

178 So I took a fresh horse and started on and got within about ten miles of the Fort when I looked up at the bluffs and saw four Indians and they were apparently making for a certain place where I had to cross the creek. There was no other place I could cross and they were trying to head me off at that point. It was certainly a race for life and the only thing that saved me was better horse flesh. Most of the horses the Indians had were of the "pony" type, and they did not compare with the army horses. Occasionally they had horses that they had stolen or acquired by killing the wagon train owners, but this was the exception. They had one advantage however, and that was usually having a better knowledge of the terrain. When I crossed the creek they were barely a quarter of a mile away, and they did not attempt to follow me.

179 I went on to the Fort and delivered my dispatches. I had no further trouble on the way. I stayed at Fort Larned for two days before starting back to Fort Lyons, and it was not until after my arrival at Fort Lyons that I learned of the trouble my comrades had at the Indian village, and of their narrow escape.

180 For about two months whenever Chief One Eye came over to our camp all of the boys who were on that trip would take him over to their quarters, and when he went home he was loaded down with everything they could spare, sugar, coffee, and many other things. I think the boys would have divided anything they had with him, and they were just as welcome in his camp. Occasionally they would go over and spend two or three days on a game hunting trip, but it made no difference how long they stayed. However this condition did not last long. Other Indians had been very troublesome all summer, and much worse on the Platte River than on the Arkansas.

181 Department Headquarters in Denver had been trying to raise a regiment of "100 Day men"; that is men to take the place of the boys of the first regiment of Colorado cavalry whose time had expired and had not re-enlisted. The men whose time had expired and had not re-enlisted were ordered in to Denver to be discharged. The Colonel apparently wanted to do something with this new regiment, so after hearing about our boys going over to

182 the Indian village and finding so many Indians there, he thought here might be a chance for those hundred day men to try their hand at Indian fighting. The first thing our boys at Fort Lyons knew about this was when the Colonel and his regiment of "100 Day Men" came marching into Fort Lyons, and the Colonel gave orders to have all the men that could be spared from the Fort ready to march at seven o'clock that night. As the other two companies were infantry, our two companies were the ones ordered to go with him.

183 A part of my company was acting as an artillery unit, and we were ordered to take two pieces of artillery with us, and we were ready at the time set to march. We all started and they took the trail that led to old One Eye's camp. As soon as the boys found out where they were going they sent one of our officers to the Colonel to tell him of what One Eye had done for them, how he had saved their lives, and they did not want him or any of his band harmed in any way.

184 He promised not to harm them, but would take them prisoners and leave a guard with them, so that they could not send a messenger to the other Indians to inform them that the troops were looking for them. We were satisfied, as we believed the Colonel would do as he said. We expected him to pass on to where the band was camped that had attempted to kill our men just two months prior to this occasion. As our two companies were at the rear of the command we did not know of any change in plans until the next morning. The head of the command got in sight of the Indian village just at the break of day, and they surrounded it before the Indians knew that the troops were anywhere near them.

185 The "100 Day Men" opened fire and began to shoot the Indians down as fast as they appeared. About this time a messenger was sent back to us, telling us to hurry up with the artillery. We supposed that the rest of the tribe had moved into One Eye's camp and we would have the whole band to fight, So we hurried up and to our surprise there were none there but One Eye's band. The hundred day men were shooting the Indians down as fast as they appeared. The Colonel ordered us to go to a high hill and turn our artillery fire loose on the village. We went to the place ordered, but when we got there we refused to unlimber our guns, and so we sat there and watched the massacre. That was what

it was, for as far as we could tell the Indians did not fire a shot.

186 This had not been going on very long before we saw an Indian come out of his wigwam waving a white flag in his hand, and he started running straight toward us with the flag in his hand. The company of hundred day men began shooting at him and some of our boys rushed over trying to get them to stop shooting, as they all well knew that this same Indian had saved their lives but a short time before, and they were doing their best to save his. While they kept shooting at him, one of our boys put spurs to his horse and started out to meet him, but before he got to him the old Chief was shot down with a white flag in his hand. As the boy that started out to meet him was turning his horse around to come back to us, some of the hundred day men shot him, and both he and the horse fell dead.

187 This came very near making our two companies turn against the whole regiment and it was all our officers could do, to keep us from turning our artillery loose and we would have done our best to kill every hundred day man in the bunch, for if the old Indian had been our brother we could not have felt worse over it. Besides, a brave boy and comrade had lost his life in trying to save the old Indian Chief from their gun fire. We felt we would rather fight the whole hundred day regiment than any Indians.

188 After the battle was over and they had shot all the old women and little children they could find, I will relate one incident that came under my own observation. One of the hundred day men was walking around in the camp and he found a little baby wrapped in some old blankets. He took it by its feet and held it out at arm's length and shot it through the head. It was the most dastardly, cowardly act I ever saw, and this was what is recorded in history as the Great Sand Creek Battle. The truth of the matter was that it was a band of friendly Indians massacred by a regiment of white savages, the hundred day men.

189 If the Colonel had not left us that day, I have no doubt but what he would have been left there with the dead Indians. He certainly deserved it, for he had lied to us and had deliberately engineered the whole thing. We learned afterwards that his time of service was about to expire and he was in debt to the Government

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for supplies that he could not truthfully account for, to the extent of about fifty thousand dollars, so he went back to Denver and settled with Uncle Sam by reporting the supplies lost in action. He had settled his bill with the massacre of a band of peaceful Indians.

193 It took us two days to get back to the Fort, and these hundred day men were the worst thieves we had ever seen. When we reported it to our Officers they said it served us right, and if we could not keep even with them we ought to be beaten. So on what was to be our last night with them, the boys made up their minds to come out ahead if possible. Some of them started in by taking saddles, bridles and revolvers, while others of us were at work, taking care of their horses. We ran off with about three hundred head that night and they never knew what became of them. There was a great fuss made about it in the morning, and the Colonel went to our Commanding Officer, who was our Major, and demanded a search be made in our camp for saddles, bridles, blankets and revolvers, in fact everything that soldiers would be likely to have with them. The Major said; "Sir, you cannot search my men, for if you attempted that, you would not have any men left in a very few minutes". So the Colonel gave that up, and did not make the attempt. I and four other men of our company took the horses down the river, and kept them there until they went back to Denver, and that was the last of the hundred day men around where we were.

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So now we will leave the Battle of Sand Creek, or rather the Massacre at Sand Creek, as I and all of my comrades preferred to call it, to its fate. If anyone should ask you if I was there, please say no, I guess not, for I am ashamed to say that I saw what took place.

Chapter 9.

196 Well, after the Sand Creek Affair, we did not have much of anything to do that winter, except stay at the Fort most of the time, and escort trains to the States, whenever there were wagon trains to escort. In the spring we did considerable scouting and riding, but we had no more trouble with the Indians.