and we lost all our food supply and everything but what we had on our persons or in our saddle bags. We held a council and decided to dash through them. If we stayed there we would surely be killed and we decided we had better die in trying at least to get away. (4)

The four of us held council, which took but a few minutes. Wing said, "We will dig rifle pits, and hold them off." I said, "What will you dig rifle pits with?" He said, "Our butcher knives." I said, "While we are digging a pit half big enough to hide one man, they will kill every one of us. We will have to make a dash, and fight our way through." Lieut. Baldwin and Schmalsle voted with me. We mounted our horses and made a dash up out of the draw four abreast, onto the level right among the Indians who were all off their ponies looking for us. Our dash was such a surprise to them that they tumbled over each other trying to get away from us. On we rode firing as we went. As soon as they could get their ponies they took after us. As our horses were jaded they soon came within shooting distance. Then we stopped, dismounted and beat them back. We didn't stop to see how many we had killed but we knew we had emptied a number of saddles. This fighting kept up all day. We would dash ahead and they would overtake us, then we would stop and fight them back. We had long-range army guns and were all good marksmen, which accounted for the fact that none of us were wounded. We were corraled three times by Indians and fought our way out. *each time* (4) *

Late in the afternoon, after the last fight and the remaining Indians had been driven back, we were resting about 1000 yards out on the Staked Plains and out of range of the Indians' guns. Lieut. Baldwin took from his jacket pocket a photograph of his wife and little daughter, gazed long at them, shaking his head he said, "I never expected to see you again." (5) ↓

We were tired and hungry, as we had not had a bite to eat since our scanty breakfast at early dawn. Fate befriended us. A sudden rain came up -- almost a cloudburst, then a steady rain. The Indians bothered us no more. Then came night that we had longed for. We traveled as long as we could keep our course, then we camped. Or rather, we just stopped, for we had lost our