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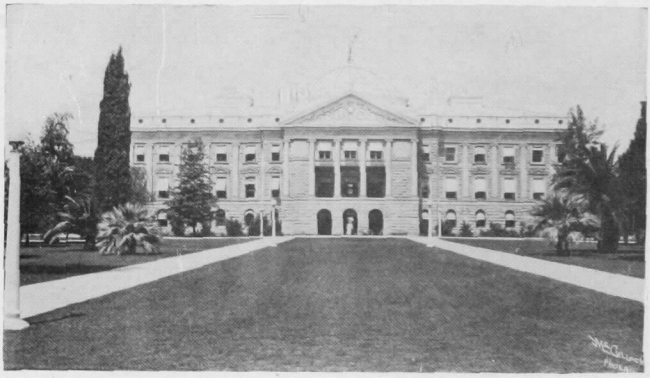

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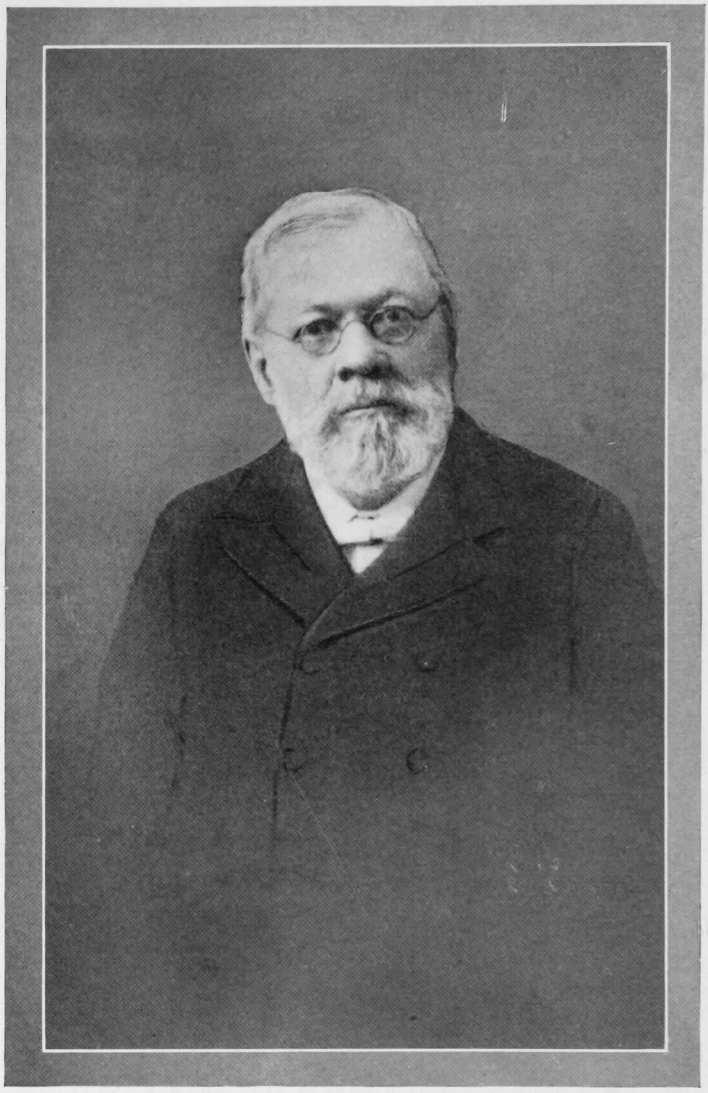

HON. CHAS. D. POSTON
"The Father of Arizona"

Devoted several years to his effort to have Arizona constituted as a territory, finally succeeding on February 24, 1863, when Congress passed an act cutting Arizona from New Mexico.

Mr. Poston was among the first territorial officials, holding the office of Indian Agent. At the first election held in July, 1864, Poston was elected as Arizona's first delegate to Congress. After his term in Congress he was appointed to have charge of and administer the U. S. land office at Florence. He died in the year 1902 at Phoenix.

Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Navajo County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

ANNOUNCEMENT

To Our Subscribers

The first year of the publication of the Arizona Historical Review will be completed with this number, January 1, 1929.

The four quarterly numbers included in the first year were those of April, July and October, 1928 and the present number, January 1, 1929.

Practically all subscribers to the Arizona Historical Review began with the initial number in April.

If you desire to continue as a subscriber to the Review please send check for $3 to

GEORGE H. KELLY, State Historian,
Phoenix, Arizona.

PIONEERS PASS AWAY

Hon. Sol Barth

Hon. Sol Barth, Arizona pioneer and a resident of St. Johns, Apache County since that county was created in 1879, and for a number of years prior to that date, died at his home at St. Johns on Friday, November 30, 1928, having reached the age of 87 years. He had been a resident of Arizona for 67 years. His first stop in Arizona was either on Christmas Day, 1860, or on New Years Day, 1861, when he arrived in Tucson with a freighting outfit which brought freight across the desert from San Bernardino, California. He returned to California with the freighting teams and remained there until 1862, when he returned to Arizona, going to the old town of La Paz, on the Colorado River, where he entered the service of Michael Goldwater, the pioneer merchant of that locality.

In 1864 he secured the contract to carry the government mail from Prescott to Albuquerque, New Mexico, the route passing through the Zuni Villages. He secured the assistance of the late Alfred F. Banta in carrying the mail. In those days hostile Indians were plentiful in the country, and Barth and Banta would ride at night and hide in the rocks and canyons during the day, as Indians very seldom attacked during the night. In 1869 he owned the Suttler's Store at Fort Apache, and from this point traded with Indians over a wide area. In 1874 he located, permanently, at the present site of St. Johns. During his earlier residence in Arizona, and after he acquired the traders' store at Fort Apache, he engaged in trading with Indians, carrying his goods to the camps of the Indians on pack animals, usually burros. Several times he narrowly escaped death at the hands of the hostiles, once when he went to an Apache camp and instead of finding his friendly chief, Pedro, whom he knew, he found the Apache warrior chief Cochise in charge. He lost his pack animals and his goods, including his clothing and the clothes worn by six Mexicans who accompanied him. Thus stripped, he and his companions were allowed to go and they returned to the Zuni Villages, a distance of one hundred miles, subsisting on the flesh of a dog that followed them from the Indian camp. Chief Cochise had Barth and the Mexicans tied to trees and was making preparations to dispatch them when Chief Pedro returned to the camp, and interceding in behalf of his friend Barth, succeeded in having them released.

It was through the influence of Barth that Apache County was created by the Twelfth Territorial Legislature in 1879. The legislative act provided that the county seat of the new county should be located by a vote of the people residing therein. After a strenuous fight at the special election Barth succeeded in locating the county seat in his home town. Soon after he located permanently in St. Johns. Barth sold a possessory right to twelve hundred acres of land in that vicinity to the Mormon Church, negotiations for this deal being conducted by Joseph Smith and D. K. Udall, representatives of the church. Barth had a personal acquaintance with Kit Carson, meeting this famous scout when he came through the Zuni Villages as a colonel of volunteers to settle some trouble among the Navajo Indians.

Mr. Barth was a member of the Eleventh and Nineteenth territorial legislatures. He was a successful business man and continued in the mercantile and hotel business to the time of his death; in recent years assisted by two daughters and a son. The death of Sol Barth leaves Billy Fourr, of Cochise County, as the dean of Arizona pioneers, he, too, having arrived in Arizona in 1861.

W. C. Trueman

W. C. Trueman, prominent pioneer citizen of Pinal County, died at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles, California, on Thursday, November 29, 1928, having reached the age of 74 years. Mr. Trueman was a native of the State of New York. He had resided, almost continually, in Pinal County since 1878, when he went to the old Silver King Mine where he secured employment as a carpenter. He soon became foreman of all carpenter work at the mine and remained there until the mine was abandoned in 1889. From Silver King he went to Florence, the county seat, and in 1890 was elected sheriff, and served Pinal County in that capacity for six terms, a total of twelve years. After leaving the sheriff's office he was county treasurer for one term. Soon after this he went to Alaska and remained there for several years, and while there acquired some of the original shares in the Kennecut Copper Company. During the time he was sheriff, Mr. Trueman had a correct vision of the future mining and agricultural industries in Pinal County and acquired numerous mining claims in the mining district, of which Superior is now the metropolis, and also lands in the Casa Grande Valley. Several years ago he disposed of his mining claims and later, three years ago, on account

of failing health, he disposed of his lands and retired from business activity and since then has resided in Phoenix during the winter and in Los Angeles during the summer. He left here last June. The announcement of his death caused sincere sorrow among a large circle of acquaintances throughout the State of Arizona. His last official service was in the capacity of sergeant-at-arms of the state constitutional convention. As sheriff of Pinal County he had many exciting experiences and at all times proved himself to be a man of good judgment and undoubted courage.

GERONIMO*

(Concluded)

By JOHN P. CLUM

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After passing Bisbee, the renegades continued into Mexico and soon were again quite safe in their favorite resort amid the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

The annual report of the Secretary of War for 1886—which includes the reports of Generals Sheridan, Crook, Miles, and others—presents the official record of many exceedingly interesting details of the military operations against the Apache hostiles during the period covered by that report, the most vital of which are set forth in the following paragraphs—reduced to their lowest terms.

General Sheridan's report gives us some concise and useful facts. He says that the band of Chiricahua "prisoners" who "escaped" from the reservation on May 17, 1885, and again went on the war-path consisted of "forty-two men and ninety-four women and children"; that the area of southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico was "the scene of the murders and depredations committed at various times since" that outbreak; that the hostiles "are difficult to pursue, and when attacked they disperse"; that with the aid of the Indian trailers "the troops attempt to pick up the trail, **but success in this does not often go beyond the capture of a few women and children.**"

General Crook tells us that as soon as he learned that this desperate band of Chiricahua outlaws were again on the war-path he ordered "no less than twenty troops of cavalry and more than one hundred Indian scouts" into the field, and these "were moved in every direction either to intercept or follow the trails of the hostiles." But with the exception of "a slight skirmish with their rear guard" in which three soldiers were wounded, "the hostiles **were not even caught sight of by the troops,** and crossed into Mexico on June 10th."

For the purpose of preventing raids into American territory, General Crook "placed a troop of cavalry and a detachment of Indian scouts at every water-hole along the border from the Patagonia mountains in Arizona, to the Rio Grande in New Mexico, with orders to patrol the country between camps, and a second line of reserve troops were stationed at convenient points along the railroad." About 3,000 regular troops were employed in these

GERONIMO. An Apache

operations. A telegram from Washington under date of June 9th "authorized the enlistment of 200 additional Indian scouts."

During the summer two battalions of Indian scouts, one under Captain Crawford and one under Lieutenant Davis, were operating in Mexico. These came in contact with the hostiles on June 23rd, July 13th, and September 22nd, and these three engagements resulted in the killing of one squaw, two boys, and one of the Indian scouts, and the capture of thirty women and children.

In the latter part of November, 1885, Lieutenant-General Sheridan proceeded from Washington to Fort Bowie, Arizona, where he held a conference with General Crook. He reported the situation complicated and difficult, and the results to that date disappointing, but expressed the opinion that General Crook would be able to work out a satisfactory solution of the serious problems confronting him.

Another conspicuous event occurring in November is recorded in General Crook's report as follows:

"The raid of the party of eleven Indians who succeeded in eluding the troops on the line and went up into New Mexico by the Lake Palomas trail early in November is mentioned as showing the dangers and difficulties to be contended against from small parties. During the period of about four weeks this band traveled probably not less than 1200 miles, killed thirty-eight people, captured and wore out probably 250 head of stock, and, though twice dismounted, succeeded in crossing back into Mexico with the loss of but one, who was killed by friendly Indians, whose camp they attacked near Fort Apache."

A startling statement, indeed, and the fact that Geronimo was not with this raiding party proves what has often been alleged, that the followers of the noted renegade included several desperate characters who were far more cunning, daring, and dangerous than the wily leader, himself.

It will be noted that in this daring and disastrous raid no casualties were suffered by the troops, and that only one of the hostiles was killed—"by friendly Indians" near Fort Apache. But the citizens—the non-combatants—sustained the appalling loss of 38 killed and "probably 250 head of stock" stolen.

We need not doubt that General Crook was now doing his utmost to recapture his former "prisoners of war," but we cannot forget the ugly fact that the General permitted those desperate "prisoners" to retain their arms and supplied them with rations at an unguarded camp within the limits of the reservation until it

suited their mood to "escape" to the war-path, and that his brief but thrilling tale of the "The Raid of the Bloody Eleven," with a record of thirty-eight murders, was a direct sequence of the fact that his so-called "prisoners of war" **were not prisoners at all**, but were, under his protection, resting and equipping themselves for the desperate deeds of the blood-red trail—some of which the irony of fate has permitted him to record.

And while penning the gruesome details of this raid of the "Bloody Eleven" General Crook must have shuddered as he recalled the grave responsibilities which he had voluntarily assumed under the provisions of that special agreement between the War Department and the Interior Department, arrived at in Washington, D. C., on July 7, 1883, and which specifically stipulated that: **"For the greater security of the people of Arizona, and to ensure peace,** the War Department shall be entrusted with the entire police control of all the Indians in the San Carlos Reservation and charged with the duty of keeping the peace on the reservation **and preventing the Indians from leaving,** except with the consent of General Crook, or the officer who may be authorized to act under him."

Through an international agreement the Mexican troops cooperated with the American forces in hunting down the hostiles, the general plan being to keep the renegades continually on the move and thus **eventually wear them out.** Among the officers detailed for this campaign was Captain Emmet Crawford, who, through an asserted blunder, was shot by Mexican troops on January 11, 1886, and died from his wounds at Nacozari a week later.

At this time it was reported that the hostiles were "dispirited and worn out" by pursuit, and that they had sent a squaw to Captain Crawford the day before he was shot, proposing a conference. After the skirmish in which Captain Crawford was mortally wounded, Lieutenant Maus assumed command of the battalion of scouts and within a day or two arranged for a meeting with Geronimo and Nah-chee. At that meeting Geronimo promised Lieutenant Maus that he would meet General Crook "near the boundary line in about two moons." The locality agreed upon for this meeting was about twenty-five miles south of the line and known as "El Canon de los Embudos."

The purpose of the proposed meeting between General Crook and Geronimo was to arrange terms of surrender, and this appointment for a meeting, apparently, operated as another armistice. The domineering renegade stipulated that General Crook must come to this meeting unaccompanied by soldiers, and that

he, himself, would arrive at the trysting place "in about two moons." Geronimo did not hurry. The period of the armistice afforded opportunity for rest and recuperation; therefore he extended the period and "allowed seventy days to elapse" before he appeared at the point agreed upon—on March 25th. General Crook and Lieutenant Maus with his battalion of Indian scouts had been impatiently awaiting his arrival.

General Crook says the hostiles "were encamped on a rocky hill surrounded on all sides by ravines and canons, through which the hostiles could escape to the higher peaks behind in the event of attack;" that instead of being "despirited and worn out" as reported, "they were in **superb physical condition, armed to the teeth—with all the ammunition they could carry,"** and that in manner they were "suspicious, independent and self-reliant." He further states that "Lieutenant Maus with his battalion of scouts was camped on lower ground, separated by a deep, rugged canon from their position, and distant five or six hundred yards. **The hostiles refused to allow any nearer approach:"** that "Geronimo told his people to keep their guns in their hands and be ready to shoot at a moment's notice:" that the slightest suspicious circumstance "would be the signal for firing to begin; that they would kill all they could, and scatter in the mountains."

Again "Crook had run himself into a perilous situation"—quite similar to that of 1883. Lieutenant Maus had eighty Indian scouts in his battalion, while the hostiles numbered thirty-five—including Geronimo and Nah-chee,—all desperate characters in a defiant mood. General Crook says the situation was similar to that in which General Canby lost his life at the hands of the Modocs. He realized the hazards of the undertaking, and, while we may be skeptical as to the wisdom of the General's methods in dealing with renegades, his dauntless courage compels our admiration.

General Sheridan tells us that: "General Crook demanded their unconditional surrender. The only propositions they would entertain were these, which General Crook states:

"(1) That they should be sent east for not exceeding two years, taking with them such of their families as they desired.

"(2) That they should all return to the reservation on the old status.

"(3) Return to the war-path with all its attending horrors.

"He (Crook) was obliged to decide quickly, and accepted their surrender on the first proposal."

But this was another "verbal surrender" in which none was disarmed, or even placed under guard. Once more this bunch of ruthless Chiricahua marauders had consented to be designated as "prisoners of war"—**provided only that all were allowed to retain their arms and their freedom.** Let us read General Crook's pathetic picture of his humiliating situation as recorded on page 153 of his annual report. The General says:

"Even after they surrendered to me they did not cease their vigilance. They kept mounted men on watch, and even after the march northward began the hostiles scattered over the country in parties of two or three. At night they camped in the same way, and, had I desired, it would have been an absolute impossibility to have seized more than half-a-dozen of them."

It will be noted that, notwithstanding the fact that these Indians had "surrendered" to General Crook, he still refers to them as "hostiles"—which, in fact, they were. Finally it was agreed that Geronimo and his band should accompany the battalion of scouts under Lieutenant Maus to Fort Bowie, and the march commenced on the morning of March 28th and proceeded until the night of the 29th without special incident—except the alleged activities of some "bootleggers" from Tombstone. "On the night of the 29th," General Crook tells us, **"the hostiles were apparently sober, and no trouble was indicated,** but during the night Geronimo and Nah-chee with twenty men, fourteen women, and two boys escaped" and stampeded to the hills. Lieutenant Maus immediately pursued, but without success.

The remainder of the "prisoners" continued to Fort Bowie, having been joined en route by two of the men who fled with Geronimo. The actual surrender of these Indians occurred upon their arrival at Fort Bowie, where they were disarmed and placed under guard, and on April 7th all of these prisoners left Fort Bowie for Fort Marion, Florida. This party consisted of fifteen men, thirty-three women, and twenty-nine children—a total of seventy-seven, and included the two wives and three children of Geronimo and the family of Nah-chee, as well as Chihuahua and his brother Josanie, who led "The Raid of the Bloody Eleven" during November and December, 1885, and who were reputed to be among the ablest and most dangerous of the Chiricahua renegades.

Although Geronimo and Nah-chee with eighteen other renegades were still at large, General Crook's final campaign against the hostile Apaches was not devoid of most beneficial results. He had demonstrated to these defiant marauders that it was the de-

termined purpose of the United States to pursue them relentlessly and ultimately to destroy them—unless they capitulated. This fact, together with the removal of the families to Florida—particularly those of Geronimo and Nah-chee—caused a psychological reaction in the minds of the renegades which made it comparatively easy, six months later, for General Miles to persuade Geronimo and Nah-chee to consent to join their exiled families in Florida.

Although the "terms of surrender" had been accepted by General Crook at El Canon de los Embudos on March 26th, this information did not reach the authorities at Washington until March 30th. Immediately, General Sheridan took the matter up with President Cleveland, and later on the same date (March 30, 1886), General Sheridan telegraphed General Crook that "the President could not assent to the surrender of the hostiles on a basis of two years' imprisonment in the East and then a return to the Arizona reservation."

Meantime Geronimo and Nah-chee with eighteen men had returned to the war-path, and, after due consideration, it was decided that the remainder of the hostiles who had surrendered to General Crook, and who were disarmed and placed under proper guard upon their arrival at Fort Bowie, on April 2nd, should be sent to Fort Marion, and they left Fort Bowie on April 7th as before stated.

It appears that at this time a difference of opinion arose between General Sheridan and General Crook as to the efficiency of the Indian scouts, and it is not improbable that General Crook was somewhat depressed because of the failure of his efforts to "manage the Apaches in his own way." Be that as it may, General Crook, at his own request, was relieved of the command of the Department of Arizona and was succeeded by General Nelson A Miles, who arrived at Fort Bowie the latter part of April, 1886.

Referring to the achievements of his predecessor, General Miles says: "General Crook had for years been trying to subjugate them (the hostiles) and bring them under control." The new commander ignored the fact that the citizens of Tucson had tendered a banquet to General Crook in honor of his capture of Geronimo and his band in 1883. Four years later there was a spirited controversy in the eastern press between these two veteran Indian fighters in which each commented on his rival's campaign against Geronimo in caustic fashion.

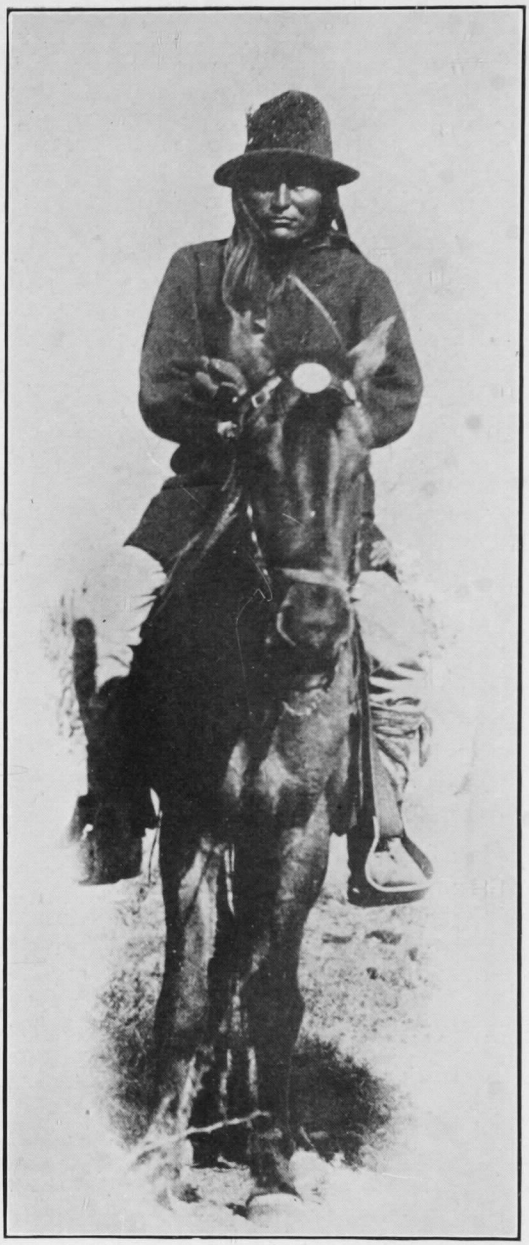
At the time General Miles assumed command in Arizona the latter part of April, 1886, the hostiles then at large numbered twenty-three. Geronimo and Nah-chee had eighteen men with

them, and Mangus, who had separated from Geronimo in August, 1885, had two men with him. But General Crook states that at this time the whereabouts of Mangus and his followers were not known, and there was "no evidence that his band had had any part in the recent outrages." Therefore it may be said that **the hostiles numbered only twenty,** for it was the party under Geronimo and Nah-chee who were the potent factors in the campaign, and who lent zest and action to the operations in the field.

General Miles fell heir to the 3000 troops and 300 Indian scouts recently commanded by General Crook, and immediately he started another "drive" against this band of twenty valiant warriors who were defying the armies of the United States and Mexico. The General announced that his plan of campaign would be that of "constantlly pursuing" and "finally wearing them down,"—which was quite the same method that had been employed by General Crook. Captain W. H. Lawton, a resolute, brave officer, was placed in command of the troops that were "to take up the pursuit of the Indians south of the Mexican border." Captain Lawton started this pursuit in May, 1886, with a personal command of thirty-five cavalry, twenty infantry, twenty Apache scouts, two pack trains, three lieutenants, and Surgeon Leonard Wood. The pack trains were capable of carrying two months' rations.

Early in his report General Miles emphasizes the deadly character of his foe by calling attention to the fact that **"during the year the hostile Indians had killed 140 persons."** Obviously his troops continued to guard every water-hole and mountain pass and Indian trail north of the Mexican line, and to this arrangement he added detachments from the Signal Service who were "stationed on the highest peaks and prominent lookouts" for the purpose of flashing messages to the various camps giving information relative to the movements of the hostiles. His plan of pursuit was that of a **relay race** on the part of the troops, and his general orders announced that, "commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture, **or until assured a fresh command is on the trail."**

The effectiveness of the "relay-pursuit-race" plan was speedily given an acid test, for General Miles tells us that after committing some depredations in Mexico, "the hostiles swept northward, and on April 27th invaded our territory, passing down the Santa Cruz valley, stealing stock and killing a few citizens." Captain Lebo was quickly on the trail, and after a pursuit of 200 miles, he attacked the renegades in the Pinito mountains, Sonora,



NAH-CHEE, Son of Cochise.
—*N. M. Historical Review—July*, 1928.

with the result that Corporal Scott was wounded. The trail of the retreating hostiles was soon taken up by Lieutenant Benson, who pursued "south and west." Their trail was again taken up by Captain Lebo's command, and later by Captain Lawton, and finally the hostiles were intercepted by the command under Captain Hatfield "which had been placed east of Santa Cruz, Sonora," for that purpose. An engagement followed in which twenty horses were captured. But the report tells us that "unfortunately, while passing west in a canyon, embarrassed with the captured horses," the hostiles attacked the command and killed one soldier. Thereupon Lieutenant Brown "pursued easterly **with good effect"**—whatever that may mean. The hostiles **then separated into two parties.**

Thus far the "relay-pursuit-race plan" had succeeded in reducing the number of hostiles opposing them to **nineteen,** for the report tells us that during the fight with Captain Hatfield one of the renegades, who had been slightly wounded, became separated from the main party and fled north to Fort Apache (250 miles) where he surrendered on June 28th. Just how the nineteen were divided between the two parties is not stated, but the activities of the troops were doubled for the reason that now there were two relay-pursuit-races in progress simultaneously.

One of these small bands moved "north through the Dragoon mountains" pursued successively by Lieutenants Brett, Hunt Read, Freeman, Watson, Hughes, Shipp, Dean, Ruthers, and Captain Norvell—and "when near Fort Apache all of the horses then in the hands of the raiding party were captured by Captain Morrison." The Indians then turned south and the pursuit was continued "by troops under Captain Smith, Captain Doane, Lieutenant Wilder and others." **"They finally recrossed the Mexican border."**

The other band was "followed west" by Lieutenant Brown and Captain Lawton and "north" by Captain Wood, Lieutenant Davis, Captain Lebo, and Lieutenant Clark to the Catalina mountains, where the hostiles were **attacked by a company of citizens** led by Mariano Samaniego and "Bob" Leatherwood (my former neighbors at Tucson), who succeeded in recovering a boy who had been captured by the Indians. The band was then "pressed south" by Captain Lebo, Lieutenant Davis, Captain Lawton, and Lieutenant Bigelow, and "finally intercepted" in the Patagonia mountains by Lieutenant Walsh, where they suffered the loss of "equipment and stock." They were then pur-

sued by Captain Lawton and Captain Mac Adams **"into Sonora for the second time."**

In his resume of the results achieved during these strenuous relay-pursuit-races General Miles makes the following gracious comment: "These movements occurred in the districts commanded by Colonels Royal, Shafter, Wade, and Mills, who made excellent disposition of their troops." Which is a genteel way of admitting that this "excellent disposition" of the troops **failed to dispose of a single hostile**—unless we must except the wounded warrior who, for forty-five days, wandered alone through their lines and around their camps and finally surrendered at Fort Apache, after having traveled an air-line distance of 250 miles.

With all of the nineteen hostiles once more in Mexico the relay-pursuit-races north of the line were at an end, and General Miles tells us that he took advantage of this period to "temporary peace" to make a personal investigation relative to the Apache "prisoners of war" interned at Fort Apache.

The reader will recall that I "discovered" Geronimo at Apache Pass in June, 1876, where, for nearly four years, he had been drawing rations with the Chiricahuas under Cochise (later under Tah-zay and Nah-chee), and that in April, 1877, I arrested and shackled Geronimo at Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, where he was "visiting" and drawing rations with the Warm Springs (Mescalero) Apaches under Victorio, and that I removed the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Indians to the San Carlos reservation and assigned them adjoining locations in the Gila valley. This record is recalled for the purpose of impressing three facts, viz: that a close friendship existed between the Indians under Cochise, Victorio, and Geronimo; that often these bands were allies on the war-path, and that in subsequent campaigns against the Apache hostiles for nearly a decade it was observed that the renegades were recruited from those three bands, as witness such names as Victorio, Geronimo, Nah-chee, Chihuahua, Nana, Chatto, Josanie, Loco, and others.

When I retired from the official direction of affairs at San Carlos there were approximately 5000 Indians on that reservation. In the reports of subsequent "outbreaks" the public has been allowed to infer that the entire mass of 5000 Indians were involved. The truth is less spectacular. Not more than ten per cent of the total were **even related** to the hostiles, and that percentage was represented by the Chiricahuas and the Warm Springs—about 500. And I am justified in saying that out of that 500 less than ten per cent would be found aggressively involved in any at-

tempt to instigate insubordination and hostilities. As everyone knows, the proper plan and time to quell and insurrection is to "nip it in the bud," and if, at the first signs of unrest among the Chiricahua and Warm Springs bands, the leaders—a half-dozen or less—had been promptly and properly dealt with, the chances are ten to one that an "outbreak" never would have materialized. And the safest and surest method of enforcing discipline on the reservation and subduing defiant disturbers of the peace was the employment of the San Carlos Police Force under sympathetic, discreet and firm direction.

These conclusions are the result of my experience with and confidence in the San Carlos Apache Police. This force was organized by me in August, 1874, and proved to be so dependable and efficient that within a year I felt justified in recommending the removal of all troops from the reservation. This recommendation was complied with and the troops that had been stationed in the vicinity of the agency left San Carlos on October 27, 1875, under the command of Lieutenant W. H. Carter, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A. Thereafter the Apache Police constituted our only disciplinary force, and the military were not again called upon to perform any police service within the reservation—until the sorry blunder was made in connection with the Cibicu episode in August, 1881,—**a period of six years.**

As soon as General Crook recognized the fact that the renegades came from the ranks of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Indians he, forthwith, ordered the removal of those bands from vicinity of the sub-agency in the Gila valley to Fort Apache (sixty miles north), where they were interned as prisoners of war under the supervision of the commanding officer at that post. Presumably the purpose of this removal was to enable the military authorities to keep these Indians under constant and strict surveillance and discipline and to prevent them from assisting in any way, or communicating with the hostiles. In these circumstances it is obvious that the outrageous conditions existing among these Indians in July, 1886, were the direct result of contributory criminal negligence on the part of the military authorities.

Colonel Wade was then in command at Fort Apache. On May 3rd, General Miles had a conference with Colonel Wade at Fort Thomas relative to the situation at Fort Apache. As a result of that conference General Miles **directed** Colonel Wade, **"to exert his utmost energy to bring those Indians under control."** The situation as reported did not look good to the commanding general, and so on July 1st, taking advantage of the "temporary peace,"

General Miles made a personal visit to Fort Apache, and the appalling details of the astounding conditions which he found prevailing among the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs are set forth in his annual report as follows:

"I found over 400 men, women and children, and a more turbulent dissipated body of Indians I have never met. Some of them, chiefly women, were industrious, but most of their earnings went for trifles and "tiswin" drunks. Riots and bloodshed were not infrequent. These Indians were **on paper** prisoners of war, but they had never been disarmed or dismounted, and the stillness of the nights was often broken by the discharge of rifles and pistols in their savage orgies. The indolent and vicious young men and boys were just the material to furnish warriors for the future, and these people, although fed and clothed by the government, had been conspiring against its authority. They had been in communication with the hostiles, and some of them had been plotting an extensive outbreak."

Hello? Hello? Yes, that was General Miles, himself, speaking officially as the Commander of the Department of Arizona. What a fierce arraignment of General Crook's methods of dealing with insolent, turbulent, and defiant renegades and "prisoners of war—on paper!" And it is obvious that Colonel Wade would be able to extract for himself a mere minimum of satisfaction—or less—from this report.

The cruel injustice of this monstrous situation was the fact that its bitter penalties were visited, not upon the military who permitted it, nor upon the hostiles who fostered it, but upon the NON-COMBATANTS—the pioneer citizens and the great mass of the Apaches—none of whom had been afforded the least opportunity either to prevent or correct this barbarous menace, not only to the peaceful enjoyment of their homes and possessions—but to life itself.

On July 1, 1886, the garrison at Fort Apache consisted of three troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry, and in order to enable Colonel Wade to bring his defiant renegade prisoners of war "under control," General Miles immediately ordered one troop of cavalry from San Carlos, two troops from Fort Thomas, and one troop from Alma, N. M., to proceed to Fort Apache, thus giving Colonel Wade a force of seven troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry. With this considerable force Colonel Wade was eventually able to bring his aggregation of well armed, well mounted, drunken, riotous, insolent **star desperados and murderers**—his prisoners of war—**"under control."**

JOHN P. CLUM,
U. S. Indian Agent, with escort of Apaches, Tucson, Arizona,
November, 1874.

Fort Apache was within the limits of the San Carlos reservation, and since 1883, General Crook, or "the officer authorized to act under him," had been "entrusted with the entire police control of all the Indians" on that reservation; with "the control of all prisoners," and the duty of "keeping the peace, administering justice, punishing refractory Indians," and "preventing the Indians from leaving" the reservation. In these circumstances it is impossible to explain—much less justify—the deplorable conditions officially reported existing at Fort Apache on July 1, 1886. It further developed that some of those "prisoners of war" had "committed scores of murders," and that "warrants for their arrests were awaiting" service, and that the culprits were thus being sheltered "from the just and legal action of the civil courts."

About two months later, on the belated recommendation of General Miles and the approval of the authorities at Washington, Colonel Wade rounded up the entire population of this **renegade-breeding-and-supply-camp**—a total of 381 men, women, and children—and escorted them to Florida, leaving Fort Apache on September 7th and arriving at Fort Marion on September 20, 1886.

During this period, Captain F. E. Pierce was in command at San Carlos, and "in charge of the civil administration of the agency by special order of the President." If this supreme military control of the San Carlos reservation from 1883 until 1886 had been efficiently and humanely administered in the matter of "keeping the peace, administering justice, and punishing refractory Indians," and if their pampered "prisoners of war on paper" had been dismounted and disarmed and securely guarded, and those "principals" who were known to have "committed scores of murders" and for whom "warrants of arrest were awaiting," had been speedily delivered over to "the just and legal action of the civil courts"—if these very plain but very important duties had been performed with an even justice to all—**then it would not have been necessary to exile the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches to Florida.** But in view of the deplorable situation disclosed by the visit of General Miles to Fort Apache on July 1, 1886, he soon decided that exile would prove the speediest and surest remedy. Transported to Florida, their reign of insolence, terror, rapine, and murder would be forever at an end. Simple justice to the citizens of the territory **as well as to the great mass of orderly Apaches on the reservation** demanded some heroic action—and General Miles finally met that demand.

Mexico was the scene of the final activities in this campaign. General Miles says that "in the encounters with the troops, the Indians were always defeated, but made good their escape." The term "defeated" seems a bit indefinite in this connection, but the admission that the hostiles always "made good their escape" is a splendid compliment to the "defeated nineteen" when we remember that they were fighting about 3000 soldiers and 300 Indian scouts of the American army, and an unknown number of Mexican troops.

The wounded warrior who fled north after the Hatfield fight arrived at Fort Apache June 28th—just in time to inform General Miles that the hostiles were "in an exhausted condition when he left." The General at once sent this Indian, in charge of Lieutenant Gatewood, back into Mexico for the purpose of getting in touch with the hostiles and, if possible, inducing them to surrender. In the meantime, the troops operating in Mexico were doing their utmost to keep the renegades on the move with the purpose of further "wearing them out."

Soon after his arrival in Mexico, Lieutenant Gatewood succeeded in communicating with Geronimo, and, incidentally, it may be stated that Gatewood deserved far more credit for his services in this campaign than ever was accorded him. And although ignored, much credit is also due the wounded warrior who, notwithstanding his strenuous experience in hourly dodging a multitude of armed foes bent on his destruction during his hazardous trek of forty-five days from Mexico to Fort Apache, at once, without giving himself time for rest and recuperation, accepted the commission from General Miles to accompany Lieutenant Gatewood back to Mexico, and through whose faithful services Gatewood (and eventually Lawton and Miles) were placed in communication with the hostiles.

Following a series of palavers Geronimo came into Captain Lawton's camp the latter part of August, and it was then arranged that a conference should be held with General Miles at the mouth of Skeleton Canyon, near the international line and about 65 miles from Fort Bowie.

It appears that about this time the matter of the disposition of the Apache renegades was again under consideration by the highest authorities at Washington, for, on August 23, 1886, President Cleveland sent the following comment to the Secretary of War: "I hope nothing will be done with Geronimo which will prevent our treating him as a prisoner of war, if we cannot hang him, which I would much prefer."

These words of caution indicate that President Cleveland had reason to fear that General Miles, in his great anxiety to effect the surrender of the hostiles, would offer them terms most inconsistent with their crimes.

The agreement to meet General Miles again operated as an armistice. Some time was consumed in communicating with the General and determining details. Then, as the report tells us, "for eleven days, Captain Lawton's command moved north, Geronimo's and Nah-chee's camp moving parallel and frequently camping near it." In this independent fashion the troops and the hostiles reached the meeting point agreed upon. General Miles arrived in Captain Lawton's camp at the mouth of Skeleton Canyon on September 3, 1886, and the records show that the renegades "surrendered" to him on the following day.

In his "Memoirs" published in the "Cosmopolitan," General Miles says: "Geronimo sent word to Lawton that he would surrender to the highest authority. I went down to Skeleton Canyon, near the Mexican line, and there met Captain Lawton's command with the Indians camped a short distance away. Geronimo came to me and asked what disposition would be made of him in case he surrendered. He said if they were all to be killed he **might as well die fighting.** He was told that he must surrender as a prisoner of war; that WE DID NOT KILL OUR PRISONERS, and that their future would depend upon the orders of the President at Washington. He was informed that I had directed Colonel Wade to move all the Indians at the Apache agency in northern Arizona out of the territory, and that he and his people would be removed."

The statement by General Miles that one of the conditions of this surrender of Geronimo and his followers was "that their future would depend upon the orders of the President at Washington" is flatly contradicted by the report of the Secretary of War (herein fully quoted later) which announces that "the terms and conditions attending this surrender" prevented the punishment of these criminals **"as was intended by the President."**

Immediatley following this conference at Skeleton Canyon General Miles and his bevy of loyal press agents industriously broadcast the impression that the notorious Geronimo and his desperate band had been forced to submit to an UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER, whereas the record does not indicate that the **"highest authority" even ventured to make such a caustic demand.** He merely "told" Geronimo "that he must surrender as a prisoner of war," whereupon the wily renegade chieftain de-

manded to know just what the exalted pale-face warrior really meant by the phrase "prisoner of war."

Geronimo had enjoyed the rank of "prisoner of war" under General Crook for two years—from May, 1883, to May, 1885, and his status under that title had allowed him nine months for raiding in Mexico, and fifteen months for resting on the reservation; had secured for him military protection, immunity from punishment, undisturbed possession of his arms, his freedom and his stolen stock; had provided him with ample rations and sufficient clothing, and had exempted him from labor, or any regular duties whatsoever. In fact, this job of part-time-renegade-prisoner-of-war had proved very much to his liking. Now he desired to know whether General Miles concurred in General Crook's idea as to the status of a "prisoner of war?"

Referring to "the terms and conditions" involved in this surrender Colonel McClintock states in his history (page 264) that "General Miles made no concessions except that the Indians should be joined by their families," and that "**after the theoretical surrender Nah-chee and Geronimo kept their arms and started independently for the border.**"

It must be admitted that my good friend, Colonel McClintock, recorded a mouthful, as the saying goes, in those two brief sentences. They furnish abundant food for reflection. Once more these renegade "prisoners of war" **retained their arms** and started "independently" for the border. Furthermore, the concession noted by Arizona's historian was, probably, the "only final" concession made by General Miles at that time, for, assuredly, he had already included far more important concessions in his "terms of surrender."

Did not General Miles assure these renegades that if they would consent to surrender to him and go to Florida their lives would be spared; that all of their crimes—that long, black record of pillage and murder—would be condoned, and that the "Great White Father at Washington" would protect them and provide for them throughout the remainder of their lives? Did not the Great White Father at Washington subsequently acquiesce in all the terms and concessions made to these renegades at this time by General Miles (with a single exception), and faithfully observe the same—even to this day? Does not this "treaty of peace" with this band of desperate Apache criminals stand out as the one conspicuous example wherein our great American government has quite literally kept faith with the Indians?

In his book, **Geronimo's Story of His Life,** the renegade says that General Miles promised him that he should join his family at Fort Marion in four or five days; that he would be given lands and houses and horses and cattle and implements, and that he, himself, would not have to work as long as he lived. Naturally, Geronimo protested that his confinement, at hard labor, at Fort Pickens for several months before he was allowed to join his family, was a flagrant violation of his terms of surrender. Granting this to be true, it must be admitted that the extraordinary privileges and emoluments subsequently granted him throughout the two decades he was detained as a prisoner of war, abundantly offset any physical fatigue or mental anguish he may have suffered during his brief exile at Fort Pickens.

The press agents had rendered heroic service to the military throughout the campaign by their graphic descriptions of the hardships endured by the troops and the desperate character of their savage foes, and General Miles sought to make the final scene in the sorry drama the most spectacular event of his military career by broadcasting the impression that he had succeeded in crushing the ferocious monster, Geronimo, and had forced him and his desperate band to an **UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.**

At that time Major General O. O. Howard was in command of the Division of the Pacific, which included the Department of Arizona. In these circumstances it was the duty of General Miles to report to General Howard, his immediate superior officer. He also reported to Lieutenant-General Sheridan at Washington.

In his report dated from the Presidio, September 24,, 1886, General Howard says: "I believed at first **from official reports** that the surrender was unconditional, except that the troops themselves would not kill the hostiles." * * * "Now the conditions are plain; that the lives of all the Indians should be spared, and that they should be sent to Fort Marion, Florida, where the tribe, including their families, had already been ordered." From the foregoing it is obvious that General Howard had no thought of any "terms," other than an unconditional surrender, and that, for a time, he was **misled by official reports** into believing that such were the terms agreed upon.

The Secretary of War in his annual report (page 13) states that advices of the surrender reached the President and other authorities at Washington on September 7th, **"and from information received on that date the surrender was supposed to be unconditional."** Immediately, "the President ordered that all the hostiles be kept safely as prisoners **until they could be tried for**

their crimes." Two days later (September 9th) the authorities at Washington were startled by the information that, contrary to the President's orders, the Indians "were already en-route to Florida." At once, by direction of the President, General Sheridan telegraphed instructions to "stop the prisoners at San Antonio, Texas, and hold them securely until further orders."

General Miles purposely allowed a dazzling aurora of the spectacular to obscure the facts in connection with the final terms of capitulation granted by him to this little band of nineteen "worn out," but "defiant," Apache renegades under the leadership of Geronimo and Nah-chee, and this willing dimming of the truth may be rated as another unpardonable sin.

Immediately preceding the final surrender of Geronimo, General Miles' startling psychology in dealing with Indian criminals was clearly recorded by himself in connection with the history of the "Lucky Thirteen,"—a delegation consisting of ten men and three women of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches from Fort Apache—who were permitted to visit Washington in response to General Miles' telegraphic plea of "strong military reasons." "This delegation contained some of the most dangerous of the Chiricahuas." They were under the charge of Captain Dorst, and were promised safe conduct to Washington and return. The purpose was to arrange for the removal of those bands at Fort Apache to some point outside of Arizona. The mission failed and the delegation was ordered back to Fort Apache. To this General Miles protested vigorously, and succeeded in having the Indians detained at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, notwithstanding the promise that they should return to Arizona. In defending his protest the general said: "They were independent and defiant, and their return to the mountains about Fort Apache would have been worse than the letting loose of that number of wild beasts."

With the "Lucky Thirteen" thus safely interned in Kansas, General Miles arranged a conference with Captain Dorst at Albuquerque, New Mexico, at which he directed the captain to "return to Fort Leavenworth and inform those Indians that they could be friendly treaty Indians, or individuals; that they could conform to the wishes of the government, and consent to a peaceable removal (of their entire bands) from these territories, or they could return and be held responsible for their crimes. As the principals had committed scores of murders, and warrants for their arrest were awaiting them, and they could not expect the military to shelter them from the just and legal action of the civil courts, the effect of this plain talk was the absolute submission

of the Indians. They agreed to go to any place I might designate, there to wait until such time as **the government should provide them with a** permanent **reservation,** and **funds, domestic stock** and **utensils,** by which they could become self-sustaining."

Obviously, the "scores of murders" had been committed by "the principals" a considerable time prior to their departure for the visit to Washington at government expense and under military protection, and, in view of these facts, the startling question arises—unbidden—: How long and to what degree had these "on paper prisoners of war" been **sheltered by the military at** Fort Apache "from the just and legal action of the civil courts?"

One of our ablest statesmen recently remarked that "when we are in a position to compel, we do not demand," and inasmuch as this bunch of "worse-than-wild-beasts" desperados, who "had committed scores of murders," were then bona fide prisoners—**disarmed and interned at the Kansas fort**—the threats and promises made to them by General Miles appear to be without justification. And yet, in his "plain talk" he **warned them** that unless they agreed to consider themselves as "friendly treaty Indians" and accepted from the government the many good things he promised them,—THEY WOULD BE HANGED FOR THEIR CRIMES. It is not remarkable that the result was "absolute submission" on the part of the Indians.

General Crook sent the leaders of the "Bloody Eleven" to Florida in April, and now, after having headed the "Lucky Thirteen" in the same direction, General Miles devoted himself to the task of formulating acceptable terms of capitulation with the "Elusive Nineteen."

The hostiles had not made any overtures of surrender, but when General Miles was informed that they were in an exhausted condition he sent Lieutenant Gatewood on a trek of 250 or 300 miles from Fort Apache to seek out the renegade camp in Mexico and induce the Indians to capitulate. Not being "in a position to compel," he "demanded" an **unconditional surrender.** Lieutenant Gatewood found the hostiles and delivered this ultimatum. The Indians replied that they would surrender only on the same terms granted them by General Crook—all of which meant that they would be allowed to retain their arms and their liberty and to return to the reservation without penalty of any sort. A few days later Captain Lawton repeated the same demand to the hostiles and received the same reply from them. About two weeks later the final conference was held at Skeleton Canyon where General Miles and Geronimo met for the first time. But when

the genial General found himself face-to-face with the genuine Geronimo he shifted his official gear from "high" to "second." He exercised his prerogative as "the highest authority;" suppressed the **demand** for an unconditional surrender, and simply "told" the defiant renegade that he must once more consent to consider himself and his followers as prisoners of war. It was then that Geronimo "told" General Miles that unless the rank of prisoner of war was given an exceedingly liberal construction, he and his followers would **"die fighting."**

Unfortunately, General Miles has not left us a true copy of the terms he offered to the hostiles assembled at Skeleton Canyon, but the known facts, together with the "terms" which he directed Captain Dorst to offer to the "Bloody Eleven," justifies the assumption that he addressed the "Elusive Nineteen" substantially as follows: "The United States is a great and powerful nation. Our troops and those of Mexico have pursued you relentlessly, and if you persist on the war-path the pursuit will also persist, and sooner or later you will all be destroyed. You know this will happen. Although you have eluded these troops for months, you know that your small band of only nineteen cannot successfully oppose the armies of two nations for an indefinite period. You have already endured many hardships, and you live in a state of perpetual fear and danger, and this situation will continue to grow worse as long as you follow the war-path. You know that the families of Geronimo and Nah-chee and some of the rest of you have been at Fort Marion, Florida, since last April, where they are well cared for, and I have just ordered Colonel Wade to remove all of your relatives and friends—about 400—from Fort Apache to Fort Marion. Thus you see that nearly 500 of your relatives and friends—all Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches—will be at Fort Marion within a very short time, where they will be protected and provided for, but none of them will ever be able to join your band, or give you any assistance. I cannot take you back to the San Carlos reservation, but I can take you to Fort Marion where you will be re-united with your families and friends. I am sure you believe that that I have spoken the truth, and that my words have sounded good in your ears, and that they have already caused a friendly feeling in your hearts—so that now all of you are in a mood to listen without suspicion to the terms I am about to offer you. Captain Lawton and Lieutenant Gatewood and I, as you know, are officers in the United States Army. We speak the truth. We are honorable men. **We do not kill our prisoners.** Therefore listen to my last

CHIHUAHUA NAH-CHEE LOCO NAH-NAY GERONIMO

words with good ears and friendly hearts, for these are the terms I offer you. That you shall surrender to me here and now as **friendly treaty Indians;** that you shall consent to go at once to join your families and friends at Fort Marion—about four or five days' travel from Bowie station—**there to wait until such time as the government shall provide you with a permanent reservation, and funds, domestic stock, and utensils by which you may become self-supporting.''**

This sort of a persuasive and convincing talk would be a proper argument to be advanced by one who **assumed the moral right to transform Indian criminals — multi-murderers — into ''friendly treaty Indians''** by a mere flash of some mystic power with which his sinuous psychology had augmented his official authority as Department Commander.

In fact, it does not appear that General Miles was inclined to be any more rude in his treatment of the renegades than General Crook had been. Nevertheless, he finally succeeded in persuading this motley band of distressed but defiant Apache renegades to consent to leave Arizona, and—when they were ready to board the train—to surrender their arms, inasmuch as they were going to a country where they would have no use for such offensive and defensive weapons.

However, in any comparison of this nature we must not overlook the fact that General Crook actually led a campaign into Mexico in person, while General Miles permitted Captain Lawton and his command to do all the hard work, reserving for himself the hazardous tasks of making concessions to the renegades, and later—accepting the gold sword.

Concerning the personalities of Geronimo and Nah-chee General Miles says:

''There seldom appeared a more ruthless marauder than Geronimo. He had the most determined face and piercing eye that I have ever seen. Natchez (Nah-chee) was the hereditary chief of the Apaches, a tall, slender young warrior, whose dignity and grace of movement would become any prince.''

Geronimo and those taken with him entrained at Bowie Station, about fifteen miles northeast from Apache Pass. At San Antonio, Texas, this party was halted and removed to Fort Sam Houston, where they were detained for about six weeks, a time during which General Miles was kept very busy explaining his ''terms of surrender'' to the higher authorities at Washington—and the said high authorities were equally busy endeavoring to decide what they were going to do about it.

Billy Breakenridge was Deputy United States Marshal at the time Geronimo made his final capitulation with General Miles, and in his recent book he says: "Geronimo—the wily old scoundrel—before he would surrender made the general promise he would not turn them over to the civil authorities for trial for the murders committed by them while they were on the war-path. "When General Miles arrived at the railroad station at Bowie with his prisoners to deport them to Florida, I was sent there with a warrant for Geronimo, Natchez (Nah-chee), Dutchy and Chatto, charging them with murder. True to his agreement with them the general refused to let me have them, and they were deported. There was plenty of proof against them and no doubt they would have been hanged if they could have been brought to trial. This was in September, 1886."

And now let us read another thrilling chapter which is recorded on pages 13 and 14 of the annual report of the Honorable Secretary of War as follows:

"The terms and conditions attending this surrender were such that Geronimo and those of his band who had committed murders and acts of violence in Arizona and New Mexico could not properly be handed over to the civil authorities for punishment, as was intended by the President, and therefore, on the 19th day of October, orders were issued, by direction of the President, that Geronimo and the fourteen Apache adult Indians captured with him, should be sent from San Antonio, Texas, under proper guard, to Fort Pickens, Florida, there to be kept in close custody until further orders."

"The Indians had been guilty of the worst crimes known to the law, committed under circumstances of great atrocity, and the public safety required that they should be removed far from the scenes of their depredations and guarded with the strictest vigilance."

Can you imagine anything more startling? Think it over. Who sheltered these criminals from the just and legal action of the civil courts? And do you recall the situation at Fort Apache as disclosed by General Miles? There were those "principals" who had "committed scores of murders," masquerading as prisoners of war under the protection of the military, but absolutely out of control, fully armed, well mounted, dissipated, turbulent, indulging in savage, mid-night orgies, riot and bloodshed, conspiring against the authority of the government, and **free at any moment to pounce upon the unprotected citizens of Arizona.** Such was the situation at Fort Apache on July 1, 1886. The following Oc-

tober, when the last of the renegades had been interned at Fort Pickens, Florida, then **"the public safety" demanded** that they should be **"guarded with the strictest vigilance."** Can you match it?

Geronimo and Nah-chee and the thirteen other hostiles who were included in the final surrender reached Fort Pickens, Florida, October 26, 1886, and the eleven women and children belonging to this party arrived at Fort Marion the same date. Mangus with two men and eight women and children surrendered at Fort Apache about the middle of October. The eight women and children were sent to Fort Marion, and Mangus and one man reached Fort Pickens on November 6th,—the other man having died en-route.

The official records show that on November 30, 1886, there were 448 men, women, and children belonging to the Chiricahua and Warm Springs bands detained as prisoners of war at Fort Marion. Seventeen men were confined at Fort Pickens, and forty-four children were at the Carlisle Indian School.

The world-wide advertised campaign against Geronimo was far from being a desperate, bloody warfare. On the contrary, it was little more than a relay-pursuit-race on the part of the troops —in which but few of them ever even saw a hostile. The fighting force of the renegades was, comparatively, very small. In the campaign of 1885-1886 General Crook commanded 3000 troops and 300 Indian scouts, and was opposed by forty-two warriors. When General Miles assumed command of the American forces he was opposed by twenty warriors. The raiding parties of the hostiles were small—usually from a half-dozen to a dozen. Likewise, the pursuing troops were divided into small commands, and these, when fatigued, were relieved by fresh troops whenever possible. The hostiles simply had to **keep on going.** There was never anything like a decisive engagement. The Apache scouts—who always served as the faithful and efficient pathfinders and advance guard for the troops—occasionally surprised a renegade camp and exchanged shots with the hostiles, but the troops were seldom on the firing line. The activities of the troops involved a maximum of trailing and a minimum of fighting. In the campaign under General Miles the casualties among the soldiers totaled two—one killed and one wounded. The casualties to the hostiles **were nil.** The heavy mortality was among the citizens—**the non-combatants.** General Crook says the "Bloody Eleven" murdered thirty-eight citizens within four weeks. General Miles says "during the year the hostile Indians had killed 140 persons."

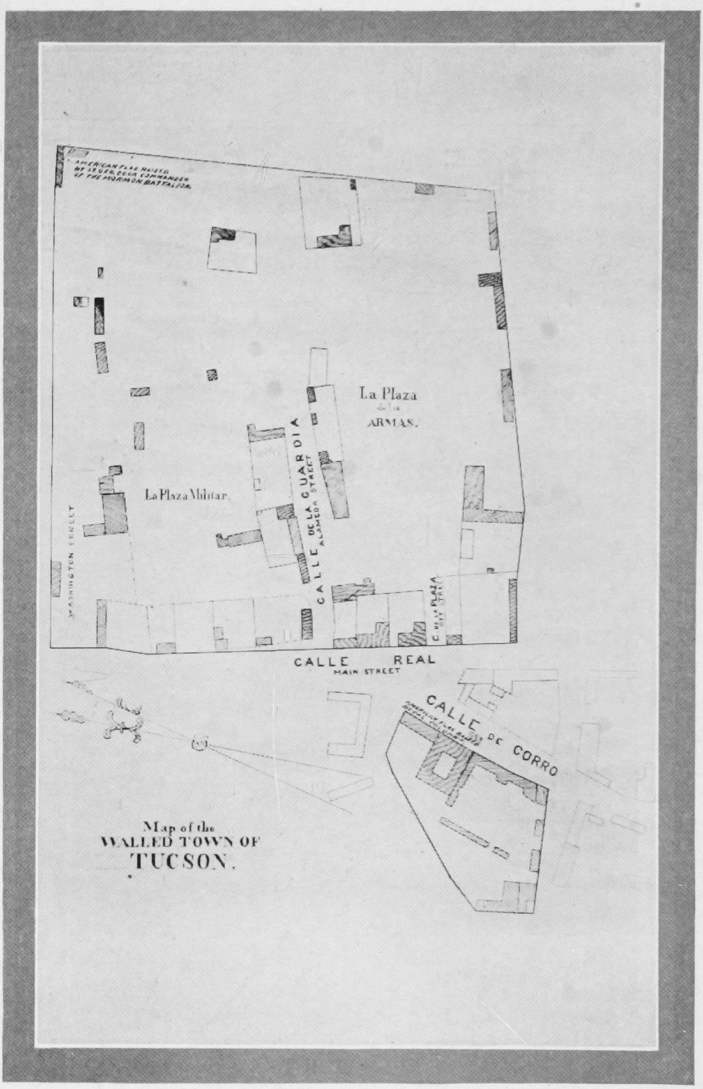
If the term "persons" includes soldiers and Indian scouts, these would represent an exceedingly small percentage of the total killed.

This situation furnished the drabbest sort of material for the army of ambitious press agents. They craved the stuff that reeked with the dramatic, romantic, heroic, picturesque, and spectacular, and so they pictured the gruelling marches, the burning sands, the bristling cactus, the blistering sun, the rugged mountain trails, and the ferocious character of the hostile Apache demons—whom only a very few of the valiant pursuers ever had even a glimpse of. And thus during the last four decades this host of romantic press agents and their successors have persisted in broadcasting the impression that anyone in any way connected with these military campaigns against Geronimo is, automatically, entitled to recognition as an **Indian Fighter** of heroic proportions.

General Crook and General Miles each brought to Arizona a well earned and enviable military record, and it is most regretable that both of these records should have been marred by fruitless endeavors to appear as a spectacular pseudo-hero in connection with the pursuit and subjugation of a small band of hostile Apaches under the renegade leadership of Geronimo. A similar ambition on the part of younger officers would be readily understood. From the close of the Civil War in 1865 until the beginning of the war with Spain in 1898, the only opportunity for an army officer to make an honest-to-goodness "military record" for himself was a **"An Indian Fighter"**—and, believe me, they made the most of every such opportunity. It would be highly entertaining to know how many promotions and pensions have been dealt out by our gullible government as "rewards" for "services in the campaigns against Geronimo,"—and the end is not yet reached.

It is true that, occasionally, a command in pursuit of the hostiles executed a "gruelling march," but what frontiersman has not done the same—without pay, or hope of promotion and pension? Moreover, if these troops had not been trailing Geronimo they would have been vegitating at the Army Posts—with no "opportunities." On the trail they had fresh air and sunshine and healthful exercise—and **opportunities**—and friendly press agents to exaggerate the "hardships," well knowing that every exaggeration was an added boost toward promotion.

Another thing. We have heard much of the "gruelling marches" and "tests of endurance" by the troops on the trail of Geronimo,—but listen! A group of hikers are engaged in a trans-



Map of the
WALLED TOWN OF
TUCSON.

continental marathon contest from Los Angeles to New York. At this writing fifty-five contestants are still in the game. They are now in Pennsylvania, 73 days out from Los Angeles, **and have walked 2900 miles.** This is an average of 40 miles per day for 73 consecutive days in all kinds of weather—and they are still going strong. The remarkable record established by these men **on foot** make the much advertised "tests of endurance" performed by the mounted troops look like "daily dozens" in a kindergarten.

Frequently it has been asked why the citizens of Arizona submitted to this system of persistent protection and perpetual pardoning of the Apache renegades. As a matter of fact, there were many vigorous—even violent—protests, but these were utterly unavailing for the reason that at that time General Crook had the authority and the force "to manage the Apaches in his own way." In the circumstances it is not surprising that the citizens should, at times, become almost desperate.

At least once within my personal experience they reached a state of mind that was positively dangerous—when the thirst for revenge dethroned reason. As heretofore stated, I was living in Tombstone in May, 1885, when Geronimo and his followers made their last break from the reservation and fled past Tombstone into Mexico. Immediately following that outbreak there was intense excitement in and about Tombstone, and a deplorable movement developed which had for its object the organization of a strong force of citizens who were to march forthwith to the San Carlos reservation and there slaughter every Indian they met. It was not popular, nor altogether safe, to oppose this movement; but I did, and on May 28, 1885, I published a signed article in the **Tombstone Epitaph** calling attention to the fact that of the, approximately, 5000 Indians then on the San Carlos reservation, a large majority had been on that reservation and at peace for more than ten years, while fully half of them had not been on the war-path for upwards of twenty years. I warned my fellow citizens that the guilty parties were then "safe from any attack that might be made upon the reservation;" that the proper parties to attack were "the renegades, 'the prisoners of war,' and those who had thus stupidly and criminally allowed them their liberty." The following are excerpts from my published statement:

"It is most remarkable that these desperate renegades after being held as 'prisoners of war' for over a year, should suddenly take the war-path better equipped than ever before. It is most remarkable, and far from creditable to the military chieftains who have thus allowed their desperate prisoners to slip away from

them almost without their knowledge. In time of actual war what would be done with the general who would thus arm (or fail to disarm) his 'prisoners of war' and allow them to escape?

I believe the majority of the Indians at San Carlos are in no way connected with or responsible for our present Indian troubles, and I as fully believe that the men—both civil and military—who have thus repeatedly given Geronimo and his followers their liberty, knowing their desperate character and the murders they have committed, are equally guilty—are accomplices before the fact—in all the murders committed by these savage renegades who could have been and should have been shot or hung six years ago.

Arizona cannot afford to massacre 4,000 or 5,000 peaceably inclined Indians because white men, whose duty it was to guard and punish renegades, have so shamelessly failed in their duty.[2]"

[2] About a month after appearing in the Epitaph the statement above referred to was published in full in one of the local papers of Washington, D. C.

On one or two occasions individual communications were published advocating that the government offer a substantial bounty for every Apache scalp brought in, but such barbarous suggestions had no popular support.

The territorial press cried out against the depredations committed by the hostiles, but, as a rule, the editorials were conservative in the matter of suggesting a remedy. Occasionally, however, an editor seemingly lost sight of his better judgment and beat the air with his rantings. The most conspicuous example of this form of temporary insanity was furnished by the Tucson Star in its issue of August 12, 1882.

The record shows that on August 11, 1882, a press dispatch was sent from New York to San Francisco and quoted in the Tucson Star as follows:

"It has been learned by government officials that a secret organization of 1200 men has been formed in Arizona who are bound by oath, in case any more raids are made and murders committed by Apaches, to enter the reservation and slaughter men, women and children."

"The next day, August 12, 1882, the Tucson Star published the following editorial comment:

"When they (the Indians) kill our women and children we propose to kill theirs. It is a cruel alternative, but we are forced to it by the law of self-preservation. Are the lives of these savages worth more than the lives of white people? Does civilization and humanity require us to submit to the murder of our women and

children because the savages know we revolt at the idea of retaliating in kind? We say again that it is a cruel alternative, but it is the only one we have. The government will not restrain the savages. The people of Arizona are forced to do it themselves. But the proposition is not simply to kill the women and children of the San Carlos reservation. It is to kill every Indian on it, male and female, big and little. It is, briefly, to exterminate the tiger's brood, root and branch."

It is impossible to conceive how the editorial management of the **Star** could arrive at conclusions and a state of mind that would justify the sponsoring of such an inhuman and absurd proposition. That it was inhuman needs no argument. And it was absurd because it was impracticable, as well as practically impossible. It was easy enough to exterminate upwards of 5000 Apaches with a single stroke of the Star's editorial pen, but it would have developed into an enterprise of stupendous proportions if it had been undertaken with the Star's editorial gun. If the Star's monstrous proposition had actually been set on foot and a phalanx of exterminators had been organized they would have had to overcome that great mass of friendly Apaches and the available troops, as well as the armed opposition of the sensible citizens—and there was a goodly throng of citizens who would have qualified in that class—even in 1882.

Another thing. Away back in the early 60's our government assigned the very delicate job of exterminating the Apaches to the regular army, and, although the troops were aided occasionally in this deadly process of elimination by enterprising and adventurous pioneers, the exceedingly discouraging results of the gruesome undertaking are indicated in the report of President Grant's Board of Indian Commissioners dated at Washington, D. C., December 12, 1871, as follows:

> "Much of the time since then (the Gadsden purchase), the attempt to exterminate them (the Apaches) has been carried on, at a cost of from three to four millions of dollars per annum, with no appreciable progress being made in their extermination."

The Star's vicious editorial will appear the more reprehensible when it is recalled that a company of fifty-four San Carlos Apache Police (en route for duty in connection with the removal of the Chiricahuas) spent a week in Tucson in May, 1876, during which time they entertained the citizens with a realistic Apache war-dance, and, as a token of approbation and good will, were presented with uniforms—the cost of which was met by popular sub-

scription. And again, on February 20, 1877, a company of sixty San Carlos Police arrived in Tucson, and within three days Governor Safford had enrolled this fine body of stalwart Apaches as TERRITORIAL MILITIA and dispatched them into southeastern Arizona for the purpose of **apprehending the hostiles and protecting the citizens of Arizona against their depredations.** These two episodes record two important pages in Tucson's local history, and the editor of the Star should have reviewed those pages before he let go his editorial of August 12, 1882.

The smallness of greatness and the fact that the human family is often actuated by emotion rather than reason are aptly illustrated by the manner in which the citizens of Tucson, Arizona, expressed their appreciation of the services rendered by General Crook and General Miles in their respective campaigns against Geronimo. After the return of General Crook from Mexico in 1883, a public reception and banquet was tendered him at Tucson in recognition and honor of his "capture of Geronimo" and his desperate gang. Again, on November 8, 1887, the citizens of Tucson celebrated another and more recent "capture of Geronimo" with a brilliant reception and banquet at which General Miles was the guest of honor, at the same time giving further expression of their exuberance of gratitude and kowtowitis by presenting the General with a Tiffany sword. In his "Memoirs" General Miles admits that the sword was an exceedingly handsome one. In describing it he says: "The Damascus blade, grip, and large India star sapphire are the only parts of the sword and scabbard not made of gold. Its beauty of design and most artistic workmanship render it a treasure as well as a valuable work of art."

"Geronimo's Story of His Life" is a blood-stained narrative. During at least a quarter of a century he was chiefly occupied with raids of murder and pillage. He had a passion for killing and stealing, and his favorite pastime was raiding in Mexico. For three decades these raids were almost annual occurrences. He admits that some of these expeditions were unsuccessful, and that he returned from one with "a very severe headache." Nevertheless, he was always eager for another dash into Mexico, and the lure of the blood-red trail evidently beckoned him to the end, for at the close of a chapter on this subject he says: "I am old and shall never go on the war-path again, but if I were young, and followed the war-path, it would lead into Old Mexico."

Geronimo says his first visit to Mexico was in 1858, with a band of Apaches under Chief Mangus-Colorado (killed at Apache Tejo, N. M., in 1863) **for the purpose of "trading."** Their camp

was attacked by Mexican troops who killed many of the Indians. Returning to camp, Geronimo found his mother, his wife, and his three small children among the dead. Thereupon he vowed a revenge that was never satiated. No matter how many Mexicans were killed by his raiding parties he was still eager to slay more. He records one fight with two companies of Mexican troops (about 1875) in which every trooper was killed. Again "about 1880," (?) their camp south of Casa Grande was attacked by twenty-four Mexican soldiers. The Indians numbered about forty warriors. All of the soldiers and twelve of the Indians were killed. Sometimes the Indians suffered severe losses, and sometimes they carried home sufficient plunder to last the entire tribe a year. If we believe Geronimo's own story, he delighted in the business of killing and stealing—and persisted in that business. He had no other occupation. He was many times a murderer and richly deserved the hangman's noose.

The last time I saw Geronimo was at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, where I visited him in January, 1894. At that time I was connected with the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C. Soon after my return to Washington from this visit to the camp of the Chiricahuas I encountered a newspaper reporter in search of a story. That interview was published in the **Washington Evening Star on** January 29, 1894. Inasmuch as the details presented were the result of my personal observations I deem it worth while to include in this story the following excerpts from that interview:

Mr. John P. Clum, of the Post Office Department, who recently spent some time at the camp of the renegade Apaches at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, was in the lobby of the Willard Hotel last night. To a reporter for **The Star,** he said: "While I was down in Alabama I took a day off and visited the Apaches, who are now held as prisoners of war at Mount Vernon Barracks. Yes, I saw Geronimo, but he was not in irons. He did not insist on retaining the manacles with which I presented him at Ojo Caliente. They were taken off soon after I left the agency in '77. You know his subsequent history. He left the reservation two or three times on raids. In 1881 and 1885 I was with parties of citizens who followed his trail to the Mexican line. In 1886, he made his final stand and surrendered to General Miles, when he and his entire band of renegades, men, women, and children, were sent to Florida. Later they were transferred to their present location in Alabama. I have always contended that the old renegade deserved

a much severer punishment than he received; but that is another story, as Kipling would say.

"The mortality among these Indians for a year or two after their removal from Arizona was very great, and but little was done to better their condition until about three years ago, when they were placed under the care of Captain Wotherspoon of the regular army. It is true that these Indians are exiled Apache renegades, but it was Captain Wotherspoon's duty to receive them as prisoners of war of a civilized nation, and his wise and humane management of this little colony of red men and the beneficial results already secured cannot be too highly commended. The Indians have been located in a permanent camp or settlement on a ridge about half a mile west of the military post. Seventy-five frame houses have been constructed, and each Indian family is now provided with a comfortable home. Each house is divided into two rooms, in one of which is a large cooking range, and in the other a comfortable fireplace. The furniture is plain, but suitable and sufficient.

"I was invited to inspect a number of the houses and was surprised at the absolute cleanliness required of and observed by these Indians. Every Saturday is house-cleaning day, and when the official inspection is made each Sunday morning there must not be found enough dust to soil a white glove. The women do creditable laundry work, and the bed linen and all the articles of wearing apparel are kept scrupulously clean. The Indians have adopted the civilized style of dress, and the men have their hair cut short. I was told that the hair cutting was entirely voluntary. In the matter of personal cleanliness all the Indians are required to bathe at least once a week, and I was informed that Nah-chee and one or two others of the Indian soldiers take their daily bath with as much care, regularity, and evident satisfaction as the most exquisite of the famous '400.' This is certainly a marked contrast with the wild wickie-up life of a renegade."

"By the way," said Mr. Clum, "there are some interesting pages in the history of this young chief Nah-chee. His brother, Tah-zay, is buried here in the Congressional cemetery. Tah-zay was here with me in 1876, and died of pneumonia. Nah-chee shows a disposition to pulmonary trouble. The father of these boys was Cochise, the stalwart old warrior after whom Cochise County in Arizona is named.

"Company I of the 12th Infantry, U. S. A., has been enlisted from these Indians, which is commanded by Captain Wotherspoon, and Nah-chee is the first sergeant. The company quarters,

mess hall, amusement room and gymnasium are located on the same ridge with the houses, and form a part of the Indian village. Strict military discipline is observed with this company and perfect order and cleanliness was manifest. The company drills once and sometimes twice daily, and is said to be proficient in the manual of arms and company evolutions. All commands are given in English. About once a week this Indian company drills with the white troops in battalion maneuvers.

"There is a guard house at the settlement, and all refractory Indians are arrested by the Indian soldiers and all prisoners are guarded by them. Geronimo now occupies the position of alcalde, or justice of the peace, and all cases of minor offenses are tried before him. His decisions have given general satisfaction. He has sentenced some to six months in the guard house, which is, I think, about as long a time as the old man was ever in confinement himself at any one time. There is a good school adjacent to the settlement, under the direction of two efficient teachers, where all children are afforded the advantages of an English education. About fifty of the children from this colony are now at the Carlisle school.

"These Indian prisoners of war are virtually on parole. They are not confined or guarded, and are allowed to come and go when and where they please, provided only that their conduct is proper. As I have said before, discipline is enforced by the Indians themselves. The men are allowed to work out by the day whenever they can find employment, and some of the women do washing for the soldiers.

"The Indian soldiers, of course, get the pay and allowances of regulars. Many of the women do bead and basket work, and old Geronimo picks up many a dollar by selling pictures of himself and small bows and arrows, which he embellishes with his name. He presented me with one of these bows, duly autographed, and two small arrows, but these lacked the keen-edged tip formerly used by the Apaches on the old Arizona trails. This diminutive set of toy weapons was tendered as a good will offering by "Geronimo, the justice of the peace," and was in decided contrast with the scene at Ojo Caliente, seventeen years ago, when I wrenched that deadly needle-gun from the grasp of "Geronimo, the renegade."

"Several other Indian chiefs, well known in Arizona and New Mexico, are at Mount Vernon. Among these are Nan-nay, now almost blind, and Chihuahua, who is badly shot up about the

arms, and who is recognized as the dude and politician of the camp.

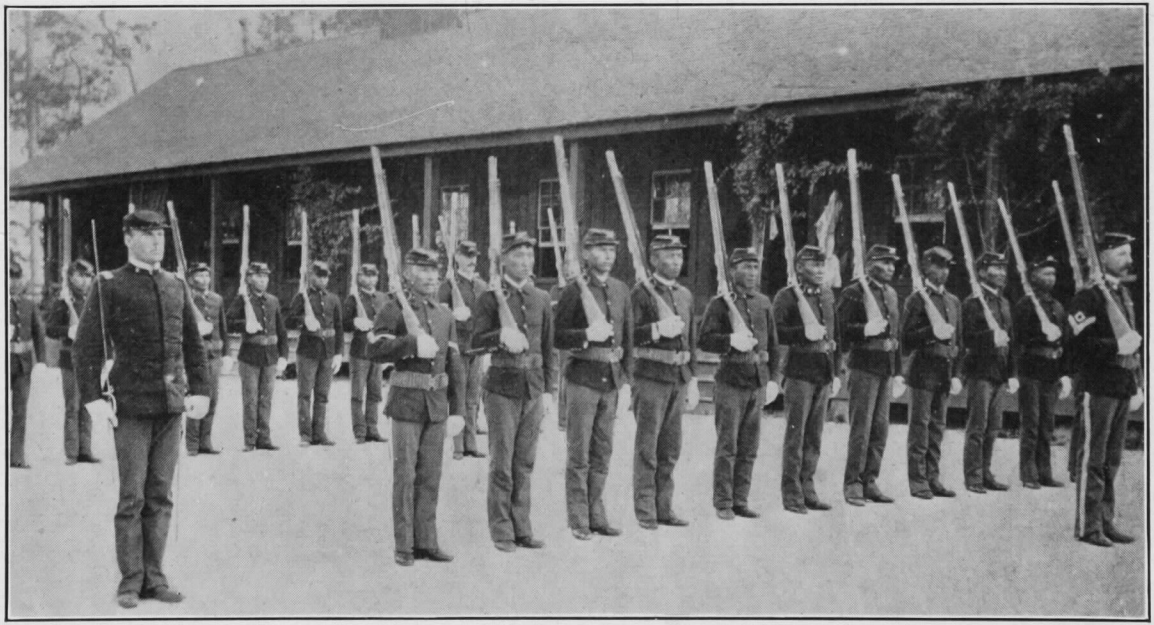
"The more recent acquisitions of the colony are Captain Chiquito and my old friend Es-kim-in-zin, whose history is as interesting as it is sad. I may tell you about him at some other time. I believe that Es-kim-in-zin is held a prisoner of war under a misapprehension of the facts, and I am satisfied that Captain Wotherspoon shares this opinion with me. Es-kim-in-zin now has charge of the Indians' gardens, and their thrifty condition reflects great credit on his intelligence and industry.

"The future of this Indian colony is a matter of much interest. The children who came with the renegades eight years ago are now young men and women, and many children have been born since. They have no possessions, no responsibilities, no obligations, excepting that of orderly personal conduct. This isn't a satisfactory or desirable condition. They ask for farms in order that they may apply themselves and acquire possessions and independence. Some step of this kind should be taken. The transgressions of the fathers should not be visited upon the children. The Apaches are mountain Indians, and they do not like that forest section of Alabama where they can see only in one direction, and that is **straight up.**"

* * * * * * *

Do you realize, gentle reader, that the population of the model Apache encampment we have just visited at Mount Vernon Barracks was made up largely of **the identical Indians** who composed the brutal and riotous mob at Fort Apache? In Arizona they were insolent, defiant, turbulent, indulging in midnight orgies and bloodshed—absolutely out of control. In Alabama we find them living in a civilized, cleanly and orderly manner, subject to an excellent system of discipline **"enforced by the** Indians themselves", wherein arrests were made by Apache soldiers and offenders tried before an Apache judge and prisoners remanded to the custody of Apache guards, the people living in well kept houses, the children attending schools and the adults ambitious to own land and become independent.

Some might exclaim that a miracle had been wrought in Alabama, but, as a matter of fact, the marvelous transformation demonstrated at Mount Vernon Barracks is explained by the magic word, "ADMINISTRATION." Obviously at Fort Apache there was none. At Mount Vernon **these identical Indians** were placed under the firm, kindly, thoughtful and intelligent care and direction of Captain Wotherspoon, and the average reader will be



COMPANY I—TWELFTH INFANTRY—UNITED STATES ARMY
(Recruited from the interned renegade Apaches at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama. Photograph made there in 1893)

astounded to note how promptly and willingly these Indians responded to an administration—the evident purpose of which was to secure the greatest benefits possible for those administered to. No more convincing illustration could be produced in support of the opinion I have expressed from the time of my earliest association with these Indians, viz: **That if the Apaches were given a fair chance, under firm, just, intelligent and sympathetic direction, their orderly development and gradual progress would be assured.**

After being held about five years at Mount Vernon Barracks, the Chiricahuas were removed to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where they were permanently established; given reasonable allotments of land, and otherwise suitably provided for.

In the meantime the name and general character of Geronimo had become so well known throughout the country that he was regraded as a **most valuable asset as an attraction at prominent public affairs** where efforts were made to secure the largest attendance possible. With this worthy object in view he was taken to the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha in 1898; to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901, and to the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, and the fact that the **notorious ex-renegade Apache chief** would appear as a **special exhibit** at those expositions was widely advertised in advance, as well as during the periods when those respective expositions were in progress. The morbid public, having been duly advised of the presence of this extraordinary attraction, were eager to see the genial representative of many a blood-red trail, shake hands with him, talk to him, and to purchase from him his photograph, or his autograph—or whatever souvenirs of a renegade character the cunning old rascal might have for sale. Geronimo, being thrifty, smiled benignly as the silver coins flowed into his ample wallet, and, being human, was greatly pleased and flattered by the attention shown him—and regarded his visits to these expositions as pretty soft assignments for a prisoner of war.

In the absence of definite information relative to the persistent assertion that Geronimo had served a term as "scout" in the regular army during the period he was detained by the government as a prisoner of war, the following interrogation was sent to the War Department: "Was Geronimo, Apache Indian, carried on the pay rolls of the War Department as a 'scout' at any time after being sent out of Arizona?" Under date of Washington, D. C., June 25, 1926, Adjutant General Robert C. Davis sent the following reply:

"Nothing is found to show expressly that the Apache Chief Geronimo was ever on the pay roll of the army, but it seems probable that he was enlisted and paid as an army scout at Fort Sill, I. T., between June 11, 1897, and June 10, 1900. He was sent from Mt. Vernon Barracks to Fort Sill, where he remained until his death. The records show that one Geronimo, born in Arizona, age 63, was enlisted at Fort Sill, I. T., June 11, 1897, as an Indian scout, to serve three years, and was discharged there June 10, 1900. Geronimo, the Apache chief, died at Fort Sill February 17, 1909."

The average American citizen will accept the above statement as showing "expressly" that for three years during the period Geronimo was held as a prisoner of war he enjoyed the rank, pay, and emoluments of a "scout" in the regular army. There was no other "Geronimo" in the list of Apaches detained at Fort Sill, and "Geronimo, born in Arizona, age 63," is a description that exactly fits "Geronimo—the renegade," alias "Geronimo—the prisoner of war," alias "Geronimo—the justice of the peace" alias "Geronimo—the Indian scout."

Recently I requested the adjutant general to advise me as to the pay received and the duties performed by Geronimo during the three years he **served his country as an Indian scout.** Under date of Washington, D. C., February 17, 1928, Adjutant General Lutz Wahl replied as follows:

"Geronimo, the Apache leader, while interned at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, was enlisted there in the U. S. Army as an Indian scout. He held the rank of private during his service. * * * Indian scouts received the pay and allowances of cavalry soldiers. * * * Eleven other Indians were enlisted there as scouts at the same time. * * * The enlistment of Indians as scouts (soldiers) was authorized by Section 6 of an Act of Congress approved July 28, 1866.

Nothing is known here of any particular duties performed by Geronimo while he was an enlisted scout. He probably performed no regular duties. He was at the Omaha Exposition from September 9 to October 30, 1898."

It is interesting to note that General Wahl has eliminated such harsh designations as "renegade," "hostile" or "prisoner of war" and mildly states that "Geronimo, the Apache leader, while **interned** at Fort Sill, was enlisted in the U. S. Army as an Indian scout;" that he held the rank and received the pay and allowances of a cavalry soldier; that he probably performed no regular duties, and that during the period he was serving as a

"scout" (and interned at Fort Sill) he was permitted to spend nearly two months at the Omaha Exposition.

While in Arizona, Geronimo was restricted to the spectacular dual role of renegade and prisoner of war, but at Mt. Vernon Barracks and at Fort Sill he was advanced to a triple role in the great drama, he having acted as **justice of the peace** at the former camp, and a **scout** at Fort Sill.

In this connection I cannot resist comparing the favors shown Geronimo with the absolute neglect that has been the lot of Tau-el-cly-ee, that faithful and efficient member of the San Carlos Police Force. On December 22, 1875, Dis-a-lin, a prominent young chief, ran amuck at the San Carlos agency in a frenzied attempt to kill the agent, the chief clerk, and the chief of police. Although related to the young chief, Tau-el-cly-ee promptly shot and killed Dis-a-lin. In June, 1876, Tau-el-cly-ee was designated sergeant of the company of Apache Police that accompanied me to Apache Pass in connection with the removal of the Chiricahuas. There, with twenty men he captured the murderer Pi-on-se-nay and brought him in to the agency, and later acted as special guard while conveying Pi-on-se-nay en route to Tucson—until the prisoner was transferred to the custody of the deputy sheriffs of Pima county. These are examples of his loyal and efficient services. Nevertheless, for years he has wandered about the mining camps of Globe and Miami, old, decrepit, almost blind—an object of charity. On several occasions I have contributed funds for the relief of Tau-el-cly-ee. He was denied a pension because he was **never enrolled in the army.** How easy it would have been to remedy this situation by enlisting Tau-el-cly-ee as an "Indian scout"—a la Geronimo. The "pay and allowances of a cavalry soldier" would have taken care of him handsomely for three years —and thereafter he would have been eligible for a pension.

Geronimo never betrayed a penchant for hard labor but he did develop a remarkable aptitude for intercepting the nimble dollar. Down at Mount Vernon Barracks, soon after he had decided that the pen is mightier than the needle-gun, he learned to print his name—using only capital letters. When I visited Mount Vernon in 1894 I found the wily Apache "justice of the peace" had established a fairly lucrative business as a commercial publicity agent. He made small bows with two arrows. On the bow he placed his autograph. He also had autographed photographs of himself. Visitors to the barracks and travelers at the railway station were given frequent opportunities to purchase either or both of these autographed articles. Geronimo said that business

was not too bad. He was acting as his own publicity agent and allowing the public to pay for it. Thereafter Geronimo always had a supply of autographed photographs to exchange for silver coins. I have been told he would sell the buttons from his coat, or sell his hat for silver coins. I don't blame him. I would do the same. Mr. Burbank paid him to sit for his portrait, and he told Mr. Barrett he would tell him the story of his life if he (Barrett) would pay him. The three years during which he drew the pay and allowances of a cavalry soldier, with no regular duties to perform, added much to his peace and prosperity, while, at the same time, his new rank and uniform as "Indian scout" served as a boost to the autograph and photograph business. But the peak of his business opportunities were the periods he was permitted to spend at the Omaha, Buffalo, and St. Louis Expositions. His presence at these big shows had been conspicuously announced, and the dear people wanted to see him, and talk with him, and to trade with him—and Geronimo never neglected his own business. He says in his book that at first he did not want to go to the St. Louis World's Fair, but when assured that he would "receive good attention and protection" he consented; that permission was obtained from the President, and that he remained six months at the Fair in charge of representatives of the Indian Department.

Regarding his personal business at the Fair, Geronimo says: "I sold my photographs for twenty-five cents, and was allowed to keep ten cents of this for myself. I also wrote my name for ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents, as the case might be, and kept all of that money * * * when I returned I had plenty of money—more than I had ever owned before."

Unfortunately, I have not been able to obtain any authentic statement as to the revenue Geronimo received in royalties or otherwise from the publication of his book, but enough has been presented to indicate that this noted Apache leader was fairly successful from a business standpoint, notwithstanding the handicap under which he labored owing to his status as an ex-renegade and "prisoner of war."

A number of excellent portraits of Geronimo have been painted by Mr. E. A. Burbank, an artist of rare ability. Mr. Burbank spent considerable time at Fort Sill and arranged with the noted Apache chief for several sittings. In compensation for sittings for the first two portraits Mr. Burbank says he gave Geronimo five dollars, a chair, and a sack of grain, and subsequently he paid him five dollars for each sitting of six hours. The artist and his Apache subject became great friends, and Mr. Burbank

tells me that Geronimo was always genial, courteous, and frank in his manner, kind to his family, and that he met every appointment with exact promptness. And, as a matter of fact, I recognize that Mr. Burbank discovered in Geronimo traits that are characteristic of the Apache race.

The most spectacular exhibition of Geronimo was his appearance in the military parade on the occasion of the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States. The date was March 4, 1905. Through a singular coincidence, my son, Woodworth (born in Tucson, Arizona, the year after my capture of Geronimo in 1877), was a member of the general inaugural committee and chairman of the sub-committee on publicity, and Colonel Roosevelt's request that Geronimo should appear in the inaugural parade was made to him. The President's request was complied with. Five former noted renegade chiefs were brought to Washington, a Sioux, a Comanche, a Ute, a Blackfoot and an Apache. All dolled up in genuine dime-novel Indian toggery, including buckskins, war-paint, and feathers, each carrying the weapon of his choice, and mounted on prancing steeds, liberally draped and festooned according to the several asserted fashions of the respective tribes exhibited, **these five representatives of the bad actors on many a blood-stained western trail, proudly rode abreast up Pennsylvania Avenue** in front of a battalion of cadets from the Carlisle Indian School, thus forming a conspicuous section of the imposing inaugural parade.

Colonel Roosevelt hinted that these old relics of the wild and woolly war-path in contrast with the battalion of Indian cadets would indicate the progress the red men had made in the preceding quarter century, but the rough rider's well known penchant for the spectacular doubtless inspired the invitation. These heap-big war chiefs thoroughly enjoyed the distinguished honor paid them, as well as the marked interest evinced by the vast inauguration throngs, and were glad to express their appreciation and approval of the fact that the sovereign American people had chosen Colonel Roosevelt to succeed himself as the "Great White Father" at Washington.

Geronimo, who had by no means lost his cunning, availed himself of this opportunity to appeal in person to his host, the President of the United States, for a pardon, or parole, and permission to return to his old, familiar hunting grounds in Arizona. The exact phraseology of "Teddy's" diplomatic refusal to accede to the pathetic appeal of the ex-renegade Apache chief is not immediately available for convenient quotation in this narrative.

And thus it transpired that Geronimo was destined to live out the remainder of his days on the land allotted to him at Fort Sill. He is asserted to have dictated an autobiography which was published in book form in 1906 under the title of "GERONIMO'S STORY OF HIS LIFE." The old warrior says he dedicated his book to Theodore Roosevelt because the President gave him permission to write and publish it.

Geronimo died at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, February 17, 1909. Following is a press despatch announcing his death:

GERONIMO LAID IN HIS GRAVE

Indian Chief Dies After Being Prisoner Twenty-Two Years

"Lawton, Okla., February 18, 1909.—Geronimo, the old Indian war chief, who died at Fort Sill yesterday, was buried today in the Apache burying ground northeast of the army post. The Rev. L. L. Legters, the Indian missionary, conducted the services, which were as similar to the Apache system of burial as the clergyman thought proper.

War Department officials had set aside today as a holiday for the Apache prisoners of war at Fort Sill, and the 200 warriors joined in the slow procession that carried the body of their old leader to the grave.

Geronimo was one of the few Indians accounted by United States soldiers as possessing real military genius. He was pursued steadily by troops for fifteen years, and was captured finally because he permitted himself to be, believing that he would be turned loose again on promising good behaviour.

Geronimo was probably eighty years old. Twenty-five years ago his reputation in Arizona was that of a fiend in human form, and for ten years before that his name had been a dread word among settlers and ranchmen.

Geronimo died in the faith of his fore-fathers, which knew no white man's god. The sun was his conception of deity. Four years ago, when Geronimo feared that the injuries received in a fall from his horse would prove fatal, he joined the Reformed Church. He was suspended from the church two years later because of excessive drinking, gambling and other infractions of church rules."

The announcement that funeral services conducted by Rev. L. L. Legters, the Indian missionary, "were as similar to the Apache system of burial as the clergyman thought proper,"

doubtless was a fiction emanating from the romantic imagination of the reporter. The Apaches were very secretive in the matter of their burial rites, so much so that I never witnessed the burial of a single Apache while I was their agent—except that of Tahzay in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, D. C., and an Apache never voluntarily mentioned the name of a deceased relative.

* * * * * * *

Geronimo was a dominating character. He possessed courage, intuition, determination, initiative, and executive ability to a marked degree, and he was an adept in the effective use of strategem, as well as the fine art of diplomacy. These rare qualifications plus physical strength and endurance coupled with a restive, insubordinate disposition enabled him to achieve extraordinary success along certain chosen lines in the face of seemingly overwhelming odds.

He was born a nomadic savage in an arid, austere, mountainous country sparsely inhabited by roving bands of the Apache race. As an infant he was warmed by the sun, rocked by the winds, and sheltered by the trees. His nursery was the wide, open spaces of rugged Nature, and here, as intelligence dawned and understanding developed, he listened to stirring tales of the pleasures of the chase and the glories of the war-path. Very soon, as he grew in stature and strength, he demonstrated his fitness for leadership by organizing the little Apache boys with whom he played into a band of make-believe raiders and inspired them to imitate feats of war. Therefore we are not surprised at his delight when, as a mere youth still in his "teens," the wise men ignored the custom of the tribe by admitting him to the councils of the braves and the activities of the war-path.

Geronimo descended from an ancestry of warriors. His grandfather was renowned for the vigor and success of his raids against the Mexicans. His first active experience on the war-path was under the capable leadership of Mangus Colorado, but he proved such an apt pupil that very soon he was organizing and leading his own raiding parties. Mexico was his principal field of operations. He acquired a bitter hatred for the Mexicans and for three decades he raided their territory almost annually. Thus, raiding became his occupation, and murder and pillage his habit. The reverses he met with only increased his bitterness and quickened his zeal. His environment and experience evolved for him a harsh code of ethics which, to

himself, fully justified his ruthless deeds of plunder and bloodshed. His greatest concern was that the particular raid in which he was engaged should be successful—and that success was usually measured by the number killed and the amount and value of the booty secured.

This is a picture of the Geronimo whom I met for the first time at Apache Pass on June 8, 1876. This picture is, largely, painted by himself in his story of his life. Never before having heard of Geronimo, I knew nothing of his history, and could learn very little at that time. Prior to this meeting with me his passion for raiding had been practically unrestrained. Having indulged in these savage forays for a quarter century, the activities of the war-path had become his business and the cruel scenes of the blood-red trail his divertisement. In these circumstances it is not altogether surprising that when our government sought to restrain his lawlessness and halt his depredations he resented this action as an interference with his natural rights, and he promptly defied the United States by fleeing into Mexico.

Not many months later we find him hob-nobbing with his friend, Victorio, at the Ojo Caliente agency in New Mexico—and actually drawing rations at that agency. Then came his second meeting with me at Ojo Caliente on April 21, 1877. Our stratagem deceived him. He walked into our trap—and into the guard-house IN CHAINS. I can now appreciate his chagrin and humiliation at thus finding himself a shackled prisoner. He reasoned that he "did not belong" to us and therefore his arrest was unjust. Doubtless he was sincere in this judgment. But he was a sport, and having surrendered in such abrupt fashion that the very important matter of "terms" could not even be hinted at, he became a most tractable prisoner and did not give his guards the slightest inconvenience during the long trek from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos.

After a few months, his tact and diplomacy won for him a parole from his chains and the guard-house at San Carlos. Soon he regaled himself with one of his habitual annual outings into Mexico, and then returned to San Carlos. In the fall of 1881 he again left the reservation with a large following—including Nah-chee and his band. From that time until he was sent to Florida in the fall of 1886, his dealings were largely with the military. He defied the United States and Mexico. He fought the armies of both nations—and survived that stupendous ordeal unscathed. He surrendered three times during this period,—twice to General Crook and once to General Miles, but always the time

and place and terms were dictated by himself. The conditions of his first surrender to General Crook (in 1883) allowed him to revel for about nine months in Mexico and then to return to the reservation for a rest period of more than a year. While thus recuperating from his strenuous life in Mexico, he was afforded opportunity to look after the very important matter of his equipment—modern rifles and an ample supply of ammunition. The period of rest and preparedness being over, Geronimo and Nahchee at the head of a large band of "Chiricahua prisoners escaped from the reservation on May 17, 1885," and hit the trail for Mexico for another outing of murder and pillage. But now the raiding arena had been extended to include the territory of the United States, and Geronimo justified his raids into American territory on the grounds that the United States troops were fighting him in Mexico.

Geronimo's second surrender to General Crook on March 28, 1886, endured for two days and a night, and then he and a majority of the Chiricahua prisoners with him "escaped to the hills."

Now enters General Miles. It was reported that Geronimo had made overtures of surrender to General Crook in March, 1886, because his band were worn out and his supply of food and ammunition exhausted. Nevertheless, Geronimo was able to continue to oppose and defy the troops under General Miles and the Mexican troops from April until September. And then, on September 3, 1886, at Skeleton Canyon, Geronimo told General Miles that he (Geronimo) would die fighting unless the terms of surrender were to his liking.

And we learn from a combination of official records and Geronimo's statement and the subsequent history of the hostiles, that General Miles made haste to promise Geronimo that his life and the lives of all of his people would be spared; that the government would protect and provide for them; that they would be given lands and homes and stock and implements, etc., and that Geronimo, himself, would not be required to do any work as long as he lived. Thus it is obvious that the only punishment inflicted upon Geronimo was exile from the mountains and trails he loved so well—and the consequent enforced abandonment of his annual outings for pillage and murder in Mexico.

Having accepted exile, Geronimo abandoned his former harsh weapons of stratagem and force and substituted in their stead the more genteel qualities of tact and diplomacy. It was the exercise of these qualities through the medium of his strong personality that enabled him, throughout the period of his internment as

a prisoner of war, to obtain for himself many favors and advantages. His office of justice of the peace at Mount Vernon Barracks not only gave him a degree of authority, but also a modicum of dignity and responsibility. At Fort Sill, he maneuvered himself into the position of an "Indian scout" (actually a soldier in the regular army), which entitled him to wear the uniform and draw the pay and allowances of a cavalry soldier. His record as a ruthless renegade and his conduct as an interned prisoner of war made it possible for him to enjoy the exceptional advantages of spending periods varying from two to six months at the Omaha and Buffalo Expositions and the St. Louis World's Fair. These results prove that his tact and diplomacy served him well.

Geronimo declared more than once that no one could kill him, and it is by no means improbable that he believed this to be true. It cannot be doubted that he flirted with death many times during the decades when he was persistently and aggressively active as a ruthless raider and desperate outlaw, and it is easily possible that as, time after time, the grim reaper missed him by the narrowest of margins, he may have become convinced in his own mind that the Fates had decreed that he was not born to be killed.

And I have often thought that during the period he was fighting two armies in Mexico Geronimo was obsessed with another conviction,—viz:—that he was the sole arbiter of the question as to when he should rest on the reservation and when he should revel on the war-path. Certain it is that his success in dictating his own terms would justify that conviction.

Geronimo's last appearance in public—and the most spectacular exhibition in his remarkable career—occurred at Washington, D. C., on March 4, 1905, when, at the special request of the President of the United States, he and four other ex-renegade Indian war-chiefs, all duly striped and smeared and caparisoned, constituted a unique and conspicuous feature of the presidential inaugural parade as it moved with martial tread along that world-famed boulevard of the nation's capital—Pennsylvania Avenue.

Truly it may be said that, throughout his eventful career, Geronimo overcame and achieved in a masterful manner.

* * * * * * *

When I arrested Geronimo in 1877 and conveyed him 500 miles in shackles, **my official report of the affair was contained in a single paragraph,** and at the inception of this story I had no thought that it would extend itself to such length. However, when we reflect that these details involve events running through nearly half a century of frontier history, and are concerned with many

characters of more of less prominence, it may be considered that the narrative is well worth the space herein allotted to it.

The leniency extended to Geronimo by General Crook and General Miles is, to, me, inexplicable, and yet so far as these two military commanders are concerned I entertain only feelings of sincere regret. My deeper and stronger sentiments have ever gone out to the great mass of the Apaches who, in one way or another, have always paid the bitter penalties which should have been assessed against Geronimo, that professional renegade, and other Indians of similar desperate character ,as well as those in authority responsible for faulty management.

Three of the leading actors in this prolonged tragedy of misfortune, treachery and bloodshed have crossed the Great Divide. General George Crook and General Nelson A. Miles are sleeping their last, long sleep within monumented tombs amid the nation's honored dead in that great cemetery on the brow of Arlington, Virginia, and, as I was informed by an army officer stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, the mortal remains of Geronimo lie hidden there—IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

ARIZONANS IN SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

By A. D. WEBB

It has been thirty years since the Spanish-American War was fought. That conflict occurred in 1898. Arizona has a right to be proud of the record of the old territory in that sanguinary conflict. What became known as the Rough Rider Regiment, commanded by Colonels Wood and Roosevelt, included several companies composed of Arizona's virile manhood, many of whom had become prominent in Arizona before the war began. Among these were Major Alexander O. Brodie and Captains W. D. ("Bucky") O'Neill, J. L. B. Alexander and James H. McClintock. Among those who enlisted and served as privates through the Cuban campaign were C. E. Mills, now president of the Valley Bank, in Phoenix, and president of the Apache Powder Company, at Benson. When Mills enlisted he resigned the position of general manager of the Detroit Copper Company, at Morenci. Another private belonging to Company A, of which "Bucky" O'Neill was captain, was A. D. Webb, who at the time of his enlistment was editing a weekly newspaper at Safford, Arizona, and prior to that time was a co-owner and publisher of the Arizona Bulletin, associated with the present State Historian and writer of this article. When Mr. Webb left to join his company at Prescott, he promised to write letters back to the Arizona Bulletin giving some of his experiences and observations as a soldier. This he did, and several of these letters have been selected for the pages of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW. These letters are here appended:

"TEDDIE'S TERRIERS."

SOLDIERING WITH ARIZONA'S COWBOY VOLUNTEERS

(Special Correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

San Antonio, Texas, May 10, 1898.

As the doings of Graham's soldier boys up to the time they enlisted have been fully reported in the territorial papers, I did not write any letter last week.

The boys got here and all passed except one. He will go to San Antonio with the rest as first "sub," with transportation and rations.

Phoenix treated the Graham boys royally, but Prescott is evidently too familiar with regulars to know how to treat volunteer soldiers, and the "marble heart" and "frost" was about what we got.

After being sworn in we were sent to Whipple Barracks and introduced to Uncle Sam's fare of pork and beans. The pork was rather shy, but there was plenty of coffee, which, with a porterhouse and mushrooms (got the latter down town), pieced out our first day's fare.

The first night spent in barracks was enlivened by some very original profanity caused principally by the hardness of the floor, the scarceness of blankets, and the peculiar antics of a swarm of bedbugs. The latter were in good shipping condition and most of them branded U. S. on left hip.

The second day in barracks was spent in drilling foot movements. Fare did not improve much, but by taking one meal down town I succeeded in pulling through. At night it snowed, and about two inches covered the ground when we arose. The snow did not raise the temperature any, and but few of the boys were able to speak from hoarseness. The remarks made by those able to remark at all would not do to print.

The two troops left Prescott on Wednesday at 6:30. Prior to their departure a public reception was held on Court House Square. Speeches were made by the governor, adjutant general, Major Brodie, Captains O'Neill and McClintock, and other distinguished gentlemen. A battle-flag was presented to Company A by the ladies of Prescott, and a mascot in the way of a half-grown Arizona lion, a nasty young brute, ready to fight on the slightest provocation, and supposed to be typical of the Arizona contingent to the cowboy regiment.

The four thousand Prescottites followed the boys to the train and bid them Godspeed, amid the thunder of exploding powder and cheers from thousands of men, women and children.

When A. P. Junction was reached it began to snow and continued all night. There was no fire in the cars and the windows frosted over with the vapor rising from the inside of the cars. Chuck was scanty, as usual, and the boys put in a bad night.

Graham County has much to be proud of for the showing she has made. She not only got her full quota (16), but she got one extra. Out of seventeen men who went up to Prescott, every one was accepted, although no previous physical examination had been passed by any of them. There is not another county in the

territory but had men turned down by the examining surgeon. This shows that old Graham raises good stock.

Flagstaff has proven the most patriotic town thus far encountered. At 2 o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snow storm, with the mercury way below freezing, nearly the whole town turned out with the band and fireworks to give the boys a send-off.

While passing through El Paso some of A troop stole a Skye terrier and carried it along with the lion, attracting much attention on the road, as he was decorated in all kinds of shape, with a neat little red, white and blue ribbon tied to his tail.

Although we traveled some 250 miles out of the way, we are the first troops on the ground. Hurrah for Arizona! We arrived Saturday morning at 4 o'clock and were immediately quartered in the exposition building at the fairgrounds. Our horses are not here yet, but the pack mules arrived this morning, and husky looking lot they were. We expect our uniforms today.

The Arizona contingent has been split into three troops. First Lieutenant Alexander has been promoted to Captain and Second Lieutenant Wilcox to first lieutenant.

All the boys from Graham County are in the best of spirits, and I don't think you could buy one of them off for $500 cash. From what we can learn we probably will be the first troops landed in Cuba, and the boys from Graham will be the first to land from the ship.

Trooper Rawhide,
(A. D. Webb.)

FIRST OF THE DEAD

MARSHALL BIRD, AN ARIZONA TROOPER, KILLED IN SAN ANTONIO.

(Special correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

San Antonio, May 9.—Marshall Bird, of Nogales, a member of the southern troop of Arizona Cavalry, died at 12:30 p. m. today. His death resulted from a fall from a horse. He was thrown by a vicious horse yesterday afternoon. His skull was fractured and he lay unconscious until death, eighteen hours later.

He was 19 years of age, and was the son of Capt. Allen T. Bird, proprietor of The Oasis at Nogales. He was a brilliant young man, well liked in the camp and bore promise of making a good soldier. His body will be returned to Nogales.

Trooper Rawhide.

AT THE FRONT

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM TROOPER RAWHIDE, AT TAMPA, FLA.

(Special correspondence to Arizona Bulletin)

On board the U. S. Transport Yucatan, Port Tampa, Fla., June 11, 1898.

When the Rough Riders came aboard the transport Yucatan on Tuesday last, most of us were of the opinion that we were to put to sea at once, and would ere this time be landed on Cuban soil. But it has turned out that our officers are neither prophets nor sons of prophets, and we are still lying idle on the placid waters of the bay—thirty big transports and several small fighting vessels. We spent Tuesday night anchored about one-half mile from the pier, the bands on the different ships indulging in a sort of a contest until about ten o'clock when the welcome sound of the bugle call "lights out" notified the tired soldiers that they would be permitted to sleep till reveille for the first time in three days.

Troop A was most fortunate in securing quarters, as we were allotted the deck "aft the cabin." At any other time in their lives, probably some of our men would have "kicked" at sleeping on a hard, bare floor, with a saddle blanket and rubber "poncho" for bedclothes, but when compared with the sweltering wretches packed like sardines down on the third deck in double berths, three sections high, our position is about the same as the president of a railroad in a palace car and emigrants in a tourist sleeper.

We were all paid off the night we broke camp—presumably so we could buy what we wanted to eat for a week or so, and give someone holding a fat job a chance to steal the money appropriated for our rations. Wednesday morning, not having any chance to spend their money, all kinds of glambling games opened. The "Shark" was there in most every troop, with the old loaded dice and sanded monte cards; likewise the "sucker" to blow in his money against a sure thing. The devotees of the great American game of poker could be found safely ensconsed in sheltered nooks, standing pat on a pair of deuces, or cursing his luck when holding a full hand as in days of yore. The sports from Graham County "chipped in" and opened a crap game, but they were foolish enough to use "square" dice and were speedily taken in. A wet blanket was soon thrown over the boys of sporting proclivities, however, when it was announced that Gen. Miles had issued

an order forbidding all gambling in the army. The gallant warriors now play nothing but seven up "for fun," and practice a little at "jacks up," using cartridges instead of money—so they will not get rusty.

The Disciples of Walton got out their fish-hooks and lines Wednesday and put up all sorts of jobs on the finny inhabitants of the bay, but as the catch failed to aggregate the amount of bait used, we concluded that the fishermen were not very successful—at least until they get to writing home and telling their friends what they caught.

Thursday we went back into harbor and loaded a few carloads of freight aboard. As the stuff was all in packages of from 100 to 700 pounds each, the work was "light and easy."

Friday your correspondent and three other unlucky troopers from Arizona were on what is known as old guard fatigue duty. We reported to the proper sergeant and were given brooms and told to take off our shoes and stockings. We did as ordered and were then introduced to a large rubber hose, which, with the assistance of the "old guard fatigue" from the other troops, we hauled all over the three decks of the ship and gave it a thorough scrubbing. Before we got through with this job we could have given an old-time Mississippi River steamboat mate some nice points in the art of profanity. The next time your "Uncle Fuller" is on the "old guard fatigue" on board a ship, he is going to hide out.

The way they have of doing business in this country makes a western man sick. Over half a million dollars have been turned loose, in pay to the soldiers alone, during the past ten days and there is but one store in the place, and after fighting one's way to the counter—which usually takes about a half-hour—he will then find one clerk behind the counter in a large building and probably not a blessed article he came for. A live business man could have made a fortune here. "Niggers" have made from $25 to $50 a day selling boiled fish, lemonade, sandwiches, etc.

The boys are all enjoying a bath in the waters of the bay once or twice a day, and for the first time since we enlisted we can keep clean. There are no facilities for washing clothes, however; otherwise, except for the men on duty, a cavalryman's life on shipboard would be the ideal existence for a lazy man. It seems quite strange not to be kept on the hop from morning to night, but one can't groom horses, lead them to water, and ride them all over the landscape on board a ship 300 feet long.

There is a good deal of feeling at Tampa between the white and colored soldiers, and a great deal of rough and tumble fighting has been the result, and a few negroes have been killled. A colored house of prostitution was burned down yesterday by a party of white soldiers who had been attacked by the inmates armed with pistols, soda bottles, etc.

There are nearly 40,000 soldiers and government employes here and every store and saloon in the place has sold everything they had to sell at double prices.

Trooper Rawhide
(A. D. Webb).

Trooper Rawhide writes interesting letters descriptive of the voyage to Santiago.

A collision narrowly averted. The men taken were real cowboys. Slow time. Santiago at last.

Wednesday, June 15, '98.

After "fiddling" around for a month, sailing orders were finally received and the fleet having the largest army of invasion in the history of modern warfare, weighed anchor and steamed out toward the Gulf of Mexico last Monday afternoon at about 4 p. m. When the mouth of the bay (about 30 miles distant) was reached the ships dropped anchor and swung idly at their mooring until about 2 p. m. the next day, when the squadron again got under way and stood out to sea. It was a grand and imposing sight to see the thirty big transports with about 1000 men each, steaming out in a "column of fours" while the half dozen or more fighting ships deployed as skirmishers and flankers on the front and on either side, keeping up a sharp look-out for Spanish ships.

The Yucatan, or No. 8, on which the thoughts of Arizona are doubtless now centered, as she bears all the Rough Riders picked for this expedition, narrowly escaped a collision on the way out and it was a pleasure to see the men stand firm and not flinch for a moment in the face of peril that produced almost a stampede on the part of the sailors of the two ships. When the danger was passed the cavalrymen on the Yucatan jeered the infantrymen on the other craft in true soldier fashion, telling them they could not get out of the way of an ox-cart; and the "dough-boys" retaliated that we had better get a new crew before we went to sea or they would likely have the pleasure of riding our horses in Cuba while we furnished food for the fishes.

All day long we have been out of sight of land and there is a delightful uncertainty about where we are going. Some say we are headed for Porto Rico, others that Havana, Santiago de Cuba or some other point in Cuba is our destination. I think we will stop at Tortugas. Key West is out of the question, as we are about 100 miles out in the Gulf.

The status of our outfit is the source of some comment among the boys. They used to call us the R. R. R.—Roosevelt's Rough Riders—but when our horses and six-shooters were taken away from us, some facetious cuss dubbed us the W. W. W.'s—Wood's Weary Walkers. Now they have put us on a ship armed with dynamite gun and a battery of rapid fire guns, and we have come to the conclusion that we must belong to Capt. Jinks' famous band of horse-marines.

The dynamite gun on the bow is something of an experiment, we understand, and we are told that if a shot from it—112 pounds in weight—strikes within a hundred yards of an iron-clad, it will sink it. As there are some 3000 or 4000 pounds of this ammunition piled up in the bow, the result of an explosion can readily be conjectured. The other night we were struck by a "white squall" accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning. We all agreed that if lightning struck us we would knock a hole in the bottom of the sea.

A troop has lost its comfortable quarters. We are now down in the hold where the ambitious mercury rises to some hundred odd each night when we are supposed to be sleeping.

As there has been considerable discussion in Graham County as to the men she sent to the war, I will give a brief account of each one in this expedition. The rest of the Graham County were left at Tampa:

Griffin—cowboy and miner, broke bronchos in the Sulphur Springs Valley and vicinity for seven years. An excellent shot and crack rider.

May—cowboy and teamster. Has ridden on the range for ten years in Arizona and California. Good rider and rifle shot.

Van Sicklen—cowboy; worked cattle for different outfits in San Simon and Graham mountain range country. Excellent rider and good shot with rifle.

Tuttle—rancher and student. Has ridden horses all his life. Can rope and ride bronchos. A fair shot.

Paxton—rancher, a good rider and marksman.

Stark—farmer; a fair rider and crack shot with pistol.

Webb—printer; indifferent rider. A fair shot with rifle.

Bugbee, Fred—farmer and railroad man; an average rider. Don't know about his marksmanship.

McCarter—printer; good rider. Can catch a horse, shoe him, saddle and ride him. As good an all round man as there is in the troop. Don't know about his marksmanship.

Santiago de Cuba, June 20, 1898.

For just one week and a day we have been aboard the old craft, and for seven days we have been steaming steadily southeast. In an ordinary sort of a steamship we would have been nearing the coast of Africa, but in very truth we have but arrived in the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba. We have averaged a speed of about six miles an hour since the start.

The food has been as usual; very poor in quality and devilish little of it. One could occasionally go down by the kitchen window where the meals for the officers and shipmen are cooked and "bum a hand-out" from the cook, if he put up anywhere from two bits to a dollar for the privilege. Ice water has sold on the ship for five and ten cents for a half of a cupful, and other things in proportion. Uncle Sam is very liberal in promises, but by the time a soldier gets what is rightfully his own he is usually dead and does not need it. If any of the relatives of the Arizonans happen to catch any of the smart Alecks who have circulated the stories about all the supplies being forwarded to the soldiers and sold at cost plus transportation, they will please hang them immediately, and wait till we get home for the trial. That patriotic gentleman, Armour, is working off a lot of "salt horse" on the army that would make a dog sick, under the name of prime roast beef. We got a consignment of the aforesaid, which together with hard-tack and, occasionally, beans and very weak coffee, has made up our feed for the last ten days.

The only thing there seems to be plenty of aboard this ship is whiskey (at $20 per gallon)and beer (as warm as dish-water) at twenty-five cents a small pint bottle. In his young days your correspondent has experimented with some pretty tough bug extract in Arizona, yet he can truthfully say that he has never tackled any red liquor that would come up to the standard of this rat poison sold right here on board this government ship.

We have had an exceptionally smooth voyage. There has been but very little seasickness aboard and but four or five men have been transferred to the hospital ship en route. This speaks

better for the physical condition of the men than it does for the good management of those supposed to look out for our welfare.

Thursday, while skirting the Cuban coast, we fell in with a small sail boat clear out of sight of land. There were six occupants in the boat and the single star banner of Cuba floated defiantly at the masthead. As we passed the gallant little craft, she showed her teeth and fired a salute with a Winchester. We responded with rousing cheers and steamed away, leaving the tiny craft alone in the rolling waves. Today at noon we passed a place called Cayanejos (or some other name), where a battle has just ended between a force of U. S. marines, 800 strong, and a large Spanish force. A U. S. gunboat came out and informed us that 160 Spaniards were killed and 200 wounded and 18 taken prisoners. The American loss was 8 killed.

We are told that we are to land in the morning. Our guns are all cleaned and oiled, while our baggage is rolled in the long horseshoe roll, to be slung over the shoulder so that we can disembark at a moment's notice. Our belts are full of cartridges, and our canteens filled with water. Before this letter reaches its destination, the Arizona volunteers will probably have smelled powder for the first time on the field of battle.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE.

THE BULLETIN CORRESPONDENT IN THE BATTLE.

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM SANTIAGO WHICH TELLS OF HARD FIGHTING.

(Special Bulletin correspondence.)

Cuba, June 27, 1898.

As I predicted in my last letter, the Arizona Volunteers have been in battle, and under the most adverse circumstances. They acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. Not a man flinched and most of the boys stood under fire and made sport of the Spaniards and their shooting, even while the bullets are thick as bees, and men were being killed and wounded on every hand.

We stood out to sea the night after we came through the Windward Passage, and on the morning of the 22nd we came back about 18 miles from Santiago de Cuba and lay off the shore three or four miles, while the warships threw shells into the hills to prospect for Spaniards. The town was held by about 200 Spanish

troops but they hit the road in high places when the first shots were fired. We then steamed in and landed at 4 p. m. The Spaniards had fired the town and burned the railroad track and machine shops. They drove most of the Cubans away in front of them. We had been up since three o'clock in the morning. The food was scant as usual. No sooner were the American troops ashore than the insurgents began to pour in and tell what valorous deeds they would have performed if they had arrived a little sooner. They are a queer looking lot. All sizes, ages and colors; ragged beyond description, and armed with all kinds of guns, pistols and cutlery, from a stiletto to a machete four feet long.

We camped at the seashore that night, and were not permitted to unroll our blankets. We slept on the ground and about two inches of dew fell on us. It was very cold, and we were soaked to the skin when we arose. Got up a 4 a. m. and cooked breakfast. Then we loafed around until 4 p. m. Lots of cocoanuts and mangroves. I went with some other Graham County boys and brought in lots of nuts, first eating all the ripe ones and drinking all the juice from the green ones we could hold. While on this expedition we met about 500 insurgents lying in the brush. They told us we should be more careful as the country was full of Spanish Guerrillas. We replied that we would throw cocoanuts at them if they attacked us. The Cubans looked at us with their mouths agape at such talk.

At 4 p. m. we shouldered our baggage and started for the next town. We carried about 45 pounds per man and marched 12 miles in 4½ hours, with two rests of about 15 minutes each. Part of the march was made on a run.

It was fearfully warm, and the men began to drop from the line before we had proceeded a mile from camp. Before we had marched two miles the road was lined with men who could stagger along no farther, and the faint-hearted ones who gave up easily. Four regiments were ahead of us and the regular infantry did not stand the march any better than we did. All night long men were straggling into camp. We marched by all the troops ahead of us, except two regiments of cavalry who were on outpost duty. We cooked supper and then stood around in a pouring rain to hear the news of the day. The town had been attacked by the insurgents, and the Spaniards had beaten them back. Then the U. S. Regulars came up, fired a volley or two, and the Spaniards fled in the direction of Santiago de Cuda, taking all the Cubans—men, women and children—with them. Before they left, they beheaded 17 crippled who could not walk; so we were

told by some of the inhabitants who hid in the rocks and came down when we entered the town.

We turned in at 11 p. m. and slept in the mud till 3:30 a. m., when we were awakened by the bugle and given forty-five minutes to get breakfast and be ready to march.

When the sun rose on the morning of the 24th, we were climbing a steep hill about one mile long, with our packs heavier than the day before for the rain had soaked up during the night. The Rough Riders were in front—8 troops of about 60 men, each, strong. There were a few troops of the Tenth Regular Cavalry on the right, and some of the First Regular Cavalry farther out—about 900 men in all. When we got up the hill they hot-footed us along the crest of the ridge, through dense forest, for a few hours, when all at once the column was halted and the men told to keep quiet. Most of us were so tired by this time that we just dropped in our tracks to rest, but some of the boys sought the shade of trees. We moved on again a few hundred yards, and found that the "rabbit path" we had been following was rapidly developing into a fair road. We were then stopped again and deployed as skirmishers to the right of the road. Not a shot had been fired up to this time. We had advanced about 150 yards farther, a few scattering shots were fired, and almost instantly both sides were turned loose. The regular volleys of a few troops of the U. S. Regulars were broken by the rattling of the machine guns, which sounded like a dozen snare drums going off at once. Off to our right the boys were plugging away with a few Hotchkiss rapid fire guns and we, the Rough Riders, were popping away in true Arizona style, but only when we saw something tangible to shoot at. "Bucky" O'Neil walked along with A troop, joshing with his men as though we were drilling back in San Antonio, and he did not have any the best of it either, for when he gave the order to advance by creeping, the boys insisted on standing up and walking, claiming it was easier to walk than crawl through the Spanish bayonets and thick, tangled grass in front. By this time, we were getting into the ground where the Spanish have their guns trained when they planned the ambuscade, and bullets, explosive shells and balls from machine guns were whistling through our ranks like a swarm of bees and trimming a shower of branches from the trees overhead. We dropped down on our hands and knees and crawled about 100 yards closer to the enemy, when we came to a small, steep canyon, with a dense growth of small trees all around us. Here the command of halt was given and we laid down in skirmish order—two yards apart. We were then under a terrible

fire. I felt a bullet zip past my right ear; the man on the left of me said he saw a twig cut clean off about two inches above my head. Archie Tuttle was on my right side about four feet away, and a bullet struck the ground about six inches from him and threw dust all over him. The sergeant of our squad was the second man from me on the left, and was lying very low behind some small brush. A bullet split a three-inch sappling just beside his head and the splinters flew in his face. The trees above us to a height of twelve feet were literally cut to pieces. It was evident that the Spaniards had their machine guns trained a little too high—no doubt intending to kill us all off when we stampede. But we did not stampede. We kept inching a little closer trying to locate them, and occasionally getting a shot at a Spaniard who was away from the main body. Finally the firing ceased, and we took up a position to the front and waited. The heavy firing shifted to other parts of the field, but a scattering rain of bullets kept dropping on A troop. During the heaviest firing we had two men killed—Corporal Dougherty and Private Ligget—both from the northern part of the territory. Dougherty was shot through the head and Ligget though the heart. Neither spoke after being hit. After the firing ceased we marched about a half-mile and rested in the shade of some trees along the road. The roll of A troop was called and everyone who went into the fight, except the dead, answered "Here." There had been no straggling nor running. Every step taken during the fight had been taken toward the enemy, and we had to stand for some time under a fierce fire, and we could not return it for fear of hitting other U. S. troops. We were flanked so badly at one time that we all thought our own men were shooting into us from the rear.

Too much praise cannot be given Captain "Bucky" O'Neill for his part in the fight. Totally regardless of his own safety he walked up and down the line looking after his men and when he could do no more he calmly rolled a cigarette and took a smoke.

After the dead had been brought in we went on ahead a half a mile, cooked our dinner, came back and went into camp on the very ground occupied by the enemy during the fight.

At one time A troop was within 100 yards of the Spanish firing line, but they were so well concealed and using smokeless powder that we could not see them, which was probably fortunate for them.

B troop had three wounded—including Capt. McClintock. C troop was not in the fight. Major Brodie, of Prescott, was wounded in the arm.

The Graham County boys in the fight were Van Sicklen, Griffin, Bugbee, Paxton, Stark, McCarter, Tuttle, Webb and Mills, the man from Morenci, who joined A troop at San Antonio. None of us was hit, fortunately, but the fatigue of the march and fight did some of us up pretty severely. Wallace Stark is in the hospital today, but not very ill. The rest of us are ready for duty.

The next morning, with a very impressive service, the bodies of our nine comrades lost in the battle were interred in a trench, while thousands of buzzards floated overhead and added to the dreadful feeling which is experienced amid such scenes. They had found a man whom I had known well in the regiment, and I hope I never again see such a spectacle as he presented. The buzzards are reported to be getting fat on the Spaniards who fell in the dense brush where our men could not find them to bury.

We camped on the battlefield two nights, and then moved up two miles nearer to Santiago de Cuba, establishing a camp which we will probably hold until the final assault. We march out and do our scouting sentry and outpost duty and then come back to camp. We are pretty close to the city. I think a big battle is imminent.

Several funny things happened during the fight. An insurgent major boarded our transport before we landed, and after looking us over said we were a fine looking lot of fellows, but we needed machetas like his to cut our way through the Spaniards. During the fight he was seen "cutting his way" to the rear, and using his machete to beat his horse over the back. He has not been seen since.

The camp is now full of newspaper correspondents, and I suppose you have a better description of the fight than I have given, but devilish few of them were as near to the Spanish guns as your Uncle Fuller and the rest of the boys from Graham County. Tuttle was out on a scout yesterday with "Teddy" Roosevelt and five other "Terriors." We are all, with the exception of Stark, feeling pretty well. Grub is scarce, but we are good rustlers. A Spanish newspaper, printed since the fight, came into camp this morning. It stated that there were 60,000 Americans and 5,000 Spaniards in the fight. That our loss was 5,000, and theirs 250. In truth there were but 900 Americans in the scrap. The Lord only knows how many Spaniards there were. The Rough Riders tramped them out of the brush, and the 10th Cavalry killed them as they ran. That's about the style of it.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE

MORE OF HIS EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

MANY HARDSHIPS ENDURED. DEATH AND BURIAL OF "BUCKY" O'NEILL. THREE DAYS OF HARD FIGHTING. GRAHAM COUNTY BOYS WHO TOOK PART. TROOP A IN FRONT.

(Special Bulletin Correspendonce)

In the trenches before Santiago de Cuba, July 17, 1898.

Since my last letter the people of Arizona have probably become satisfied regarding the motive which prompted some two hundred young men in the cactus territory to throw up good jobs and respond to the president's first appeal for Americans to come to the front. We have been tried in a manner almost unknown to volunteers, and I will leave it to future historians to say if we have been found wanting.

The battle has been fought; the enemy made to humbly sue for peace, and on the roll of honor Arizona has some fifteen names of men who fearlessly laid down their lives at their country's call; and in the hospitals and on the convalescent list about twenty more may be found, who bear the marks of Spanish bullets and shells. In the hospitals may be found a dozen more, equally brave men, who are victims of the deadly fever and other diseases, brought on by the fearful privation and exposure we have been compelled to undergo. We have suffered heavy loss, the worst being in the death of Capt. "Bucky" O'Neill, than whom a braver man never led soldiers to battle. Standing erect, midst a storm of bullets, laughing and joking with his men, he met his death as other heroes have met theirs before him. He was buried near the spot where he fell by his own men, two of whom had stood guard over his remains from the moment he was shot until his body was tenderly laid to rest. No parson was there to tell of the nobleness of his character, and his funeral dirge was the whistle of bullets and the scream of shells. "Bucky" is dead, but death will close the eyes of the last trooper who fought under him ere he is forgotten.

The battle of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of July has been described, no doubt, by far abler writers than myself, and is now almost an-

cient history in the United States, so I will not attempt a description. "A" troop was there from start to finish. We were sent out alone at daybreak to make a scout to a point some two miles to the left of the line. Without breakfast we started cheerfully and scouted a country where we could all have been ambushed and killed at any time had the enemy been in that direction. The only thing we saw, however, was some skulking guerrillas, who got out of the way before we could shoot them.

Arriving at a high point your correspondent, Archie Tuttle, Frank Paxton and a few others, who had been sent on ahead as skirmishers, had a fine view of the bombardment preceding the assault. We could see the great 8-inch shells as they soared through the air, both from our own and our enemy's guns, and could follow those we could not see by the peculiar hissing screech which once heard will never be forgotten. When it was found the enemy could not be dislodged by cannonading, we were recalled to the regiment to take part in the assault. On our way back we passed a band of Cuban soldiers who had apparently been hiding in a deep ravine. A shell had found them out, however, and one of their number lay dead while two more were groaning by the side of the trail we were traveling, badly wounded. I stopped and gave one of the poor devils half of the water in my canteen, and I can yet hear the "Gracias, Senor," the poor fellow uttered. Many times that day, with throat parched and burning, I thought of that water.

We soon came up with our regiment and hurried toward the front. It was getting fearfully hot and our clothes were soaked with perspiration. The bullets commenced to whistle about us and the air seemed full of explosive balls used by our enemies. We were seasoned soldiers now, however, and smiled in contempt at the man who ducked his head when one popped near him. When we came to a dead man we simply glanced at him to see if he was an acquaintance, then passed on. We soon came up with the firing line and were ordered to lay down and not shoot, as there were some of the Tenth and First Cavalry between us and the enemy. We lay down in an open field and the sun got in its work to such an extent that two of the men were unable to rise and go on when ordered to advance. Our position was in front of a battery which the enemy were trying to silence with cannon and machine guns. Shells, bullets and all kinds of old scrap iron whistled and screamed over our heads, but we lay close to the ground and escaped with very little injury.

We next moved about one hundred yards nearer to the enemy and took a position along a wire fence by the side of the public road. As we lay in this position we were exposed to a very heavy fire from sharpshooters in the trees. At this point our captain was killed. The death of Captain O'Neill seemed to paralyze the troop, as no one appeared to know what to do. After awhile we lined up with the other troops of our regiment and when the order to advance was given each man in the troop started out to do a little fighting on his own account, to get even with the Spaniards. Wherever the fighting was the hottest that day there could be found men from Arizona in the forefront of the battle. With the dusky warriors of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, wherever they charged the enemy could be found the Rough Riders from Arizona. Troop and regimental formation was thrown to the wind; the men were after Spanish blood, and from the fact that some of the members of "A" troop fired from 200 to 300 shots, I guess they got it.

After heights were taken, a continuous fire was kept up until it was so dark we could not see. Then the guns were dropped and the tired troopers rested by working till daylight with pick and shovel, building entrenchments. Such is the account of the doing of the men from Arizona on the 1st of July. On the 2nd, the enemy found us almost as strongly entrenched as themselves. This appeared to make them mad and they opened on us again and tried to shell us off the hill. We refused to leave it, though we lost several men from shells and a few from bullets. The fight was kept up all the 2nd and until noon on the 3rd, when a truce was declared. The Graham County men in the fight were Fred Bugbee, Frank Van Sicklen, Archie Tuttle, A. D. Webb, McCarter, Frank Paxton and C. E. Mills. Bugbee was the only Graham County man wounded, getting a scalp wound from a Mauser bullet. McCarter got a hole in his shirt, and Webb one through his legging.

I have been a long time writing this, but we were nearly dead after the fight, and duty was very heavy and chuck scarce. We are now sparring for points with Yellow Jack. I weigh 145 pounds. The bullet that hit me perforated my legging, took the skin off my shin and made a black and blue spot about as big as a dollar and a half. It is all right now. Griffin and May, from Graham County, are reported sick. Stark is sick in camp here.

It rains every day here, and we are wet all the time. It is a devil of a country to live out doors in.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

TROOPER RAWHIDE

WRITES HIS LAST LETTER FROM CUBA. THE ARIZONA BOYS TIRED AND SICK.

The following interesting letter from Troope Rawhide was written in camp near Santiago a short while before the Rough Riders sailed for Long Island.

Santiago de Cuba, August 4, 1898.

We have now been lying in this "recuperation" camp for seventeen days, and for a "healthy" location to go to and rest up in, it is a selection worthy of the mighty brain and ponderous intellect of even a commanding general of the United States' Armies. I don't believe there is a blessed soul among the four hundred-odd Rough Riders, who constitute the remnant of a regiment on this island but who has been sick for a greater of less period of time since we pitched our tent on this healthy (?) campground, excepting, perhaps, a few commissioned officers who go to town, four miles away, whenever they please; ride on the bay; eat and drink what they wish, and have a "dog robber" to cook for them while out here in camp. Even some of these gentlemen (by an Act of Congress) have over-played their hands and are lying in town awaiting to get well, or sober, before returning to this sweet-scented camp.

Nearly everyone in camp is fairly putrid with dysentery. Chills come around each day to shake the majority of us to see if we are still alive. When the chills get tired, along comes a most diabolical kind of fever which is warranted to burn a man up entirely in just three hours; it usually stops a trifle short of that spontaneous combustion point, much to the disappointment of the poor victim. Strange as it may seem, though, very few deaths have occurred from natural causes among the Rough Riders so far, but I will make a prognostication that a pestilence will sweep the camp before September 15, if we remain here.

As the people will be interested in the condition of each man from Graham County, and they are probably a fair average of the camp, I will deal with each personally:

Fred Bugbee, shot in the head at San Juan Hill, has recovered from his wound, and has been wrestling with chills and fever until he looks like a spirit from another world.

May and Griffin have been shipped back to the United States. Both reported very sick on the hospital boat.

Wallace Stark is confined to his tent. Doctor unable to diagnose his case. Has not reported for duty for over two weeks.

C. E. Mills, of Morenci, sick in town; don't know how bad.

Frank Van Sicklen, chills and fever; not able to report for duty.

Frank Paxton stood the climate well; been confined to tent only two or three days during the last three weeks.

Archie Tuttle has got fat since landing on the island. The chills and fever, however, have been sparring a couple of rounds with him every other day for the past week, but don't seem to be getting much the best of the contest so far.

A. D. Webb has stood the trip well and with the exception of losing some fifty pounds in weight, through dysentery and violent exercise, is all right, though not so corpulent as in days of yore.

McCarter has stood the campaign fine. He is now in town, and I understand has been detached and is working in a printing office.

That's the way we are hooked up and you can judge for yourself whether the health of the regiment is "wonderful" or not. The hospitals are tents; the whole country is soaked with water; it rains every day; we have nothing worth the name of a tent to shelter us, and yet we are told to keep dry and clean by a lot of jays sent here by the government to masquerade under the name of "doctors" (?).

We drew new uniforms the other day, and what in the name of the master of ceremonies in the infernal region we are going to do with them I do not know. Had there been any more brass buttons and yellow cloth in the United States they doubtless would have been used on these gaudy uniforms. When fully "ragged out" a Rough Rider trooper now looks about like R. Allyn Lewis, Arizona's brave adjutant general, in full dress, and a drum-major rolled into one. There are shoulder straps on the shoulders, a belt, pleats in the back and front, a high gold collar—and buttons, buttons everywhere. One of the boys put his on at once and took a stroll up through the camp. All the regulars saluted him, taking him for a captain at least.

Troop "A" drew these wonderful uniforms shortly after the daily rain, when the "company street" of this gallant troop was about the blackest, dirtiest mud in has ever been my ill-fortune to plant my foot in. It came to within an inch of the top of our government brogans, which have to be laced with extra care to prevent pulling off while en route from one end of the "street" to the other. A pair of canvas overalls and a blue woollen shirt is good enough for me to campaign in Cuba with, and I think I voice the sentiment of every enlisted man in the Rough Rider Regiment when I say it is good enough for all of us. Personally, I will say that it is my belief that if the United States wishes to make jackasses out of its soldiers, it should load them down with something besides dress parade suits of clothes that will be spoiled before we get a chance to put them on.

There are all kinds of rumors afloat. Some say we go to Porto Rico, others that we will be sent to the United States shortly, while still others say we are going to stay here and make a campaign of the island. They can send us to the devil, so far as I am concerned, if they will only move us from these fever-soaked hills around Santiago de Cuba.

Trooper Rawhide.
(A. D. Webb).

HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ARIZONA AND THE NATION

Delivered before the Democratic Woman's Club of Maricopa County, Arizona, May 1, 1928, by Mrs. Mattie L. Williams

What a tremendous subject to be expressed in a few words! I suppose I am to tell what of it—what good it has done—what change has it made—has it been worth while?

Susan B. Anthony will no doubt stand out as the peer, or greatest of all woman suffrage leaders in our United States, and next I would place the name of Dr. Anna K. Shaw. There are many others I will not mention, but feel duty bound to mention Alice Paul.

I shall not tell what has been accomplished in other countries, but only in our own.

Following is a quotation of Elihu Root, U. S. Senator from New York, taken from a pamphlet issued by the National American Woman Suffrage Association:

"I believe it (the granting of suffrage to women) to be false philosophy; I believe it is an attempt to turn backward along the line of social development, and that if the step ever be taken we go centuries backward on march toward a higher, a nobler and a purer civilization, which must be found not in confusion, but in the higher differentiation of the sex."

We all know how doubts and objections were raised in regard to woman suffrage. Summed up, there were really two objections: (1) The superiority of the male complex, and (2), the inferiority of the female complex.

The Susan B. Anthony amendment was first introduced into Congress in 1878 by Senator A. A. Sargent of California, exactly as she drew it up, and was as follows:

Section I. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by any state on account of sex.

II. Congress shall have power by appropriate legislation to enforce the provision of this Article.

There was an equal suffrage association that did active work in Kansas and in 1861 the women there were given school suffrage. The women banded together to not give up until entire suffrage was won.

The ablest leaders of the suffrage organizations, however, were in the East. They labored forty years intensely, but no

suffrage referendum was secured. The women of Wyoming voted in 1869, in Utah in 1870, in Colorado in 1876, while Washington gave suffrage to women in 1883 and re-enacted this law in 1889—twenty years for these four states. In 1896 the suffrage amendment carried in Idaho.

In 1896 California went Republican and voted against the suffrage amendment; and the Brewers & Wholesale Liquor Dealers Association defeated the suffrage amendment submitted by voters of California in 1882, 1900, 1906, 1908, 1910 and 1912.

After Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and Washington had suffrage for women, there were only two remaining territories, Arizona and Oklahoma, and here as elsewhere, the saloons checkmated every effort to secure suffrage.

It is time to pause and pay tribute to whom tribute is due—the saloons were running riot. It seemed that the main object for the Brewers Association was the political protection of trade. All will admit that this organization directed its powers in defense of liquor interests. In 1874 the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized which was the largest woman's organization in any country. It was proven beyond a doubt the same men who conducted anti-prohibition campaigns were against suffrage amendment, one of the worst features being that the liquor interests applied the boycott to men favoring suffrage as they did to those favoring prohibition. The state of Ohio encountered some of these hardest fought battles. The methods employed through the educational means of the W. C. T. U. were a great help and one of the biggest aids in winning national suffrage. Through unjust conditions the women were forced to fight their way to political liberty.

In 1912 suffrage amendments were submitted to the electors in six states: Arizona, Kansas, Oregon, Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio. Arizona, Kansas and Oregon won, the other states lost.

The first bill approved by the Governor of Alaska (1913) was woman suffrage, and in 1913 Illinois women won the right to vote for the President of the United States, for municipal officers, and for those state officers not named in the State Constitution as eligible by votes of male electors only. Illinois had an electoral vote of 29. This victory for woman suffrage affected the nation. The day following the Illinois municipal election, newspapers announced that women had closed more than one thousand saloons. Liquor trade papers reported, "We told you so."

In 1914 referendum for woman suffrage in seven states was submitted. Only two won, Montana and Nevada. Though only two states were won in this year, active plans were made for Federal Suffrage Amendment. The last of all suffrage conventions came to an end February, 1920.

While the American women labored for woman suffrage, twenty-six countries gave the vote to their women. America's delay no doubt was due to trading and trickery, the buying and selling of American politics. In some places bosses wanted to assert "their rights" as though they were kings; but in our Democratic Party, where many of our leaders were supporters of woman suffrage, women were given a welcome and at once national committeemen shared honers with our national committeewomen. When women came into politics they did not expect to lead, and as yet have shown no signs of leading, but they do want to have their say, and not only wanting to say, but does say by her ballot.

The suffrage amendment was finally passed by Congress June 14, 1919. From January 10, 1878, when the bill was introduced by Senator Sargent, until June 14, 1919, the term was forty years and six months. The amendment was continuously pending, sometimes favorable, sometimes adverse reports. In all that time the Senate committees made six reports only, and the House committees made five in the thirty-five years between 1878 and 1913.

After the suffrage amendment was passed by Congress, it had to be ratified by legislatures of at least 36 states. All but ten states did ratify the amendment. So the women of the following ten states were given the right to vote by the men of the other states: Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida. I am sure we are all justly proud that our state ratified.

At noon February 12, 1920, the first special session of the Fourth State Legislature of Arizona voted to ratify the suffrage amendment. Attached to the House Bill were the names of Mrs. Nellie Haywood, Mrs. Rosa McKay, Mrs. J. W. Westover and Mrs. Pauline O'Neill. The resolution was signed and went promptly to the Senate, which adopted the ratifying resolution at 9:10 P. M. of the same day.

Woman suffrage agitation was started in Arizona in 1901 and a bill granting full suffrage was passed by the Legislature, but was vetoed by Governor Brodie on constitutional grounds. A real active campaign was begun in 1909 led by Mrs. Frances Wil-

lard Munds of Yavapai County, who was assisted by a number of prominent women, especially members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The Legislature was unwilling to act, resort was taken to the people and in 1912 women were given the right of suffrage two to one. The vote cast was for 13,452 to 6,202 against. At the first election, after women had suffrage in Arizona, Mrs. Munds was elected to the State Senate, to this date the only woman filling this place in Arizona. In the House of the Legislature, the following have served: Mrs. Rachel Berry, Mrs. Nellie Bush, Miss C. Louise Boehringer, Mrs. J. H. Westover, Mrs. Theodora Marsh, Mrs. Rosa McKay, Mrs. Vernettie O. Ivy, Miss Gladys Walker and Mrs. B. E. Marks, the last one the only Republican woman.

The first meeting to discuss the experience of women in politics was held about ten years ago and was attended by fourteen nations. People from Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, Germany, Czecho Slovakia, Scandinavia, Holland, France and Belgium were represented. They discussed the questions: Is there a reaction against woman suffrage in your country? If so, how does it show itself? And why does it exist. This was found to be true: That no country had a movement to take the vote away from women, nor was there any expressed desire to do so. There was in every land a resistance to equality in political fields. You know the saying that men are afraid of women voters; some men think women are not "needed" in politics. Many times men have failed to clean up their politics because women have suffrage; they must not expect the women to clean up what they have been centuries making.

In the United States two women have served as Governors—many have served in a judicial way—judges of supreme court, etc., and many as members of the legislature—and serving with credit to their sex, their party and their nation. There is nothing the matter with woman suffrage in the United States. It is wholesome—it surely supports the Eighteenth Amendment. Our critics are slowly becoming reconciled, though the process is a little painful to some.

I am indebted to State Historian Major Geo. H. Kelly, to the Story of the Woman's Party by Inez Haynes Irwin, to Woman Suffrage and Politics by Carrie Chapman Catt and Nettie Rogers Shuler, and to the librarians of the Phoenix Public Library for the information and helps that have made it possible for me to condense this little bit of history on woman suffrage.

NOTE—Now for the year 1928; Arizona was not slow to place honor and responsibilities on woman. In April of this year Mrs. Fannie B. Gaar was elected Mayor of Casa Grande, Pinal County. The first woman Chairman of any County Central Committee in Arizona was elected in September. Mrs. P .W. Hamilton, of Coolidge in Pinal County, holds this office. She is a Democrat—she will make good. Then, to balance affairs, she has a man for her secretary. Think of that! Your humble servant has served as secretary two years and treasurer four years on Maricopa County Central Committee, but always there was a man for Chairman.

MATTIE L. WILLIAMS.

THE FIRST PIONEERS OF THE GILA VALLEY

(As Related by MRS. C. A. TEEPLES of Pima, Arizona.)

Many have attempted to tell who the first Gila Valley pioneers were in Graham County. They have told it in public and have printed it in the valley paper. Most of the earliest pioneers have passed away, but they still live in the minds of all of the true early pioneers, and those who speak of the first pioneers, in most cases, have either forgotten or do not know the facts.

I am taking the liberty to tell who the first pioneers who came to the Gila Valley were; how they were sent and what they experienced after arriving. In 1879 William Teeples came twice to the Gila with two different companies from Northern Arizona, in search of a new home. Some liked the valley, while others did not. Those who were favorably impressed went to Jesse N. Smith, who was then president of the Snowflake Stake of Latter Day Saints, and reported conditions and their desires, and asked for his advice in regard to colonizing the valley of the Gila. President Smith told the men that he would go to Show Low, where their camp was located and organize their colony. President Smith then took with him a company and went to Show Low and held a meeting at the home of Moses Cluff. At this meeting, J. K. Rogers was chosen and set apart as presiding elder in the church, with William Teeples as first, and Henry Dallas as second counselors, and Hyrum Weech, secretary. These leaders were instructed by President Smith to obey counsel and they would get along all right. The little colony then made rapid preparations to start on their journey. With the men, women and children they numbered about twenty-five souls. The men and women drove the teams while the boys drove the loose cattle, and everything proceeded well.

When we reached Camp Apache our men went to get supplies, so that we could continue on to the Gila Valley. When the officers of the camp heard of our travels they desired to secure the names and ages of every member of our company, and also wanted to know of trouble from the Indians, but we did not know of the danger at that time. We continued on and encountered some very bad roads. When we reached Black River we crossed over safely and camped for the night, but the next morning the men and boys had to remove the large rocks from the mountain road before we could go on. It was more of a trail than a

road, but after lots of hard work to get the way clear we passed on by hitching nearly every team to a wagon and pulling one at a time to the top of the hill. It took nearly the entire day to get over the hill. In descending the grade, it was necessary to lock each wheel of the wagon and tie a log behind to keep it from running over the horses. We made the journey with only the slight break of one bolt on a wagon and not a single accident, and reached the Gila in safety.

When we got to the Gila River we met a band of Indians. Our company had crossed the river and camped for noon. The men and boys went in swimming, and afterwards caught some fish. I was getting the dinner ready. I had a plateful of nice fried fish and a plate of warm bread ready for the table. There was a young Indian standing near; he watched his chance and when I wasn't looking he grabbed both bread and fish and ran. I then had to cook more bread and fish and this time kept it from the sight of the Indians. After dinner we gathered our belongings together and journeyed on. That night we camped near Mr. Moore's ranch, at Fort Thomas, and the next day, April 8, we arrived at Pima. It was afternoon. The first thing we did was to burn the tall grass for a camp site, where Pima now stands. There were lots of insects, mice and snakes, and burning the grass made it safer for a camp.

Tents were pitched and a townsite laid out into lots, and the men drew tickets for their lots, which were numbered. Each man went on his lot and went to work to improve it. They went to the river and cut cottonwood logs with which to build their houses, and exchanged work in building them. The first house finished was for J. K. Rogers. It had a combination roof of willows, tall rush grass, then finer grass mixed with clay mud, and, lastly, dry earth was put on to keep out the rain. Mr. Teeples' house was the first one built with windows, doors and floors. This one was built with two rooms, with a shed between. By the Fourth of July three more families had arrived. They were Heber Reed, John Busby and Sam Curtis.

We all joined together in celebrating this first "July 4th" on the Gila. There were also three other young men who had come from Show Low and were working for the ranchers. These young men did a good part in helping to make a success of the celebration. They brought some of the provisions to help out with the dinner. While some of the women were preparing the meal others were taking part on a program. After dinner the men and boys played games until chore time. Then came the dance in

the evening. Planks were arranged around the rooms for seats. Wm. Thompson played an accordian, while we all joined in the dance. Everybody was enjoying themselves in the promenade when Mrs. Patterson and her friends arrived, or, in other words, "a band of ruffians." We were unaware of their coming until they had unhitched their team and come to the house. There were four women and five men in the company. As our people were leaving the floor for their seats, after a dance, this group came rushing in and pushed to the center of the room. They were invited to be seated until it was their turn to dance. Each of the women had two revolvers and the men had one each. When they went on to dance they removed their weapons and laid them down. While the four couples were dancing the extra man slipped a revolver outside and hid it in the wagon. When it was discovered that the gun was missing the women made a great disturbance and began to accuse us "Mormons," and demanded to know who had taken it. Mr. Teeples asked them to be quiet and told them that it would be found and proven that our people did not take it. They searched the house and then went to the wagon and found it there hidden under some things. They were peaceable the balance of the time, but when they got started home they made a terrible racket and drove like Satan was after them. This was their introduction. They came again afterward.

Mr. Teeples had a good blacksmith shop and the ranchers often came to have their tools repaired; travelers would also stop for meals. Some were clothed like human beings, but had the manners of beasts—as wicked as sin could make them, and those who were with them who would be decent, were afraid to object to their actions for fear of death. One time a gang got into a fight, beat one man until they thought him dead, then rode off and left him. Later, some of them came back and found him still alive and asked our people to care for him until he was well which we did. Another time a man was taken away from the officers and carried some distance up Ash Creek and hanged to a walnut tree. Our people were asked to cut him down and bury him, which they did. Other things were very trying. Our cattle at one time all went blind and our men had a hard time to cure them from this infection. At times the Indians were so bad that some of the men would have to stand guard at night.

Many families came the first fall and winter. Some only remained a short time and then went to St. David, where they could get freighting as employment. Our men bought a threshing machine and threshed their own grain and hauled it, thus keeping

them in employment. They made their own flour at a great saving, as at that time flour was eight dollars a hundred. We would get four pounds of sugar for one dollar and other groceries were priced on the same basis. While the men were threshing they contracted malarial fever and were very sick. Mr. Wilton Hawes, whose wife had died before he left Utah, was living on Mrs. Patterson's ranch. He had a large family and they all took the fever and chills, and his daughter narrowly escaped death. Mrs. S. G. Rogers and I were called to go and care for this girl. We stayed all day, and worked with her until she was out of danger. That was on Friday. The next morning (Saturday) my son took sick with the same malady, and on Sunday he died. At this same time we were threatened with having our stock driven off and ourselves driven out on foot. But we weatheredd it in spite of all the discouragements and trials.

In 1879 our colony erected a log house in which to hold school and church services. In 1880 a number of new families arrived and we felt more secure. Still at times we were threatened. Never were men more faithful to their calling than were Mr. Rogers and Mr. Teeples. They went through all kinds of trials, which cannot be mentioned here. Mr. Teeples' greatest trial brought him to his bed, and he was heartsick when he died. He divided his last foot of land as an inducement to people to stay and help build the colony. He also bought grain for seed, which he gave to them; and he did other things as great. Finally he died trying to do all he could to hold the colony together. And he died penniless. Mr. Rogers was never the same afterwards, for he had to carry a double load. Rueben Fuller and Henry Dall had to taste the bitter pill also, but Mr. Dall later moved to Utah.

In the year 1880 Mr. Collins, of Ft. Thomas, sent a troop of soldiers up to drive the colony away, but Jack O'Neil, who was deputy sheriff of Ft. Thomas at the time, told the soldiers he would come with them and see what was wrong. He had the soldiers stop down in the wash, while he came to talk with the leading men. He found them peaceable and that there was no cause to molest us, and he sent the soldiers back.

In the summer of 1880 there was a small colony came from the Little Colorado and settled on the north side of the river. They rented land and planted it to corn and beans. Then they were stricken with chills and there was none well enough to take care of another. While they were in this troubled condition, the Indians made a raid on them. There was but one man able to move and he ran down to the river and started to cross. The river was

very high and soon his horse went down and left him to swim for his life. He had a hard time reaching the shore, and when he did it was near Mr. Moore's farm at Ft. Thomas. He called to a Mexican to bring him some clothing, as he had lost his in the river. He then borrowed a horse and rode up to Pima and gave the alarm about the Indians. Our men built a raft and brought the sick people across the river to Pima and cared for them until they were well. Mr. Teeples took three families to his home—twenty-five souls in all—stricken with chills and fever. Mr. Rogers and all others who could take a family did so.

There was a baby in one family and the mother and baby were very sick and sorely in need of help. When I found this out I helped them. Later that fall and winter there was another company came over the mountains, in great danger from the Indians, but the hand of the Lord guided them and they got through all right. About that time Al Kempton came with a company. The night before they arrived at San Carlos the soldiers and Indians had a battle, and when the company came off the mountain toward the river there were dead horses and dogs lying all around, and the teams had to turn out of the road to get past them. These are some of the things the first pioneers had to pass through the first two years on the Gila. These staunch old pioneers were ready to help all that needed help as long as they had a cent to do it with. With all these trials and hardships they were faithful and strong in the cause of truth, and rich in the spirit of the Lord, our Redeemer. Our men paid for the right-of-way, and made the first ditch, and made it possible for others to make homes here. Through all this, the Teeples and Rogers had suffered many hardships; nevertheless, but few know who the first pioneers were. The first pioneers are dead and forgotten, and others get the praise for something that does not belong to them. But there is still a spark of fire left that will not die, and when the wind blows in that direction it will come to life again. The children know what their parents have gone through. These men should not be forgotten, and when the different organizations of the young gather, these organizations should bear the names of the first pioneers and have the history of the community taught to them. The pioneers should have all the honor due them, for they went through more for the upbuilding of this valley than anyone, for they came here with plenty and died poor men. For the sake of these faithful pioneers, I will close with pleading, as the poet says, "Please don't let me die."

(Signed) MRS. C. A. TEEPLES,

Pima, Arizona.

"THE NOONAN"

(By J. A. ROCKFELLOW)

Every cowboy in Cochise County knows the Noonan Ranch, but surprisingly few people are familiar with its history.

From the town of Pearce, in the Sulphur Spring Valley, looking due west, one sees a long finger-like ridge of granite, a spur of the main Dragoon range, which extends south and terminates rather abruptly, whence a pretty grassy mesa extends beyond and flanks it on the east and on the west.

Butted against the end of this ridge Mike Noonan built a one-room cabin of stone and adobe, with door at south and fireplace at north end. Noonan was a big husky American-Irishman, a hard-rock miner and a man of much horse sense. The writer first met him at the old Signal Mine in Mohave County in 1878. By '81 Noonan had accumulated a small "stake" and embarked in the cattle business. He bought a small bunch bringing them to this risky but ideal cattle range. He sank a well in the arroya about 200 yards south of the cabin and watered the cattle by pulling water in buckets by hand.

From one side of the well he ran a drift above the water level which was partly concealed by timbers.

The following year he purchased an additional herd. Two miles northwesterly is the basin adjoining the historic Stronghold of Cochise. In this basin, which now contains the noted Buckley peach orchard, Noonan held the newly purchased herd temporarily because it was a simple matter to keep them from straying by guarding the entrance.

While Noonan had ridden hurriedly to his cabin to attend to his cattle there, a band of Apaches came swooping down from the north into the basin.

They had robbed a wagon train north of Willcox, killing the drivers, were red-handed from the raid and loaded with loot. Coming into the grazing cattle they shot them and speared them with their lances until every animal was dead or dying, this in pure wantonness. Later the writer counted 76 or 78 carcasses all within an area of a half mile.

Hurrying back Noonan heard the shooting and the shouting and through the opening in the hills could see the last of the slaughter.

Just then an Indian look-out on the north boundary ridge gave a signal: The "Boys in Blue" were coming on their trail and it was time to move. In the hurry of going two or three ponies were left behind as the Indians rode south, up the rocky ridge separating the basin from the Stronghold canyon. One Indian came back for the ponies but he was not observed by Noonan, who had watched the stampede and who, as soon as he thought it safe, rode in to see the wreck. Just as he passed the point that forms the narrow entrance a bullet whizzed by his head.

Mike was a good shot and cool. Almost instantly he was on the ground behind his horse and had a bead on Mr. Indian. His long sharp rifle cracked and the Apache fell like a stuck-ox. The bullet had caught him between the eyes. Noonan, as victor, got the ponies but was looser his seventy odd cattle.

The soldiers came charging soon after, but the Indians, with their fleet-footed ponies up in the rough rocks could out-travel the big cavalry horses and escaped.

It was an Apache custom to get their dead away from the hands of an enemy. The writer has known of them taking the most desperate chances to accomplish this. But in the case of Noonan's "good Indian" it was never done. His flesh was food for the coyotes and his bones left scattered about.

In 1883, General Crook, with the consent of the Mexican Government, followed the trail of the bronco Apaches into Mexico, and there made a treaty with them by which they promised to live peaceably on the San Carlos Reservation in eastern-central Arizona.

A few Indians returned with him; others followed in bands for a period of more than a year. But in June, 1885, they broke out under Geronimo and renewed their deviltry. In the early fall of that year the writer was living at the old N Y Ranch in the valley ten miles from Noonan's, and having some business with Noonan drove up in the early evening prepared to spend the night. About time to "turn in" a whoop from the outside announced the arrival of a friend. In those days it was a rule of precaution to whoop when approaching a ranch or a camp to avoid frightening the occupants or getting a charge of buckshot from someone who shot first and investigated afterwards. This caller proved to be James Crowley, manager of the 3 C Cattle Company, who had just come from Tombstone and who reported Indians in the middle pass of the Dragoon mountains.

The writer suggested to Noonan that as soon as the moon arose they drive down to the N Y and return next morning. Mike

said "No, but you must go as your horses are running in the Stronghold canyon and if you don't go and get them out before daylight the Indians will have them sure." Further he said he would take his gun and saddle, get down in the well in the drift and stay till the sun was well up. Then as the cattle came in to drink, if they were not excited he would know that no Indians were about.

The writer felt he ought not to leave Noonan but the latter insisted. Driving to the N Y he found a saddle-horse in the corral, mounting him he rode to the Stronghold and brought out the horse herd (a valuable group) and drove them down to the valley before the break of day. Just as he was leaving Noonan the latter said: "Wait a minute," and writing something on a slip of paper handed it over. Rather hesitatingly he said: "This is my sister's address. She lives in Baltimore. If anything should happen to me I want her to have what I leave."

In a few days the big raid occurred that took in the well known Sulphur Spring Ranch. The Indians headed south with a large herd of stolen horses. The few settlers in the community were soon mounted and after the forty or more Indians. The writer being exceptionally well mounted was selected to ride to some telegraph office and send word to General Crook at Fort Bowie. Dragoon was the nearest telegraph station, distant from Sulphur Springs about fifteen miles. After a lively ride and a deliberate return, one of the neighbors met the writer with the announcement "They got Mike." It seems that instead of keeping on south the Indians had spied a troop of cavalry moving leisurely along northward and had then turned and run west to the mountains. They entered Grapevine Canyon and kept on over the trail northwest to the basin where Noonan's cattle had been killed three years before. At the Grapevine two Indians evidently had left the main bunch and slipped along the rocky ridge south about a mile to the Noonan cabin. Their foot tracks could be seen in places. They had slipped down the rocky bluff back of the cabin and got around in range of the front door. The general supposition was that Mike was in the cabin, that his dog had barked or something had taken him to the door where he received the fatal shot. However, he must have lived some time and probably stood there, gun in hand, for his boots when found were full of blood and there was also a pool of blood just inside the door. Then as he became faint he had reeled back and fallen into the big fireplace at the other end of the cabin.

The Indians mutilated his body badly; they looted the cabin, took among other things the leather skirts from his saddle, leaving the saddle tree. They did not take the sharp rifle but rendered it useless by breaking the stock.

When the writer learned of the tragedy he thought at once of the slip of paper bearing the sister's address. It was still in his pocket-book. She was notified at once and as a result received quite a sum of money, though much of the proceeds of the estate was eaten up in administration costs and attorney fees.

The Noonan ranch is now owned by the Coronado Cattle Company of which Mr. A. Y. Smith is president.

TUCSON IN 1847

Reminiscences of Judg F. Adams—Description of the Fort, Etc.

(From Arizona Daily Citizen, June 13, 1889.)

Judge F. Adams, of San Louis Obispo, Cal., a partner of Mr. Frank Proctor, is in the city. Judge Adams is an old pioneer, the oldest in fact in Arizona today. He was first here in 1847 when Tucson was a Mexican garrison. A command of sixty men under Lieut. Schoonmaker left for Fort Bliss, Texas, as bearer of dispatches to General Kearney, then in California. They reached Tucson in November and attempted to take the fort, but having neither cannon to knock it down nor ladders to scale the walls they were obliged to content themselves with holding the town, which consisted of about 25 families attached to the Mexican garrison stationed here.

One walled square constituted the town proper. This square was about 300 yards in extent and was walled solidly about. The rear end or side of every house was built into and against the wall, with the doors—windows there were none—opening into the interior plaza. The mode of ingress and egress was through two immense doors made of heavy timber put solidly together. The rear of the houses adjoining the wall were built four or five feet higher than the front or sides and thus afforded an effective breast work to shoot from in case of attack. The fort was also a walled square about 250 feet in diameter. It was situated about 300 yards from the town square. It was built of adobe. The walls were about 12 feet high and commanded by two bastions situated at opposite corners and so constructed as to infilade the walls from the point of each angle. They were supplied with one small cannon, which, however, did no damage. The attacking party could do nothing but ride around the walls, as the garrison refused to come out. In this class of manoeuvering they had a mule killed and that made up the sum total of casualties on both sides. The Americans pitched their camp by one of the big gates of the town and to guard against surprise, stationed pickets both inside and out. On the fourth day they were joined by a detail of five men from Fort Bliss, who had been sent after them to order their recall. On the fifth day they began their return march up the Santa Cruz, followed by the Mexican garrison. When between Tucson and San Xavier they surprised a camp of three Apaches and killed them. They killed another near San

Xavier, and still another at or near Canoa. The Mexican garrison made a great show of pursuing them, but whenever the Americans faced about they would scamper back in the direction of the town at a great rate. Judge Adams said that he subsequently learned that the garrison claimed to have won a great victory, but if they did it consisted largely in keeping out of the way.

In April, 1849, in company with the party of Texans under Capt. Schoonmaker, they camped one night on the Mimbres River, in New Mexico, when they were attacked by a party of Apaches and part of their stock stolen. They followed the Apaches into the Mimbres mountains, where ill luck still waited on them. In the fight which followed Captain Schoonmaker and six men were killed and the balance of their stock taken. They then cached their provisions and footed it back to Fort Bliss.

At this post Colonel Marcy was outfitting to survey the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Adams joined his command as a private and was at once assigned to the division of topographical engineers. The company to which he belonged consisted of thirty-two men, there being less than a hundred men in the entire force. They broke camp June 1, 1849, and headed for Cow Springs; thence they marched to the head waters of the Gila, where they established the initiatory monument. From this point their course lay down the Gila, which they followed to its confluence with the Colorado. From the beginning to the end it was nothing but one continual wage of war. The Apaches had left the higher ground and were camped along the river bottom. At the big bend of the Gila, some 50 or 60 miles above Solomonville, they lost 14 men; another was lost a short distance above where Solomonville now stands; another at the mouth of the San Pedro; still another at the Cienega; another at Gila Bend, and another near where Tacna station now is; and so they dwindled down until at the crossing of the Colorado but six men remained out of the company which had started out with such joyous hopes from Fort Bliss, thirty-one strong but a couple of months before. The missing 25, including Lieut. Henry, commanding the company, brave frontiersmen, had died at the hands of the Indians. Some had fallen in battle; others had been killed while hunting a short distance from the troop. The other divisions of the command suffered proportionately.

At the crossing of the Colorado the Yumas disputed the passage with great obstinacy and held the troop 13 days, running off whatever stock they had left. The Indians also suffered severely, losing, as one of them afterwards told Mr. Adams, 47 men;

and for a long time subsequently others continued to die of the wounds received in attempting to resist the white man's crossing.

At Antelope Peak, on the Gila near Tacna, they found the body of a white woman. She was lying in the brush on the river bank. She had evidently been dead some time as the body was considerably dried. The wolves had torn the clothing from the body and mangled it some, but her wealth of rich golden hair betokened her nationality. They dug a grave and reverently wrapped a blanket about her wasted form and buried what undoubtedly was the remains of the first white woman that ever trod the desert sands of Arizona. Her lonely resting place was marked by a mound of stones, a portion of which is yet to be seen.

ARIZONA IN 1881—OFFICIAL ROSTER

A Business Directory and Gazeteer of Arizona, published in 1881, by W. C. Disturnell, gives the white population of that year as 40,441. The legislature, which met at Prescott in 1881, created three new counties—Gila, Graham and Cochise, which brought the total number of counties in the territory to ten, as follows: Apache, Cochise, Gila, Graham, Maricopa, Mohave, Pima, Pinal, Yavapai and Yuma. Since that date four other counties have been brought into existence by legislatures: Coconino, Santa Cruz, Navajo and Greenlee, the latter being the youngest county, its existence dating from January 1, 1911.

In 1881 Arizona had made but little industrial progress. Some agricultural development had been accomplished in the vicinity of Tucson, Florence, Safford, Phoenix and Yuma. The mines at Clifton were producing some copper and mining development had been started in the Bisbee district. There had been no important development in the Jerome district at that time. Tombstone was in the heyday of its prosperity as a mining camp. Up to that time mining development had been principally for gold and silver. The Old Dominion was starting in the Globe district, which was known as a silver camp at that time; the famous Silver King. Previous to that time the Vulture and Vekol had attracted attention.

According to the national census of 1880, the population of towns and cities, which have grown into greater prominence or declined since that date, were as follows: Benson, 300; Bisbee, population not given but it had a brewery and four saloons. The late John F. Duncan, of Tombstone, was justice of the peace and H. C. Stillman, now living at Douglas, was agent for Wells, Fargo and Company. Florence had a population of 942; Globe, 1400; Phoenix, 1800; Prescott, 2074; Tombstone, 6000 to 7000; Tucson, 9000; Yuma, 1232.

In 1881 the officials then holding office in the several counties were as follows:

Apache County—Charles A. Franklin, probate judge; E. S. Stover, sheriff; W. R. Rudd, district attorney; Dionicio Baca, treasurer; R. J. Bailey, recorder; Antonio Gonzales, Luther Martin, and C. E. Cooley, supervisors.

Cochise County—J. H. Lucas, probate judge; J. H. Behan, sheriff; Lyttleton Price, district attorney; John O. Dunbar, treasurer; A. T. Jones, recorder; M. E. Joyce, Joseph Tasker and

Joseph Dyer, supervisors; R. J. Campbell, clerk board of supervisors; Rodman M. Price, Jr., surveyor; H. M. Matthews, coroner; George Pridham, public administrator; I. N. Mundell, Benson; J. F. Duncan, Bisbee,; James C. Burnett and D. H. Holt, Charleston; E. A. Rigg, Contention; George Ellingwood, Galeyville; Charles Ackley, Hereford; A. O. Wallace, A. J. Felter and Wells Spicer, Tombstone; A. F. Burke, Willcox,—justices of the peace.

Gila County—G. A. Swasey, probate judge; W. W. Lowther, sheriff; Oscar M. Brown, district attorney; D. B. Lacey, treasurer; P. B. Miller, recorder; J. D. Smith, F. W. Westmeyer and George Danforth, supervisors; John J. Harlow, clerk board of supervisors; A. G. Pendleton, surveyor; C. A. Macdonell and E. J. Pring, coroners; T. C. Stallo, public administrator; George A. Allen, Globe; J. Willett, Grapevine Springs; T. T. Overton, McMillen; C. Cline, Reno; C. Fraser, Richmond Basin; Reuben Wood, San Carlos; George B. Walker, Stanton,—justices of the peace.

Graham County—George Lake, probate judge; C. B. Rose, sheriff; Neri Osborn, district attorney; I. E. Solomon, treasurer; W. F. Clarke, recorder, Adolph Solomon, A. M. Franklin and Johnathan Foster, supervisors; George H. Stevens, clerk board supervisors; James Haynes, surveyor; E. D. Tuttle, coroner; Thomas Neese, public administrator; E. Mann, Camp Thomas; S. W. Pomeroy, Clifton; E. D. Tuttle, Safford; D. W. Wickersham, Solomonville,—justices of the peace.

Maricopa County—Thomas G. Greenhaw, probate judge; L. H. Orme, sheriff; A. D. Lemon, district attorney; John George, treasurer; R. F. Kirkland, recorder; J. L. Gregg, Michael Wormser and C. T. Hayden, supervisors; Frank Cox, clerk board of supervisors; Joseph D. Reed, coroner and public administrator; F. M. Pomeroy, Mesa City; G. H. Rothrock, M. M. Jackson and James Richards, Phoenix; J. A. Barstow, Tempe; J. H. Gifford, Vulture—justices of the peace.

Mohave County—Charles Atchison, probate judge; John C. Potts, sheriff; J. W. Stephenson, district attorney; W. A. Langley, treasurer; John K. McKenzie, recorder; L. C. Welborn, William H. Hardy and W. R. Grounds, supervisors; H. Bucksbaum, clerk board of supervisors; James J. Hyde, public administrator; James J. Hyde, Mineral Park; Samuel O. Prince, Sandy, —justices of the peace.

Pima County—John S. Wood, probate judge; R. H. Paull, sheriff; Hugh F. Farley, district attorney; R. N. Leatherwood,

treasurer; Charles R. Drake, recorder; William C. Davis, B. M. Jacobs, Michael Fagan, supervisors; E. W. Risley, clerk board of supervisors; L. D. Chillson, supervisor; W. B. Horton, public administrator; Volney E. Rollins, Arivaca; P. J. Coyne, Greaterville; Trevor Lloyd and J. W. Fuqua, Harshaw; R. S. Barclay, Luttrell; Arthur Thatcher, Oro Blanco; T. Lillie Mercer, Tubac; C. H. Meyers, Joseph Neugass and W. J. Osborn, Tucson; A. J. Davidson, Tullyville; R. Harrison, Washington Camp,—justices of the peace.

Pinal County—George L. Wratten, probate judge; J. P. Gabriel, sheriff; H. B. Summers, district attorney; Peter R. Brady, treasurer; John J. Devine, recorder; Patrick Holland, John T. Bartleson and G. F. Cook, supervisors; J. D. Walker, clerk board of supervisors; Henry Schoshusen, public administrator; J. Miller, Florence; W. H. Benson, Pinal,—justices of the peace.

Yavapai County—A. O. Noyes, probate judge; Joseph R. Walker, sheriff; Joseph P. Hargrave, district attorney; E. J. Cook, treasurer; William Wilkerson, recorder; J. N. Rodenburg, W. A. Cline and J. M. Myers, supervisors; D. F. Mitchell, clerk board of supervisors; Thomas W. Simmons, public administrator; John Mans, Agua Fria; John Anderson, Alexandra; John Stemmer, Ash Creek; S. E. Miner, Big Bug; George C. Waddell, Bradshaw; George W. Hull, Central Verde; Richard De Kuhn, Cherry Creek; S. C. Reese, Chino Valley; W. H. Smith, Crook Canon; J. Trotter, Gillette; William Burch, Green Valley; D. Monroe, Lower Agua Fria; Frank E. Jordan and Murray McInernay, Lower Verde; C. Y. Shelton, Lynx Creek; P. Wilder, Mount Hope; Andrew Jackson, Oak Creek; J. H. Pierson, Peeples Valley; John Hicks, Pine Creek; Paul M. Fisher, Henry W. Fleury and J. L. Hall, Prescott; J. Douglass, Snyder's Holes; H. Anderson and A. J. McPhee, Tip Top; W. W. Nichols, Upper Verde; W. H. Williscraft, Walnut Creek; George Jackson, Walnut Grove; C. P. Stanton, Weaver; H. M. Clack and E. R. Nichols, Williamsons Valley,—justices of the peace.

Yuma County—Isaac Levy, probate judge; Andrew Tyner, sheriff; H. N. Alexander, district attorney; George Martin, treasurer; Samuel Purdy, Jr., recorder; Leopold Furrer, George M. Thurlow and C. H. Brindley, supervisors; George M. Knight, clerk board of supervisors; Walter Millar, surveyor; J. H. Taggart, coroner; Henry R. Mallory, Ehrenberg; A. D. Crawford, Sileni; C. H. Brindley and W. H. Tonge, Yuma,—justices of the peace.

Federal and Territorial Officials

John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder," was governor of Arizona in 1881. Other territorial and federal officials serving Arizona at that time were:

Secretary of the Territory—John J. Gosper.
Territorial Auditor—E. P. Clark.
Territorial Treasurer—Thos. J. Butler.
Supt. Public Instruction—M. H. Sherman.
Delegate to Congress—Granville H. Oury.
Chief Justice Supreme Court—G. G. W. French.
Associate Justice,Tucson—W. H. Stillwell.
Associate Justice, Phoenix—DeForest Porter.
Clerk Supreme Court—Wm. Wilkerson.
U. S. Attorney—E. B. Pomroy, Tucson.
U. S. Marshal—C. P. Dake, Prescott.
Surveyor General—John Wasson, Tucson.
Depository of Public Moneys—C. H. Lord, Tucson.
Register Land Office—Henry Cousins, Tucson.
Receiver Land Office—C. E. Dailey, Tucson.
Register Land Office—W. N. Kelly, Prescott.
Receiver Land Office—George Lount, Prescott.
Collector Internal Revenue—Thomas Cordis, Tucson.
Inspector Customs—S. M. Ballesteros, Charleston.
Inspector Customs—A. J. Keen, Tucson.

CAMELS IN THE SOUTHWEST

By COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. Army Retired,
in Army and Navy Courier

One day while standing in one of the rooms of the Natural History Exhibit, at Exposition Park in Los Angeles, looking at the skeleton of a prehistoric camel taken from the La Brea tar pits on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, I remembered that I had considerable data on the later day camels that were brought from north Africa and the region around Smyrna in Asia Minor, for army use in 1856. And included in this data were several newspaper clippings which had been taken from papers at various times. And then, too, the sight of the La Brea skeleton recalled an incident of my boyhood days in Arizona—the time when a schoolmate told me one day in the year of 1880, that in the summer of the preceding year, he and some other boys were swimming in the Gila river, near the town of Florence, when they saw a lone animal, the like of which they had never before seen, stray down to the river for water—an old bull camel, which alarmed them to such an extent, that they left the water hurriedly, donned their shirts and pantaloons and streaked it for town, where they told of what they had seen, only to be laughed at for their pains. This was perhaps the last of the army camels—turned adrift after their usefulness had been condemned, about the beginning of the Civil War—ever seen in the Southwest.

Who was responsible for the introduction of the camel as pack transportation for the army in the Southwest is a moot point. It has generally been accredited to Jefferson Davis, later president of the Confederate States, but at the time of the advent of the camel Secretary of War. That Mr. Davis had much to do with bringing camels to the United States for army use it is true, but from what I have been able to glean in a study of the matter it seems that the first man to advance the idea of their use on the arid plains of the southwest was Mr. George R. Gliddon, who had served many years as United States Consul in the Levant. Mr. John R. Bartlett, United States Commissioner on the American-Mexican Boundary Survey, in 1850, noted that camels ought to be used in the Southwest, though he states he was reiterating Mr. Gliddon's idea.

About this same time Lieutenant Edward F. Beale, U. S. Navy, who with Kit Carson, and an Indian, were the hero mes-

sage carriers, of the battle of San Pascual in California, recommended the use of camels in the Southwest. As a matter of fact Beale's idea was made known before 1850. After the battle of San Pascual, Beale and Carson were sent overland from California to Washington, with dispatches from General Kearny, and it was on this trip, in the Spring of 1847, that Beale hit upon the camel idea, and it came about, because in his saddle bags he carried a book of travels by Abbe Huc, entitled "Travels in China and Tartary," in which the camel was often mentioned. This book, which he would read aloud to Carson in their various camps, and the type of country they were traversing, caused him to report upon arrival in Washington, the camel as the beast of burden for the Southwest. But, as before stated, Gliddon was the first to give out the idea, which appeared in one of his Consular reports.

The facts as to the obtaining of the camels, for use of our army in the desert country of the Southwest, are about these: In 1851 when the army appropriation bill was before Congress, Jefferson Davis, then a senator from Mississippi, proposed an amendment providing for the purchase of camels, with the necessary equipment, for use in the Southwest, together with the importation of ten Arab drivers. This was during the days of the gold rush to California, but the Davis amendment was lost. The California papers then took the matter up, clamoring for a "Lightning Dromedary Express," and their persistence resulted in 1854, in an appropriation of $30,000—then a huge sum—for the purchase of camels.

The next step was to procure them and bring them to the United States. Major Henry C. Wayne of the Quartermaster's Department of the army was detailed to proceed to North Africa and Asia Minor for this purpose. His orders specified that he was to go to Spezia in Italy, and there find the U. S. Ship "Supply," commanded by Lieutenant D. D. Porter (Admiral during the Civil War) which was to sail along the coast of North Africa and to Smyrna picking such camels as were deemed serviceable and take them to the port of Indianola, Texas. It is here proper to say that in 1851, when the camel question first came up in Congress, Major Wayne had been detailed to make a study of the camel, and so interested did he become that, in spite of the failure of the bill in Congress, he kept adding to his camel knowledge by all sorts of study and inquiry on the beast. And this knowledge was further added to by visiting zoological gardens in London and Paris prior to joining the "Supply" at Spezia.

In the American Legion Monthly for January 1928, is a fine article by Robert Ginsburgh entitled, "The Camels Are Coming," and from this is quoted how the first camel was obtained by Major Wayne:

"The vessel dropped anchor off the Geoletta, port of Tunis, August 4, 1855, on a market day and Wayne and Porter went ashore. The natives eyed the American Army and Navy representatives with mingled feelings of curiosity and suspicion as they marched through the crooked lanes leading to the market place. Veiled Mohammedan women risked the curse of Allah to peer at their military figures. A swarm of small children followed at their heels and every Oriental with an eye for business offered them all the bargains in the city's trading center.

"Camels were selling cheap that day but no sooner did Wayne seek a question when the prices jumped miraculously. The Arab auctioneer muttered something unintelligible, but a kindly self interpreter, with the aid of his hands and feet, explained to Wayne that the price asked was the equivalent of twenty dollars.

"Sold. I'll take one."

"Wayne raised his arm and nodded his head. As he began to fumble in his pockets for the necessary cash, a cheer broke forth in the market place. Never before in the memory of those who gathered daily on the "Camel Exchange" had an animal been sold on the first quotation. The surprised auctioneer offered to escort the beast to the American's lodging, and as he started, flanked on one side by the camel and on the other by representatives of the American Army and Navy, the motley crowd followed. The triumphal procession marched to the water's edge and stopped while the camel was invited to get aboard a Tunesian craft.

"The beast refused. He was coaxed, cajoled and finally whipped, but he held his ground successfully. Several enterprising sailors of the "Supply" had rigged up a block and tackle and were about to hoist him aboard when a Tunesian custom official arrived and stopped the proceedings.

"Camels could not be taken out of Tunis without a permit. Wayne and Porter had overlooked the little formality. While they debated as to their next step, the disinterested camel sat down in its tracks and blinked at the entire performance.

"The American Consul-General, W. P. Chandler, was appealed to but even he could not get the embargo lifted without special permission of the Bey of Tunis. An interview was ar-

ranged with Mohammed Pasha, the Bey, and after the usual diplomatic formalities were exchanged the Americans informed the ruler of their mission. He listened attentively and volunteered to go down to the docks in person to expedite the immediate shipment of the camel. As soon as he saw the beast which required his personal intervention, a broad grin broke over his bronzed countenance. He cast a glowing glance at his subjects who were still assembled in large numbers at the water's edge, and formally authorized the exportation of one camel beyond the continental limits of the realm of Tunis.

* * *

"By this time the patient camel, unaccustomed to such formalities, had grown restless and it required a number of natives to control him. With the entire crew of the "Supply" and a number of Tunesian volunteers, the first of Uncle Sam's publicly owned camels was finally placed on the native craft, rowed alongside the "Supply" and hoisted aboard. He was stowed in a stall below decks."

On Feb. 15, 1856, the "Supply" left Smyrna for the United States with thirty-three full grown animals and one small calf; and with them were some Arab attendants. During the voyage four camels died, but six had been born on the trip, so thirty-six beasts were landed at Indianola.

Camp Verde near Kerrville, Texas, was selected as the eastern end of the camel route, Fort Davis (Texas), as an intermediate station, and Fort Yuma, California, as the western terminal point. Shortly after landing at Indianola the camels were taken to Camp Verde, with their Arab drivers. At Camp Verde a regular Asiatic caravansary was built at considerable expense to the government, and the route was then inaugurated. Six months after the arrival of the first batch, forty more were landed at Galveston, and sent to Fort Davis and thence west, so that at one time it was not an uncommon thing to see detachments of soldiers with camel pack transportation in El Paso and Tucson.

The American camel experiment was doomed to failure, for a reason which even in their own native countries, they have been known to be rendered useless, and which is best described in the quotation below from Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert", (page 80, last paragraph) a most entertaining work only recently published—Lawrence says: "Camels brought up on the sandy plains of the Arabian coast had delicate pads to their feet; and if such animals were taken suddenly inland for long marches over flints or other hard-retaining ground their soles would burn and at

least crack in a blister; leaving quick flesh two or more niches across, in the center of the pad. In this state they could march over sand; but if, by chance, the foot came down on a pebble, they would stumble, or flinch as though they had stepped on fire, and in a long march might break down altogether unless they were very brave."

At first, the imported animals were found to be very hardy, and the first practical test made to find out if they were as good as pack mules and wagon mules was a success. On one occasion a train consisting of wagons drawn by army mules and a caravan of six camels were sent a distance of sixty miles, over an average frontier road. The result was much in favor of the camels. Two wagons with a combined load of 1½ tons, each wagon drawn by six big army mules, took four days to make the trip. The six camels carrying the same load made the trip in two and a half days. On another occasion the camel was tested over a rough, stony road during time that it was raining, and wet and muddy, and again beat the wagons.

But the real test had not come. As summer came, there were long droughts accompanied by hot winds and sand storms. Typically Saharan. The camels carried more than the mules could pull, and needed less water and food, but the camels began to lag behind the mule trains—what was the cause? The staunchest friends of the camels acknowledged that they could not stand the small, flinty rocks in the Texas, New Mexico and Arizona soil. These igeneous rocks literally cut the soft padded feet of the camels to pieces when the soil was dry. When the soil was wet from the rain the beasts could travel with absolutely no discomfort. As the Southwest is very dry most of the time, the camels proved useless.

Reference to the use of a camel in Price's "Across the Continent with the Fifth Cavalry," in the second paragraph on page 61, reads, "On Captain Whiting's arrival at Camp Verde, Texas, (August 1857) en route to his station (Camp Sabinal) he exchanged his pack mules for a camel, which proved an unmitigated nuisance, as it was always late getting into camp. The cavalry in Texas did not take kindly to camel transportation, and the experiment was soon abandoned."

There was another drawback to the use of camels, and that was that they frightened the horses and mules traveling with them. Horses ran away and mules turned over their wagons; and, too, the soldiers had no patience with these beasts from foreign parts. At the beginning of the Civil War when Camp Verde

fell into the hands of the Confederates, the camels proved a burden to them, and some were sold and others turned loose. This action was followed at other camel stations, accounting for the few that later were seen from time to time in a practically wild state.

A mining company in Nevada—after the army experiment—tried them, but this company also concluded that they were useless, and thus passed from the scene of worldly endeavors the use of the camel in the Southwest. These animals, in small numbers, seem now to be used to good advantage in motion picture desert scenes, but this is because they are used in a strictly sandy country where there are no flinty pebbles to injure their feet, and besides, these camels are never subjected to the long marches under varying weather conditions as were the old army camels which demonstrated fully that they were not a beast of burden for the Southwest.

Addenda

The foregoing article was written about April 1st, 1928. On the 15th I was in Tucson, Arizona, and while having dinner at the Old Pueblo Club with Mr. Ed Vail, of the Vail Cattle Company, we got to talking of the army camels in the Southwest. Mr. Vail, a splendid young old man of about 80, told me that when he first came to Arizona in 1878, he remembered that people often spoke of a small herd of camels running at large in the Gila valley in the region of Florence. He further said he knew Hi Jolly, who at that time was living in Tucson, well, now Hi Jolly was the head cameleer brought over from Asia Minor when the first camels were brought over; and he got his name from the soldiers at Camp Verde who preferred Hi Jolly to Hadji (one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca) as the Arab was respectfully called by the other Arabian cameleers under him.

Historian's Note—Colonel C. C. Smith sends the following clipping from the Los Angeles Times of May 6th, 1928, which shows that they still plan to make the camel a useful beast of burden in our arid southwest, as they did seventy years ago.

CAMELS SERVE AS TAXICABS TO DESERT RESORT: Arrangements are being made by the Southern Pacific Railroad to provide accommodations on its Indio station grounds in the Coachella Valley, for a herd of camels, which will carry travelers to nearby points of interest in the desert. Last week a caravan of four camels met the Sunset Limited and gave sightseers a thrill, carrying them on camelback across the desert sands to the palm-shaded oasis of Biskra, a few miles distant.

The test showed the camels are very popular with Easterners and Californians alike. Charles H. Jonas, who obtained the cooperation of the railroad officials, is negotiating with Sherman I. Horne, one of America's chief importers of foreign animals, for the purchase of a camel herd, which will establish a permanent caravan service between Indio and the Biskra oasis and other near-by points of interest.

BUILDING THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD THROUGH ARIZONA

The Southern Pacific Bulletin, published monthly by the advertising department of the Southern Pacific Railroad System, has been publishing recently a series of articles giving "The Story of the Beginning of Southern Pacific." Chapter 34 of these articles, appearing in the October (1928) number of the Bulletin, tells of the advent of these lines into Arizona and New Mexico in the following:

"Construction of a bridge across the Colorado River and delay in reaching an agreement with military authorities for permission to lay tracks across the reservation at Ft. Yuma, held the railroad on the west bank of the river for four months and it was September 30, 1877, when the first Southern Pacific train crossed the boundary line of California and Arizona into Yuma, then a small village just across the river from the army post, which had been known as Arizona City before 1873.

Yuma remained the terminus of the railroad for about a year and a half, as well as being the end of the line for the stage coaches and freighting teams operating east into Arizona and New Mexico and west to San Diego. It was in the Southwest that the historic and romantic stage coaches made their last stand in the West as a mode of extensive transportation.

Early-day stage transportation through Arizona and New Mexico on the old transcontinental route lasted only about 22 years until replaced by the railroad. Though considered luxurious at the time, travel in the stage coaches presented many hardships and discomforts when thought of in the light of present-day travel, to say nothing of the constant peril of raids from Indians, particularly through the Apache country, and from bandits and other renegades along the route.

Mule Back Travel

An advertisement dated at San Antonio July 1, 1858, stated: "Passengers and express matter are forwarded in new coaches of the San Antonio and San Diego Stage Company, drawn by six mules, over the entire length of our line, excepting the Colorado desert of 100 miles which are crossed on mule back. An armed escort travels through the Indian country with each mail train. Passengers are provided with provisions during the trip, except where the coach stops at public houses along the line, at which each

passenger will pay for his own meal. Each passenger is allowed 30 pounds of personal baggage exclusive of blankets and arms."

On sections of the route less than 300 miles in length the travel usually was continuous day and night, in deference to mail contracts. A passenger within the lurching "thorough-brace" stages, caught a few winks of sleep by passing an arm through one of the leather loops hanging for that purpose from the side of the coach. There was slight break in the monotony of the desert road with only the prospect ahead of arrival at some desolate mud-built "station," where water, whiskey and the roughest food could be secured while the stage team was being changed.

First Stage Line

The first through stage line on the Southern route, which was south of the Gila River and later closely followed by the main line of the Southern Pacific, was that of the San Antonio and San Diego Stage Company, which inaugurated its service in 1857,[31a] when three coaches made the journey from San Diego to Tucson in three days. On early stage lines through the Southwest, passenger and express service was subordinate to the mail contracts from which the running expenses were assumed to come. The first service was semi-monthly.

In 1858, over this same road, was operated the famous Butterfield Stage route on semi-weekly service. The first trip eastward started from San Francisco September 16, 1858. The eastern stage terminus was Tipton, Mo., end of the Missouri Pacific railroad, then 160 miles long. John Butterfield met with a big ovation when he stepped from the train at St. Louis with the first pouch of mail, having made the 2759-mile trip from the Pacific Coast city in the wonderful time of 24 days, 20 hours and 30 minutes. The service later became daily. The route with its 100 coaches, 1000 horses and 750 men was abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War, for its military guards had to be withdrawn.

Indian Peril

In 1864 Sol Barth carried mail from Prescott to Albuquerque, subcontracting with Ben Block. The mail was carried weekly provided the carrier wasn't killed by Indians. Regular mail service from southern Arizona does not seem to have been re-estab-

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NOTE 31a—In an early advertisement in the Tubac Arizonian on June 30, 1859, the San Antonio and San Diego Stage Company made the statement that their line had been in successful operation since July, 1857. Col. Jas. H. McClintock, in his book "Arizona, the Youngest State," relates that Silas St. John, one of the Company's employees, claims the first mail rider, Charlie Youmans, started from San Diego November 15, 1857. St. John took the mail pouch at Carrizo Creek and rode to Yuma (then Yaeger Ferry), 110 miles, in 32 hours without changing horses.

lished until about 1869. Daily service was established in 1875 with six-horse Concord coaches, these connecting with the Southern Pacific at each succeeding terminal as the rails were laid eastward.

In addition to the stage coaches for mail, passenger and express, were the freighting teams which did the heavy hauling between the mines and small communities in the Southwest. "The 'freighter' was a very important personage in the days before the railroad came," writes Col. Jas. H. McClintock in his history. "As a rule he was a professional closely allied to the stage driver, who cursed him for cutting up the road and for raising too much dust. Some of the freighting outfits of those days were awe-inspiring affairs. The team might be anything up to 24 mules driven by a 'jerk line' and handled with a skill marvelous to the uninitiated. The mule, without doubt, was the greatest traction factor in the upbuilding of the Southwest. Oxen at first were tried, but for them the country was too hot and too dry. Horses, except in the Mexican 'rawhide' outfit, suffered much from the same disadvantages."

An effort was also made during 1856-7 to use camels in the desert country for transporting army supplies. Dozens of animals were imported by the Government from Smyrna, along with native drivers. But they, too, were found not fitted for the service and conditions of the country. Most of the animals were turned loose on the desert to shift for themselves. Some were later recaptured for circuses. Wm. Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, said he and his men frequently saw camels on the desert during the time the railroad was being built.

Trains of Wagons

The freighting wagons were especially built for this service at Yuma, Phoenix, Tucson, and Prescott. Some of the lead wagons had wheels fully eight feet high and capacity for a half carload of goods. Following a 16-mule team there were usually three or four wagons, diminishing in size toward the end vehicle, which was used for forage and for the bedding and food of the "freighter" and his "swamper." Both men were heavily armed, for outlaws, bandit Mexicans, and Apaches all found attractive loot in the cargo of the wagons. In the Apache country travel was made by wagon trains, following the custom used in crossing the plains. A score of teams were joined for mutual protection and at night would park in a circle.

At about the time the railroad reached Yuma final efforts were being made in Congress to get Federal aid in funds and in

lands for building the Texas and Pacific railroad via Tucson and Yuma to San Diego. The Southern Pacific stood ready to build the road east from Yuma without subsidy and this condition caused a remarkable contest in Washington between Collis P. Huntington, representing the interests of the Southern Pacific, and Tom Scott, then president of the Texas and Pacific. The issue was finally settled against the latter company and, on November 19, 1878, ground was broken at Yuma for continuation of the Southern Pacific eastward.[32a] Unusually rapid construction followed and the 1,183 miles of track through the sparsely settled and mostly desert region was built and put in operation to San Antonio, Texas, in about 50 months, which was comparable to the best records of the earlier railroad building over the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California and across Nevada.

At that time there were no towns or settlements and only stage stations between Yuma and Tucson, about 252 miles, excepting at a short distance northerly there were the cross roads, store, blacksmith shop, etc., now known as Phoenix, and the small villages of Tempe and Florence. From Tucson eastward there were stage stations only as far as El Paso; about 311 miles, with the small towns of Silver City and Mesilla at a considerable distance north of the railroad route.

"Law West of the Pecos"

From El Paso eastward there were small villages in the first few miles of the Rio Grande River bottom and then nothing but stage stations and small military posts as far as what is now Marathon, 254 miles from El Paso, thence to Del Rio, 197 miles from Marathon, there was no one living. The country was entirely vacant southward from the Mexican boundary and northward for a great distance. It was in this region that a few years afterward, when a very few settlers had come in, "Law West of the Pecos" held sway. From Del Rio to San Antonio, 169 miles, the country was sparsely settled with a few very small towns, now grown beyond recognition.

Before the railroad reached Yuma practically all the supplies for the Southwest were shipped by steamer from San Francisco down the coast, around lower California and up the Gulf to Port Isabel, where the cargoes were shifted to light draft sternwheel boats and the journey continued up the Colorado River to points

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NOTE 32a—Construction work across Arizona and New Mexico was carried on under the names of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona, incorporated September 20, 1878, and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of New Mexico, incorporated April 14, 1879. Both companies were consolidated with the Southern Pacific Company on March 10, 1902.

in Arizona. Many passengers preferred this water route to the shorter, but more tedious, stage journey in reaching points in northern Arizona. Most of this river traffic was carried on by the Colorado River Steamer Navigation Company, which was purchased by the Southern Pacific during 1877.

Constructing eastward from Yuma, the railroad crept up the bottom land alongside the Gila River to the station now known as Wellton, at that time Adonde Wells. This original line was washed away in 1892, when a dam in the Gila River gave way, and in the following year the present line was relocated on higher ground. Two surveys were made from Wellton. One maintained a light grade passing around the end of the Mohawk Mountain close to the Gila River and going into the present road near Aztec. The other route, and the one chosen, was over Mohawk Summit and thence by easy construction to Gila Bend, now the station of Gila. Beyond Gila a heavy climb brought the railroad to Estrella, from which the road dropped down to the station now known as Heaton and to which point trains first operated April 28, 1879.

Abandoned City

Heaton is now just a blind siding and little more than a whistling post, but early in 1879 it was a town of considerable size and importance. It was then called Maricopa, named after the famous stage station of Maricopa Wells located about seven miles north, which was the watering place for that part of the country. Being at the gateway for teaming to Phoenix and other points in the Salt River Valley, Maricopa seemed destined to become a large city. A special train was run from California carrying many home-seekers and real estate men who invested in property at the railroad terminus. The bubble burst as the railroad pushed on eastward and, by the summer of 1887, the railroad offices and name were moved four miles east to the present town of Maricopa.

Beyond the original Maricopa was constructed one of the longest, if not the longest, curve in the world, five miles in length, with a ten-minute curvature. East of this curve is a tangent 47 miles in length, being the longest piece of straight track on the Southern pacific lines. Casa Grande was reached May 19, 1879, where work was held up during the summer season. The track reached Tucson March 17, 1880, and three days later the first passenger train entered that city.

Ancient Pueblo

Tucson then had about two thousand inhabitants. It had been surrounded by an adobe wall which was built many years before as a protection against the Indians and outlaws.[33a] Arrival of the first train was celebrated with great enthusiasm and the banners of all nations were floated from the outer walls of the ancient and honorable pueblo. As the train approached the city limits a salute of 38 guns was fired by the military and the Sixth Cavalry band burst into a medley of patriotic airs. A silver spike, the driving of which marked the final completion of the railroad into Tucson, was presented to Col. Charles Crocker, president of the Southern Pacific. After speeches of welcome, the party of visitors was escorted to the banquet hall.

The "Arizona Star" devoted most of its edition that day to stories about the railroad, and in one article the editor wrote poetically, as follows:

"The railway comes booming across the desert a thousand miles from the Golden Gate to Asia, without a subsidy; without a land grant; without a mortgage on posterity, and is as welcome to Arizona as the fertilizing stream that makes the desert bloom like the rose. The name of the builder of the Chinese Wall is lost in the Asian mystery. Eleven acres of solid masonry has not served to preserve the name of the builder of the pyramid of Gizah. They were of no benefit to the human race. But the names of builders of roads are immortal. The Mongolian shepherd will show you the road which Genghis Khan made through the Nankou Pass. The Swiss peasant will guide you over the road traversed by Hannibal across the Alps. The veriest yokel in England watching his kine graze from the ruins of Stonehenge, will answer your question 'who built that road to the heights of old Sarum? Caesar!' The typical New Englander, in crossing this continent by the Southern Pacific Railroad a thousand years hence to visit the ruins of London, will stop at the Casa Grande and ask a descendant of the Pima Indians who built the citadel

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NOTE 33a—The exact date of the founding of Tucson is uncertain. Some writers claim it was first located about the year 1555 and that it is the oldest city in the United States. Others claim that it was not a settlement until the latter part of the 17th century, when the missions along the Santa Cruz were established by Father Kino. Of one thing there seems to be no doubt, and that is that Tucson was the first and only walled city ever existing in the United States. The wall, rising about five feet above the flat roofs of the houses, afforded fine breastworks for the defense of the pueblo. The enclosure formed by this wall occupied area bounded as follows: Beginning at Washington Street, thence south to Pennington, up Pennington to about the middle of the Court House, thence north to Washington Street, and along Washington Street to the place of beginning. There were two entrances by immense doors made of heavy timber. One of these doors stood where Alameda Street enters Main and some of the old wall has been used in the later-day construction." (From "Arizona, the Youngest State," by Col. Jas. H. McClintock.)

of that name, and the gentle savage will reply in the softest dialect of his tribe, 'pimach' (I don't know); but ask him 'Who built the Southern Pacific Railroad?' and the child of the centuries will answer, 'Crocker.' "

One of the features of the celebration, and which gave birth to a story that has been told with many ramifications and has since taken a place in railroad classics, was the sending of telegrams from the banquet hall to all parts of the world. The telegraph, like the railroad, was an innovation and the leading citizens of Tucson decided to give it a thorough christening. Over the signature of Mayor Leatherwood, messages of greeting were sent to the President of the United States, to Governor Freeman, to the Southern Pacific Company, to the Mayors of San Francisco, Los Angeles and Yuma, and to His Holiness the Pope at Rome.

Message to Pope

In sending the message to the Pope, the Mayor was joined by the Very Rev. J. B. Salpointe, and it read: "The Mayor of Tucson begs the honor of reminding His Holiness that this ancient and honorable pueblo was founded by the Spaniards under the sanction of the Church more than three centuries ago and to inform your Holiness that a railroad from San Francisco, California, now connects us with the Christian world. Asking your benediction." Great excitement was created in Tucson a few days later by the delivery of what was thought to be a reply from the Pope. A very brief message, deciphered after some difficulty, expressed the appreciation of His Holiness, but asked laconically, "—but where the H—— is Tucson?" Some wag who had attended the ceremonies, but who lived in another city, perpetrated the hoax.

From Tucson the road was built over the open mesa to Vail, 20 miles eastward, where it entered what is known as Cienega Canyon. The original location along Cienega Creek was subjected to bad washouts and nearly all of the line from Vail to Mescal had been rebuilt on higher ground by 1892, as had also a considerable portion of the line further eastward. From Mescal the grade dropped down to the San Pedro River at Benson, over which distance it was necessary to build about two miles of very crooked track. This series of sharp curves was later done away with by line changes which eliminated six ten-degree curves. The first train was operated to Benson June 22, 1880.

Apache Country

From the Dragoon Mountains, just beyond Benson, the road was extended across the Sulphur Springs Valley, passing over a point once occupied by the ancient Lake Cochise, where the prosperous little town of Willcox now stands. For hundreds of years the Apache Indians held absolute dominion over this section of the country. Chief Cochise made peace in 1872, which was not violated until about two years after his death in 1876, when the greater part of the Indians broke from the reservation and went on the warpath later under the leadership of Chief Geronimo. It was during the heyday of this notorious Indian rebel that the Southern Pacific line was being built through that part of Arizona, but the construction force was never attacked. During a part of the time a military escort moved along with the railroad men for protection. Geronimo surrendered in 1886.

Emerging from the fertile valley, the road passed over the summit now known as Razo, then Railroad Pass, and from there down the hill to Luzena and Bowie, so named from Ft. Bowie, an old military post which lies several miles to the south of the present station. From this point the road extended across San Simon Valley and trains were operated into San Simon, 11 miles from the Arizona-New Mexico boundary line, on September 15, 1880.

Just beyond, the line climbed the Peloncillo Mountains to the summit of Steins, in the vicinity of which some of the scenes of Geronimo were enacted and where many mail robbers took their toll.

The first passenger trains were operated into Lordsburg on October 18, 1880; to Deming on December 15; and on May 19, 1881, the road reached the Rio Grande River and El Paso welcomed its first railroad train.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, published quarterly at Phoenix, Arizona, for April, 1928.

STATE OF ARIZONA }
County of Maricopa. } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Kelly, State Historian, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN, Phoenix, Arizona
Editor—ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN, Phoenix, Arizona
Managing Editor—ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN, Phoenix, Arizona
Business Managers—ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN, Phoenix, Arizona

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) STATE OF ARIZONA.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEO. H. KELLY, State Historian.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of October, 1928

B. F. HILL, Notary Public.

(SEAL)

(My commission expires September 23rd, 1928.)

MS MS

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