ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

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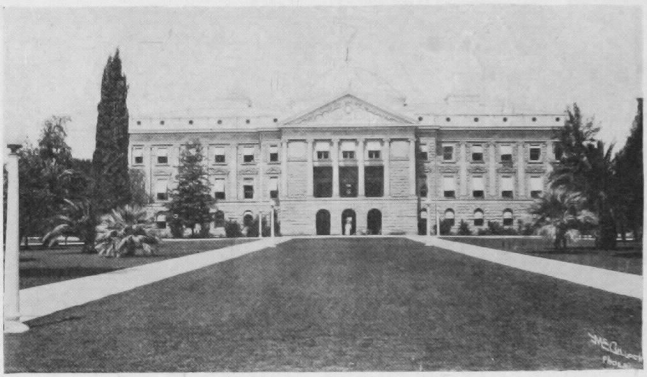


STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

Arizona Historical Data

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDITORIAL

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW IS WELL RECEIVED

The office of the State Historian is much pleased at the manner of the reception of the first number of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, which was mailed on April 1.

The press of the state was liberal in space given for announcements of the first appearance of the publication and generous in commending its excellence. Individuals, both by letter and orally, have given words of praise of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW.

A few of the highly appreciated press comments are here given:

(From the Arizona Daily Star)

"For a long time Major Geo. H. Kelly, State Historian of Arizona, has been threatening to turn magazine editor, and now he has just turned out the first number of the 'Arizona Historical Review,' a quarterly published in Phoenix. The April issue is a credit to the state where it is published, and to the fearless democrat who edits the magazine. It is illustrated with a number of photographs. What is desired are stories telling of the establishment and progress of all the enterprises and creditable features of the state, according to Major Kelly. Arizona has long needed a periodical publication devoted exclusively to historical subjects. Major Kelly's new magazine fills the need admirably. All of us wish the new Review and its genial editor a long and happy life."

(From the Arizona Gazette)

"The first copies of the new ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, to be issued quarterly by the Arizona State Historian's office, were being mailed out today (March 27). Nearly 200 copies have been mailed to paid-in-advance subscribers, and State Historian Geo. H. Kelly stated that arrangements were being made to have the new publication placed on sale at leading news-stands and book-tsores throughout the state. The first issue contains 110 pages replete with vivid and interesting glimpses into the historical past of early Arizona, along

with a number of illustrations. The Review is bound in magazine form; is prefaced by an article by its editor and publisher, Major Kelly, explaining the purpose of the publication, its aims and objectives.

(From the Phoenix Messenger)

"The first number of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, a quarterly historical magazine, has been received by the Messenger. The first issue contains 107 pages, filled with interesting stories telling of the earliest days of this country, including the various expeditions of the Spanish Conquistadores four hundred years ago, the coming of the Kearney Military Command, which established United States authority in New Mexico and California. Another article tells of the efforts which finally resulted in cutting Arizona away from New Mexico and converting it into a territory. The late Hon. Edward D. Tuttle writes an interesting story about conditions and incidents which featured the First Arizona Territorial Legislature, which was held at Prescott, the first territorial capital, in 1864. Several other interesting stories are in this first issue."

(From the Douglas Dispatch)

"There has come to hand Volume 1, Number 1, of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, a quarterly publication which has just been launched by Maj. Geoge H. Kelly, Arizona State Historian.

"From both a literary and typographical standpoint, the publication shows evidence of a new venture well worth while.

"As a text book on the romantic history of the state, which entertains as well as instructs, Major Kelly is to be congratulated on the success that has attended his initial effort.

"The HISTORICAL REVIEW is opened by a clear-cut and concise recital of the high spots in the state's history, prepared by Major Kelly.

"It seems that the Historical Review has a place in every public school in the state, as supplemental reading to text book studies of the history of the state.

"Major Kelly has set himself a high standard to maintain in subsequent numbers of the Review, but judging

from the first number, the historical fount of Arizona is capable of pouring out a rich stream of interesting and instructive facts with no danger of a drouth intervening.

"The high character of the articles contributed show that Major Kelly, in conceiving the quarterly Review, fills a long felt want of the patriotic citizens of the state, who may say with the poet:

" 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land'."

(From the Coconino Sun)

"The first edition of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW, published by Major Geo. H. Kelly, state historian, has been sent out from his office. The HISTORICAL REVIEW will be published quarterly. The first edition is good and we believe it will grow in value as a historical record very rapidly as it is brought to the attention of the pioneers of the state."

The article in this issue, entitled "Geronimo," was written by John P. Clum and appeared in the New Mexico Historical Review on January 1, this year. It is reproduced in this publication by consent of Mr. Clum, a man who is quite capable to recount Indian history in Arizona and who has made a study of the character of Geronimo, for years leader of a desperate band of renegade Apaches. Another and continuing story of "Geronimo" by Mr. Clum will appear in the October number of the Arizona Historical Review.

Hon. W. H. Stillwell, 79 years old, died in the St. Joseph hospital, Phoenix, on Tuesday, May 8th. Judge Stillwell was an honored pioneer of Arizona, having resided in the territory and state 47 years. He was born in St. Lawrence County, New York, in 1849. He arrived in Arizona in 1881, as an appointee of President Hayes, to the position of associate Justice of the Supreme Court. In that year he organized the district courts in Graham and Cochise counties, they both having been created by the territorial legislature that year. After his term on the bench, Judge Stillwell, 35 years ago, removed to Phoenix and began the practice of law, which he continued to the end of his life. Both as judge and lawyer

he was successful. At all times he devoted his energies to the growth, development and welfare of Arizona, and his death brought regret from a large acquaintance throughout Arizona. During the Spanish-American war he offered his service to his country and was commissioned a major in one of the Arizona regiments.

OLD GOVERNORS' MANSION, PRESCOTT

THE OLD GOVERNOR'S MANSION

The "Old Governor's Mansion," at Prescott, is being brought into service again, by no less a personage than Miss Sharlot M. Hall, well known historian and writer of poetry, descriptive of Arizona habits and scenery.

Miss Hall, having recently come into possession of this historic building, is now engaged in clearing away the accumulation of dirt, lodged there during many years of desertion. Writing to the State Historian, recently, Miss Hall, during a breathing space from her scrubbing activities, said: "I am working on this old house to make it habitable again—and that is a job which makes me glad that I can use a broom, shovel, hoe, wheelbarrow and mop; the dirt here undoubtedly dates back to 1864 and I doubt if it has ever been cleaned out in all the years since the first governor moved in."

Isn't that splendid! This old mansion was built to house Governor John N. Goodwin, the first executive of the Territory of Arizona, after the territorial capital had been located there at Prescott, with the beginning of that frontier town. In this mansion Governor Goodwin entertained the members of the first territorial legislature and met with committees having under consideration more important matters of legislation.

Miss Hall is filled with enthusiasm over the possession of her new home and we understand it to be her intention to feature it with everything possible which will be typical of Arizona, her beloved state. Here she will have her already important Arizona historical library and within and on its walls will be displayed articles to remind those who view them of all ages in this country —pre-historic, ancient and modern; sands of the Painted Desert, specimens from the Petrified Forest; relics from the Hopi and Moqui pueblo Indian villages; specimens of desert growth, animal and vegetation.

No one is more capable of selecting adornments typical of Arizona than Miss Hall, and when she has the Old Governor's Mansion furnished to her liking it will be something worth while as a keepsake of this state.

Readers of the HISTORICAL REVIEW will be interested to know that Miss Hall has promised a manuscript, dealing with the "Old Mansion," for future use in its pages, also a manuscript telling of some of the pioneer women of Arizona.

PIONEER REUNION

The 1928 reunion was held in Phoenix on April 17-18, and scored a record attendance of Arizona Pioneers. This annual reunion of those who have resided in Arizona for thirty-five years, is sponsored by the Arizona Republican, that paper paying all the expenses for badges, barbecue, etc. Two bands donated their services in providing music, and several hundred automobile owners in Phoenix this year turned out to carry the pioneers from the Republican office to Riverside Park, where there was a program including singing, music and speaking.

The speakers included Governor Geo. W. P. Hunt; President Chas. M. Clark, of the reunion association; Uncle John M. Orme, ex-president of the association; Miss Sharlot M. Hall, Arizona historian and poet, and Mrs. George Kitt, secretary of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, of Tucson. All the speakers were introduced by Dwight B. Heard, head of the Republican organization, who presided.

Governor Hunt spoke of the pioneer spirit, which he commended in the highest terms; "A spirit," he declared, "that made it possible for later-comers to enjoy homes and prosperity in Arizona," and a spirit, which could be depended on to fight for the rights of Arizona now, in what he declared as the greatest crisis that ever confronted Arizona, meaning the present controversy over the development of the Colorado river. He extended a cordial welcome of the pioneers in Phoenix, as governor of the state, and expressed the hope that they might all be spared for a long time to continue to enjoy life in the state where they had done much to plant civilization, industry and prosperity.

Miss Hall spoke of the pioneer women of the state, and painted a vivid picture of the hardships which were encountered and overcome by early-comers, who assisted their fathers, brothers and husbands in protecting the home and winning a livelihood in the new country. Miss Hall is a pleasing speaker, with the faculty of reciting facts and firng them with graceful eloquence. She told about having acquired the old governor's mansion, in Prescott, and of her intention and efforts to

make of it a comfortable home, where she will preserve the historical feature and add as many more as possible by collecting Arizona relics.

Chas. M. Clark, president of the reunion association, was most earnest in his welcoming words for the pioneer. He spoke in behalf of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, with headquarters and origin in Tucson, saying that this society was entitled to a more liberal support by the state, and urging each pioneer to make it his duty to impress this righteous need on every member of the legislature which will be convened next winter.

Mrs. Kitt spoke words of welcome for the pioneers, and acquitted herself well in relating many historical incidents and in recounting the hardships endured by the Arizona pioneer women. Mrs. Kitt, as secretary of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, has, during the past two years, done much to revive and stimulate interest in that society. She is continually urging pioneers to write an account of their experiences and about interesting incidents in the early days, of which they have knowledge.

After the speaking program, the hundreds of pioneers present were led to the barbecue tables where great quantities of well cooked beef, frijole beans, pickles, bread and coffee awaited the assault, which was vigorous and hearty, bringing most satisfying results.

Then the crowd began to gather at the park dancing pavilion, where several hours were devoted to old-time square dances—Virginia Reels—to the music, too, of old times, being by an expert "hoe-down" fiddler.

On Thursday the business session was held, in the Columbia Theater, Chas. M. Clark and other officers being re-elected. In the evening the festivities of the reunion were concluded with a grand ball at the Armory, on Jefferson Street. On this occasion some of the old-timers proved that besides being good at "heel-and-toe" dancing, they were graceful in gliding over the floor in the more modern dances.

BIOGRAPHIES WANTED

The Arizona State Historian is very anxious to have biographical sketches of members of the State Constitutional Convention, held in 1910, along with similar sketches of other prominent men and women of the state and the territory prior to statehood. The State Historian is giving considerable attention to this matter in order to preserve for future years the history of the state. It is suggested that you send to the Arizona State Historian, at Phoenix, the necessary data concerning these characters indicated above, living or dead, so this matter can be properly attended to before it is lost. The states owes this much to the men who have done so much to make this country what it is; we also owe this much to the state and the future generations of Arizona. These men are fast passing away and if we are to preserve stories of their activity in Arizona, no time should be lost in securing the necessary data. The State Historian has several biographical volumes of citizens of Arizona, but there are a great many worthy men and women whose names do not appear in either "Biographical," published in 1900; "Who's Who In Arizona," published in 1913; or in the McClintock History, published in 1916.

GERONIMO

*(By John P. Clum)

Apache Pass will ever be intimately associated with Apache Indian history, and especially with the life stories of Cochise and Geronimo. There, for two or three decades, the former was a dominant figure as chief of the Chiricahuas, and there, a little later, the latter made his debut as a notorious renegade.

Many of our readers may not at once recall the exact location of Apache Pass, but if a little more than half a century ago they had been travelers along the old Southern Overland Stage Road, between El Paso and San Diego, they would distinctily remember this pass as the most dangerous section of that route because of frequent and savage attacks by bands of marauding Apaches.

The pass is a picturesque depression or divide in Southeastern Arizona, separating the Chiricahua Mountains on the south from the Dos Cabezas range on the north, and affording reasonably easy grades for the famous overland highway, which for so many years threaded a sinuous course through its scenic defiles.

Away back yonder in those "early days"—about 1860—a small detachment of United States troops arrived in Apache Pass from New Mexico and established a military post in the midst of the canyon recesses, which later became well known as Fort Bowie, and in 1872, by special order of General O. O. Howard, the Chiricahua Indian Agency was located about a mile west of the fort. And there I found these two important government outposts when I first visited that historic section in June, 1876.

Glancing backward about three-quarters of a century, we find that the Apaches who then roamed in American territory continguous to the international line, were under the leadership of two capable and daring chiefs —Mangus Colorado and Cochise. The former held sway in southwestern New Mexico and the latter in southeastern Arizona, and General O. O. Howard states that these two chiefs were brothers. It is alleged that few,

if any, depredations were then committed in American territory by the Indians under Cochise.

But a new and bloody chapter in Apache history was entered upon with the establishment of the military post in Apache Pass in 1860. Lieut. G. W. Bascom was the officer in command. Soon after his arrival he induced Cochise, with a brother and another relative, to come to the military camp for a talk. Having these Indians in his power he made them prisoners. Cochise cut a hole in the back of the tent in which he was confined, and escaped with only a slight gunshot wound in one leg. The other two Indians were hanged by Bascom. Cochise vowed that he would avenge the treachery practiced toward himself and the killing of his relatives. Thus began a bloody strife with this band of Apaches which was destined to continue nearly thirteen years.

Early in 1863, Mangus Colorado was made a prisoner through a treacherous plot similar to that adopted by Bascom at Apache Pass. Mangus was being guarded at night in an adobe structure within the little hamlet of Apache Tejo, near Silver City, N. M., and while he was sleeping a guard prodded him with a hot bayonet. Mangus leaped up with a yell and was promptly shot. The guards alleged that he was trying to escape. This occurred in February, 1863. I passed through Apache Tejo early in May, 1877, with Geronimo as a prisoner, and the story of the killing of Chief Mangus was related to me then by Indians who were familiar with the circumstances.

Although the powerful Mangus was dead, he left many daring and willing friends who were neither slow nor ineffective in bloody deeds of retaliation. Most prominent among these avengers was the young chief Ponce, who, nine years later—in 1872—was one of the two Apaches who conducted General O. O. Howard into Cochise's Stronghold, and whom five years still later, I held as a prisoner with Geronimo and other renegades when we passed through Apache Tejo in 1877.

It was about 1870 that President Grant promulgated what was popularly termed his "Peace Policy" in connection with the management of the Indians. Ever since the hanging of the two Indians at Apache Pass by Lieut. Bascom in 1860, Cochise had persistently indulged

his bloody thirst for savage revenge, which seemed insatiable, and the heavy toll of lives of Americans and Mexicans taken by this desperate and exceedingly dangerous Apache chief was appalling.

Mr. Vincent Colyer, of New York, was a member of the board of Indian commissioners appointed by President Grant to assist in the administration of the Peace Policy. Mr. Colyer at once (1871) made an extended tour of the west and talked with as many of the various tribes of Indians as practicable. The president had urged Mr. Colyer to make the utmost endeavor to secure an interview with the notorious Chiricahua Indian chief, but his efforts to meet Cochise resulted in utter failure.

But President Grant persisted—as was his habit—and in February of the following year he assigned to General O. O. Howard the difficult and hazardous task of meeting and treating with Cochise. General Howard left Washington for Arizona, March 7, 1872, going by way of California. While his special mission was to interview Cochise, he was instructed to visit all the Indian tribes of the territory.

Although General Howard had the decided advantage of being able to command whatever military cooperation he might deem advisable, he met with no better success on his first trip in his efforts to interview Cochise than had Mr. Colyer. Thereupon he selected a party of ten Arizona Indians, mostly the older chiefs, to accompany him to Washington. These Indians represented the Papagos, Pimas, Mojaves and Arivaipa Apaches. This party left Camp Apache, Arizona, June 1, going by way of Santa Fe, New Mexico (where I was then stationed), and arriving at Pueblo, Colorado, June 17, from which point they took train for Washington.

Undaunted by the ill success of his first trip, General Howard left Washington on July 10, 1872, for a second and more determined effort to meet Cochise, returning to Arizona by way of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where I again met him.

In his book, "My Life Among Our Hostile Indians," published in 1907, General Howard has given the details of his meeting with Cochise in an exceedingly interesting manner. A few of the most important features

JOHN P. CLUM

of his narrative—reduced to their lowest terms—will suffice for the purposes of this story.

Some perplexing delays were experienced in arranging for the visit to the Chiricahua country, but a definite plan was finally decided upon and General Howard left Canada Alamosa, New Mexico, on September 20, accompanied by Capt. Sladen, his aide, Tom Jeffords, Jake May, a young Apache chief named "Chie," and two packers. He soon picked up another young Apache chief named "Ponce."

Regarding the "social status" of these two Indians, General Howard says: "With those Tulerosa Indians was a young chief called Chie, the son of Mangus Colorado—Cochise's brother, a notorious Indian killed in 1863. . . . . Ponce, another young chief who, with a roving band, had recently fled from Fort Stanton (N. M.), was somewhere near Canada Alamosa depredating on the country, and our soldiers from different posts were out scouting and hunting for this very band of renegades."

It is not probable that, under ordinary circumstances, General Howard would have selected these two young Apache renegades for his traveling companions, but his was a desperate mission which justified desperate methods and, if necessary, desperate associates.

General Howard does not qualify his statement that Mangus Colorado and Cochise were brothers. Chie was the son of Mangus, and Ponce and his father were subchiefs under Mangus—and both were stanch friends of Cochise.

At first Chie objected to going because he had no horse, but General Howard overcame this objection by presenting him with two horses—one for himself and one for his wife. Ponce also objected for two reasons —he had no horse and there would be no one to care for his people. General Howard says he gave Ponce a horse and "furnished their gypsy band with 30-days' supplies (at a Mexican hamlet) on conditions that they remain there and did not depredate."

When General Howard left this bunch of renegades and resumed his journey toward Arizona, he was astonished to see Ponce following on foot, and upon inquiry learned that the young chief had gallantly given the horse to his wife. And so it happened that some-

times Ponce rode behind with the general, and sometimes the general walked while Ponce rode his horse. General Howard says this arrangement greatly pleased the young chief. Tom Jeffords was selected to accompany the general because he had traded with the Cochise band and held their confidence; and also had a fair knowledge of their language.

General Howard's rank in the regular army, together with the special authority vested in him by the President, placed the military and civil authorities of New Mexico and Arizona subject to his command in matters pertaining to the very important mission he had undertaken, but this plenary power did not in the least assuage the bitter enmity of the settlers toward the Apaches—two of whom were now members of the general's official party.

Because of this extreme hostility on the part of citizens, General Howard found himself in imminent danger on at least two occasions before he arrived in the camp of the notorious Chiricahua chieftain. At Silver City, N. M., the citizens were most determined and the situation was desperate, but, the general tells us, "fortunately there were present several sensible men who helped us to remain through the night without suffering violence." And it may be added, the next morning these same "sensible men" helped the general to get safely on his way with the first glow of the dawn.

However, they had not proceeded more than ten miles when they met a small party of prospectors, one of whom had lost a brother at the hands of the Apaches. At sight of Chie and Ponce this avenging brother leveled his rifle at the Indians, but General Howard deliberately threw himself in front of the ready weapon and told the infuriated prospector he would have to kill him first. The prospector was finally persuaded to postpone the killing, but his remarks were not complimentary either to the Indians or to the general.

Entering Arizona, the trail led through the San Simon Valley to Apache Pass and thence across the Sulphur Springs Valley to the Dragoon Mountains, where early in October General Howard found the camp of the renegade chief concealed in the rocky fastness which is still known as "Cochise's Stronghold." The party had

been reduced to five: General Howard, Capt. Sladen, Tom Jeffords, Chie and Ponce.

There were days of "peace talks" and palavers. Cochise declared that the trouble really began with the hanging of the two Indians at Apache Pass in 1860. General Howard further quotes him as saying: "You Americans began the fight and now Americans and Mexicans kill an Apache on sight. I have retaliated with all my might. I have killed ten white men for every Indian slain."

Nevertheless, Cochise was now ready to make peace, and it is not unlikely that the wily old chief boasted to General Howard of his prowess, and at the same time boosted his achievements to the limit, with the hope of obtaining the best terms possible in the proposed treaty. Finally, on October 13, 1872, the terms of the treaty were agreed upon; the boundaries of a reservation were fixed; Tom Jeffords was designated as agent, and sixty days' rations arranged for.

Thus General Howard had the extreme satisfaction of seeing his important and hazardous mission terminate in complete success. With a sense of deep gratitude for what had been accomplished in behalf of peace and prosperity, the general shook hands with Cochise for the last time and started on his return trip to Washington.

The reservation did not include "Cochise's Stronghold." It was situated east of the Sulphur Springs Valley and embraced the greater part of the Dos Cabezas, Chiricahua and Swisshelm ranges. **The Mexican line was the southern boundary** and the agency was established in Apache Pass, near Fort Bowie. Tom Jeffords continued to serve as agent for the Chiricahua Apaches until relieved by me nearly four years later—in June, 1876.

This brief historical review has been entered here in order to impress the fact that as late as 1872 Southeastern Arizona was a remote and isolated frontier; that definite information relative to the Indians of that region was difficult to obtain, as well as to suggest the general conditions prevailing in and about Apache Pass for a decade or two prior to the appearance of Geronimo as a conspicuous figure in Apache history.

In February, 1874, President Grant commissioned me agent for the Apaches at the San Carlos Agency, which is located on the Gila River, at its confluence with the Rio San Carlos, and about 150 miles northwest from Apache Pass. Nearly all of the Indians then at the San Carlos Agency were known as Arivaipa Apaches. In that same year, and prior to my arrival in Arizona, Cochise died, so that I never had the opportunity of meeting the noted chief—a fact I deeply regretted.

On my arrival in San Carlos in August, 1874, I found about 800 Indians assembled on that reservation. Soon after several small bands were brought in from the adjacent mountains, which increased the number under my direction to about 1,000.

In March, 1875, the Indians from the Rio Verde Reservation, situated near Prescott, were removed to San Carlos and placed in my charge. There were about 1,400 of these Indians, comprising nearly equal numbers of Tontos and Mojaves—with a few Yumas.

In July, 1875, under orders from the Interior Department, I removed 1,800 Coyotero Apaches from the Camp Apache Agency, locating about half of these adjacent to the main agency at San Carlos and the remainder at a sub-agency on the Gila about twenty miles east of San Carlos. Thus it will appear that within a year the number of Apaches under my charge and direction increased from 800 to approximately 4,200.

And now the scene of our narrative returns again to Apache Pass. Cochise left two sons, Tah-zay and Nah-chee. After his death a bitter rivalry developed between Tah-zay, the elder son, and Skin-yea, who had served as head war-chief under Cochise, as to who should succeed to the leadership of the tribe. The government officials recognized Tah-zay, but this action, instead of settling the controversy, only widened the breach between these stalwart aspirants and established an enmity which was destined to culminate in mortal combat.

Peace was maintained for about two years after the death of Cochise, but on April 6, 1876, a raiding party led by Pi-on-se-nay, a brother of Skin-yea, attacked the Overland Stage Station at Sulphur Springs, twenty-six miles west of Fort Bowie; killed two men named Rogers

and Spence, and committed other depredations in the San Pedro Valley.

Lieut. Henley, with a troop of cavalry from Fort Bowie, followed the trail of these renegades for some days and finally overtook them near the Mexican border, but did not succeed in inflicting any punishment upon them.

Nearly a month after this outbreak I received the following telegraphic orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

Washington, D. C.
May 3, 1876.

Agent Clum,
San Carlos, Arizona.

Appropriation made by Congress. Will arrange for additional supplies. Proceed to Chiricahua; take charge of Indians and agency property there, suspending Agent Jeffords, for which this dispatch shall be your full authority. If practicable, remove Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos. For that purpose use not exceeding three thousand dollars. Governor Safford has been advised.

(Signed) J. Q. Smith,
Commissioner.

Before entering actively upon the execution of these orders I insisted that a sufficient military force should be ordered into the field to afford ample protection to settlers in any emergency. General August V. Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona, hesitated, but upon receipt of orders from the War Department he sent the entire Sixth Cavalry into Southern Arizona. This unwarranted hesitation on the part of the local military authorities caused a delay of about three weeks in the active prosecution of my orders.

I chanced to be in Tucson when the above telegram from Washington was received there. Having made my request to General Kautz for military support **in the field,** I proceeded at once over the trail (125 miles) to San Carlos for the purpose of organizing a special police force to accompany me to Apache Pass. About a week later I was back in Tucson with an escort of fifty-four Arivaipa and Coyotero braves, who constituted my **personal body-guard and free-lance army.**

While waiting for the cavalry to **arrive in the field,** the citizens of Tucson had an excellent opportunity to observe the character and conduct of my Apache police **at close quarters.** Since the organization of this police force at San Carlos in August, 1874, its members had rendered most valuable service on the reservation, and reports of their efficiency and dependability had spread throughout the territory, but the average citizen of Arizona had visualized this force **only at long range.** Hence, when this company of fifty-four stalwart Apache police—fully armed and equipped for action—marched into the ancient and honorable pueblo of Tucson, they presented a unique and impressive spectacle, and the onlookers were fully persuaded that the reports of their efficiency and prowess had not been exaggerated.

During this period of "watchful waiting" for the Sixth Cavalry to arrive in the field, a committee of Tucson's "leading citizens" came to me with a request for an APACHE WAR DANCE—they were eager to withiness a **genuine spectacle** of this character. Would the visiting police oblige them? I consulted the police and found them not only willing but enthusiastic. Accordingly, the date for the "outbreak" was set. On the day appointed a load of wood was hauled to the center of the old Military Plaza, and as soon as it was dark the "camp-fire" was kindled. Forthwith, the spectators began filing into the plaza by scores and hundreds—until we had an expectant audience estimated at fully 3,000. The stage was set—ON WITH THE DANCE!

And now appeared the grotesque actors—thirty-five robust Apache braves stripped to the waist; their bodies and faces hideous with streaks and smears of "war-paint"; some wearing fantastic head-gear, and each bearing a lance and shield, a bow and arrow, or a rifle —according to the act assigned. Accompanying these were the "chanters and musicians" with their tom-toms. The instruments all being "in tune" the "first act" was precipitated without hesitation or delay. This was the "instigation scene," in which a lithe dancer performed gracefully with lance and shield. Gradually the number of active participants increased until the camp-fire was circled by a score or more of wildly gesticulating figures of ferocious aspect, and the night air was vibrant

with a discordant chorus of blood-curdling "war-whoops."

The committee had expressed their eager desire for a "genuine spectacle," and when I observed the audience gradually retreating from the circle of lunging and howling performers I suspected that the play was becoming a bit too realistic to suit the fancy of the average "pale-face." Presently, Chief Justice French edged his way to my side and with an expression of unfeigned alarm and the tone of a veteran pleader, he said: "Clum, hadn't you better stop this before the Indians get beyond your control?" I replied (with apologies to John Paul Jones), "Why, Judge, we have **just begun** to dance."

And now the climax was approaching—for which our "infatuated" audience was wholly unprepared. None knew that I had supplied a half-dozen blank cartridges for each rifle in the custody of this apparently frantic bunch of athletic savages. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle echoed keen and clear above the din of the frenzied dance. This was the signal for a chorus of super-yells and then—BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! came the nerve-racking explosions from some twenty additional rifles, fired in volleys or in rapid succession. Meanwhile, the vocal exercises and athletic contortions of our unrestrained entertainers approached the peak of noise and confusion. To the average spectator it looked as if these unleashed representatives of the famed San Carlos Apache police were running amuck.

Fortunately, the old Military Plaza afforded ample "exist" for our (now) near terror-stricken audience. That was "no place for a minister's son." No benediction or recessional was necessary, and although the retreat was orderly, we very soon realized that our "enthusiastic" audience had quite spontaneously and almost unanimously deserted the "auditorium," without according to our "perfect performance" the usual complimentary "prolonged applause."

The following excerpts are from the ARIZONA CITIZEN of May 27, 1876:

"The war-dance last night by the detachment of San Carlos Apaches, at present in Tucson, was a sight long to be remembered. The lateness of the hour and the

pressure of matter compel us to pass it at present with a mere reference. Previous announcement that the dance would take place drew several thousand spectators to the Military Plaza early in the evening. * * * * The Indians seemed particularly delighted with the occasion * * * * and danced their Devil's Quick Steps and Virginia Reels around the great fire blazing in the center with as much gusto and fierce delight as was ever delineated in the wildest Indian fiction. The dance continued for several hours and consisted of sorties by small squads of Indians at a time; then larger parties; then all hands around together, the whole interspersed by the frequent discharge of blank cartridges from the arms in their hands.

"If the interest manifested by the people in these orgies of the Indians pleased the latter and showed them that we are satisfied and feel friendly to them so long as they behave themselves, the main object of the dance was accomplished.

"Marijildo Grijalba (the interpreter) was the master of ceremonies and seemed to be in perfect and friendly accord with the Indians."

The citizens of Tucson were so well pleased with the general deportment of the police during their entire visit there that a purse was raised by popular subscription and the company presented with uniforms—white pants, red shirts and an obsolete style of army hat. Not an expensive outfit, but highly valued as expressing friendliness and good will.

It is apropos to recall here that only five years previously some of the leading citizens of Tucson had secretly organized and stealthily led a party of Americans, Mexicans and Papagos to the Arivaipa Canyon—sixty miles north of Tucson—and there at dawn on April 30, 1871, attacked a camp of sleeping Apaches and brutally shot and clubbed to death 118 Indians—women, children and old men. Now (1876) the Apaches were, practically, the guests and entertainers of the residents of this same remote frontier community. Strange things happen in strange ways. Neither the Apache Indians nor the citizens of Tucson had materially changed in character during the five years that had intervened, but fortunately they had come to a better understanding of, and with, each other.

As soon as General Kautz arrived in Tucson he sent his aide, Colonel Martin, to me with a request that I indicate how the troops should be assigned in the field. When I demurred, Colonel Martin insisted that the commanding general was very desirous that I should express my judgment in the matter. This I finally did, and within an hour Colonel Martin returned to my quarters with a copy of an order just issued by General Kautz assigning the troops exactly as I had suggested. I never have been able to decide whether this action was a bit of fine courtesy on the part of General Kautz, or a clever plan to bridge to me full responsibility for whatever might eventuate. In view of the fact that General Kautz had hesitated until the War Department had ordered him to give me "all military assistance necessary," I suspected that his scheme was to shift the command to me—to the extent of deciding what military aid was "necessary" and how that aid should be employed. Whatever motive may have lurked in the mind of General Kautz, his orders to the troops in the field—based upon my suggestions—operated in complete harmony with the purposes of the campaign.

The capture of the murderers of Rogers and Spence, and the contemplated removal of the Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos, was regarded as an enterprise of more or less formidable proportions, and the campaign was not undertaken without serious misgivings. The very name of the Chiricahua Apaches had been a terror to the citizens of Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora for many, many years. Scores of graves in this Southwestern region marked the final resting place of their victims. It was variously estimated that this tribe could muster from three hundred to five hundred able warriors—all well armed, brave and experienced. For more than a decade under Cochise they had successfully defied the troops—both American and Mexican—and had been victorious in almost every engagement with these troops. Skin-yea, the old war-chief under Cochise, was still living—and still influential. Would he seize upon the present situation as his opportunity to rally his dusky braves under the old standard and lead them back along those free, familiar trails which ever led to scenes of plunder and bloodshed? These and similar considerations had determined me not to go upon their

reservation until I was prepared to dictate terms to THEM—and not they to me; to have the settlers protected in case of open hostilities, and be prepared to quell an outbreak without a protracted Indian war.

That General Kautz and his staff were apprehensive of danger was evidenced by the general's action in tendering me a company of cavalry to serve as my personal escort from Tucson to the Chiricahua Agency, which was located in the heart of Apache Pass. As I felt secure with my body-guard of Apache police, I thanked the general for his consideration and declined the cavalry escort.

It was the afternoon of June 4, 1876, when I arrived with my Indian police at Sulphur Springs, the scene of Pi-on-se-nay's recent murders. At the same time several companies of cavalry were moving down the Sulphur Springs and San Simon valleys to convenient positions where they might be ready for prompt action in case the renegades attempted further depredations. These two valleys were broad and open so that the approach of the invading forces (each separate column trailed by a dense cloud of alkalai dust) could be readily observed by the Chiricahuas, who from adjacent peaks had been watching our movements with the deepest interest.

The crisis for the Chiricahuas had arrived. The next morning the San Carlos police would be at their agency, in the very heart of the pass, with all the supporting troops in position for immediate and effective action. The fighting spirit of Skin-yea, the old war-chief, was thoroughly aroused, and he exerted himself to the utmost in an effort to induce the entire tribe to take the warpath and resist to the bitter end. In this course he was ably supported by his brother, Pi-on-se-nay.

Tah-zay and Nah-chee stoutly opposed the plans of the old war-chief. These two young sons of Cochise declared that they had sworn to their father on his deathbed to keep the treaty he had made, and that they would be faithful to their oath.

That night the Indians gathered for council in a deep canyon illuminated by a great campfire. That bitter enmity, which for two years had been smouldering in the breasts of these two families of savages, was here to seek and find its ultimate and extreme satisfaction in

blood and death. The council began and the hot blood of the Indian was soon beyond control. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle rang down the mountain side and the fierce Apache yell proclaimed the deadly strife begun. This fearful test was finally to determine who was fittest to succeed the dead chieftain—his sons or his war chiefs.

The deep and rocky canyon, wrapped in the sable veil of night; peopled with weird shadows flung from the flickering embers of the smouldering council fire; the keen reports of the rifles resounding from cliff to cliff; the demoniacal yells of the savage participants in this mortal combat; each lent a feature to make the picture wild, fierce and terrifying in the extreme. The bullets sped through the air as if impatient to maim or kill the fighting fiends. Presently, a well directed shot from Na-chee's gun struck Skin-yea square in the forehead, piercing his brain. The towering frame of the brave, bad warrior swayed a moment in the darkness and then fell prone upon the mountain side. Skin-yea had fought his last fight.

Scarecely had Pi-on-se-nay realized his brother's death when he was himself completely disabled by a bullet fired by Tah-zay which crashed through his right shoulder. The die was cast. The fortunes of war no longer favored these veteran fighters. Wounded, defeated and disheartened, Pi-on-se-nay fled into the shelter of the darkness, assisted by a few of his followers. Thus did the young sons of Cochise defend with their lives the oath they gave they dying father.

Two companies of the Sixth Cavalry, en route to Fort Bowie, made their camp near mine at Sulphur Springs on the night of June 4. Included among the officers with these troops was Colonel Oakes, commander of the regiment. Sulphur Springs was located on the old Southern Overland Stage Route, and the distance to Fort Bowie (in Apache Pass) was twenty-six miles. For about twelve miles the highway led through the open country to the mountains at the mouth of the pass. Inasmuch as my police were marching on foot and the weather was exceedingly warm, I directed them to leave camp at daybreak, in order that they might escape from the valley before the heat became too oppressive, and to wait for me at the mouth of the pass.

Colonel Oakes was traveling in an ambulance with four mules, while I had a light wagon and was driving four light horses. The colonel and I rolled out of camp just as the buglers sounded "boots and saddles" for the troops. Having the lighter and speedier outfit, I reached the mouth of the pass a mile or two in advance of the colonel. My police had arrived an hour before and were well rested. A great cloud of alkalai dust down the valley indicated that the troops were plodding along some three or four miles behind their colonel. When the military ambulance drew up at the mouth of the pass, I asked Colonel Oakes if he intended to await the arrival of his cavalry escort before entering the pass. His response was, "Do you intend to wait for the troops?" I am sure he knew I had no such intention. Anyhow, Colonel Oakes was a "regular fellow" and we were good friends, so I told him that my escort was only awaiting my orders to resume the march. The colonel smiled and said: "Well, Clum, if these police can escort you through the pass they can escort me also, and I'll go right along with you." I assured Colonel Oakes that I would esteem it both a pleasure and an honor to share my escort with him. Thereupon the order was given to proceed. A dozen alert scouts were detailed as the advance guard and these scattered out along the slopes on either side of the pass to watch for "Indian signs" and to forestall a possible ambush, while the main body of the police were divided into front and rear guards for the two conveyances which were transporting the grizzled colonel and myself. Our progress was cautious but genuinely interesting, tinged with a wierd fascination, which was not marred by any overt act on the part of the Chiricuhuas, and we arrived at Fort Bowie safely, an hour in advance of the colonel's cavalry.

Thus it transpired that instead of accepting a company of the Sixth Cavalry to serve as my personal escort on this trip, I escorted the colonel of that regiment over the most dangerous section of the march with my "personal body-guard and free-lance army" of Apache police, and I know that our stealthy advance through Apache Pass registered a page in Colonel Oakes' memory that was unique among his varied military experiences.

The Chiricahua agency was located about a mile west

from Fort Bowie, and when I arrived there at noon on June 5, 1876, I found both Tah-zay and Nah-chee, the young sons of Cochise—heroes now after their successful fight with the old war-chiefs—were there to greet me, and as soon as I had explained to them fully the purpose of my visit they readily consented to the proposed removal of their band to the San Carlos Reservation.

At this time Agent Jeffords informed me that there was another band of Indians on the reservation known as "Southern Chiricahuas"; that these Indians really belonged in Mexico, but when Cochise made the treaty with General Howard **the Southern Chiricuhuas elected to include themselves in that treaty** and ever since had been reporting quite regularly at the agency for their rations; that the recognized chiefs of this band were Eronemo (Geronimo), Hoo and Nol-gee, and that these chiefs desired to have an interview with me.

Although I had been actively associated with the affairs of the Arizona Apaches for two years, I had never before heard of Geronimo, and my first meeting with the Indian occurred on the afternoon of June 8, 1876. Accompanied by Hoo and Nol-gee, he related to me how he and his people had joined in the Howard treaty, and now that the young chiefs were going to San Carlos the Southern Chiricahuas desired to go there also. His families, however, were some twenty miles distant down near the Mexican line, and he only desired permission to go and bring them in. Although this permission was finally granted, the general demeanor of the wily savage did not inspire complete confidence, and, accordingly, some of my scouts were dispatched to shadow his movements.

Geronimo hastened to rejoin his followers, who, in fact, were then located only about ten miles distant from Apache Pass. A few brief orders were quickly given and at once the quiet camp was transformed into a scene of active but cautious preparations for a rapid march. Every bit of superfluous equipage was cast aside. The feeble and disabled horses were killed, as well as the dogs—lest their bark should betray the secret camp of the fleeing savages. As soon as these preparations had been completed the Southern Chiricahuas, with Geronimo in command, moved rapidly to the Mexi-

can line and thence to the Sierra Madre Mountains, their former home, and which for years after became the stronghold of the renegades.

As soon as my scouts discovered the abandoned camp of the renegades, with its many evidences of a hasty flight, they lost no time in reporting the same to me. Immediately I conveyed this information to General Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona, and who was then at Fort Bowie, and requested him to send some troops to bring back or punish the fleeing Indians. Major Morrow, who with three companies of cavalry and a company of Indian scouts, was stationed in the San Simon Valley, just east of Apache Pass, was ordered in pursuit, and although he took up the trail immediately and followed rapidly into Mexico, Geronimo succeeded in making good his escape with all his families and effects.

These events introduced Geronimo to the country as a renegade. Prior to this time he was positively unknown either as "Eronemo," "Heronemo" or "Geronimo" outside the limits of the Chiricahua Reservation and his native haunts in Sonora. He was a full-blooded Apache and Agent Jeffords is authority for the assertion that he was born near Janos, Mexico.

During the evening of June 8, a very dark, mean looking Indian came into the agency and announced that he was a member of Pi-on-se-nay's party; that his chief was badly wounded and desired to know upon what terms he might surrender to me. I told him that Pi-on-se-nay was a murderer and would be treated as such, whereupon the messenger expressed the opinion that his chief would not surrender. At once I summoned Tau-el-cly-ee, my sergeant of police, and instructed him to select twenty of his best men and bring in Pi-on-se-nay—ALIVE IF CONVENIENT. At the same time I cautioned him to march with loaded rifles in order that if there was to be any shooting his men would be able to join in the fray with disconcerting alacrity and deadly effect. Then, pointing to the messenger, I said: "This man has just come from Pi-on-se-nay's camp. He will go with you. If he proves a good guide, bring him back, but if not—well, then I don't care to see him again." The sergeant simply grinned and said: "She bu-ken-see." (I understand). I then took a Winchester rifle and a six-shooter from the messenger and

told him that IF he came back I would return his arms to him. He did and I did.

Late the next afternoon Tau-el-cly-ee returned bringing with him Pi-on-se-nay and thirty-eight other prisoners—mostly women and children. Inasmuch as Pi-on-se-nay had been at large over two months since the killing of Rodgers and Spence, the citizens of the territory were extremely anxious to know what might be transpiring at Apache Pass. Therefore I wired Governor Safford brief details of the murderer's arrest, and also informed him that it was my purpose to bring Pi-on-se-nay to Tucson for confinement and speedy trial in the federal courts. Within a few days I had good reason for regretting that I had advised the governor of my plan to bring the prisoner to Tucson.

Tah-zay's bullet had made an ugly wound in Pi-on-se-nay's right shoulder. This wound was carefully dressed daily by the post surgeon at Fort Bowie, and in the meantime my police mounted a double guard over the dangerous prisoner.

Arrangements for the removal were speedily completed; a freight train of "prairie schooners," operated by the firm of "Barnett & Block," was in readiness for the transportation of "baggage" and invalids, and on June 12 the sons of Cochise, with their followers, families and effects left Apache Pass and started for the San Carlos Reservation without protest. The company totaled 325 men, women and children, escorted by my Indian police.

As soon as I had seen this picturesque caravan well on its way out of Apache Pass, I returned to the agency for the prisoner, who had been left in the sole custody of that most dependable aide—Sergeant Tau-el-cly-ee. For my personal transportation I was using a single seated rig anl four horses. Placing Pi-on-se-nay on the seat beside me I directed Tau-el-cly-ee to follow close behind, mounted on his faithful steed. Within a couple of hours we had rejoined the caravan, which had struck camp for the night at Ewell Springs, in the foothills of the Dos Cabezas range.

As a striking type of the genuine Apache war-chief, Pi-on-se-nay towered as if created for the part. He was a trifle over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, lithe as a panther. His form was that of an ideal athlete; a

frame of iron compactly bound with sinews of steel—indicating strength, speed and endurance; clean-cut features as if chiseled by a sculptor; an eye as keen but less friendly than that of Geronimo, and a complexion almost black. Although he was nursing a serious wound during the time he was in my custody, he impressed me as being an Indian who could give a splendid account of himself in any combat, and one whom I would rather not meet alone on the trail if he were in an unfriendly mood.

Because of the apparent painful nature of his wound no shackles had been placed on Pi-on-se-nay. Nevertheless, Tau-el-cly-ee and I were inclined to take every reasonable precaution against the possible escape of our wily and dangerous prisoner during the night. Accordingly we spread a pair of blankets on the ground, and having allowed Pi-on-se-nay to make himself as comfortable as possible in the center of these, we spread a single blanket over the wounded Indian — weighting down the overlapping ends of this blanket with our own precious bodies as we stretched out for the night on the opposite sides of the prisoner. If we slept at all it was with one eye open—as the saying goes.

June 13 proved to be a very hot day as well as an unlucky day, so far as my plans for Pi-on-se-nay were concerned. The main caravan was in motion at daybreak, for the next camping grounds with water was at Point-of-Mountain Stage Station—thirty miles distant across the Sulphur Spring Valley, with its long stretches of alkalai shimmering under the blaze of the June sun. Having seen the last of the Chiricahuas on their way, I harnessed up my four-in-hand, adjusted Pi-on-se-nay on the seat beside me and headed westward, with Tau-el-cly-ee and his sturdy charger bringing up the rear.

The duties and responsibilities of the last week had proved a test of endurance, and after a dozen or more miles in the June heat and alkalai dust I became a bit drowsy and, for an instant, my eyes closed. When I opened them my dark-visaged companion was glaring at me. Without appearing to heed his gaze, I purposely allowed my head to nod a couple of times and closed my eyes again. When I suddenly aroused myself an instant later "my friend, the Indian" had straightened up his stately form, turned in his seat until he was fac-

ing me, and his flashing eyes bespoke the intense excitement he strove to control. He had no weapons. Was he hoping for a chance to snatch one from my belt—my knife—my six-shooter? I dunno. Anyhow, these considerations served to keep me wide awake until we drew rein in front of Tom Williams' road-house at Point-of-Mountain.

Among the first to greet me at this station was Deputy-Sheriff Charlie Shibell and his assistant, Ad Linn, armed with a warrant for Pi-on-se-nay. I had planned to convey the prisoner to Tucson personally, with a guard of Indian police, but the deputy sheriffs, with the warrant, held the right-of-way. So I delivered Pi-on-se-nay into their custody about two o'clock, p. m., on that thirteenth day of June, and at nine o'clock that same evening the old war-chief escaped. This, of course, was a great misfortune, as the trial and punishment of this murderer, under the direction of the federal courts, would have had a most beneficial and far-reaching influence among the Apaches of Arizona. And what grieved me more was the firm conviction that if Pi-on-se-nay had remained in my custody, the Indian police would have landed him in the jail at Tucson not later than June 15, 1876. Pi-on-se-nay was killed in Mexico about two years later.

The following is quoted from my annual report for 1876 to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"On June 18 the Chiricahua Indians were located on the San Carlos Reservation without trouble or accident. The terrible shade of that tribe's dreaded name had passed away, and the imaginary army of four or five hundred formidable warriors had dwindled to the modest number of sixty half-armed and less clothed savages."

In the fall of 1876 I took a score of Apaches, including Tah-zay, on a trip to the east. While visiting at Washington, Tah-zay was stricken with pneumonia and died. He is buried in the Congressional Cemetery—where his ashes rest amid the graves of many other distinguished Americans. General O. O. Howard, who made the treaty with Tah-zay's father four years prior, attended the funeral.

With the removal of the Cochise Indians to San Carlos the Chiricahua Reservation was abandoned, hence it

was no longer convenient for Geronimo and his band to step from Mexico upon the reservation and again from the reservation back into Mexico. While this was a decided handicap to the renegades, it did not deter them from making frequent raids through Southeastern Arizona and across into Southwestern New Mexico, where they had friends among the former followers of old Mangus Colorado—one of whom was Ponce, who accompanied General Howard into Cochise's Stronghold. Troops were frequently sent out for the purpose of intercepting and punishing these marauding bands, but Geronimo succeeded in evading pursuit until the San Carlos police were again ordered on his trail.

The dissatisfaction of the people of Arizona with the inadequate protection afforded settlers in the southeastern part of the territory by the military, and the ineffectual efforts of the troops to apprehend and punish the bands of renegade Apaches who were making too frequent raids between Sonora and New Mexico, was expressed in no uncertain terms by the territorial legislature. On February 8, 1877, that body passed an appropriation of $10,000, and authorized the governor to enroll sixty militia for the protection of citizens against hostile Indians.

Immediately Governor Safford wired me a request for sixty of my San Carlos police to serve as territorial militia against the renegades. I advised the governor that I would be happy to comply with his request, provided Captain Beauford, my chief of police, could be placed in charge of this militia company, as I did not deem it wise to send these Apache police out under the command of a stranger. Governor Safford promptly gave his hearty approval to my suggestion . (This Captain Beauford in late years became prominent in Arizona as Col. W. C. Bridwell, his true name. Running away from home when a boy he had taken the name of Beauford). On February 20 I arrived in Tucson with this company of police and turned them over to the governor. Without delay, Captain Beauford and the Indians were enrolled as territorial militia, equipped and rationed, and on February 23 were dispatched for active scouting in Southeastern Arizona.

My "school days" included a three years' course at a military academy, and during the last two years at that

institution I held the rank of captain. This, of course, made me familiar with the manual of arms and company drill, and as we had four companies we frequently indulged in skirmish and battalion drills. Because of my fondness for military maneuvers I had amused myself sometimes by drilling my Indian police. A pleasing result of this "pastime" is shown in a photograph of my body-guard taken at Tucson in May, 1876, in which the company is formed in "a column of twos."

The transfer of a body of Apache police to the governor of Arizona **for service as territorial militia,** in a campaign against hostile Indians, was a unique event in frontier history. Such a momentous occasion seemed to demand some elaborate and spectacular ceremony, and nothing could be more appropriate than a military gesture, with the firing of a salute by the entire company as a climax. The Apache police were not familiar with "blank cartridges" and therefore it seemed to them entirely proper that ball cartridges should be used in firing the salute, in which opinion I heartily concurred—inasmuch as no "blanks" were obtainable. The trail from San Carlos to Tucson measured about 125 miles, and short drills were held each morning and evening while en route. As the Indians entered heartily into the spirit of the game, we were able to make a very creditable showing when the fateful moment arrived for our grand act.

On reaching Tucson I marched the company in a column of twos to the "Governor's Palace." Here the company was halted and stood at "parade rest," facing the "palace," while I rapped on the door. As soon as the governor appeared the company was brought to "attention." Orders were then given for the following evolutions: "Carry arms"; "Rear open order"; "About face"; "Load"; "Aim"; "Fire"; "Recover arms"; "About face"; "Close order"; "Present arms." These orders were given in English and the evolutions followed the old Upton tactics. Having fired the salute and with the company standing at "present," I made my most graceful personal salutation to the governor — AND DELIVERED THE GOODS!

The following local item appeared in the ARIZONA CITIZEN (Tucson), Saturday, February 24, 1877, (on file in the Congressional Library):

"Indian Agent John P. Clum arrived here on Tuesday with sixty stalwart armed Apaches from San Carlos Reservation, with a view to their enlistment under the call of the governor, in pursuance of an act of the late legislature. Mr. Clum marched them in front of the governor's office, where they fired a salute and were inspected by the governor. Afterward they were assigned Tully, Ochoa & Company's large corral as a camping ground where they remained until leaving for the field Friday. Their conduct was orderly and highly creditable in every way. Captain Beauford informed us that he did not even have to speak to any of them in a corrective tone. Agent Clum in this instance has done the public a very valuable service and given another of many proofs of his desire to promote the welfare of the people generally."

Meanwhile, there were reports of frequent raids in which stock was stolen, and traded off at the small towns along the Rio Grande, thus adding much to the prosperity of the renegades. It so happened that Lieut. Henley, who led the troops from Bowie on the trail of Pi-on-se-nay in April, 1876, was passing through the Rio Grande Valley in the latter part of February, 1877. There he saw Geronimo, whither he had come on one of his **trading tours.** Lieut. Henley at once telegraphed to General Kautz that he had seen Geronimo in the vicinity of Las Palomas, and that the renegade undoubtedly was making his headquarters at the Southern Apache Agency, at Ojo Caliente, New Mexico. General Kautz telegraphed this information to the War Department, and that department transmitted the facts to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The result was the following telegram to me:

Washington, D. C.,
March 20, 1877.

Agent Clum,
San Carlos:

If practicable, take Indian police and arrest renegade Indians at Southern Apache Agency; seize stolen horses in their possession; restore property to rightful owners; remove renegades to San Carlos and hold them in confinement

for murder and robbery. Call on military for aid if needed.

(Signed) SMITH, Commissioner.

These orders imposed upon me one of the most important and exciting campaigns I have ever undertaken. With the approval of Governor Safford, I sent a courier to Captain Beauford directing him to proceed at once to Silver City, New Mexcio, with his company, and having enrolled about forty additional police at San Carlos, I hastened to join Beauford at Silver City. At that point the "Arizona Apache Territorial Militia" were taken over by me and their names once more entered upon the agency pay-roll—Captain Beauford included. Having thus been reinstated as members of the San Carlos Indian Police Force, they were merged with the company I had brought with me from San Carlos, and the entire body proceeded thenceforth under my direction. The distance by trail from San Carlos to Ojo Caliente is something like 350 or 400 miles, and the greater part of my little army of Indians measured the entire distance of the round trip on foot.

General Hatch was in command of the Department of New Mexico, with headquarters at Santa Fe. Just before leaving San Carlos I sent a dispatch to General Hatch advising him of the nature of my orders and requesting him to assign sufficient troops at convenient stations in the field to cooperate in the protection of the citizens of Southwestern New Mexico, should serious trouble occur. At Fort Bayard I received a reply from General Hatch informing me that in compliance with my request he had ordered eight companies of the Ninth Cavalry into the field. Having completed all preliminary details, I left Silver City with my police and started on the long trek over the mountains to Ojo Caliente. All along the route we were warned that the main body of the renegades was gathered in the vicinity of the Southern Apache Agency; that this aggregation totaled from 250 to 400 well armed, desperate Indians, and that these rude and ruthless redskins were impatiently awaiting for an opportunity to greet us in the most enthusiastic fashion. These rumors served to sustain the interest in our march into New Mexico.

At Fort Bayard it had been arranged that Major

Wade, commanding the troops in the field, who was then at Fort Union, should meet me at Ojo Caliente with three companies of cavalry on the morning of April 21, but when I arrived at that point on the evening of April 20 I found there a telegram from Major Wade advising me that he would not be able to reach Ojo Caliente until April 22.

Doubtless this delay was unavoidable, but it placed the full responsibility of a most serious situation squarely up to me. It was obvious that if I remained two days at Ojo Caliente with my San Carlos police there would not be a renegade within fifty miles of that point. But troops were now cooperating **at my request.** If I took any action against the renegades without consulting the officer commanding the troops in the field, I must be SOLELY responsible for the results.

I had sent a dependable scout to Ojo Caliente several days in advance of my arrival and he informed me that Geronimo, with between 80 and 100 followers, was then camped about three miles from the agency, and that he had come in to the agency that very day for rations. We had been on the trail nearly a month and had marched all the way from San Carlos for the special purpose of ARRESTING GERONIMO. Our only chance for success was through prompt and resolute action. In these circumstances I determined that we would undertake to make the arrest without delay—relying entirely upon the loyalty and efficiency of the Apache police.

As before stated, most of my police were on foot. We had marched cautionsly to within twenty miles of the agency, where we had camped at noon on April 20. There I selected twenty-two Apache scouts, who had horses, as a special body-guard to accompany me to the agency, where we arrived shortly before sundown. Captain Beauford was instructed to bring the main body of the police to a spring about ten miles from the agency that evening, and to complete the march to the agency leisurely the following morning.

This proved a most fortunate maneuver. The renegades knew that some Indian police were on the trail from Arizona, but they did not know how many, and their general attitude after my arrival at the agency convinced me that they were of the opinion that the twenty-two police, who escorted me in, constituted my

entire force. Upon this hypothesis I based my plan of action.

The main agency building faced the east, fronting on a large parade ground. About fifty yards to the south stood a large commissary building which, happily, was vacant. From this commissary building a row of employee quarters extended eastward along the south line of the parade ground, while the east and north limits of the parade ground were marked by a deep ravine. Such was the general plan of the field on which I hoped the renegades might speedily be lured to their Waterloo.

As soon as it was dark I dispatched a courier to Captain Beauford with orders to bring his reserves in before daylight—and to observe the utmost caution and quiet in approaching the agency. At about 4 a. m. the reserves, numbering about eighty, arrived and were at once quartered in the convenient comissary building, each man with thirty rounds of fixed ammunition AND HIS GUN LOADED. This bit of stratagem, in which the innocent commissary building was destined to duplicate the trick of the famous TROJAN HORSE, operated so effectively that it has been a matter of self-congratulation ever since.

At daylight I sent a messenger to the renegade camp to inform Geronimo and the other chiefs that I desired to have a "talk" with them. They came quickly—a motley clan, painted and equipped for a fight. Supported by a half-dozen of my police, I took my position on the porch of the main agency building, overlooking the parade ground. The remainder of my special escort of twenty-two were deployed in an irregular skirmish line—half of them northward toward the ravine, and the other half southward to the commissary building. Captain Beauford had his station half-way between me and the commissary, and, let me repeat, every man had thirty rounds of fixed ammunition AND HIS GUN LOADED.

The police were instructed to be constantly on the alert and ready for instant combat, but not to shoot: (1) unless ordered to do so by either Captain Beauford or myself; (2) unless Captain Beauford or I began shooting; (3) unless the renegades began shooting. The reserves were instructed that at a signal from

Captain Beauford their sergeant would swing wide the great commissary doors and then race eastward along the south line of the parade ground, and they were to follow hot on his trail at intervals of about two paces—every man with his thumb on the hammer of his gun.

Because the renegades believed they held a decided advantage in the matter of numbers I did not think they would hesitate to assemble on the parade ground in front of my position—and this proved true. They came trailing in just as the sun rose gloriously above the New Mexican ranges. Was this to be the final sunrise for some, or many of us who were watching it—and each other—so anxiously?

Sullen and defiant, the renegades were finally gathered in a fairly compact group in front of me and, as is their custom on such occasions, their most daring men (and just the men I wanted—such as Geronimo, Gordo, Ponce, Francisco, etc.,) were pressed forward as a menace to my personal safety. They fully appreciated that the immediate presence of such desperate characters, fully armed and smeared with paint, is anything but reassuring to a "pale-face."

Promptly I addressed my exceedingly picturesque audience, telling them that I had come a long distance on a very important mission, but if they would listen to my words "with good ears" no serious harm would be done to them. With equal promptness Geronimo replied that if I spoke with discretion no serious harm would be done to us—or words to that effect. This defiant attitude convinced me that it would be useless to continue the parley. The crisis had arrived. The hour had struck, which was to determine the success or failure of our expedition. The excitement, though suppressed, was keen. Would they, upon discovering our superior force and arms, submit without a struggle, or would the next moment precipitate a hand-to-hand fight to the death between these desperate renegades and the bravest and best fighters the Apache tribes of Arizona could produce? On either side were the most determined of men. The slightest cause might change the history of the day.

The situation demanded action—**prompt action,** and very promptly the signal was given. Instantly the commissary portals swung open and Sergeant Rip started his sprint along the south line of the parade grounds. As

if by magic the reserves came swarming out from the commissary and, in single file, leaped after their sergeant at top speed, with intervals that left room for the free use of their weapons. We had started the "action" —most impressive and spectacular action, with those lithe Apache police bounding along, each with his thumb on the hammer of his loaded rifle—alert—ready—and thus far in comparative silence.

However, the release of the reserves had not failed to startle the renegades. At the same time there was enacted a little side-play which, in my judgment, was potent in deciding the issues of the day. At the first sight of the reserves emerging from the old commissary building, a half-dozen of the straggling followers of the hostiles started to move away from the parade ground. When these failed to obey our orders to return, Captain Beauford raised his rifle and leveled it at one of the would-be fugutives. **There are always a few belligerent** squaws who insist upon intruding whenever a "war-talk" is in progress and one of these athletic ladies had stationed herself, doubtless designedly, close by our stalwart chief of police. With a wild yell she sprang upon Beauford and clung to his neck and arms in such a manner as to draw down his rifle—making a superb "tackle" and "interference." I had been keeping my two eyes on Geronimo, but with the echo of that genuine Apache yell I turned just in time to appreciate Beauford's expression of profound disgust when he discovered that he had been captured by a squaw. Then he swung that great right arm, to which the lady was clinging, and she landed ingloriously on the parade ground—and at a respectful distance. Really, a bit of comedy injected into a most serious situation.

This episode consumed less than a minute, but it held the attention of the entire audience and enabled us to get fifteen or twenty additional police in that galloping skirmish line. Also, when Captain Beauford raised his gun the second time the police indicated that they were ready to follow his lead—if shooting was to become general. All of which produced a most wholesome effect on the minds of the renegades. In the meantime, the maneuver of the reserves was such a complete surprise, and had been executed with such dash and daring that before the renegades fully realized what was hap-

pening, they found themselves at the mercy of a threatened cross-fire from our two skirmish lines, which were now deployed on the west and south sides of the parade grounds with the angle at the old commissary building. Geronimo was quick to comprehend the hopelessness of his position. Thereupon he recalled the stragglers and readily agreed to a "conference."

Immediately I directed Geronimo and three or four of his lieutenants to come to the porch where I was standing. Their compliance was stoical. Feeling assured that the crucial moment had passed, I handed my rifle to one of my police and told Geronimo that as we were to have a "peace talk" we would both lay aside our arms. Geronimo frowned his objection, but we had the advantage. I took his gun from his—a bit rudely perhaps—and the same is still in my possession, a much prized trophy of that expedition.

Having taken the guns from half a dozen other "bad men," we settled down for the "peace talk." Geronimo adjusted himself in a squatting position on the porch, immediately in front of me. I began by reminding him that we had met nearly a year before at Apache Pass, when he had agreed to accompany the Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos. To this he replied: "Yes, and you gave me a pass to go out and bring in my people, but I could not get back within the time you allowed, so I did not return—I was afraid." In a most serious manner I told him the story of the killing of his dogs and old horses; his deserted camp; his hasty march into Sonora; the pursuit of the troops, etc., and suggested that if he had really desired to go to San Carlos he would not have hot-footed it in the opposite direction. He gave me a fierce glance, but made no reply. "Well," I continued, "I must be your good friend because I have traveled so far to see you again. Now I want to keep you with me and to know where you are, and so I will provide you with a special escort and then you will not stray away and be afraid to return." Geronimo glared in sullen silence.

Thereupon I ordered him to go with the police to the guardhouse. He did not move. Then I added: "You must go now." Like a flash he leaped to his feet. There was a picture I shall never forget. He stood erect as a mountain pine, while every outline of his symmetrical form indicated strength and endurance. His

abundant ebon locks draped his ample shoulders, his stern features, his keen, piercing eye and his proud and graceful posture, combined to create in him the model of an Apache war-chief. There he stood—GERONIMO, THE RENEGADE—a form commanding admiration, a name and character dreaded by all. His eyes blazed fiercely under the excitement of the moment, and his form quivered with a suppressed rage. From his demeanor it was evident to all that he was hesitating between two purposes, whether to draw his knife, his only remaining weapon, cut right and left and die fighting—or to surrender.

My police were not slow in discerning the thoughts of the renegade. Instantly Sergeant Rip sprang forward and snatched the knife from Geronimo's belt, while the muzzles of a half-dozen needle-guns, in the hands of Beauford and the police, were pressed toward him—their locks clicking almost in unison as the hammers were drawn back. With flashing eyes he permitted himself to indulge in a single swift, defiant glance at his captors. Then his features relaxed and he said calmly: "In-gew" (all right)—and thus was accomplished the first and only **bona fide capture** of GERONIMO THE RENEGADE.

The prisoner was forthwith escorted to the blacksmith shop, and thence to the guardhouse. At the blacksmith shop, shackles were riveted on the prisoner's ankles. These were never removed while he remained in my custody, and never should have been removed except to allow him to walk untrammeled to the scaffold.

Immediately following the arrest of Geronimo, six other renegades were taken into custody, disarmed and shackled—one of whom was "Ponce." But, at that time, I had no idea I was arresting an Indian who had been a trusted and useful member of General Howard's official party on his important mission to Cochise Stronghold. While en route over the mountains from Silver City to Ojo Caliente, we had cut the "hot" trail of a raiding band, which my scouts found led back to the Warm Springs Reservation. After my arrival at the agency I learned that this band had preceded us there only a couple of days; that they had brought in some stolen stock; that Ponce was the leader of this band, and that he exerted a great influence among the renegades. This

was all I knew of Ponce, and it was on this record that I caused his arrest.

And thus it transpired that when Major Wade finally arrived at Ojo Caliente with his escort of cavalry, on April 22, Geronimo and the other principal renegades had been arrested and shackled and were under guard by the San Carlos police.

My orders from Washington, under date of March 20, having been successfully executed, it was decided that Captain Beauford, with the main body of police, should start on their return march to Arizona without delay, with the hope of intercepting some small bands of renegades, who were believed to be raiding between Ojo Caliente and the Dos Cabezas Mountains. Accordingly, I selected twenty-five of the police to serve as my personal escort, and guard for the prisoners, and furnished the remainder with thirty days' rations and 3,000 rounds of ammunition. Thus equipped and in high spirits, Captain Beauford and his command took the homeward-bound trail on the morning of April 23.

About this time I received a telegram from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs directing me to take all of the Indians at Warm Springs Agency to San Carlos, "if upon consultation with the military authorities, such action was deemed desirable." General Hatch and his staff heartily favored the proposed removal and arrangements were at once made to that effect.

Victorio, who later became notorious as a desperate renegade, was the recognized chief of the Warm Springs Indians at that time, and neither he nor any of his followers made serious objection to the removal after they had learned from me and my police force the manner in which all Indians were cared for at San Carlos.

As these Indians had very few "household effects," and a majority of them had been living under conditions which made it necessary for them to be "ready to move at a moment's notice," all preparations for the march to San Carlos were quickly concluded.

General Hatch had not only been cordial in his co-operation, but had been most generous in his commendations of the splendid results accomplished by the San Carlos Apache police. In these circumstances I felt it would be courteous to request him to detail a small escort of cavalry to accompany the main body of the

Warm Springs Indians over the trail to San Carlos. I even argued that such an escort was desirable, owing to the fact that Captain Beauford and his command were well on their way to Silver City before the order for this removal was received, therefore, no police were available to serve as an escort. General Hatch was both cheerful and prompt in complying with my request. Lieut. Hugo and a few troopers were detailed for this duty.

May 1, 1877, was the date set for our departure from Ojo Caliente, and all seemed in readiness for the start to Arizona. But on that morning, while hurrying about to assure myself that all were actually on the move, I saw an Indian sitting on a step in front of one of the employee quarters, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands and his loose hair covering both face and hands. When I spoke to him he simply moaned. Very soon I discovered that this Indian had smallpox. The situation was desperate. We must start on the return trip. This Indian could not travel with the others, and I could not leave him alone to die. Fortunately one of my policemen had had the disease and was immune. He consented to drive the team assigned to convey the sick Indian in a hastily improvised ambulance. In less than an hour after I first saw the sick Indian his transportation had been provided and he had joined our caravan—however, always maintaining a respectful distance to the rear of the wagon conveying the prisoners.

Mr. M. A. Sweeney, chief clerk at the San Carlos Agency, who had preceded me to Ojo Caliente on scout duty, was given full charge of the main body of the Indians on this march over the mountains to Silver City. An actual count showed 453 men, women and children. This company presented a very long and very thin line as they stretched out along the trail—and at the end of this line followed Lieut. Hugo and his guard of honor. I have mentioned this "very long and very thin line" and the "guard of honor" for the purpose of correcting the statement that these Indians were "transported forcibly" from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos.

Lieut. Hugo was a capable officer and a good fellow —and he led willing troopers—but it was obviously impossible for him to patrol effectively that "very long and very thin line" with thirty or forty soldiers, and if

any of those Indians had determined to scatter into the mountains he could not have prevented their going, nor could he have effected their capture with his limited command. The difficulty experienced by troops, in their efforts to apprehend and punish fleeing or marauding bands of Indians has been demonstrated too frequently. Moreover, Mr. Sweeney informed me that during this march a majority of the Indians were from ten to twenty miles in advance of this "guard." Even if Captain Beauford and his San Carlos police had been patrolling the trail, these could hardly have prevented the escape of small parties, had any of the Warm Springs Indians entertained determined opposition to removal to San Carlos.

Having seen the main body of the Indians started on the westward trail, and having arranged for the transportation of the sick Indian by means of the "improvised portable isolation hospital," I could now give my undivided attention to the prisoners. The shackles which the prisoners were wearing were "home-made," and were riveted to the ankles. This made it impracticable to convey them over the trail as they could neither walk nor ride on horseback. Therefore, a large transport wagon was provided for their accommodation, into which they were loaded as comfortably as circumstances would permit. Our provisions and camp outfit were carried in another wagon, and at a safe distance behind these two vehicles trailed our "peripatetic pesthouse." The special escort of police, all well mounted, were divided into two squads—advance and rear guards —and with my last duty at Ojo Caliente accomplished, I mounted my horse, waved a signal which meant "let's go"—and the tedious trek to San Carlos was begun.

Although homeward bound, the first stage of our journey led us further away from Arizona. In order to pass a spur of the mountains which extended southeasterly from Ojo Caliente, it was necessary to follow the wagon road back to Las Polomas on the Rio Grande; thence southwesterly to old Fort Cummings; and thence northwesterly to Silver City, where we joined the main body of the Indians who had come over the trail. From Silver City we proceeded westerly over the Burro Mountains and thence to the Gila Valley, which was followed to the San Carlos Reservation.

The smallpox developed a really serious situation, as the disease was then prevalent in both New Mexico and Arizona. After we left Silver City our ambulatory hospital was taxed to the limit and several died on the trail. Even after the Indians had been located at their new home on the Gila the malady continued to manifest itself with more or less fatal results.

Barring the ravages of this disease, the removal of the Warm Springs Indians was accomplished without serious difficulty or mishap. The prisoners gave us no trouble en route, and on May 20 were safely delivered into the agency guard-house at San Carlos.

The efficiency of the San Carlos Indian police force once more had been demonstrated in a conspicuous manner. During the round trip the police had traveled approximately 800 miles. A majority of them had covered the entire distance on foot. Unaided by the troops they had accomplished the arrest of Geronimo and sixteen other outlaw Indians. Twenty-five members of this force were detailed as the sole escort and guard to accompany the renegade prisoners while en route in wagons from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos—a distance by the wagon road of fully 500 miles. The anticipated danger of an organized attack and attempt to rescue the prisoners by some of their renegade friends, who were still at large, had not materialized, but the police had been constantly alert—prepared for any emergency. For twenty days and twenty nights they had kept faithful watch and vigil, and when the journey ended they delivered their prisoners safely and in irons to the agency police on duty at the guard-house at San Carlos. Sure! They finished the job.

In this narrative of the arrest of Geronimo and the removal of the Warm Springs Indians I have endeavored to present conditions as they existed and events as they occurred with the utmost accuracy, but the facts as I have given them are in conflict with an official statement published on page 61 of the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1877. This conflicting statement is contained in the annual report of Brig. Gen. John Pope, dated at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, September 15, 1877, as follows: "The Warm Springs Apaches, whom at the request of the Interior Department I had trasnported forcibly to the San Carlos Agency in Ari-

zona . . . . etc." This brief and concise pronouncement by Gen. Pope would contribute an interesting item to military history if it were not faulty in several important particulars. First, the Interior Department did not request the military authorities to remove the Warm Springs Indians to Arizona. Second, Gen. Hatch and his staff made no pretense of assuming the responsibilities and directing the details involved in the removal of these Indians. Third, the only Indians "transported forcibly" at that time from Ojo Caliente to San Carlos were the prisoners, and these shackled renegades were arrested and transported by the San Carlos Apache police absolutely unaided by the troops. Fourth, is a fault of omission in that the statement completely ignores the splendid services rendered by the San Carlos Apache police at Ojo Caliente on that eventful day when the troops failed to arrive at the time agreed upon. Outside of the inaccuracies and inequalities as above set forth, Gen. Pope's report may be accepted as entirely fair and dependable.

My original orders from Washington were to arrest Geronimo and hold him in confinement "for murder and robbery," and I felt that the next step in his career should be a trial in the federal courts; in fact, this seemed the only intelligent and just course to pursue. It was obvious that the trial and conviction of this renegade in the regular courts of the "pale-face" would produce a tremendously beneficial moral effect upon the Indians generally, and inasmuch as Pi-on-se-nay had cheated us out of such an example less than a year previous, I was especially desirous of bringing Geronimo to trial.

Accordingly, I advised the sheriff of Pima County, at Tucson, that Geronimo was held in the guard-house at San Carlos, in irons, subject to his orders, or the orders of the court he represented; that he was charged with murder and robbery, and that I was anxious to assist in supplying the evidence necessary to secure a conviction. No action was taken by the sheriff and Geronimo was never brought to trial.

Editorial Note—John P. Clum, after leaving the Indian service, lived for a time in Tucson, where he held another government position. In ~~1881~~ 1882 he went to Tomb-

stone where he, with Chas. D. Reppy, established the TOMBSTONE EPITAPH and for a time served as mayor of that town. Leaving Arizona, in the latter eighties, he entered the employment of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company as industrial agent, lecturing in the effort to stimulate industry where the lines of the Southern Pacific ran. For many years he lived at San Dimas, California, where he owned an orange orchard. Last year he sold this home. He now lives in Los Angeles, at 1958 W. 74th Street.

THE RIVER COLORADO

(By Lieut. E. D. Tuttle)

The American people are united in determination to develop the full resources of this great stream which has for untold ages been rolling its yellow flood from its sources in the snowy peaks of the Rockies and its auxiliary ranges, down to the Gulf of California and, in the process of time, has cut its way through the Grand Canyon; through its different strata of marble pillars, castellated sandstones, granite peaks, great beds of schists, shales and carboniferous deposits; carving out valleys, filling depressions, and carrying life to the dry desert wastes until it found a resting place in its great mother, the ocean. No one lives to tell its story; no human record had been kept, but the record is there to be read by the student of geology in the walls of the mile-deep canyon of its upper reaches, registered as the footprints of time. The rocks and shells of the ages past tell us how high or how low its red turbid waters have rolled in its maddening glee, or silently glided to the sea.

The records are there to show that in the past, during the revolving epochs of time, it has freely poured its vast contents into the ancient sea at Salton. The story can be read as plainly written by nature's never-failing pen; in living lines that can never be erased from nature's magnificent volume of history, in which is written the geological record of the great Colorado River Valley and the vast Salton Basin. It shows that six times that valley and basin have been under the waters of the river and sea.

Modern history informs us that in 1538 Cabeza de Vaca discovered the mouth of the Colorado. In 1540 Fernando Alarcon ascended the river from the gulf to the head of the tidewater. In 1676 Father Eusebio Kino came up the gulf and river to the mouth of the Gila, and forty miles above, visiting the river Indian tribes, which he wished to civilize and bring under church control. Ten years later he came back with Father Pedro Garces, Juan Diaz, Jose M. Moreno and Juan A. Berenche and established three missions; one near what is now known as Hanlons; one at the site of the present Indian school

(once Fort Yuma), and the third eight miles above where the city of Yuma now is, on the east bank of the river. The missions were called in the order mentioned: "Mission of the Apostle Peter and Paul," "The Immaculate Conception of Mary and Saint Isabel." All of these missions were destroyed by Indians a short time later.

In 1745 Father Seldemeyer came, and while here the Indians arose and killed every person connected with the missions, thirty-three all told. In 1776 Father Escalante came from Santa Fe, New Mexico, down the Gila River to Yuma, and down the Colorado to the gulf and to Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico. The mission at Yuma had been reestablished, but in July, 1779, while people were at mass, the Indians arose in a body and killed 170 persons, sparing only women and children, which they carried into captivity, distributing them among the different tribes. This ended the missions.

In 1838 American trappers came in—Peg-leg Smith, Pauline Weaver and Bill Williams, who followed the river for beaver pelts.

In 1847 Gen. Stephen Kearney, with U. S. Dragoons, came through en route to San Diego, California. Next, the emigrants to California gold mines, in 1849, came through, and a ferry was put in at Yuma by G. W. Lincoln. July 11, 1850, Louis J. F. Iager acquired the ferry at Yuma and the emigrant travel increased. Also, Benjamin Hartshorne, Geo. A. Johnson, Dr. Ogden Ankrim, Minturn, Blake, Taffe, Moses and Archibald came to Yuma to settle. During the years of 1850-51 about 30,000 emigrants passed Yuma into California. In the meantime, another ferry was established ten miles below Yuma, where the river bends south and the California trail leaves it, now known as Hanlons. The fare for crossing was from one to two and one-half dollars for each person, and five to ten dollars each team. The lumber for the ferry boats was brought across the desert from San Diego at twenty-five cents a pound freight. On December 20, 1850, Captain H. A. Willcox arrived at the mouth of the river in the schooner Isabel, loaded with general supplies, and came up the river thirty miles, to the head of tidewater. Tides rise and fall at the head of the gulf from twenty to thirty feet and rushes up the river at great speed, causing a great bore as it meets the current, rendering navigation

impossible except at the time it floods or ebbs, and then go with it either way.

In November, 1851, the Indians drove away Mr. Iager and a party of soldiers, who were at Fort Yuma, and being pressed by them had taken refuge at Iager's stronger fort a few miles below Yuma. In the scrimmage, Iager received three arrow wounds.

February 17, 1852, the schooner Sierra Madre, with supplies for the troops which were expected overland, arrived at the mouth of the river and anchored in four fathoms of water. A few days after, Majors Heintzleman and Stoneman arrived with six companies of U. S. soldiers to garrison Fort Yuma. As soon as the troops arrived, Iager and his party returned. Hartshorne, Johnson and Willcox joined in taking a contract to bring stores up from the gulf to Fort Yuma. This was the beginning of the business of freighting by the water route. These same men organized as the Colorado Steam Navigation Company and continued business until the railroad came in 1878.

They commenced by using small barges propelled by ropes and poles at the hands of soldiers and Indians. Heintzleman's command had thoroughly subdued the hostile Indians of the lower river, and made a peace which was never afterwards broken.. These trips took from forty to sixty days. Mr. Minturn, who owned the ferry at Hanlons, died early in 1853 and Iager secured both ferries, the one at the fort and the one at Hanlons.

The first steamboat on the river was the Uncle Sam. She was brought to the mouth of the river in pieces in the schooner Capacity, from San Francisco, and put together by Captain Turnbull. She reached Yuma December 2, 1852. She was a side-wheeler sixty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide and drew two and one-half feet of water. She had a locomotive boiler of twenty horse-power and carried twenty-five tons of freight on twenty-two inches draft. She ran on the river until June 22, 1854, when she sank at her moorings at Pilot Knob, ten miles below Yuma. All efforts to raise her failed.

The second steamer was the General Jessup, a side-wheeler; Capt. George A. Johnson, master, which reached Yuma January 18, 1854, with thirty-five tons

of supplies for the troops at the fort. She was 104 feet long, seventeen feet wide and twenty-seven feet over all, with a seventy horse-power engine and boiler, and carried sixty tons on two feet of water. She was the first steamboat to go above Yuma. In 1858 she went twenty miles above where Fort Mohave and Hardyville now are. On her return trip she met the little iron steamer, Explorer, with which Lieut. Ives. U. S. topographical engineer, was exploring the Colorado River—a stern wheeler and just sent out from New York in pieces and assembled at the mouth of the river. When the General Jessup reached Picacho, fifty miles above Yuma, she ran on a rock and sank. The steamer, Colorado Number 1, which was the fourth steamer on the river, was sent to the Jessup's rescue; raised her and brought her down to Yuma. The Jessup ran the river trade until August 25, 1858, when she blew up near Ogden's Landing, twenty-five miles this side of Lerdo's Cloony, killing two men. She was condemned and her machinery sent to San Francisco. Lieut. Ives' steamer, Explorer, was the third steamer on the river; sent by the government in 1857. She, after taking Lieut Ives and party up-river to Mohave, ran on the Colorado and Gila rivers until she made her last trip up the River Gila after a load of wood. She became unmanageable as she came out the mouth of the Gila and the river current carried her down to Pilot Knob, where she made fast to a tree. The bank, tree and all caved in; she then floated into a slough eight miles below. The river changed its channel and left her iron frame miles inland, to be eaten up by rust.

The fourth steamer on the river, as before mentioned, was the Colorado Number 1, built in San Francisco and sent down in pieces and put together at Yuma, at the foot of Main Street, on the east bank of the river at what is now the city of Yuma. She was the fastest boat ever on the river. She was overhauled at the shipyard of the Col. Steam Nav. Co., at Port Isabel, at the head of the gulf, in 1858. At one time, the U. S. Government paid $500 a day for her use, and for more than two months of the three for which she was chartered, she never turned a wheel. When condenmned, her machinery was put into the steamer, Colorado Number 2. Her boiler lies in the river, just below the U. S. Quarter-

master's Building at Yuma, and her hull at the Gridiron, near the mouth of the river.

The fifth steamer was the Cocopah Number 1, built at Port Isabel, the company's shipyard and dry dock, located near the mouth of the river, on the east bank. As the Delta is low, and overflowed at high tide, the company constructed a levee or dyke, inclosing several acres occupied by the shops, warehouse and dry dock. There was deep water for ships, their cargoes being discharged directly to the boats and barges and taken to Yuma. The Mexican Government never had a custom house there or interfered in any way with the commerce of the port. After running a few years, the Cocopah Number 1 was hauled out at Port Isabel and her hull built up and converted into a warehouse. Her machinery was taken to San Francisco and put into the steamer Hattie Ficket, which ran in the Sacramento River trade.

In 1861-62 there came the gold discoveries at La Paz, Ehrenberg and other places inland, which increased very largely the transportation business up and down the river, lead and copper ores being shipped out. Also, the Civil War added to it by increased troop movement and their supplies.

The Civil War was on and the California Volunteers came to take the place of the regulars, who were taken east. The Apaches were all on the war-path. October 30, 1856, Capt. Isaac Polhamus came out from the east. A native of Renssalaer County, New York, he was an old and experienced pilot on the Hudson River, and entered the company's service as master and superintendent and remained with them until the railroad took over the property in 1878. He was the captain who was always entrusted with the up-river trips. He never had an accident. He could read the channel and avoid the bars of the swirling and turbid river as no other man could. When he came there were, besides him, Capt. A. D. Johnson, a native of Boston, educated as a ship carpenter, and who worked in that capacity when such work was needed, and Capt. D. C. Robinson, a native of Baltimore, also a ship carpenter. When Lieut. Ives, U. S. topographical engineer, came to explore the river with his iron steamer, Explorer, in 1856-57, at the suggestion of Capt. Polhamus, he employed Capt. Robinson

to navigate his boat. The Explorer was of steel construction, brought to the mouth of the river by the schooner Onward, where she was put together.

The original owners of the setamer line had at that time retired from active participation in the river business, and lived on their estates near San Diego, California. Capt. H. A. Willcox and Capt. George A. Johnson both had families. Mr. Hartshorne attended to the San Francisco end of the line. Henry Stevens, a native of New York City, was superintendent at Yuma, a splendid business man. John Dow was bookkeeper and agent, was a native of Portland, Maine, and came on October 20, 1856. David Neahr was chief engineer, a native of Westchester County, New York. He learned his trade at the great locomotive works at Norristown, Pennsylvania. He had been with the company from the first as chief engineer, sometimes operating a boat, but later in an advisory capacity.

The steamer, Cocopah Number 2, was the sixth boat, and the steamer, Gila, was the seventh, all stern-wheelers, and built especially for light draft with great horsepower, as the river was shallow and obstructed by sandbars, except at flood season in midsummer when the snows melted in the Rockies. As a rule, only freight enough was loaded on the boats to give good traction to the wheel and the barges were depended upon for the larger part as a tow.

In 1867 Capt. Trueworthy brought his steamer, Esmeralda, a stern-wheeler, which he had been running on the Sacramento River, from San Francisco, this being the eighth boat on the river. To make his boat seaworthy, he closed in the sides and made the sea trip successfully. He had the material on board for a barge to be put together at the mouth of the river, also supplies as freight for the Mormon setttlements in Southern Utah, to be delivered at the landing called Callville, somewhere near the mouth of the Virgin River below the Grand Canyon. This boat was to run as an opposition line to the Col. Steam Nav. Co. His first trip was made up-river at a rather low stage of water. His boat had too much draft, causing much delay on sand-bars. When nearing his destination, his boat grounded so hard he couldn't get it off in time; the sand accumulated and finally the river, as was its habit, turned away and left

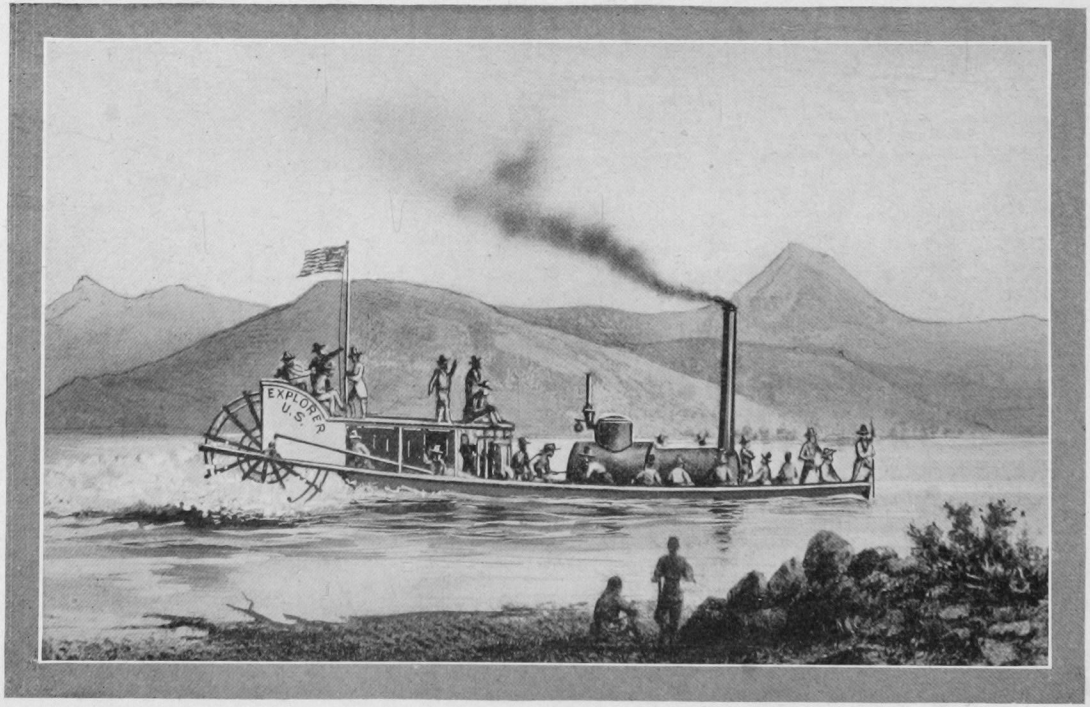
his boat inland. Nothing daunted, the captain went out into the mountains and brought skids; jacked up the boat, and with his powerful windlass skidded her to the river and made his trip. It occupied about a month. His boat had the distinction of reaching the highest point on the river. Callville never became a river port of landing.

The Nina Tilden was the next steamer to come about the same time from San Francisco, in charge of Capt. Charles C. Overman. She was a small stern-wheeler and owned by the company that were to run an opposition line to the Col. Steam Nav. Co. They had a barge in San Francisco, which they converted into a four-masted schooner and loaded her and named her the Victoria. She carried 800 tons, mostly lumber. Capt. D. J. Colson was master and sailed her to the mouth of the river. Capt. John Mellen was first officer. They both afterwards entered the employ of the Col. Steam Nav. Co., as captains of barges and boats. Capt. Mellen was the last one to run a steamboat on the river, years after the S. P. R. R. had acquired the line from the Col. Steam Nav. Co. This last steamer was the Cocan. I do not know her history, whether she was one of the old boats already mentioned, and given another name, or not. She only ran above Yuma, and she was dismantled and broken up about the time the Santa Fe Railroad came to the river at the Needles.

I must go back now in the narrative to March, 1863, when I arrived at Fort Yuma as an officer in the Fourth California Infantry, and say that whatever is stated herein, referring to dates before my coming, has been derived from others—mostly from Capt. Polhamus. Since my arrived, it is largely my personal knowledge.

In 1866-69 I was quartermaster's agent at the army depot, at Yuma, and handled all government freights received by river and shipped to the various camps and forts in the Territory of Arizona and New Mexico. In 1869-71 I was in the employ of the Col. Steam Nav. Co. as the Yuma agent. I have an acquaintance with the river from Port Isabel, at the mouth, to El Dorado Canyon; have traveled it by steamer, and once in a small boat—coming down from Mohave.

The oposition lines, represented by the steamers Esmeralda and Nina Tilden, having failed, they were sold



"The Observer"—Steamboat on the Colorado River in the Sixties

and turned over to the Col. Steam Nav. Co. in 1868. The barges were called the White Swan and the Black Crook. Their three other barges were numbered 1, 2, and 3. The barges White Fawn and Black Crook were used some, but the two steamers were laid up as they were not adapted to the Colorado, being of too great draft. Besides, the company already had three boats, Colorado, Cocopah and Gila, in commission and three barges, 1, 2, and 3.

After the acquisition of the Esmeralda and Nina Tilden, the company had in commission five steamers and five barges. The inward freights all originated in San Francisco. The company chartered small sailing vessels of about 1,000 or 1,500 tons, as sea carriers. Some of them I will name: The schooner Isabel, Brig Josephine and the Barque Clara Bell. These were regular charters. In 1872 or 1873, the compnay put a steamship of their own on the line from San Francisco to Port Isabel, making regular trips, taking in the Mexican ports of Guaymas and Mazatlan. This steamer, the name of which I have forgotten, was able to care for the whole business. She was a propeller, Capt. McDonough, who had been master of the brig, Josephine, of the old line, was made master of the steamer. He was a fine seaman, as I can testify, for, in 1869, my wife and I were passengers on the brig, Josephine, which he commanded on his voyage in August of that year, to the river. That was the longest voyage on record, as to time—forty-two days, encountering calms continually. McDonough went down on the steamer, Pacific, about 1879.

The river boats depended on wood cut along the banks to fire the boilers. Indians furnished most of it; Cocopahs on the lower and Yumas and Mohaves on the upper river. I could follow up in this monologue with much matter personal to those who were participants in the events of years covering the earlier history of the Colorado River region, but the limits of this narrative will not permit it. At a later time I may do so. I must, though, relate one very important event in my connection with the river.

In May, 1863, the government ordered the re-occupation of Fort Mohave. It had been abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, and Major Haller and his company of the Third U. S. Artillery were with-

drawn. I, as quartermaster at Fort Yuma, was ordered to charter a steamer of the Col. Steam Nav. Co., and load her with supplies for two infantry companies, who were to march overland from Camp Drum, at Wilmington, California, which was the garrison. The steamer, Mohave, Capt. Polhamus in charge, was loaded May 13. Lieut. James A. Hale, with a detachment of ten soldiers as escort and guard aboard, started on the 250 mile trip. The boat arrived at Mohave a few days ahead of the troops. When Major Haller's command withdrew, there being no whites in that section, and the Mohave Indians being friendly, he gave the keys and all the government property there into the custody of the head Mohave chief, Sic-a-hote. Lieut. Hale reported, upon arrival at the fort, and Sic-a-hote and hundreds of his people met them and handed the lieutenant the keys and helped get the supplies up into the warehouse, which was several hundred yards from the boat landing and on the bluff. They found everything intact, except a few doors and windows which had been carried away by miners from La Paz. The lieutenant, in consideration of all this, turned over flour, hard bread, sugar and other edibles sufficient for a feast, to the assembled tribe.

Fort Mohave was first established in 1857 by Capt. Burton and Lieut. Ayres, Sixth U. S. Infantry and Third U. S. Artillery, respectively. After the Indians had massacred a company of emigrants en route for California, Major Armistead and Lieut. Levi N. Bootes, Second U. S. Infantry, I think, conquered the Mohave Indians in a battle a few miles below the fort. The Indians were led by Chief Ir-a-ta-ba. He was the war chief of the tribe. Major Armistead afterwards joined the Confederate Army, and as Gen. Armistead led the Confederate column in what is known as Pickett's Charge—(Gen. George H. Pickett)—at the second day's Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1864, where he was killed. The writer has been on the ground where this Indian fight occurred and had it described by Billy Furlong, Armistead's servant, who was present. The soldiers were formed in open order, their flanks protected by a lagoon. Chief Ir-a-ta-ba charged the soldiers in a regular skirmish line, shooting arrows—they had no guns. The soldiers were ordered to hold their fire until the

Indians got near enough, then the order was given to fix bayonets. When Ir-a-ta-ba saw this, he concluded they couldn't shoot and told the Indians to rush and kill them all with their clubs. Then the order was given for each man to select his Indian and fire. The volley killed many and put the rest to rout. It resulted in ending the war and ever since the tribe has been friendly.

The Mohaves are physically the finest of the Arizona Indians, and the bravest. They were nude, except for the breech cloth which was colored red or blue. They were all tattooed on the face with blue lines, as a tribal mark. The women wore a tunic made from the inner bark of the cottonwood; bleached by immersion for several weeks in water, then beaten into a fluffy fiber and held by a belt around the hips. It was modest.

The climate of the upper Colorado Valley is hot and dry. Records kept by the medical department of the army make it the hottest military post in the United States. Also, it is almost rainless. The Mohave Valley extends from The Needles, which are sharp rocks rising in the river canyon, fifty miles below the fort, to El Dorado Canyon above. It was timbered by willow, cottonwood and mesquite of two varieties, podded and screw bean. These beans were the principal food of the Indians. At the harvest times, they put them up in silos, on platforms elevated on posts eight or ten feet, to keep them from bear and coyotes. They also used the seed of the millet-like grass that grew very rank after the June overflow. They also grew wheat and squashes on the damp bottoms, following the receding water. They never have had to be fed by the government. The women are industrious. Hardly a day passes that they all do not take a bath and swim in the river, which insures them a sanitary and healthful existence. Disease was hardly known among them until they came in contact with the whites. They cremated their dead. All the worldly effects of the deceased were cast upon the funeral pyre, thus avoiding trouble in distributing estates among heirs. They allowed no adjoining tribes to trespass on their valley and maintained a regular line of pickets, or police, up and down the valley. At daylight each patrol could be heard passing the word that all was well.

In 1864, John Moss, discoverer of the Moss Lode, rich

in gold, was appointed agent for the Mohaves. In March, 1865, this agent conceived the idea of taking the great war chief, Ir-a-ta-ba, to the city of Washington to see President Lincoln. He got the authority to do so. They first went to San Francisco, thence by steamer, via Panama, to New York, arriving in Washington in time to see the grand review of the combined armies of Grant and Sherman, through Pennsylvania Avenue, in May, 1865. Probably one of the grandest military pageants of all time. Ir-a-ta-ba was on the reviewing stand and saw it all. When he left for this trip his people could not understand it, and his long continuued absence caused great distrust and uneasiness. He had three wives and many children, all mourning him as dead. One day, word came that Ir-a-ta-ba was en route home. A cloud of dust on the western horizon disclosed a wagon train descending the slope to the river. Sam Todd, the feryman, had his boat at the landing and Ir-a-ta-ba was seen by his people. They were all present on the opposite shore, as he stepped into the boat. He was over six feet tall. A few strokes of the oars brought him to the shore. I was an interested spectator and must describe his dress and appearance. He was most solemn and dignified. He had on a cocked hat or chapeau, such as an admiral sports when in full dress, with a black ostrich plume gracefully falling over his shoulder. He was attired in full major-general's uniform, not omitting the yellow sash. At his belt was swinging a long Japanese sword, of the kind the Sumarai commit hari-kari with; one of those that crooks the wrong way—with the long handle, also. On his breast ribbons and orders; on his shoulders epaulettes. And there were shoes to match. As he stepped ashore he took no notice of his wives and children, who held the post of honor in the front row, but took the line of march for the headquarters of the commandante, Capt. Charles Atchison, followed by everybody, and with Capt. Jack, a sub-chief, as the official interpreter. The captain was seated in front of his quarters to receive him, and, after a handshake, Ir-a-ta-ba addressed his people, which was interpreted by Jack as he went along about as follows: As the interpreter had no idea of the sea, he called the voyage "going over the ferry," and the substance of it was the wonders of the great cities he

saw, and the multitudes of white people and all the other things so foreign to his conception of his limited world. As he closed his address, he turned to the crowd and in an impressive manner told them of the white soldiers of the parade and of their numbers; more than the leaves of the cottonwoods along the river; that the Mohaves must never go to war with the whites, as they were too numerous and had too many guns. As a finale to this spectacle, the captain ordered the commissary officer, Lieut. Nason, to make an issue of enough rations to feed the crowd, which adjourned to the river bottom and soon had fires going and everybody happy on a full stomach.

The following day Ir-a-ta-ba appeared around the post. He still had his uniform, but had discarded his shoes and cocked hat. After a handshake, he produced from his pocket about a hundred photographs, which had been presented to him while on his tour. They were all autographed by givers, who were congressmen and their wives and state and government oficials, army and navy officers mostly. The collection was most valuable and interesting. It was not long until Ir-a-ta-ba had relapsed into his old life and his finery went into the scrap. The agent said the Jap sword and the orders and jewels on his coat were presented by an English nobleman, the rest by army officers and congressmen. The jewels were large, but evidently glass.

Ir-a-ta-ba is the Indian who purchased the Oatman girls, Olive and Mary, from the Apaches, in 1851, when the family was attacked at Oatman Flat, on the Gila. The father and mother were killed; Ira, the son, wounded and left for dead but afterward recovered, the girls being carried into captivity. Several years afterwards they were rescued by Henry Grinnel, of Yuma, who paid Ir-a-ta-ba for delivering Olive to him at Yuma. Mary had died. The government sent Olive to her uncle in California—Dr. Oatman, who lived in Santa Rosa, Sonoma County.

I now go back to 1863, and the steamer, Cocopah, on her return trip. May 2, the two companies having arrived at Fort Mahove—Capt. Fitch's Company B, and Capt. Atchison's Company I, Fourth California Infantry —David J. Williamson, first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster, having received and receipted for the

supplies, the steamer, Cocopah, started on her return trip. The boat reached La Paz the first night and tied up. Boats never run at night on the Colorado. Several of Lieut. Hale's soldier escort were in need of supplies and were permitted to go to the town, which was some distance from the river, to make purchases. The night was dark, and not expecting an attack, they left their arms behind. About ten o'clock, they collected in front of Goldwater's store, to return, when fire was opened on them from ambush, killing Privates Wentworth and Behn and wounding Private Gainer and one other whose name I do not recall. The wounded men were cripples for life. No effort was made by the citizens of La Paz to arrest the murderers. It was charged to some ex-Confederates, of Sibley's command, which had been defeated at the battles in the Rio Grande Valley.

When the Cocopah arrived at Yuma on the 22 of May, there was great excitement among the troops. It was proposed to put a force aboard the steamer and return to La Paz and investigate and arrest the perpetrators, if possible. Word was sent down that the suspected parties had left for New Mexico and nothing was ever done about it. It resulted in one of the companies at Mohave, Atchison's Company I, being stationed at La Paz until November, 1863, when they returned to Mohave.

It was about this time that Ehrenberg was made the landing point on the river, as the rich placers at La Paz were being worked out. This new town was named for Herman Ehrenberg, a German mineralogist, who discovered the Vulture Mine. He did much for the mining industry in those early years.

Captain Trueworthy was enterprising and deserves to be remembered for his efforts to promote river transportation, by putting the Esmeralda and Nina Tilden in service, also the schooner, Victoria, at sea. They did not serve long. The Nina Tilden was taken to Port Isabel for repairs. There came a heavy tide, that parted most of her lines, and she overturned as she swung broadside to the combers, her top works being carried away into the gulf. Her machinery was hauled out on the bank, after her hull was cut away, the latter following the upper works into the gulf.

The schooner, Victoria, which was 186 feet long, was

loaded with lumber. On arriving, she went up the river 25 miles to Horse Shoe Bend and anchored. During an incoming tide, she drifted on her anchor and one of the flukes stove a hole in her bottom. She was towed into Starvation Point Slough, where the tules were very thick and high. The Indians set the tules on fire, which ignited her rigging and hull, and what was left of her lumber floated down the gulf and was lost.

One by one, as the older steamers were worn out, they were taken to the common grave at Port Isabel, their machinery taken out; their works dismantled and their skeletons left there to perish with time and tide.

The steamer, Mohave Number 1, was the most powerful one ever on the river. When she was worn out, her machinery was taken to San Francisco and put into the steamer, Onward, and ran on the Sacramento for years after. When the S. P. R. R. reached the river, in 1877, to meet possible competition they bought all the steamers, barges and ferries.

The Colorado is a mighty stream in the months of May, June, July and August. The average depth at the railroad bridge for years has been twenty feet, or 100,000 cubic feet per second. The other months it gets low. The proposed retaining dams would distribute the water throughout the season and prevent waste. Not a drop should be permitted to go into the gulf when the improvements are completed. None of the tributaries of the river, entering below the Grand Canyon, now contribute much to its volume except for short periods, when heavy rains occur, as they have been diverted by farmers for irrigation. There may be a heavy underground flow that can be recovered by pumping, as cheap power is produced at the dams.

The only dam on the Colorado at the present time, 1928, is the Laguna Dam, thirteen miles above Yuma, where the water is raised about twelve feet. It only serves for the diversion of water for irrigating the Yuma Indian Reservation, and bottom land on the California side, and the Yuma Valley below the junction of the Gila on the Arizona side, as the water is carried across the river at Yuma in an inverted syphon, made of concrete fourteen feet diameter, ninety feet below the bottom of the river and about 600 feet to the Arizona side, where it is brought up and carried along the mesa down

about twenty-six miles to the Mexican boundary. At a point below Yuma an electric power plant raises the water to the mesa, where extensive citrus planting is being done; this area being frostless and producing a very fine, thin-skinned fruit. Water is also diverted from the dam on the east or Arizona side into the Gila Valley, north side. Several miles below Yuma the great Imperial Valley Canal is diverting water in Lower California territory. At low stages of water a temporary dam is installed. Fifty per cent of this water is used in Lower California.

The full development of the river will tax the resources of the general government, as well as the adjoining states, and requires many years, but will be of untold value to the states of the southwest, also of the country at large.

The men who have been most directly connected with the river development, and this article is too limited to include all, have passed away, in so far as the writer knows. Capt. Geo. A. Johnson, A. D. Johnson, A. S. Wilcox, Isaac Polhamus, Steve Thorne, D. C. Robinson, John A. Mellen, D. J. Colson, Henry Stevens, John Dow, Chas. H. Brimley, Jas. A. Finley, Capt. C. W. Meeden, Frank Townsend, Joe Godfrey, Ben Christie, Charlie LeRoy, John W. Dorrington, Louis J. F. Iager, David Neahr, McAfee, Manny, Lowe—these men were superintendents, engineers and agents. There was also Sam Ames, the up-river agent, and many others whose names I do not recall. Living in that early period was not luxurious. Beans, hardtack and bacon was the regular fare. This hot climate was too much for perishable food-stuffs. Butter and milk was out of the question; Irish potatoes a rarity—nothing of farm products produced in the nearby region. Occasionally a team would go **inside** to Los Angeles. That was the term we all used when anyone went to California. It was really **outside.** Upon returning, we brought such things as Southern California markets afforded, and that was not much more than we had at home.

It is strange what an infatuation the desert had for its denizens, once permanently planted they just get rooted to the soil and cannot get loose. Misery loves company, it is said, and that may account for some of it. The writer, the only relic of the earlier day, still feels

the attraction of the desert sun. The sun moves the planets, the tides of the ocean and is THE LIFE. We all worship at the shrine of the great Orb of Day, and are gloomy when his face is hidden by clouds.

Supplementary Notes by E. D. Tuttle

When Arizona was organized in 1863, its boundaries were not the same as now. In 1871, that part lying on the west side of the river Colorado in the northwest afterwards included in Pah Ute County, was taken from Arizona and annexed to the state of Nevada. The strip of territory lying on the east side of the river Colorado below the mouth of the Gila, which was included in California according to its southern boundary as described in the Act of Admission to the Union as a state in 1850, was by Congress taken from California jurisdiction and added to Arizona about 1870 or 1871. I find no mention made of the transfer in any of the books or histories of Arizona. As that strip had been the source of much controversy up to that transfer, to Arizona, is my reason for referring to it here. The southern boundary line of California as described in the Act of Admission, "commenced at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers; thence in direct line to the mouth of the Tia Juana river at the Pacific Ocean." The Colorado at its junction with the Gila turns a little northwesterly for about ten miles, where it again turns in its general southern trend to the Gulf of California.

The direct line as described cut right through the city of Yuma, leaving a strip between the line and the river down to the Algodones, where the river turned south and crossed the line and again became the line between Baja California and the Gadsden Purchase, afterwards New Mexico and later Arizona. The buildings of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company were in this strip, the U. S. Quartermaster's depot, several stores and residences also. The property was assessed, and boats were registered in San Diego County. People in the strip voted in San Diego County also. When Arizona Territory enacted her laws and appointed county officers in 1864, Yuma County levied taxes, issued licenses and claimed jurisdiction of her courts in this strip. The residents in the strip continued to pay taxes and vote in San Diego County, refusing Yuma county claims. Fi-

nally, Major Macus D. Dobbins, District Attorney of Yuma county, brought suit vs. The Col. Steam Nav. Co. in 1869. The company filed an answer and a demurrer and its attorneys referred the matter to Hon. J. O. Hamilton, Attorney General of California, who presented the matter at Washington, which resulted in giving Arizona full jurisdiction in all powers of government. I never knew what proceedings were had in settlement. It would be interesting to the present generation to know.

It is probable that no one in authority knew in 1850 of the freak bend in the Colorado to the northwest, when the congress fixed California's boundaries. The boundary line between Mexico and the Gadsden Purchase was surveyed several years after the treaty and the true situation known. The misfortune of it all is, that our commissioner, Mr. Gadsden, did not stand for a line that would have given Arizona a port at the head of the gulf. It would have only taken in Mexican territory entirely uninhabited at that time and has remained so to the present, and would have relieved the improvement of the river of some of its complications.

In 1867, Yuma was made a Port of Entry and Mr. R. B. Kelly came from Chicago as Deputy Collector of Customs. This added to the troubles of the transportation company, as the boats received their cargoes in Mexico and passed through foreign territory to reach Yuma. Consequently the collector must be furnished by the company manifests of cargo upon arrival of each boat and take out clearance when leaving for the mouth of the river. As no foreign importations were made, there were no duties to be paid. The collector's duties were light, to see no smuggling was allowed, to draw his salary and make quarterly reports. There was never any Mexican Customs Officials at the gulf or the line. In those early years some smuggling was reported along the Texas, New Mexico and Arizona line to the east, but not on the river line.

The Indian tribes inhabiting the Colorado River Valley, at the time American occupation began, were distributed, commencing at its mouth, about as follows: The "Cocopahs" around the head of the Gulf and fifty miles above, in Lower California, ranging over the lower Imperial Valley and Cocopah Mountains. The "Yumas" occupied the country next above up to the Chimney

Peaks (or Picachos) fifty miles above the mouth of the Gila river; living mostly on the California side where the present Yuma Indian Reservation is. The "Chemahuaves" occupied the California side above in what is known as the Chemahuave Valley, or Palo Verde Valley, ranging over the Mohave desert to the west to the Mohave River country. They were not very numerous. The "Ah-moke-haves" (their original and proper name) now known as "Mohaves," occupied the country on the Arizona side from the Yuma country, now the Colorado Indian Reservation and both sides of the river up to Cottonwood Island, which is about thirty miles above Fort Mohave; now become the Mohave Indian School. Their principal home is the Mohave Valley, which occupies sixty miles of the river above The Needles, which are sharp points of rocks where the river cuts through the mountain range. These sharp rock pinnacles are high and very conspicuous. The valley is several miles broad, mostly on the Arizona side, and contains much arable land. The Mohaves and Yumas speak the same language and have the same customs and physical apperance, being tall, muscular and well developed with handsome features, and of a light copper color. They differ from the Cocopahs, who are smaller, darker and with a different language, which is said to be the same as the Apache language, which they resemble. The "Pah-Utes" occupy the river above the Mohaves up to the Grand Canyon. Their range is extensive, covering all the desert country to the north and west in California and Nevada and Southern Utah. The "Wallipais" occupy the Grand Canyon and to the south to Bill Williams River. Their country is mountainous and elevated, cool and salubrious in climate and rich in mineral and nutritious grasses; wooded with cedar and juniper.

The Colorado and its tributaries drains one of the richest mineral regions on the American Continent. The value of its water when diverted to the use of agriculture can hardly be computed; but its greatest benefits will be derived from the power in its never failing waters, as they drop to the lower valleys; developed at its various levels by dams, and applied to the multifarious uses of modern civilized life. The power, which probably when fully realized will exceed ten Niagaras, will require much time and vast capital. The latter is avail-

able at any moment; but time when lost is gone forever. Let there be no unnecessary delay in initiating the work. United we stand, divided we fall. Unity moves mountains; wrangling and division halts at a mole hill.

In referring to the original and proper name of the Mohaves I have as my authority the statement of the Indians—"Ah-moke" is "Three" in their language and the present tribe was formed by uniting three branches called "Haves"; therefore: Ah-moke-Haves (3 Haves).

EXPERIENCES OF A PIONEER ARIZONA WOMAN

(By Sarah Butler York)

I have been asked to give you some sketches of my pioneer life, and if you will excuse a simple story told in a simple way, I will try to give you a few of the experiences which came to us: first on the long journey from Missouri to New Mexico; second, on the trip from New Mexico to Arizona, and others during our life on the cattle ranch on the Gila River, twenty miles south of Clifton, Arizona.

In the spring of 1873, a party of sixteen persons, four women, seven men and five children, started from the central part of Missouri to find homes in the far west; all were hoping to better their fortunes, and a few, including myself, were seeking health; some kind neighbors advised my husband to put a spade in the wagon thinking it might be needed, but I was anxious to make the trial.

Our train consisted of covered wagons, drawn by oxen and a herd of cattle, driven by the younger men who were on horses. Our long, tedious journey required four months. You will realize that our progress was slow because all our possessions such as food, clothing, bedding, cooking utensils and tents were packed in the wagons, besides the women and children. Nine miles a day was the average distance we covered. Travelers now going over the same route at an average of fifty miles an hour will, no doubt, think of us with pity—but though slow we were sure. We were fortunate in regard to the weather as there was not much rain. On stormy nights the men did the cooking while the women and children remained in the wagons or tents, but we were usually so cramped from sitting all day we were glad to get out for exercise, if possible. After we reached the plains, wood for cooking was our greatest problem and it was some time before the women would consent to use a fire made of buffalo chips. Afterwards we made a joke of it, and would laugh to see some of the fastidious young men come into camp with a sack of chips on their shoulders; the old chips that had laid there for years through all kinds of weather certainly made a wonderful fire. By that time another party of

four men, driving a larger bunch of cattle, had joined us and we welcomed the addition, believing there was more safety in numbers. We could hear the prairie chickens most every morning and passed large herds of buffaloes at different times and saw many antelopes. Our men killed several antelopes and two buffaloes on the way and the fresh meat was very acceptable; however, I would not care for a diet of buffalo meat. One day they had wounded a large buffalo and chased it until it was very tired. Our camp happened to be in the way, so he came right through. The women and children took refuge in the wagons, much disturbed over the uninvited guest. The work that has been done to preserve the buffaloes reminds me of what I saw when we touched at one point in Western Kansas. The Union Pacific Railroad, sportsmen on board the trains had shot the buffaloes down until they lay by the hundreds, and were left to decay without even removing the skins. It was pitiful to see an act of such vandalism.

When we came through the Sioux and Fox Indian Reservations in Western Kansas one of the men missed his dog. After we were camped he went back to look for it, but was unsuccessful, but when he became angry and drew his revolver the Indians took him into a tepee where the dog was tied; no doubt they were preparing to have a feast of dog meat.

The government had built good stone houses of two rooms for these Indians, but they would not use them and were living in ragged tepees nearby. They had used the floors and the window and door casings for fires.

We saw many Indians, but no hostiles, although we had been warned before starting not to cross the Arkansas River. I was fortunate in being the first to see the mountains, which to me was a glorious sight, as it was just at sunrise. None of the party had seen a mountain and all were very much excited with our first view of the Rockies in Colorado; we repoiced, too, that we were nearing the promised land, and a land of promise it indeed proved to most of us. Some felt they were too far from civilization and returned to the old home, but the families remained and prospered. It was a rough life, living in log cabins with dirt roofs, forty miles from a post ofifce or supplies. An ox team was our only

means of travel and yet we were gloriously full of life and health. We had lived at this beautiful place at the foot of the Rocky mountains three years when we learned that we were on the old Maxwell Grant and could get no title to the land. We had read of the possibilities of the Gila Valley, pronounced with a hard G, of course, so my husband decided to come still farther west and left us in the spring of 1877. In October of the same year he made arrangements with a Mr. Chandler, who owned and operated a large ox train, to bring us a distance of five or six hundred miles; so with my two little daughters of eleven and six years and a baby girl fourteen months, we boarded an ox train, which consisted of sixteen immense wagons, each drawn by ten or twelve yoke of oxen. The one provided for us was a good sized spring wagon with bows and canvas cover, trailed behind the last wagon. In this we carried our clothes and bedding; the bed was rolled up in the back of the wagon during the day; at night we spread it in the bottom and made a fairly comfortable bed. The man who owned the train promised to make the trip in six weeks, but on account of having poor oxen and encountering stormy weather, we were almost three months on the way. Some nights the oxen would wander so far they could not be found in time to move on next day and we would be compelled to remain in camp much against our will, for when we were moving, even if it were ever so little, we felt we were drawing nearer the end of our journey. The drivers were all Mexicans. After camp was made at night and the teams were turned loose a large fire was built for the men, and a smaller was made near our wagon. The provisions and cooking utensils were brought to my wagon as, unless it was very cold or snowing, I did my own cooking. In case of stormy weather food was brought to us. If there was snow the men would scrape it off, cut pine boughs and build a wind break, then we would wrap up and sit out by the fire. They were good to the children and would want to hold them. This would have been a rest for me, as I had to hold my baby all day to keep her from falling out of the wagon, but they were so filthy and infested with vermin I didn't dare allow them to help me, and as it was we did not entirely escape. We learned a few Mexican words, the alphabet and how to

count. Mr. Chandler said we were not to ask the meaning of their songs as we could enjoy them better not to know. Since we were so long on the road our provisions gave out and we had to use the same food provided for the Mexicans; beans, flour, coffee, bacon and dried fruit. One night we camped near a white family who were going in the opposite direction; the man had killed a bear and gave us some of the meat, which we enjoyed. These were the only white people I saw after leaving Albuquerque and we passed through no towns except little Mexican plazas.

Mr. Chandler had told us what route we would take and the towns we would pass through so I could get mail, but after he started he changed his route twice and I had not a line from anyone for almost three months. My people back in the old home, thinking we were at the mercy of half savages, as they judged the Mexicans to be, were very anxious, and my husband was anxious, too, although he had confidence in the man's promise to bring us through safely. Fortunately, we were perfectly well all the time. If any of us had been seriously ill nothing could have been done. One Mexican did die one night in the wagon next to ours. We heard him moaning and calling on God to help; it was bitterly cold and no one went to him. The next morning they seemed very much surprised to find him dead. We had to stay over one day so they could carry the body to a little plaza and lay it in consecrated ground. I thought it would have been more Christian to have taken care of him while he was alive.

The train moved so slowly we would take turns walking in good weather and could easily keep up with the wagons. The children gathered quantities of pinon nuts and in the evening the men helped to roast them. We passed many hours cracking and eating them as we moved along.

The first word I had from my husband was a note sent by some teamsters. This message reached me fifty miles out of Silver City. Two days afterwards he met us with a light wagon and a team of large mules. That was a joyful meeting and we gladly said goodbye to the plodding old oxen. It seemed that we were flying as we bowled along the last twenty-five miles to Silver City, where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening to

find our little adobe house all ready for us, even the wood was laid ready for a fire in the Mexican fireplace, built in one corner of the room. How good it was to feel a floor under our feet and to have a comfortable bed on which to rest! My husband was very proud to think I would undertake such a journey to be with him, but I told him to make the most of it for, knowing what it meant, I would never do it again, alone.

I have made other journeys equally as tiresome and dangerous, when one was afraid of Indians behind every tree or rock. If we were traveling by night we imagined every soap weed was an enemy running, but he was with us and told us never to look for an Indian, because he would always hear the shot first.

Silver City, where we arrived the last of December, 1877, was quite a small place then. It is the county seat of Grant County, New Mexico, and at that time the silver mines were in active operation. There were also many large and small cattle ranches and sheep herds scattered over the country and a number of small farms or ranches, as we call them in this western country. These were located in the valleys around and all were drawing their supplies from Silver City, which trading made the town a very flourishing and prosperous place. It is beautifully situated and has a fine climate. We remained in this place, where my husband was engineer in the smelter, for over two years, then he took a herd of cattle on shares from Harvey Whitehill, sheriff of the county, and moved them out on the Gila river only a few miles from the Arizona line. After the cattle were located he returned for the family and we again embarked in a wagon, but this time it was drawn by horses. We were only two days making the trip over the Continental Divide, through the Burro mountains by way of Knight's Ranch. There we saw the burned remains of a wagon, household goods and wearing apparel scattered about where the Indians had massacred a family a short time before. We passed over a long dry mesa to a crossing on the Gila and drove down the valley past a few scattered ranches to the cattle ranch where we were to live for a year in a Jacel house, made by setting posts close together in the ground and daubing them with mud. It had a dirt roof and floor. While we lived at this place I taught school in one of the rooms, having an

enrollment of nine children, including my two. With the proceeds of this venture I bought my first sewing machine. After a year we moved fourteen miles down the river into Arizona and settled on government land, which is now called York Flat. There were a few shacks on the place, and my husband soon had built a large adobe house with shingle roof, windows and floors which were a real luxury. Here we felt at home once more. Our house was a stopping place for travelers going from the railroad at Lordsburg to Clifton and the Longfellow Mines, which were owned and controlled by the Lesinskys. We entertained a number of interesting people; men who would be welcome guests in any society and more than welcome to us. They were very cordial and friendly and made an effort to give us the news of the outside world. Some of those I like to remember were Colonel Lee and Governor Sheldon, of Santa Fe; H. W. Lawton, Gen. John A. Logan, the Churches, who were the first owners of the mines at Morenci; many army officers, and Archibald Clavering Gunter, a story writer, who wrote profusely. One of his most interesting stories is "Miss Nobody of Nowhere," a rather exciting story of Indian troubles in the neighborhood of the ranch. The Indians were hostile and made a raid somewhere through the country twice a year, in the spring and fall when the grass and water was plentiful for their ponies. One time all the settlers got together about twenty miles up the river, making the trip at night because the Indians never attack at night or during a storm. We stayed at that ranch a week; sometimes the men would fill gunny sacks with sand and pack the windows half way and we would stay at the ranch. At other times everyone forted at Duncan and on this occasion the cowboys followd the Indians several days and pressed them so closely a squaw dropped her papoose which was strapped in the basket. The baby was so filthy the women had trouble getting it clean. A family named Adams took the child, a boy, and as he grew he developed the Indian traits. He was very cruel with other children and often struck at them with a hammer or rock. At one time he slashed a little boy with a knife, but was caught before the boy was badly hurt. The Indians traveled fast, only stopping long enough to run off the horses or kill a beef or human being they found. I do

not remember them ever attacking a house, for the Apache Indians are great cowards and never fight in the open. A rattlesnake is a more honest enemy, because he, at least, warns one before striking. At one time five hundred Indians passed the ranch and, as it was round-up time, they killed a good many cattle and one man in sight of the house and two others a few miles above. Another time we heard the shot that killed a young man who had been at the ranch an hour before, playing croquet. There are many other incidents I could mention, but will not at this time.

If the men were late coming in from their rides after the cattle I was very uneasy and could not rest. My husband would scoldingly say that he always trailed a cow until he found her, and that I must get used to his being away. I often told him the day might come when he would wish I would become uneasy and send men to hunt him. This proved true, for if I had known it was Indians instead of rustlers who had stolen our horses three years later I would have sent men to his relief and he would not have been ambushed and killed.

After my husband's death I was compelled to remain at the ranch, as all we had was there. With the five children, the oldest sixteen and the youngest eight months, I went through many rough and dangerous experiences. The children's education was a serious problem. I tried taking them to California, but things went wrong at the ranch and I was sent for. I brought with me a young lady teacher, who stayed with us two years and took entire charge of the children; then we had another teacher for the same length of time. Altogether we had four and this arrangement proved much more satisfactory than sending them away from home.

Many things crowd into my mind, but I shall bring my story to a close by saying to you dear young people, who are starting out in life and are feeling, sometimes, that you are having many hardships to contend with in these rough mining camps, that if you just stop and think how much better you are situated than we of the earlier days were, you will have very much to be appreciative and thankful for.

SARAH BUTLER YORK.

720 Westlake Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Dec. 15, 1923.

PETE KITCHEN—ARIZONA PIONEER RIFLEMAN AND RANCHMAN

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD
Dean of the College of Liberal Arts
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Pete Kitchen was the connecting link between savagery and civilization in Arizona. He was a rough charcoal sketch of a civilized man. He came to Arizona in 1854, and farmed rich, broad acres on Potrero Creek, near its junction with the Santa Cruz. During the bloodiest days of Indian warfare his name was a household word among the white settlers, and to the wild Apache he was "more terrible than any army with banners."

His hacienda, situated on the summit of a rocky hillock overlooking the valley in every direction, was as much a fort as a ranch-house. On their raids through the valley the Apaches passed by it both coming and going. Kitchen was almost the last settler to hang on after the withdrawal of the troops in 1861. His ranch was the safest point between Tucson and Magdalena, Sonora, and during the darkest days of Apache warfare miners, settlers and travelers made it a sort of rallying point. Thomas Casanega, who lived on a nearby ranch in the early days, and who married a niece of Pete Kitchen, tells with sincerity that there were more men killed between Potrero and Magdalena than in all the rest of the Apache territory; that so many men lost their lives between these two points that if their bodies were laid side by side like railroad ties they would make a track from Nogales to Potrero.

The flat roof of Kitchen's adobe ranch-house was surrounded by a parapet three or four feet high, and a sentinel was constantly posted here to sound the alarm in case of attack. There was also always an armed sentinel posted in the cienega with the stock. In case of a sudden attack, the guard would discharge his gun as a signal to the Indian and Mexican workmen in the fields below. Pete, or his wife, Dona Rosa, would gather up the guns from the corners and wall-racks and lay them out ready for use. Dona Rosa became so expert that in case of necessity she was able to carry on the business alone. When the alarm was sounded, she tied her skirts

around her to make them look like trousers, seized her gun, and with the help of the Opata Indians, who were employed to fight as well as to farm, she would give the Apaches a reception as hot as her Mexican dishes. Pete Kitchen was the only settler whom the Apaches could not dislodge. They made raid after raid, and shot his pigs so full of arrows that they looked like "walking pin cushions." They killed or drove out his bravest neighbors; they killed his herder and slaughtered his stepson, but Pete Kitchen fought on undaunted. His name struck terror to every Apache heart, and, at last, finding that he was too tough a nut to crack, they passed him by.

The tragedy that rocked the Kitchen family was the murder of an adopted son, about twelve years of age—Crandal by name. One day the boy went with the Mexican laborers to work in the field below the house, to the south. He grew drowsy and fell asleep in the hay. A band of Apaches rushed on the Mexicans and began firing. Pete heard one shot, and then another, and another. When the fight began the Mexicans ran for the house, forgetting all about the boy. He woke up just as the Indians were upon him, and the savages shot him. Pete had a number of Opata Indians at work in the field to the west of the house. When the alarm was given they came in at once. At this instant an Apache lookout, posted behind a boulder six hundred yards to the east, on the opposite ridge, rose up and waved a signal to the Apaches in the field to hurry. Pete drew down on this Indian in the brief moment that he exposed himself and killed him at that great distance. He said he drew a bead about six inches above the Apache's head. The bullet pierced his body. After the fight was over, Kitchen went with some of his men and buried the Indian where he fell.

Many stories are told about the old ranchman's alertness, markmanship and cool courage. He was never caught napping. He was as ready with his gun as he was sure of his mark. The Indians were never able to ambush him. He never traveled the same road twice. He was a generous and companionable man, but there was a certain grim jocularity in his dealings with his enemies. He was once riding along the road, through greasewood, cactus and mesquite, with his double-bar-

reled shotgun thrown across his saddle-bow, when he thought he saw a slight stirring of the bushes in front of him a little way to the right. Swinging his gun very quietly into position for use, he rode steadily toward the bush. Just before he reached it, a man leaped suddenly into view with his revolver drawn and called:

"Throw up your hands!"

Instantly, with both barrels of his gun cocked, Pete covered the fellow and said:

"Throw up YOUR hands!"

The man dropped his weapon to the ground, threw up his hands, and yelled:

"Don't shoot, Pete! I wasn't going to kill you; I was only going to rob you!"

"Just what I was going to do to you," said Pete. "Shell out!"

The fellow did so, but the amount produced was only thirty-five cents. Pete threw him two-bits, and said:

"Now, clear out, and never let me catch you around here again."

Some bandits from Sonora once stole two or three of Kitchen's favorite horses. He took up their trail while it was still hot, followed them across the line and, pursuing them day and night for about three days, at last came up with them. He killed one, one fled, and he captured the third, and recovered the horses. As soon as he recrossed the Arizona line and could safely do so, he made camp so that he could get some sleep, being almost dead for lack of it.

The prisoner, tied hand and foot, and with a rope around his neck, was left on horseback under the limb of a tree to which the other end of the rope was attached. In telling this story, Pete was wont to punch his listener in the ribs with his thumb and say, with a chuckle:

"You know, while I was asleep, that damned horse walked off and left that fellow hanging there."

Pete Kitchen had his own little "boothill." It was just in front of the ranchhouse, where the railroad track is now. Here the dead of his own hacienda were buried and, also, outlaws and desperadoes whom he shot and killed. He hung two bandits and buried them there. Dona Rosa, being a good Catholic, burned candles on the graves of these bad men, who had fought their

right, had finished their course, and with their boots on had been sent to their reward by the strong right arm of her husband.

About 1880, John MacArthur, the youngest scion of the famous MacArthur family, was rendezvousing at Pete Kitchen's ranch and enjoying large luscious slices of the wild Southwest. He was, perhaps, causing his father and the older brothers some anxiety at this time. The MacArthurs were the builders of the Suez Canal, and were well known for other very large contracts that they had successfully put through. John was trying to get his brothers to buy Kitchen's share in the Pajarita Mining Company, and Archibald, James and William had come out to look over the property—and, incidnetally to make sure that their youthful brother did not get into mischief. They were being entertained royally by Pete. He took them on hunting trips, fed them on wild turkey and choice ham and bacon, and took them on expeditions into the mountains. They were like boys out of school. John was supposed to have taken on some of Pete Kitchen's skill with a gun, and one day in the yard at the ranch each one was boasting and showing off his skill with firearms. One of the brothers put a little stone on a watermelon. The brothers from Chicago challenged Arizona John to shoot it off. There was much swaggering and boasting, but the stone remained untouched. At last the older brothers' turn came, and with a great pose and a flourish of his .32, he said:

"I'll show you how to shoot!"

Pete had been standing in the doorway of the ranchhouse some distance off watching them. Just as the older brother waved his gun, like a flash, Pete reached behind the door and seized his rifle. Bang! The stone was shattered, and the quick-witted brother said:

"There, that's the way to do it!"

None of them knew what had happened until Rockfellow told the Chicago brothers. It was some days later before they made known to John just what had taken place.

Kitchen's hacienda was like a feudal estate. His immediate family sonsisted of ten members—made up mostly of nieces of his Mexican wife. He was kind and generous to these girls, caring for them and educating

them as if they were his own children. He took delight on coming home from Tucson, where he went at long intervals to market his produce, in distributing candy, toys and various other gimcracks to the children of the establishment. He was hospitable and kept open house. All travelers were welcome, and his friends could not come too often or stay too long. We get a close-up view of life on the Kitchen ranch from John G. Bourke, in his excellent book, "With Crook On the Border." "The traveler was made to feel perfectly at ease. If food were not already on the fire, some of the women set about the preparation of the savory and spicy stews for which the Mexicans are deservedly famous, and others kneaded the dough and patted into shape the paper-like tortillas with which to eat the juicy frijoles or dip up the tempting Chile Colorado. There were women carding, spinning, sewing—doing the thousand ond one duties of domestic life in a great ranch that had its own blacksmith, saddler and wagonmaker, and all other officials needed to keep the machinery running smoothly." In addition to the band of Opata Indians who were employed to work and fight, there were a good many Mexican workmen on the estate, some of them with families. Pete Kitchen had his own commissiariat, and issued all necessary supplies to his own people, and, in case of need, to travelers.

His ranch took in about a thousand acres of rich bottom land, and he raised large crops of grain, potatoes, cabbages, and an abundance of fruit and melons. He had a great many cattle, and his particular delight was a drove of several hundred fine hogs. He prepared large quantities of ham and bacon of delicious quality. This was his specialty, before the advent of the railroad. The Tucson stores used to display signs, **Pete Kitchen's Ham.** The settlements all the way from Nogales to Silver City, New Mexico, were supplied with lard, bacon and ham from the Kitchen ranch. A personal item in the **Tucson Citizen,** of June 15, 1872, gives an idea of the extent of Pete Kitchen's prosperity at that time. He reported that his crops were all good; that he had in twenty acres of potatoes; that during the year he had cured fourteen thousand pounds of choice bacon and hams, and had marketed five thousand pounds of lard. These products brought him, on the average, thirty-five

PETE KITCHEN

cents a pound. He sold large quantities of potatoes in the Tucson market, as well as other produce of various kinds, so his cash income for the year must have been in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars.

When the railroad came into Arizona he found competition so strong that he could not make money as of old; so he sold his ranch for a good round figure and moved to Tucson. Here he spent the remainder of his days—and all of his money. He was not adapted to the soft seductive ways of civilization in the "Old Pueblo." He was a free spender—generous and careless. He was not one to refuse aid to a friend in need. If a theatrical beauty pleased him he would shower the stage with silver dollars. He had too much leisure; was a good "mixer" and an exceedingly good fellow, and about the only way to display these good qualities was at the bar and the gaming table. He was in his glory at the Fiesta of St. Augustine, which was elaborately celebrated in Tucson in the early days. Few there were who did not take part in the revelry and gaming, and, as for Pete Kitchen, he patronized to the limit, with reckless hilarity, the roulette wheel and the faro table.

Pete Kitchen's word, and his note, were good anywhere. One of his old associates, Joe Wise, who is still living, tells that Pete came to him on the streets of Tucson one day and asked:

"Joe, can you lend me two hundred dollars?"

"Well, then," said Pete, "let's go to the bank together, borrow three hundred dollars, sign the note jointly, and divide the money between us."

"All right," his friend replied; "if we haven't the cash when the note comes due, I've got a few head of cattle in the canyons over there on my ranch that we can round up and sell. Will you be out there and help me find them and bring them in, if we can't meet the note?"

"I'll sure be there," was the reply.

When the note fell due neither of them had any money. The rancher had not seen Pete for a long time, and his ranch was about fifty miles distant from Tucson, in the region of Calabasas; but on the appointed day, as he was out looking for his steers, far off on the mesa he saw the figure of a solitary horseman riding in his direc-

tion. It proved to be Pete. He had spent the whole night on the road in order to be there on time. The cattle were rounded up and driven to market, and the note was paid the day it was due.

Kitchen still bought and sold cattle after he had disposed of his ranch. On one occasion he bought seven hundred head of Mexican cattle, and the vaqueros drove them from Sonora to Tucson to deliver them. The Mexican herders were very ignorant, and were afraid to take either checks or greenbacks in payment. They refused to take anything but gold coin. There was not enough gold in town to pay them; so, after he had discharged at them a volley of the most effective and picturesque oaths at his command, Pete sent to Los Angeles for the gold. Meanwhile, the Mexican cowboys waited and enjoyed the sights of the metropolis. When the gold came they were so ignorant that they could not count it.

"Here, you fools, I'll count it for you," said Pete.

When it was all counted, the chief herder put it into a bag, which he carried around with him everywhere on his shoulder. The fascinating Feast of Saint Augustine was in full blast by this time, and the Mexicans entered wholeheartedly into the festivities. But they found the bag of gold a very serious impediment. Seeing the predicament the fellow was in, Pete came to him and said:

"Here, give it to me, you fool! I'll give it to the Dona Rosa and she'll take care of it."

He took it to his house and threw it under the bed; and the Mexican came and got it when he was ready to go home.

Leading citizens of Arizona, now grown gray, tell with feeling of kind treatment at the hands of Pete Kitchen when they first came to the territory as raw young fellows seeking their fortunes. Jeff Milton was such a youth, and he tells this story:

"Pete Kitchen was a good friend, but a bitter enemy. One day in the Palace Saloon, of which Fred Maish was proprietor, Pete Kitchen was playing cards with some of his friends when a green young fellow from California, who had been looking on, asked if he could come into the game. They didn't want him in, but he insisted, so they let him take a hand. I was just looking on. The stranger was a poor sport, and as he was losing, he kicked up a rumpus. Finally he raised up

from his seat and began to pull a gun on Pete, who was unarmed. I just throwed my gun across the table and covered him and said:

"Hold on! Wait a minute! You can't chew up that little old fellow!"

Pete sort of pushed back his chair and, as he started for the door, said to the fellow:

"I'll be back in a few minutes and talk it over with you."

I tried to quiet the fellow, but kept my gun on him. He was only a coward, and he whimpered:

"What are you going to do to me?" "What do you want to hurt me for?"

"I'm not going to hurt you; but do you know who that is you're trying to kill? That's Pete Kitchen, and you stand no more chance than a baby. You'd better drag."

By the time Pete had returned with his gun the young fellow had pulled his freight.

Pete Kitchen was about five feet nine or ten inches in height. He was spare, erect and physically fit, even when he was verging toward old age. His eyes were grayish blue, and he was of a florid complexion. He was quiet and inoffensive in manner—quite the opposite of the typical movie hero of today. He usually wore a broadbrimmed sombrero and, instead of an overcoat, a Mexican serape. His friends did not much enjoy going on a camping expedition with him, for he made too little provision for food and the ordinary camp comforts. He was hardy and more or less indifferent to hunger and cold himself, so on cattle drives and hunting or scouting expeditions his comrades sometimes found themselves almost freezing or starving. When he had failed to provide for his own comfort, he would on a cold night sometimes crawl under Rockfellow's blanket with him before morning. When he was an old man, he sometimes used to come over to the Stronghold to visit Rockfellow. One cold evening he started to walk to the Stronghold from Cochise Station. He had only his serape to keep him warm, and he got so tired and cold by the time he had gone half way that he stopped and built a campfire to warm himself. He got to Rock-

fellow's just as the family were at breakfast. The spot where he camped was always called "Camp Kitchen" after that.

When Mr. Rockfellow was in the neighborhood of Kitchen's ranch one day, long after the old man was dead—and forgotten so far as the younger generation was concerned—he met an old Mexican, and when he told him who he was, and mentioned the fact that he had once lived for a while on Pete Kitchen's ranch, the Mexican said with a pleased flash of recollection:

"Oh, Don Pedro, my valiente, muy bueno con rifle!"

Pete Kitchen was a man of no ordinary caliber. Apart from his force, resolution and general likeableness, he was a man of mark and originality. The MacArthurs, great men as they were, with a wide knowledge of men and big business, spoke of him as a man of power and character. They thought he was one of the ablest men they had ever met, and said that he would have made himself felt in Wall Street, or anywhere else that his lot might have been cast. He was the beau ideal of the border men of his day—brave, friendly, honest ,and magnanimous but also profane, a regular drinker, and a diligent and delighted "knight of the green table." These were the virtues and these the frailties of his time. It was because he combined these good and bad qualities in frontier perfection that he was so famous and so honored. So his money melted away, and at the end he had little in store except an unblemished reputation for honesty, a host of generous friends and admirers and a pioneer record of hard and daring deeds well done.

INSPECTING HISTORIC MISSIONS

(By Billy Delbridge)

Dean F. C. Lockwood, of the University of Arizona, and Governor George W. P. Hunt have long been interested in preserving the old Spanish missions, established by Father Eusibio Francisco Kino over 200 years ago, and other historical relics in Arizona.

Realizing that public officials, and the people of Arizona and Sonora, must be impressed with the vital importance of saving the missions for their historical value, Dean Lockwood visioned a good road route that would connect the wonderful old missions, established by Father Kino in Northern Sonora and Southern Arizona. Governor Hunt decided to sponsor an exploration tour as the initial move to make the dream of the dean come true.

No tourist route could be more interesting or fascinating. It will give to the visitor a glimpse of the vanishing past, when civilization was started by Father Kino among the Indian tribes in this vast country, which was then unknown to the civilized world. It will pass through some of nature's marvelous scenic wonders of rugged mountains, fertile valleys and desert wastes. The quaint old adobe towns in Mexico, with their population of simple primitive people, is unlike anything in the United States. In Altar, as we looked at the tall palm trees in the distance, the long rows of adobe buildings and the narrow streets, Governor Hunt remarked: "This reminds me of Egypt; it is very interesting."

The party included Governor George W. P. Hunt, Mr. A. U. Martinez, Mexican Consul at Phoenix; Dean F. C. Lockwood, of the University of Arizona; Mr. D. E. Pettis, state game warden; Mr. George Hegi, of Buckeye; Harry Shea, the skillful skipper who steered the "Lnicoln," and the writer. Major George H. Kelly, state historian, was to have been one of the party, but was detained at the last moment.

Leaving Tucson at about eight o'clock on the morning of April 12, we drove nine miles over a good highway to San Xavier Mission. Prof. Bolton, in his "Spain in the West," quoting Father Kino, gives the following interesting facts concerning the first church built at this

place, but which was later destroyed by Indians: "On the twenty-eighth of April, 1700, we began the foundations of a very large and capacious church and house of San Xavier de Bac." That was 228 years ago. The book further states that Father Kino first visited Casa Grande in 1694. The present mission is a beautiful church built in the form of a cross, known as the Crusiform type or model. San Xavier and Magdalena are the two best preserved of all the missions.

From San Xavier we drove to Tumacacori. This old mission was established about the time of San Xavier, but religious services were held here as early as 1690. The building, while not so large as San Xavier, is a work of art and fast going to ruin. The site is eighteen miles from Nogales, on the main highway.

Before reaching Nogales, a delegation from the chamber of commerce, headed by President H. Ahumada, met our party and escorted us to the border. When we reached the portal a military band was playing, and Governor Tepete, of Sonora, with many prominent officials and a large gathering of people, were assembled to greet Governor Hunt and his delegation. An excellent luncheon was served at the International Club in honor of the occasion. Mr. Ahumada, president of the chamber of commerce, acted as toastmaster. Speeches were made by Governor Hunt, Governor Tepete, Dean Lockwood and other prominent citizens, present from both sides of the line.

Governor Hunt stated that he was glad to cooperate in this important movement to preserve the old missions and endeavor to connect them with a good highway. Dean Lockwood impressed upon the guests that Father Kino was entitled to great honor, not only as the man who established the missions, but as the man who really started civilization among the primitive Indians of this region, and he was the man who first brought into this country domestic animals and laid the foundation for the large cattle and sheep ranches of Arizona and Sonora of today. Governor Tepete stated that he realized the importance of preserving the old missions; the vital necessity of a good highway to connect the missions and other centers of population, and the imperative need of good schools to educate the rising generation in order to raise the standard of citizenship in Mexico. He said he

did not know where the money was coming from, but he was determined to raise the funds and build the road from Guaymas to Nogales, and the link connecting the missions, as outlined by Dean Lockwood and Governor Hunt. Mr. Martinez, Mexican Consul from Phoenix, acted as interpreter for speakers in both the English and Spanish languages.

After luncheon, Governor Tepete joined Governor Hunt and acted as host on the trip to Magdalena, which is sixty miles from Nogales. The first mission reached was at Imuris, established by Father Kino in 1687. It is fast going to ruin. About one-third of the west wall of the building has fallen in. The original roof has been replaced with one of corrugated iron. The building is about ninety feet long and the walls three feet thick, of adobe and some brick construction.

San Ignacio was the next stop, about ten miles from Magdalena. This building is better preserved. The walls are intact and services are still held in the building. A vaulted ceiling extends from the belfry tower, in front of the building, to the dome over the altar. The building is one hundred feet long and about forty feet wide.

Magdalena

Magdalena, our next stop, is the county-seat of Magdalena County. It is a very old town of about 7,000 inhabitants. Mayor Lorenzo Bordo, with six or seven prominent citizens, came about two miles out of town to meet the two governors and party, and escorted us into Magdalena. A most hearty welcome and every possible courtesy was extended to make our visit to Magdalena pleasant and agreeable.

We stopped at the Hotel Mexico, which is a very old two-story adobe and brick building. The town consists of long rows of one-story adobe buildings. There is a fine plaza, with a bandstand in the center. Many of the homes have beautiful patios in the rear and gorgeous flowers grow in profusion, all of which is entirely hidden from the stranger unless, perchance, he may be invited to enter and view the home and the grounds.

It is here at Magdelena that the image of Saint San Francisco Xavier lies in state in the Mission Church. The church was constructed about 1687, and is the best

preserved of all the missions established by Father Kino. This is accounted for by the fact that every year thousands of devout Catholics come from all parts of the United States and Mexico to worship the saint and bring presents of money, trinkets of gold and silver and many other things of value, all of which is donated to the church. Last year, 11,000 pesos were donated in this way, and some of the money is being used to renovate the building.

The Mission Dolores, erected in 1687, the first church built by Father Kino, was located forty-eight miles from Magdelena. The road is extremely rough and it is not expected that tourists will visit this point until a new highway is constructed. Dean Lockwood, Mr. Pettis and the writer made the trip in order that Dean Lockwood might obtain the necessary data for his work on the subject. We were escorted on the trip by Ygnacio S. Escobosa and Eduardo Leglen.

There is nothing left of the old Mission Dolores building. Francisco Pierra, an old man who has lived in the district all his life, was the only person we saw who knew the exact location of the church. He escorted us to the site and Dean Lockwood obtained a piece of brick from the foundation, which he brought back for the university museum.

On our return journey to Magdelena, we stopped at Cucurpe, a mission established long before Father Kino took charge of Pimeria Alta, which means the upper Pima Country. Cucurpe is situated on the north bank of the San Miguel River. The mission church was a beautiful building, erected on the summit of a hill, which affords a magnificent view of the mountains, the valley, and the little stream gleaming in the sunlight, as it winds its way through fields of grain.

What a contrast today and 230 years ago! The walls of cut stone, in front of the church, the winding stairs to the belfry, where old bells hang on rusty chains, the brick arches, still standing at the front entrance, the high-arched ceiling, the lofty dome above the altar, the massive walls, the beautiful carvings and faded paintings—all speak eloquently of the charm and beauty of the scene in this ideal spot when the mission buildings were completed. Today—all is ruins and desolation. It is well worth a few hours time of the tourist to visit

this historic spot, in order to view the crumbling handiwork of man and compare it with nature's rugged mountains and fertile valleys that stand today in all their grandeur—the same as when the white man first made his appearance among the native Indian tribes.

The population at one time is reported to have been about 7,000 or 8,000. There are now 500 or 600 residents. Cucurpe is in the center of a rich mineral belt that produced great wealth in the days of the padres.

From Magdalena, Governor Tepete was forced to return to Hermosillo Friday morning on an urgent call. Governor Hunt then proceeded to the Alamos Ranch, where a splendid lunch was served by Mr. Kibbey, owner of this great cattle ranch and farm. The home is a wonderland in the wilderness. It is equipped with electric lights and every modern convenience, including an ice plant. Ice is a great luxury in small towns in Mexico.

The next stop was at Tubutama, which is forty-eight miles from Magdelena. This is a wonderful old building, but gradually disintegrating, like most of the others. Some of the carvings and paintings still retain their beauty, after more than 200 years. From Tubutama to Altar, the next stop, is twenty-eight miles, where we arrived Friday evening and remained over-night. Mr. B. Rebeil, Mr. E. P. Serrano and Mr. J. A. Vilderain acted as a reception committee and extended every possible courtesy to the governor and his party.

Saturday morning they escorted us to Caborca, about fifteen miles from Altar. Caborca is one of the most beautiful, in architectural design, of all the chain of missions visited. There is still standing unimpaired, in a little room, a hammered copper baptismal fount, which is said to have been brought from Spain more than 200 years ago, and on the wall is a varved wooden image of Christ, said to have been imported at about the same time.

It was at this church that the famous fight took place in April, 1857, between the Crabb Filibustering Expedition and the Mexican defenders. There were about 150 men in the expedition and almost all were killed. The front of the church is spattered with bullet holes, as a result of the fight, which lasted six days. A wooden tablet, fastened to the front wall of the church, carries

an inscription, in Spanish, commemorating the event. Following is the translation in English:

INSCRIPTION.

"Humble homage of gratitude to perpetrate the memory of the d e f e a t, inflicted by National forces and neighbors of this town, on the American Filibusters, the 6th Day of April, 1857. This Temple having been a fortress for the defenders of the Country of Caborca, Sonora."

The saddest and most deplorable sight of the tour was the wreckage caused by the flood waters of the river, which has undermined and carried away large sections of this priceless historical relic. Unless measures are taken very soon, to turn the current of the stream, the building will disappear and the monument be lost forever.

From Caborca we drove six miles to Pitiquito, which was the last mission visited. Acting-Mayor Antonio Lazarraza, Councilman Fidel Soto and Remigia U. Aguilar extended to Governor Hunt and party a warm and very cordial reception. They escorted us to the old mission, which is located on an elevation that affords an unobstructed view of the beautiful valley and the mountain range that adds picturesqueness to the scene. It was here, in 1695, that Father Saeta was killed by the Apaches. He was the first priest in this region to become a martyr in the performance of his religious duties. The church is fairly well preserved and has been repaired from time to time. We climbed to the top and viewed the old copper bells, but they are not the original bells installed.

Petiquito is only fifty-two miles from Libertad, on the gulf, where fishing parties enjoy most excellent sport.

From Pitiquito we returned to Altar and viewed the more modern church at this point. It is said that Father Kino erected an altar and planted two palm trees at this place before the Mission of Caborca was built and the place was named Altar on account of the Altar being located there.

The Altar district has wonderful possibilities of development. It is rich in placer gold, silver, copper, antmiony and other minerals. A small smelter and con-

centrator is being erected at Pitiquito to handle custom ores. There is also an irrigation project being worked out by the Federal Government that will ultimately develop 100,000 acres of desert land around Altar. Surveys have been made and the project reported on favorably by government engineers. At present, there are no electric lights and no sewer system in Altar, but arrangements are being made to install electric lights. The building of good roads will enable mining companies to develop the mineral resources, and good roads will bring home-seekers to the farm lands, all of which will create a market for American farm and mining machinery, that will be supplied by business firms in Arizona.

The country, contiguous to the proposed mission loop tour, is in the richest mineral section and the richest farming and cattle section in Arizona and Sonora, and is the most attractive three-day scenic route in this part of the great southwest.

On Saturday night a reception was tendered to Governor Hunt and party at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Rebeil. Many people came to greet the governor and Dean Lockwood and assure them of their hearty cooperation in making the mission tourist circuit attractive.

We left Altar Sunday morning and reached the border port of entry at Sasabe, sixty miles north, about ten o'clock. The distance from Sasabe to Tucson is seventy-five or eighty miles, over a good standard Arizona highway. We arrived at Tucson at noon, in time for lunch.

It was the consensus of opinion and the hope of the party that Governor Tepete would build a standard highway from Nogales to Magdelena, then from Maggalena to Tubutama, thence to Altar, and from Altar to Ssaabe, on the border, to connect with the Tucson Highway, which is already completed from Sasabe to Tucson. An improved road from Altar to Caborca and Petiquito should be included.

The route outlined could be covered in three days and would undoubtedly bring thousands of tourists into Mexico, who have no conception of the colorful, romantic and historic past that may be glimpsed by a three-day tour into this interesting foreign country.

The missions to be seen are at Caborca, Tubutama, Magdelena, Ignacio, Imuris, Tumucacori and San Xavier.

Dean Lockwood suggested that the most desirable schedule would be to leave Tucson and go to Altar. Side trips to Caborca and Pitiquito, then back to Altar to stop over-night. Next night at Magdelena, and the third day back through Nogales and fininshing at San Xavier, near Tucson. However, it is not material which missions are visited first or last. The night stops will be the same either way.

Florence, Arizona, April 24, 1928.