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A short time after the battle of the Rosebud, Gen. Crook got dispatches ordering him to await the arrival of reinforcements (the Fifth Cavalry). In the meantime the command moved up the Little Goose creek close to the Big Horn range. Our Snake or Shoshone Indians had left us, so that we were without any Indian allies whatever. There was not much going on for awhile. Gen. Crook spent most of his time in the mountains hunting. While the General was up in the mountains hunting, I was out riding around the country trying to find some traces of hostile Indians; and one day, happening to be up on the mountains, I saw some Indian signals down on the divide between the Rosebud and the Little Big Horn. These signals were to the effect that the Indians and troops were fighting, and the Indians had the best of it. This was between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning. Getting on my horse and going down into camp, I told the officers that the Indians were having a fight—I supposed with the troops—and had got way the best of them. The officers had never heard of Indian signals, and didn't suppose such things were in existence.*They laughed at the idea of Indians having smoke signals; hardly crediting my statement. It made me a little bit out of temper the way they talked about it, and I told them that I would prove to them I was right.

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I saddled up my horse and started for where the signals had been given, reaching what at first seemed to be the trail of troops on the divide between the Rosebud and Little Big Horn just about dark on the night of June 25th, and soon found that troops had been along there. I started to follow up the trail, which led down a creek. In following the trail, it led me almost to the mouth of the creek where it empties into the Little Big Horn, then turning off to the right, traveling along parallel to the creek and back into the bluffs. I found out afterwards that Custer and Reno had separated there where the trail left this creek, but not knowing this at the time, I could only follow the plainest trail I could find. I followed the trail out where the Custer command had tried to cross the Little Big Horn, out again, and went still further down the creek, but away from it. It was just 11 o'clock at night when I got to this place. I must have passed close to where Reno's command was entrenched, but did not know it. It was very dark and I could not see things plainly. It was cloudy and trying to rain; in fact, a few big drops of rain did fall.

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The first intimation I had of getting onto the battlefield was when my horse got scared at something lying in the trail ahead of me, and I could not get him to pass it. I was riding an animal that did not usually scare at anything—a jet black beauty that Gen. Crook had given me.* Getting off the horse and stopping down, so that I could feel along with my hands, I came in contact with some object. I did not know what it was, so I commenced examining it, when I found I had my hand on the head of a man who had been scalped. Well, of course, I cannot exactly tell the feelings I did have; but I got onto my horse pretty quickly after I found out what it had frightened at. I was going on to a kind of divide—on the main divide. It seemed as though the soldiers had tried to reach a main divide from there, and I thought by taking down the ridge I would avoid any more such horrible objects, such as I had found on the lower ridge; but instead of that I got right into the midst of the dead, and was forced to follow the ridge all the way down. It seemed to me for a long time—I could not see them, but could tell