

Miles asked Lieut. Baldwin to take what men he needed and carry a dispatch to Camp Supply. He selected W. F. Schmalsie, Ira Win, and myself. We left Gen. Miles' headquarters about 4 p. m. September 6, and that evening we rode into the camp of Col. Biddle, in command of a supply train, on the Salt fork of Red 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.

We left Col. Biddle's camp just before dark. We planned to travel by night and hide away during the day. Just at daylight, September 7, we made camp on the head of White Fish creek (near where the Santa Fe crosses it in the southern part of Gray county). Here we had our first encounter with Indians on that memorable ride of September 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