

bags. We held a council and decided to dash through them. If we stayed there would surely be killed and we decided we had better die in trying at least to get away.

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 the Indians and fought our way out each time.

(Editor's note: Lieut. Baldwin's report said 10 Indians were killed in the encounters.)

(October 1.)