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## Article Title: Big Bat Pourier's Version of the Sibley Scout

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Article Summary: After Custer's defeat, General George Crook sent the Sibley Scout to find Crow Indian allies. Baptiste (Big Bat) Pourier guided the scouting party. More than thirty years later, he provided this account of the expedition.

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Photographs / Images: Big Bat Pourier and his wife; Frank Grouard, Good Lance, Big Talk, High Hawk, Two Strike, Major John M Burke, and Short Bull at Wounded Knee, 1891 (George E Trager photo)



*Big Bat Pourier and wife*

## Big Bat Pourier's Version of the Sibley Scout

*By Donald F. Danker*

The culmination of the Plains Indian wars came in the summer of 1876. It had been decided that Indians could not be confined to the Dakota Reservation without major military effort. The Big Horn-Yellowstone expeditions were organized against the Sioux and Cheyenne, who were clinging to their land and way of life in the fine buffalo ranges of northeastern Wyoming and southeastern Montana. The US Army sent three columns to the area. General Alfred H. Terry, whose command included Custer's 7th Cavalry, was to advance from the east and north after assembling at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory. Colonel John Gibbon's force was to advance east from Forts Ellis and Shaw in Montana, and General George Crook was to come north from Fort Fetterman in Wyoming. The Indians were to be caught in southern Montana in the Big Horn and Powder River areas between the approaching forces.

The most famous event of this campaign was the Battle of the Little Big Horn, where, on June 25, 1876, George A. Custer and five companies of the 7th Cavalry were killed. Perhaps a contributing factor to the defeat was the failure of Crook's forces to penetrate the area of the Little Big Horn. On June 17, they had fought Sioux under Crazy Horse on the Rosebud Creek and had been halted some 60 miles from the site of the Custer battle.

The Army, commanded by General Philip H. Sheridan, rapidly began to order fresh troops to the area after the Custer defeat. Crook's command was concentrated at Camp Cloud Peak, located at the junction of two branches of Goose Creek, the present-day site of Sheridan, Wyoming.<sup>1</sup> While awaiting reinforcements, Crook—attempting to reconnoiter the area and to make contact with Crow Indian allies—sent out a

scouting party commanded by Lieutenant Frederick William Sibley.<sup>2</sup> Accompanying the command of soldiers<sup>3</sup> were Frank Grouard and Baptiste Pourier, frontier scouts; John F. Finerty, reporter for the *Chicago Times*; and a packer. The mission was known as the Sibley Scout. While not a major episode in the Indian Wars of the summer of 1876, it has been a subject of much attention. Interesting adventures happened to interesting men and were reported in varying fashion. John F. Finerty's book, *War Path and Bivouac*, has a chapter "The Sibley Scout—A Close Call," which was the first detailed account of the affair.<sup>4</sup>

Two scouts with Sibley, Frank Grouard and Baptiste Pourier, are termed in *General George Crook, His Autobiography* as "the two best scouts in the command."<sup>5</sup> Grouard's version of the Sibley Scout appeared in his reminiscences.<sup>6</sup>

Baptiste Pourier,<sup>7</sup> known on the frontier as Big Bat to distinguish him from Little Bat (Baptiste Garnier), was hired as a scout for Crook's force in 1876. His account of the Sibley Scout varies in detail from those of Finerty and Grouard and was not as widely publicized. He had told his story to Chadron lawyer and newspaper editor Eli S. Ricker in January, 1907. It is recorded in interviews gathered between 1905 and 1926 by Ricker, who devoted the latter part of his life to research on the Indians, including the interviewing of dozens of people.<sup>8</sup> Following is Pourier's account of the Sibley Scout:

*Interview with Baptiste Pourier (Big Bat), begun Sunday, January 6, 1907*

### THE SIBLEY SCOUT

General Crook and his army was camped on the south fork of Goose Creek, about a mile above the junction of the north and south forks, where they unite in the beginning of Tongue River. They form Tongue River.

When General Crook was contemplating employing some Crow Scouts to accompany him on his expedition north, he called Frank Grouard<sup>9</sup> and Big Bat and told them that he wanted them to go to the Crow village, and he asked how many men they wanted to go with them, and they replied that

they wanted 30 of the best men with good horses, and these were given them under the command of Lt. Sibley.<sup>10</sup> Among these was one packer who went just as a volunteer without carrying any pack. Bat thinks he may have made 31, but is not sure. They started a little before sundown—went north to a little dry creek on the north side of south Goose Creek and which empties into Goose Creek. At this place, they stopped just as the sun was going down and made a cup of coffee and soon after this they started and arrived at Tongue River at dark and Gruard suggested to Bat that they stop there for the night, but Bat resisted this, saying they were probably being watched by Indians who had observed their movements and were aware of their location, and it would be better to move off a few miles since it was now dark and thus avoid the Indians who might now know where they were. Gruard saw the reasonableness of this suggestion, and they moved about two miles north toward the foot of the mountain. There they found a basin about 50 yards across, and here they camped for the night without unsaddling their horses. The men laid down to sleep and held the bridle reins of their horses in their hands.

They were up in the morning before break of day and, without taking any refreshment, moved forward. They had gone but half a mile when they came near a high hill with very steep sides, too sharp for horses to climb, and Gruard said to Bat, "You and the Lieut. go up to that ravine [pointing] and I will go to the top of the hill and look with the glass." Gruard left his horse at the bottom of the hill and went up. Before this, however, he told Bat that if he swung his hat, he [Bat] should at once come up to him. Bat and the Lieut. and the party moved to the head of the ravine and stopped. Presently, Gruard swung his sombrero. Bat spurred his horse up to the side of Gruard's horse, dismounted and left the horses together, and he soon was at Gruard's side. G. said, "Take these glasses and look and see if those are Indians or rocks over on that hill." Bat took the glasses and looked. Then he said, "There are Indians—a war party of Indians." "Of course, they are," said Gruard. "They are Crow, I believe." Bat replied, "I believe they are Sioux, but hold on, I can tell whether they are Crow or Sioux when they start." (They were dismounted and all in a bunch holding their horses when these scouts discovered them.)

This is a rule among the Sioux and Crow:

When the Sioux are moving on the warpath or at any time, they observe no regularity, but pass and repass one another, even the leader or headman; whereas the Crow move as our cavalry do, none ever go ahead of the leader and fall back at will.

As soon as these Indians were seen to move out, they began to pass one another without orderly movement, at the same time looking toward Tongue River, where they expected to find the soldiers who, it was now plain, had been discovered the night before, and who, but for Bat's knowledge and judgment, would now have been attacked. There were about fifty Indians. The Indians, failing to find the troops on the river, had no difficulty in taking their trail, which they followed up in the direction of where the soldiers now were at the head of the ravine. The troops were now at the head of the ravine on the top of the mountain which is in the Big Horn range. From this place, the scouts had seen the Indian village four or five miles distant. The wickiups were standing. The command was on a big Indian Trail where the nations were in the habit of going and cutting lodge poles. Bat told the Lieut. to hurry up for the Indians will cut us off if we do not hurry. Gruard rode in front with the Lieut. while Bat took his place in the rear to watch from that point.

Bat was in a desperate hurry, knowing how much at this moment speed meant. He kept urging those up front to "hurry up or the Indians will overtake us."

The command soon filed down the hill and were in the mountain on Tongue River in a little park. Here, all stopped. Bat said, "What are you going to do?" The Lieut. answered, "We've got to make some coffee for these men." Bat yelled back to Gruard, "Frank, you know better than that. We'll be jumped sure." Bat screamed again: "What are you going to do? Going to take the saddles off, too?" The Lieut. said, "Yes, we are going to unsaddle." Bat answered, "Well, my horse is going to be tied to this tree." Adding that he was not going to take the saddle off of his horse.

Coffee was made and quaffed. Then the men saddled up and started to ascend another hill. Soon, they were on the top. Here, Bat saw two coup sticks which the Indians had left on the ground. This was a sign which was unmistakable that the

Indians had discovered the scouts and had got ahead of them. Now, while the coffee was making, Bat could not repress his disposition for fun making; so as John F. Finerty had gone on the scout for adventure and to enlarge his knowledge, Bat who knew the Indians had accomplished their design to get ahead of the scouts to prepare an ambuscade for them, and that there was a warm time coming, began to rally Finerty by saying to him that now he would have something to send his paper, meaning the *Chicago Times*, for which he was correspondent. Finerty said, "Yes, it was the last scout he would accompany for the sake of news and he hoped nothing more serious would occur than had already happened." Bat then told him to look out for things of stirring interest to come.

It was Bat's turn to speak. "Oh no, they did not see us! Here are these sticks; they are ahead of us now!" Those sticks were coup sticks, which had been left or dropped by the Indians in their haste to move off into the pines, probably when they saw the troops advancing. There were fresh tracks of their horses also. This stop for coffee had given the Indians time to get on ahead of the troops. Bat dropped back to his place in the rear and the column moved forward. (It should be observed that at the time when they stopped for coffee, Gruard was sick on account of a venereal disease and, when the horses were unsaddled, Gruard laid down and rested on his saddle and when they were ready to go, Bat had to go and raise him up and urge him to get his horse ready.)

The sticks were seen on top of a hill. At this point, it was that Bat said, "Go on ahead; I'll drop back." They moved and were soon in thick pines. Bat now looked back and saw three Indians coming behind. When he saw these, he rode up to the Lieut. and Gruard and said to them, "They are right behind us." Bat leaped on ahead and saw a lot of Indians in front looking for the trail of the troops. Bat was now right on the lead with Gruard and the Lieut. and they advanced. They were now in a park. On the right of the soldiers was a ridge covered with big rocks.

Just as the column got opposite the rocks, the Indians who were hid behind the rocks rose up. Bat shouted, "Look out! They are going to fire!" Instantly, the Indians began firing at a range of not more than 100 yards. The scouts broke for the pine timber on the left, not more than 20 yards away. Bat



*Frank Grouard (standing in center) at Wounded Knee, 1891, with Good Lance (left), Big Talk, High Hawk, Two Strike, Major John M. Burke, and Short Bull. Photo by George E. Trager, Chadron.*

said to Frank, "Let's dismount and tie our horses." Bat was the first man to act. He was about 50 yards from Guard and the Lieut. when he dismounted. Guard said to the Lieut. that it was necessary to dismount and tie the horses and the Lieut. gave the order.

When the firing began, the mare which John F. Finerty, the correspondent for the *Chicago Times*, rode, was wounded. This was the only damage done.

The men hid behind rocks and trees and in the brush.

The Indians kept their places behind the rocks and did not cease firing, and reinforcements were continually arriving and the Indian fire steadily increased in volume. When the troops took their present position in the timber, it must have been two or three o'clock in the afternoon. Bat thinks they were there several hours. He is sure it must have been close to night when they stole away.

Bat was studying the situation all the while that the troops were lying in the woods without firing. The soldiers remained doggedly silent—not a voice was heard—not the crack of a gun on their side. Once during this one-sided conflict, an Indian named Painted Horse (who is living now [1907] on White Clay Creek on Pine Ridge Reservation) called out: "O, Bat! Come over here; I want to tell you something. Come over!" This he repeated, but Bat knew too well this was no time for friendly converse and that it was only a ruse to ascertain whether he was in the party and, if he was to gain some advantage over him, if it be only to put him out of the way, for Bat was well known to these Indians and they realized that he was a shrewd and energetic antagonist. (It has been published that this call was made to Guard—this is fiction.)<sup>11</sup>

Bat reasoned that they could not hold out indefinitely. They were not more than seven miles from the Indian village they had been in in the morning. This was a Sioux and Cheyenne village. He knew that their position was untenable—that the Indians were hourly increasing in number and that they, in time, would be numerous enough to surround them. He saw that the pine leaves and cones and the decaying brush and trees and the dead limbs which were thick on the ground would make a terrible holocaust when the time should come when the cunning Indians would apply the match to the highly inflammable materials. When that time should come,

as it was sure to, the troops would be in a raging furnace. The end would be there. No man would escape incineration. If he should attempt it, the foxy Indians would see him and he would fall before their rifles like wild prey. There would be no hope and no escape. The only chance for safety was in prompt and early action. Bat was reasoning it out all alone as he sat behind that large pine tree cogitating, where he had already escaped a wound in his knee by the timely withdrawal of his leg a moment before the missile swept down a twig within his reach. Bat said to himself, this horse I ride is my own. To stay here is to die soon and miserably. I can leave the horse—he will be sacrificed at all events—and there will be some chance for me to get away. The only sensible thing to do is to take that chance and make the most of it. What is good for me in this respect is equally good for all the others. It is my duty to save this command. So reasoning, his resolution was quickly formed. He was lying in the extreme front on the right and Lieut. Sibley, Frank Guard and John F. Finerty were on the left. Crawling on his belly to where these men lay, Bat said to the Lieutenant: “What are you going do?” The officer replied, “There is nothing to do. We can’t do anything.” Bat said, “We can do something; let’s leave our horses tied and get out of here. I’ve got my horse tied; he is my own private property, and he will stay there. If you were wounded, Lieutenant, we would pull out and leave you; if I was wounded, you would pull out and leave me. Therefore, let us leave our horses and get out of here before any of us are wounded.” The Lieutenant said, “That is all we can do. Go and tell Frank about it.” Bat now crawled in the same manner to where Guard lay, a little farther to the left. He said to Guard, “Frank, let’s get out of here,” and he explained his view of the matter again. Guard replied, “That is the only show we have got.” While Bat and Guard were talking, a Cheyenne Indian costumed in a gaudy war bonnet, cantered up and down in the open space between the troops and the Indians, offering a challenge to the scouts to fire so they might betray their place of concealment. Guard said to Bat: “Let’s get ready and shoot that Indian when he comes again.” The two men brought up their pieces into position for use. When he was opposite them, they both fired and the bold rider fell to the ground dead. These were the only shots fired by the scouts during their stay in this position.<sup>12</sup>

Lieut. Sibley was a young man, just out of West Point, about medium height, spare as young men usually are, of handsome features, fine figure, intelligent, gentlemanly, refined, brave, and at all times cool as if on dress parade. If he had not been a man of sound practical common sense and not taken the advice of the rough frontiersmen who were sent to guide and serve him, he would have lost his command and his own life.

Having dispatched the saucy Indian, Bat now renewed his urging on Gruard for immediate action. He said, "Now hurry up, Frank, let's get out of here. Let's go to the Lieut., and let's get out of here." Both then crawled to Lt. Sibley who spoke up when they had reached him and said: "Frank, what will we do?" Gruard replied, "What Bat told you. It is all we can do." The Lieutenant gave the command to the men, which was passed along from man to man, to get their arms and ammunition from their horses, concealing themselves as much as possible while doing so, and to assemble on the left, so that the whole party might withdraw in a body without straggling. This was done in a few minutes time. Bat said to Gruard, "You go ahead and I will go behind so that all keep up." All moved out as noiselessly as could be. The Indian fire did not slacken. The horses were behind to keep up the delusion among the enemy that the scouts were still in their old position, and these poor animals were painful targets for bullets. The men had gone but a short distance when they emerged into a glade, miniature in size. A few steps and they were beyond it and into a motley forest where a fire had once done havoc, and the leaning dead trees which were held up by the living ones marked every possible angle and interlaced the standing timber, while the ground was strewn with broken trunks and limbs, the whole forming an entanglement which required the utmost patience and labor on the part of the fugitives to overcome and rendered their progress most difficult and slow. They toiled on until they came to the Tongue River, which they had to cross on a fallen tree which spanned the stream. Bat kept advising the men to step on the stones and not on the soil, so they would leave no trail for the Indians to follow, and sometimes this advice was communicated in Bat's nervous, energetic, and explosive style of speech which could not be heard without leaving an impressive effect for immediate good to all.

The Lieutenant, who was in the lead just behind Guard, had a mishap in making the passage over. He slipped and went into the water and the men had to fish him out. It was now dusky nightfall and the ascent of the Big H. mountain was begun. When the top was attained, night had fully settled down. The men had had nothing to eat since the day before. They had had just a cup of coffee before their encounter with the Indians. Now, hunger was oppressing them; the excitement of the day, the strain of care and exertion had told on their strength and they were nigh exhaustion. The men halted to rest and soon sleep had disarmed almost all of them of the slightest concern. The scouts had only light clothing and Bat had not even his blouse, for this had been left behind on his horse; so he started a fire underneath an overhanging ledge of rock, but while he was doing this, the sergeant came to him and remarked that he should not kindle a fire, that it was against orders and was dangerous as it would show the Indians where they were—but Bat adhered to his purpose, saying that it would do no harm and moreover he would rather be killed by a bullet than by frost and, with an expletive as strong as his proper determination, the interview closed between the two when the sergeant said he would have to rouse the Lieutenant and let him know, and Bat said, "Go and tell him; I am going to have a fire."

The Lieutenant came forward and, in his accustomed kindly way, asked Bat if he did not think it was dangerous to have a fire. Bat said, "No, look at this rock above us and the timber all around us; the Indians cannot see this little fire; besides, I am cold and must be warmed." Sibley said: "All right, Bat. I am awfully cold myself," and being soaked from his immersion in the river below, he hovered close to the little blaze which Bat had so firmly produced and spread his arms out over it and in a little while was feeling much better.

Another circumstance went far toward making this fire a wonderfully grateful source of satisfaction to the tired men. Snow and rain were falling in about equal proportions; it was dark as pitch; there was no moon and the clouds were dense and ominous. It was but a few minutes till all the men were crowding around to receive the welcome warmth. Guard crawled off and sought rest lying up against the granite wall. The men overcame their shivering and then threw themselves

on the ground to drown their consciousness in slumber. A guard was kept in proximity to the camp fire during the night, and was changed at regular intervals, so that there was not a man who did not become refreshed with sleep and relaxation.

When daylight came, the party resumed their perilous journey toward Gen. Crook's camp. They had gone a few miles, possibly six or eight, when, as they were trailing a small wild game path at the summit of the mountain, they came into a spot where the timber was light and thin, and Bat discovered a war party of thirty-two Indians trailing along at the base of the mountain. He informed Guard, who was now in the rear, it being difficult for him to keep up, owing to his disability, Bat now being the active guide in the lead. Guard said that as these Indians were ahead of the scouts and going in the direction of their camp, it would be necessary for the scouts to fall back into the woods and keep themselves concealed during the day from discovery by the enemy. They retreated a hundred yards or so and laid down under the pines and waited for night. Here the men, because their strength was overtaxed, lightened their loads by depositing some 250 rounds of ammunition under a stone and left it there. The weather was clear and warm and the shade was as welcome as the fire had been only a few hours before. The men were hungry and sore. Every now and then, some one of the luckless scouts would voice his cravings in expressions like, "Oh, if I only had something to eat I would be all right."

This party of Indians that had been seen on the flank of the mountains at the foot, went on to spy about Crook's camp and steal and drive off any livestock that they could get. They got two saddle horses which belonged to Bat and were left at the camp when he started on the scout. They took three or four head of horses besides—some that belonged to some miners who were with the expedition. These Indians started fires to burn Crook out, but they failed in this design.

While lying in the pines this day, Bat nudged Finerty again when he said to him, "You will have lots to send to your paper when you get back to camp." In his position, this was irritating, especially as no man in the party could be supposed to cherish at this stage of the war-game the most amiable feelings.

Finerty remarked once more, "I'll never go on a scout again

for news. Damn you, Bat, you are always making fun of me!"

Finerty wore a very large boot that turned up at the toe like a prairie schooner at either end. This was an unfortunate design of the Irish shoemakers for the correspondent on this occasion, as it was continually hooking the brush and grasses and causing him to fall, which was a trying annoyance.

When the darkness of night came, the march began again. It took about eight miles' travel to bring them to Goose Creek, but in journeying this distance, Bat had his hands full to keep Gruard moving. Twice before they got to this stream, he had to go back to rouse him up and get him on his feet and to encourage him with pleadings and drive him by cursings to maintain his place in the column and not oblige the party to wait for him. He protested that he was sick and distressed and without strength, but took Bat's urgings and imprecations in the best of good spirit, for he was a good-natured man, and felt that Bat had nothing but his welfare at heart, and then he would renew his promises to do the best he could. When they had come to the stream, the men severally made their choice whether they would strip themselves of clothing and carry it in a bundle over their heads, or whether they would wear their clothes while wading through and have to suffer with them wet when they were over. While going across, two of the men slipped on stones and lost their guns. Others slipped in the same way and fell in the water and got their clothing that they were carrying well soaked. The water, of course, being from the melting snow on the mountains was desperately cold. At this place, one of the men who had thrown away his shoes before they had arrived at the place where they rested all day and whose feet were terribly swollen from wounds by prickly pears and sharp stones, was so disheartened and indifferent to his safety that he refused to cross the creek and follow the party farther; and he stepped aside and laid down in the thick bushes to welcome fate, be it what it might—rescue by fresh soldiers, or destruction at the hands of the enemy.

The passage of the stream having been accomplished, Bat started another fire, but not without a query from the Lieutenant as to the safety of the proceedings; but being assured by the scout who thought if there was any danger, which he did not believe, it was better to take the chances than to suffer from cold and still further weaken and debilitate the men, that

there was not a particle of danger, and so the fire was made and the men dried and warmed and the result justified Bat's judgment. After the men had become comfortable, the march was continued, but it could not be kept up steadily, but every mile or two they halted to rest; and so the night passed away marching and resting by turns till morning dawned. The sun rose clear and warm and shed its bright beams down on the straggling party of men who were lame and weak, and faint in body, but strong of purpose, whose stomachs were empty and whose eyes had a strange unnatural look. Constantly they turned their heads looking in all directions; this was a precaution which the first law of nature enforced by instinct; for no prescience could give warning of the moment when a party of the enemy would burst upon them from some quarter and "rush" them to instant death.

Bat explains here that the Indians watch from high places; they can tell if any persons are in the vicinity if they see the wild game running. He used always to observe this sign; if men "wind" the game (that is get on the windward), the animals take the scent and flee; so the Indians act intelligently and surely by this sign, and in dangerous times men move in the Indian country in momentary liability of their being discovered and attacked by the redskins.

It was sometime this morning that Bat saw Lt. Sibley seize a little bird that was hopping in the grass and devour it. He remarked to the officer, "That is pretty rough, Lieutenant." "Yes, Bat," replied the starving man, "but I am so hungry that I do not know what to do." Afterwards, he saw a soldier do the same thing. How many more surrendered to their ravenous appetites in a similar way he does not know; but, for himself, he says he had been going along that morning uprooting with his hunting knife an occasional Indian turnip that he found and, though it gave but little nourishment, it contributed something to sustain him in his weakness.

How aggravating to these famished men it was to see wild game sporting in the air and on the plains and yet they dare not shoot from fear that the report of firearms would attract the Indians and lead to their own certain destruction.

About the middle of the forenoon, joyful evidence of rescue appeared. A mule belonging to the pack train had disappeared, and Dave Mears, the assistant chief packer, had gone

out a mile or more to see if he could get any trace of it. In the distance, he saw a man but, supposing he was an Indian, he did not advance toward him, but waited and watched his movements. When the man saw him, he made signs which were unintelligible, and kept on coming toward Mr. Mears who remained in one position till he was convinced that it was not an Indian but a white man in distress when he went toward him till they met, and he learned from this abject man the situation and whereabouts of the returning scouts. Uncle Dave went back to the camp with the information and men were speedily sent to their assistance; the first to reach them was a packer riding a mule; then horses came for all the men to ride into camp which was now in sight. A company of cavalry was sent out on the trail of the scouts to recover the man who had been left behind on the opposite bank of the Middle Goose, and he was found and brought into camp.

## NOTES

1. Hila Gilbert, *Big Bat Pourier* (Sheridan, Wyoming: Mills Publishing Company, 1968), p. 49.

2. Sibley was 2nd Lieutenant of the 2nd Cavalry. He was brevetted 1st Lieutenant for gallant service in action against Indians on the Little Big Horn River, Montana, July 7, 1876. Francis Bernard Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*, II (Washington, 1903), pp. 285-286.

3. Joe De Barthe, *Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard*, edited and with an introduction by Edgar Stewart (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1958), p. 137. This put the number of soldiers at 25 enlisted men and one officer.

4. Finerty was a 29-year-old reporter for the *Chicago Times*. He was an Irish immigrant and a Civil War veteran. Oliver Knight, *Following the Indian Wars, The Story of the Newspaper Correspondents Among the Indian Campaigns* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1960), pp. 173-174.

5. Martin F. Schmitt, editor and annotator, *General George Crook: His Autobiography* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1946), p. 199.

6. De Barthe, *Frank Grouard*, pp. 136-146.

7. Baptiste Pourier was born in St. Charles, Missouri, on October 5, 1841. He went west in 1858 and became a freighter and trader. He married Josephine Richard, who was part Oglala Sioux and part French-Canadian. He became an interpreter and guide in 1869, and was hired as a scout for Crook's force in 1876. Bat died in 1932 at the age of 91. Gilbert, *Big Bat Pourier*.

8. Eli S. Ricker Collection, Tablet 15, Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln, Nebraska.

9. Ricker consistently spelled Frank Grouard's name "Gruard."

10. Grouard states that the taking of troops to accompany the two scouts was against his better judgment. De Barthe, *Frank Grouard*, p. 137.

11. Finerty wrote, "They had evidently recognized Grouard, whom they heartily hated, because they called him by his Sioux name, Standing Bear, and one savage shouted to him, 'Do you think there are no men but yours in this country?'" John F. Finerty, *War-Path and Bivouac* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1978), p. 120.

Grouard wrote, "The Indians had recognized me when they fired the first volley and had spoken to me in the Sioux language, telling me there was no chance to get away, and I could not 'go up into the air nor down into the ground' and that they would get me by sundown." De Barthe, *Frank Grouard*, p. 140.

12. Grouard stated that he shot a Cheyenne chief, White Antelope, and another warrior, killing them both with one bullet. De Barthe, *Frank Grouard*, pp. 141-142.

Finerty stated, "He (White Antelope) led one charge against us, and every man on the skirmish line fired upon him and his party. We did not know until long afterwards that our volley put an end to his career." Finerty, *War Path*, p. 119.