

had a thing to eat for two or three days." Wash Logan who happened to be the man I kicked said, "Is that you Lem?" "Yes," I said, "am I am as hungry as -----." He got up at once.

By this time the confusion had awakened the whole train and it wasn't long until we had something to eat. While we were eating I said to Schmalsle, "That Indian ought to be fed." Wash Logan said, "What Indian?" I said, "Boys we'll show you something that will open your eyes." I went to Maj. Lyman's tent and called for Lieut. Baldsin. He said, "What is it Wilson?" I said, "We are being fed. Don't you think we should feed that Indian, he must be hungry." He said, "Yes, by all means." Maj. Lyman gave me an order to the Sergeant of the Guard for the Indian. Baldwin said he would guarantee that I would look after the Indian and return him to the guard house. I took him to the corral and the teamsters surely did open their eyes at seeing a hostile Indian clad only with a "gee string" and moccasins. We fed him and returned him to the guard. (This captive professed to great joy in being again with the whites, and so completely deceived Lyman's men with whom Baldwin left him that when they were later beseiged he was given a gun. He joined a party going for water at night and made his escape.) Then we took a short sleep.

By day light we were up and had our breakfast. Maj. Lyman asked Lieut. Baldwin to leave a scout to pilot him back to Gen. Miles and he left Schmalsle. Wing and I went with Lieut. Baldwin on to Camp Supply which we reached without further incident.

After we left Maj. Lyman, with Schmalsle as guide, started with his train for Gen. Miles. They crossed the Canadian where we had crossed the night before and started south on Gen. Miles' trail. Just as they reached the top of the ridge, they were attacked by the same band of Indians whose camp we had passed the day before. They had an all day fight on the 9th although advancing 12 miles where they formed a corral and were held until 2:30 A.M. the 14th by the Indians. This was where Schmalsle made his famous ride.

(Capt. Lyman's command was cut off from water, they had several wounded and were generally in sore straits.

(At this juncture Schmalsle volunteered to break through the hostile lines, and ride to Camp Supply -- 78 miles distant -- for relief. He left shortly after dark on the 10th, was soon discovered and in the ensuing chase his horse stumbled in a prairie dog hole nearly throwing Schmalsle who lost his hat and carbine and would have been caught had he not run into a buffalo herd. Bending low he ran alongside a huge buffalo bull eluding his pursuers who then abandoned the chase. He had lost all sense of direction, clouds hid the stars, but finding himself on a down grade he followed until reaching a river which he knew must be the Canadian which was in flood and dangerous on account of quicksands. He followed down intending to cross after daybreak, but, as the barking of dogs warned him of the proximity of an Indian village, he concluded to risk the crossing which was safely made near Antelope Hills. After daylight he crawled to a nearby spur from which he saw a large Indian village not two miles away. Crawling back into the thicket he lay there without food or drink until dark when he started again reaching the government hay camp on Wolf Creek 20 miles from Camp Supply. Here he was fed, given a fresh horse and was soon at the post.

(Lt. Kingsbury with K, 6th Cavalry left Supply on the morning of the 12th reaching Lyman's corral at 2:30 A.M. Sept. 14th.