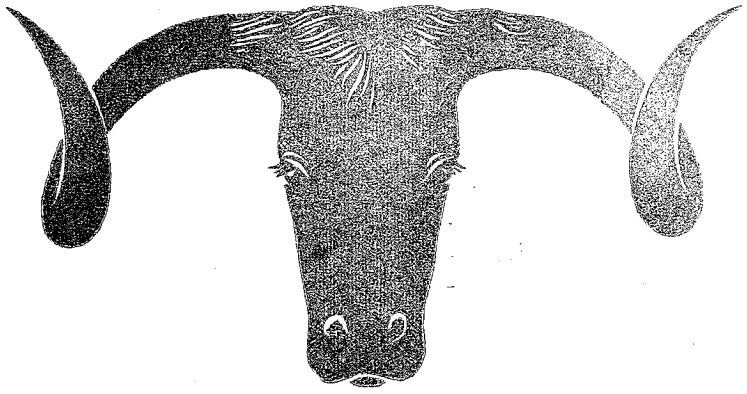
Apaches &



Longhorns

THE REMINISCENCES OF WILL C. BARNES

WILL C. BARNES, distinguished Man of the West, had the habit of careful notation. To that habit we owe one of the most stirring stories ever written of the real life of the West, *Apaches & Longhorns*. It is more than biography; it is history, full of source material and informative sidelights on conditions in early Arizona and the west. But most of all it is adventure—the adventure of the life of a man of action in the days when the challenge of dangerous enterprise was the lot of those who made America.

In its early chapters the book deals with a field hitherto neglected—the work demanded of the Army telegraphist and linesman in war against the Indians—for at twenty-one, Will C. Barnes was in the Signal Corps of the U.S. Army, on war service at Fort Apache in Arizona. Here in 1881 he received the Congressional Medal of Honor for "bravery in action with hostile Apache Indians."

At Fort Apache Barnes knew many of the important figures of the time and relates fascinating incidents in the lives of these men in which he himself

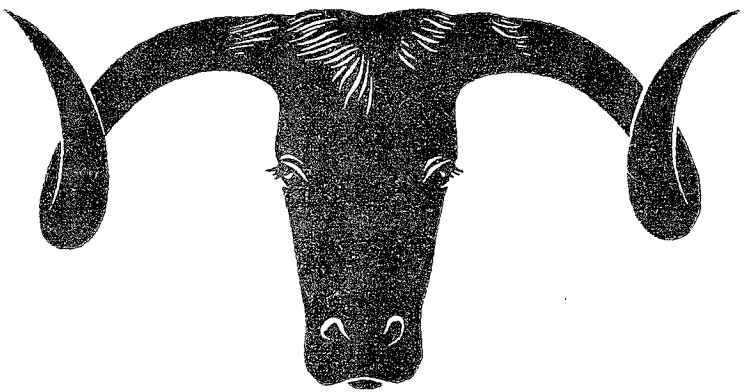
(continued on back flap)

APACHES & LONGHORNS

WILL CROFT BARNES

Apaches & Longhorns

THE REMINISCENCES OF WILL C. BARNES



EDITED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

FRANK C. LOCKWOOD, UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

WITH A DECORATION BY CAS DUCHOW

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Introduction

I UNDERTAKE the editing of this volume of reminiscences as a labor of love and, also, as a service to the State of Arizona, to which I acknowledge a deep devotion, as did also the writer of these memoirs. During his later years Will Barnes spent much time in the preparation of his autobiography, writing down with racy and graphic detail the more exciting and worthwhile incidents of his remarkable life. Indeed, the record was so full and extended that it has seemed to Mrs. Barnes and me that it would gain in unity and would appear to better advantage in book form if limited to an account of the author's Arizona experiences. Since I had known Mr. Barnes very intimately and had studied with close and sympathetic interest his entire life-story (had, indeed, already written a study of considerable length of his character and career for inclusion in a new volume of *Arizona Characters*), it was thought that such a brief yet comprehensive introduction as this might serve to round out and integrate the biography.

Will C. Barnes was remarkable alike for native versatility and wide range of experience. He was a trained musician and a lover of the fine arts in general; a soldier, a telegrapher, a cowman, a forester, a legislator, and a writer. First or last, he bore a hand in almost every kind of American activity. He was born in San Francisco, June 21, 1858; his infant years were spent in a booming Nevada mining camp, Gold Hill, rival and now near neighbor of Virginia City; at seven he and his widowed mother went to make their home at La Porte, Indiana, with his grandfather Croft—a builder of wagons, carriages, graceful swan-like sleighs, and bob-sleds; from his tenth to his thirteenth year he lived on a farm at Lake Calhoun, Minnesota; in 1871, a boy of thirteen, with his mother he went to Indianapolis, and found employment in a music store, serving also as usher at the old Academy of Music during the opera season. At eighteen years of age, having by wire received an offer of a position as salesman of sheet music at twenty dollars a week in gold in a leading San Francisco music establishment, he moved to that city; at the same time that he carried on his activities as a salesman and a musician he acquired a passion for the sea and an intimate knowledge of ships. He visited sea-going craft so often that he soon attracted the attention and won the friendship of the captain in command of a United States revenue cutter then stationed in the harbor. Young Barnes was stung to envy at the sight of two cadets on board in their spick-and-span uniforms. The captain explained to him that he, too, might become a cadet by gaining admission to the Revenue Training School. Under a tutor, for a year, he studied

hard; and then, giving up his position in San Francisco, he went to Washington to take the competitive examination. But, as there were one hundred and three competitors and only three vacancies, and as he ranked ninth in the test, he missed his chance to win glory on the ocean wave.

Though denied the status of a sailor he nevertheless found himself at sea; for he was too proud to admit defeat and return to his old job in San Francisco. But at this juncture an accidental meeting changed the whole course of his career. On his way back from New York to Washington, whither he had gone to seek a berth on an American clipper that sailed all seas, he fell in with a young chap who wore the attractive uniform of the Signal Corps of the United States Army. Instantly there was aroused in him an ardent desire to achieve fame as a soldier. So he visited the office of the Chief of the Signal Corps and sought entrance to the service. He was told that the Corps was full—and more; that no one was being enlisted. He was ignorant of the ways of Washington; so was surprised when the young fellow he had met on the train told him there was a political route that sometimes led to paths of glory. And then he remembered that he knew the famous California Senator Booth, the uncle for whom his boyhood friend Booth Tarkington was named. He called on this potent statesman; was kindly received; and without delay was taken by him to the office of the Secretary of War, where, by the touching of some secret spring, within half-an-hour young Barnes was ushered into the open door to military distinction.

Barnes first donned the uniform of a soldier in the

Signal Corps of the United States Army in 1879, at the age of twenty-one. Up to this point his progress in life reads like an Oliver Optic story; but no Oliver Optic or Horatio Alger hero ever stepped so quickly into the realms of glory to pluck himself a star-studded crown of fame as did Will C. Barnes. At twenty-three, only two years after his enlistment, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor "for bravery in action with hostile Apache Indians" at Fort Apache, Arizona. In the autobiographic pages that follow he tells in his own direct and simple way the story of this heroic achievement and a hundred other thrilling incidents connected with his diversified career in Arizona.

Two major events mark the year 1897 as a memorable one in the life of Will C. Barnes. On May 4th of that year he married Miss Edith Talbot, of Phoenix; and at a summer round-up in the Mogollon Mountains he met Gifford Pinchot for the first time.

Miss Talbot was born in Chicago, Illinois. In 1888, when she was a young girl, her father, Mr. Walter Talbot, and his family settled in Phoenix. There he established himself as a hardware merchant, and very soon rose to prominence as a citizen of Phoenix, and a man of mark through the territory. He was elected mayor of Phoenix; was named by the Governor as a member of the Board of Regents of the Territorial University; and was made a member of the commission appointed to build the capitol in Phoenix. When Miss Talbot first became acquainted with Will C. Barnes, he was residing in Phoenix temporarily as a member of the Territorial Legislature from

Apache County. He was at that time engaged in the cattle business at Holbrook; and it was in that little railroad village of northern Arizona that the city-bred girl and the mature man of the world and of the wide, open spaces first set up housekeeping.

Gifford Pinchot and Frederick V. Coville, chief botanist of the United States Department of Agriculture, had come to northern Arizona in the summer of 1897 by direction of Theodore Roosevelt. They told the cattlemen confidentially that they had been sent to investigate grazing conditions. The cowmen did not think favorably of the cut of their clothes or of such "tenderfoot plunder" as field-glasses and cameras that they carried in their rather large packs; but they could not fail to see that these Washington fellows were doing a thorough job of investigating. Though he little realized it at the time, it was as a result of this early meeting with Pinchot that Barnes was later to occupy one of the three highest positions in the United States Forest Service. In the spring of 1905, at Denver, he again met Pinchot—now chief of the Forest Service, at that time in its infancy. From the first, Pinchot and Barnes liked and respected each other. At this meeting in Denver, Pinchot invited Barnes to Washington to take a hand in the task of settling upon a grazing policy for the Forest Service. Still deeply involved in the cattle business, Barnes was not ready at that time to take such a step. However, when in 1907, Pinchot a second time asked him to come to Washington and help in the setting up of the national grazing system he gladly accepted; for he had come to see that such an appoint-

ment gave promise of great constructive planning and noble adventure. Here were new fields to conquer, new trails to blaze, new and inspiring friendships to be formed, and an opportunity to make full and effective use of all his hard-won knowledge of range and forest.

The twenty-two years that Barnes spent in the Forest Service were, perhaps, the most fruitful and happy of his long life. When he and Mrs. Barnes reached Washington, Thanksgiving Day, 1907, both of them were strangers in a new and very fascinating world. The only persons they knew were Pinchot, and their old range friend of early days, Potter, who had already won his spurs in this new field. Barnes was particularly proud of the friendships he made among his associates in the Forest Service. Those who lived in Washington were nearly all college-bred men—friends of Pinchot—such men as Henry S. Graves, Philip Wells, George Woodruff, and Herbert A. Smith. But many of his most prized associates were Westerners, of his own rough-and-ready type: John H. Hatton, raised on a farm in North Dakota; Thomas P. Mackenzie, who grew up in a sheep camp in New Zealand; "old John Kerr from west Texas, who cut his first teeth on the handle of a branding-iron and wore high-heeled cowboy boots at his baptism"; Jesse E. Nelson, a Wyoming cowboy, a trick rider in Buffalo Bill's great Wild West Show, "who could ride anything that had hair or horseshoes"; Homer E. Fenn, born and raised in the mountains of Idaho—suave, diplomatic, and handsome—a born politician and a first-class stockman; Charles H. Adams, "a lanky, red-haired, hard-headed, Montana sheepherder"; and, high in the list,

Albert F. Potter, who was Barnes' partner in a picturesque but futile campaign for the Arizona Legislature from Apache County in 1888.

The group of men last named were the shock troops that Pinchot threw into the breach at the beginning, when the Forest Service was striving to establish itself. In a period of less than ten years these men won the goodwill and respect of the stockmen, and placed the western ranges under almost absolute control of the Government. This meant the regulation of one hundred and fifty million acres of public land on which grazed about ten million sheep and three million cattle. They had no precedent to guide them, no fixed rules to follow. They were pioneers, and were forced day by day to build up from the foundation their system of regulated grazing. Each day and each region presented new problems to them, and they met and solved each one as it came. Their knowledge of scientific forestry was slight; but they knew the live-stock business from the ground up, and had the commonsense to realize that a rule which was wise in the pine-covered plateaus of Arizona would not work in the Cascades of Oregon. The way was paved by them for a later breed of forest rangers who have now almost entirely replaced them—young men schooled and scientifically trained for the work.

Barnes was proud of his friendship with all of these men of the old school, both those who resided in Washington and his sterling comrades of the high and vast open spaces. He was proud of the Service itself, and was eloquent in setting forth its efficiency and achievements. He was proud,

too, of the fact that he himself occupied a place of very high rank—that of Assistant Forester and Chief of Grazing.

In 1928, Barnes reached the retiring age—seventy. Including his time in the army, he had served the Government just twenty-four years. His experiences in Washington had been as rich in social and cultural enjoyment as they had been full and fruitful in work well done. He and Mrs. Barnes had made the acquaintance of many eminent men and women in the capital, and life there was delightful. Always a musician, this pioneer of the mountains and the plains took an active interest in the musical activities of Washington, as well as in the promotion and enjoyment of the fine arts in other fields. For many years he took a leading part in the Fine Arts Club, served a long time as secretary of its board of directors; and, finally, in 1929, became president of the club.

In 1920, President Wilson appointed Barnes a member of the United States Geographic Board; and in 1929 he was made secretary of this board, with the understanding that he was to hold this position as long as he remained in the Government Service. The board was made up of sixteen members, each one employed in some official bureau of the Federal Government. Its function was to decide upon and authorize the names of "cities, towns, mountains, rivers, and other natural features of America whose names were conflicting or not satisfactory, and also to make official maps." The secretary was assigned an office in the Map Division of the Library of Congress. Barnes found his duties very agreeable; and he proved a valuable member up to June, 1930, when he resigned in order to make a

journey around the world—a pleasure upon which he and Mrs. Barnes had long had their hearts set. After their return from this tour, in 1932, they made their home in Phoenix, where Mrs. Barnes had spent her girlhood.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Barnes were very fond of Arizona. They enjoyed long automobile trips on the desert and into wild, remote parts of the state; so much so that much of their time was devoted to travel and sight-seeing. Barnes renewed old acquaintances, made new friends, visited and revisited the changed scenes of his adventurous youth, wrote realistic and reminiscent magazine articles dealing with pioneer life in Arizona, lectured on Arizona place-names before eager audiences, and in general enjoyed himself immensely. Up to the very end his zest was unimpaired. He was a choice and ever-desired companion around desert campfires, at dinner parties, and in hotel lobbies during leisurely evenings with friends. He spent many hours thus, in talk about Arizona's heroic days and her picturesque personalities of a by-gone generation. His alert and retentive mind was crowded with a thousand vivid recollections of stirring scenes in camp and battle. He was a superb story-teller, and among close friends would relate with photographic and kaleidoscopic detail his strange experiences as a young man in Arizona when Arizona was very wild.

During a great part of his life Will C. Barnes wrote much and well. His first book, *Western Grazing Grounds and Forest Ranges,* was published in 1913, while he was Assistant United States Forester. It contains an immense amount of accurate and expert information about cattle, horses,

sheep, and predatory animals, whose characteristics and habits he knew from close observation on the ranges and in the National Forests of the West. This book was conceived and prepared primarily for the purpose of providing a "practical work on the grazing side of their profession for the young men who were entering or preparing to enter the Forest Service of the United States." He writes that he "believes it possible to put the experience of thirty years' handling live stock on the range under all sorts of conditions into a book that will be of some practical use and benefit to these students and others engaged in the work." No one who has read the book can fail to see that he accomplished his object. To this day it continues to be both a popular and valuable work, not only for the professional forester and cattleman, but for the casual reader as well.

Barnes' *Tales from the X-bar Horse Camp*, published in 1920, consists of eighteen short sketches and stories dealing with the rough and hilarious ways of soldiers, cowmen, and peace-officers in northern Arizona during the 1880's. In these tales the author works up odds and ends of life in the raw as he himself knew it during his career as a soldier and a cowman. Fact and fiction are blended in about equal parts. The humor is boisterous, the vernacular strictly authentic. The general character of the volume is indicated by the following captions selected at random: The Blue-Roan Outlaw, Just Regulars, The Stampede on the Turkey Track Range, The Passing of Bill Jackson, Lost in the Petrified Forest, The Shooting-up of Horse Head. The stories were first printed in such representative magazines

as *The Argonaut, American Forestry, The Breeder's Gazette,* and *The Cosmopolitan.*

In 1930, with William MacLeod Raine as joint author, Barnes published the instructive and entertaining book, *Cattle.* It unfolds the whole history of the cattle industry on the open plains, and is as full of human interest as it is of historic and technical information; for the rustler and the resolute armed officer of the law come in for their full share of attention along with the cowboy. The book is romantic and thrilling throughout; a volume that any youth, whether city or country bred, will find delight in reading.

Our author's crowning work was *Arizona Place-Names,* published in 1935 as one of the General Bulletins of the University of Arizona. This book explains the origin and meaning of about four thousand Arizona place-names, with accompanying maps, and the date when each post-office in the commonwealth was established, together with the name of the postmaster. No one but Barnes could have written such a book. For thirty years he had been painstakingly gathering the facts that he sets down in this volume; and, be it said, after his retirement from government service, there was no activity in which he found greater enjoyment than in this task of finding, explaining, and recording this rich array of information concerning Arizona names.

But Barnes' writings included much more than was printed in books. He was an untiring and prolific writer, and whatever he penned he was able to make interesting. He wrote unceasingly on a hundred subjects, and pub-

lished articles, long or short, in scores of journals and magazines. In addition to all this, he contributed to newspapers and little-known magazines notes, letters and articles on matters of natural history and on obscure or disputed points dealing with Arizona's past. Taken together, all this fugitive material constitutes a very valuable historical fund.

In the course of his long life Will Barnes came into association with many brilliant and eminent men; and not a few of them he could claim as devoted friends. When he was a very small boy Mark Twain took his meals with the Barnes family; in Indianapolis he lived on the same street with James Whitcomb Riley, and sang regularly in the same choir with him. In that city, also, Booth Tarkington was his friend. During the years he was a soldier at Fort Apache he met intimately Frank H. Cushing, the celebrated ethnologist; Captain John G. Bourke, famous soldier, archaeologist, and author; and Adolph Bandelier, perhaps the most celebrated of all Southwestern archaeologists. While a young cattleman on his range near Holbrook, he met and conversed with Major John Wesley Powell; for a long period he and Gifford Pinchot were fast friends; and he was closely associated with many other equally eminent men. Nearly all early Arizona men of mark he knew, and he served with many of them in the Legislature and in other important civic positions. He and nearly all his chief pioneer contemporaries are gone now; and in the hearts of many who knew these men and leaned upon them in hours of need, there is a sense of loneliness and loss, as when mighty trees fall and desolate, vacant places are left against the sky.

Introduction

Will C. Barnes died in Phoenix, December 17, 1936, after a very short illness. He was laid to rest in Arlington Cemetery—that final resting-place of American soldier heroes—in the company of distinguished comrades of a period long past.

> On fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards, with solemn round,
> The bivouac of the dead.

It was fitting that among the many Arizona landmarks connected with his name, both through his deeds and his writings, one, specifically, should be named for him. And so it was that on December 4, 1938, with simple yet impressive ceremonies, Will C. Barnes Butte, in Papago Park and Military Reservation at Phoenix, was dedicated in his honor by the Maricopa Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in co-operation with the officials of the United States Forest Service. Thus an enduring and visible monument will speak to future generations of boys and men in the state he helped to create, loved so loyally and served so well, and will remind them that it is by courage, and honor, and industry, and devotion to public duty, and faith in the ultimate triumph of good, that a man wins his right to be held in grateful and lasting memory.

FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

APACHES & LONGHORNS

Chapter I

"EN ROUTE" TO SAN DIEGO

IN THE winter of 1879, my class graduated.* I stood unusually high in telegraphy and consequently was ordered to report at San Diego, California, which was then the headquarters of the Southwestern Military Telegraph lines extending from that point eastward through Arizona, New Mexico, and as far as Denison, Texas. From the main stem, branches ran to the many isolated military posts located at Prescott, Arizona; Santa Fe and Silver City, New Mexico, which then protected the thin line of civilization along the Southwestern Indian frontier from the attacks of the red men. I left Washington late in December, 1879. Once more I was westward bound. In those days a soldier transferred to a new station by himself—roughed it in every sense of the word. A "Transportation Request"

*Barnes refers to his graduation from the Signal Corps School at Fort Myer.

was issued to him at the starting-point. This secured for him only the right to ride in a day-coach. Soldiers didn't use Pullmans then. They were offered their choice of what was known as "cooked travel rations"—corned beef, crackers, cheese, etc.—or the huge sum of seventy-five cents a day in cash, based upon their taking three meals each day, computed at twenty-five cents each, every day they traveled. Imagine traveling nowadays on seventy-five cents a day for food! The total commutation of rations, given me in cash by the depot quartermaster at Washington, amounted to exactly fifteen dollars—twenty days at seventy-five cents per day.

I left the Capital City encumbered with a four-foot mercurial barometer which, I was warned, "must never be laid down flat, must get no sudden shocks or blows, and which when not in my hands must be hung up on something by its leather strapes." How many hearty curses were bestowed on that bulky, pestiferous instrument! En route to San Diego I delivered this barometer to the Military Telegraph Operator and Weather Observer at Pioche, Nevada. To do so I left the main line of the old Central Pacific Railroad at a little station called Wells, Nevada. From there I traveled south about sixty-five miles over a ricketty narrow-gauge railroad to Eureka, a lively mining camp. From Eureka to Pioche was two days of horrible travel in an open sleigh over snow-covered mountains. Pioche, a once-prosperous mining camp of more than fifteen thousand people, was then practically abandoned. There were not over fifty persons in the place at that time, not counting the Piute Indians who infested it.

WILL C. BARNES
PRIVATE, U.S. SIGNAL CORPS, 1879

One family of Indians occupied a deserted three-story hotel, still in very good condition. Carpets were yet on the floor; in the kitchen was a huge hotel range; and shades were on many of the windows. Block after block of business houses on the main street were vacant and fast going to wreck and ruin. The place was the personification of desolation.

The precious barometer delivered to Sergeant Harry Hall, the operator in charge of the military telegraph office at Pioche, I meant to take an early sleigh stage back to the railroad. Hall, however, was dreadfully anxious to get away from Pioche, having been stationed there for "two long dismal years," as he expressed it. He begged me to wire the Chief Signal officer and request to be ordered to remain and take his place. But I was headed for Arizona and Indians and all sorts of romance. Pioche didn't appeal to me a little bit.

When I overheard Sergeant Hall sending a long official message back to Washington, D.C., asking that "Private Will C. Barnes, now at Pioche on official business," be ordered to remain and take station at that post and relieve him from further duty there, I determined to beat him to it, as the boys say. I felt sure Hall did not know I could hear his message, or at least doubted my ability to read it as he sent it. I knew he could not hear from Washington inside of three days.

The sleigh stage left Pioche early in the morning. I hustled out and hunted up the agent and driver and arranged for a seat on the morning sleigh. Before Hall realized what was up, I was on the sleigh all ready to leave

Pioche for good. Nor did I ask for any messages at the two telegraph offices I passed on the way to the railroad station. I feared that I might be held up in some unexpected manner. I knew Hall was my superior officer and possibly might order me to remain until he received an answer to his Washington message. I was taking no chances. If he ever happens to read these memoirs, he will know exactly how and why he lost me.

My orders allowed me a week's leave at San Francisco *en route* to San Diego. Following that visit with my family and friends, I took the famous old sidewheel steamer, *Orizaba*, for Los Angeles, where I was obliged to remain for two days waiting for the next steamer to San Diego, which happened to be the *Orizaba* on an extra run. Los Angeles was then a small country town clustered mainly around the old Spanish plaza and settlement in the lower end of the present city. My uncle, Tom Croft, was one of the original colony of seventeen Hoosiers who came from Indiana and bought the Spanish grant on which the city of Pasadena is located. He owned some fifty acres of this land, on which later stood the Green Hotel, the Raymond Hotels, and the Santa Fe railroad station. He was the "Uncle Tom" of Lake Calhoun days. Anxious to see him and his new home, I hired a saddle-horse at a livery stable and rode out to the future metropolis over a road a foot deep in powdery dust. Pasadena was extremely crude at that time. What is now Orange Grove Avenue was planted mostly in corn, among which the settlers had set out the orange trees from which they expected to make fortunes. Uncle Tom lived in a nondescript shack, partly tent, partly

rough lumber. Water for domestic purposes came from the open irrigation ditches that lined every street. The whole set-up was exactly like the small Mormon hamlets of those pioneer days. Uncle Tom tried hard to convince me that my future lay in stopping right there and making my home with him, at that time a lone bachelor.

But the lure of Arizona was too much for me. My blood was fired with the idea of fighting Indians, and I hoped to get into action very soon. Pasadena then and Pasadena today are two very different propositions. I was not gifted with foresight. There might grow up a great city along the Arroyo Seco, on the banks of which stood my uncle's home and along which lay part of his land. But I couldn't imagine it. Probably I lacked what some people call "vision." Be that as it may, I cast my lot in the wilds of Arizona Territory. I was seeking romance and Indians, and there didn't seem to be much of either around Pasadena. Eventually I sailed into the lovely harbor of San Diego and reported for duty to Lieutenant Charles A. Booth, U.S. Army officer in charge of the Southwest Division United States Telegraph Lines.*

*My wife and I spent the summer of 1934 in San Diego. Always in doubt as to the exact date I first arrived in that city, I went to the City Library and asked to see a file of the *San Diego Union* of January and February, 1880. The arrival of every steamer was noted in its columns, with the names of the passengers and their home towns.

A little hunting, and there I found the record of my arrival. The issue of January 25, 1880, carried a list of passengers who "arrived yesterday on the Steamer *Orizaba* from Los Angeles." Among them I found my name: "William C. Barnes, Washington, D.C." That brought

me to San Diego on January 24, 1880. The list of guests registered at the Horton House, printed the next day, carried the same name.

Searching further for the date of my leaving San Diego for Arizona, I found an item to the effect that "Among the passengers on the stage yesterday for Yuma, Arizona, were the following," etc. Among the names of the five persons on that stage was that of William C. Barnes. Destination Tucson, Arizona. The date of leaving was February 2, 1880. What a joy it was to make this complete check-up as to these dates, fifty-four years after the event.

Chapter II

ON TO ARIZONA

A FEW days at San Diego and I was ordered to Fort Apache, Arizona, then about as far out of civilization as it was possible to get. Traveling on the desert in those days was a very primitive matter. The stage ride eastward from San Diego to Yuma was nothing to add to one's enjoyment of life. It was sand and desert, with special emphasis on the sand.

At Yuma everything was booming. The eastern end of the Southern Pacific Railroad was near the station of Casa Grande, some one hundred and thirty-five miles beyond Yuma. Nearly three thousand Chinamen were hard at work, pushing it forward at the rate of about five miles a day. The mines at Tombstone were pouring out their flood of gold and silver. All inbound stages from the railhead near Maricopa Wells, south of Phoenix, were loaded with as many passengers as could find a place on them,

either inside or out. I waited at this railhead two days until a seat was vacant in one of the huge, six-horse coaches of the old Butterfield Overland Stage and Transportation Company. The journey from there to Tucson, where I was to report for further orders, took about twenty-four tiresome hours of constant travel day and night. Accommodations along the route were primitive to an extreme. At the first eating-station, I washed my face and hands, in an Indian basket set on three sticks driven into the ground, outside the station, under a mesquite tree. The water was horribly alkaline, and the woven willow basket—used by each and every passenger—was about as insanitary a piece of furniture as could be imagined. Such baskets or bowls were in almost universal use for household purposes at that day, all over Southern Arizona. Freight on crockery and tinware was high. Indian baskets were cheap and plentiful—also practically everlasting. The long roller towels, often old flour-sacks, hanging on nails driven into the tree, were quite as archaic and insanitary as the wash baskets. Mostly, the washing was done in a handy *acequia* or irrigation ditch. Steam laundries were unknown; Indian squaws plentiful and cheap.

The table was spread under a *ramada* or brush shelter formed by a rough pole framework, over which willow and cottonwood boughs were thrown. Occasionally a centipede or a lively beetle dropped from it onto the table below. Funny little long-tailed lizards raced up and down the cottonwood posts that supported the brushy cover. As we ate, a young Pima kid offered to sell us a fine specimen of the horned toad. None of the passengers dared touch

it, much less buy it. A tall, handsome Yuma Indian, naked as the day he was born, except for a cotton breech-clout, or "G string," about his loins, waited on the table. Another, similarly clothed, fought away the myriads of hungry flies that swarmed about the diners' heads and over the food. He was armed with a fly-brush built of newspapers cut into long strips, which were tied to a short stick. This he waved back and forth in a weary, dejected sort of way, as if life were hardly worthwhile. At 110 degrees in the shade, it hardly was. His long hair was wound tight about his head. Over it was plastered half an inch of dried mud. Inquiry as to the object of this peculiar head-covering developed the fact that it was to kill off the lively inhabitants. The cooking was done in plain sight of the table by a couple of barefooted Yuma squaws, who in deference to the prevailing fashion wore long, bright-colored calico skirts that came almost to the ground. And nothing else but. From their waists up they were "a study in the nude." It was a great place to study anatomy. The recollections of that first meal at a stage station on the Arizona desert are as clear as if it all happened yesterday. Anyone seeking local color could certainly have found it down there in 1880.

At one stage station I had my first experience with the Mexican dish known as *chile con carne* (chile with beef). The stuff came to the table in a great, red pottery bowl—simply a meat stew. With it was passed another bowl of coarsely ground red stuff that looked for all the world like dried tomato skins and seeds. Both bowls, by the way, were of Indian make.

"That there's chile," the driver remarked in answer to an inquiring look.

The old-timers at the table filled their plates with the stew, then spooned a lot of the red, ground material into it. The name *chile* meant nothing in my young life, but I was willing to try anything once, especially when I was as hungry as I was then. So with the young Irishman next to me, who followed suit after I had helped myself to a plateful of the mess. Taken into one's mouth, the concoction fairly set things afire! The Irishman lifted a spoonful of the stew, plentifully covered with the *chile*, to his capacious mouth. So did I. Each gasped, gulped, wriggled, and tried to swallow. We wallowed the meat round and round in our mouths, hoping it would cool off. It wouldn't! Liquid fire could have been no hotter. Tears welled from our eyes and dimmed our sight. The old-timers grinned. It was an old story to them. I swallowed my red-hot morsel and it seared its way down my throat. The Irishman, however, was not equal to further torture. He dropped into one hand a huge chunk of the half-chewed beef. Laying it carefully on the table beside his plate, he said savagely:

"Lay there, damn you, till I'm done, an' I'll light me pipe wid yez!"

Chile was plain red pepper served at every Arizona meal in those lively days, and the newcomers soon got used to its fervid temperature.

At Maricopa Wells, half-way between Yuma and Tucson, the water came from a three-hundred-foot well. The machinery consisted of a forty-gallon barrel, a three-

hundred-foot rope, and a wooden pulley. The motive power was a yoke of small Mexican oxen driven by a naked Mexican kid. There was a valve in the bottom of the barrel by which it was filled when lowered, and emptied after reaching the top. When the barrel was filled, the boy would vigorously belabor the oxen, and they would strain at the yoke and walk leisurely out to the rope's end. In addition to prodding the oxen with a long, sharp-pointed stick, the kid kept yelling: "*Andele! andele!*" ("Go on! Go on!") at the top of his voice. As the oxen neared the end of their walk they always began to slow down, often stopping with the barrel just at the mouth of the well. At this the son of ancient Montezuma, sitting on the well-curb waiting for the barrel to come up, would shriek, "*Poco mas, muchacho, poco mas!*" ("A little more, boy, a little more!"). It cost two bits, twenty-five cents, to water horses or cattle, cash in advance. Everyone coming to Arizona for the first time provided himself with Spanish lesson-books and dictionaries, for Spanish was then almost the universal language.

The stage drivers were at constant warfare with the freighters who lined the road with their strings of ten to twenty animals, mules or horses. Turning out to pass a long line of freight wagons, generally a lead wagon with two or three trailers, was no easy matter. The big stage lumbered and rocked past them. The driver always drove just as close to the freight teams as he could in an endeavor to force or scare them out of the road—which he often did, followed by the vigorous anathemas of the freighters. At night the freighters frequently swung their teams only

half-way out of the road, the long chain being left lying stretched out just clear of it. The harness of each animal was dropped on the ground right where it stopped, ready to be replaced in the morning. Some stage drivers took a fiendish delight in driving over these piles of harness in the darkness of the night. The heavy wheels naturally played havoc with it, breaking harness and cutting lines and traces.

"Teach 'em good road manners," was the sarcastic comment of the chap "on the box" by whose side I sat during the long night drive into Tucson.

The desert roads were unusually good. The average person thinks of the desert as a waste of shifting sand. But it is not so in Southern Arizona. The soil in that region is mostly a gravelly formation not easily cut up, and, except across the "'dobe flats," is improved rather than injured by rain. There was a beauty in the desert that is all its own. Great forests of mesquite trees lined the roads for miles. They reminded one of grand old apple orchards. Palo verde (green tree), with its lovely, fragrant, yellow blooms; catclaw (because of its hook-like thorns); creosote (because of its odor); iron wood; miles and miles of cacti, from the small kind like a bunch of Irish potatoes, up to the gigantic sahuaro, which are like great telegraph poles, bearing beautiful tulip-like blossoms of brilliant hues. Acres of yuccas, also, glorious in their long spikes of waxen flowers. Nor must one forget to mention that strange desert shrub, the ocotillo, that may be described as a bunch of spiny fishpoles about ten feet in length covered with terribly sharp thorns, each pole or limb bearing at the end

a brilliant scarlet flower. It is, by the way, not a cactus. At some stage stations, and often at cattle ranches, the corrals and fences were constructed of these ocotillo stems or poles, set in trenches in the ground, close together. Believe me, no thief ever entered a house surrounded by such a fence, or sneaked an animal out of an ocotillo corral. It amused me to see how careful were the animals inside them not to rub against these prickly fences.

On the road, chaparral cocks (road-runners,) those long-tailed desert birds, would race ahead of the stage teams, apparently determined not to leave the road, no matter how hard pushed. Huge, floppy-eared jack rabbits went slithering across the road, while lizards, big and little, sunned their skins on the rocks. Desert ravens winged silently above. Occasionally a coyote went slinking through the brush by the roadside. At night, when the stage stopped at a station to change teams, these animals would start a serenade that fairly "woke the dead."

Next to the old-time stage drivers, the famous messengers or guards employed by the Wells Fargo Express Company to protect their treasure boxes from robbers were perhaps the most picturesque, colorful figures of stage days. The Tombstone Stages, both in- and out-bound, carried one on each coach. These vehicles carried thousands of dollars in coin, bullion, and currency, so they were naturally the prey of robbers and outlaws. Every messenger sat on top of his coach, generally right beside the driver, six-shooter at hip (sometimes one on each hip), a repeating rifle or sawed-off shotgun resting in the hollow of his arm. Usually his feet rested on the iron-bound

treasure box which lay under them. One uses the word picturesque in speaking of the bandits who infested the road, but occasionally they were very ordinary individuals. Judge Richard Sloan in his *Memoirs* tells of one in his district who robbed the Florence stage three times in succession at almost the same place on the highway. When he was eventually captured, he proved to be not the bold, dashing Dick Turpin type of robber that Mrs. Sloan visited court especially to see. Instead of a handsome, romantic "knight of the road," she saw a small, baldheaded, meek, and harmless-appearing man who walked with a decided limp, "and was about as dangerous as a kitten."

As the messengers rode, they scanned every bush, rock, and tree for a possible enemy, either Apache or white. They had to face both varieties. Most messengers were men whose antecedents and previous life history would not bear too close investigation. It was often a case of "setting a thief to catch a thief." But if the stage they were hired to protect was attacked, they generally rose to the occasion and risked their lives in performance of the duty for which they were paid. Arizona can boast of what was probably the only honest-to-goodness female stage robber—one Pearl Hart, a lady who was finally arrested after a series of bold, sensational events, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary at Yuma for a term of years. The sheriff who made the capture described her as "a tiger cat for nerve and endurance, who was out to kill at the drop of a hat." This describes the woman exactly. Pearl, by the way, hailed from Toledo, Ohio.

Chapter III

TUCSON IN 1880

THE TUCSON of 1880 was a sorry-looking Mexican town, with narrow, crooked streets lined with one-story houses built of sun-dried adobe, and mostly with dirt floors and dirt roofs. As I remember the town, there was but one two-story business building in the place, and that one rejoiced in the somewhat doubtful name, "The Palace Hotel." With brakes shrieking, the long whiplash cracking, our stage pulled up before another so-called "hotel," the "Cosmopolitan," a one-story adobe. Half the town was out to see the Overland Stage arrive. The engineer of the famous Santa Fe Limited of 1936 was not half the hero that the driver of the Butterfield Stage was in 1880.

The hotel office was in the large bar-room, the only room that boasted a board floor. This room was full of rough-looking men who were patronizing the bar in great style.

Soft drinks were then unknown. It was "whiskey straight," or, perhaps, a shot of the Mexican mescal. I was assigned a canvas cot, one of about a dozen others in a room about twelve by fourteen. Each cot stood as close to the others as was possible. There certainly was not more than two feet between them. Every cot had a claimant. Some were lying on top of the bedding fully dressed, in various grades of intoxication. Here and there an occupant was asleep, snoring vigorously. Each man's clothes were under his pillow, for safe keeping. Occasionally some man, soused to a finish, tumbled into the first vacant cot he came to, regardless of its rightful owner. Some lovely and lively rows took place when the man to whom it had been assigned arrived.

The lavatory, or "wash room," consisted of a long wooden sink in the dark hall that led to the back of the bar-room. This sink was about ten feet long, and was equipped with six or eight tin basins. A barrel of water, fitted with a wooden faucet, stood on a shelf over the sink. The waste water drained off at one end through a pipe which led to the street. The thing fairly reeked with microbes, bacilli, and germs. Happily, no one knew much about such things in those early days. A number of coarse, common-use towels, a cracked mirror, to which was chained a dilapidated hair-brush that had been used for many years and had shed a lot of its bristles, and a brass-backed comb minus many teeth, completed the toilet facilities.

To me it seemed that every other building on the business street was a saloon—every one packed with a motley

crowd of men of many nationalities: teamsters, bull-whackers, soldiers, Army officers, miners, Mexicans, Indians, and common, ordinary citizens. They offered a wonderful variety of humans. Nearly everyone was armed; yet shootings were far from common. Practically everybody used the Spanish language. In each place a number of gambling games ran steadily the twenty-four hours round. There were faro, stud-poker, keno, roulette, monte, and straight poker. Everyone was either struggling to reach the bar for a drink or trying hard to get up to one of the games.

The intermediate buildings along the street were occupied by *nymphs de pave* of every race and color—red, white, and black; old ones, middle-aged ones, and young girls. I knew the tribe on Stockton Street, in San Francisco, but these were quite another lot. It was surely no town for a young man whose immediate forebears traced straight back to the first Puritans. The two classes of business, gambling and prostitution, were evidently on a par as to respectability with the selling of drygoods and groceries. Certainly the faro-dealers and saloon-keepers were far and away the best dressed and most elegant males in the city. In many saloons there were women game-dealers—some very pretty; all as tough as could possibly be.

To the tenderfoot, the town was a constant source of amusement and amazement. The big six-horse Concord Stage tore through the narrow, alley-like streets with a recklessness only equaled by motor traffic in the city streets of 1936. Huge freight wagons drawn by eight and ten yoke of oxen, or as many mules, crept along to the accompaniment of jingling bells, cracking whips, and many oaths.

For a broad, expressive line of oaths, the Spanish language is unequalled! A racy army ambulance from nearby Fort Lowell, drawn by six handsome mules, and filled with Army officers, would sometimes flash past. The ambulance drivers were mostly citizens. Their occupation was generally considered to rank with anything in the region, next to an Army colonel. They were the *elite* among professional men. It was a genuine treat to see a government ambulance-driver swing a six-mule team around the corner of those narrow streets. The little leaders would be on the dead run, the giant wheelers on a fast trot. The driver would bring them up all standing in front of the Palace Hotel, or the Shoo Fly or Can-Can restaurant, every line in his left hand, in his right his whip, his right foot on the brake-staff. Such a driver was the hero of every boy in town; the uncrowned king of the Southwest.

There was, also, the native population to add to the interest. Long strings of burros loaded with wood or merchandise crept through the streets, whacked vigorously by their drivers, who in addition constantly tried to stimulate speed by the cry: "*Andele! Andele!*" Neither word nor deed inspired any additional speed. Unloaded, these same burros infested the streets. A person often had to go round or step over one lying flat on the sidewalk taking a comfortable *siesta.* And dogs! They were countless–big ones and little ones, hairy ones and hairless ones, savage ones and timid ones, scrubs and bluebloods. They barked all night long, and when not barking they were raising an equal volume of sound by their fights. Chicken-fights were a common form of amusement. Frequently one

saw a Mexican hanging round a saloon (*cantina* was the musical name for most of them) with a rooster all spurred for action under his arm, looking for a chance for a match with another bird.

I was under orders to report by wire to San Diego on arrival at Tucson. The military telegraph line was the one link that kept the natives in touch with civilization. The office was a busy place, and it took two operators to handle the business. The receipts, at the low government rate of a cent a word for five hundred miles, averaged fifteen hundred dollars a month. Besides this use, there was the vast amount of official business—mostly Army messages—which went free. Mails were very slow, hence everyone used the wire whenever he could.

I made a trip to the wonderful old ruin of the San Xavier Mission, about nine miles from the city. It has since been rebuilt and restored, but even at that time the ancient, dilapidated place was most impressive in the beauty and dignity of its architecture. It was then inhabited by several Papago Indian families whose civil and religious needs were looked after by half a dozen aged *padres* in long, brown gowns. As restored, it is today undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and inspiring pieces of ecclesiastical architecture in this country.

Chapter IV

I MEET THE APACHES

At the end of a week, orders from San Diego directed me to proceed to Fort Apache, Arizona, and relieve the operator on duty at that far-away, out-of-the-world frontier military post. It was distant about two hundred and twenty-five miles over country more or less infested with raiding bands of Apache Indians. My very soul was thrilled at the prospect. What were a few Indians as against the white man?

"Pish! Tush! and two more tushes," I said to myself, "here's real adventure at last."

From Tucson east the travel split. One stage-line went southeast to Tombstone. The other went directly east to Lordsburg, New Mexico, and on to Eastern points through Texas. The Tombstone line was swamped with men eager to reach that thriving mining-camp with the doleful name. Overland, or through, travel was not so heavy except for

the mails, which often crowded the passengers out of their seats. Uncle Sam paid well for this service and the mail always came first.

One bright day in February, 1880, I climbed on board an eastbound Butterfield stage coach, billed for a station called Point of Mountain, some one hundred and twenty-five miles east of Tucson. The stage reached there about midnight. Supper was served—a banquet of chile, beans, bacon, butterless bread, and rank coffee. The stage for Fort Grant was scheduled to leave early the next morning over a branch road to the north. After the supper, goodbye was said to the passengers who were going on. I watched the great lumbering coach melt away into the darkness, then rolled into bed on a canvas cot in the adobe station to catch a little sleep.

Point of Mountain was then merely a lonely stage station. There was a military telegraph office, with a young signalman as operator and repairman. The line branched here, a side line running north to the three lively military posts, Camp Grant, Thomas, and Apache. Water for the men at the station, and for the stock, was hauled in barrels from springs in the foothills several miles away. A more lonesome, God-forsaken spot for human habitation never existed even in Arizona, and it had some other fairly good examples of such a place. Two years later, when the railroad reached Point of Mountain, the place was rechristened Willcox, in honor of Major General C. B. Willcox, commander of the District of Arizona. Incidentally, someone suggested digging a well. Wonderful to relate, at the spot from which they had hauled water for the old stage station

for years and years, they struck excellent artesian water at a depth of one hundred feet.

I visited Willcox in the summer of 1936. How things had changed with the passing years! The lonely adobe stage station and telegraph office was gone. In its place I found a wide-awake little city with broad, well-shaded streets; comfortable homes, prosperous-looking business blocks, electric lights, city water, and other evidences of civilization. Half a dozen passenger trains stopped at the depot every day. They had taken the place of the old thorough-brace stage coach and its near relative, the back-breaking buckboard. The streets were filled with autos; cowboys' ponies were tied up to "the snorting post" in front of the stores. The valley around the town was dotted with the ranches and homes of settlers. Cattle grazed everywhere. Willcox was the second largest shipping point in Arizona for range cattle. The steady advance of civilization had wiped away every vestige of the place I saw over fifty-five years before.

The stage from Point of Mountain northward to Fort Grant was a two-seated open buckboard. Two old plug horses, probably condemned cavalry mounts, furnished the motive power. The driver was an ex-soldier who had left Uncle Sam's service to better his condition. It seemed doubtful if he had. The buckboard method of travel had but one talking point. It served the purpose of getting the United States mail and a few long-suffering traveling humans from one point in the West to another. The luckless passenger, with mail and express underfoot, at his back, and all around, simply made the best of it in this

springless contraption, open to storm and sun. The roads were just as nature made them; a foot deep in dust in dry weather, and often bottomless mud in wet weather. The average speed was about six miles per hour.

Fort Grant was a fine post, nestled down on the western side of Mount Graham, which rose ten thousand feet above it. About ten miles to the southwest was the famous Sierra Bonita cattle ranch, owned by Colonel Henry C. Hooker. Here Augustus Thomas found the scenario for and wrote his celebrated play *Arizona.* Colonel Hooker was a fine type of early-day cattleman who made the Southwest and its hospitality world-renowned. He kept open house to everybody, and the wife of many a young officer was saved from mental and physical shipwreck by the presence of the genial Colonel and his attractive wife. Colonel Hooker's "H" brand grazed by thousands on the open range around Fort Grant. When he was not entertaining the officers at his ranch, they in turn were busy scouting round to protect his ranch and herds from the hungry Apaches.

When our buckboard arrived at Fort Grant the military telegraph operator reported that the stage we left at Point of Mountain had been attacked by Indians a couple of hours after it started on, and the two passengers and the driver killed and mutilated. Such was life on the frontier at that time. Here our progress north was temporarily interrupted, due to a report that the day before a band of raiding Apaches had killed some prospectors, between Fort Grant and Camp Thomas, fifty miles north, on the Gila River. After a couple of days of delay the buckboard continued its journey under guard of four or five cavalrymen.

Camp Thomas was a rough camp, part canvas, part adobe, the whole a fine example of the housing arrangements Uncle Sam furnished his soldiers on the frontier. The *jacales,* or wickiups, of the Apaches were almost as comfortable. Major David Perry, 6th United States Cavalry, was in command, and to him I reported for further means of transportation. The Apache Indians were at their usual tricks, and only a well-armed party could make the trip across the ninety miles of Indian-infested country to Fort Apache. After a further delay of four days, I found myself over at the quartermaster's corral facing a solemn-faced old government mule. A pack train of forty mules was to leave that day, carrying guns and ammunition to Fort Apache. Second Lieutenant Thomas Cruse, 6th U.S. Cavalry, not six months out from West Point, was to be in charge of the expedition. Besides the six civilian packers, there were a sergeant and six cavalrymen for an escort. Reporting to Lieutenant Cruse for orders, I was shown the aforesaid mule and informed that the quartermaster sergeant would furnish a saddle outfit for the trip. I intimated that over at the joint where I had been stopping was a trunk in which were all my worldly possessions. A man from the corral was sent with a cart to get the trunk. Right here I began to have serious misgivings. Those packers at the corral who were handling the mules looked like a bunch that would gladly eat a tenderfoot alive if given the least provocation. What they said when the driver of that cart unceremoniously dumped a huge, zinc-covered Saratoga trunk at the feet of the chief packer need not be stated here. His sarcastic, humiliating remarks burn

my ears to this very day. But eventually it was loaded on the back of the biggest, stoutest mule in the train, and the expedition set forth.

The loading of this trunk was an operation that greatly interested me. My previous rather limited experience with pack-mules was confined to the common or garden variety of western burro that carried a pack-saddle of the well-known sawbuck pattern. I now learned that the United States Army used an entirely different affair for packing loads in the field, known by the Spanish name *aparejo*. This article consists of two large bags made of heavy leather, each about three feet long and two and one-half wide. On one side is an opening, perhaps six inches across, through which grass stuffing is shoved into the bags to fill them out. When the packers prepared them for use, they took the train out into the mountains, where in some grassy meadow, or *cienega*, they found a long, tough grass with which each bag was stuffed until it was about six inches thick and very firm and solid. This stuffing process was done with the utmost care, the idea being to make the sides of the two bags conform to the frame of the mule. Each *aparejo* was stuffed for and fitted to some particular mule in the train, and was marked with that mule's initial, or number, so that no mistakes would be made in using them. When properly stuffed, two of these bags were fastened together by stout leather thongs laced back and forth through the upper ends, so they hung astride the mule's backbone, resting against his ribs on both sides. By the way, the animal was blindfolded while the packing was being done. Then a broad canvas cinch was passed

around both mule and *aparejo*, and drawn so tight by the two husky packers who tugged at it that the poor animal, almost cut in two, groaned and moaned as if in real pain—which it undoubtedly was. Next, a roll of bedding about three feet long was placed on each side of the *aparejo*, near its upper end, lying lengthwise of the mule and lashed on with a long rope. These rolls of bedding made a foundation for the trunk, which was hoisted on top, crossways of the mule, each end resting on a bedroll. Then still another lash rope was passed round the trunk, and made secure with the famous diamond hitch. This finished the operation.

When the blindfold was taken off of a mule and it was turned loose, the animal would start bucking in fine shape in an effort to rid itself of its unwelcome load. Seldom, however, was a mule able to dislodge it; those Army packers certainly knew their business. My particular mule was a giant, fully seventeen hands high, and, with the addition of the *aparejo* and the trunk, it was probably not an inch less than eight feet from the ground to the top of the trunk. Half a mile from the post, the Gila River, a treacherous, quick-sandy stream, was to be crossed. The muddy water was about three feet deep and as thick as pea-soup. Suffering from his unusual burden, that mule sought the deepest spot in the stream and deliberately lay down to rest. Under the belaborings and voluble cursings of one of the packers, the mule struggled to its feet, the chocolate-covered water streaming from his load in slimy cascades. From the edge of the river the trail led up a mountain-side, climbing two thousand feet in three miles

over a perfectly awful trail. There were many trees along the trail, and at every favorable opportunity that miserable hybrid did his best to dislodge his unwelcome burden by running under and against every limb he could reach. At the end of the first day, having satisfied himself that the huge excrescence on his back could neither be washed nor rubbed off, his muleship accepted the situation and carried the trunk safely to Fort Apache. The handling it had received did little to improve its general appearance. My misery had been renewed each morning, also, when it was replaced on the mule by the packers, by the repetition of the remarks of the first morning, often with variations that made life most unpleasant for me, the young tenderfoot. What the muddy chocolate-covered water did to its contents is quite another story.

About noon on the second day, as the party was moving along the trail a few hundred feet from a line of nearby perpendicular cliffs, several shots were fired at it. Shrill war-whoops echoed along the heights. The Indians seemed to be located on top of these cliffs, with the pack-train almost directly under them. Lieutenant Cruse, the young officer in command, had been given strict orders to keep a keen lookout for raiding Apaches, as nearly half the mules were loaded with ammunition and carbines. One or two pack-trains, I was told, had been captured by renegade Indians, who in this manner had secured large quantities of ammunition and arms.

With the first shot, Cruse ordered his entire outfit hurried away from the cliff from which the Indians were firing. Facing the cliff was a wide, open prairie, known as

Ash Fork Flats. Under the shouts and lashing of the packers the mules were hustled at full speed fully a mile out into the flat, beyond the range of the Indians' shots. The sergeant and his men covered the movement by shooting in the direction from which the shots were coming, although in fact nobody in the command saw a single Indian. Firing as they did from a high point, the Apaches all overshot their marks, so no one—animal or human—was hurt.

Young Cruse—he is a brigadier-general on the retired list now—was receiving his first attack from hostile Indians. He was a "shavetail" all right; so all young West Pointers were dubbed; but he kept his head and handled himself like a veteran. The hostiles, we afterwards learned, were a band of Warm Spring Apaches under their chief Victorio, who at that time was making life miserable for everybody in Southern Arizona. When the entire outfit was out of range the mules were rounded up to make sure none of them was missing. Near this point there was a round, crater-like formation of lava rock. Into this natural corral Cruse brought his train, where both men and animals were fairly safe from further attack. Meantime the Indians had come down to the flat and were riding round the spot in wide circles, but entirely out of rifle range. Nevertheless, everybody blazed away at them, hoping by some bit of good luck to hit one.

Can you imagine the thrill I was getting? My first Indian fight! What a joyful experience! The seasoned old chief packer, who had fought the Modocs in Oregon, and followed Chief Joseph, the Nez Perce raider, half-way

across the Northwest, advised Lieutenant Cruse that the Apaches never attacked after dark, and that his best plan was to unload the animals and let them get what feed they could, and then after dark pack up and travel all night. This was done; and while a man stationed on a high rock kept an eye on the Indians, the balance rested. But the Indians were full of ideas. Ash Creek Flat for miles on every side was covered with a dense growth of wild oats, as dry as tinder and in places waist-high. Smoke began to appear at two or three places "up the wind," and it was realized that the noble red men were going to try a prairie-fire attack for a change. Driven by a stiff breeze, the billows of flame and smoke came rolling down onto the crater which protected our outfit. Cruse promptly met this attack by back-firing the tall grass. With all hands hard at work, a wide barrier of burned-over land was created entirely around the location, and all danger from that source was ended. The dense smoke bothered us some, but that was all. The affair brought back to mind my youthful days, when I was a constant reader of yellow-backed dime novels. I recalled "Big Foot Wallace," "Dead Shot the Scout," "The Terror of the Plains," "The Death Trail," and other literary gems of those days; and I was living them all over again.

At dark the mules were loaded, and the party put in the long, cold night on a very rough trail, over which the chief packer guided it with unerring skill. At daylight the mules were again unloaded at a well-located point, and the party spent the day resting. There was a foot of snow on the ground and it was bitterly cold; but that young

lieutenant was determined that those precious cartridges and carbines should not fall into Apache hands. The next day we wallowed through deep snow, until at Seven-Mile-Hill the command dropped down two thousand feet into the lovely valley in which Fort Apache is located; and our goal was reached.

Chapter V

FORT APACHE IN 1880

THE WESTERN military posts of those days were not forts in any sense of the word; rather, they were mere camps for housing troops. Fort Apache, or Camp Apache, as commonly called in that day, was nestled down on a level table-land, encircled on the north and west sides by the East Fork of the White River, which here flowed for about three miles through a deep, volcanic box-canyon. Just to the west of the post, the North Fork of the same stream joined the East Fork through an equally uncrossable box-canyon. Across these, to the north, rose a characteristic Arizona mesa which towered above like a great fortress—picturesque to a degree. To the south of the post rose a long cliff, some two thousand five hundred feet high, that extended for ten or fifteen miles. It was covered with a heavy forest of cedar, juniper, and yellow pine. Up this

led a rough Indian trail. The wagon-road was some four miles up the valley, where Seven-Mile-Canyon gave an outlet for wheeled vehicles to the south. On the east lay a lovely valley, forest-rimmed, but open and clear of timber, except cottonwoods along the river. Twenty-five miles to the east loomed the White Mountains, by far the most beautiful mountains in the southwest. On the west, the country was more or less open and park-like, with isolated buttes, or high mesas, forming a wonderful skyline.

Fort Apache in those days was a beautiful spot. The forests round it were full of wild game. Elk, deer, bear, and wild turkeys were numberless. Every stream in the mountains was full of the finest trout that ever swam in cold water. It was, indeed, a sportsman's paradise.

One Sunday morning soon after my arrival, when everybody was busy preparing for Sunday-morning inspection—a sacred rite in any military post—a good-sized black bear lumbered out of the canyon back of the officers' quarters through a break in the canyon wall. No one noticed his bearship until he came very leisurely down "Officers' Row" and strolled into the front door of an officer's quarters. The officer himself was over at the barracks on duty. His wife—a young bride who had not been at the post more than a week—was sitting at a table in a side room. She heard a soft step on the floor and thought it was a bare-footed Indian; they often came into the quarters uninvited. Investigating, she found herself face to face with the animal. At her shriek he fled one way as fast as she went the other. Down "Officers' Row" his bearship sprinted at full speed, only to bump into the

orderly on duty in front of the Commanding Officer's quarters. The orderly was armed only with his cavalry six-shooter, but he lost no time in getting into action, firing at the animal as rapidly as he could pull the trigger. Eventually, the bear was killed almost at the foot of the flagstaff. The bear-hunt, however, had completely wrecked the Sunday-morning inspection. The firing had, of course, brought every man and officer in the post to the parade-ground, armed and equipped for an attack. So many shots were fired into the bear that it was difficult to say who it was that fired the one which laid him out. A year later a fine buck raced into the Post from the west, evidently pursued by coyotes or a mountain lion, and ran clear across the parade-ground and almost out of the Post before one of the guards on duty at the Adjutant's office killed him with a single shot.

To get into the Post from either east or west, one must climb perhaps a hundred feet from the river to the mesa on which it was built. The camp was laid out in a hollow square. The back doors of the officers' quarters, on the north side, opened into the box-canyon of the river. They were all of logs, one story, and extremely primitive as to architecture and finish. To the west, the hospital, a long, rambling, whitewashed adobe building, lay in the curve of the canyon, absolutely protected from ordinary attack. On the south side of the square ran four long sets of barracks, built of slabs, but roomy and comfortable. At the southeast corner stood the stone guardhouse; next was the Quartermaster's warehouse, of slabs, and the Commissary of adobe. At the northeast corner was the Adjutant's

office, also of adobe. Between the Commissary and the office of the Adjutant were two small log cabins; one the telegraph office, the other the operator's residence. Thus laid out, the buildings enclosed a parade-ground, probably four acres in extent.

To the east, stood the four cavalry stables and the Quartermaster corrals. Beyond these, and just at the tip of the hill where the road came up into the Post from the east, was the Post sutler store—a long, rambling, one-story, log and adobe building. Behind the barracks and corrals was "laundry row," a line of nondescript structures of varied architecture and material, canvas, stone, adobe, log and slabs; many were a combination of all these materials. As for defense, there wasn't a cannon in the Post—not even a "sunset" gun. In the valley about a mile to the east was a steam saw-mill. The Post water-system was based on an immense tank-wagon, drawn by six snow-white mules. In this, water was hauled from the river and poured into barrels standing at each set of quarters. Later on, a steam pump and gravity system was installed.

At that time, mails reached the Post every two weeks by buckboard or pack-train—weather, road conditions, and Indians permitting. A weekly mail route was established in the fall of 1881, from Holbrook, on the Little Colorado River, one hundred miles to the north, when the Sante Fe reached that point. Freight cost six cents a pound from the railroad head. Flour and sugar at the sutler-store retailed at twenty dollars a hundred, corn and barley at ten cents a pound. Hay cut on the grassy mesas around the Post cost the government fifty dollars a ton by contract. Wood

was twelve dollars a cord. On every side of the Post beyond its military boundary Apaches were camped in numbers. At sunset the guard saw to it that every Indian left the Post; nor could an Indian enter before the reveille was sounded.

The operator whom I came to relieve lost no time in turning over to me the government property for which he was responsible; and the next buckboard carried him "inside," as the natives designated the trip out to civilization. Alone on the job, the next nearest operator ninety miles distant, I began to have misgivings as to my ability as a telegraph operator. With but one mail a week, the wire was used for all sorts of official communications. It was no uncommon matter for a message of a thousand words to be filed by the Commanding Officer for transmission to District Headquarters at Whipple Barracks, Prescott. Almost every day some Arizona post reported an Indian scare, with frequent killings by raids of Victorio's band of Warm Spring Apaches. These raids kept the troops of nearly all the southern Arizona and New Mexico posts in constant field service. Every raid was reported to each post commander in order that they might all be fully conversant with Indian activities. It was a busy wire. The emergency call, "39-39-39," was the "break in" signal which allowed any such message to take precedence over all other business, either official or private. An unusually bold raid would bring a general order from the Department Commander keeping every operator at his key constantly until the situation was relieved. Several times I put in thirty-six hours straight time at the key—not

working, of course, but ready at any moment to answer a call. It was surprising how, with the instrument rattling away almost without a break, an operator could lay his head on his table and drop off to sleep in a second. No matter what was going on over the wire, he could sleep like a log. But let his office call sound two or three times and he was at once wide awake and ready for business; a sure case of mind over matter, if there ever was such; for the outsider it was all the same ceaseless "tap–tap–tapping."

Besides the telegraph work the military operator was required to take, record, and forward by wire four separate weather observations daily; for "Old Probabilities" at Washington was also Chief Signal Officer in that day. These observations were synchronized with Washington time, which caused the operator at Apache considerable sorrow; for it forced him to make the first report each day at 3:39 a.m. There could be no fudging on this business. The instruments had to be read at 3:39, the report made out and put into code all ready for the call signals which came over the wire from El Paso, Texas, at exactly 4 a.m. If you weren't there to answer, you later had a painful few moments of wire conference with the Chief Operator, who was a commissioned officer. Yuma was the most westerly station we had, and it sent the first report. Then, each man, listening to his fellows, picked up the report in his turn, ticked off his ten or fifteen cipher words, signed his initials, got the "O.K." from El Paso, and went back to bed.

This happened four times every blessed day, rain or shine, peace or war, Indians or no Indians, unless the line

was down; which it often was. Even then, we had to record the weather and make our report by mail. The last word in our code message at 9 p.m. was our prognostication, "fair," or "foul," as to the ruling weather for the next twenty-four hours. Prescott was at one end of a branch wire from the main line, Apache at the other. It was some five hundred miles around that vast U, and about one hundred and fifty across its upper end. I soon discovered that during an average period if it was clear and lovely at Apache, and Prescott predicted "foul" for the next twenty-four hours at that place, it was safe to predict "fair" for Apache that time, but to make it "foul" for the next day's prophecy. Nearly all storms came from the west, and the rule generally held good during both seasons when storms were to be expected.

I was painfully impressed with the fact that, while I had been a bright and shining light as a telegraph operator at the Fort Myer School, I was about the rankest failure imaginable when I found myself at the end of a wire with some old-timer two or three hundred miles away hammering out thirty words a minute to me. If anyone ever sweated blood, I was that person for the first three months. What some of the operators who had to work with me said about my genealogy and bringing up was something fierce. But they had to get the messages to me, and, until I was certain I had every word, they got no answering "O.K.-Bs." Practice makes perfect and practice under such conditions eventually made me perfect. I did my last work as a telegraph operator in 1883, over fifty years ago; but to this day I can sit in a hotel lobby or railroad station

and read every word that goes over the wire, so long as only one sounder is working.

The slender strand of wire which connected Fort Apache with the outside world in 1880 was very primitive. To the Apaches it was an exceedingly mysterious affair. The poles were mostly cottonwood saplings, wired to cedar stubs set in the ground. One pole out of fifty, perhaps, could be called straight. The rest were as crooked as a ram's horn. In this year the military lines stretched from San Diego on the west across Arizona and New Mexico and western Texas clear to Denison—more than twelve hundred miles of line, with many branches to points like Santa Fe, Prescott, and other pioneer towns off the main line.

What with trees falling across it and other accidents, the wire was down about as many days as it was up. On one occasion it had been down for over a week. The repairman from Apache had gone over his section twice without discovering the break. I decided to go myself. Taking a test key along, I cut in occasionally until I discovered I was beyond the break. I could get Camp Thomas, but not Apache. Carefully I retraced my steps, never taking my eyes from that wire suspended above. Cutting in again, I found I was able to get Apache, but not Thomas. *Ergo*, the break had been passed. I doubled back on my trail, scanning the wire foot by foot until I was back at the place I had cut before. Again I retraced my steps; there was something weird about it all. At one place the line crossed Turkey Creek, a small stream with a heavy fringe of large sycamores on each bank. The wire was suspended by poles on each side of the stream and passed through the thick

branches of the trees, where it could not be clearly seen. I decided I would make sure of every single foot of that wire; so, riding my horse under the sycamore through which the wire passed, I stood up in the saddle, grabbed a drooping limb and swung myself up into the tree. Before doing this I unbuckled my cartridge belt to which my revolver was attached and hung it over the saddlehorn. My cavalry carbine was left in its scabbard on the saddle. The horse stood quietly under the tree. Working my way toward the tree-top, I found the break, and I was awfully well pleased with myself over my work. Some clever rascal had climbed the tree, tied a rope into the wire on each side of the tree trunk, and had then drawn it in enough to get considerable slack—not a hard thing to do on that line. The ingenious individual had then cut the wire and twisted each end around a limb. Thus it went into the branches on one side of the tree and came out on the other side, but between the ends was a foot-wide gap. Anyone looking for a break was thus completely fooled. In a short time, I spliced in a piece of wire and the break was fixed; I could get both Apache and Thomas on the test instrument.

While at this job I heard voices under the tree—Indian voices at that. Peering cautiously through the leafy screen, I discovered below three of the meanest outlaw Apaches on the reservation. They were all armed, too. What they couldn't understand was the presence of that well-equipped horse standing around without any visible owner. The red men scanned the trail he had made; looked everywhere on the ground for a man's tracks and, of course, could not find any. I held my breath. At last, to my great relief, they

rode off across the prairie without touching a thing, seemingly afraid of some sort of trap. I was convinced that had they seen me up there, unarmed and alone, they certainly would have shot me full of holes and made away with my outfit.

Who played that cute trick of cutting the wire and concealing the break in the foliage of that sycamore tree? That I found out later on. Two renegade white men from Utah, passing through the reservation with a bunch of stolen horses, had taken this method to prevent word being flashed ahead of them. One of the men, I learned, had been a telegraph repairman. None but a skilled repairman could have worked out a job such as that was. I fairly gloated over the way I had smoked out the rascals.

When a band of Apaches started out for a little deviltry, they often cut the wires to prevent news of their movements from being sent ahead of them. To accomplish this, they threw their lassos over the wire and pulled it from the poles. Then, with a heavy rock underneath for an anvil, and another for a hammer, they easily pounded it in two. They discovered, also, that by cutting it in two places, say fifty or a hundred feet apart, the job would be all the more successful. In such an instance, they would drag the cut-out piece off some distance and throw it into a canyon or hide it in the rocks. The repairman looking for trouble seldom carried more than eight or ten feet of extra wire, and such a break could not be mended until a long piece was brought out from the Post, which took time. They were the wise lads, those unlettered Apaches. They couldn't explain why cutting out a piece of wire

stopped its operation, but they very quickly learned the theory of "cause and effect."

The wonder of the age to the Apaches, however, was the telephone. Late in 1880, what I always believed to be the first 'phones in Arizona Territory were brought there by Robert C. Lord, one of the military operators fresh from Washington. He put one on the line at Camp Thomas and another at San Carlos. Everything considered, they worked very well, indeed. To the Indians they were the most mysterious things imaginable. I was at Thomas at the time, examining the wire. The operator got an Apache in the Thomas office and had his squaw come in to the San Carlos office and talk to him. Such shrieks of astonishment were never before heard. They would talk a little, then drop the receiver and tear out of the door hoping to catch the other person just outside. They called the telegraph operator "baish nalsuse nantan" ("baish," iron; "nalsuse," paper; "nantan," chief)—the iron paper chief.

In the fall of 1880, a large number of Zuñi Indians came to Apache from their pueblo over in New Mexico. They brought with them about fifty burros loaded with crates of grapes, peaches, and melons. How in the world those Indians managed to transport such tender fruits for that distance was always a mystery. There must have been heavy losses, but they got enormous prices, which eventually balanced things. Among the Zuñis was a white man, though it was hard to tell him from the rest. He wore his hair long, had a red flannel band about his forehead; and, as did all the Pueblo Indians, wore a white cotton shirt, pantaloons of the same color and material, and moc-

casins. He had letters of introduction to some of the officers, but what little entertaining he got was furnished mainly by the military telegraph operator, who felt rather sorry for him. He was Frank H. Cushing,* one of America's greatest ethnologists. It was over a year before I learned who and what Frank Cushing really was—that he was a member of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and that I had entertained an angel unawares.

That fall, a number of Navajos came to trade. Their ponies were loaded with Navajo blankets. One day, down at the Post dumping-grounds, I noticed several Navajo squaws picking up and carrying off all the discarded blue soldier-uniforms—the sky-blue trousers, and the dark-blue blouses of those days. Following the matter up, I discovered that these Navajo ladies were actually unravelling the woolen threads from these old Army garments, and then spinning them into yarn and working the material over into genuine Navajo blankets. The wool was absolutely pure, of course. The bright yellow lining of the cavalry overcoats was a special treasure. It was all a strange process, certainly. I learned, also, that some of the finest old-weave

*Frank Hamilton Cushing (1857-1900), great American ethnologist. A Pennsylvanian, at the age of sixteen he began the excavation of old Indian campsites. He went to New Mexico in 1879 as an assistant in the United States Bureau of Ethnology, remaining among the Zuñi Indians for three years. By becoming a member of the tribe he had an unsurpassed opportunity to study their habits and dig into their history and folklore. It was in the midst of this, the most interesting experience of his career, that Cushing came into contact with Barnes. *Zuñi Fetiches, The Relationship between Zuñi Sociologic and Mythic Systems, Studies of Ancient Pueblo Keramic Art as Illustrative of Zuñi Culture Growth, Zuñi Folk-Tales,* and *The Ancient Key Dwellers of Florida,* are works by Cushing.

Navajo blankets were woven from yarns secured by buying from the traders a fine imported red flannel material known to the trade as *bayetta,* and ravelling it just to get the thread.

I have in my collection today a fine blue Navajo blanket of bed size, woven from the sky-blue Army trousers, as well as several wonderful Navajos made from the red Spanish *bayetta.* Those were the days before the aniline dyes came into common use. The blue dye the squaws then used they got from sunflower seeds, the orange and brown from the bark of a species of birch, black wool came from the sheep of that color, found in every flock. Red was either a cochineal dye, or the red flannel *bayetta* material.

I found the Apaches of 1880 a most primitive people. They knew nothing at all of weaving, but they made fine black-and-white wicker baskets noted for their symmetry and design. Of pottery they had none. At that time they wore much buckskin finery, clung to native materials, and used few beads. Nearly all the women sported wonderful buckskin skirts decorated with row upon row of tin jingles. These were made by cutting from old tin cans, small squares two or three inches in size. These squares they rolled into cornucopia shape with their fingers. Then a buckskin string a couple of inches long, with a knot in one end, was pushed through the cornucopia, and the loose end sewed to the skirt. These were put on as closely as they would hang, all round the skirt. One garment in my possession has an average of eight tin jingles to the inch. The skirts were very full, often measuring over sixty inches round. Many had five or six rows of jingles. The

vast amount of hard work involved in the making of such skirts cannot be appreciated unless one sees the dress, or, better yet, tries to make a few of the jingles. These buckskin dresses with jingles were brought out for special occasions, such as dances and visits to the Post. In the dances the effect of the tin jingles was most enjoyable and musical.

When not wearing buckskin, the squaws wore vast, billowy skirts of colored calico, and sometimes white stuff. These skirts often had several rows of tucks and flounces around them, all made by hand, and of superior workmanship. What surprised me about these women was the fact that their clothing was generally almost as clean and fresh as that of their civilized sisters. This was the more remarkable because of the fact that practically every Apache camp was located at a long distance from the streams or springs, and every drop of water had to be carried to the camp in *ollas*. I doubt if a white family living in like circumstances would have been as clean in their habits as these wild Apaches.

The Apache squaws were very moral. Prostitution among them was almost unknown. (The few of them who were of that character invariably turned out to be captives from other tribes, often Mexican girls taken as captives when children.) They were invariably very good to their children, while the latter were unusually obedient and happy. I cannot remember ever having seen an Apache parent strike or punish a child. This, however, seems to be characteristic of almost all American Indians, at least those I have come into contact with in the Southwest.

The Apache men hunted, did some work tanning hides and making moccasins, but did very little real manual labor. The squaws always worked. They helped around the garrison at laundry and other domestic jobs; planted and cared for many acres of corn, melons, beans, etc., along the streams on the reservation. One thing that intrigued me was the fact that an Apache, however hungry, would never eat fresh fish of any kind, although the streams all over the reservation were full of trout and other kinds of fish. Yet, oddly enough, they would buy at the sutler-store all sorts of sea-food in cans—with their bright red labels, especially lobster—and eat them with relish.

The Apaches, men as well as women, all wore moccasins with heavy elk-hide soles. At the toes there was a peculiar turned-up affair about the size of a silver dollar sticking up from the foot. Such an ornament, or finish, is not found on the footgear of any other western Indians. When I asked the white men about this, they said it was to keep from stubbing the toes on rocks. When I asked the Apaches, not one could tell me the why of these adornments. Generally, I was answered, "dah-koo-gah" (because). This was all I got. My own opinion is that the practice began many years ago—perhaps a rite of some medicine man or as a mere decoration, and that its meaning, if it ever had one, has been lost in the passing years. The tops of the moccasins were usually folded around the lower leg above the ankle in warm weather. In cold weather they were pulled up to the thighs and held in place by buckskin strings which laced into the tops and then were tied to the belt around the waist.

The recuperative powers of Apache women were marvelous. I was once out with a small scouting party running down some renegade Apaches. We struck their camp, and two Indian men were killed, and a small boy and a woman captured—the latter soon to become a mother. After the camp had been destroyed and about ten acres of beans and corn laid waste, the soldiers moved on. The woman climbed on a pony and rode for several hours, until dark, when the command went into camp. The next morning one of the two White Mountain scouts with the party told the young lieutenant that the woman could not go on. Her time was near. So under the circumstances she was left behind with the captured Indian boy, and one of the scouts, whom she had not known previously. A rough wickiup, formed of willow and cottonwood boughs, was made for her, and the detachment rode off, leaving her to follow them. She caught up with the soldiers about sunset next day, the woman riding, the new baby in a basket she and the scout had made while waiting for the advent of the young red man. A widow and a mother within twenty-four hours!

Another incident occurred during 1882, when General Crook was paying the Apaches for delivering hand-cut hay for the cavalry horses at the Post. The Indians, both men and women, worked hard during the haying season. One squaw left the Post early one morning. On her back was an empty baby-carrying basket. She rode to the point where grass was heavy, some fifteen miles distant, made camp, gave birth to her baby, cut and bound into large bundles enough green grass to make one hundred pounds

dead weight; then, leading her pony loaded with this hay, she walked back to the Post with the baby in its basket on her back. Her hay delivered to the Post Quartermaster-Sergeant (for which she received a cent a pound in silver), she rode out to her camp a mile or two from the Post to spend the night. Doubtless she cooked her own supper and performed other family duties. Next morning she started out for more hay, apparently none the worse for the experience. I learned that friend husband was away on a hunt at the time.

Chapter VI

APACHE WARFARE IN 1881

DURING the summer of 1881 the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Apache were very restless. From far-away Montana had come tidings of "ghost dances" by Indian medicine-men, who predicted the early departure of the white man, and the return to power of the Indians. How this information spread from Montana to Arizona is a mystery. But it did. All over the reservation the Apaches were holding "ghost dances." Great quantities of *tis-win* were made and consumed. The cries of the dancers and the dull boom of the Indian drums could be heard in the Post night after night. Everywhere the Indians were surly and suspicious. When soldiers or officers went out to see these dances they were given to understand that they were very unwelcome.

The manufacture of *tis-win*, or *tulapai*, was always forbidden. Over and over again small detachments of troops

raided Indian camps and destroyed great *ollas* full of the strange concoction. *Tis-win* was made by placing a sack of corn to soak in the creek, or burying it in the moist earth of the creek banks, until it began to sprout. Then it was placed in one of their large willow *ollas*, or, perhaps, in a white man's tub, with plenty of water, then covered with blankets and kept as warm as possible. When sprouted and soft, the grains of corn were crushed with wooden clubs by the squaws, so releasing the juices; then the stuff was set in the sun for finishing. Eventually fermentation set in, and in about three weeks the makers had a drink that looked like sour buttermilk with plenty of small bits of butter in it, smelled like an open sewer-trap, and, as one man said, tasted "like a mixture of caviar and rancid milk." In short, a sour, yeasty gruel that produced one of the grandest cases of intoxication known in any period—ante- or post-Volstead. Filled up on this stuff, the Apache braves were ready for any devilment that might occur to them.

"One drink of *tis-win*," remarked a soldier who tried some of it, "would make a jack-rabbit slap a wildcat in the face."

Eventually, news of the doings of an Apache medicine-man, Nock-aye-de-Klinny, found its way to Washington. Nock-aye-de-Klinny was promising the Apaches all sorts of good things if they would only believe him. The white men would all leave; the buffalo would all come back; the Indians would overcome all their ancient enemies; and the Apaches would again reign supreme in the land. All this he promised without bloodshed or the making of threats against the whites. General Carr, of the Sixth

Cavalry, and his officers, kept close watch on all that was going on. They thought the best plan was to let the medicine-man alone as long as he did not advocate killing anyone. Among other things, Nock-aye-de-Klinny claimed to have a "ghost shirt" through which no white man's bullet could pass. He wore it at the dances and asserted he was safe from any attack that might be made upon him.

One day came a wire from Washington ordering General Carr to take a sufficient force out into the reservation west of the Post, and arrest and bring to Fort Apache this medicine-man who was performing all sorts of miracles before his credulous people. At that time Carr had under him only two troops of the Sixth Cavalry (each with about forty men), and one skeleton company of the Twelfth Infantry; not over one hundred enlisted men in all. He wired the authorities protesting that the medicine-man was doing no harm, and advising against the arrest, saying it would only lead to trouble.

"If left alone this excitement will gradually exhaust itself. It has no serious meaning or portent"; so wired Carr, an experienced Indian fighter.

But the Indian Bureau at Washington could not sense the situation. The advice of veteran Army officers—men who had spent their lives on the frontier—was flouted. The orders to make the arrest were repeated. Colonel Tiffany, the Indian agent at San Carlos Reservation headquarters, who by reason of his position should have made any arrests necessary to meet the situation, was from New York City. A rather elderly man, a retired minister of the Gospel, and a political appointee, he was unable, or unwilling, to con-

Barnes Collection, Arizona Pioneers Historical Society
Courtesy Mrs. Geo. F. Kitt

THE ADJUTANT'S OFFICE

Barnes Collection

HOUSES IN "OFFICERS' ROW"

FORT APACHE, 1881

trol the more than five thousand Apache Indians under his supervision. His Indian police should, and could, have acted in the matter. But Tiffany, it was asserted, wired Washington that his police were not to be trusted, and begged that the military forces be instructed to make the arrest. Most remarkable of all, he made no attempt whatever to stop the doings of the medicine-man. The last thing General Carr did before leaving Fort Apache was to send a wire to Washington saying that in obedience to orders he was leaving the Post for Cibecue to make the arrest, but repeating his original warning that serious results might follow the act. His prediction proved only too true.

Besides his officers Carr took with him sixty-seven enlisted men of D and E Troops of his regiment, the Sixth Cavalry, and half-a-dozen White Mountain Apache Indian scouts, regularly enlisted in the Army, for scout service. Every man in the Post was eager to go with the command. Three of the troopers were sick in the hospital when their troop was ordered out. They wheedled the post-surgeon into releasing them from sick report so they might go with the troop. "The most remarkable recovery in the history of the Post," was Assistant-Surgeon McCreary's comment as he signed the papers. Two of those men did not come back alive.

The day before the expedition started, an Army ambulance rolled into the Post. From it descended a fine-looking officer, Captain John G. Bourke, Third U. S. Cavalry, at that time stationed at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, as personal aide to General George Crook. With him was Mr. Peter Moran, the celebrated artist. The two had been to

the Hopi Snake Dance, held at one of the Hopi villages two hundred miles north of Fort Apache. Bourke had been with Crook in Arizona in 1873, when the Apaches were first brought under some sort of military control and subjugation. He had chased Apaches all over Arizona, and was anxious to see how things were now going on the Apache Reservation.

Carr was inclined to be rather spectacular in his movements. With two such illustrious guests, he arranged for a parade next morning as the command left for the field. Promptly at 9 o'clock the two troops rode onto the parade ground from the cavalry corrals. Behind them came thirty-five pack-mules, under the veteran chief packer, Nat Nobles; and with the pack-train rode the Indian scouts, dressed in all their Apache finery, each with the well-known red flannel band about his head to signify he was a scout. They rode their own wiry little ponies. The command lined up at the flagstaff in front of Carr's quarters. Around the parade were many local Indians, all excited over the movement, though not knowing for what purpose it was made. The entire command passed in review before Carr and his visitors; and then, with the old General at its head, the expedition rode out of the fort and into the west.

Captain Bourke and Mr. Moran were in the little telegraph office as the troops rode past onto the parade ground. They walked up Officers' Row, I following, and said good-bye and good luck to Carr and his officers. Moran was busy sketching on a pad he held in his hand. I could not resist the temptation to peek over his shoulder to see what the great artist was drawing. I saw half-a-dozen little

thumbnail sketches: a single pack-mule almost cut in two with the tight cinch around his belly; a long line of troopers; an Indian head or two; General Carr's head and shoulders; Captain Hentig, sitting erect on his horse; First Sergeant Blackburn of D Troop, one of Custer's old troopers, senior non-com of the outfit; and grizzled old Nat Nobles, chief packer of the Post. I have often wondered what Mr. Moran did with those sketches.

And so at the head of his little command, General Carr, on August 29, 1881, set out on his unwelcome mission. In the opinion of the military telegraph operator, it would take a thick book to catalogue all the foolish and fateful acts of the Indian Bureau of those days! Of Bourke I was destined to know more, later on. That day he sent a long, confidential message to General Crook, his chief, at Omaha. Most of it was in cipher; and I wondered just what Bourke, who knew the Apaches better than the average officer, thought of the whole affair. He and Moran left for Fort Wingate, New Mexico, the next morning.

About 4 a.m., August 31, a half-breed known as Sevriano was stopped by the guard as he came through the entrance to the Post on a pony that had been ridden almost to death. It was evident that Sevriano had a story concealed about his person. The officer of the day put him through the third degree, and wormed out of him the startling information that Carr's command had been attacked the previous afternoon at the ghost-dancing camp on Cibecue Creek, and every soldier and officer killed. He declared the medicine-man's bullet-proof shirt had proved its worth, and that no Apaches had been killed. He further said that

the Apaches were on their way to attack the Fort. This was startling news, indeed. Major M. A. Cochran, Twelfth Infantry, was in command at the Post in Carr's absence. He was immediately called and given the painful news. At that time there were exactly seventeen able-bodied men and four officers in the Post.

The officers were hastily summoned for a conference at the Adjutant's office. It was the general belief that no concerted attack was to be expected before the next day. A long, rough stretch of forty-five miles lay between Cibecue and Fort Apache. A body of Indians in force sufficient to make an attack could not move very rapidly. So the officers felt they had at least twenty-four hours to prepare for defense. Every available man was put on guard, and Indians were barred from entering the Post. The half-dozen women and several children in the garrison were given orders to go at once to the adobe commissary building whenever the call to arms was sounded. Here the last ditch defense was to be made.

It was ninety miles to the nearest civilized community, Camp Thomas on the Gila. The military telegraph line had been cut in several places the day Carr's command left the Post. My repairman and I went alone and fixed two breaks about ten miles out of the Post. At both places the wire had been cut by the Apaches. The trouble, however, was more distant, and Major Cochran felt it was too big a risk to send two men so far when men were so badly needed at the Post. Besides, they reasoned that the C.O. at Camp Thomas undoubtedly knew of the break and of Carr's expedition to Cibecue. Therefore he would send men out

from that end to fix the wire. They would naturally keep on going until they found and repaired the breaks. That was a day of excitement, gloom and sadness at Apache.

With the troops had gone three married officers: General Carr, Lieutenant (afterwards Major-General) William H. Carter, Regimental Quartermaster Sixth Cavalry, and Captain E. C. Hentig, of D Troop, Sixth Cavalry. Each of these officers left a wife in the Post. Hentig was under orders to report to Jefferson Barracks for recruiting service. He was to leave the very next day. His wife and her sister, who was visiting them, were all packed ready for the trip. But he begged to be allowed to delay his departure and take the field with his troop. Three young bachelor officers rode with the expedition: Lieutenant Thomas Cruse (afterwards Brigadier-General), D Troop, Sixth Cavalry, in command of the company scouts; Lieutenant Edwin Stanton, E Troop, Sixth Cavalry; and, as medical officer, Surgeon George W. McCreary. Also, young Clark Carr, sixteen-year-old son of the General, went along in search of adventure.

Imagine these three brave Army wives! They all supposed themselves to be widows. Mrs. Carr thought she had lost not only her husband but also her only son. They were gathered together in Carr's headquarters. That night, at Mrs. Carr's earnest request, my bunkie, Sergeant-Major Gomez, and I stood guard at their quarters. We slept one at a time in the *ramada* between the two halves of the log quarters in a camp bed Mrs. Carr provided for us. I will never forget the sorrow of those bereaved women, nor the fortitude they displayed.

It was not possible from the Post to see more than a mile to the westward, from which direction the Indians would probably come. There was a strong feeling of hope on the part of everyone that some of Carr's command might have escaped, and even now be on their way to the Post. To the north of the Fort stood a high mesa, that rose to an elevation of perhaps two thousand feet. I had been to its crest several times for the wonderful view it offered. The strain of waiting grew heart-breaking. I had taught the repairman to read the flag signals; and, as anxiety grew almost unbearable, I went to the C.O. and proposed that I go alone to the top of the mesa, from which I felt sure the earliest news of approaching danger, or the coming of troops, could be had. By ten o'clock the following morning I was on my way. So far, not a single Indian, male or female, had put in an appearance at any of the Apache camps around the Post. All were apparently deserted. Even the dogs were gone. I felt sure I could make the trip to the top in absolute safety. Mounted on a good horse, armed with carbine, six-shooter, and two belts of cartridges, and with a signal-flag and jointed staff behind the saddle, I rode boldly out of the western entrance to the Post, crossed the canyon of White River half-a-mile below, climbed out of it over a rough trail, rode across the mile or more of open prairie to the foot of the mesa, and eventually, without any unexpected happenings, reached the top. There I tied the horse to a cedar tree, got out my field-glasses, and scanned the vast country below.

Almost at my feet lay the rectangular outlines of the Post. I could see a few men watching my movements

through their glasses, and waved a short message to my assistant signal-man, saying:

"I can see nothing of either Indians or troops."

With the glasses I searched the country in front of me almost foot by foot. Twenty miles to the west Kelley's Butte stood out bold and alone. It commanded the great basin beyond it. How I wished I could have a look from its top! At two or three different points were solitary smokes which could be signal smokes or merely Indian camp-fires. For more than two hours I continued to search the country around. Once I saw the signal-flag waving in the Post. I answered promptly.

"Can you make out anything at all?" was the query. They were awfully anxious, I realized.

"Not a thing but two small smokes to the west. Can't make them out," I waved back.

How disappointed those four women must be. They always hoped—did women. Working around the crest of the mesa so as to cover every nook and corner in my search, I noticed my horse as it stood close against the edge of the cliff. The animal had raised his head and was looking intently down the side of the mesa, his ears pointed toward whatever it was he saw—a trick of horses watching moving objects. I ran to the animal's side. Its ears were trained like a rifle at a spot just at the foot of the mesa. I could see nothing with my eyes, but the glasses showed four or five moving forms skulking through a cedar thicket. I realized at once that they were Apaches; and, further, that they were on my trail with no friendly intent.

From the distant Post came the sound of a bugle-call. Glancing that way, I saw the signal-flag waving vigorously back and forth.

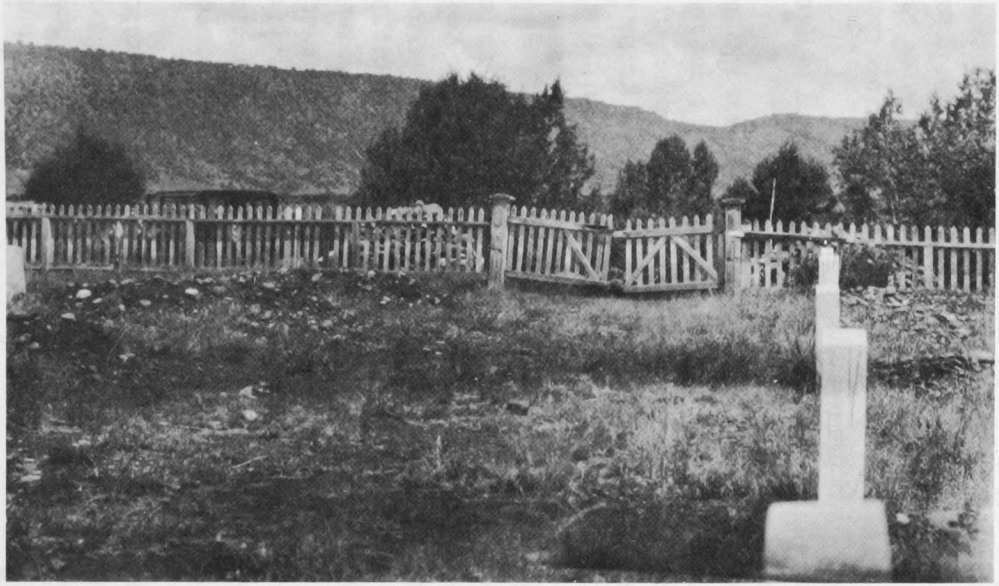
"Attention," it said plainly. I gave an answering swing, then grabbed the glasses to read the message.

"We see half-a-dozen Indians working through the thick cedars at the foot of the mesa to the south of you. C.O. advises leaving point and return to Post by east end of mesa. No Indians in sight at that end. Will send four or five men to edge of Post on that side to protect your movement."

From the foot of the mesa to the point where the trail went down into the canyon and over to the Post was a good two miles across an open level prairie. Full of youthful enthusiasm, I believed I was able to take care of myself where I was. Anyway, one white man was equal to half a dozen Indians any day. At least that was what folks who thought they knew—but didn't—had always told me. Here was a chance for a scrap. I decided to stick round a while and see what happened. Scanning the country again, I saw to the west quite a dust rising, about where the Cibecue trail led. It might be Indians—it might be troops. I couldn't decide.

"I see the Indians below," I waved back to the Post; "also quite a dust along the trail to the west. Am safe up here. Look out for me at dark."

The Apaches never moved after dark, and I knew I could come down then safely enough. On the very edge of the mesa a little nose, or point, stuck out from the main body. On every side the cliff was fifty feet straight down.



Barnes Collection

GRAVEYARD AT FORT APACHE

At its end I built up a little fort of loose lava rocks behind which I could command the top and side of the mesa. Nobody could reach me from any other direction. I tied my horse to a nearby tree where no Apache could reach it without my seeing him.

It was now about three o'clock. The dust I had noticed was moving toward me. The skulking Indians had ceased their upward movements and were making their way along the side of the mesa and around a little knoll behind which they finally disappeared. Had they given me up? Again I swept my glasses over the range, and this time caught sight of some moving objects. Horses—men—one—two—four of them, riding in single file. A quarter of a mile or so on either side was a single horseman—flankers—soldiers; an advance guard for the soldiers coming back!

Perhaps half-a-mile behind this advance guard came a long line of cavalrymen winding slowly through the thick timber. Ten—thirty—forty; together with the guard, I could see at least fifty men. Carr had taken only sixty-seven. Hurrah! The Apaches had not massacred them all—that seemed certain. Quickly the good news was flagged to the Post:

"They are fully ten miles from here. I am going to meet them at once," was the message.

I knew now why those Apaches had given up their search for me. Their keen eyes had caught sight of the troops—or perhaps the dust they raised. Leading my horse, for the trail near the top was awfully rough and dangerous in places, I started down. The jointed staff and flag were *cached* in a tree at the top of the trail; I would come back

some day and get them. When nearly at the foot of the slope, I mounted and rode in the direction from which the command was coming. As I rode out of a little bunch of cedars into an open glade, two shots were fired at me from a point on the slope to my right. They zipped and *ricochetted* near me in a most nerve-racking way. I dropped from the horse and took shelter behind a tree. Though I could see no Indians anywhere, I nevertheless sent a bullet from my carbine in the direction from which I thought the shots came. I received no answer to my challenge.

After an hour had passed, I mounted and rode boldly out toward the coming troops. When I had ridden a mile or two, the flanker on one side saw me and rode to meet me. I had guessed right; it was the advance guard of Carr's command. In a few words, as we rode along, the sergeant in charge told me what had happened. Carr with his small force reached the Indian village on Cibecue Creek, forty-five miles west of Apache, about sunset on August 30, 1881, the day after they left the Post. The enlisted Apache scouts he had with him all belonged to the White Mountain Apache tribe, to which the Cibecue bunch also belonged. Carr found a large number of the Indians camped along Cibecue Creek, a fertile valley where the Apaches had extensive fields of corn, melons, and beans.

The arrest of the medicine-man was made without any overt act on the part of the Indians; he made no attempt either to escape or resist arrest. He was taken direct to Carr's camp, and put in the custody of the guard. Captain Hentig, of D Troop, Sixth Cavalry, was the officer of the day. The whole command then moved up the creek about

four miles, where there were good grass and water for the horses and mules. Here, camp was established. The pack-mules and cavalry horses were sent to graze on an open prairie near by, and the camp cooks went to work preparing supper.

Naturally many Indians followed the troops. The taking of the medicine-man from their midst was a serious matter to them all. As they gathered near, General Carr directed the officer of the day to keep them out of the camp. Several of Carr's Indian scouts had showed great anger over the arrest, and were even then talking together very earnestly. They were enlisted soldiers, and were, of course, fully armed.

Captain Hentig turned to several outside Indians who had come boldly into camp, and ordered them to leave. One of them raised his rifle in a threatening way. Hentig turned to pick up his carbine, which was lying across his saddle. As he did so, one of the scouts shot him in the back, killing him instantly. The fight was on. Every scout joined his people in the attack. For two hours the troops faced three times their number of hostile Indians. The two men herding the horses were killed, and the herd stampeded. Darkness came, and the Apaches, true to form, withdrew.

As Hentig fell, the medicine-man, who had been lying down, tried to escape by crawling through the *aparejos* and camp plunder piled up under care of the guard. Trumpeter-of-the-guard William Ladd shot him dead. As far as all information goes, he was the only Apache killed. When darkness came, Carr and his officers found themselves with one officer and three men dead, and four men seriously

wounded. Twenty-nine horses and twelve mules escaped from the Indians and came into camp after dark, looking for grain, a trick of grain-fed horses.

Inside Carr's tent a deep grave was dug into which the five bodies were lowered. An hour after the command left the scene, the Indians dug up the bodies and mutilated them beyond recognition. The four wounded men were placed on gentle horses, with a soldier riding behind each man to support him. Only ammunition and food were packed, the extra mules being used for mounts. In this manner, with the men riding double, and with some on foot, the command silently left the battle-ground about ten o'clock, and started for Apache. The tent was left standing as a blind. One mule loaded with two boxes of ammunition lost his footing, rolled over a cliff and was lost. The Apaches bragged later that they found him and used the cartridges in attacking the Post. One of the wounded men died at daybreak. The others were in terrible condition. This was the story the sergeant of the advance guard told as we rode along.

I dropped back to meet the main command. The trail came around a small butte, hiding all but the leaders. Nat Nobles, the chief packer, on his big white horse, first rode into sight. Behind him came a string of pack-mules. The first mule was carrying a human form lashed across the *aparejo*, the body wrapped in a piece of canvas. The canvas was short, and the poor devil's hands hung idly on one side, while on the other side his feet dragged through the bushes along the trail in the most distressing manner. My heart sank at the sight. Right behind the pack-train came

the three wounded men, each held in the saddle by a comrade behind him. Post-Surgeon McCreary rode alongside; but under such conditions little could be done for them. Following came General Carr and his son Clarke, and his officers, Carter, Cruse, and Stanton, with the men, on foot, or riding double. A tired, haggard lot they were. It was now four o'clock, and they had made a distance of about forty miles since ten o'clock the night before. Every one of the enlisted Indian scouts was missing—"Deserted to the enemy in battle," was the charge against them in the Army rolls.

The three wounded men died that night.

Early the next morning, September 1, 1881, six men under a sergeant were detailed to dig the graves in which to bury the four soldiers. The graveyard was on top of a low point sticking out into the valley about a half-mile above the Post. It covered about two acres, and was enclosed by a white picket fence. Men were scarce, and General Carr asked me to accompany the detail. I was tickled pink by the idea; and was mounted, and ready for any adventure, when Sergeant Smith of D Troop—"Give-a-damn Smith" he was called—rode up to my telegraph office. The six men who were to do the digging were Twelfth Infantry men. They were driven to the graveyard in a light wagon, which was sent back to the Post, and was to return for them later on. All were fully armed. The four graves were staked out and the detail went to work. The hill was an open, grassy knoll with only a few trees on it. Back of it, about a hundred yards away, the point merged into the foot of the mountain-side, which

was covered with pine and cedar timber. In front was the open valley of the White River; to the left, the Post.

Sergeant Smith and I threw the reins of our horses down so they could graze on the fine grass. Smith had fought the Comanches, Kiowas, and Cheyennes on the staked plains of Texas. He had been with Custer in 1868 at the Battle of the Washita in the Indian Territory, when Black Kettle and his entire band were exterminated on a field two feet deep in snow. He had been at Fort Sill in 1871 when Santana, the Kiowa chief, had openly boasted before General Sherman of the killings by his band, and defied Sherman to arrest or punish him. Smith didn't think much of the Apaches as fighters.

About twenty-five feet from the gate to the graveyard stood a small live oak. The day was hot, and we sat down in its shade. The two cavalry horses were grazing quietly about half way down the point. While Smith was fussing with his revolver, I took my field glasses from their case and began a systematic inspection of the valley below. Up the river about two miles stood a rough board shack in which two men had lived who were detailed to look after the Post garden. I saw two Indians ride up to it, get off their horses, and enter the open door. There were Indians around, after all! I called Smith's attention to the cabin and the Indians. He wasn't particularly interested in them.

"Trying to loot the cabin," was his comment.

Then they came out and rode off up the river out of sight. To the north, across the valley, four or five Indians

rode onto a hill, sat there quietly several minutes, then rode back into the timber.

Meantime, the men had finished one grave and were at work on another. From the Post came faint notes of the bugle announcing dinner. We had brought a lunch with us. Sergeant Smith was planning for a nap. Suddenly, from behind us, came a volley. Several bullets went whining overhead. One or two struck the ground quite near. Startled by the shots, our horses threw up their heads and at once started for the Post on a brisk trot. The two guardians of the six grave-diggers hot-footed it after their mounts. They didn't relish being left on foot out there on such a hot day. It was a fruitless chase, however. The horses, now thoroughly scared and excited by the shooting, were making good time toward the cavalry stables in the fort. We were clear out in the open flat before we realized we were not going to catch them. Meantime, the Indians were having all sorts of fun shooting at us as we hastened on our way. Some shots were awfully close. There wasn't so much as a single soapweed to hide behind.

About this time, the Commanding Officer sent half-a-dozen men to the edge of the bluff on which the Post stood, to cover the retreat of the two footmen making their way across that open, sandy flat. Their firing encouraged us greatly, while the shots from behind increased our speed—if that were humanly possible. The firing of the men in the Post was simply toward the smoke that rose from the pine timber on the mountain side. They couldn't see a single Indian, but it prevented the Indians from com-

ing out into the open. Once I stumbled and fell. Before I could rise, a couple of bullets struck so close to me that they threw dirt into my face. I could almost taste my heart, it had risen so far up in my throat!

As we "raised the hill" into the Post, we sought the shelter of a pile of rocks thrown up by some of the men as breastworks. Here we lay panting like a couple of desert lizards on a hot day. Along came the officer of the day—one Captain Alexander McGowan, Twelfth United States Infantry, an Indian fighter ever since the end of the Civil War. Regardless of the bullets that occasionally fell near him, the Captain advanced to where we two, Smith and myself, lay behind the piles of rocks. He glared down at Sergeant Smith with an accusing eye:

"Sergeant, where are the men you took out to the graveyard to dig graves?" was his first remark.

Smith glanced rather helplessly, and I thought appealingly, in my direction. I shook my head.

"Don't ask me. I haven't got them, nor do I know where they are." I was determined to keep my skirts as clear as possible. And, anyhow, wasn't the Sergeant my superior officer? He was responsible for whatever happened, not a poor private like myself.

Fortunately for all concerned, the Indians seemed to be getting the range rather closely; too much so for even the Captain, who strode on toward a pile of rocks behind which he decided to take refuge for a while. When he was safely out of hearing, Smith queried:

"What do you 'spose became of those d——d gravediggers, Barnes?"

I shook my head and answered: "Search me. I can't imagine what has become of them. They must have taken to the hills when the shooting began, and are somewhere up in the pine timber." One man's guess was just as good as another's about that time.

Inside of half-an-hour, two or three hundred Indians were firing into the Post. Carr threw a thin line of skirmishers around the Post, which prevented the hostiles from coming very close. They set fire to all the outlying buildings, however, and for a while things looked rather serious. The Indians seemed to have plenty of cartridges, and poured hundreds of shots into the camp. Only one casualty occurred, however: Captain Gordon of the Sixth Cavalry was wounded in the left leg. I emptied three or four belts of cartridges and had a great time; but, so far as anyone ever heard, Captain Gordon was the only casualty on either side. Under any sort of leadership, the Apaches could easily have burned the Post and sacked it. They lacked a leader, however.

About eight o'clock that night the picket down on the line facing the graveyard began to fire his rifle. Instantly the Post was wide awake. When the officer of the day reached the point where the picket was located, he found that individual facing six rather bewildered foot-soldiers. They were the grave-diggers, slipping into the Post under cover of darkness. The picket had heard their footsteps and shouted, "Who comes there?" and without waiting for a reply or any explanation had fired directly at the bunch, dimly outlined in the darkness. He missed them all.

In reply to the inquiry of the officer of the day as to

where they had been, the men told their story. When they heard the first shots, the whole lot of them fell head over heels into the one finished grave. Here they felt they were fairly safe. They knew that no Apache Indian could be gotten into a graveyard unless with blinders on his head, and then backed in by a superior force. There they stayed, waiting for darkness, when they believed they could make their way across the flat into the Post without danger. How those two men sent along to guard them did curse their luck for not doing the very same thing! Of course their excuse was that their horses were running away and they were trying to catch them. Incidentally, we were the butt of more caustic remarks and sly allusions to "military technique" than we cared to hear. "The graveyard guardians" were the subject of garrison-talk for many months. Fully ten years later, as an Arizona cattleman, I shipped several car-loads of stock to Los Angeles. Roaming round the downtown streets, I passed a little candy store on South Spring Street. I glanced carelessly in at the open door, and there I saw my friend of early days at Fort Apache—Sergeant "Give-a-damn Smith." The sign over the door read, "Smith Brothers, Candy Manufacturers." What a reunion we two did have right there!

The day after the attack on the Post, September 2, 1881, an officers' council was called, at which it was decided that it would be rash to send a courier to Camp Thomas, with dispatches asking help from that post, until darkness set in. News travels fast in the Indian country. Carr felt almost certain that the posts to the south were fully aware of our predicament at Apache. There was talk of calling for

volunteers to go through with messages to Camp Thomas, ninety miles over a rough, unsettled country full of Indians and with two deep, swift rivers in flood condition to cross. The telegraph line was torn to pieces and was useless. I begged to be the one to go. I urged that it was my business to deliver dispatches, and, besides, that "there was no danger, anyhow." To my great joy, I was selected for the ride. There was a government scout at the Post then, a civilian employee, named Owens. Almost every Post had such a man, who was supposed to know intimately the Indians and the country—its trails and water-holes; and was used as a guide to the troops when they were in the field after hostiles. Owens and I were given duplicate messages; if one of us was killed the other might get through. We were not to go together, but by separate routes, so far as that was possible.

Chapter VII

A TOSS-UP WITH FATE

At the Adjutant's office, Owens and I talked matters over. There were two ways out of the Post toward the south. One was by the regular road which went some three miles up the valley and then swung off upward through what was known as Seven-Mile Canyon. The other was an Indian trail that was not much used. It led directly out of the Post, struck at once into the heavy timber, and climbed up the face of the steep cliff that faced the Post on that side. Owens frankly admitted he would probably get lost on this trail. I knew it very well, indeed, so I told Owens to take his choice. Each of us agreed that there was no danger whatever on either route.

So Owens selected the stage-road and I took the trail. We shook hands at the Adjutant's office, mounted our horses, and separately rode out into the darkness. To me

it was a great and interesting adventure. At that moment I would not have changed places with the President of the United States himself. I was riding a sure-footed, sensible cavalry horse, full of pep and speed, and I carried a Marlin repeating carbine, using government cartridges, and a forty-five calibre Colt revolver. In my youthful enthusiasm, I felt myself capable of out-running, out-shooting, or out-generaling any bunch of Apache Indians in Arizona.

Clear of the Post, I picked up the lower end of the trail, which at the start was fairly plain. As it began to twist and zigzag up the side of the cliff, however, I would have lost it but for my horse, which had been over the trail two or three times before. So I gave him his head when I was in doubt, and eventually reached the top of the cliff without seeing, or being seen by, any Indians. Here the trail practically ended. Before me lay a great, open prairie called Turkey Creek Flat. The wagon-road which Owens was to follow led across it to the ford at Black River, but several miles to the east.

Picking out a star for a guide, I rode boldly out into the darkness, planning to cut into the wagon-road in about five or six miles. When I reached it I dismounted and listened for several moments, feeling I might possibly "meet up" with Owens, who should have reached it first if no delay had occurred. We had agreed to wait a few minutes for each other at this point; for there was but one place to cross Black River, and we wanted to cross it together if possible. It was awfully lonesome waiting there in the dark. A bunch of coyotes raised their voices in one of their dismal concerts, which didn't improve matters any.

Overhead the humming of the telegraph wire (which followed the road) took some of the curse off the lonesomeness of the locality.

I tied my horse to a pole and examined the road for tracks. No wagons had been over it for several days, and as far as I could determine no soldiers or others with shod horses. I considered myself quite a good trailer even then. Dropping onto my knees, I struck several matches, a risky thing; but I took a chance. There were no handy flashlights in those days. By the flickering light of the matches I satisfied myself that Owens had not yet passed; or, if so, had not ridden in the road. Every track on it was several days old. I lay down on the ground and listened intently for hoof-beats. But none came, so I started toward Black River. Two hours of riding brought me to a side canyon down which a dugway, half-a-mile long and extremely rough and rocky, led down into the deep gorge of Black River.

The river had been at flood stage for several weeks, and the Post had maintained a ferry-boat to enable the mail-carriers and travelers to cross. Three soldiers had been stationed here to handle the ferry—which was a rope-cable affair pushed back and forth by the swift current. I felt that if there was any danger on the whole road, it was here at the river. I decided to do a little scouting in an effort to discover whether the place was occupied by soldiers, or by hostile Apaches. At Fort Apache it was the general opinion that the three soldiers had either been killed or, hearing from Indians of Carr's defeat and the massacre at the Post, had left their camp and moved south-

ward towards Camp Thomas, their nearest point of safety.

By keeping to the right of the side canyon, one could reach the edge of the main canyon and look down into it. I realized I could not hope to see much, if anything, unless it might be a campfire. I tied my horse to a tree and, carbine in hand, started towards the edge of the cliff. The animal, however, objected seriously to being left alone. He began to thresh around, and paw with his ironshod hoofs, making a great racket as they struck the *malpais* rocks which covered the ground. Then he raised his voice in a lonesome nicker. He was really more of a liability than an asset. But I was bound to have a "look-see" into that canyon, so apparently must take the fussy horse along with me for the sake of quiet, a most desirable thing, just then. I even feared the noise made by the animal's freshly shod feet. Then an idea came to me. In a dime novel of my early boyhood days, I had read how the hero wrapped the feet of his horse in pieces of blanket to cross noiselessly a wooden bridge. Here was a chance for just such a wild-west trick. I quickly unsaddled my steed, pulled off the blanket, and cut one half of it into four squares, which still left enough blanket to protect the animal's back. Then I tied a piece of blanket around each hoof, and made it tight around his ankles with some bits of string that happened to be in my saddle-pockets. With him thus equipped, chuckling at my prowess I mounted and rode to the edge of the canyon. The bits of blanket were regular Maxim silencers. Lying flat on the ground, I peered into the dark depths, my heart all a-flutter with excitement.

From below came the murmur of the fast-flowing stream.

Then, sharp and distinct, the barking of a dog. Soldiers often had dogs, I reflected. For that matter, so did Apaches. Near the point from whence came the sound, I detected the faint glow of a camp-fire. For some time I kept my eyes focused on this spot, hoping to learn something. The dog barked again. Then a figure emerged from the darkness. It came near the faint glow from the fire, which now blazed up, disclosing a blanketed figure standing by it, motionless and erect. Other dogs barked; another blanketed figure appeared from the gloom. The blaze lit up the canyon depths. An owl hooted a signal from a tall pinetree in the canyon. It was an Indian camp all right; of that I felt sure.

I studied the canyon below. The road from my side led directly past the camp, crossed the river, and climbed out on the opposite bank by a dugway that wound round the side of a pine-covered mountain which jutted out into the canyon. The bottom of the canyon was here quite wide, fairly level, and covered with boulders and considerable brush. There was no other place to cross this river for fifty miles. I must ford it here or give up the trip to the south. I knew the lay of the land fairly well. The Indian camp was to the right of the road and below it. I could turn to the left, upstream, when I reached the floor of the canyon, skirt the side wall for some distance, then turn into the river and see what happened. The stream was one hundred feet wide here, deep only in the middle, the water ice cold, and the current very swift.

Carbine in hand, I led my steed with its muffled feet down the side canyon road, turned out of it to the left,

and, stumbling and falling over logs and rocks, reached the dark stream fully three hundred feet above the ford. My teeth were already chattering from the prospect ahead. At that elevation, seven thousand feet, the nights are always cold, as well as the water in the streams. At the edge of the river I dismounted and, while the thirsty horse took a good drink, set the saddle and tightened the cinch; for I might have to ride some to get out of this canyon. I swung back into the saddle, removed the cartridge-belt that carried my six-shooter from my waist and hung it around my neck, pulled the carbine from its holster under my leg, and holding it in my hand rode into the water. A few steps, and the horse was swimming. The swift current carried us downstream so fast that by the time the plucky horse touched his feet on the rocky bottom of the far side we were almost opposite the Indian camp. As the animal emerged from the icy water he did what all horses do under such circumstances, shook himself vigorously and blew a trumpet blast from his nose that woke all the echoes in the canyon.

Instantly half-a-dozen dogs in the camp set up a terrific barking. The bits of blanket had been torn from my horse's feet, and as I spurred him up the boulder-strewn bank toward the road, those iron-shod hooves raised a frightful racket. Speed was the most desirable thing just then, and leaning low over the animal's neck, I played a vigorous tattoo on his ribs with my spurs. Half-a-dozen shots from across the river *richochetted* among the rocks, making a noise that rang in my ears for several hours. Up that hill I rode on the dead run until I rounded a corner of the

mountain where, safe from the shots, I stopped a moment to let the horse blow and to pour the water out of my boots. I walked the rest of the way up the hill to warm up a little. At the top, I re-set the saddle, wrung out my soaked blouse and overcoat, and then mounted and rode towards the south. As long as darkness prevailed I felt safe; and, besides, I was quite certain those Indians at the river were not likely to cross it to follow me. That water was entirely too cold.

At ten o'clock the next morning I ran into two troops of cavalry riding hard towards Apache. They told me the whole Territory was aroused over the reported massacre of Carr's command. A trooper was sent back to Thomas with my dispatches, and I turned back with the command bound for Apache. We reached the Post about four o'clock the next morning over the trail by which I had come, without encountering a single Indian. When I met the troops, my first question had been about my side-partner, Owens the scout. They had seen nothing of him. But, as he was not expected to follow the main traveled road if he felt it was unsafe, it was decided he had missed the troops, and was probably well on his way to Camp Thomas, or had turned back to Apache at Black River. However, he was not at Apache when I returned with the troops. Two days later a courier from Camp Thomas, who rode from Black River to Apache by night, reported that he heard a dog bark at him on top of Seven-Mile Hill. He said he also noticed the unmistakable odor of dead animals, perhaps human beings—he could not say which.

Had Owens, or the soldiers on guard at the ferry, or all of them, been killed by the Indians?

During this entire period the military telegraph line was out of commission. General Carr was anxious to have it repaired at the earliest possible moment. As operator, I was quite as anxious as he to see it in working order; but it was not deemed advisable to send less than twenty armed men as escort on such a trip, and that number would reduce the force in the Post below what the officers considered safe. After considerable discussion, arrangements were made to start a party out early on September 8, 1881. Old Captain MacGowan, Twelfth Infantry, was in the telegraph office when the plans were decided upon, and advised me to positively insist on a written order in case any serious difficulties were encountered that might result in my death or injury. Otherwise, he explained, I would have no excuse for being away from my office. At his request, Lieutenant Carter, Sixth Cavalry, who was Post-Adjutant, sat down at my desk and wrote and signed an official order directing me to proceed with Lieutenant Overton's command and repair the telegraph line. This made my absence "official and in obedience to orders." It now lies before me as I write, directing me to start "tomorrow morning." It is dated September 7, 1881.

I well remember the thrill of leaving the Post again in search of adventure. I was the only man in the party who knew the country, hence was to be the guide. Overton had strict orders to take no chances of a surprise attack. Flankers were thrown out on both sides, and the little party

moved with care; for ambushing was one of the most successful methods of Apache warfare. As the wire followed the road, it was necessary to go that way. Three miles from the Post, in Seven-Mile Canyon, was a little spring where the Indians frequently camped. At my suggestion, the command was halted half-a-mile from this spot while with a sergeant I went ahead to scout around the spring to see what might be there. By keeping back on the side of the canyon away from the road we satisfied ourselves no Indians were camped near the spring. With our glasses we could see that the wire had been cut in the canyon below; so, while the sergeant rode back to the command to report, I made my way cautiously down the mountain-side to the spring. As I neared the spot, three ravens rose into the air and drifted heavily away. It wasn't a good sign. I detected that awful, never-to-be-forgotten odor of decaying human flesh. Dismounting, carbine in hand, I moved cautiously toward the spring. What a sight met my eyes! A few feet from it, laying on his back, stark naked and frightfully mutilated, lay poor Owens. When the command came up, a little investigating showed very plainly what had happened.

A short distance from the spring we found the remains of an Apache camp on a little knoll just above the spring. Behind some large boulders were half-a-dozen cartridge-shells. The Indians had undoubtedly heard Owens coming up the canyon; had run to the edge of the knoll; and as he dismounted for a drink, or stopped to water his horse, had shot him down. A year or two later, when peace was established, this was verified by an Apache who was at the

spring, and who told an officer exactly how it was done.

Apaches never scalp their victims. One often sees the statement that men were scalped by Apaches, but this is entirely wrong. They do other, and far more horrible things, however, to the unfortunates who fall into their hands. I confess to a decided feeling of horror—and, frankly, fear—over this scene. I tried to see myself the victim instead of Owens. It had been a "toss up" which of us should take the Canyon Road. I might just as easily be the one lying there on the road looking up to the sky with sightless eyes. Such is life.

A short distance from the spring the wire had been cut out by pounding it between rocks, and a piece of the wire about fifty feet long had been taken out and hidden somewhere. While the men buried Owens, I repaired the break with wire brought for that purpose, and tested it with a telegraph instrument. I could get only Apache; to the south, towards Camp Thomas, it was dead; my calls were unanswered. Having done all they could for poor Owens, the command proceeded on up the canyon to the top of Seven-Mile Hill. It was here the courier had reported the barking dog. At the top of the hill the road passed through a small canyon which opened out into the broad, grass-covered Turkey Creek Flat. As the advance guard reached this the barking of a dog was heard. On the open flat just at the end of the little canyon was a half-burned wagon. In front of it lay the bodies of the six-horse team, shot as they moved along and lying there, each animal in harness, just as it fell! The bodies of four men lay near the wagon. One was behind a rock, from which position

he must have fired a great many shots, for the ground was littered with empty brass shells, quite unlike the copper shells used by the troops. The other three had evidently tried to reach some trees a short distance from where the wagon stood. They never got to them.

When Captain Overton rode up to the charred ruin of the wagon, a great mastiff dog came at him like a tiger, from beside one of the bodies. It was an intensely hot day, and the poor beast was evidently half-crazed with thirst. The dead horses had furnished him with food, but he had had no water for at least a week. Overton started to dismount, but the dog flew at him so viciously that he remained on his horse. After several attempts to get hold of him, one of the men, who had been a Texas cowboy, made a noose in his lariat and caught him. The dog had a collar on his neck, and as the man with the rope pulled him up to his horse, his hind feet just touching the ground, another soldier dismounted and held him safely by the collar. With a rope in this collar the dog was tied to a tree. The men found a tin basin in the ruins of the wagon, which they filled with water from their canteens, the dog drinking it greedily. By the time the four men were buried, the six horses pulled away from the road, and the ruined wagon thrown to one side, the dog was fairly friendly; but it was necessary to lead him away from the spot, and even then he howled mournfully at leaving. It was a wonderful example of a dog's devotion to his master.

The bodies of the slaughtered men were in such horrible condition that they could not be moved. A grave was dug by the side of each man and the body rolled into it. Nothing

more was possible. If my memory does not fail me, a belt was found on one man's body in which was a large amount of gold coin. One of the officers took charge of it. Each body was searched for papers or other valuables that might serve as means of identification. The men proved to be Mormons, from a settlement in the Gila valley, who were traveling back to Utah. At Captain Overton's suggestion, I made a sketch of each grave, and a description of each man: the color of his eyes and his hair, and any mark that might identify him if removed in the future. Several years later the sketches I made of the graves were used to identify each grave when the bodies were exhumed and taken away.

A few miles farther out on the flat the command came upon the bodies of the three soldiers who had been operating the Black River ferryboat. They had evidently started for Apache on foot and been ambushed by the Indians on the road. After we had buried these men, I told Captain Overton of the beef-herd camp on Upper Turkey Creek, where a man was located to herd the steers for the beef-contractor at the Fort. The sight of a dozen or more steers grazing along the road made me wonder what had happened to the herder. The cattle were undoubtedly part of the beef-herd, and should not have been so far from the camp. The troop swung off the road, and took the trail up the creek toward the cabin in which the herder lived. The cattle were scattered over the prairie, grazing quietly. Under a live-oak tree we saw where a beef had been killed and dressed. There were pony tracks everywhere. Things didn't look right.

The captain and the troop rode up to the cabin, the door

of which was closed. We pushed the door open. The cabin had no windows and it was too dark to see anything inside. A lighted match disclosed the body of the herder lying across the table. He had evidently been eating when the Apaches came. A bullet through his head told the story. One shot had been sufficient. The Indians had looted the place but left his body untouched. That was the last grave we dug that day. The soldiers rode off into the open flat a mile or two below the herder's cabin, made camp by the creek, and called it a day. Nine men had been buried by them that day.

The following morning we found and repaired a bad break in the line, and when I cut in with the field instrument, I was able to talk to the operator at Camp Thomas, ninety miles to the south. What a joy it was to get an answer to my calls; and the Camp Thomas operator was equally pleased. The command then returned to Apache. The dog by this time had become very friendly, and remained with the troop until the widow of the owner—whose name, as I remember it, was Merrill—sent for him.

Thirty-four years later, in July, 1916, as an Inspector and Assistant Forester in the United States Forest Service, accompanied by a forest ranger I stopped one night at the little abandoned mining camp of Cooke City, Montana, a few miles north of the northeast corner of the Yellowstone National Park. We were traveling with a pack outfit and made camp under a grand old cottonwood tree by the side of a clear mountain stream at the edge of the town. That night as the ranger and I sat by the campfire an old man paid us a visit. He was a miner and prospector, and had a

claim above Cooke City which, he felt sure, would some day make his everlasting fortune. Prospectors are all like that. I spoke of Arizona. The old fellow's face lit up. He had lived down there, too. Then he told a story of how he and four other men started for Utah with a six-horse team in the fall of 1881. Said he:

"At Camp Thomas on the Gila we camped down by the river. The next morning my horse was gone—got away in the night. I told the others to go on and I would follow them later, thinking I could find him in a short time. I hunted all day, but no horse. The next day we got word that the Apaches had broken out, so I decided to stay where I was."

"What happened to your party?" I asked, feeling I might know the end of the story.

The old man's eyes dimmed: "They was ambushed and everyone killed, about seven miles from Fort Apache. Mighty lucky for me, my horse ran off."

"Did they have a big mastiff dog with them owned by a man named Merrill?" I asked.

"Yes, they did; and I heard the dog was found alive by the soldiers and eventually was secured by Merrill's widow." Then I told him my part of the adventure.

It's not such a big world after all!

And what of the Indians who committed these atrocities? In my opinion they were far more sinned against than sinning. There were, and always will be, good as well as bad Indians. I have always believed that the American Indian was, and is, exactly what the white men have made him. I do not agree that all good Indians are dead Indians.

They had no background of moral obligations to the world. They knew only one way to repay their enemies, and that was with "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

The Apaches undoubtedly believed themselves wronged by their white neighbors. They took the only means at their command to secure redress. I believe sincerely that during the last seventy-five years, or since the end of the Civil War, with perhaps one or two exceptions, there has not been an Indian outbreak when the white man was guiltless. Our policy in handling these unfortunate peoples, up to about thirty-five years ago, was not one of which to be proud. Since that time, however, the American Indian has been given every reasonable opportunity to make good. Oddly enough (and contrary to public belief) today we have perhaps more of them in the United States than we had the day Columbus discovered America. Moreover, they are increasing rather than diminishing in number.

Chapter VIII

LIFE AT FORT APACHE FOLLOWING THE CIBECUE OUTBREAK

For the next eight or ten weeks after the Cibecue fight there was desultory warfare between the hostile White Mountain Apaches and the Federal troops. There was an occasional fight with a few harried Indians, without any great results—camps raided, fields destroyed, half-a-dozen squaws and children captured. It was not a war to be proud of. Neither officers nor men were very happy over it. There was constant scouting, and the troops were busy almost night and day. The campaign must have cost the War Department at least half-a-million dollars, together with a liberal waste of man- and horse-power; for it surely was a hard campaign.

One definite result of this warfare was the capture and trial of five of the Apache scouts who mutinied at Cibecue. They were tried by General Court-Martial at Fort Grant.

Three: "Dead Shot," a sergeant; "Dandy Jim," a corporal; and "Skippy," a private, were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Two privates, Number Eleven and Number Fifteen (names unknown), were sentenced to be discharged and confined in the military prison on Alcatraz Island, San Francisco. Number Eleven was sentenced for eight years; Number Fifteen, for life. After a few years of confinement both were released by executive orders and returned to their tribe in Arizona. They were all regularly enlisted soldiers. The action of the court-martial carried consternation to the whole Apache nation. Such severe sentences had never before been meted out to revolting Indians—in Arizona at least.

The sentences of death were duly carried out at Fort Grant, March 3, 1882. All three were hanged from the same gallows at the same time. There were many in Arizona who questioned, sincerely, the need for such drastic punishment. With the exception of "Dead Shot," not one of the five was over twenty-one years of age, and when they joined their comrades in the revolt at Cibecue they certainly did not appreciate the fact that they were enlisted soldiers.

"Dead Shot" was a much older man, probably forty, with a wife and two children. He was a famous hunter, and his common name was given him in recognition of his ability as a marksman. I had hunted with him often, and had learned from him a world of matters relating to Indian cunning and skill in woodcraft. On one occasion "Dead Shot" and I had wounded an immense grizzly that escaped into a very rough, broken area where trailing, except here and there by a drop of blood, was very difficult. We both

rode mules that day, and we tied the animals to a tree along the river, while we followed the bear's trail on foot. He led us to a dark cavern in the side of the cliff, two or three hundred feet above the floor of the valley. We were discussing a plan of smoking Old Ephraim out when the air was split by the most blood-curdling roar that ever smote human ears. Which one went first or moved the faster is not known; but the two hunters moved all right! Later, when they met at the bottom of the cliff and I got my heart back into its proper place, there came another roar. One of the mules was responsible for our stampede. His mighty "hee-haw" fooled even the veteran Apache hunter. How the old fellow did laugh over the mistake!

"John dazen" (mule), "John dazen," he would say, over and over again; "shosh nada" (no bear)! As a matter of fact, almost all Indians I have ever come in contact with are mortally afraid of bears—of grizzlies especially.

Poor old "Dead Shot"! He died game; calm and unemotional to the last. On the day of his execution at Fort Grant his squaw hanged herself on a tree at San Carlos. Suicide among the Apaches was an unheard-of tragedy. It was her only way of showing her grief. She left behind in her camp two small boys, one about five or six, the other perhaps seven or eight. They were bright kids, and I had often brought them candy or other presents when I visited "Dead Shot" at his camp. They now had no relatives; and, as but few Indians were camped about the Post, they found their way to the telegraph office—two half-naked, wild-eyed Indian kids who hadn't had a square meal in two weeks.

I went to Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, who was in command of the Indian Scouts and knew and liked "Dead Shot," and appealed to him to help the youngsters. Gatewood, one of the finest and bravest Army officers who ever wore shoulder-straps, got busy at once. He issued orders for rations for the two boys, and asked me to act as a sort of God-father to them, Gatewood being just about ready to leave the Post for a long scout in Old Mexico. Thus it was that I found myself in charge of two Apache kids. They hung around the telegraph office most of the time, but went out every evening to their father's former camp, where they continued to live. I drew their rations and issued the food to them in small quantities. They were very handy about a cow-camp I had an interest in, and as happy as larks to have horses to ride and plenty to eat. The elder one was named "Riley" by the cowboys, his Apache name being out of the question. The younger was at first nick-named "Flaherty"; but his Apache name, Na-Pas, was so much more satisfactory and musical that he was finally called by that name. In full, it was Es-kin-E-Wah Na-Pas, a descriptive name which, freely translated, meant "Boy with a scar on his head." "Dead Shot" once explained the origin of the frightful scar on the child's head. When he was a baby, lying in his basket, some Indians got to quarreling in "Dead Shot's" camp. In the melee a blow was struck with a great club at an Indian. It missed the man, and landed on the child's head, making an awful wound. The left cheekbone was crushed in, leaving a bad scar. Such a blow would have killed instantly any white

child; but these Apaches are hardy individuals. More about these boys in a future chapter.

In July, 1882, word went round the Reservation like a flash that General Crook was ordered to return to Arizona and take command of the Indian situation. Everybody, Indians and whites, citizens and soldiers, was pleased. The Apaches all showed real joy. Crook was their "Shal-E-man" (friend); they trusted him implicitly. Late in September, 1882, "the Old Gray Fox," as he was called, rode into Fort Apache. He had come two hundred miles across the vast Tonto Basin country, one of the roughest parts of the Southwest, with a small escort and his personal *aide*, Captain John G. Bourke, of the Third Cavalry.

I will never forget my thrill at the first sight of this famous soldier, who had subdued the Apaches and brought peace to Arizona in 1873. I was riding not far from Fort Apache when a file of men appeared along the trail from the west. By some lively riding I managed to intercept the party at the point where the trail entered the canyon below the Post. At the head of the line rode Crook on a large, gray mule, his usual mount. A yellow canvas coat and a pair of blue soldier trousers, much the worse for wear, was his uniform. On his head he wore one of those white East Indian pyramidical hats, built on the lines of a present-day "tin" hat. At the pommel of his saddle he carried a double-barreled shot-gun—his favorite weapon. He had a rather full, grizzly beard, and his hair was long. A most unmilitary figure, indeed! Behind him rode Captain Bourke, followed by half-a-dozen cavalrymen as escort,

and six or eight pack-mules. The sight of this grizzled veteran of the Civil War and half-a-dozen Indian wars was an inspiration to a youngster.

Crook had come direct from Omaha to headquarters at Prescott; and without a day's delay had started for Apache across a fairly hostile country. His energy was unbelievable for a man of his years and experiences. At that time the Indian camps about the Post were deserted by all except a few old men and women. Crook at once began to conduct negotiations, through some of them, with the renegades in the hills. Within a week a number of influential Apaches (who, though they had taken no part in any raids, had kept away from the Post for almost a year) came in and talked with Crook. He told them the war was over; there would be no more attacks on their camps. All were to be forgiven and the slate wiped clean.

One day an Apache came with a message from one of the leaders in the outbreak of July, 1882, to the effect that if Crook would come out to Black River, with only two or three other men, they would meet him and talk matters over. Crook never hesitated. He sent the ambassador back with word that he would meet them at the river in three days. When the old General, with Cooley his old scout as interpreter; Al Sieber, another famous scout; Assistant-Surgeon Skinner, and Captain Bourke, rode out of the Post bound for the meeting-place, few of those who saw the party leave expected to see them alive again. It seemed like going to certain death. Cooley himself told me he was scared stiff with the prospect; but with him Crook's word was law. The General gave positive orders that no one was

From the Collection of Anton Mazzanovich
Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

GENERAL CROOK AT FORT APACHE, 1883

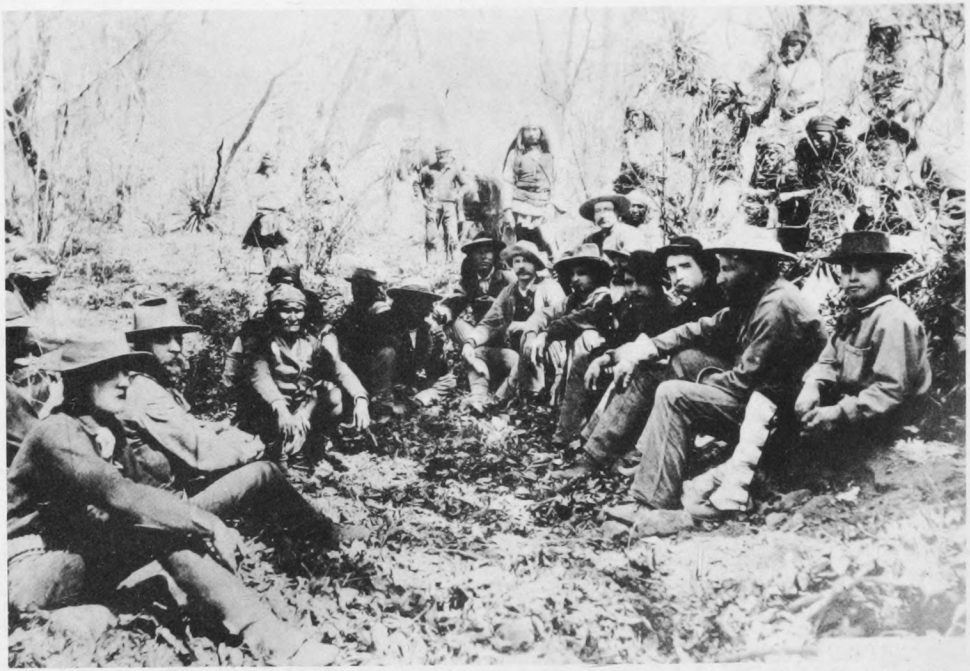


Photo by C. S. Fly
Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

COUNCIL BETWEEN GENERAL CROOK AND GERONIMO
CAPTAIN BOURKE THIRD FROM RIGHT, NEXT TO GENERAL CROOK

to follow them until at least five days had passed. "If I have not returned or been heard from by that time, you might see what has become of me and my little party," he said. Cooley, his old scout, who was married to an Apache woman, confided to me just before he left that he had made his will, and fully expected not one of the party would come back from the trip alive.

Three days later "the Old Gray Fox" rode calmly into the Post. By noon the next day more than a hundred Apaches had come in and surrendered to the General at the Adjutant's office. There they laid their guns and cartridge-belts on the porch, until it looked like a display of arms in some museum. What a collection it was! Winchesters, calibre-fifty Sharpes' carbines (the old-fashioned affairs that broke in two with a hinge for reloading), Henry rifles (the forefathers of the Winchesters), any number of old-time buffalo guns, weighing from ten to twelve pounds, and a number of Army Springfield rifles and carbines. That heap of guns would be worth a fortune today. What became of it I cannot recall—if I ever knew. But it was a tribute to the love the Apaches bore for George Crook, and of their faith in his promises. They were told they would not be punished for anything they had done since the outbreak at Cibecue, and that promise was kept to the letter. There was considerable criticism of this broad pardon from certain elements in Arizona, but it was unquestionably the right thing to do.

From the day each of those renegade Indians laid his gun and belt of cartridges in that great pile on the porch before the Adjutant's office, peace has reigned between the

White Mountain Apaches and the people of Arizona. It was a triumph for Crook's tact and diplomacy. He knew his Apaches.

But Crook was not satisfied with establishing a peace. His first big job was to get an exact count of all Indians on the vast Reservation—estimated at about five thousand of all ages. Each band was given a letter and each person in that band a number. These, on a brass tag, were to be worn on the person always and everywhere as a mark of identification. An Apache without a tag was an outlaw—a renegade. Thus, an Indian wearing a tag marked "M96" could be located and identified in a very few minutes by a reference to the Indian census sheets. Some of the Arizona papers scoffed at this plan, but it proved a grand success.

Crook knew, also, that an idle Indian was quite as dangerous and expensive a person as an idle white man. The government at that time bought large quantities of hay and grain for the Army horses and mules; also, thousands of cords of wood for fuel. Crook believed the Apaches could be trained to supply a part at least of these supplies. They had many cornfields, and many more acres could be brought under cultivation. The meadows in the mountains and open, grassy hillsides were then covered with a luxuriant growth of the finest forage grasses—grama, sacaton, wild oats, etc. As for cord-wood, it was to be found "in the rough" on every hand.

The Indians were advised, accordingly, that they would be paid one cent a pound for every pound of grass they brought to the hay corrals, and five dollars a cord for every cord of wood delivered at the woodyard. The Post

Quartermaster was provided with ready cash, and the Indians were paid in silver coin for their deliveries, no matter how small, right on the spot. Many of the men pitched in and took a hand at this work; for it meant real money to them. The Post trader reaped a grand harvest in those days; for practically every dollar went into his store in exchange for calico, clothing, knives, mirrors, and other articles dear to the Apache heart. When one realizes that in the first year of Crook's masterly management of these Indians they delivered over fifteen hundred tons of hay, every bit of it cut out in the hills with small sickles or butcher-knives, and six hundred cords of wood, it will be appreciated how they must have worked. The hay was packed in on horses and burros; indeed, much of it on the backs of the Indians themselves. Most of the wood was packed on horses; though a few Indians were given wagons by the Indian agent. What troubles those Apache braves did have, training their diminutive ponies to work in harness! But time was nothing to them. What they didn't do today could be done tomorrow. It was rough on the livestock, however.

Some of the Army contractors who had waxed fat on Army contracts at the Posts raised a wail over Crook's scheme. They pointed to the fact that much of the hay was simply green grass that had to be cured. Crook admitted this, but said the Indians were so busy getting it that they had neither time nor inclination to fight or to raid the settlers, and that the soldiers were far better employed at scattering the grass out to dry in the stockyards than they would be in chasing a bunch of Apaches over the Arizona

mountains. General Crook taught these Indians to work; showed them the value of this labor; and proved to a rather skeptical world that, after all, the Apache Indians could and would work if given the chance and the proper guidance.

As a matter of fact, Indians have always worked along certain lines. I recall in particular an example of hard work on the part of some Apaches. Down below Fort Apache, in 1881, was an open flat through which the White River ran, where the Indians were anxious to raise some crops. Water for irrigating the fields must, of course, come from the river. The Indians, like the Mexicans, usually built their dams first, then dug the ditch and led the water along, establishing the proper levels by that means. In the course of time, these Indians brought their ditch to a certain point on the upper side of the flat they wanted to farm. But in the line of the ditch, as it skirted the flat, lay a boulder—a monster affair that stuck its stony nose out from the hillside in such a manner as to block further progress. Dynamite wasn't plentiful in those days; but all the southwestern Indians for centuries had used fire to get rid of rocks that stood in their path.

I watched the squaws as they worked at this big rock for a week. While one party cut wood in the nearby timber, others piled it up against the boulder and kept a great fire burning. About every two hours they would "draw" the fire. Other squaws brought huge wicker *ollas* of water on their backs, from the river. They would dash the water on the red-hot rock, and so cause the material to flake and split off in large pieces. It was a slow but

absolutely sure process—a bit of primitive work, done by a primitive people. And what a good time those squaws did have over their work—laughing and calling to one another, playing with the children, always good-natured and happy. What had they to thank the white man for?

But the process was too slow, the work too hard, to suit me. I told the Post Quartermaster, Captain Kendall, Sixth Cavalry, about it. The result was that next day several soldiers with drills, sledges, and other tools, and a goodly supply of blasting powder, arrived on the ground and soon shot a passage through the boulder, thereby saving the Indians a lot of hard labor. What an organization the old Regular Army was in those days!

With a large number of Apache Indians camped in the vicinity of the Fort, the matter of stray dogs was quite a problem. Under Post rules, no Indians were allowed to remain overnight—that is, from sunset to sunrise. The guard saw to it that every red man and woman left the Post at the sounding of the call to lower the flag at sunset. But that did not rid the garrison of many Indian dogs which followed their masters and mistresses from their camps nearby and remained all day, hanging around the barracks kitchens and the garbage-cans of Officers' Row. Although never fed there, these stray animals seemed particularly fond of the telegraph office, and there were always a number hanging around it, waiting for their owners to pass by on their way back to the Apache camps after their daily round of the rear of the officers' quarters.

At one end of the telegraph office was a small enclosure with a tight fence about ten feet high, inside of which was

the line battery of some sixty glass cells, stored on tiers of shelves. Once the door to this yard was left open. During the night it blew shut, and when I opened it the next morning I faced a hungry-looking Indian dog that had spent the night there. As I stood in the doorway the animal dashed madly around the place, displaying a full set of very sharp teeth plus a bold front that said very plainly, "Look out!" when I started to enter. In his wild breaks from one side of the yard to the other, the animal managed to knock several of the glass cells from the shelves, spilling their contents over the floor. This angered my repairman, who was close behind me; for it was his duty to take care of the battery, wipe off the outside of each cell once or twice a week, and keep all the connections bright and clean and free from deposits of blue vitriol on the brass terminals.

Closing the door, the repairman secured a bit of rope with which he managed to lassoo the dog and tie him to a post, good and tight. He had in mind no particular plan of action at the time, nor did I; but we decided to teach that particular dog where home was. This we believed could best be done by attaching a good-sized tin can to his tail and then turning him loose with his head toward the Apache camp. It didn't take us long to decorate the animal in this manner and to drag him out of the yard by the tail and the scruff of the neck and point him toward a group of Apache camps in the valley below the garrison. Needless to say, he lost no time in finding his way to the wickiup of his owner. His passage through the garrison attracted considerable attention, what with the racket caused by the rattling tin can and his loud howls of terror

(and probably some pain) as he raced past the guardhouse and on down the road toward the Indian camps.

The scheme worked so well that, after several affairs with tin cans, the Indian boys as well as Indians of larger growth began capturing and bringing to the telegraph office stray dogs and turning them over to the operator at the end of a rope to be handled in like manner. It proved to be a famous way to stir things up when times were quiet. Thus it was that, two or three times a week, stray Indian dogs were brought to us to be decorated with tin cans in order to furnish a little excitement to the garrison. The curs were tied up inside the little battery yard until the operator or his repairman had time to decorate them with the proper amount of tinware. Incidentally, we soon learned that the Apaches, both male and female, got quite as much amusement out of these canning affairs as did the soldiers, perhaps even more. Through practice we developed a technique—if such a word can properly be applied to the operation of so attaching a quantity of tinware to a dog's tail that it would remain there almost permanently. We accomplished this by tying the wire or bit of rope about the dog's neck, then bringing it between his forelegs, making a half-hitch around his body, and finally out between his hind legs where, at the end of the rope or wire, the tinware dangled at his heels. Fastened thus, it required human assistance to rid the dog of its unwelcome attachment. We soon discovered that dogs thus handled gave the telegraph office a wide berth thereafter. Also, they were inclined to be rather shy about entering the Post at all times.

With the prosecution of the campaign against the

Apaches following the Battle of Cibecue, the military authorities moved the headquarters of the Sixth Cavalry from Fort Lowell, near Tucson, to Fort Apache. This brought to Apache three new troops of cavalry, together with the officials of regimental headquarters, and the entire Sixth Cavalry band. It had been fully ten years since a regimental band had been stationed at Apache. Its presence at guard-mount, and other official as well as social functions, was a great addition to the life of the garrison. It also created intense interest among the Apaches, the majority of whom had never heard any musical instrument beyond the trumpets of the guard, and their own crude flutes and "tom-toms." Naturally, with a full band, dress-parades and such military affairs took on quite a showy appearance. The six full cavalry troops, together with two companies of infantry, and the regimental officers, made a very imposing array when lined out across the parade-ground in all their finery of yellow horse-tail plumes, clanking sabres, and other paraphernalia of those days; so dress-parades became a frequent matter. These military functions always attracted a great crowd of Indians, who sat along the sides of the parade-ground and watched it all with interested eyes.

One lovely summer evening at dress-parade, when the entire garrison was stretched out at parade-rest, the regimental adjutant gave the command, "Sound off." Led by the pompous drum-major, the full band was passing down the line. The colonel of the Sixth Cavalry—"the Galloping Sixth"; the senior major of the Twelfth Infantry—"the Dirty Dozen"; half-a-dozen captains, and a whole flock of young lieutenants were there in all their glory. The

porch of the Commanding Officer's quarters was filled with their admiring wives, plus a number of young lady visitors from Tucson and other southern Posts.

Just at this auspicious moment the door of the log telegraph office that faced the parade-ground was opened wide. From it burst a large, active Apache dog that seemed very anxious to get somewhere at the earliest possible moment. He was leading a good-sized tin can which someone had fastened to his rather bushy tail with a long piece of stout baling-wire. The band was far down the line, and was countermarching. The drum-major, holding his long baton high above his head, was walking backward in front of the musicians. The dog flew down that line of soldiers like a canine thunderbolt. The can rattled over the gravelly parade-ground and the wild yelps of the dog added to the racket; all of which was unseen and unheard by the solemn drum-major. The animal dashed straight at the band, passing between the legs of the drum-major, upsetting him in all his official and musical dignity, and plowing a groove through the massed musicians that completely broke up the formation and stopped all further musical efforts.

The shrieks of laughter that rose from the onlookers woke the very echoes. A good time was had by all. Once was plenty. The old General dropped a very clear hint the next day which convinced the young telegraph operator who engineered the stunt that once was sufficient for such an affair. It took me full three months to get back on speaking terms with the drum-major, whose official dignity had been so terribly insulted. Ten years later, in 1893, when I was at the Chicago Fair as World's Fair Commissioner from

Arizona, the wives of two officers who saw the performance laughed loud and long with me, when they recalled the affair, over the ridiculous way that canned dog "mowed down" the Sixth Cavalry band at Fort Apache, and busted up that dress-parade. Even at that late date, I was careful not to admit full responsibility for the performance. However, those ladies knew how it happened.

One fine day in the spring of 1883, the Commanding Officer's orderly appeared at the military telegraph office and informed the signal sergeant that the Commander desired his presence at the Adjutant's office at once. Somewhat surprised, I searched my mind for some reason for this command. I wondered just what had happened to make the old fellow wish for a personal interview. Perhaps I had a guilty conscience.

A short time before, I had found the skeleton of an Indian in a cave some miles from the Post and had brought the skull into the office as a sort of trophy. There was always a bunch of Apaches hanging around the office to whom the workings of the telegraph line were of surpassing interest. This grinning skull would be an added attraction. My repairman, who was something of an electrician as well as a mechanical genius, rigged it up with hinges for each jaw, a magnet from an old telegraph relay, a few feet of insulated wire connected with the main line battery, and an electric switch. The skull was fixed on a shelf near the office door. It was in perfect condition, with every tooth in both jaws in place. The repairman begged from the hospital steward two glass eyes, and installed these two staring luminaries in the empty sockets. When the

switch, conveniently placed on the operator's table, was opened and closed the huge goggle eyes would roll back and forth, and the jaws snap together like the jaws of a steel trap. It was certainly a fearsome contrivance, and its effect on the first Apaches to see it in operation was far beyond the fondest expectation of the builders. Their shrieks of horror, amazement, and laughter could be heard all over the garrison. Invariably they ran out of the office as if the Evil One was after them. However, curiosity always brought them back. Again that grinning affair would roll its eyes and snap its teeth, and again there would be a stampede, followed by a slow and cautious return. It was a never-ending object of amusement to the red men; also, quite as interesting to the officers and their families. Some of the ladies would sit in the office for an hour waiting for a proper "set up." It was a regular thing for the Apaches to round up some newcomer to the Post and inveigle him or her to the telegraph office. With all possible solemnity, the skull would be pointed out to the awe-stricken stranger. Then at the proper time the switch would get in its deadly work, and while the frightened Apache tore through the door, not stopping till he was far out in the parade-ground, the rest would shriek with laughter. Over and over again, they played this trick on country friends from the hinterlands of the Reservation.

As a fun-maker, the arrangement was one huge success. However, I had always had a haunting fear that sooner or later some inquisitive Apache would discover the rifled grave and raise a row. Had it really happened? Had some Indian complained to the Commander about our using

the skull of an ancestor in this very undignified manner? I recalled the episode of the dog, the tin can, and the drum-major, and entered the sanctum of the Commanding Officer somewhat in fear and trembling.

But I was mistaken. Instead of a reprimand, the old Commander greeted me with a smiling face. Would Sergeant Barnes (I had been promoted to Sergeant some months before) report on the parade-ground that evening at retreat, in full uniform? A full dress-parade in those early days was a rather unusual affair. My face must have shown surprise and perplexity. The Commanding Officer explained that he had received from the Chief Signal Officer a Congressional Medal of Honor, which with due pomp and splendor was to be given to the Signal Sergeant that evening. Thus it happened that I was called to the center of the long line of troops at sunset; and, after the reading of the official correspondence, had pinned upon my uniform by the Post Adjutant the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military decoration this Republic confers upon its officers and men.

The correspondence accompanying the medal stated that it was given on the recommendation of two separate officers, Major M. A. Cochran, of the Twelfth U. S. Infantry, commanding the Post in General Carr's absence at Cibecue, and General Eugene A. Carr, Sixth United States Cavalry. The medal is inscribed: "Awarded by the President of the United States to First Class Private Will C. Barnes, U. S. Signal Corps, for bravery in action, September 1st, 1881, at Fort Apache, Arizona Territory." There never was a happier, prouder young man than myself

ADOLF F. BANDELIER
SCHOOL OF AMERICAN RESEARCH

when the parade was dismissed and I received the congratulations of officers and men.

With the medal went a small red, white, and blue bow to be worn in the lapel button-hole, which in the absence of the medal itself indicated that the wearer was a Congressional Medal of Honor man. Later on, because of its similarity to the badge worn by members of the Grand Army of the Republic, a new medal was designed together with a new knot or rosette, of sky blue, with thirteen small silver stars on it. Non-military readers should understand that this medal is bestowed for some specific act of bravery "beyond and above the recipient's call of duty." It ranks with the well-known Victoria Cross of the British Army. Is the wearer proud of his medal? Well, ask any man who has one.

The region about Fort Apache was covered with old ruins, the work of a prehistoric people generally called Cliff-dwellers. I was greatly interested in these evidences of an early civilization and spent considerable time digging into them. The telegraph office became a veritable museum of relics—skulls, pottery, shell ornaments, arrow-heads, etc.—that I had unearthed in my expeditions.

On the 25th of April, 1883, a lone traveler rode into the Post. The Chiricahua Apaches under Geronimo were then busy making life miserable for the people of Arizona, and it was unsafe to move about unless in strong, well-armed parties. For this reason the lone rider caused more or less comment as he came across the parade-ground. He was a singular figure. On his head was a genuine Scottish bonnet, the Glengarry, with the two ribbons hanging down behind;

he wore a Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers of rough tweed, and heavy English walking-shoes—a costume that would have attracted attention almost anywhere west of the Mississippi River, and certainly so on the Indian frontier in Arizona Territory.

He was mounted on a diminutive yellow mule. A vast Spanish saddle almost covered the beast, which was not much bigger than a burro. The rider's long legs just missed the ground. On the pommel of the saddle was a pair of large Spanish *cantinas;* and at the cantle a roll of blankets inside of which were all his earthly possessions. He rode directly to the Adjutant's office, where in those days everyone entering an Army Post was required to register. In the Post Adjutant's book he wrote: "Adolf F. Bandelier, Boston, Mass." The man was, perhaps, forty years old, with slightly gray hair, a face tanned by the elements, and keen eyes that saw everything. Having signed his name, he asked the Post Sergeant-Major to point out to him the quarters of the Commanding Officer. To them he walked.

"Some crazy bug-hunter!" was the judgment expressed by the clerk in the office, who classified under this general name all tenderfoot strangers wearing "funny" clothes who were found wandering about the country without any visible means of support.

The "Colonel Commanding," Major M. A. Cochran, Twelfth Infantry, rose from the ranks after the Civil War. He was a rattling good Indian fighter, educated in the rough school of the soldier; but his opinion of men who wasted their time wandering over the face of the earth digging up the bones of dead and gone savages, picking

flowers and grasses, or catching mice, skunks, toads, snakes and bugs and then carefully preserving their worthless skins, would not be printable. What the C.O. didn't know about such subjects could have filled a big book. Peace to his ashes! He went down in the early days of the Spanish War. He brought Bandelier to the telegraph office and introduced him to me, with the suggestion that, since I had shown more or less interest in the old ruins around the Post, I might be of service to the stranger from Boston.

The Colonel told me that Bandelier had presented letters from the War Department at Washington directing that "every courtesy be extended at all military posts to Professor Bandelier of the American Archaeological Institute of Boston, under whose auspices he was studying the ruined cities of the Pre-Columbian peoples who centuries ago inhabited so much of the Southwest." Later on, he also told me that I was at liberty to leave the Post at intervals to guide the Professor in his researches into the ruins in the neighborhood of the Post, leaving my lineman in charge during such absences. The Post Quartermaster was directed to furnish all necessary transportation for such work. My Diary contains the following note: Friday, April 25, 1883. "A Mr. Bandelier is here from the American Archaeological Society of Boston. Is a very nice fellow."

Thus began my acquaintance and friendship with one of the world's great men. For several delightful weeks we explored together the region about Fort Apache. We dug endless yards of cuts into ancient ruins, and broken down houses; sketched, measured, and mapped them. Bandelier was a wonderful artist, and made beautiful water-color

plates of the pottery unearthed. At night, while I sat at my desk and listened to the incessant rattle of my instrument, Bandelier worked on his notes and sketches. It was a great experience for me, and I made the most of it.

On one such evening, Monday, April 28, 1883, as I was listening idly to my instrument, I heard a message from Fort Whipple, Arizona Army Headquarters, to the Commanding Officer at Fort Bowie, a post some two hundred miles to the southeast of Apache, and quite close to the Mexican line. I caught the name "Bandelier" in the message. Grabbing a pencil, I began to copy. The message was from General O. B. Willcox, District C. O. He was telling the C. O. at Fort Bowie, Captain Rafferty, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, that he had just received a wire from Army Headquarters at Washington stating that reports had been received through the Associated Press to the effect that Professor A. F. Bandelier of the American Archaeological Institute of Boston had been killed by Apaches of Geronimo's band in the region south of Fort Bowie. "The District Commander directs that you send a scouting party at once with orders to make every effort to determine the truth or falsity of the report. If Bandelier has been killed, do everything humanly possible to recover his body and bring it into Bowie."

I flung a sheet with this message upon it across the table to Bandelier, and went on copying:

"Tell the officer in charge of the scouting party that Bandelier's friends in Boston and his family in Highland, Illinois, are extremely anxious for news about him. If found alive and unharmed, the officer will send a courier back

with orders to ride day and night until he reaches Bowie with the news."

As Bandelier leaned over my shoulder to read these words, his face was a study.

The C. O. at Bowie acknowledged receipt of the orders, saying that a troop of cavalry would be on its way at daylight the next morning. Instantly I "broke in" on the wire, and sent an "office message" to Whipple, informing the Commanding General that Bandelier was alive and well, and was at that moment standing at my elbow in the office at Fort Apache. Just how the rumor of Bandelier's death got started was never known. The troops in those days frequently found bodies of persons killed by Apaches, many of them not possible to identify. The body of a man had been found, but someone must have made an error in this case, although it could never be discovered just how or why the dead man was assumed to be Bandelier. Nor was the identity of the body that was found ever established. It was one of the unsolved mysteries of Apacheland.

Bandelier at once sent wires to his family and friends informing them of his safety. Quoting Mark Twain's famous message, he told them "the reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated." A few days later, May 8th, he bade his friends at Fort Apache good-bye, mounted his little yellow mule, and soon passed out of sight around a bend in the road. This time, because of the danger from Geronimo's band, a party of cavalrymen escorted him across the Apache Reservation as far as Camp Thomas.

Before leaving Fort Apache, Bandelier tried hard to

convince me that my future lay along the road that he was following, that of archaeology. Most alluringly he pictured the pleasures of research into the dim, historical past, and, in particular, the joys of discovery in Arizona and the Southwest. The greatest archaeologist of his time offered me, a mere youngster, a full partnership in his work! He pictured his future plans to me in stirring words. He proposed to follow the trail of dead-and-gone civilizations clear down to Central America. "Together we will work out the mystery of these early residents of the great desert region in the southwestern corner of this continent," he said; and added: "the Smithsonian and other scientific organizations are looking for just such young workers as you." He believed that, under his guidance and tutelage, a young man could not fail to reach a high place in the scientific world.

But youth must be served. Indian-fighting was to me far more alluring than digging into old ruins of a dead-and-gone civilization. There was more romance in living Apaches than in the dead, prehistoric inhabitants of the region. I liked my present job; and, while I admired Bandelier, I had no desire to be classed as a "bug-hunter." Today, I wonder what would have been the effect on my record if I had accepted the great scientist's offer and had become an ethnologist and archaeologist. What momentous times those are when one stands at the forks of the roads leading into the future, and makes final decisions as to which road he shall follow!

The next time I shook hands with Bandelier was in 1907, when I visited him at his home in New York City. I found

him greatly aged with his years of hard work and many privations in the wilds. He was also troubled with failing eyesight, which sadly hampered his activities. He died in Seville, Spain, of chronic bronchitis complicated with heart trouble, March 18, 1914. The exact date of his death seems to have been misstated in most of the historical accounts, being given as the 19th; but a letter I received from his widow soon after his death corrected the error, and established the date as March 18, 1914.

Born in Switzerland, Bandelier came to this country as a small boy with his father, who eventually settled down in the village of Highland, Illinois, as a banker. Though he spoke four languages and knew history intimately, he never had a day's schooling after he was eight years old. Drifting into the Southwest, he arrived in Santa Fe, New Mexico, about 1881, and there he made his headquarters for over fifteen years. There he wrote many of his books on the Southwest Indians, meanwhile making constant explorations, not only in the Southwest, but as far down the western coast as Peru.

Bandelier detested the title "Professor" most sincerely. "If you must have a handle to call me by, call me mister," he once said to me when we first met. The knowing of him, and especially in view of the circumstances under which we met, was one of the greatest events of my life. Another great experience was mine when Assistant Forester in the United States Forest Service. I was instructed to lay out and map what was then known as the Frijoles Canyon near Santa Fe, New Mexico. It fell to me to select a name for the area as a National Monument. This I did,

calling it The Bandelier National Monument, much to the disappointment of Santa Fe friends who urged that it be named after that city.

Under date of Sunday, April 29, 1883, my Diary has the following short item: "Rode up the East Fork of White River about 10 miles looking for turkey. Didn't get a shot. Found a very queer cave in side of canyon, about 150 feet above the canyon floor. Climbed up rather dangerous trail, evidently used long time ago. Found the opening of cave closed with masonry—much like prehistoric ruin. Can't open it without a pick. Must come back some day and explore it."

About four weeks after that, General Crook and his *aide,* Captain John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, came into the Post from Fort Verde. Bourke, who spent a good deal of time in the telegraph office, was interested in my account of Bandelier's recent visit. I also told him about a walled-up cave I had found. Bourke was full of enthusiasm over the idea of opening it up. He was sure it would prove to be a prehistoric storehouse of some kind, and we planned to go up and see what was in it. However, the next day Crook decided to leave for San Carlos; so it was agreed that later, when Bourke came, he would have a hand in opening the cave. A month or two later Bourke wired he was leaving Whipple for Apache *via* the Verde Road and was coming expressly to see what was in that cave. In due time the Fort Whipple ambulance rolled into Fort Apache. The next morning Bourke and I rode out of the Post leading a pack-mule, loaded with pick, shovel and other tools for opening up the entrance to the cave; also candles

and a bull's-eye lantern. Bourke was delighted with the prospect and said everything pointed to a rare ethnological find.

With the instinct of a true scientist, he made a careful sketch of the cave and wall before touching a thing, taking all sorts of measurements, which he accurately noted down. What wouldn't we have given for an up-to-date kodak? It was a long job to make an opening. The stone and debris were tumbled unceremoniously down the face of the cliff.

An awfully musty smell greeted our nostrils when we finally stuck our heads into the hole. There had been considerable smallpox among the Indians many years before. An epidemic of it was raging all over Northern Arizona at that very time. I wondered if there was any danger of our having broken into some burial vault in which a smallpox victim had been laid away. My cheerful forebodings didn't worry Bourke a bit. He proposed to see what there was in that cave. The bull's-eye lantern showed a good-sized room, the floor of which was covered deep with fine dust. About ten feet back from the entrance we could make out in the dim light what seemed to be immense wicker baskets. We wormed our way through the hole, Bourke going in first. The dust on the floor rose in clouds, almost choking us. We backed out and spent some time tearing down more of the wall, so as to give better ventilation.

Eventually we found ourselves standing inside the cave, that was now faintly illuminated by the flickering lights from two candles and the bull's-eye lantern. A thorough exploration proved the cave to be a *cache* of corn, stowed

away in some of the finest specimens of Apache basketry it had ever been the good fortune of either of us to have seen. There were about thirty, of varying sizes from enormous *ollas* five feet high to small ones not over a foot in height. There were, also, a number of beautiful bowls in wicker. Some were the pitched, water-carrying baskets, but the majority were of the white willow type, with black figures worked into them. All were marvels of the Apache basket-weaver's art. Apparently these baskets had all been filled with Indian corn in the common red, green, blue, and yellow colors. The weevils had devoured the grain, however, leaving only the hulls and cobs in each basket.

Naturally, Bourke was disappointed, because he had hoped for something unique and rare. The baskets, however, were well worth preserving. Bourke planned to ship the lot back to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Some time was spent in emptying them of the corn-cobs, which were poured in a heap in one corner of the cave. Then we rode back to the Post. Tomorrow would be another day! Early in the morning, we rode back up the river, followed by the army escort wagon, which was driven as close to the cave as possible. The men had with them an old tent-fly and several ropes. The baskets were wrapped in the fly and lowered a few at a time. They were naturally very dry and brittle, so had to be handled with great care. Eventually all were safely stowed away in the wagon. An hour was spent in carefully exploring the cave. Every foot of the dust on the floor was raked over in the hope of discovering something in the way of arrowheads, bone ornaments, etc., but without success.

Upon arriving at the Post, we found a wire from General Crook directing Bourke to meet him at the earliest possible moment over near the Cibecue battle-ground. Bourke was a soldier first, a scientist later. The precious baskets were unloaded and part of them stored away in the telegraph office, the rest in the adjoining log cabin where I slept. This job was watched by a number of Apaches, who seemed interested in the baskets. Bourke would come back as soon as he could to catalogue and ship the baskets to the Smithsonian Institution.

I was awakened the next morning by voices outside my cabin—Apache voices they were—serious ones at that. Indian faces were peering in at the windows on both sides. I got up and did some peering myself. A number of Indians were looking into the windows of the telegraph office next door. I could talk Apache fairly well.

"Ha tip-e-ca?" ("What's the matter?") I asked one of them.

"Dah-koo-ga" ("Because") he said.

Somehow I had a hunch that the baskets from the cave were responsible for these early visitors. I was right. The baskets, full of corn, had been placed there years before upon the death of a beloved member of the Apache tribe. Bourke and I had violated a funeral *cache*, or deposit, and the Apaches were indignant at the outrage. A council was held in the middle of the parade-ground. Through the Post interpreter they told the C. O. of their grief and indignation.

Bourke generously delayed his departure to see the thing through. He told the Indians that he had not realized

the sacredness of the cave to them—that he was sorry, indeed, to have broken into it. He assured them the baskets would be replaced in the cave at once, the wall rebuilt exactly as it was; and gave them an order on the Post sutler for $25.00 worth of calico and other goods. This pacified them, and they drifted over to the store of the sutler to cash in on Bourke's order. To the Commanding Officer, Bourke assumed full responsibility; and, indeed, gentleman that he always was, shouldered the blame, for the whole affair. He urged me to see that everything was replaced in the cave at the earliest possible moment, arranging with the C. O. to send a team, with a guard, to take the stuff back (for I was afraid to go alone); and he gave me money with which to pay for the work, including the rebuilding of the wall. Then, with only one man as an escort, he rode out of the fort to join Crook, with a pack-mule in tow.

The baskets were taken back, hoisted up to the cave, and replaced as they had been. How the men detailed to help did guy that young telegraph operator over his adventure! A number of Apaches were also on hand to watch the proceedings. They took no part in the work, and looked mighty glum and solemn. The hoisting up and replacing of the rocks to mend the destroyed wall was quite a job. Mud, for mortar, was mixed, and pulled up in a bucket, and I did my first job as a stonemason. Except for the freshness of the work, I flattered myself that as a restorer of prehistoric ruins I was quite a success. "Them were the days!" I visited the place in 1916, and found it exactly as I had left it in 1883.

CAPTAIN JOHN G. BOURKE
THIRD CAVALRY

The next time I shook hands with John G. Bourke, Captain, Third United States Cavalry, was in 1893, ten years later, at the World's Fair in Chicago. I was then a World's Fair Commissioner from Arizona in charge of the Arizona exhibit; and Bourke was in charge of a part of the Government exhibit, a replica of the convent of La Rabida where Columbus went to Mass. What a grand reunion we had!

Chapter IX

THE SOLDIER TURNS COWBOY

In the fall of 1883, I received my honorable discharge from the Army. For a year before this time a young man, Sergeant-Major Victor Gomez, of the Twelfth Infantry, and I had been investing in cattle on a small scale. The cattle business in the West was then attracting a lot of attention from eastern men. There were millions of acres of open grass lands in the arid West used only by the game animals and the livestock of a few pioneer settlers. Everyone was crazy about cattle. Several large herds of mixed cattle were driven across the Apache Reservation during 1882 and 1883. They came mostly from Texas and New Mexico, and were the old-time long-horn stock. A good many animals were lost from these herds as they moved along—by escapes at night, stampedes, inability to proceed along the rough trails because of tender feet, and, in

some cases, simply worn out and unable to go any farther.

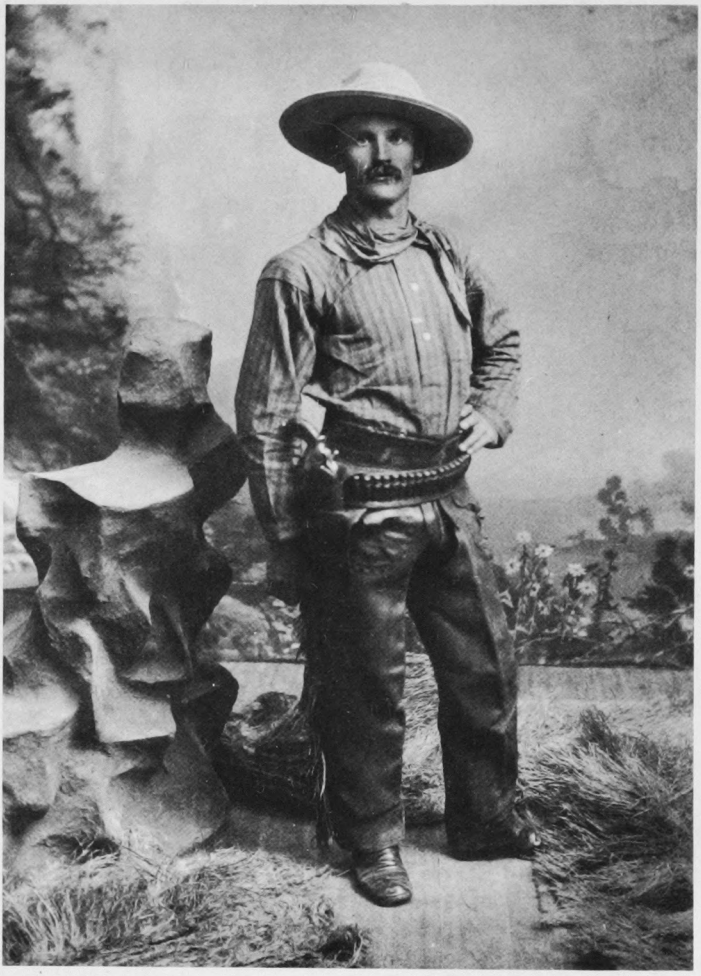
These strays were offered for sale at very low prices, and Gomez and I formed a co-partnership with an Army officer and began buying these animals whenever the opportunity offered. Captain D— secured permission to hold the herd at Miners' Camp, a spring about eighteen miles north of the Post. One day a band of renegade Apaches fired a number of shots at our herder as he rode out from the ranch. He took refuge in the log cabin where his wife and baby were sharing his fortunes. The Indians contented themselves by driving the whole herd, about one hundred and fifty head, some distance away from the camp and scattering them all over the country. They shot half-a-dozen, out of pure deviltry, and butchered one, carrying the meat away with them. They also drove off the band of horses we had purchased for saddle animals.

Roberts, the herder, and his wife held the fort till dark, then rode to Apache for help. Man, wife, and baby were mounted on one horse, a sort of pet that (overlooked by the Apaches) came into the spring for water, shortly after sunset. The man walked most of the way to the Fort. A troop of cavalry, which I accompanied, was sent to the camp, but no Apaches were apprehended. It was not an outbreak in any sense of the word—just a bit of fun on the part of the Indians, some of whom were very jealous of the use of their reservation by white men. The Indians had returned to the camp the next morning after Roberts and his wife left and had gutted the cabin. An old-fashioned kitchen clock was set on a stump and half-a-dozen shots were fired through its works. Dishes were

smashed, tubs and buckets broken up, and everything destroyed in pure cussedness. Mrs. Roberts had a sewing-machine—she was a Mormon girl—and the noble redmen carried it out and threw it into the spring. Her black silk wedding-dress was hung over a scarecrow Roberts had erected in a little field below the spring and its voluminous silken folds slit to ribbons with Apache knives. The baby's cradle, an old-fashioned wooden affair, had been broken up and partially burned in the fireplace. The camp presented an excellent example of Apache deviltry. The marauders had evidently had a good time.

Protected by the cavalry, the cattle were rounded up and moved into the Post for safety. About a dozen were missing. All but two or three of the horses were also found. After that, the embryo cattle barons decided to get out of the Apache country. After considerable study they moved their herd to a point on the Little Colorado River some twenty-five miles west of the town of Holbrook, a station on the newly-constructed Atlantic and Pacific Railroad—later the Santa Fe. Here they found a virgin country. There was a little Mormon settlement called Saint Joseph about ten miles from us, but on the other side of the river. We knew the Mormons would make good neighbors. Farther down the Little Colorado was a horse ranch where an old hermit owned about five hundred head of wild range horses. But, practically, we had a country nearly fifty miles square, of which we and our cattle were the only active occupants. We rode over it for miles and never saw any four-footed animals except deer and antelope.

Back from the river about four miles were some fine



WILL C. BARNES, COWBOY
PRESCOTT, 1885

springs surrounded by a wonderful *vega*, or hay-meadow, on which I filed a homestead claim of one hundred and sixty acres under the United States land laws. What a wonderful grass country it was! The first year we mowed grama grass on the open range near the camp, and put up several tons of fine hay. A comfortable three-room *adobe* cabin was built, together with the necessary corrals and a small horse pasture. With the cattle to look after besides, there was plenty of good hard work for the two young cowboys. On the river banks were many fine stands of cottonwood–that friend of the pioneer. These furnished firewood and also posts for the stockade, corrals, and fences. We had no team, but an ox-yoke was borrowed from a friendly Mormon; and the two home-builders broke a couple of young steers to work.

On the Minnesota farm my brother and I had had a lot of fun breaking husky calves and yearlings to the yoke, just for the excitement of the thing. This youthful experience was more than valuable to me when we tackled the job of breaking full-grown steers, as wild as they were made in that day. It convinced me that, no matter what it was or under what circumstances gained, knowledge was bound to be useful sometime or other. With this team we hauled all the green cottonwood posts we needed. Supplies for the camp were packed out from Holbrook on a horse. It was surely pioneering in every sense of the word; and it was one great day when we bought a shiny new farm wagon and drove it out from Holbrook.

At this point, I must return to complete the story of the fortunes of the two Apache boys, Riley and Na-pas, men-

tioned in a previous chapter. My readers will recall that I took them under my care after the execution of their father, "Dead Shot," and the suicide of their mother. I had signed a bond for $500.00 in which I agreed to care for the youngsters and to return them to the Agency whenever called upon to do so. They were crazy to live at the herder's camp that Gomez and I had set up about the time they came into my hands. They were very handy about the cow camp, and as happy as larks to have horses to ride and plenty to eat.

After my discharge from the Army, and the decision of Gomez and myself to take up a new location for our cattle on the Little Colorado, we drove the herd down by easy marches, taking the two Apache kids along with us. After we had completed our ranch-house, of home-made *adobes*, my mother came out from California to live with me. That was in the spring of 1884. Of good old Presbyterian stock, she believed in education, both secular and religious. The ignorance of these young Apaches rather scandalized her. She declared soon after she arrived at the camp, "These little savages must be taught as are white children."

The two "Dead Shot" boys lived with us for about six years. Mother went at their education systematically. No matter what was going on at the ranch, her school opened every week-day at ten o'clock; and for two hours she kept them hard at work. Not only this, she had Sunday School each Sabbath and expounded the Gospel to them in words of one syllable.

Under such training the two made wonderful progress. They learned to read, write, figure, and study. Na-pas was

very much of a student, and loved books. Riley cared very little for study but was wild to do things with tools. His was a mechanical mind. Give him tools of any kind and he was supremely happy. We always had three or four milk-cows around, their calves being held in the pasture during the day. We had located the house about a thousand feet from the springs, on account of the mosquitoes in the *cienega.* Water was hauled from the spring to the house in a large barrel mounted on a rough sled. Mostly, it was hauled each morning by someone who dragged it up from the spring by attaching the rope to the saddlehorn. One day we found the two Indians had made a small ox-yoke and were training two of the largest milk-pen calves to work. Eventually every barrel of water was dragged up from the spring by these calves. The boys taught them the meaning of "Gee," "Haw," and "Whoa," and it was certainly great fun to watch them handle their team.

One day Riley, the older boy, asked me if they could go back to Apache to see their people. Civilization, as represented by a cattle ranch in the late 'eighties, was apparently palling on them both. As a matter of fact they were beginning to be rather a problem in several ways, and I was more than willing to see them go. Mother fixed them up with new clothes, and I gave each of them a saddle-pony. A pack-horse, with a good pack-saddle, carried their plunder—blankets, food, etc. They pulled out one day in October, 1888, and we heard nothing from them for almost a month. Then one evening, as we were sitting in the house, we heard whistling outside, bugle calls, etc. Mother at once recognized who was coming.

"There are those Apaches back again," she said.

And sure enough the wanderers had returned, but minus horses, pack-animal, saddle-equipment, and clothes. These they had gambled off among their relatives. All they had in the way of dress was the usual Apache raiment—a G-string and moccasins. Nothing more, except bands of red flannel around their foreheads, to indicate they were not hostiles. Mother was surely disgusted and scandalized.

But their taste of the old life had changed their ideas. In about a month Riley again broached the subject of returning to the Reservation. "We can both get positions as interpreters at good salaries," he explained; and what he said was, of course, true, for good interpreters were always in demand on the Reservation. So once more they started for Apache. This time, however, I decided that I would see to it that they got to the Post, were turned over to the Agent, and my bond relieved; for Gatewood's regiment had left Arizona.

So we hitched up the ranch buckboard, and, with some new clothes and bedding that mother insisted on their having, we drove them up to Holbrook; from which point all the freight for the Post and the Agency was hauled by contract-freighters—mostly Mormons—all of whom I knew very well. I went at once to one I knew would play fair with me and paid him to take the boys through and turn them over to the authorities. I told the boys they were to remain with him until they reached the Post, when they were to report to the Agency officer. This they did, and my bond was cancelled and returned to me.

I did not see either of them again until about 1896,

when I took a party of friends on a fishing excursion to the Reservation and Fort Apache. One day an Indian came into our camp, about three miles from the Post, asking for me. It turned out to be Na-pas, by this time an out-and-out Apache, with a young wife and two children. He and his family hung around our camp for some time and ate dinner with us. The young girls with me had the time of their lives talking to them, playing with the two children, and coaxing out of Na-pas the story of his life after he left our tender care. Mother was with us and was delighted to see Na-pas again. He seemed to be prospering; said he was receiving a salary of fifty dollars a month and rations, which was pretty good for him. Riley, he said, was off somewhere on the Reservation on a scout with troops. We didn't get to see him.

It was not until the year 1934 that I again heard of them. The winter of that year, the Phoenix *Republic*, Arizona's leading newspaper, sent what is called "a Scout Car" on an exploring trip all over the state. With the car went an excellent photographer, and a couple of reporters to write up their experiences. Each week the Sunday issue contained a complete resume of what they had seen and reproductions of the pictures taken. At Fort Huachuca, close down on the Mexican border—the single remaining military Post in the state—they wrote of a company of Indian scouts, all Apaches, that was stationed there, "the only company of Indian scouts left in the whole United States Army, where once there were probably fifty, or more."

Of this organization the reporter wrote: "The sergeant of the Indian scout company is a full-blooded Apache by

the name of Riley," etc. This naturally aroused my curiosity. Could this possibly be my old Apache boy? A letter to the Commanding Officer at Huachuca detailing the circumstances of my adoption of the two sons of "Dead Shot," and asking him to inquire if Sergeant Riley happened to be my Riley, or his son, or simply by accident bore the same name as my boy, had brought me this prompt reply: "Sergeant Riley of the Indian scout troop is the son of your boy Riley—the grandson of old 'Dead Shot.' He wants very much to see you and learn something of his parentage."

In the spring of 1935 we drove from Arizona back to Washington, going by the southern route especially to have a "look-see" at Sergeant Riley. A letter to the C. O. at Huachuca preceded our arrival. When we rolled up to the Adjutant's office and spoke to the young officer on duty, he said Riley was at his camp. A messenger was sent over to the scout's camp, where he lived in regular Apache style. Sergeant Riley soon appeared in a brand new uniform, every button shining. On his homely face was a welcoming smile for us. His father, my old boy, had died several years previously, he explained, leaving him and several other children who were all at Fort Apache.

This Riley of 1935 was about thirty-seven years old at this time—few Indians know their exact age. We worked the date of his birth out from the dates I had of his father's life. He had a wife and several children living with him at Fort Huachuca; and his uncle Na-pas was still alive and at Fort Apache with his family, where he was interpreter for the Indian Service. After quite a visit, during which

he was told just how his father and his uncle happened to come under my care, together with information about his grandfather, "Dead Shot," and his unfortunate end, we stood him up and took several photographs of him.

About a year later, when the city of Phoenix celebrated Washington's birthday (February 22, 1936), the Commanding Officer at Huachuca brought the entire force at that Post to Phoenix, where they marched through the city in the parade that day. With the command came the Scout Company, all mounted on their wiry little Indian ponies, and riding at their head was my young Apache friend, Sergeant Sinew L. Riley, just about the proudest Apache that ever lived. We hunted him up in the line as the column stopped for a few minutes, and shook hands with each and every member of the scout organization. As they passed us, I wished that my dear little mother could have been there to see the fruits of her teaching. She certainly would have been very proud and happy over the result of her labors.

Back to my experiences as a cattleman. After the arrival of my mother, in 1884, we had several prosperous years, with fine grass, and a ready sale for every steer. Our herd almost doubled. Whenever we saw a cow in the vicinity of our camp, it was ours. Occasionally a stray drifted along, but there were not many of them. My partner, Gomez, tired of the life, sold me his share of the cattle, and left the country. Eventually, I bought Captain D——'s interest, and went it alone.

Then came troublous times. The abundance of green grass, in early spring, brought several bands of migratory

sheep into Arizona from the overcrowded ranges of New Mexico. Rumors reached us that these woolly pests were overrunning the ranges up the River to the east. Indeed, they were advancing like an invading army; four separate bands on each side of the River, covering a front about ten miles wide. Several fights had taken place already between the sheepmen and the cattlemen; sheep herds had been broken up and scattered all over the range; hundreds of sheep had been killed and injured; camps shot up; cattle killed on the range; herders beaten; and men killed on each side. It was a bitter war. Looking back over it all, one cannot help wondering what these men were thinking of.

Of course I took a lively part in this struggle, and did my full share to stop the onward march of the herds. But all in vain. They were headed for the vast country in the San Francisco Mountains to the West; and nothing turned them from their course. But there were some mighty lively days during that first spring they invaded our ranges. To run onto a sheep camp in the cedars meant a volley from the sheepmen's rifles. The sight of a man on the range wearing chaps was enough for any sheepherder. He began to shoot, without waiting for introductory remarks. One herder was caught killing a beef in the depths of a cedar thicket. The cowmen started to hang him. He pleaded piteously for his life. In a moment of weakness, they compromised by giving him a fearful whipping with their ropes. Then one of the party suggested earmarking him and "turning him loose." "Be a good example to other sheepherders," was the argument. With a knife, they "marked" each ear with an "overbit"—a well-known cattle

mark on the range. He was then turned loose and warned to leave the country.

He did leave, but came back two years later and hired a good lawyer, to whom he showed his mutilated ears, now covered by a long growth of hair. The men involved were advised by their lawyer—to whom they rushed frantically—to make the best settlement they could, rather than be brought into court to answer criminal charges, as well as civil suits. It cost them $10,000 to close the deal and get a receipt in full from the gentleman wearing the earmarks under his long hair.

But not all my troubles came from the sheepmen. One day when I rode out from our camp a few miles, I ran across half-a-dozen fine-looking two-year-old heifers. They all bore the same brand, which plainly had been burned into their hides very recently. I had heard that a large shipment of cattle had been unloaded at Holbrook a few days before, and placed on a range above the town. These were evidently some of the newcomers, who were used to plenty of room and loved to travel. In those days everyone tried to keep his cattle close at home and right on his own range.

I sent word to the new neighbor by a passing traveler that some of his cattle were on my range, and to come and get them. I felt I was doing him a real favor. Next day I found several more of the freshly branded animals. I began to get excited; this had to be stopped. It was my range and I proposed to keep it. So I rode twenty-five miles up the River to interview the man. On the way, I saw small bunches of this new herd scattered over the

range, taking it easy and making themselves very much at home. My wrath increased at every mile. Those neighbors were entirely too close for comfort.

When I arrived at the camp, near Holbrook, I found two pretty tough-looking individuals skinning a beef. After a few preliminaries I advised them that I didn't care to have their cattle trespassing on my range.

"How soon can you come and drive them home?" I asked.

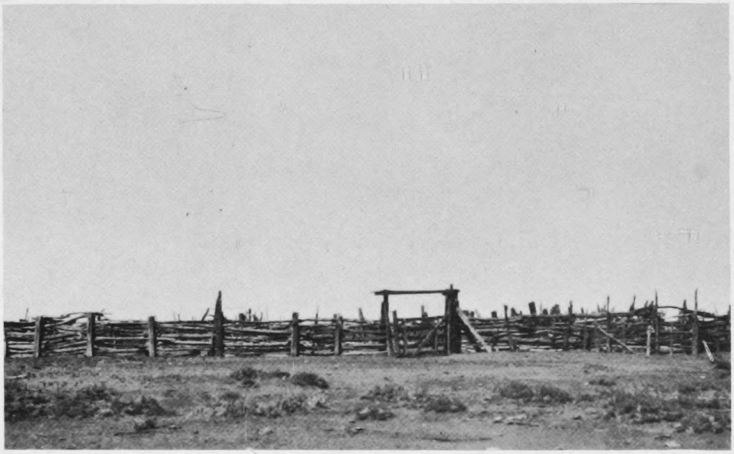
This, of course, was all a bluff. It was Government land, open for any comer to use, and no one could claim an exclusive right. These gents from the Longhorn State had been chased out of Texas by wire fences, which had put an end to migratory herds in that State. Texas owned all the lands in its boundaries; and an owner or lessee had complete control of his holdings from the State.

"We aren't worrying about our cattle straying too far," these men informed me. "The round-up next spring will get them all. We are quite used to being told to move on. We're here to stay. It's anybody's grass, and we're going to get our full share. If you don't like it, you know what you can do."

I saw the point, and rode rather dejectedly back to my own ranch. Anyway, a neighbor twenty-five miles away wasn't so bad after all. I realized fairly well that in all probability our delightful isolation was a thing of the past. And it was. Next year an immense cattle company, the "Hash-Knife Outfit" of Western Texas, shipped no less than forty thousand head of half-starved West Texas Longhorns from the Lone Star State, where a drouth had

ADOBE HOUSE

CORRAL



Barnes Collection
Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

ESPERANZA RANCH

taken heavy toll of the range cattle. They were dumped along the Little Colorado for fifty miles. These animals swarmed over the vacant ranges like maggots on a carcass. The cattle belonging to me and other small owners were mixed up and scattered over a range two hundred miles square. Before this, I could climb on top of our *adobe* cabin almost any pleasant afternoon and count nearly every animal we owned grazing peacefully on the green *vega* below the ranch. They were there now, perhaps, but swallowed up in the midst of a thousand Texans. From that time on it was a case of "ride to 'em, Cowboy" or lose all you have.

By 1888, through consolidation and expansion, I was at the head of a cattle company, which we called the "Esperanza Cattle Company." Esperanza means hope, in the Spanish language; and, to carry the figure, we used an anchor ⚓ for our brand. By 1892 we owned about 7,000 head of very good range cattle. The summer of that year we branded 2,500 calves. A fine crop. It was a dry summer, however. Little or no green grass grew on the range. The cattle went into the winter thin and gaunt. By January 15, 1893, eighteen inches of crusted snow lay all over the country—a most unusual thing. During the day, the snow melted on top; at night, a crust froze on it. The cattle starved by thousands. We trailed many a bunch, wandering around looking for food, by the bloody rings in the snow where the crust which they broke through had cut their legs to the bone. The next year we branded 235 calves, and estimated that we had some 1,800 or 2,000 cattle left out of 7,000.

Then came a few years of plenty and the herd increased in numbers. In the summer of 1895, good range cows brought only five dollars each at Holbrook. They were almost a drug on the market. Everybody had cows to sell; nobody wanted to buy them. Such was the open-range cattle business. Up and down. Dry seasons *versus* wet seasons. Good markets and no markets. Years with fine grass on the prairies everywhere, followed by droughts that left them as bare of grass as a boardwalk. Ranges that ordinarily would have been fully stocked with one cow to every hundred acres were often carrying twenty to the same area. And yet nobody seemed to sense the disaster that was imminent; to realize the obvious end of such a draft on nature's resources. We thought the range was everlasting; that there was no end to its possibilities. We were all living in a fool's paradise; nor have the cattlemen using these open ranges profited by our experiences or taken heed of nature's warning signs.

In the meantime, a small but determined group of Apache County cattlemen had organized an association to fight the thieves and cut-throats who were preying on them everywhere. I became its secretary and treasurer. As most of the work had to be done on the quiet, the president and secretary were given a rather free hand in the work of weeding out these undesirables. It was war to the bitter end. The Devil had to be fought with his own weapons.

At one time it seemed utterly impossible to get an Apache County grand jury to indict a cattle- or horse-thief; or, if indicted, to find a jury that would convict them. Something drastic had to be done, and that soon.

The Cattle Association had plenty of money for incidentals. The president, an English gentleman, and as brave and resourceful a man as ever lived, got the executive committee to authorize him, in association with another man out of the organization whom he should select, to spend whatever money was then in the treasury (about $3,000) he felt necessary to make a good clean-up of the outlaws who not only were stealing our horses and cattle, but were openly threatening the lives of several of us active in their prosecution. I was the person he selected to help him carry out his scheme. Under pledge of profound secrecy on my part he unfolded his plan. Young and enthusiastic, and with an abiding faith in the president's leadership, I agreed to do my best in a scheme that we sincerely hoped would put the fear of God into the rustlers. The executive committee of the Association turned over all the funds to the president and his assistant to be spent without any accounting or taking of receipts. All that was expected of us was to get results. We found a man who said he was a range detective. He wanted a job. We gave him one at once. At the end of a month we had everything ready for action. Smith attended to the details. Within a few days two of the worst characters in the region were "killed while resisting arrest." Someway, when the order came to hold up their hands from an armed man, a deputy United States Marshal, standing before them, they were slow to do so. Bob Paul, United States Marshal at Tucson, was a good friend of Henry Smith.

The suddenness of the blow struck terror to the hearts of the rest of the gang. The handwriting on the wall was

plenty plain. They fairly burned up the roads and tore the mountains down getting away from the unknown officer who shot first and read his warrants later over the dead bodies of the men he was after. Our range detective dropped out of sight soon after that; where, we did not know for some time. It was a salutary lesson for the thieves and murderers. Peace reigned in Apache County for several years. Also, the treasury of the Apache County Cattle Association was nearly empty.

About a year afterward, as late secretary of the Association, I received a letter from the secretary of a large range cattle organization in a Northwestern state. He wrote that there was a man up there who claimed he had done some valuable detective work for the Arizona Cattle Association. "Can he be depended upon to put over about the same sort of a job again?" my correspondent inquired. He also explained that they were being robbed blind by an organized band of thieves, and that they were unable to convict any of them. "What can this man do under such conditions? We have plenty of money to pay for good service," the letter concluded. My answer must have been highly satisfactory. I assured the writer that the detective referred to could be depended upon to carry out any agreement he made with them. I outlined to him the plan of action adopted by our association and the very satisfactory results obtained. Within a couple of months, the Coast papers told of the sudden taking-off of a number of notorious horse- and cattle-thieves up in the region in California from which I had heard, followed by the hasty migration of their associates in crime. "Our friend did as

good a job for us as he did for you," the man in Northern California later on wrote to me. "The gang has been effectually broken up, and our troubles are over. Thanks for your recommendation."

The fearless detective hired to make these clean-ups died several years ago at his little farm on the Coast, after he had taken a very active part in ridding the state of California of Messrs. Sontag and Evans, two outlaw bandits who had defied officers of the law for some time. He was one of the most fearless, foolhardy men I ever knew, and I have been acquainted with several of that kind. Today, [1936] being the only man alive out of the few concerned with these affairs, the details of this job may be made public without fear of reprisals from any source. I have always felt that the end justified the means. They were all honest, law-abiding citizens who thus took the law into their own hands, but only after they believed sincerely that it was the only means left to protect, not only their property, but their lives. In 1912, while an Inspector in the United States Forest Service, I drifted into the little town of Alturas, California. There I met a gentleman who reminded me of a letter he had written me asking about a detective who had applied to him for "work." He and I had a very pleasant time exchanging experiences.

Chapter X

A PLUCKY LANDLADY

HOLBROOK in those days was a wild and woolly town with a population of about two hundred and fifty persons. Three stores, a photograph gallery run by a Chinaman, a chop-house, and five saloons made up the business end of the hamlet. Into this burg one afternoon I rode, accompanied by two cowboys employed by a large cattle outfit. They had stopped over-night with me at my ranch. After supper, the two cow-punchers proceeded to tank-up in fine style. There was a Mexican dance at the schoolhouse that evening. About ten o'clock the two boys, both Texans and as wild as they made them, decided they would attend the dance. The rule in Holbrook then was to not mix the Mexicans and Americans at dances. This race division, however, didn't worry these two chaps in the least. Scenting a fine chance for trouble, I declined to accompany them and went to bed early at the Apache Hotel.

The Texans buckled on their six-shooters, pulled off their spurs, and proceeded down the street to the schoolhouse, which with the desks and benches moved against the wall was the community dance-hall. Some of the Mexican boys promptly resented the attentions of the Texans to the pretty Mexican girls. Everybody was more or less under the influence of liquor, so it didn't take long to start a fight.

About midnight, somebody pulled a six-shooter and shot a hole through one of the kerosene lamps that lit the hall. A dozen shots were fired, but no one was hit. The crowd tore down the door-posts getting out. The two cowboys, one named Tom Pickett, the other known only as "Peck's Bad Boy"—"Peck" for short—came running down the wooden sidewalk from the hall. Behind them a Mexican deputy sheriff was pumping lead after them. He was full of booze and his aim was poor. Right in front of the hotel, five or six Mexicans jumped from behind a freight car standing on the side track and began shooting at Peck and Pickett.

I was sleeping in a front room of the hotel. A bullet tore through the wooden building and lodged in the wall above my head, showering the bed with plaster. I jumped from bed and looked out of the window. Came another calibre 45, loosening a lot more plaster. There was a full moon and the street was as light as day. The two cowboys were backing towards the hotel, shooting as they did so. In the middle of the street stood a tall Mexican whom I knew very well. Suddenly he crumpled up and dropped to the ground, his arms waving wildly as he went down, his six-

shooter falling from his hand. The two cowboys ran down the street one way, the Mexicans ran the other. A dozen more shots were fired and then all was quiet. Looking out of the window, I saw several men carry the dead Mexican from the street.

A few minutes later there was a loud knock at the back door of the hotel. Besides the woman who ran the hotel and her children, all young girls, I was the only occupant of the house. Peck and Pickett had registered but had not as yet occupied their rooms. The woman asked me to dress and come out and see what was to be done. In addition to my six-shooter, I had my Winchester carbine with me and two belts of ammunition. I had intended to take an antelope hunt on the way back to the ranch. Fully armed, I went with the woman to the back door, where the knocking was incessant. The room was in complete darkness. It was no time to show a light.

"Who's there?" she asked. She held a heavy Colt's six-shooter in her right hand.

"It's us, Pickett and Peck. Let us in quick, for God's sake," was the whispered answer.

She opened the door cautiously. The two dancing gentlemen stepped inside. Pickett was limping. She led them to an inner room, lit a lamp, and gave them both a royal tongue-lashing; for which she was unusually well qualified both by voice and vocabulary. Suddenly she looked down at her clean floor. There were blood-spots clear across it. Her spotless floors were her pride and joy.

"What's that?" she demanded.

Tom Pickett lifted his right foot. There was a red splash

on the floor. Every time he set his foot down he left a red mark. He said his foot hurt some; but between whiskey and excitement, he hadn't realized the damage he had sustained. The warm-hearted Irishwoman, all helpfulness now, at once proceeded to investigate. Sure enough, there was a hole in the boot at the instep and a "coming out" hole in the sole. The bullet had gone clear through the foot inside the boot. It was a nasty wound.

The boot was pulled off, and the wound washed and tied up as well as could be done under the circumstances. By this time the foot began to hurt, and Pickett was in agony. There was a young doctor in town, but he lived some distance from the hotel. I volunteered to go after him. To this the woman objected most strenuously.

"The Mexicans will kill you if you go out of this house," she declared. "I'll go myself."

And she did. Carrying a Colt's six-shooter under her apron, she made her way fearlessly to the doctor's little house; woke him up; and piloted him back. *En route* they passed a group of Mexicans standing in front of a disreputable saloon. They sensed the reason for the doctor's visit, but did not stop them.

She was a brave woman and afraid of nothing. As the wife of a sergeant in a United States Artillery regiment, she went through the campaign against the Modoc Indians in the lava beds of Northwestern California in 1876, and was in Fort Apache at the time of the attack on that Post in 1881. The little frame house occupied by her and her husband, then Post Commissary Sergeant, had a dozen holes shot through its thin walls before she and her three children

could get out of it and into an *adobe* building to which the women and children in the Post had been hastily moved. Her husband, Sergeant William Jervis, served in a British regiment in 1855 during the Crimean War. He was a gunner in one of the supporting batteries at the moment when "the Light Brigade," immortalized by Tennyson, made its famous charge, and saw the whole action from beginning to end. Some of us at Apache rather doubted his story until one day he showed us his discharge papers from the British army. Across the face of his discharge were written in red ink the words: "Crimea. 1854-1856." He was a fine-looking, military-like man, and in full dress army uniform one of the handsomest soldiers I have ever known.

The doctor had to do a lot of probing to dig out bits of leather and sock-material carried into Pickett's wound by the bullet. He had nothing to ease the pain except the contents of a bottle of gin the woman produced. Even with that, it took Peck and myself to hold poor Pickett in the chair while the doctor probed away at his foot. When that was done, the medical man was let out of the back door and slipped away to his home in the darkness—the moon having disappeared. He was to send a rider for the sheriff at daylight, that official unfortunately not being in town that night. The Mexican deputy sheriff kept in the background. He didn't care to mix in the case.

By daylight, some twenty intoxicated Mexicans were raging up and down the streets demanding vengeance on somebody. The doctor aroused all the merchants and other Americans in town. The first thing they did was to close every saloon tight. Meantime, in the hotel, preparations

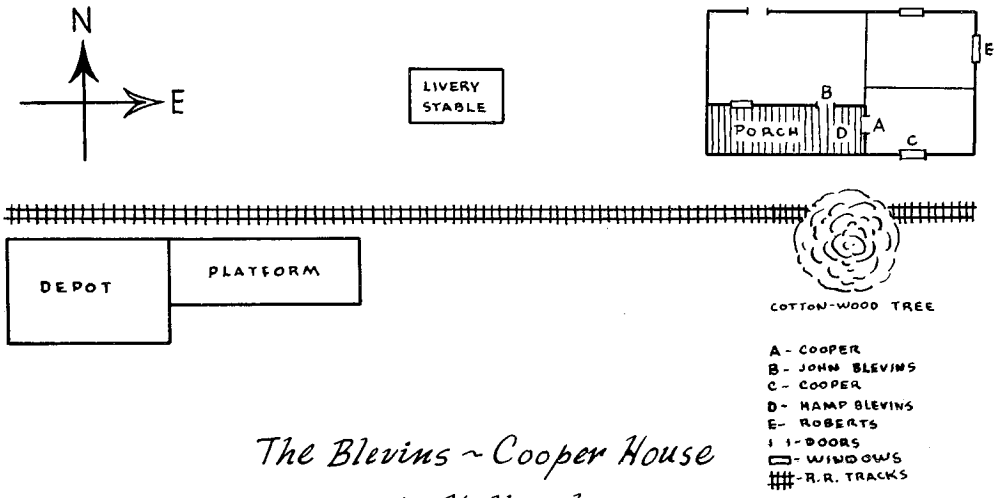
had been made for a fight to the death. I hardly enjoyed the situation, and wished more than ever I had not ridden up to town with the two Texans. But I was there and couldn't well desert them, to say nothing of the woman and the three little girls. She had several sacks of flour and potatoes in her storeroom, as well as a dozen sacks of bran for her cows. These we placed in the windows, front and back, thus making fairly bullet-proof fortifications. There were stone buildings on each side of the hotel. Pickett was moved into a small room without a window and with only one door. Several bed-rolls left there by cowboys, together with some sacks of bran, were placed in a semicircle in one corner. Behind this fort, Pickett, unable to walk, lay on the floor, a Winchester and a Colt's revolver, with plenty of ammunition, at his side. His foot and leg had swollen to a terrible size, and he was suffering fearfully.

The plan we all agreed upon was, that if the Mexicans broke down the doors, I was to do my utmost to get the landlady and her children out of the house before the shooting began. She would not leave as long as no direct attack was made, feeling sure that the Mexicans would hardly dare either to start a promiscuous shooting into the house, or to set it on fire while she and her children were inside. This proved to be the fact. The Mexicans, wild with rage, and seeking vengeance on the two cowboys, dared not risk the killing of the innocent ones. They knew they would themselves be the losers in such warfare.

About ten o'clock, Commodore Owens, the sheriff, rode into town on a horse that died that night. Alone, he drove away the Mexicans who were on guard at each end of the

Apache Hotel. It was a wonderful example of law and cold nerve. There were at least a dozen armed Mexicans, but they melted away before the sheriff's authority like the proverbial snowball in Hades. He swore-in a *posse* at once to guard the house; and then called on the local Justice of the Peace to empanel a coroner's jury and hear evidence as to the killing. Inside of an hour, the two men Pickett and Peck were prisoners on the way to the county seat, some seventy-five miles inland, guarded by half-a-dozen heavily armed men. And, believe me or not, they were plenty glad to go. This action quieted the Mexicans. The forts in the hotel were dismantled and peace reigned. Also, I saddled up my horse, and beat it for the ranch, glad, indeed, to get safely out of the mess.

The testimony before the grand jury showed that the dead Mexican had probably been killed by his own side in the cross-fire between the two parties of attackers. It was also clearly established that he was a renegade from Old Mexico and not a citizen of the United States; and also that his record showed half-a-dozen murders charged up against him. Altogether it was proved that he was not a very desirable citizen, and that his taking-off was perhaps a good riddance to all concerned. At any rate, after a few days' rest in the "Jusgado" at St. Johns, the county seat, Pickett and Peck were turned loose. They lost no time in moving on. Peck decided he needed a change of climate and drifted back to his old range in New Mexico. Pickett gave Holbrook a wide berth for many months. Twenty years after this escapade, I ran across him dealing faro in a saloon in Carson City, Nevada. He limped badly. In



PLAN OF THE BLEVINS-COOPER HOUSE,
AS SKETCHED BY WILL C. BARNES

reply to a question, he explained that his wounded instep never healed completely, and that finally the doctors, to save his life, took off the leg below the knee. He was wearing an artificial limb.

Chapter XI

A SHOOTING SHERIFF

ONE OF the most exciting incidents in my Arizona life occurred at Holbrook in September, 1887. For nearly two years an organized band of horse-thieves had operated in Apache County. The Mormon people, who did considerable heavy freighting between Holbrook on the Santa Fe and Fort Apache, all had unusually fine teams. From them the thieves took heavy toll. The freighters, as a rule, hobbled their teams out along the road at night, and so many horses were carried off that most of the men used hobbles which could be locked on the legs of the animals. But even horses thus protected turned up missing. The thieves would break the padlocks with a hammer and leave the hobbles on the ground—a challenge to the owners.

The gang that did the work was fairly well known. It operated between Colorado points on the north and Southern Arizona on the south. The Colorado horses would be

carried across the Navajo Indian Reservation into Arizona. Over in the Tonto Basin, about seventy-five miles south of Holbrook, in one of the roughest, most inaccessible spots imaginable, they had a rendezvous on Canyon Creek, where horses from Southern Arizona and Mexico were brought and exchanged for others from the north. Here in this spot brands were "worked over," manes docked, tails thinned out, and all sorts of schemes used to cover up their tracks. Several men who had gone into Canyon Creek trailing stolen horses were shot, or beaten with ropes, set on foot, and warned never to show their faces again in the Basin. Two or three failed to return from such trips.

At Holbrook we got word that the gang would be bringing through a band of stolen horses from the north on a certain night. Determined to satisfy myself on some questions, I took my best horse and rode out of town one noon, telling several I was going after antelope. By dark the next day I was hidden away in a little cave that overlooked the trail coming up Black Canyon and on over the mountain to Canyon Creek. About two o'clock I heard the ring of shod feet on the rocks. With my glasses, I watched a bunch of some twenty horses move past, not more than twenty-five feet away. Ahead rode one of the suspected men, and behind the horses two others. I knew all three, and watched them ride past into the night. About noon the next day a party of six Mormons passed the cave, trailing the bunch. I told the deputy sheriff with them who and what I had seen the night before. They wanted me to turn back with them, but feeling sure they would either be killed or held up, I declined.

It turned out just as I had expected. Riding down the trail to the Canyon Creek ranch, they were held up by three armed men and advised to turn back on pain of death. Thinking discretion to be the better part of valor, they turned back. The men who stopped them were not masked, and at least one was a well-known leader of the gang, Andy Cooper by name.

In Holbrook lived a family by the name of Blevins—husband, wife, a daughter, a daughter-in-law, three sons, or stepsons, and a brother-in-law. Cooper was supposed to be a stepson, and frequently spent a night with them in a little three-room frame cottage, on the north side of the railroad track. On the other side of the track were the half-dozen saloons, the post-office and two or three stores that made up the little burg. For two months the sheriff of Apache County had carried a warrant for the arrest of Andy Cooper. It was sworn to by officers of the Apache County Cattle Growers' Association of which I was secretary and treasurer. At that time I was a county commissioner of Apache County, and the Board was holding a regular session at St. Johns, the county seat. The Board members knew of the unserved warrant, and determined to learn why the sheriff had not made the arrest. Summoning Owens before them, they asked him why he had not made the arrest. His reply was that he had not been able to locate Cooper.

I had seen Cooper ride into Holbrook not two days before, and told the sheriff so. After a rather lively session, the sheriff was advised that unless Cooper was arrested within the next ten days the Board would start proceedings

and oust him from office for failure to do his official duty. The sheriff was fully armed and at least two of the members had Colt's six-shooters in the desk drawer in front of them. Things were mighty tense for a few moments and a general shooting-scrape could easily have been pulled off.

No one doubted the personal bravery of Commodore Perry Owens (he was born on the anniversary of Commodore Perry's fight on Lake Erie); but he and Cooper had been range pals, and it was common belief that he was avoiding the arrest, feeling sure one or the other would be killed. Perhaps both, for each man was a dead shot. Owens nearly always carried two revolvers, and could draw either with his right hand or his left with wonderful speed. Several times on the round-ups I had seen him stand twenty feet from an empty tomato-can and keep it rolling and jumping with alternate shots from his two guns until it was torn to pieces. Andy Cooper was a single-handed gun man, but very expert, and quick on the draw.

A few days after Owens had been called before the Board of Commissioners, I was with a round-up wagon about ten miles above Holbrook. The sheriff rode up to the wagon, drank a cup of coffee, "made a little medicine" with the wagon boss, Albert F. Potter, and rode on towards town. I was out on the prairie with the herd. Potter rode out and told me that the sheriff was *en route* to Holbrook to arrest Andy Cooper. I went to the horse-herd nearby, changed horses, and beat it down the road for town. I wanted to see how the little affair would come off. I suspected it would be well worth witnessing. I rode fast and hard by a cross-country route and unsaddled at our little

home in Holbrook shortly before Owens reached town. Owens afterwards said he stopped some time just outside of town, and, sitting on a little knoll that commanded the village, mapped out his plan of action. Someone had sent him word that Cooper would be at the Blevins house that afternoon.

I hurried up-town from home, and saw Owens come in and ride direct to the livery stable, where he put up his horse. Then he walked calmly across the railroad track to the drugstore kept by the local deputy sheriff, Frank Wallron, one of the bravest and nerviest of men. I went over to the railroad station, the platform of which commanded a clear view of the Blevins house where Cooper was supposed to be. There I sat down on a bench and waited for action.

I saw Owens leave the drugstore alone, carrying his Winchester in the crook of his left arm. He walked straight across the track to the livery stable, went in for a moment or two, then came out and strode boldly up the road toward the Blevins house. He afterwards told us he had stopped to have a last look at his "shooting irons." When Owens left the drugstore Wallron and several others came over to the depot and joined me. Wallron said the sheriff refused all help.

"I am the sheriff," he said, "and don't want anyone hurt. I can take him alone."

A bay horse with a saddle on his back was tied to a big cottonwood tree about twenty-five feet from the front door of the Blevins house. My memories of the affair, which I have been at some pains to refresh and confirm

personally for the purposes of my records, are as follows:

The Blevins house was a frame, L-shaped one, with a little porch in front from which two doors opened. Reaching the house, his Winchester on his arm, Owens stepped boldly onto the porch. We could hear every step he took, and his knock on the door at his right. Cooper, a six-shooter in his hand, opened this door about six inches.

"Andy, I have a warrant for you," said the Sheriff; "let's have no trouble."

"Give me a few minutes. I'm not ready yet," Cooper replied; at the same time attempting to close the door. Owens, however, had slipped his foot into the opening, which prevented it from closing completely. He didn't hesitate a second. He realized it was shoot, or be shot. It was no time to parley. A bullet from his Winchester crashed through the wooden door, struck Cooper in the pit of the stomach, and passed clear through his body.

Owens jumped back off the porch, throwing a cartridge into his Winchester as he did so. He knew there were people in the room in front of him at his left, who had no particular love for him. The door of this room opened a few inches, and John Blevins, Cooper's half-brother, a young man about twenty-two years old, shoved a six-shooter through the opening and fired at Owens, not over five or six feet away. The bullet missed him, but hit the horse tied to the tree in front, squarely between the eyes. The horse pulled back, broke the reins with which he was tied, ran about a hundred feet and dropped dead. The animal had been tied there, possibly, for a quick get-away. Blevins, after his one shot, slammed the door. Owens fired

through it, the ball crashing into young Blevins' shoulder, putting him out of the fight. This was Owens' second shot, both effective.

Owens heard someone moving in the room at his right. He ran to the front window, and saw Cooper with a revolver in his hand peering through the window, evidently trying to locate him. He fired a third shot, which tore through the boards and struck Cooper in the hip. Throwing another cartridge into his rifle, Owens whirled toward the door of the room just as another brother, Hamp Blevins, not over fourteen years old, stepped boldly out with Andy Cooper's well-known ivory-handled six-shooter in his hand. His mother was screaming at the top of her voice, trying to hold him back. The boy seemed absolutely fearless.

"Where is the blankety-blank so and so?" he shouted. "I'll git him."

All of us standing on the depot platform heard him plainly. The words were hardly out of his mouth as Owens' fourth shot struck him in the breast. He dropped dead across the doorstep.

Owens, every sense alert, stood boldly out in front of the porch. He knew not how many more men might be in the house. He knew there were at least two women, a wife and a mother, either of whom was capable of handling a six-shooter as well as any man. His ears caught a noise, as if a window was being raised. He ran to the corner of the house. The son-in-law, Roberts, was climbing cautiously out of a window of the back room with a six-shooter in his hand. It was evidently his intention to make a surprise attack on the sheriff from that side. Owens' fifth

shot passed through his chest. Owens then calmly started for the livery stable to get his horse. Several men started across the tracks towards him, A. F. Banta, local Justice of the Peace, in the lead.

"Have you finished the job?" Banta asked.

"I think I have," was the curt reply. He then led his horse out of the livery-stable, mounted, and rode rapidly out of town. He said afterwards he felt he would be safer away from there until the excitement had died down.

The interior of that cottage was a dreadful and sickening sight. One dead boy, and three men desperately wounded, lying on the floors. Human blood was over everything. Two hysterical women, one the mother of two of the men, the other John Blevins' young wife, their dresses drenched with blood, were trying to do something for the wounded. Cooper died that night. Roberts lived about ten days. John Blevins recovered from his wound. Within a week, word reached Holbrook that Hamp Blevins, Senior, the head of the Blevins family, and another son, Charlie, had been killed over in the Tonto Basin, victims of the war in that region which was just getting under way at that time. The warrant for Cooper's arrest was afterwards turned in by the sheriff to the clerk of the county court. Across its face Owens had written: "Party against whom this warrant was issued was killed while resisting arrest." A grim and gory page in the history of Apache County was thus closed.

Those of us who stood on the depot platform and watched with staring eyes the entire proceedings felt as if we had witnessed a gladiatorial combat of the old Roman

days. In all the wild events of Arizona's wildest days there is nothing to surpass this affair for reckless bravery on the part of a Peace officer. Looking back over it all, I feel today that probably Owens was justified for not making a hasty arrest. As near as any of us could estimate, the shooting was all over and Owens on his way back to the livery-stable to get his horse inside of five minutes from the moment he left the stable to make the arrest. The event occurred between three and four o'clock in the afternoon on September 4, 1887.

Chapter XII

DEATH RIDES IN THE HILLS

HE found a rope and picked it up,
And with it walked away.
It happened that a horse was hitched
To the other end—they say.

THEY found a rope, and made it fast
Unto a swinging limb.
It happened that the other end
Was, somehow, hitched to *him.*

SHORTLY AFTER the Cooper killing at Holbrook, fate in the shape of a Citizens' Committee overtook another bunch of individuals suspected of being horse-borrowers that was operating in the region of which Holbrook was the center. Up in the mountains close along the northern boundary of the Apache Indian Reservation, a young chap had a horse ranch. He was a tall, handsome, red-headed lad, and a gen-

eral favorite. However, as one man put it, he "loved to flock all by his lonesome," and apparently had few confidants. His language and general habits indicated that he had been well brought up. Events proved this to be the case. Like many young fellows who drifted into the wild and woolly West those years, he had a foolish notion that when he had crossed the Rio Grande he had left behind moral ideas of right and wrong, and that most anything would get by in Arizona. His name was James Stott.

After a while, detectives employed by the stock association obtained conclusive proof that the young man's ranch was being used as headquarters for a well-organized band of horse-thieves. Bunches of horses from the north were there exchanged for others stolen from the south. The nearby uninhabited portions of the Indian Reservation offered a fine region in which to hide the horses away while new brands healed over, and the place was so wild and remote that owners turned back home after losing the trails. In common with many others, I had a strong suspicion of what was coming to this gang. I liked the young fellow from Boston and tried to warn him of the danger he was running into. But he would not listen.

He would pat the six-shooter which always hung at his hip and say: "I can take care of myself any day. I'd love to see the color of the man's hair who can get the drop on me."

"Well, Jim, my boy, I've warned you," were my parting words to him as he rode away one morning after spending a night in my home in Holbrook.

Ten or twelve days later, with two of my men, I was

up on the mountain at our "Long Tom" ranch. Early one morning, one of the men rode out to wrangle the saddle-horses. An hour later he came tearing back down the trail towards camp as if the whole Apache tribe was after him. So excited that he could scarcely talk, he managed to explain that he had found three men hanging to one pine tree a few miles from the ranch, close to the trail leading down to Andy Cooper's Canyon Creek ranch.

"Did you know them?" I asked.

"Sure! They were Jim Stott, Billy Wilson, and Jim Scott."

Naturally there was considerable excitement in camp. Every one of these men was well known to all of us. The horse-hunter explained his discovery of the bodies:

"I couldn't find the horses, but did run onto a lot of fresh horsetracks in the road. Thinking they might be ours, I followed them down the road for a couple of miles. The trail led through a very rocky bit of ground. The tracks were hard to see, and I was leaning down from my saddle trying to make them out. Suddenly old Pete gave a snort and stopped dead still. When I raised my head, I found myself within ten feet of three bodies hanging from a big pine tree. Their faces were just about opposite mine; hands tied behind them; eyes looking up into the sky, but seeing nothing. Me," he continued huskily, "I just whirled Pete, jabbed both my spurs into his ribs and drug it for the ranch."

A hurried ride, and the horse-wrangler's story was corroborated. Where the trail from Canyon Creek crossed General Crook's "Verde Road," we found three bodies

swinging from the limbs of a large yellow pine. Jim Stott, Jim Scott, and Billy (or Jeff) Wilson had gone "over the range." The indications were that they had been hung not more than twenty-four hours before. The discoverers hurried a man to Holbrook with the news. The bodies swung there in the bright sun for three full days. A few hardy individuals visited the scene, but nobody had the nerve to cut the bodies down. Nor did any of them linger round the spot. Their curiosity was quickly satisfied. One or two hasty looks to identify the victims, and they rode away, nor looked back as they rode.

After three days, arrived A. F. Banta, Justice of the Peace at Holbrook, with three men—Sam Brown, livery stable owner; Ben Burke, a carpenter in Holbrook; and F. A. Ames, an employee of the Aztec Cattle Company, recently from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, eager to go with the party for the excitement of the thing. With them came, also, one of my cowboys, S. T. Frankenfield, whom they happened to meet at the little Mormon settlement of Heber, ten miles from the scene of the hanging. It was he who first discovered the bodies and gave the alarm, as related above. They asked him to go with them, as he knew the exact spot, and could guide them there. He didn't hanker for the job, but went. His story of the matter, written soon after that day, is before me as I write. The party, after viewing the remains as a Coroner's Jury, started to dig graves immediately under each man, with the thought of cutting the ropes and dropping each body into its respective grave without any handling. However, the spot proved so rocky that digging was out of the question.

Under these circumstances, Sam Brown, who owned and drove the hack that brought the party from Holbrook, stood up in the vehicle, and, cutting each rope, allowed the body to drop into a large canvas wagon-sheet that was spread below it. Each body was then rolled in its wagon-sheet, roped securely and loaded into the hack, which was driven down the hill into a little open spot where the ground was easy to dig. Three separate graves were opened, one of the sheeted forms dropped into each, and the earth shoveled over it.

It was said that Sam Brown deemed some bit of religious ceremony due the deceased; and, for want of anything better, that he blubbered out the "Lord's Prayer." There has always been a general belief in polite circles in Holbrook that Sam couldn't repeat the "Lord's Prayer" in its entirety, on a bet. The Justice of the Peace, however, declared that he did. But there were many who had their doubts as to the ability of either Sam or Banta along that line. After the earth and stones had been hastily piled over each body to make a small mound, oak stakes were cut from a nearby sapling, one side whittled smooth, and a name was pencilled on each stake. The stakes were then driven into the respective mounds, for future identification. Then the official party returned to Holbrook.

That deed was done by no "mob of murderers," as has been asserted. On the contrary, there was at the time little doubt that the work was done by men most of whom were reputable citizens, determined to put an end to the reign of lawlessness that for some time had terrorized the entire region. Every man in the burial party knew the three vic-

tims, and the charges against them were common knowledge all over that region. Billy Wilson had been a cook for the Hashknife round-up wagon for some months. He was a first-class round-up cook, as the writer can attest. He quit his job for some unknown reason, and after a while became a member of Jim Stott's household at Bear Springs. Wilson was not a bad sort as men went in those days. But he evidently craved excitement and a little easy money. The horse business furnished both. The writer never knew him to be accused of any wrong-doing before this time, though his previous history was not well known. He drifted into Arizona from some place over in New Mexico. No sheriff having followed his footsteps, we took it for granted Wilson was o.k.

James Scott was a Texas boy, a drifting cowpuncher, who was generally believed to have fallen into bad company and paid the penalty. There was another James Scott, a well-known local resident interested in the sheep business not far from the Bear Springs ranch. This James Scott came to Arizona from Oregon. When news of the hanging of the three men was flashed over the wires, his relatives in Eugene, Oregon, believing their brother to be one of the men, kept the wires busy for several days, until the identity of the man who was hung was cleared up and they received assurance that their brother was not the James Scott of the necktie party.

James Stott's history has already been told.

Details of the unfortunate affair were learned from different sources later on. The men involved did not, of course, talk much of their part in it; but, as the days passed,

bits of information came to the surface from time to time from the lips of persons who had a part in it; and, when pieced together, they made a fairly understandable story of what occurred on the day the execution took place. The whole plan had been worked out carefully in advance. One party, led by a well-known Peace officer, went over into the Tonto Basin country where Wilson and Scott were known to be hanging out with a nest of bad men. They were run down and arrested on an old warrant the *posse* had with them. Scott and Wilson made no especial protest against their arrest, feeling themselves innocent of the charges mentioned in the warrant. The party making the arrest started north with them—ostensibly for Holbrook.

Before daylight the same day, August 11, 1888, another party of three men went to Stott's "Circle Dot" ranch at Bear Springs. Hiding themselves in the log cabin in which Stott lived, they waited for someone to come out. Stott, himself, was the first man to appear. He came out half-dressed, and started to the wood-pile for wood for the breakfast fire. As he stepped clear of the cabin door, unaware of anything wrong, a voice at his right snapped out,

"Hands up, Jim!"

As he turned toward the voice, a man, Winchester in hand, stepped around the corner of the cabin at his left. Turning quickly, Stott faced the muzzle of a rifle held in the hands of a man he knew only too well. His reluctant hands went into the air, slowly, but as directed. Is it possible, he must have said to himself, that I am to be taken so easily? He, who had so often bragged of his ability to take care of himself? He realized the tenseness of the situa-

tion, however, and its necessities—discretion, under the circumstances; there would be opportunity for escape later. At present—

"Oh, well, have your way, boys! Make yourselves at home. May I go back into the cabin for my coat? It's cold and raw in this early morning air."

"Don't worry about your coat, Jim. We'll make things warm enough for you."

One of the men went for the saddle-horses hidden back in the timber. Stott still pleaded for his coat. The two men went into the cabin, taking Stott with them. First they searched every nook and corner of the place, confiscating all the weapons found. Stott volunteered to cook breakfast for the whole bunch, which he did. When that was over, they took him outside and placed him on a horse. His feet were linked together with steel handcuffs, the chain passed under the animal's belly, and then the chain of the pair on his wrists was slipped through the arch of the saddle in which he sat, making it utterly impossible for him to escape or ride away from them. Then with their manacled prisoner the three men rode off down the Verde road to the west. What happened later, nobody knows, exactly.

It was said that Stott pleaded for a chance—just a show for his life. He undoubtedly knew what was ahead of him. In due time the party arrived at the trail that came up from Tonto Basin and Pleasant Valley. Here they met the *posse* from that section who had Wilson and Scott in charge. From the little information that leaked out subsequently, it is believed that Scott and Wilson broke down and begged for mercy, when they found themselves sitting

on their horses under a pine tree, faces uncovered, each with the noose of a rope around his neck, the other end of which was tied hard and fast to a limb above them. But the Vigilantes were hard-boiled. The chains fastening the prisoners' feet beneath the bellies of their horses were opened. Unconscious of the part they were to play, the horses stood quietly. A man stood behind each animal. At a signal, each delivered a crashing blow with a rope on the hips of the horse in front of him. A wild plunge forward, and the riders were left swinging in the air. Their faces twitched, their bodies turned round and round in the bright sunlight, their manacled hands dragged in vain at the steel shackles behind them which held them securely. Then the Vigilantes turned to Stott. Unafraid and undaunted, he faced them all and dared them to do their worst. He declared that if they would turn him loose he would fight them all, single-handed and alone. He addressed each one by name, and called down on his head every curse and malediction his trembling lips could utter. As he talked, the horse he was on jumped from under him, and Stott, too, was swinging back and forth with his two comrades—"dancing a dead man's jig," it was called in those lively days.

The Associated Press carried the news of the triple-hanging all over the country. To Holbrook, from their home in Massachusetts came the aged parents of Stott, to demand that the perpetrators of the deed be arrested and punished by the authorities. The day before their arrival, a telegram reached Holbrook from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to "The Master of the Masonic Lodge at Hol-

brook," requesting that official to meet Mr. James Stott on the arrival of the noon train from the East. As the Master was absent from town that day, the message was delivered to me as the next official in rank. With my mother, I went to the station to meet the train. Never will I forget the shock we both received when two very elderly persons stepped from one of the cars. We took them both to the local hotel, and after they had had a short rest escorted them over to our house, where everything humanly possible was done to comfort them in their great sorrow.

Believing that any action looking toward the punishment of the Vigilantes would probably create a difficult situation in the region, one that might bring reprisals on citizens who were willing to make an effort to help them, I advised against any such attempt; and the two sorrowing ones went back to their eastern home convinced that their only son had been murdered and that justice had been denied them. I promised to see that their son's body was taken up and shipped back to them whenever they should write and ask that this be done. But they never wrote to that effect. The three bodies are still lying there where originally buried (or were, in 1936, when I visited the spot).

An uncle of Jim Scott, who was once a territorial official in Arizona, and, at the time of the execution of his nephew, a prominent Pacific Coast lawyer, asked me soon after the affair to come to Los Angeles at his expense and advise him as to what (if any) steps he could take against the men concerned with the hanging. The victim was the son of his only sister, who lived in eastern Texas. She had asked her brother to do what he could in the matter. Things in

northern Arizona just at that time were mighty tense. The celebrated Tonto Basin war was in full swing. Men traveling lonely trails were being shot down every day and left to lie for buzzards and wild hogs to tear to pieces. Stockmen in certain sections traveled alone only at night. Two men approaching each other from opposite directions would at once swing off the trail and give each other a wide berth, meantime neither taking his eyes off of the other. There existed a veritable reign of terror. Nobody could remain neutral in that region and retain his good health.

So I urged my Los Angeles friend to take no steps against the Vigilantes connected with the hanging. I felt certain no grand jury could be gotten together in Apache County that would indict these men; nor that a trial jury could be selected who would convict them, if brought into court. I believe sincerely this was good advice. In my judgment any attempts to punish these men would have resulted only in more bloodshed, and would have accomplished nothing. Since that time, according to my tally, every man connected with the affair has "gone across the Great Divide." At least two of them died with their boots on, and nobody mourned their passing. Those were, indeed, perilous days.

Chapter XIII

IN POLITICS

MY FIRST political venture was in 1887, when the Governor of Arizona Territory, C. Meyer Zulick, appointed me a member of the first Arizona Live Stock Sanitary Board. This Board had charge of all shipments of cattle into and out of the Territory. This was not exactly a political appointment, the Governor being a Democrat and I a Republican. The stockmen, however, asked him to appoint me.

In the fall of 1888, a number of citizens of Apache County met in conference and organized The People's Party. There had been but two elections held in the County; it having been created late in 1882. At both elections the Democratic ticket was alone in the field. Hence there was very little competition. The new party was a hybrid affair. Republicans, Democrats, Mormons, Mexi-

cans, and Gentiles were present at its organization. Hence its non-political name. A Republican by family ties and training, I was named as one of the two candidates for the legislature. My fellow candidate, a young cattleman, Albert F. Potter (of whom more will be written later), and I made a strong fight but were badly defeated. We both ran more for the principle involved than in hopes of victory. This campaign was unique. The county was about half Mormon, half Mexican, with a small number of other varieties of humans—mostly railroad men at Holbrook and Winslow on the Santa Fe.

The two aspirants for legislative honors rigged up a buck-board on which they loaded their camp beds and a small, portable, cottage organ. Apache County was more than one hundred and fifty miles long and nearly a hundred wide. Roads were primitive, settlements were scattered. We made a regular tour of the entire county, visiting every town and hamlet, Mexican or Mormon, Gentile or otherwise. There were not so many of them at that time.

Arrived at a town, we proceeded to visit the local school officials to get the use of the school—nearly always the only hall available. While I swept out the schoolhouse and hung on the walls two or three flags we carried with us, Potter rustled around the place with some small handbills announcing the presence of the two ambitious ones and their intense desire to tell their political longings to the citizens. Always it was stated that there would also be good music and dancing. If no local musicians were to be had, I played the little organ for them. Generally, however, home talent was secured for this purpose. If possible, some

local celebrity was hired to do the "calling"; for most of the dances were the old-time square dances and reels. If a Mormon town, and the bishop was friendly, we usually got him to preside. Not infrequently he did so anyhow, even though he was opposed to the new party. The presence of the bishop always gave dignity to the meeting. They were good neighbors, those Mormons. In Mormon towns the proceedings were often opened with a prayer by the bishop. In Mexican towns one of us was generally able to find some leader willing to help us out. Potter talked Mexican like a native and he was the spellbinder in the Mexican towns, while I headed the list of speakers at the other places.

I usually sang half-a-dozen cowboy songs, while Potter vocalized with three of Gus Williams' comic German songs, popular in that day. After the meeting was over, everybody danced. The two embryo statesmen did their best to please the crowd. Our meetings were always well attended. We danced with every girl and woman we could. Our songs and funny stories went over big. But, alas for our hopes, on election day we were horribly snowed under. However, we established in that county a high-water mark for campaigning. The Democrats owned the only paper published in the County, and what it had to say about our political, musical and forensic efforts was aplenty.

Two years later, in 1892, a regular Republican party was organized and I was elected County Commissioner. Potter became County Treasurer. I served two rather stormy years, due to the part I took officially in the

prosecution and conviction of a previous county official who had robbed the county of thousands of dollars. In November, 1892, I was appointed vice-president of the Arizona World's Fair Commission, which gave me some wonderful contacts with men of affairs at the big Chicago Fair. During this appointment, I resigned from the Territorial Cattle Board; but I was reappointed to the Board in 1894 and held this position until 1900, when I moved my cattle to New Mexico.

In the fall of 1894 I was elected to the Legislature of the Territory. Here I made the fight of my life in the struggle to create a new county out of a part of Apache County. The sessions were limited to sixty days by Federal law. From the day I introduced the bill I had a majority for it; but due to a hostile combination in which the presiding officer was involved, I was unable to get it to a vote until the last day of the session. At ten a.m. that day I managed by skilful parliamentary tactics to get my bill before the House for a final vote. It had already passed the Senate. The opposition then began an all-day filibuster against its passage. Two members took turns in killing time. One read chapter after chapter of Territorial history. When he tired, his partner would ask a question and then reply to it by reading whole sections of the Book of Mormon, the Constitution of the United States, etc. It was as rotten a bit of parliamentary work as the United States Senate filibuster of today. No adjournment was allowed by either side. Meals were sent in and the fight was kept hot all day long. About half-past eleven that night the enemies of my bill grew careless. They believed they had

won and that it could not be passed before adjournment at midnight. The assembly room was packed to the doors with my friends, both male and female. Finally I got the floor on a point of order, and moved the passage of the measure. In five minutes it was over. The Territory of Arizona had a new county, Navajo.

How was I going to get the bill properly engrossed and enrolled in time? My enemies chuckled at my apparent defeat. But I had had it in my desk for three days, officially enrolled and engrossed. The instant it was signed by the presiding officer I dashed downstairs to the Governor's office. At not more than five minutes before midnight, March 22, 1895, the hour of adjournment, the Governor signed his name to my bill and my victory was complete. Navajo County was born, baptized, and named.

In 1896, I was selected as secretary of the Republican Central Committee. The "16 to 1" free silver issue of that fateful year split the party wide open. The Chairman, Dr. J. M. Ford, was strong for silver. When the party refused to endorse the "16 to 1" war-cry, he resigned promptly. I thus became Chairman for the campaign. William Jennings Bryan came to Arizona early in the fight, and at Phoenix made one of his wonderful speeches. Even at this day (I write thirty-three years after), one pays homage to the oratorical powers of that gifted man. I admit frankly that I was very nearly converted by Mr. Bryan's glowing words. The silver-mining interests of the Territory left no stone unturned to put their pet scheme over. When the votes were counted, Arizona showed herself strong for the "16 to 1" idea.

ALBERT F. POTTER

The identical photograph from which was printed the cards used in his campaign for the Legislature in 1888

MRS. WILL C. BARNES

The Republicans were badly whipped. We never got to first base. From that year to the present, with but an occasional break, the Territory (and then the State) has been overwhelmingly Democratic—just why, no one has ever been able to say. The most plausible explanation is that the early settlers came into the Territory from Texas, Arkansas, and other Southern States; and that for years the bulk of the population was in the towns of the southern end of the Territory. The settlers got in the habit of voting the Democratic ticket, and those who came later simply followed their example.

Up to this point in my career I had remained content as a bachelor with a devoted and companionable mother directing my menage. The completion of a railroad into Phoenix from the North called for a celebration. This took the form of a concert. As first tenor in a quartette, I made the acquaintance of the second alto, Miss Edith Talbot. This acquaintance rapidly developed from admiration into affection, and by the time the legislative session had ended and I was starting for my home in Holbrook I had asked the young lady to share my lot. She had a comfortable home and plenty of attention and was in no hurry to change the situation, so kept me dangling a considerable time. I bombarded her with letters; wrote tender verses which portrayed my love, and in the end received the desired acceptance.

On May 4, 1897, we were married in Phoenix, having a church wedding followed by a reception in the home of her parents. At that stage in the wedding ceremony where the bridegroom is called upon to produce a ring, I upset

the decorum of the minister when he discovered that I had it tied securely to a buttonhole of my vest by a black silk thread. Not until the ring was safely on the finger of the bride did I break the thread, with a snap which I later learned was audible to the guests in the auditorium. This idea suggested itself when I recalled a wedding which I attended when a youth. The nervous groom dropped the ring; and the picture of him on hands and knees pawing over the floor in an effort to recover it had remained with me.

Among our friends we earned the reputation of being unusually congenial. My wife always attributed this to the fact that being fifteen years my junior I had "caught her young and trained her in the way I wished her to go."

Chapter XIV

PLAYING SHERIFF

On March 19, 1899, one of my men, William Broadbent, and myself, as we were riding towards our ranch on the Little Colorado River, noticed the fresh tracks of four horses in the trail. One was an unusually large horse, to judge from the size of the shoe he wore. He carried one hind shoe that had been set with the toe out of line, and so made a very noticeable, easily-read track. Another horse had been shod with a second-hand shoe, from which the heads of the nails protruded, the result being an unusually plain track. Also, this shoe had but three nails on the inside, instead of the usual four.

At a water-hole along the way, the riders had stopped to drink and set their saddles. Their boot-tracks showed clear and distinct in the wet sand. All wore high-heeled, cowboy boots. Judging by the tracks, one was a large man,

another a small man who wore an unusually small, narrow-toed boot. After a little figuring, we felt sure we knew who they were. Men were not so plentiful in that vicinity—especially men with unusually small feet. This chap with the "lady feet" had worked for our outfit for several months, and was let out in the fall when the last steers were shipped. He had a partner who was a very large man, and who always rode a big horse. The two had been drifting round on the range for several weeks, "riding the chuck line," as the saying went; bumming their grub, to be plain. The other two men we couldn't make out; but we felt sure of the first two. I recalled that the little man usually wore a tall, Mexican sombrero and always carried an ivory-handled six-shooter.

The tracks led right down to the ranch. Here we found things badly wrecked. The men had pulled the lock from the door and gone through the place like professional burglars. A hundred-pound sack of sugar had been poured out on the kitchen floor, likewise a fifty-pound sack of flour. They had tramped back and forth through the mess until the floors were thick with the mixture of sugar and flour—a wanton waste. Dishes had been broken, a kerosene lamp overturned on the table, locked trunks and chests burst open, and their contents scattered over the floor. Having done all this, they rode off. They evidently had a strong dislike for somebody in that neighborhood.

We decided to trail the fellows up and see if they could be located. It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon. The men had left that morning, probably about four hours before. Their trail led to a stream known as Chevelon's

Fork, half-a-mile from the ranch; the creek was then running bank-full. To cross it, the thieves tore one of the heavy plank gates from the corral below the ranch, dragged it to the creek with their saddle-ropes, and, using it as a raft, ferried their saddles and clothes, while they swam across with their horses. The gate was on the opposite bank. I stripped off, swam across the icy stream, taking a rope with me, by means of which Broadbent pulled the gate back to his side. Six miles farther on, we came to another stream, Clear Creek. The thieves had crossed it in a boat, which was now on the "yonderly" side of the creek. Again I swam across and, this time, retrieved the boat.

We were now close to the town of Winslow, a division point on the Santa Fe Railroad. It was nearly dark and snow was falling. We expected to see the tracks lead right into town and began to plan as to how we should proceed when we arrived there. However, just outside of Winslow, our men turned from the main road into one that led back into the mountains toward the Sunset Pass country. Evidently they didn't crave city life. We rode into town, put our horses in the local corral, and after supper turned in for a good night's sleep. Men couldn't trail at night or ride without rest. Before doing this, however, I went over to the telegraph office at the depot, and, sitting down at the key, asked the operator at my home town, Holbrook, to drop in at my house as he went home and tell my mother that I had been delayed and would not be home the next day as I had promised. I told the Holbrook operator of the robbery of the ranch and our pursuit of the men suspected of the deed.

About midnight, I was awakened by a knock on the door of our room. It was Al Miller, the chief dispatcher of the railroad, who had listened to my talk with the Holbrook operator. The Santa Fe Eastbound passenger train had just been held up and robbed at Canyon Diablo, twenty-five miles west of Winslow. Four men did the job. One was a tall, heavy-built chap; another was a little fellow with very small feet, who wore a huge Mexican sombrero. The trainmen reported that one fellow carried an ivory-handled six-shooter. They were all dressed as cowboys.

"Are these, perhaps, the fellows who robbed your ranch and whom you trailed almost into town?" the dispatcher asked.

From the description given, I felt sure they were.

"How about going after them?" was the next question.

"How can we get there?" I asked.

"We will have a stock-car, caboose, and engine at the stockyards within thirty minutes to run you down there as fast as the engine can turn a wheel," was the dispatcher's prompt reply.

While Broadbent got the horses out, I woke the storekeeper and bought some more ammunition. It might be needed before the day was over. As I passed an open box of smoked herrings standing on the counter, I grabbed a double handful of them and rolled them in my yellow slicker. "May come in handy," I thought; and they did, not so long after!

An hour later, Broadbent and I found ourselves flying down the line in a swaying caboose—our horses in a stock-car ahead. At Canyon Diablo, we found everybody

excited over the hold-up. The telegraph operator showed a bullet-hole in the wooden station made by one of the robbers, who had taken a shot at him as he sat at his desk. No passengers had been troubled; but the Wells Fargo cash chest had been broken open and cleaned out. We felt sure, from the descriptions given of two of the robbers, that the hold-up had been pulled off by the gang we had been trailing. The big sombrero, small feet, and ivory-handled six-shooter identified at least one of them.

A quarter of a mile from the station, Broadbent and I found the place where one man had evidently held the horses of the men who did the job at the station. About two inches of snow was on the ground, so the tracks were as plain as print. The two oddly-shod horses had been there all right. That crooked shoe, and the protruding nailheads, identified the robbers very nicely. We had breakfast with the section men; then, with a couple of sandwiches and a six-inch piece of bologna, for lunch, we rode out onto the Canyon Diablo plains, feeling sure we would overtake our men in a comparatively short time. Just what we meant to do if we did catch up with them neither Broadbent nor myself knew exactly. The robbers were at least four hours ahead of us; time enough to make plans when the trail got warm. It led close to a deep canyon. The pungent odor of cedar smoke caught our nostrils. There were signs of sheep around; might be a herder's camp. Crawling carefully up to the canyon's edge, we peered over. Just as we did so, a great black raven rose into the air, its wings fairly fanning our faces.

I admit my heart lost, not one, but several beats. My

side-partner swore that his rose so high in his throat he could taste it. But we realized that the bird would not be there if the robbers were there too. Once more we took a look into the canyon. There, right under us on a wide ledge, were plain signs of a recent camp. We clambered down to it. A fire had been built; and some coffee-grounds and an empty cracker-box indicated that a hasty meal had been cooked and eaten. The important thing was, however, that we found a number of torn express envelopes with the well-known red wax express seals, together with bits of wrapping-paper, twine, and other evidences of rifled express packages. The robbers had evidently gone through the plunder to see how much they had secured. Some of the papers had been burned. In the ashes we found a five-dollar gold piece and some silver coins, evidently overlooked in their hasty work. Taking a few torn envelopes for evidence, and pocketing the coin, we continued on our way.

All that day we followed the trail with dogged persistence. The robbers played every trick known to such characters that would throw anyone following them off the scent. They tied up the feet of their horses with bits of saddle-blankets. This lost us the trail for a mile or two. A red thread on a sage-bush put us wise to this game, for we found where they had hidden the worn blankets under a rock. They rounded up a band of wild, range mares and drove them for some distance so as to mix up the trails. We beat them at this; for, while one of us rode slowly along the mixed-up tracks, the other loped ahead,

circling wide, until he picked up the shod tracks. They climbed over several very rough rock-slides, and went up two or three dry washes which were filled with loose rocks. But all to no purpose. We matched wits with them and always picked up their trail and kept it in spite of their crafty ways. But all this delayed us a lot. When dark came on we camped under a cedar tree and slept on our saddle-blankets. For breakfast we ate a meal of smoked herrings; and as a result suffered horribly from thirst, there being no water handy with which to quench it.

"Been spittin' cotton since daybreak," Broadbent remarked as we moved morosely along the trail.

The bandits had started southward, but later they swung sharply to the north towards Utah. Two of them had worked for a cow outfit across the Grand Canyon in Southern Utah, where men were few and far between and hiding-places very handy. We felt sure they intended to get across the river and hide away on the north side of the canyon until things quieted down. When we came to the Santa Fe railroad track about fifteen miles west of Winslow, the robbers were about twenty-four hours ahead of us, undoubtedly headed straight for Lee's Ferry, where they could cross the river by the ferryboat. At the railroad we found a section crew working. By the handcar we sent a note to town directed to the Division Superintendent, informing him of the movements of the renegades. We wrote:

"Send some one after us to take up the trail. Our horses are about done up, and we can't ride much farther."

At the nearby section-house we got our first square

meal in three days. The herrings had long since been devoured, heads, tails, and bones. Not so much as a scale had been wasted.

We were sure we would learn something of the robbers, and maybe find out who they all were, at Lee's Ferry; for, to cross, they must use the big ferryboat, and the ferryman would probably learn something about their plans. We were especially curious to find out whether or not they knew or suspected they were being followed. In this we were disappointed. Nobody at the Ferry had seen our fugitive friends. (How they had bribed a young fellow they overtook to go on ahead of them, cross the ferry at night, camp on the north side, steal the ferryboat when everyone was asleep, carry the four men and their horses across under cover of darkness, without the ferryman suspecting anything or seeing them—all this was not known until after their capture some days later. Then they bragged about the exploit to a Salt Lake City newspaper reporter, hastening down to interview them, the news of their capture having been wired ahead by some enterprising citizen.)

At the Ferry, Broadbent and I were overtaken by a *posse* consisting of Sheriff Buckey O'Neill and two deputies, Carl Holton and Jim Black. They had fresh horses, a good pack-mule, and plenty of grub and bedding. At the Ferry my comrade and I turned back towards Holbrook, leaving the chase to O'Neill and his party. My horse had gone dead lame, and Broadbent's was mighty leg-weary. We could go no farther.

How the bandits entered a little Mormon town nearly two hundred miles north of the Grand Canyon, were

captured and disarmed by a local constable and his *posse;* and how the robbers, in turn, captured the *posse* and got clear away, is quite a story. O'Neill and his men rode into the village shortly after this episode had reached its climax; changed horses; and that night at dark overtook and captured the desperadoes. O'Neill's horse was killed under him during the running fight that took place, and one bandit was wounded in the hip. Eventually they were taken north by rail from Southern Utah, by way of Salt Lake City, Denver and Trinidad; and then headed for Arizona. While going over the Raton Pass, in New Mexico, one robber escaped from the moving train, and got completely away, leaving absolutely no trail or sign to show which way he went, or how. The others were taken to Prescott, Arizona, the county seat, and promptly indicted for train-robbery.

Oddly enough, the very day the train was held up by these bandits the Arizona legislature passed a law making train-robbery, accompanied by discharge or display of firearms, a capital crime, punishable by hanging. When Broadbent and I appeared in Prescott ready to testify against the three robbers, those worthy pirates, fearing the death penalty, on the advice of their lawyers agreed to plead guilty if given a penitentiary sentence instead of hanging. The presiding judge agreed to this, feeling it would save the County considerable in court expenses, with possibility of a jury failure to find them guilty. Each was sentenced to twenty-five years in the State Penitentiary at Yuma. After serving a little over four years, they were pardoned out by the governor.

What those gentlemen said to Broadbent and myself

when we dropped in at the Yavapai County jail in Prescott before the trial, just to have a good look at them, would fill a big book. They cursed us in several different languages, said nasty things about our antecedents and general character, and assured us that if they had ever suspected such a couple of would-be heroes were on their trail they would have wasted a few minutes in laying for us along the trail and closing our earthly careers forever. But they failed to do so—and that was that.

The man who escaped in the Raton Mountains was captured several months later down in the Texas Panhandle and brought back to Arizona for trial. He, too, pled guilty and was sentenced to the Penitentiary for thirty years. Two or three years later a kind-hearted but soft-headed governor pardoned him out on his written promise to leave Arizona and never return. This ex-convict scared me half to death a few days after his release by turning up, fresh from Yuma, at one of our camps near Holbrook. While in jail, he had vowed revenge on Broadbent and me for our work in trailing him and his pals, which everyone admitted made their capture possible. Fortunately, I was out horse-hunting when the gentleman from Yuma made his appearance at the camp. He swore he didn't know whose camp it was, when he came there; and, after a good meal, he left. He said he was hunting a horse he left on the range several summers before. Naturally, I was on my guard for some time. Every night, at dark, I took my bed on a horse and slept a mile or two from the camp, fearing a night attack. My mother was with me in the camp, and she, poor woman, was dreadfully worried over

it all. I sent a good man on the fellow's trail, who reported that the lost horse had been found, and that the released convict had left at once for New Mexico, without any attempt at revenge on the two men who had caused his capture. The account of how this robber's re-capture came about down in Texas through his helping a lost woman find her home, and how in turn her efforts were successful in securing his pardon, makes a romantic story in itself.

Chapter XV

I FIND A NEW RANGE

By the late '90's, the open ranges in Arizona showed very clearly the effects of over-grazing and abuse. Not only were there too many cattle, but also too many sheep. The sheepman, however, had far the best of it. His stock was always under herd, and if necessary could be moved on their feet with little delay or expense. But the cattleman's property was scattered far and wide, and could not be quickly rounded up and moved. The live-stock losses in 1897 were heavy all over the Southwest. The breaking out of the Spanish War knocked the price of cattle into a cocked hat. Range cattle couldn't be sold at any price.

I determined to find a place where I could handle my herd as I pleased, or quit the cow business. That business is one that craves no neighbors. It wants room and plenty of it. In northern New Mexico I found the great Maxwell

Grant, covering two million acres of the finest grazing land I had ever seen. Here I leased a hundred thousand acres, fenced and cross-fenced it; and in the spring of 1900 rounded up and shipped from Arizona every animal wearing my brand I could find in the round-ups. What I couldn't gather, was sold on the range "as is, and when and if found." Our outfit also owned more than a thousand head of wild range-horses that not only couldn't be gathered for shipment, but weren't worth the freight charges anyhow. These I sold "range delivery" for five hundred dollars cash in hand—fifty cents a head. The Boer War, a little later, made a wad of money for the purchaser. He sold all that he could gather for from five to eight dollars each for shipment to South Africa, to serve as mounts for British soldiers. I have often wondered how those Arizona cayuses handled themselves down that way. Thirteen thousand miles of sea voyage probably knocked a lot of the conceit out of them.

This New Mexico move brought me to the end of my wild and woolly experiences on the open range. With every cow safe within a four-wire fence, the work was easy. The old range chuck-wagon was no longer used; and, as the ranch-house was almost in the center of the tract, everybody slept at home nights in a comfortable bed. We quit roping calves to brand them. Instead, we crowded the cows and calves into a corral with a "dodge gate" leading into a small pen. Here the calves were grabbed by men on foot, thrown by hand onto their little sides, and branded ten times as fast as under the old methods of roping and bulldogging. Also there was much more money

in the business. Two or three horses to the man, as against ten or twelve in Arizona, cut down a big item of expense. Losses were reduced, more calves were branded, and, generally, the business was on a much safer basis. But I must say it took me and the men I brought with me from Arizona several years to get tamed down. There was an attraction and romance about the vast open ranges that was lacking inside of wire fences.

Sunday, April 23, 1905, was Easter Sunday. What a record my Diary of that date shows! It had been a hard winter in the Southwest. New Mexico stockmen suffered heavily. Dead cattle dotted the ranges everywhere. In spite of the fact that I had spent thousands of dollars in purchasing hay in Kansas and shipping it to my New Mexico ranch to be fed to the starving cattle, my herd suffered heavy losses. But spring was near. The green grass was showing here and there—a dangerous time for weak, starving cattle. Everyone hoped the winter was over and the losses about at an end. "Feed a little less hay today," was the order to the men.

Five hundred good cows, two-thirds of them with young calves at their side, were held in a large hay-meadow where they could more easily be fed and cared for. Saturday morning opened bright and sunny, but cold. By noon a gale from Medicine Hat was sweeping across the prairies, accompanied by rain. It was evident a "Norther" was at hand. Easter morning, the rain turned to sleet. Soon every cow on the range was coated with ice. Drifting before the storm, the cows and calves in the hay-meadow lodged

against the wire-fences at the lower end. Here they milled round and round until an area two or three acres in extent was trampled into a perfect lob-lolly of mud. The little calves and weaker cows, stumbling along, cold and numbed, caught their feet in the sticky mess and were knocked down by the stronger ones, or in sheer weakness gave up the struggle and lay down to rest. There was no Easter rising for them.

Monday morning dawned bright and clear—so quickly does the weather change on those high mountain plateaus. When I reached the hay-meadow with my men that morning we found exactly one hundred and sixteen cows and twice that many young calves lying dead in the mud-hole they had churned up at the corner of the wire-fence. The mud had frozen hard. It was noon before it was thawed out enough for the dead cattle to be pulled out on solid ground and skinned to save the hides—all that was left to save. These hides, when sun-dried, brought a dollar each—hardly enough to pay for the labor. But times were hard and every dollar counted. That winter and spring I lost over eight hundred cows and almost the entire calf-crop for the coming season; this, in addition to the thousands of dollars paid out for hay.

Shall I ever forget that winter and the Easter Sunday climax? Well, hardly. Nor will the young wife, who was doing her first pioneering on this cow-ranch.

The next two years were very prosperous so far as grass went. New Mexico stockmen had never known such a fine season. But my better-half was determined I should sell

out and quit such a hazardous business. One day, as I was going to Santa Fe, I met a man on the train who announced his willingness to buy cows for cash, in any number. A few days later this man met me at the ranch and a deal was closed. On September 1, 1906, this buyer and I sat on our horses, side by side, out on the prairie. Directly opposite us sat my foreman, a hardy Scotsman who had been with me for nearly twenty years, and also the buyer's foreman. On our right a herd of three thousand cattle was milling round under eyes of half-a-dozen cowboys. One by one the cattle were "cut out" and driven between the two pairs of men, who "tallied" them as they went by; some on a dead run, others marching slowly and sedately past. When the last animal had been "tallied out," we two owners sat down on the prairie and figured the amount due. The man had also bought my saddle-horses, fifty top mounts, and the ranch chuck-wagon, and had hired some of my best men. Then I shoved a good-sized check into my chaps pocket, climbed onto my pony, shook hands with the buyer and his men, and watched the herd trail off across the prairie and disappear into the distance. That herd of cattle might still have been in plain sight, but I could not have seen it, for my eyes were too full of tears and my heart far too heavy to even try to look. I was shedding real, honest-to-goodness tears, and am not ashamed to admit that fact even after all these long-gone years.

For the first time in twenty-five years, I owned not a single cow. I owned the horse under me no more; I was out of the range cattle business—a cowman on foot. Even

as I rode slowly and soberly back to the ranch in the dusk of the evening, I was yet making plans for another ranch—more cows. But deep down in my heart I felt it was all over. The deal was closed. It was *adieu* to the range and all its romance! Later events proved the truth of the premonition.

Chapter XVI

LAMENT FOR THE OLD-TIME COWBOY

Oh, a man there lives on the Western plain,
With a ton of fight and an ounce of brain,
Who herds the cattle and robs the train,
And goes by the name of cowboy.

He laughs at death and scoffs at life,
He feels unwell unless in some strife,
He fights with a pistol, a rifle or knife
Does this reckless and rollicky cowboy.

He sets up the drinks when he hasn't a cent,
He'll fight like the devil with any young gent,
Whenever he makes love he goes to it Hell-bent,
Oh, he is some lover—this cowboy.

He shoots out the lights in the dancing hall,
He gets shot up in a drunken brawl,
The coroner's jury then ends it all,
And that's the last of the cowboy.

ANON.

Lament for the Old-time Cowboy

WHAT HAS become of the old-time cowboy? The question, often asked, brings to me a world of memories of men who have long since "passed over the range"; of dreary days with trail herds, still drearier nights guarding on the bed-grounds; of a thousand long-horned steers *en route* to the railroad shipping pens; of wild stampedes where the crazed creatures tore out into the darkness, crashing blindly through the dense underbrush, falling over rocks and logs, and into deep holes; of a man laying for hours under a horse with broken neck, pinned down until daylight came and his comrades found him; of blinding winter storms when the cattle, drifting before a blizzard, "walked out into the fresh air" over the edge of a cliff, their bodies piling high on the rocks below, while the cowboys themselves barely escaped the same fate as they strove to turn them. The cowboy of these early days, the boy who knew no way of moving from place to place except in the saddle, who scorned any work but the round-up, who looked with disdain upon the farmer, the nester, and the sheepman, has gone never to return.

The change did not come suddenly, but was a matter of evolution. The barb-wired fence did more than any other thing to bring it about. It spelled *finis* for the open range; and, as the cowboy's high-heeled boots, not built for work on the ground, hampered his efforts at posthole digging, his place was gradually taken by a new cowboy, who cast aside the chaps for blue overalls and jumpers ("Levi's" they called them, from the name of the manufacturer, old Levi Strauss of San Francisco, a pioneer in the overall business in the Far West). These new men

were recruited mostly from among the farmer-boys, who, during the branding season, worked on the range, and between round-ups helped irrigate the crops and put up the hay for winter-feeding.

Of the old type of cowboys, those who were in their prime in the years between 1885 and 1900, few are left. It was once a trite saying that when a cowboy reached the age at which he could no longer ride a bucker and stay there, or "flank" a calf, he became either "a chamber-maid in a livery-stable" or a bartender. The march of progress robbed them of both of these two lines of industry; for the coming of the auto destroyed the livery business, and in its broad sweep across the western plains the prohibition wave engulfed the bartenders. Where you do find one of the old-timers, he has exchanged the bucking bronc for an equally unstable "tin Elizabeth," and perhaps spends his days driving a jitney across the old familiar plains through endless miles of barbed-wire lanes behind which the cattle graze contentedly. If he had the good fortune to save a little of his former wages he is running a motor outfit of his own. The old sign: "Livery Stable, Hay and Grain for Sale," has been painted out, and the magic word, "Garage," tells its own story.

There has always been a lot of sentimental rubbish about college-bred cowboys—men who held degrees, could read Latin and Greek, who knew intimately Horace and Virgil; men from the effete East who had dropped "the thin veneer of civilization" and had come West to forget it all. In all my life on the range, covering thirty-five full and active years, I never knew but one cowboy who answered

to the above description. He was the scion of a great family and bore a name that stands high in the country's history. Personally, he was a scrub. His habits, manners, generally dissolute character, disgusted the most uneducated and hard-boiled cowboy that ever came from the plains of Southern Texas.

I have known many young fellows who drifted West in search of adventure in the early days. Some of them loved the life and made excellent cowhands. Many of these boys, however, had the foolish idea that because it was the wild and woolly West they were privileged to do about as they pleased. Hence they went the average roughneck western boy more than one better and tried hard—and generally with success—to drink more whiskey, make more gun-plays, and act the everlasting damphool far beyond anything the local boys would venture. The ordinary cowboy of those days was simply a product of his environment, an average man among the men of the range country. Schools on the ranges were few and far between. The romance of the grasslands appealed mightily to the native-born youngsters. To them the cowboys who rode into town from the round-ups and tore things wide open were heroes of the first water. Small wonder, then, that at the first possible moment they outfitted themselves with saddle, spurs, chaps, bed-roll—and always a six-shooter—and got themselves jobs with some cow outfit. The majority were illiterate and irreligious. Invariably they were warm and open-hearted in their hospitality. They would share their last meal with a total stranger. Whiskey was their besetting sin.

One of the best wagon-bosses I ever knew could neither

read nor write. He kept his tallybook entirely by marks and brands. Anything that had to be put down in black and white he dictated to one of his men, or depended on his own wonderful memory. But he could round up more cows, and do it easier, than anyone else. He was a soft-spoken, easy-going man, who never seemed to have a word with a single man of the twenty or twenty-five roughnecks who worked with him. Once aroused, he was a fighting fool. He never drank while he had a herd on his hands. With the steers shipped, however, he left the wagon in charge of a "straw boss," went up town, and coolly and deliberately proceeded to get "soused" and stay so for several days. Then he would come back to his wagon and resume his place.

Except for an occasional wanderer, few of the men ever got far from their home range. To the Texas cowboys who cluttered up the Arizona ranges along in the early '80's, "Fot Wuth" was the only city in the United States worth visiting. Hence they were extremely provincial—and proud of it at that. Few of them saved their money for a rainy day. As one boy said:

"Rainy day nothin'! Ain't I got a slicker?"

The saloons and the courtesans that flourished in every little town—except always the Mormon towns—soon separated them from their coin. Out of a job in the fall, they "rode the chuck-line all winter." The cares of life sat easily upon their brows. Every last one of them believed sincerely that eventually his "system" would beat the local faro game and make him rich.

But they were surely regular cowmen. "They knew

cows," as the saying went. There were no eight-hour laws on the range. They expected to be on the job twenty-four hours a day if necessary. Sleeping and eating were secondary to the business of the range.

There are still many large herds in the range country, especially in the Southwest. Texas, once the greatest range state, has as many cattle as ever; they are all inside wire-fences. New Mexico and Arizona are, to a large extent, still open range states.* Many big cow outfits down that way run cattle along much the same lines as in the early days. Things have changed a lot, however. Instead of using a buck-board pulled by a couple of "has been" cow-ponies, the owner now runs out to the round-up in his high-powered roadster, from which he watches the boys cut out the steers from the herd. Mostly he is too busy burning up the roads around the country to climb onto a cow-pony and see what's going on on his range.

On these ranges the cowboy is still to be found in much of his old-time purity of breed. He still wears the flapping leather chaps, the hairy pants of the movie hero, although the big white Stetson has given way to a smaller headgear—most often black. The high-heeled boots are fairly plentiful; but, excepting around the dude ranches, the former display of fancy bridles, headstalls and reins, long rawhide *riatas*, stamped and silver-mounted saddles, spurs and spur-leathers ornamented with solid silver conchas, that every cowboy in the early '80's delighted in spending his money for, are seen no more. Some of these cowboys of today

*This statement was made probably ten years ago, and was true when it was written. It is now no longer true to fact.

ride a bucker quite as well as did their predecessors of 1885. But mostly they lack the recklessness, the rough and ready, wild and woolly dash in handling a raw bronco, that the old-timers displayed. Not so long ago an old-time owner complained to me:

"I caint get men to work with my wagon that can rope a stack of rakes or cut a steer out of a herd on a bet. As for riding broncs, they ain't one of them got the guts to saddle a raw bronc, much less ride him. They want a full string of livery-stable hosses. Show 'em a pony that ain't showin' saddle scars on his back an' they'll quit me like a steer in the road."

As for roping, that bids fair to become a past art. When cows were worth not more than five dollars each the owners did not object to their men practicing on the stock, but with the rising prices—cows worth fifty dollars and up—mostly up—practicing became expensive for the owners. They raised serious objections to having their men become expert ropers at such costs. This led to the passage of laws preventing roping-contests at state fairs and wild-west shows, which put an end to roping just for practice and show; for, if the boys were to keep their hands in they must practice on the range stock; and that meant heavy loss to the owner in broken legs, ribs, and horns, and often broken necks. "Prevention of cruelty to animals" was the usual reason given for passing such laws; but this was a mere camouflage, and the reasons here given were really responsible for the laws.

Then they clipped the old-timer's wings by taking from him his ready six-shooter, "hogleg," he called it. Heavy

penalties were enforced against the wearing of such jewelry, and the weapon was, therefore, hidden away in his bedroll, where it reposed quietly. Then his joy was further interfered with by the passage of laws against open gambling—monte, faro, keno, such seductive amusements of frontier life were taboo. If he got action on his coin he had to hide out in some back room and play poker.

Then the wave of temperance swept across the deserts and prairies and the saloons were closed. For a few years he was forced to content his palate with lemonade, sodas, "sassaparillas," or the "national drink of Georgia," as one cow-puncher called Coca-Cola. But the olden times have gone, and gone also the men who made a great part of the history and romance of the West. With them went the longhorn, the maverick, and the rustler. The places that knew them now know them no more, but in their place are whole herds of range cattle whose blood will almost equal that in the veins of the best of the Cornbelt cattle. The boys who herd them ride, not the plebeian mustang, but frequently saddle-horses whose ancestors won Derbys. Instead of six-shooters, they carry at their saddlehorns pliers for mending wire-fences, with a tobacco-sack full of fence staples in their saddle-bags, where, perhaps, once a pint flask of whiskey reposed.

The old-style cowboy was more picturesque, but his successor is a better worker and a better citizen; has a bank account, and buys cows or a bit of land with his surplus. The longhorn was picturesque, but its successor weighs twice as much, makes a better feeder, and produces more high-priced meat. The open, trackless range was romantic,

but the wire-fences save money in herders, prevent losses in strays and drifters before winter storms, and allow a much better use of the range. Like the blanket Indians, the stagecoach, the buffalo, and other pioneer institutions, the cowboy has given way to the irresistible forces of civilization. Although we may regret his passing, the evolution has been for the best, and in the final analysis the country has been the gainer. From the very force of circumstances, his like, his days, and his ways will never be seen again.

But, oh, what a loss in romance the passing of the old-time cowboy has brought about!

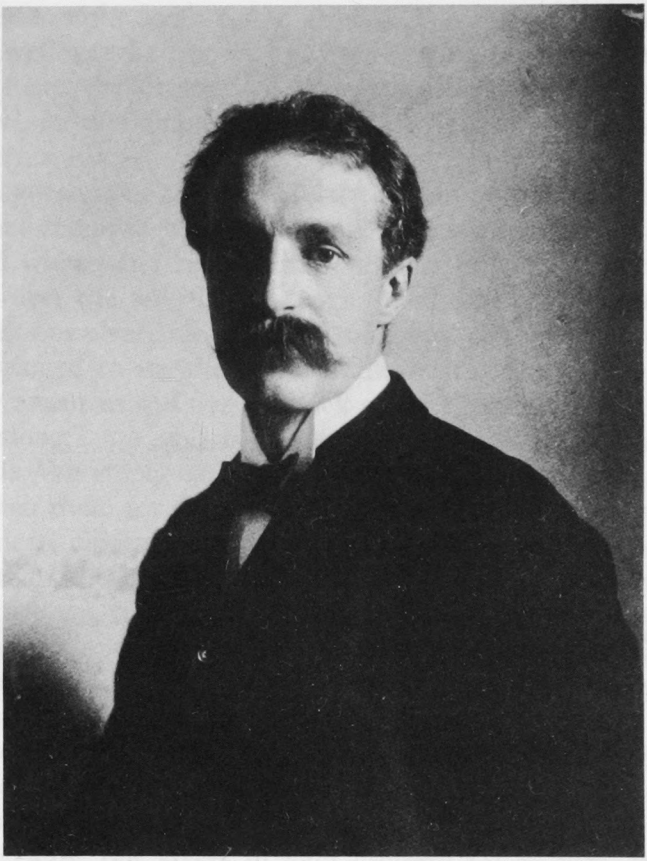
Chapter XVII

I MEET PINCHOT AND ENTER THE UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE

DURING THE summer round-up of 1897 there came to our round-up in the Mogollon Mountains of Northern Arizona a couple of long, lean, youngish men. They wore what were then alluded to in the rowdy West as "funny clothes." They remained with us for some time, explaining that they came from the city of Washington, D.C., and were foresters. Just what a forester was none of us knew very definitely. My own idea of such a personage was a stockily-built individual dressed in pea-green knee-breeches, shirt of the same texture and color, coarse socks, heavy, hob-nailed shoes, and on his head a fancy little peaked hat with a gay feather stuck in on one side. As I understood the word, these fellows roamed about the mountains of Europe waking the echoes with their yodeling. Our visitors from the effete East were not so costumed.

Each of them carried a good-sized pack, plus field glasses, cameras, and such tenderfoot plunder. They were around a good while, measuring trees, taking photographs of cattle, sheep, game and other livestock, gathering specimens of leaves, grasses, pine-cones, twigs of trees, flowers, etc. They even picked and carefully preserved in presses what we considered worthless weeds, some of which poisoned the livestock. They followed the cattle grazing on the ranges, watched them as they fed, and noted exactly what kind of forage they fed upon. They talked to everybody who would talk to them about the matter of stock-grazing on the ranges. They even visited the camps of several sheepmen and trailed around in the dust of their herds. We learned that the names of these men were Gifford Pinchot and Frederick V. Coville. Pinchot was a close friend and adviser of Theodore Roosevelt, and Coville the Chief Botanist of the United States Department of Agriculture.

They confided to us that they had been sent out from Washington to investigate grazing conditions in Northern Arizona and make a report on their findings. Both seemed rather favorable to cattle-grazing in the timbered regions of Arizona, but they "viewed with alarm" the use of the ranges by the "woollies." This, of course, did not hurt the feelings of cattlemen a little bit; in fact, we did all we could to convince them that their attitude toward sheep-grazing was exactly right. Later on, we heard that they had advised Washington authorities that sheep-grazing should be limited to certain specified areas and watersheds. They claimed "sheep ate the young pines." What a laugh we did get out of that idea! In fact, their ideas suited us



GIFFORD PINCHOT, TAKEN ABOUT 1900

cattlemen right down to the ground. What did not please us so well was the talk we had been hearing for some years past about the creation of some, so-called, "Forest Reserves" in the timbered sections of Arizona and other western states.

However, none of us got unduly excited over this matter. We had scrapped with the Indians, with some rather hard-boiled whites, and even among ourselves for a good many years over the use of these ranges; and, like all pioneers, we felt ourselves amply able to take care of our interests. We wanted to see the color of the man's hair who was going to put us and our livestock off of these areas. "Send him along," we said to Forester Pinchot and Botanist Coville. We simply couldn't get their point of view. Hadn't we been there for fifty years? Weren't we good, honest, American citizens? Didn't we pay taxes on our stock? What do those politicians back yonder in Washington think we are, to stand for such treatment? Anyhow, why worry, we said to ourselves. Washington is about three thousand miles away, while we are right on the ground, apparently in full possession.

The real blow, however, came in 1905, when word reached us that the Government was planning to charge us stockmen for the use of the forest ranges. Wow! how we did raise our voices in loud protest! To be sure, the fee was to be only a few cents a head for cattle in New Mexico and Arizona for the whole season's grazing, and still less for sheep. But what irked us all was the idea of having to pay a single penny for what we westerners felt was ours by right of conquest. It wasn't the money but

the principle of the thing that made us want to fight somebody.

In the meantime, Congress had passed a law which took the Forestry Bureau from the General Land Office (the officials of which had never shown much sympathy with the range stockmen) and put it into the Department of Agriculture. We comforted ourselves with the thought that grass and trees were, in the final analysis, agricultural crops. Mebbeso the bunch under secretary James Wilson would perhaps treat us fairer than those fellows in the Interior Department did. And they did, too. That hard-headed old Scotsman—bless his dear soul!—knew the needs of the stockmen and did his best to help them out with their grazing problems. He was ever our friend. Likewise, our visitor of former years, Gifford Pinchot, now Chief of the new Forest Service which had replaced the old Forestry Bureau.

As a preliminary to the establishing of the grazing fee, one of the newly created forest rangers, formerly a cattleman, passed around some printed blanks among the stockmen one day, which were to be filled out and mailed back to him at once. These forms gave the ranger information as to the number of horses, cattle, and sheep, each one owned; the annual calf-brandings and lambings; how many years each stockman had used the area he claimed as his range; how many acres of land he owned himself; and—funniest of all—how many tons of hay he fed his stock in the winter. Wow! How we did snort over these questions! We didn't usually tell the county assessor such personal and private matters. Not by a good deal! Much less did

we intend to furnish it to this reformed cow-person. As for hay, well that question surely did raise a merry old laugh. There weren't a hundred acres of hay-producing land in our county; and it was almost as large as the state of Kansas. It was "root hog or die" for the old Nellies in the winter down that way in those good old days. Why, man! we felt mighty lucky if we managed to start the winter with ten or fifteen tons of hoe-cut grama hay to take care of a couple of saddle-horses during bad spells of winter weather.

Some mighty uncomplimentary things were said about this fresh representative of the Federal Government. These remarks reflected severely upon his ancestry, and his general standing in polite circles in that vicinity. The time seemed ripe for hanging a forest ranger or two. If not, why not? Something simply had to be done to impress these Government officials with the nature of their crimes. However, as I recall it, nobody was ever hung. Instead, we wrathfully filled out the forms with most anything we thought of, lied fluently about our calf-brandings and lambings, and the number of head of stock we owned, and let it go at that.

But opposition to the new forestry plans fell flat before the dynamic backing given to them by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States. The movement went forward from its very inception. Gifford Pinchot, the man I had met in the mountains of northern Arizona several years before, was placed at the head of the newly created National Forest Service. He proved to be a very wise and far-sighted man. He seemed from the first to realize that

the best way to overcome the prejudices of the old-time stockmen was to place the administration of the new system in the hands of western men who could talk their language, knew their ways, and understood their troubles. For his captain he picked a young Arizona sheepherder cowboy named Albert F. Potter, California-born, Arizona-hardened, who knew the smell of corral dust, the taste of sheep-dip, the difference between a lambing-ground and a bed-ground. Under Potter's supervision a group of young, wideawake lieutenants trained in the school of their leader: cowboys, lumbermen, miners, and sheepherders, were picked out and dispersed over the West, from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande, from the Sierras to the eastern slopes of the Rockies. Best of it all, they were absolutely fearless in their devotion to the new cause—forestry and range preservation. What a body of men they were! Warriors all, they believed firmly in the policy of Theodore Roosevelt—"Speak softly and carry a big stick." Great days were those for the Government grazing policy; for, say what you will, the grazing-men of the Forest Service were the shock troops who won the West for forestry.

For the first few years, the bulk of the forest rangers were the type of men I have described. They had little knowledge of forestry; but they knew the livestock business from the ground up. Volumes could be written of the adventures of this early band of rangers. Often it took nerve to enforce the regulations. The story of how Supervisor Billy Kreutzer of the Gunnison National Forest, in July, 1917, unarmed and unafraid, faced and turned back

BARNES WITH PACK MULE

"Monkey, the finest little pack mule that ever lived"

a score of drink-crazed, fully-armed cowmen who were determined to raid a sheep-camp within his forest, is as thrilling as any Wild West narrative ever written. Another tragic incident was the desperate attack made on Ranger Kirby of the Crook National Forest in Arizona by a crazy prospector, three hundred feet back in the black darkness of an old mining-tunnel. The coroner's jury exonerated Kirby, reporting the death of the assailant as a clear case of self-defense. Another thriller is the story of the Datil Forest ranger in New Mexico who strolled round the corner of a log cabin in a thicket of trees, and found himself facing a six-shooter in the hand of a fellow long suspected of being a user of beef that didn't belong to him. An adventure, indeed! But the ranger rode back to the town of Socorro with the man a prisoner in irons.

The history of this early period had its comic side, too. When the first ten-year permits were offered the stockmen, one old pioneer in Montana sent his permit back with the following letter:

"Dear Mister Supervisor: I dont want no permit for ten years, cause I'm seventy-two years old an' I calculate I cant live ten years nohow. Send me one fur a year or two and see what happens."

Then there was the persnickety June 11th settler who sent the patent for his forest homestead back to the supervisor of the California National Forest with the comment: "This here paper is signed by Mr. Taft (then President, who signed all patents for lands). Out this way deeds for land have to be signed by the wife or it aint legal. Please send it back to Washington and get it signed by Mrs.

Taft." You couldn't fool those old-timers! They knew the law, they did.

These pioneers were admirably suited to pave the way for a later type of forest ranger, young men educated and trained for the work, who have now almost wholly replaced the old-timers. It was one James T. Jardine, an Idaho cowboy who punched cows summers so that he might go to college winters, who later pulled off his chaps, came to the Washington office in 1908, and laid strong and deep the foundations for what we know today as "the grazing studies" side of the organization. These youngsters who later came into the service, may not know so much about the diamond hitch, or how to "flank a calf," dip a band of sheep, or explain the merits of a "double-rig" versus a "center fire" saddle, or how to make sourdough bread. But they do know all about trees, plants, grasses, and their forage value, the effects of denuding a mountain slope of its natural forage cover—and many other such matters. Moreover, what they lacked at first of the old-timers' knowledge and range experience, they soon picked up under the friendly eye and instruction of the veterans.

To return to my own story. It was during a trip to Denver, in April, 1905, that I met for the second time the man destined to play an important part in my future—Gifford Pinchot. At that time, Mr. Pinchot appealed to me to come to Washington and lend a hand in solving the problem of how to manage the millions of head of livestock whose owners in previous years had used the public lands as their own, for grazing purposes. The proposal made a strong appeal to me—not the less so because my

old Arizona range friend, Albert F. Potter, had already yielded to Mr. Pinchot's pleas, and was then in the Government service at Washington. Here was a chance to cash in on my years of range experience. It was not, however, until the spring of 1907, after I had passed a special Civil Service examination, that I was duly enrolled as an "Inspector of Grazing" in the United States Forest Service. After I had spent a few months in looking over the National Forest areas in Mexico and Arizona, as a sort of breaking-in process, I was ordered to report for duty to Washington, D.C.

The work proved to be tremendously interesting. There were no precedents to follow, no set rules by which to be governed. Plans must be laid far ahead, men must be trained, and a structure built on such broad, solid foundations that it would stand for all time. The most intriguing thing in the whole undertaking was the undeniable fact that practically everybody living in the eleven western range states, in which the proposed National Forests were to be located, was hostile to the whole conservation plan. Ten years before, I myself, as related in an earlier part of this chapter, was loud in denunciation of the Government policy of taking control of the open cattle ranges of the West.

But now I plunged with whole-hearted enthusiasm into this new work. Today, as I look back on the twenty-two years spent in the United States Forest Service under the supervision and leadership of such men as Mr. Pinchot, Colonel Graves and others, I feel that my time was eminently well spent. It was constructive work of the highest

possible character, and I am very proud of the fact that I contributed my humble share to the successful outcome of the present-day system of controlled grazing in the National Forests. Every man in the Service was kept on his toes every day in the year, and every hour of each day. Office hours meant nothing to them. They worked day and night to put over their plans or to further the cause in which they were enlisted. There was genuine sorrow and regret among the workers of the Forest Service when, through political complications, Mr. Pinchot left the Service. Every individual in the work felt that the cause of national conservation had suffered irreparable loss through his retirement. But today, almost thirty years after that event, the enthusiasm that Mr. Pinchot instilled into every member of that Service, and the loyalty to his job, still pervade the rank and file of the organization, making it stand out among all bodies of government workers for efficiency, honesty of purpose, and official integrity.

Today, I think it can be said without fear of contradiction that the majority of permittees using the grazing-lands of our National Forests will admit the value of the plans in use for handling their livestock, and will admit, also, that the cattle industry must be secondary to the primary purpose for which the Forests were created—the production of timber and the protection of the great watersheds of the West. I can see how, at this very day, certain matters are coming to the front which, if not met by the stockmen in a wise and constructive spirit, may possibly imperil their continued use of the ranges. They cannot afford to forget that these lands are public property, owned by the whole

Barnes Collection

BARNES ON THE JOB

American people, and their use must be along popular lines, and not exclusively for the financial gain of the stock interests. These public lines are—game, watershed protection and recreation. Of these wide and popular aspects of Forest utilization, the game question stands easily at the head. Unless the stock interests handle all these matters mighty carefully, they will be the losers in the end.

Chapter XVIII

FINIS

With the passing years came the matter of retirement from government work. The Federal law provides that certain government employees, on reaching the age of seventy, shall automatically be retired; unless the President of the United States grants them an extension. Much as I was enjoying the work in the Forest Service, I had always declared my intention of retiring at seventy, not only to make way for younger men, but in order that I might spend my remaining years as I pleased. So, on June 21, 1928, my seventieth birthday, having then spent twenty-four years in the Federal service, including my enlistments, I vacated my position as Assistant Forester and Chief of Grazing.

As things turned out, this only meant a change of base. Some years previously President Wilson had appointed

me a member of the United States Board of Geographic Names. This Board then numbered sixteen, all active members of those official bureaus of the Federal Government interested in naming towns, cities, mountains, rivers and other natural features, as well as in making official maps. My retirement from the Forest Service meant loss of membership in the Geographic Board. Although I was at no time an applicant for the position of Secretary of this Board, which office had become vacant, and in spite of the fact that a number of rather influential as well as competent men had asked for the appointment, the position was offered to me for "as long as I remained in government service." The work had an appeal which was irresistible to me, so with the understanding that I was only willing to serve until July 1, 1930, I took over the new job, with my office in the Map Division of the Library of Congress. Those two years were indeed "high lights" in my career.

Most men appear to anticipate retirement with dread. It was not so in my case. I always advocated the idea that everyone should have a hobby. Having taken my own advice, I knew exactly how I would spend my time. First, there would be a trip around the world. I had an ambition to see if the earth was round. Starting west from New York and returning to it still headed in the same direction leaves no doubt in my mind that Christopher Columbus had the correct idea. Our itinerary included Panama; the tip of South America; Honolulu; the Orient; the Straits Settlements; Burma; India; Egypt; the Holy Land; Italy; Switzerland; and just a peep at France. It was a joyous holiday for my wife and me, who are both good sailors.

Since returning from this world tour, when not writing, or studying history (my hobby), we have spent much time motoring both in the East and West.

The Good Book tells us "the days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." I am nearing that fourscore period, and sometimes I wonder if the old man with the long whiskers and the scythe is not just around the corner; yet I refuse to feel my strength "labour and sorrow"; and if I go tomorrow it will be with the feeling that every day has been a joy and that I am 'way ahead of the game.

(continued from front flap)

was a part. His meeting in the wilderness with Frank Cushing brings to us an intimate view of the latter in the midst of his Zuñis as a brave of that tribe, and is only surpassed in dramatic force by the picture of Bandelier, the archeologist, sitting by the telegraphist's side while the sounder of the instrument announces from Washington that Bandelier is reported killed and must be sought by troops!

In the middle 80's Barnes left the Army to become a cowman. He took part in the bloody struggles between cowmen and sheepmen; held his own against rustlers, helped in the suppression of banditry, witnessed not a few examples of summary justice, and rose so steadily in the respect of his State that soon he was in the legislature of Arizona.

Retiring from the cattle business Barnes was lured to Washington by Gifford Pinchot, to become Chief of Grazing in the Forestry Service and in control of grazing affairs in one hundred and fifty million acres of government lands.

The book is written in terse, swift, graphic language with a smack of cowboy lingo and droll humor.

Other Western Americana

from

THE WARD RITCHIE PRESS

How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar, Bret Harte. $3.00

In this little classic by Bret Harte, which is completely set by hand and illustrated with colorful Paul Landacre wood engravings, you will read how "bedraggled, ragged, unshaven and unshorn, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar." The book is Christmassy looking, too, covered in bright green and slipped into a bright red case.

Cattle, Horses & Men of the Western Range, John (Jack) Culley. Illustrated by Katherine Field. $3.00

A vivid narrative of life on the western range during the 80's and 90's with personal recollections of many cattlemen, sheepmen, bandits and legendary characters belonging to the early days, together with valuable chapters on the breeds of western horses and cattle and stories about them.

Doctor Asa, Asa W. Collins. Illustrated by Paul Landacre. $3.00

Reminiscences of a young doctor whose practice covered the turbulent mining settlements around Whiskey Point in the Mother Lode Country. A keen portrayal of characters and exciting adventures to add to the romantic story of early California, written by a man who became one of the nation's most celebrated surgeons.

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A picture of domestic life in the halcyon, sun-lit, adobe days of yesterday in California—childhood and girlhood spent in and near the then small town of Los Angeles, graphically recorded.