

stockade. Next morning, the Indians attacked us and one of our hunters, Geo. Huffman, was killed and scalped. As soon as Baldwin heard the shooting, he came to our assistance. He took after the Indians and had a running fight with them for about 10 miles. When he returned, we asked permission to leave there under his escort as we could not go by ourselves on account of the Indians. As he needed more scouts he hired Ira Wing, Tobe Tobison, and myself as scouts. We left Adobe Walls on the morning of August 20.

Water was very scarce and in the afternoon Lieut. Baldwin came back to where we hunters were and asked if any of us knew where there was water. The men and horses were nearly famished. I said, "I know a place where we have always found water." He sent Chas. Morrow and me to look for it. When we reached "Guyena" or Chicken creek, we found water, also two Indian scouts camped by a small fire with meat roasting on a stick. When they heard us one got away, the other one I killed.

I shot at the other several times but missed him. We learned afterwards that the one I killed was a sub-chief and a great warrior named "Whizzing Arrow." He came from behind a stump and we met face to face not over six feet apart, and it had to be a finish. I beat him to it and I took his scalp. It may have been against military orders, but when I was about 10 years old, back in Iowa we got word that the Indians had killed and scalped my favorite uncle, and I promised my grandmother that when I grew to be a man I would go west and kill an Indian to avenge Uncle Jim, and this was the first one that I was sure I had killed, so I took his scalp.