

You are aware, Sir, that by Sitting Bull accepting that piece of tobacco at that time, remember he had to repudiate all he was saying, and befriend me, and he being the Chief compelled the other Indians to do likewise. But now arose another difficulty. How was I to get out of the village. I was safe and would be unmolested as long as I remained in the village, but woe to me if I was caught on the outside; I would be instantly killed, and I knew it; x x x however after planning for some days I formed a plan x x x Sitting Bull's eldest wife and sister brought me my horse all saddled and equipped for my journey. I sprung on his back, got out of the belt of timber, in which the village was in, and made for Milk River x x x Just as I cleared the first opening near Tom Campbell's Houses (an old abandoned trading fort) I saw two young Indian braves, riding bare back, following my trail. As my horse was too heavily loaded to run fast, I determined to employ a little strategy against them. I rode in the thick brush and found a pony trail; following it I saw it led along the beach, until it came to the ford, there it crossed and went up the other side of Milk River, then over the hill. I hastily pulled my horse back into the willows, rode into the water and after passing the ford, rode out again on the same side as I went in on, took my stand in some thick brush, and waited, for "Sir Lo"on they came, very cautiously, especially when they went by any thick brush until they struck the aforesaid pony track. With a shout of joy they trailed it along the beach until it entered the water, when they crossed the river and found it again on the other side. Away they went over the hill to Fort Peck (an abandoned post) while I started off to Rose Creek down the Milk River. x x x It was now getting good daylight, though the sun had not rose yet. I kept on going steady for about 30 miles when my poor overriden horse reeled and fell. I was then very close to the mouth of Milk River on the Missouri "Bottom". Hastily pulling both saddle and bridle off my horse I turned him loose in the brush and "caching" my things prepared to hide myself. x x x

It was now growing dark and a light rain was falling so that my pursuers could not trail me any longer. They had found that I had doubled on my trail, and were again following me. But the gradual darkness and the rain had thoroughly obliterated my trail so that they could no longer track me x x x they passed me and went on to the Little Porcupine Creek.

I remained in the brush all night and next day rode into Wolf Point, M. T. x x x Thus I escaped. I got back to Fort Keogh on the 10th day of November, being 38 days and 4 nights steady in the saddle.

Such Sir, is the life of a Scout.

Very truly,

(Sgd) Will O. Everetts,
Scout, Guide and Interpreter.