



WESTERN APACHE RAIDING & WARFARE

FROM THE NOTES OF

**GRENVILLE
GOODWIN**

EDITED BY

KEITH H. BASSO

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With the assistance of

E. W. JERNIGAN and W. B. KESSEL

THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA PRESS

Tucson

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www.uapress.arizona.edu

Library of Congress Catalog No. 73-142255
ISBN 978-0-8165-0297-4

Manufactured in the United States of America on acid-free,
archival-quality paper, and processed chlorine free.

16 15 14 13 12 11 12 11 10 9 8

*Dedicated to
the Western Apache —
as Grenville Goodwin
would have wanted it*

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Acknowledgments

THIS BOOK came into being through the efforts of a number of generous people. To the following scholars, all of whom made at least one vital contribution, I extend my warmest thanks: Morris Opler, Fred Eggan, Harry Hoijer, Emil Haury, Bernard L. Fontana, and Dan L. Thrapp. During the early stages of planning, when it was by no means certain that all the necessary arrangements could be made, I was aided repeatedly by Raymond H. Thompson and Harry T. Getty. I am very grateful to them, and also to Edward H. Spicer who kindly consented to provide a biographical sketch of Grenville Goodwin for inclusion in this volume.

I am equally mindful of the assistance provided by William Kessel and E. W. Jernigan. Working with Goodwin's original notes, Kessel spent many hours locating on contemporary maps places that were of significance to the Western Apache over a century ago. The work was difficult, tedious, and not always rewarding. Had it not been performed, however, the geographical dimension so vital to a full appreciation of Goodwin's materials would be lacking.

The information obtained by Kessel was transformed into the maps that accompany Part I by E. W. Jernigan. In my opinion, these maps reflect not only the skills of a highly talented draftsman but also Jernigan's sensitivity to the importance that land and travel had for the pre-reservation Apache. Jernigan also helped select the photographs which illustrate the book and chose the basket design for the jacket. It should be obvious that my debt to him and Kessel is a very substantial one.

Grenville Goodwin was a linguist, as well as an ethnographer, and his field notes on raiding and warfare were liberally interspersed with Western Apache words and phrases. In order to disclose as fully as possible the morphological and semantic structure of these native terms, linguistic research was conducted for ten

weeks on the Fort Apache and San Carlos reservations in east-central Arizona during the summer of 1969. Funds for this work were provided first by a grant from the American Philosophical Society and later, when the data were being processed and re-analyzed, by the American Indian Oral History Project, at the Arizona State Museum, University of Arizona. I am deeply grateful to both these institutions for their support.

Many Apaches helped me during this "linguistic" phase of the project, and I thank them all—not only for the information they so willingly provided but also for their quiet encouragement to make public a view of history they consider their own. I am especially indebted to Morley Cromwell, Annie Peaches, Nashley Tessay, Ernest Murphy, and Francis Dehose—all of Cibecue on the Fort Apache Reservation—and to Ned Anderson and Philip Casador of Bylas and San Carlos respectively.

While at work on the manuscript, I had access to the manifold resources of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society and the benefit of full cooperation from its talented staff. Sidney Brinckerhoff, director, gave freely of his enthusiasm and knowledge and was extremely helpful in other ways as well. I also want to thank Carol S. Baker, who prepared an excellent preliminary typescript and made valuable suggestions concerning matters of style. The final draft was typed in expert fashion by Melody J. Brancato.

From start to finish, Marshall Townsend, Douglas Peck, and editor Elizabeth Shaw—all of the University of Arizona Press—gave counsel that was unfailingly relevant and consistently helpful. Each made a special contribution and each deserves special thanks.

My greatest debt and final acknowledgment is to Mrs. Janice Goodwin, who graciously presented her husband's Apache materials to the Arizona State Museum and (probably with some misgivings) agreed to let me edit them. Mrs. Goodwin did a great deal of work organizing the field notes and supervised entirely their initial typing. I am deeply grateful for her help, friendship, and cooperation, and I hope that in her eyes, as well as in those of others who knew and admired Grenville Goodwin, this volume gives testimony to his accomplishments and the spirit in which he worked.

KEITH H. BASSO

**WESTERN APACHE
RAIDING AND WARFARE**



Grenville Goodwin—1938

Grenville Goodwin: A Biographical Note

by Edward H. Spicer

TO GRENVILLE GOODWIN we owe most of what understanding we have of the way of life of the Western Apaches. Few have tried seriously to learn what that way of life was, and even fewer have written effectively about it. The abundant literature on the Western Apaches, inspired in great part by the spectacular forays of Geronimo and his predecessors, is largely a literature of the white men who fought the Indians and participated in the final, relentless roundups. It is not a literature from which emerges a view of the values by which Apaches lived. But for the work of Goodwin, we would have lost almost all opportunity to participate in the Apache world.

There was Cremony, of course, and there was Crook's chronicler, Captain John G. Bourke, both of whom were writers of vivid prose and both sympathetic to Apaches. But skill and good intention were not enough. To learn the way of life of others, and to present one's understanding successfully, requires more than literary art. It requires first a kind of selflessness, a willingness to suspend one's own existence temporarily while coming to appreciate another view of the universe. Cremony's capacity for this was extremely limited, and he was in a good deal of a hurry anyway when he wrote his memoirs. Bourke, a gifted writer who told good stories, became deeply interested in observing and in seeking to understand the premises of Apache life; but his own life was too full of other things by the time he started. Thus the period of transition from free to reservation life remains inadequately interpreted. In contrast with the Plains Indian the Apache had no interpreters of culture who looked from the inside outward—no squaw men, articulate war chiefs, or others to give us an interpretive literature of that other Indian-way. It is perfectly true, as modern Apaches insist, that there is no written Apache

This is an expanded version of a biographical sketch that first appeared in *Arizona and the West*, Vol. III, No. 3, Autumn, 1961, pp. 201-04.

history, only white men's history; Geronimo is the only Apache autobiographer, and his ghosted story tells little of Apache life. Goodwin almost singlehandedly learned enough to put us on the right track.

How did Goodwin get beyond the externals which have become familiar in works like those of Lockwood, Wellman, and others who have portrayed Apache life from the viewpoint of the white military campaigner? It was not through an elaborate training in any school of anthropology. Goodwin studied little formal anthropology before beginning his Apache work. He was not armed with course notes on field techniques or on theories of primitive society. He later made an effort to gain such special knowledge because he learned as he went along that this could be a source of deeper understanding of what he had found out by his own methods. He began with little more than that basic essential—a humble desire to know what it was like to be born and raised an Apache. The techniques for learning were instinctive in his make-up.

Goodwin began simply by going to live for the greater part of three years with Apaches at Bylas, Arizona, on the San Carlos Reservation. He knew that he could not push himself at people, and so he got a job—assistant to the trader in the Bylas store—which gave him a place in the community. In this capacity he came to know many families, most of whom were of White Mountain Band origin, in the eastern part of the San Carlos Reservation. He came to know them; they came to know him. Quiet and reserved, he made acquaintances rather slowly. He gathered information in a way which suited the people with whom he worked. He plied no one with a stream of questions. He visited and chatted. He sought older people who wanted to talk about old times. He was a master listener. Today Apaches on the San Carlos Reservation often mention Grenville Goodwin. They say: "He used to come and sit around on the ground in the evenings. The old people liked to talk with him." On this basis his friendships developed and he was invited to every kind of gathering—whether medicine sing, puberty ceremony for girls, or tulapai party. He went, and his knowledge deepened. Anthropologists call this "participant observation"—for Goodwin it was "getting to know people."

Goodwin was born on Long Island, New York, in 1907. For his college preparation he was sent to the Mesa Ranch School

in Arizona. From that time, he was a dedicated Southwesterner. While at the Mesa Ranch School he became acquainted with Dean Byron Cummings, who encouraged him to come to the University of Arizona to study anthropology. Dean Cummings was an important figure in Southwestern archaeology, but it was the Dean's humanism and attitude toward Indians which attracted Goodwin. At first he followed the lead of Dean Cummings and made some trips among the Navajos, but from the start his interest in the Apaches had been deep. At this time, in 1931, Dean Cummings was beginning his first excavations on the Fort Apache Reservation Kinishba, and he gave Goodwin steady encouragement. Goodwin was not interested in earning an academic degree and, once he had decided what he wanted to do, he did not continue in classes. He went to live at Bylas, and from then on throughout his short life his whole attention was devoted to the Apaches.

For the next ten years Goodwin extended his acquaintance throughout the Fort Apache and San Carlos reservations. Besides Bylas, he studied the communities of Fort Apache, Canyon Day, and Cibecue. His specialty in ethnology became the White Mountain rather than the San Carlos people. Nevertheless he travelled with Apache companions to all parts of the Western Apache territory, including the Tonto area; and at the time of his death he had visited many places in Sonora and Chihuahua, as well as in the United States, which figured in important ways in Western Apache history. He never claimed more than twenty-two months in the field, but this was undoubtedly an understatement which referred to periods of continuous residence only.

Goodwin never bothered to earn a degree of any kind, although he carried out some graduate work at the University of Chicago just before he died. In his fieldwork he had become acquainted with professional anthropologists, particularly those from the University of Chicago who were studying the language and ethnology of the Eastern Apaches. In 1931 he met Morris Edward Opler, student of the Chiricahuas, and gained much inspiration and practical advice from him. At the same time he gained acquaintance with Harry Hoijer of the University of Chicago, and learned from him methods of transcription of unwritten languages. Without Goodwin's knowledge of the Western Apache language and his ability to transcribe phonetically the native names for what he was studying, much of the value of his

work would have been impaired. These and other friendships, such as with Leslie Spier and with John Provinse in Tucson, brought him increasingly into contact with the whole field of anthropology and greatly enriched his work.

The first publication by Goodwin came in 1935 with a paper in the *American Anthropologist*, and through the late 1930s he published occasionally in various journals. He was determined to prepare himself, by further study, to analyze and publish his extensive store of field notes. In 1937 he was asked by Scudder McKeel, social anthropologist in John Collier's Bureau of Indian Affairs, to advise in connection with laying foundations for a tribal government organization among the San Carlos Apaches. Goodwin's report, still unpublished but available in the files of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Department of Anthropology of the University of Arizona, was a pioneer effort in applied anthropology.

In 1939 Goodwin went to the University of Chicago for graduate study in anthropology, and to complete a monograph on which he had been working under the guidance of Professor Fred Eggan. In the same year he was appointed Research Associate in the Arizona State Museum. Goodwin's work with Eggan and Hoijer at the University of Chicago resulted in his major contribution, the widely known monograph entitled *The Social Organization of the Western Apache*. One of the most detailed and best-documented studies of Indian social organization, this volume has made its author a major figure in North American ethnology.

The book was published posthumously. As he completed the last pages, Goodwin contracted a brain tumor and died suddenly in June, 1940. He was buried in Tucson, where he had decided to take up permanent residence with his wife and a child named for one of his Apache friends. It was to have been his headquarters for a projected lifetime of work to be devoted to interpretation of the Western Apaches. Goodwin had planned a series of monographs. He had hoped to follow his study of social organization with one on religion, and had taken the notes with him to Chicago. This monograph was never written.

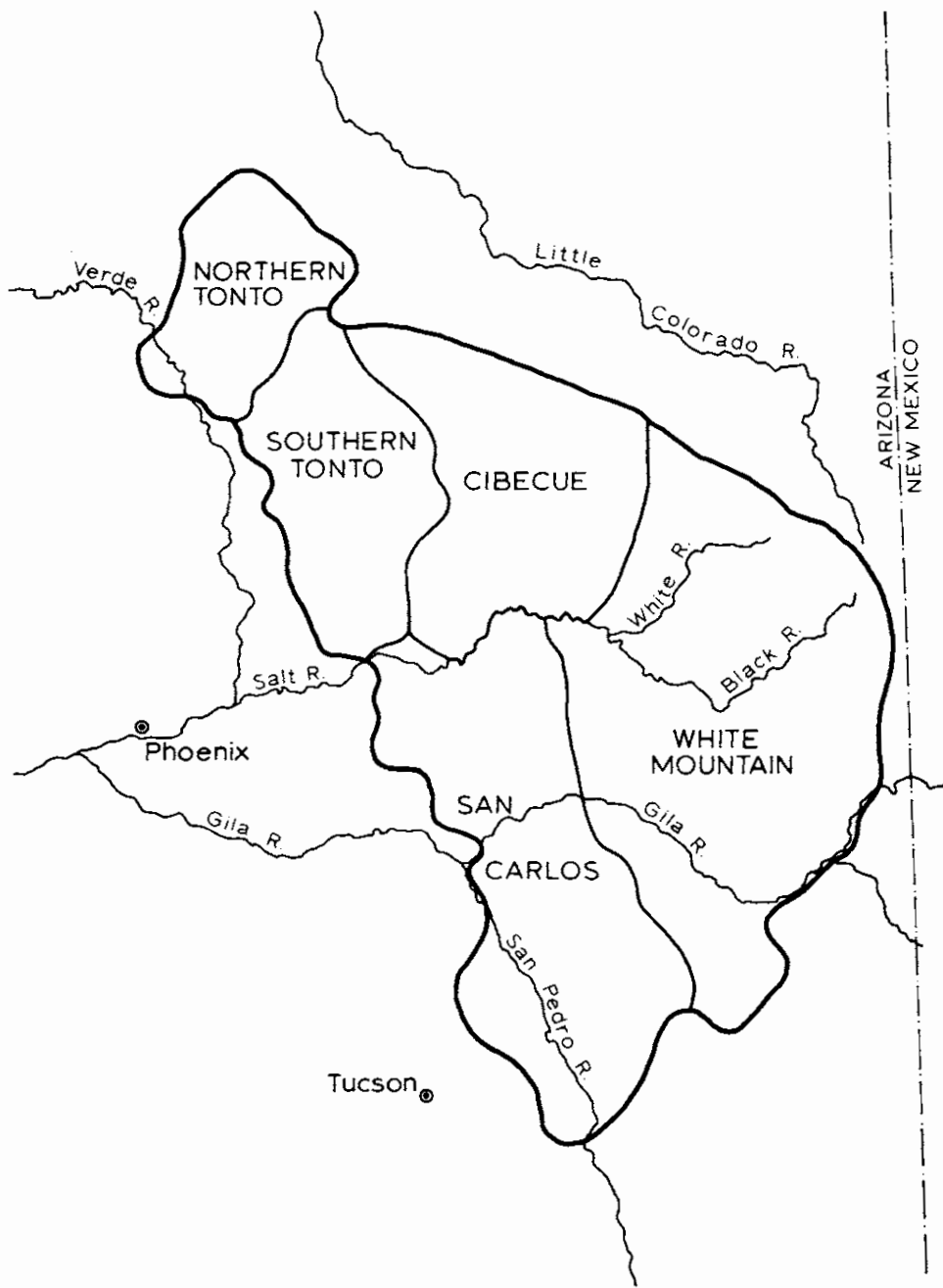
Grenville Goodwin's death did not, however, cut short his contributions to the understanding of the Western Apaches. His field notes turned out to be voluminous and recorded in great

detail, with careful attention given to the transcription of Apache words and phrases. It became clear that the excellence of the monograph on social organization rested on meticulous field techniques and that his notes covered far more than the area of social organization which he had chosen for first publication. During the years following his death, the extensive notes on religion and other topics were transcribed by his wife, Janice, from the many pages of longhand. And graduate students at the University of Chicago, under the direction of Fred Eggan, began the task of editing the notes for publication.

It was not, however, until 1969 that the right combination of circumstances was realized for making Goodwin's materials available. Mrs. Goodwin, the Department of Anthropology of the University of Arizona, and the University of Arizona Press arranged for the careful editing and publication of the whole body of notes. The editing is being carried out by Keith Basso, who has done intensive fieldwork among the Western Apaches throughout the past decade. The project will extend over several years, so great is the volume of notes Goodwin left behind.

The present publication dealing with raiding and warfare is primarily based on the personal narratives of six Apache men and women whose life experiences included the last phase of Apache life when raiding was still an important aspect of their adaptation. Although some of the informants did not themselves take part in raids and war parties, they were well informed through parents or grandparents who did participate. The information was gathered by Goodwin over several years and was widely checked with other Apaches. The high quality of this material is similar to that which characterizes his notes and publications on religion and social organization. In this and subsequent publications solid knowledge of Apache life during the period preceding reservation conditions will be steadily rounded out.

The Western Apaches are fortunate in having a student of their way of life as talented and dedicated as Grenville Goodwin. We are all fortunate that his contributions will continue even after his too-early death.



Western Apache Subtribal Groups

Introduction

OF THE MANY GROUPS of American Indians whose subsistence activities formerly included raiding and warfare, few are as familiar to the general public as the Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico. Widely renowned for their tenacious resistance to U.S. military forces in the late nineteenth century, these people have been glorified by historians, glamorized by novelists, and distorted beyond recognition by commercial film-makers. Apache war leaders such as Cochise, Geronimo, and Victorio have become the victims of exaggeration and caricature, a fate which has left them enshrined in contemporary folklore as the epitome of bellicosity and brutality. Indeed, one is led to conclude that "the Apache"—and just who or what this might be is often difficult to tell—has been transformed from a native American into an American myth, the haunting symbol of a vanished era in the history of the Southwest.

Given the popularity of the myth and the basic validity of the symbol, it is interesting to take note of a statement made in 1931 by the anthropologist Alfred L. Kroeber:

In terms of precise knowledge, the Apache are, with the possible exception of the Objibwa, the least known surviving North American group among any of like areal extent or historical importance. [1931:35]

At the time Kroeber was writing, virtually nothing was known about the Apaches ethnographically. P. E. Goddard, one of the founders of American anthropology, had collected several volumes of Apache myths in the vicinity of San Carlos in 1915–16 but, for reasons that are not entirely clear, his investigations ended there. Of course, the reports of Army personnel were available to scholars, as were journals of travellers and missionaries, but in the

main the cultural information contained in these sources was meagre and superficial. It was not until the 1930s, by which time the several remaining Apache tribes had been settled on reservations, that ethnographic fieldwork began in earnest. Almost entirely through the efforts of three men—Morris Opler, the linguist Harry Hoijer, and Grenville Goodwin—the cultures and languages of the Chiricahua, Mescalero, Jicarilla, Lipan, and Western Apache were described and rendered intelligible.

Although these scholars presented data about raiding and warfare that frequently contradicted the Apache myth, few of their publications treated the subject in isolation. Opler, in particular, was concerned to show that raiding and warfare were elements in a total cultural system and should be studied in context, that is, in relation to other elements. Consequently, emphasis was placed less on the development of raiding and its adaptive consequences than upon the manner in which it articulated with other social institutions. This approach made sense to anthropologists, especially those interested in functional models of society, but it was essentially synchronic in character and therefore had limited utility for students of ethnohistory and culture change. This may help explain why, as late as 1962, Edward H. Spicer was able to observe:

There is simply no book which tells the story of changing Apache life during the past hundred years. Even less is there represented in the literature anything which relates the facts about the crystallization of the raiding complex during Spanish times to the sequence of later events. [1962:593]

If southwestern ethnologists can be faulted for paying insufficient attention to Apache history, professional historians have been equally guilty of an almost total neglect of what is known about Apache cultures. For purposes of illustration, let us consider a single tribe, the Chiricahua. What was the political organization of these people? And how did their division into three sub-tribal units affect the conduct of military activities? How were raiding parties organized? And how did these expeditions, which were bent on the capture of livestock, differ from those whose objective was to avenge the death of a warrior killed in battle? What qualities did the Chiricahua consider necessary for leadership in war? To what extent did ritual considerations influence the

planning and implementation of military strategy? How were new warriors recruited from the ranks of adolescent boys? And what became of captives?

The answers to these and other seemingly relevant questions have been available since the publication in 1941 of Opler's classic Chiricahua ethnography, *An Apache Life-way*. Yet, for some reason, they seem never to be asked by non-anthropologists and, as a consequence, find no place in chronicles of the developing Southwest and the so-called "Apache wars." This does not necessarily result in bad history. But it has led to an unfortunate situation in which, as B. L. Fontana (1968:447) aptly observes, ". . . Apaches are essentially an 'x' in the historical equation."

The trouble with too many "x's" is that they foster myths. All too often, "the Apache" has been portrayed as a figure barren of ideology, devoid of values, and somehow—miraculously—exempt from the inevitable constraints imposed by membership in a society. He is a man without culture and therefore he is an impossible man. Is it any wonder that the survivors, the Apaches who live today on reservations in Arizona and New Mexico, ". . . complain constantly that all the history which is in print misrepresents them." (Spicer 1962:593)

The remarkable documents that comprise this volume—all of them verbatim narratives by Western Apaches—provide detailed information about raiding and warfare that is simply unavailable from any other source. As such, they stand as a major contribution to the data of North American ethnography and the history of the American Indian. More important, these narratives give extraordinary insight into the Apache themselves who, once divested of their acquired mythological trappings, become instantly more believable and altogether human. It is entirely fitting that the work of Grenville Goodwin has given the Western Apache an opportunity to be their own historians and autobiographers—a right and privilege that should have been accorded them long ago.

MANY OF THE NARRATIVES in this collection can be read and appreciated without reference to ethnographic and historical facts, but the majority call for supplementation in the form of a statement

which describes (1) the basic components of Western Apache culture and social organization as it existed prior to 1850, and (2) the major events that took place after the Western Apache came into sustained contact with U.S. military forces and were drawn into the Chiricahua campaigns of the 1870s and '80s.

Linguistically affiliated with Athapaskan-speaking peoples in Alaska, Canada, and northern California, the Apacheans (or Southern Athapaskans) were intrusive to the American Southwest. Prehistorians place the time of their arrival in this region between A.D. 1000 and A.D. 1500, but the exact routes they travelled and the chronology of their migrations from the north have yet to be precisely determined (Hall 1944).

By the late 1500s, the Apacheans had separated into several smaller groups and spread over a vast region extending from central Arizona to northwestern Texas. In the centuries that followed, these groups became progressively more isolated from one another and, adapting to local ecological conditions, developed the linguistic and cultural characteristics which were to distinguish them in historic times. On the basis of these characteristics, anthropologists have divided the Apacheans into seven major tribes: the Jicarilla, Lipan, Mescalero, Chiricahua, Navajo, Kiowa-Apache and Western Apache.

Grenville Goodwin (1935: 55) designated as Western Apache: "Those Apachean peoples who have lived within the present boundaries of the state of Arizona during historic times, with the exception of the Chiricahua Apache and a small band of Apaches, known as the Apache Mansos, who lived in the vicinity of Tucson."* The totality of people thus designated—Goodwin estimates that between 1850 and 1860 there were approximately four thousand—were divided into five subtribal groups that occupied contiguous regions in the eastern and central portions of Arizona (See Map I).

The White Mountain Apache, easternmost of the subtribal groups, ranged over a wide area bounded by the Pinaléño Mountains on the south and by the White Mountains on the north.

*Most of the data presented here on pre-reservation Western Apache culture come from Grenville Goodwin's ethnography, *The Social Organization of the Western Apache*. For additional information, the interested reader should consult Goodwin 1935, 1937, 1938, 1939.

To the southwest, near the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains and on both sides of the San Pedro River, lived the San Carlos Apache. The territory of a third group, the Cibecue Apache, extended north from the Salt River to well above the Mogollon Rim; its western boundary was marked by the Mazatzal Mountains, homeland of the Southern Tonto Apache. The Northern Tonto, which of all the Western Apache subtribal groups lay farthest west, inhabited the upper reaches of the Verde River and ranged north as far as the present community of Flagstaff.

Altogether, the Western Apache occupied a territory of nearly 90,000 square miles (Getty 1964:27). Characterized by great ecological diversity, it is a region of jagged mountains and twisting canyons, of well-watered valleys and arid desert. Elevations rise from 2,000 feet above sea level to slightly less than 13,000, and temperatures fluctuate from near zero in the winter to well above 100 degrees during the months of July and August. Precipitation ranges from about ten inches at the lower elevations to twenty or thirty at the higher altitudes. The flora varies correspondingly, from essentially desert types, including a large number of cactus species, to heavy stands of conifers, cottonwood, and oak. Wild game in the form of deer, elk, wild turkey, bear, and javelina is plentiful.

Although the Western Apache engaged in subsistence farming, their economy was based primarily on the exploitation of natural resources and the spoils of raiding. Goodwin (1937:61) estimates that agricultural products made up only 25 percent of all the food consumed in a year, the remaining 75 percent being a combination of undomesticated plants, game animals, and stolen livestock. Because they could not rely on crops throughout the year, the Western Apache did not establish permanent residence in any one place. In fact, except for early spring, when farm-plots were seeded in the mountains, and early fall, the time of harvest, they were almost constantly on the move.

Despite the fact that the five Western Apache subtribal groups—the Cibecue, San Carlos, White Mountain, and Northern and Southern Tonto—spoke a common language and intermarried to a limited degree, they considered themselves quite distinct. Open conflict among the different groups was rare, but it should be emphasized that they never formed anything like a unified political

body. The territorial boundaries of each group were clearly defined, and it happened occasionally that trespassers were forcibly expelled or killed.

Each of the subtribal groups was divided into from two to four smaller units which Goodwin termed *bands*. Band distinctions were not as marked in some groups as in others, but each had its own hunting grounds and, except when pressed by starvation, did not encroach upon those of its neighbors. Using military censuses, it is possible to compute a mean size for Western Apache bands between 1888 and 1890. This figure comes to 387 individuals, but there was considerable variation in both directions. For example, the San Carlos band of the San Carlos subtribal group had only 53 members, while the Eastern White Mountain band of the White Mountain group numbered 748. Although bands were characterized by an internal unity somewhat greater than that of subtribal groups, they did not participate in any form of joint political action. As Goodwin (1935:55) put it, "Bands were units only in the sense of territorial limitations and minor linguistic similarities."

Bands were composed of what were unquestionably the most important segments of Western Apache society, what Goodwin referred to as *local groups*. In his words: "These were the basic units around which the social organization, government, and economic activities of the Western Apache revolved" (Goodwin 1942:110). Local groups varied in size from as few as thirty-five persons to as many as 200, but each had exclusive rights to certain farm sites and hunting localities, and each was headed by a chief who directed collective enterprises such as food-gathering expeditions, farming projects, and activities involving other local groups and tribes.

The lack of solidarity characteristic of subtribal groups and bands was replaced at the level of the local group by a high degree of cohesiveness, primarily because most of the individuals who comprised these units were related by blood or marriage and, as such, felt obligated to aid each other in any way possible. A substantial number of marriages took place within the local group and, in fact, this seems to have been the desired arrangement. Charles Kaut gives what is probably a sound explanation:

Basically, people who had grown up in the same area could operate together as a better economic team. . . . Gathering activities, especially, required a very specific knowledge of rough terrain which could only be gained over a period of many years. The man's main economic activities were centered around hunting and raiding, which also required extensive training and integration into a tightly organized group. A man hunted best on his home ground, both because he knew it so well and because he garnered power from the very ground itself—a power which he lost when he entered other hunting grounds. He was trained for war and raiding by his mother's parents, his father, his elder brothers, and his mother's brothers. . . . For these reasons, a local group which drew its members from the same general area could operate more efficiently than one which contained many men who were strangers to its territory. [1957:63–64]

In order to understand some of the important differences between raiding and warfare, it is essential that mention be made of the Western Apache clan system. Unlike bands and local groups, clans were not spatially distinct. Members of the same clan lived scattered throughout Apache country, thus creating an extensive network of relationships that cut across bands and local groups but at the same time joined them together.

Let us suppose, for example, that a man who lived in a local group of the Western White Mountain band belonged to the clan *desčidn* ('horizontally red people'). Such a man was almost certain to have clan relatives in the Eastern White Mountain band, the San Carlos band, and several others as well. He could travel throughout the territories of these bands and, having identified himself to his fellow *desčidn*, expect to receive food and lodging. In this way, the clan system served to extend the benefits of kinship far beyond the local group and establish viable ties between individuals who normally lived at great distances from each other.

All told, there were sixty-two Western Apache clans. The members of each considered themselves related through the maternal line, the descendants of a group of ancestors who established farm sites at the clan's legendary place of origin. Although persons belonging to the same clan were forbidden to marry, they were expected to aid each other whenever the need arose. Beyond these obligations, however, and the important but somewhat restricted influence of clan chiefs, there was little in the way

of clan government or law. The clan's main functions were to regulate marriage and facilitate concerted action in projects requiring more manpower than was available in a single local group.

All but a few Western Apache clans claimed affiliation to one of three mythological clans and, on this basis, were grouped into phratries (Kaut 1957:40). Phratry members were not allowed to marry and, like persons belonging to the same clan, were bound by obligations of mutual support. For this reason, the phratry, like the clan, served as an indispensable means for recruiting participants in activities—most notably war parties—that required the cooperation of large numbers of people.

THE WESTERN APACHE drew a sharp distinction between “raiding” (literally: “to search out enemy property”) and “warfare” (“to take death from an enemy”). As translation of the native terms suggests, raiding expeditions were organized for the primary purpose of stealing material goods, preferably livestock. War parties, on the other hand, had as their main goal to avenge the death of a kinsman who at some earlier time had lost his life in battle. The differences between raiding and warfare went considerably further than this, however, and it will be helpful in orienting the reader to discuss briefly other characteristic features of each.

Raids were organized in response to a shortage of food. Whenever it became apparent that the meat supply of a local group was running low, some individual, usually an older woman, would publicly draw attention to the fact and suggest that plans be made to capture enemy livestock. Within a few days, it was expected that a man with previous experience in raiding would step forth and volunteer his services as leader. Having announced when he intended to leave and against whom the raid would be directed he issued a call for followers. All able-bodied men were eligible to go, providing they had participated successfully in the so-called “novice complex,” an extended period of instruction during which adolescent boys were introduced to both the practical and ritual aspects of raiding.

Raiding parties were normally composed of from five to fifteen

men. (Larger numbers were discouraged because the success of a raid depended almost entirely upon being able to travel without being seen). The party proceeded slowly until it moved into enemy territory. Here the pace quickened, special measures for concealment were taken, and a number of taboos went into effect, including the use of a special "warpath language." More than anything else, Western Apache raiders were anxious to avoid armed conflict—not out of fear, but because it would reveal their position and numbers, alert the enemy for miles around, and increase the chances of being intercepted on the way home.

Raids usually took place in the early hours of the morning. Two or three men approached the enemy's herd on foot and moved it as silently as possible in the direction of an open trail. Here the livestock was encircled by the remainder of the party and driven off. Speed was imperative on the journey home, and it was not unusual for returning raiders to go without sleep for as many as four or five days. As soon as the party was secure within the borders of its own territory, a messenger was sent ahead to inform those who had stayed behind in the local group that the venture had been a success.

Men who had captured livestock were entitled to give it away to whomever they chose, in most cases to close maternal kinsmen. In addition, however, they could be prevailed upon by female non-relatives who, either by singing for a raider, or dancing with him in the context of a ceremonial called *inda ke'ho'ndi* ('enemies their property dance') obligated him to present them with at least one animal. These customs had important economic consequences for they helped assure the even distribution of livestock throughout the local group and not just among the families of raiders.

Whereas raiding parties drew their personnel almost entirely from the men of a single local group, war expeditions were recruited primarily on the basis of clan and phratry. It was up to a warrior's maternal kinsmen to avenge his death, and this responsibility applied to clan and phratry members as well as to those more immediate relatives who resided in his local group. Although the latter took it upon themselves to sponsor the expedition, the former were always asked to participate and, apparently, never refused.

When the decision was made to prepare for war, the chief of the slain warrior's local group sent messengers to clan chiefs in other

local groups inviting them to convene at an appointed spot. Here, all the men who planned to take part in the expedition joined in a ceremonial called *'ikaksita'* ('going to war'). Warriors from each clan were called upon to dance and speeches were made encouraging them to "think of angriness, fighting, and death." This was in sharp contrast to the members of raiding parties, who were instructed to avoid combat unless it was absolutely necessary.

War parties were composed of as many as two hundred men under the direction of a single leader. In addition, they contained at least one shaman, or "medicine man," whose primary task was to encourage proper conduct on the journey to enemy territory and, through the use of supernatural power, to look into the future and predict the outcome of the impending conflict.* Prior to battle—if chances for victory appeared good—the shaman might also perform a short ceremonial which was believed to give protection against the enemy and instill the will to fight.

Warriors preferred to attack the town or settlement where their kinsman had lost his life, and sometimes it was possible to single out in battle the individual who had actually done the killing. Ordinarily, however, the identity of the slayer was not known and the expedition attacked any encampment they came across in enemy territory. In either case, the basic strategy was the same: send out scouts to locate the target, surround it in full force during the night, and then, in early-morning ambush, kill as many of the enemy as possible. When the fighting was over, the expedition's leader might suggest that his men keep going and attack elsewhere, but in most cases a single victory was considered enough, especially if moving on meant the forfeiture of captured livestock.

The return of a victorious war party was celebrated with a performance of 'enemies their property dance' and, if adult captives had been taken, with their torture and eventual execution by close female relatives of the warrior whose death the party had been sent to avenge. On most occasions child captives, especially young girls, were not harmed.

*In the event that a victory seemed unlikely, the shaman would so advise the members of the war party and suggest that they return home or, alternatively, select another target.

THE EARLIEST EVENTS described in the narratives contained in this collection probably took place in the 1850s.* At this time, of course, Mexico's control of her northern frontier had been weakened, and Anglo Americans, though still relatively few, were appearing in greater numbers than ever before. Concomitantly, Western Apache raiding had reached its highest peak since the collapse of the so-called Galvez policy in the 1830s (Spicer 1962: 239-40).

It was a time of uncertainty, fear, and turmoil. The presidios on the borders of Apache territory had ceased to function effectively, and the local citizenry was desperate for a reliable and organized means of protection. Volunteer armies met with limited success at best, and bounty hunters—the going rate was one hundred dollars a scalp—rarely ventured north of the Gila River. Taking advantage of the situation, the Western Apache struck deep into eastern and northern Sonora. Mexican settlements seem to have been their favorite targets, but throughout this period of heightened predatory activity, raids were also staged against peoples closer to home: the Pima and Papago, the Navajo and, less frequently, the Yavapai.

It is important to understand that the Western Apache did not organize raids for the purpose of increasing their already vast territory; nor was their aim to drive away or exterminate the Mexicans and Indians who had settled along its margins. To the contrary, these populations had become extremely valuable economic resources which could be counted on throughout the year to produce substantial amounts of food and livestock. It was to the Apaches' obvious advantage that such resources remain viable, and this may help explain why mass killing and the destruction of enemy property never formed a part of the raiding complex.

* In preparing this brief summary of Western Apache history, I have relied most heavily on Dan L. Thrapp's excellent military history *The Conquest of Apacheria* and Edward H. Spicer's *Cycles of Conquest*. Other works of immediate relevance include Betzinez (1959), Bigelow (1958), Bourke (1886, 1891), Clum (1936), Crook (1946), Cruse (1941), Davis (1929), Forbes (1960), Moorhead (1968), and Thrapp (1964).

Although the Western Apache raided continually throughout the 1850s, Anglo attention was focused farther east where the Chiricahua Apache had become a major obstacle to the settlement of the newly formed Territory of New Mexico. Treaties were made with several Chiricahua bands and an agreement was reached whereby they promised to give safe passage to the Overland Mail. It looked for awhile as if a durable peace might be achieved. But peace was not to come. In 1861 a young cavalry officer attempted to recover a Mexican captive from the central Chiricahua band by holding hostage its leader, Cochise, and several of his sub-chiefs. Cochise was able to fashion an escape but his companions were murdered. The Chiricahua leader retaliated quickly by killing an Anglo trader, and war was on. Treaties were forgotten, attacks on the Overland Mail resumed, and the U.S. Government declared its intention to exterminate the Apache as quickly as possible.

At first, the struggle was confined to western New Mexico and southeastern Arizona, leaving all but one or two of the Western Apache bands unmolested and free to continue their raids into Mexico. But in 1863, the year Arizona became a territory, gold was discovered in the heart of Tonto territory and hostilities flared. Soldiers stationed at Fort Whipple near Prescott killed indiscriminately, and private citizens organized frequent "Indian-hunting expeditions." On one infamous occasion, a group of Apaches was fed poisoned food while participating in what they believed to be a peace conference. Predictably, the Indians responded with massacres of their own, and for a time it seemed that the Anglos would be forced to abandon central Arizona.

In 1864, Camp Goodwin (named after the first governor of Arizona) was established on the Gila River in White Mountain territory. This was an event of major significance, especially for Apaches living to the north. Sandwiched between Tonto country and Chiricahua country, the northern White Mountain groups were geographically isolated and had remained comparatively undisturbed by Anglo military operations. Led by the powerful chief Diablo, they were anxious to avoid the fate that had befallen their neighbors to the east and west and so, when the soldiers arrived at Camp Goodwin and made offers of peace, they accepted. In the years that followed, White Mountain raiding parties con-

tinued to make forays into Mexico but, with the exception of minor skirmishes, open conflict with the soldiers was avoided. The result was the development of an uneasy friendship that was to have two very important consequences. One was the unresisted establishment of Ford Ord (later Fort Apache) on the White River in 1868; the other was the willingness of White Mountain and Cibecue Apaches to serve as scouts for General George Crook in his later campaigns against the Tontos and Chiricahuas.

By 1870, it was becoming increasingly clear that the Territory of Arizona lacked the military means to exterminate the Apaches. The number of forts continued to grow, but the Army was undermanned and, more important, unable to formulate a clear and consistent plan for dealing with the problem. Following the Camp Grant Massacre in 1871, during which a body of enraged citizens from Tucson and a group of Papagos slaughtered more than seventy-five Western Apache women and children, the federal government implemented its new "Peace Policy" in Arizona. This policy was intended to put an end to the Army's fumbblings and to curtail the activities of corrupt civilian agents.

The Peace Policy called for the collection of all Apaches on reservations as a first step towards promoting "peace and civilization" among them. The Indians would be settled on their own lands, given protection against Anglos, and encouraged to make a living through agriculture or the raising of livestock. Four areas were hurriedly designated as Apache reservations. A large tract of land was marked off around Fort Apache, this to be the home of the Cibecue subtribal group and the northern bands of the White Mountain group. In central Arizona, Camp Verde became headquarters for the Northern and Southern Tonto, as well as the Yavapai. An area around Camp Grant was set aside for the San Carlos subtribal group and the southern White Mountain bands. And in western New Mexico, near Ojo Caliente, a reservation was created for the eastern, or Warm Springs, band of the Chiricahua.

Meanwhile, General George Crook assumed formal command of U.S. military forces in the Department of Arizona. More than any other single individual, Crook was responsible for engineering the Apaches' final defeat; but at the same time, he developed great admiration for their knowledge and endurance, and consistently

treated them with intelligence and understanding. Even in defeat the Apaches respected Crook and, like all who have known good enemies, he responded in kind.

Crook was skeptical of the new Peace Policy. Many Apaches had come in to the reservations but a large number, obviously uninterested in peace, stayed away. Everywhere the Indians were fearful, restless, and uncertain. Camp Grant was abandoned when trouble arose, and new headquarters were established at San Carlos on the Gila River. Sporadic raids continued to occur, and the suspicion grew that a massive outbreak was imminent. Crook saw that something had to be done and toward the end of 1872, when attacks intensified in the Prescott region, he embarked upon a campaign to round up all Apaches who had not yet settled on reservations.

In the winter of 1872, Crook began a series of vigorous operations against the Tonto Apaches and, within a few months, succeeded in dealing them a resounding defeat. Several hundred Tontos lay dead, and the remnants of their shattered families were taken captive and placed on reservations. The survivors were warned not to attempt escape and urged to cooperate with Indian Bureau personnel in the development of agriculture. A measure of peace had been restored to central Arizona, and General Crook was hailed as a hero.

But trouble was on the wind. In 1874, the Department of the Interior embarked upon a "program of removal" which had as its main objective the concentration of all Western Apaches, Chiricahuas, and Yavapais on a single reservation—San Carlos. Centralizing the Indians, it was hoped, would make them easier to control and thus reduce the threat they posed to the Anglo citizens of Arizona. From Washington the removal strategy looked sound, but its implementation had unforeseen consequences—none of them altogether surprising—that probably did more to prolong the "Apache wars" than bring them to a close.

In February, 1875, more than 1400 Tonto Apaches and Yavapais were brought to San Carlos from Camp Verde. They were followed there several months later by a large body of White Mountain and Cibecue people from Fort Apache. In 1876, a body of 325 Chiricahuas came in to the reservation, although the most hostile factions, under the leadership of recalcitrants such as Juh

and Geronimo, remained at large. With the removal in 1877 of the Chiricahua chief Victorio and some four hundred of his followers from Warm Springs, the total number of Indians at San Carlos rose to above five thousand.

There were problems from the start. Many of the groups living at San Carlos had never before been associated with one another, and their new proximity gave rise to mistrust and suspicion. Then, too, factional disputes developed within single groups, especially the Chiricahua. Some elements, tired of war and constant travelling, seemed to be in favor of peace. Others found the conditions at San Carlos intolerable and waited for a chance to escape. Among all Apaches there was the feeling that the future was uncertain and that, despite attempts by Indian Agent John Clum to give them some control over their own affairs, anything could happen at any time.

Victorio bolted from San Carlos six months after he arrived, taking with him 310 followers—men, women, and children. He surrendered voluntarily at Ojo Caliente in the fall of 1879, only to break again and embark upon a series of depredations that threw the entire southwest into a state of panic. In 1881, after a number of Anglo troops were killed at Cibecue while trying to arrest an Apache shaman, more Chiricahuas fled from San Carlos, and it appeared that the removal program had backfired completely. Two years went by before the nearly one thousand Indians who had escaped were hunted down and returned to reservations. The most significant blow was struck by Crook himself who, in 1883, led a force composed largely of Indian scouts deep into Sonora's Sierra Madre and there entered into negotiations with Geronimo that ultimately resulted in the surrender of nearly four hundred Chiricahuas.

By 1884, peace had been restored and several groups of Apaches, including Geronimo and a small band of Chiricahuas, were taken to Fort Apache. Here, under strict military control, they set about the construction of irrigation dams and the planting of crops. Crook relied heavily on Indian police to preserve order and, like John Clum before him, favored a policy of trial by native juries. Most of the Indians at Fort Apache attempted to adjust to the new conditions as best they could. Internal strife was kept to a minimum and there were no outbreaks.

The calm was shattered in the spring of 1885 when a group of Chiricahuas, led by Geronimo and other seasoned fighters like Natchez, Mangus, and Chihuahua, became disturbed at Crook's refusal to allow the production and consumption of native liquor. Confronting Lieutenant Britton Davis, then the commanding officer at Fort Apache, they explained that they were tired of restrictions and demanded the right to brew their own intoxicants. Davis, sensing the delicacy of the situation, wired Crook for orders, but the request was short-circuited at San Carlos and never received. Three days later, on May 17, Geronimo, thirty-three men, eight boys of fighting age, and ninety-two women and children broke from Fort Apache and headed south. The Chiricahuas avoided capture for sixteen months but finally, having once again been pursued into Mexico, they agreed to surrender. Shortly thereafter, on September 7, 1886, they were taken to Holbrook, Arizona, loaded into boxcars, and shipped to Fort Marion, Florida. The next few years saw scattered renegade action around Fort Apache and San Carlos, but no more large-scale outbreaks occurred and the Indians on both reservations became conspicuously less restive. By 1890, the "Apache wars" were over.

Throughout the conflict, the Western Apache suffered less severely than the Chiricahua. Fewer of their people were killed, and except for their confinement at San Carlos during the middle 1870s, they were never uprooted from their original territory. Of all the Western Apache groups, the Tontos were unquestionably the hardest hit, but even they recovered and managed to survive in rather substantial numbers at Camp Verde. From the outset, the Cibecue and White Mountain Apaches were inclined towards peace and adjusted comparatively well to living on reservations. More important, these groups supplied the Army with skillful and dependable scouts whose aid, as Crook himself stated on numerous occasions, was absolutely indispensable in bringing about the Chiricahua's final defeat.

Grenville Goodwin was acutely aware of the contribution made by the Western Apache scouts and was anxious that their exploits become more widely appreciated. As he himself stated, he recorded their reminiscences ". . . in the sincere hope that the people of this country will come to understand more fully the great part that the Western Apache people played in the settling

of a wide area of the present state of Arizona through their willingness to help the U.S. troops." (1936:32)

Goodwin's sentiment is completely justified, of course, but the passage of time has given to his Western Apache materials a much deeper significance. Many of America's Indians, including the Apache, are currently engaged in a search for their own history—not as it has been depicted and all too frequently biased by Anglos, but as it relates to their own knowledge of who they have been and who they have become. Ideally, such a history should come from the people themselves, and it is Goodwin's great and lasting contribution that he helped make this possible. In every meaningful sense, this book was written by the Western Apache. For this reason, and because Grenville Goodwin would have almost certainly done the same, I have taken the liberty of dedicating it to them.

The present volume is divided into two sections. Part I is made up of six autobiographical narratives. These have been arranged chronologically, the first, by Anna Price, dealing with events that occurred during the 1850s and '60s. Part II is composed of briefer statements which have been organized under the topical headings—"Weapons," "Taboos," etc.—that Goodwin used to order his field notes. The Western Apache terms which appear scattered throughout both sections have been checked with informants living today on the Fort Apache and San Carlos reservations in east-central Arizona. English translations have been provided for the Apache terms, but it should be emphasized that these do not always correspond exactly with the native semantics. The orthographic key on the following page will facilitate pronunciation of Apache words in the text.

KEITH H. BASSO

KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF APACHE WORDS

The orthography employed in this study is strictly phonetic. To facilitate printing, vowel length, stress, aspiration, and tone have not been indicated.

Vowels:

/a/	as in English father	/o/	as in English mow
/æ/	as in English bat	/u/	as in English boot
/ɛ/	as in English met	/ɔ/	as in English claw
/i/	as in English bead	/ə/	as in English but
/ɪ/	as in English hit	/e/	a diphthong, as in English may

Vowel nasalization is indicated by a subscript hook, for example /a̱/.

Consonants:

/b/	voiced bilabial stop
/t/	voiceless alveolar stop
/d/	voiced alveolar stop
/k/	voiceless velar stop
/g/	voiced velar stop
/n/	voiced alveolar nasal
/m/	voiced bilabial nasal
/č/	voiceless alveopalatal affricative
/j/	voiced alveopalatal affricative
/s/	voiceless alveolar fricative
/z/	voiced alveolar fricative
/š/	voiceless alveopalatal fricative
/ž/	voiced alveopalatal fricative
/h/	voiceless glottal fricative
/l/	voiced alveolar lateral
/ł/	voiceless alveolar lateral (usually spirantal)
/x/	voiceless palatal spirant
/ɣ/	voiced palatal spirant
/χ/	voiceless lateral affricative
/λ/	voiced lateral affricative
/w/	voiceless bilabial semi-vowel
/ʔ/	the glottal stop

Part I

PERSONAL NARRATIVES



Grenville Goodwin photo, courtesy Arizona State Museum

Anna Price

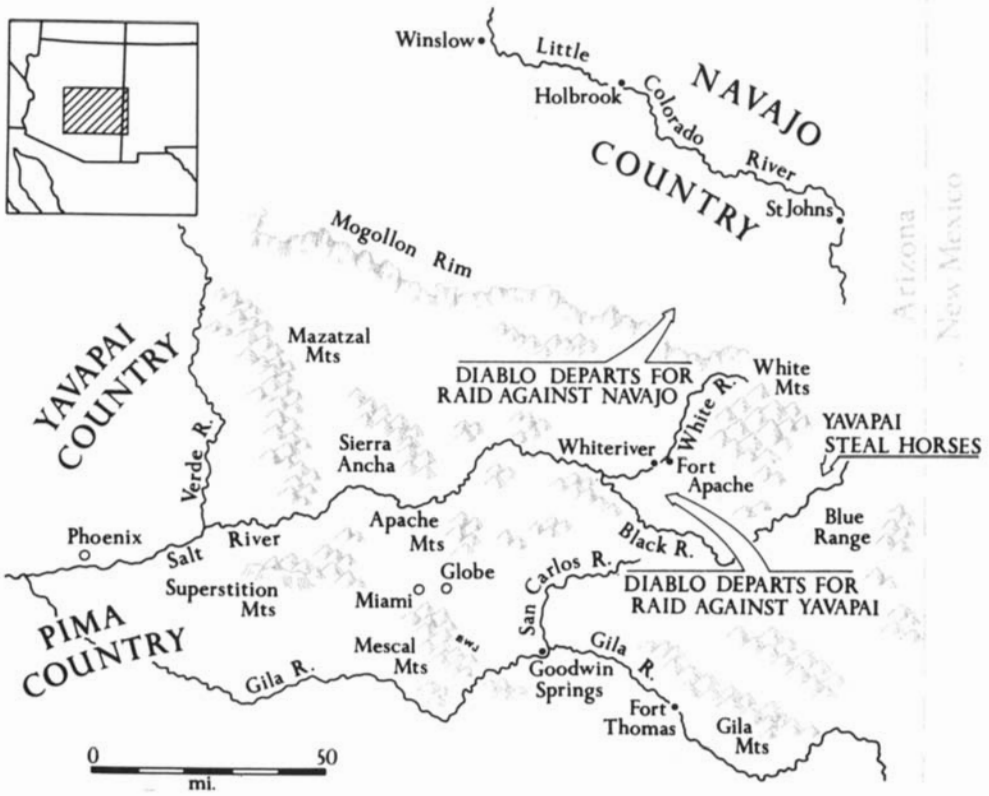
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ANNA PRICE

Anna Price was one of Grenville Goodwin's most trusted informants. Her real name was 'Her Eyes Grey' and in 1931, when the following narrative was collected, she was close to one hundred years old and blind. Anna Price was the eldest daughter of Diablo, probably the most influential chief ever to appear among the White Mountain Apache, and most of her recollections deal with the exploits of her father.

In the old days when a person got ready to be told a story, from the time the storyteller started no one there ever stopped to eat or sleep. They kept telling the story straight through till it was finished. Then when the story was through, the medicine man would tell all about the different medicines. There would be a basket of corn seeds there, and for each line that was spoken, that person who was listening would count out one corn seed. This way there would be sometimes two hundred corn seeds. Then that person would have to eat them all. If he could eat them, then he would remember all the words he had been told. If you fell asleep during this time, then the story was broken and was no good. That's the way we used to do.





Anna Price Narrative

This is a story that I heard when I was a young girl. I don't know when it took place, but it happened before I can remember. One time some of our girls got captured someplace by some Mexican soldiers. The Mexicans took these girls off down to Mexico. There where they were holding them prisoners this happened. There was one of the girls who always stayed apart by herself from the rest and when they gave her food to eat, she went aside and cooked it by herself. One day while they were cooking, this girl cut a strip of meat off the leg of a beef. Then she went to one side and built a fire and laid her meat on it to cook. The Mexican officer was standing close by watching her. She said to him, "This meat I have cut here will turn over by itself on the fire." The Mexican officer laughed and said, "If that meat turns itself over, then I will send you back to your people."

They sat there watching the meat, and when it got cooked on one side, it turned over by itself. "All right, I have promised you already, so you can go back to your home. You were living over there to where that big mountain is. In the daytime don't cross over any open country, but stay in the mountains. Don't try to walk fast—go easy for two days. This way you must cross the open country at night," the Mexican officer told her. Then he gave her some meat and bread and started her off.

While she was on her way she lived on mescal, roasted, and what acorns she could gather. These she tied up in her blanket and carried along with her. She must have been very far off because it took her three months to reach her home again, near Fort Apache—where it is now. The person who told me this story said she heard lots of Indians crying over something one day, so she went to find out what it was. When she got there, she found they were crying over that girl who had made her way back from Mexico.



One time we left White River for the Blue Range, where we intended to gather piñon nuts. We traveled on horseback and on our arrival turned our horses loose for the night. I had two horses of my own now, as I was a big girl. My father had four geldings and my father's brother had three. There were more horses belonging to other people, but I can't remember who all came with us. The

next morning we went out after the horses, but no one could find them. Finally they found the tracks of Yavapai. They had taken our horses. Our men knew they were Yavapai because their moccasins were a little different from ours. They had a habit of sewing the buckskin uppers to the rawhide sole with thin strips of hide. It was possible to see the mark which these seams left in the dirt.

The men returned to camp with one moccasin which the Yavapai had lost. No one tried to follow the Yavapai immediately. "We'll go after them when we get home," they said.

When the boys returned with some more horses from Black River we were feeling pretty angry about it all. We didn't get many piñon nuts because we had no horses. That same day we left the Blue Range and went home, traveling light and fast. My father gave orders for one cowhide to be placed in the water to soak, in order that horseshoes might be made from it.¹ "Tomorrow we will shoe the horses. The next day we will go after those who took our horses from us. Put up a sweat lodge and kill one cow."² We'll eat the meat while we take our baths," he said. While they were at the sweat bath, my father spoke: "I'm going after the ones who stole our horses in two days. Every one of you tighten your bowstrings." Some of the men said, "I have my bowstring tied already, prepared to leave." "Have you fixed all the shoes for the horses and put them on?" "Yes, it is done already," they said. "How about your moccasins? Do you have them all sewed up?" And they answered, "Yes."

My father said, "Come over to my camp in two days. Count yourself out about thirty strong; I want some thirty of us to go." So that's the way they did it, counted out thirty of them and at the end of two days were ready to start. "Saddle your horses. This is not our fault; they did it. We didn't steal their horses but they have stolen ours, so we will go over there and let them see what we are like. It is just as if they are asking us to come over after them. They did it first, not we, so we'll go over there and see what they are able to do. We may be back in ten or twelve days," my father said.

Three of the men who were going took along war shields with them. These were all white. Just before starting they sang a song in which they spoke of my father as being their leader. They

were in a big hurry to go. They were very mad and wanted to get it over as soon as possible. Leaving in the morning, they traveled steadily all day, all night, all the next night, all the third day and night, and on the morning of the fourth day they arrived there.

First they came to some Yavapai women who were putting mescal into a roasting pit. Our men killed all the women except one old woman who asked that she be spared. I don't know exactly where this took place. My father talked to the old woman, "I have a family back there I live with. I never go anyplace or do anything. It's as if you people had wished that I be here and so I am here for you. I have you now. If you hadn't bothered me and had let my horses alone, I wouldn't be over here. I was taking my people to gather wild fruit and that was where your people stole our horses. You can tell this to your people when you get home," and he released her.

After they had killed the women they went to a place where Yavapai were living. Here they had a big fight and shot at each other. My father's brother was riding his horse in the battle and the horse was killed under him. They only fought in the open for a little while, then all took cover among the rocks. Our men didn't know how many they had killed at the camp. They only knew they had killed those at the mescal pit. My father said he knew he had killed at least one at the camp and after that our men left because the Yavapai were in the rocks. The man my father shot must have been off gathering horses and returned not knowing that our people were there. As he ran to the camp, he was motioning with his hand and talking, but our men couldn't understand his language.

The war party had been gone six days when two of them arrived home, sent ahead to tell us the rest were safe. That is how we knew. They brought no horses back with them because the Yavapai only had a few at the camp, though they got two of the horses stolen from us. All the rest had been driven off to a big mountain which could be seen from the Yavapai camp. Two youths from the war party were sent on ahead to tell us how they had succeeded and that we had gotten back two of the horses. The first thing they said on arriving was, "We have killed the Yavapai." The rest of the men were one day behind them and the youths said they would be in in two more days.

The following day the women started to boil *tulpai* [a mild liquor made from fermented corn]. When the war party arrived, some of the old women who had horses stolen from them in the Yavapai raid danced about for joy. They called my father's name, "*Haškc dasila* ['He Is Constantly Angry'] always does this way. He has killed some Yavapai and brought horses home." Women who had had their horses stolen were drinking *tulpai*. They became intoxicated and cried and danced about.

My father said, "I am satisfied now. I have done this last and they did it first. It was just as if they asked us to come over to their country." The Yavapai never came back after our horses again; they were scared of us, I guess. It was the first raid like that they ever made and it took place before the soldiers came to Goodwin Springs [1864].



This happened when my father was living on the East Fork. Some Navajo came to us to get mescal. They brought sheep hides and blankets to trade. My father and some of his men had gone hunting. These Navajo surrounded them at nighttime and started to fight just as our men were eating their supper of deer meat. Two of our men were killed. Another man shot at the Navajo, even though they could not be seen, and managed to kill one. Two days after the hunters returned home they sent word among all the people to assemble. They made a dance there, a war dance.³ They used shields to dance with, made of hide.⁴

My father talked to the men before they left, "We are going after the Navajo. I don't know why they attacked us. We always treated them right before, but now we might just as well go and see them—fight them all."

They started and in two days arrived in the Navajo country. The Navajos had not gone far from where they killed our men on the other side of the White Mountains. Our people surrounded the camp and started the attack before dawn, while the Navajo were still asleep. All of them were killed. They tried to run off, leaving their guns and bows and quivers behind them. Our people set fire to their houses and burnt them up. They also set fire to the sheep corral.

During the battle my father talked to the Navajo, "This is

what you want. You have asked me to come over to fight you. That's just the way it is. It used to be as if we ate together, but now I have come to fight you."⁵

They captured one Navajo boy. He knew of another Navajo camp above this one, so they took him to guide them to it. The same day they arrived there at noon and started to fight immediately. The Navajo in the camp were all killed. A few who were herding sheep in the mountains not far off saved themselves. Thus they had fought in two places the same day, one in the morning and one at noon. We were lucky and not one of our people was killed. Whenever my father went to war a lot of men always accompanied him, lots of them, just like ants.

They had captured a second man at this Navajo camp who told them, "Some Navajo have been gone on the warpath for a long time. They went against the White people.⁶ One man has just returned ahead of the rest and has said the others will be in tomorrow and that they are bringing lots of cattle in two great herds, one in front of the other."

Two of our men were sent in search of them. The returning Navajo had sent two of their boys ahead to stop at a spring and prepare some meat for those who were coming behind. Our two men saw these boys, who went ahead and built the fire to prepare the meat. Our men knew that all the Navajo would be eating at that place. They set an ambush for them. It was almost sundown and they placed themselves about the spot where the cooking was going on.

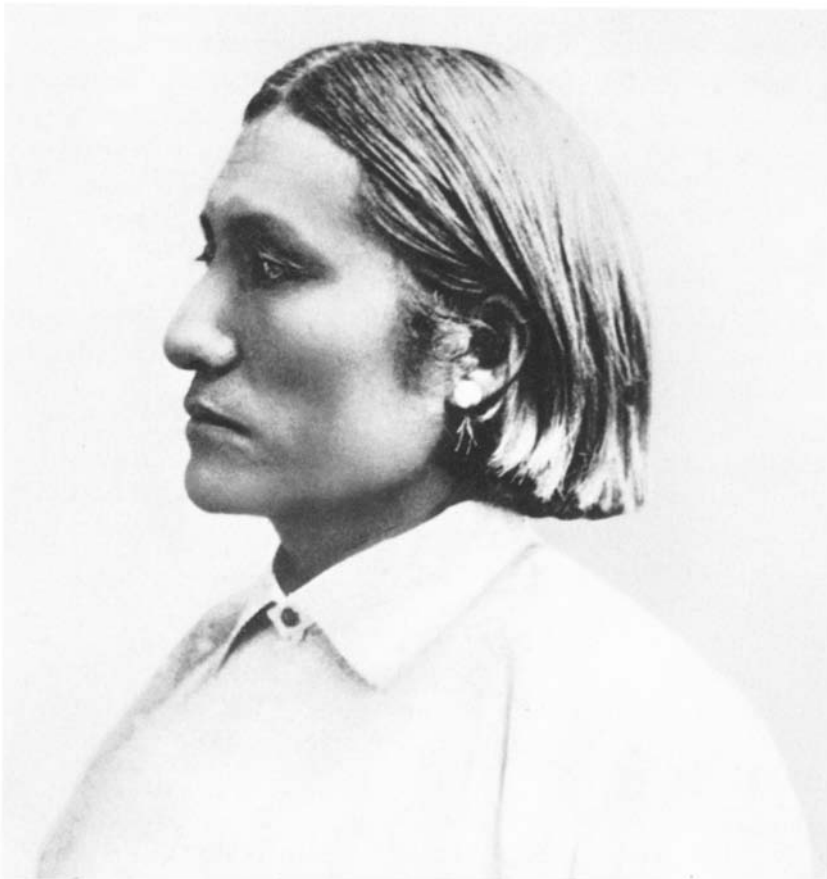
Just about an hour later the cattle came up over the hill. One Navajo was riding in the lead, the chief of the party, I guess. They arrived and our men could see many Navajo gathered together by the fire. They started to eat all in a bunch and our men began to shoot. The Navajo got scared and not one fired a shot. A few of them who were herding the cattle saved themselves, but those who had been eating were slain. One Navajo spoke, "... you have killed us all."

My father spoke to his men, "Fifteen of you take those cattle home. We want to fight more. There is another herd of cattle coming. The rest of us will go and fight them again." A Navajo had told them these springs were the only ones in the region and that the second herd would certainly stop there in two days. They stayed only one night at the springs.

The next morning fifteen men took the cattle toward White River. The remainder went on ahead to intercept the Navajo. They kept the boy they had first captured. He wanted to show our men where a spring came out between two adjoining hills. At the foot of the one to the west was a little spring. When our men arrived there, the Navajo were bringing in their cattle at the same time and the two parties ran into each other. They saw the cattle coming and so formed a semicircle about the spring so that the Navajo might drive the cattle right into them. There was a bluff on one side and at its foot the spring. It was just like a corral and they had only to arrange themselves on one side because nothing could escape on the side of the bluff. A few were on top of the bluff.

The Navajo arrived and started to water. There were a lot of them. Just then, one of our men started to shoot. They were cut off on one side by the bluff and not one of them escaped—all were killed. At the end of the fight, two Navajo were still alive, one of them having had his side shot away, and the other shot through the leg. They both were sitting there and talked even though shot down. The one wounded in the leg said, "I have killed your men many times and left their bodies for the coyotes. But now you have done the same to me."

All our men gathered about them and my father, being chief, talked to the Navajo. "You have asked for me and for this fight. We used to be friends just as if we lived in the same camp. I don't know why you want to fight my people, so I fight you. The cattle herd ahead of you has been taken down to White River for me; the herd you were bringing home I'm going to take to my home also. You have done well for me and brought lots of cattle from the warpath. You can just sit there and tell your people. I want you to tell them about me. But you who are shot in the leg, side, arm, I am going to kill you." So he killed one, and the one who was left, the one who still sat there, said, "If any of you have some mescal, I wish you would give it to me. I want it. Then I will eat it up. Maybe that will bring me home to tell my people about you. I have had a hard time from your people. Give me some water." My father gave the Navajo some water. "Here," he said, "this will take you home to tell your people about us." Then the Navajo said, "All right, take your cattle home and I will talk to my people about you and also you tell your people about me. Put me in the



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Diablo

shade. You have killed me. Put me in the shade of that pine." So they did. My father told him, "When you get home, tell your people about me and call my name. Tell them I am the one who got your cattle."

The fifteen men who took the first herd home got there first. The second bunch had been gone seven days when they got home with the cattle. They killed the Navajo boy when they left the spring.

My father had said when he started to war, "My heart is moving within me just as the sun moves overhead. That is the way

the killing of my relatives makes me feel." When a man gets mad his heart beats fast and hard. This is what he meant.



At Turkey Creek near Fort Apache, we were camping. Three young men went to hunt deer. While they were out they were attacked by Navajo. Two ran off and were saved; one was killed by the Navajo. When the boys got home they spread the news among the people. So all the older men who were left at home gathered. They met at one place and had a meeting. They decided they should follow the trail while it was fresh.

Diablo was the big chief then. He made a speech there. "We are men also. The Navajo are men also. They have life just as we do. Tomorrow we will wash up at a sweat bath and the next night we will have a war dance. While they were having the sweat bath, all the women gathered wood.

While the dance was going on, a woman talked to the men to make them brave. "They killed one of our men. You will try to do the same thing, too. They have the same life we have; they have blood like us. They die just like us also," the old woman said. They danced all night. They said if anyone had a good horse, to take it, but some went on foot.

They started off the next morning. They sent two men ahead of them as scouts. They were on the way about four days until they got to the Navajo country.

When the Navajo killed that boy they knew that they would be attacked back by our people, so they moved away from their homes. Our people got to their old camps soon. When they got there they started to follow the trail. The Navajo had taken the horses and sheep out of the corrals and driven them along. They followed the trail and sent two men on foot ahead. These two men saw the smoke from the Navajo camp ahead. When these two men got back and met the rest, they made camp there. Then they sent those two men out again to see just how the camp was located. They found the camp to be right in a valley at the end of a mesa.

About sunrise Diablo made a speech, "We should attack those Navajo before they see us, while their women and children are still together." But some of the men said no. While the chief made the

speech, these said, "No, we can attack these people tomorrow morning, in the early dawn while they sleep." But they stood by the chief's word that they were to attack right away. The chief said, "Hitch up your horses tonight, and string your bowstrings to fit."

Diablo made a speech when they started to attack. "Don't any of you men run off when the fight starts. Try to be brave." So they all divided up into three companies. They were in a line, and then on the left side of the line they gave the signal to go, then on the right, then all rushed to attack. All at once the men rushed among the Navajo camp and killed them. Then all the Navajos together rushed out of the camp. Some of our people used arrows, some guns, some spears, and started to kill off the Navajos. They chased the Navajos across a river. The Navajo women and children were in front. The Navajo men formed a line behind. Not one of the Apache got killed.

While the fight was still going on, one of the head men sent his men among the others and said, "Let's stop it. Let's stop it and gather together in a bunch again."

After the fight was over they went back to the Navajo camp and looked for all they had—bridles, bits, silver, blankets, all they had. The men who had come on foot got horses here and some rode off with Navajo saddles and Navajo blankets tied up behind. When they had cleaned out all the camp, they started as fast as they could, because they knew that the Navajo would follow them.

On the way to the Navajo they spent four nights, but on the way back they took three days. They traveled all day until sunset, and the next morning they would get up early before sunrise. That way they got back home again.



Grenville Goodwin photo, courtesy Arizona State Museum

Palmer Valor

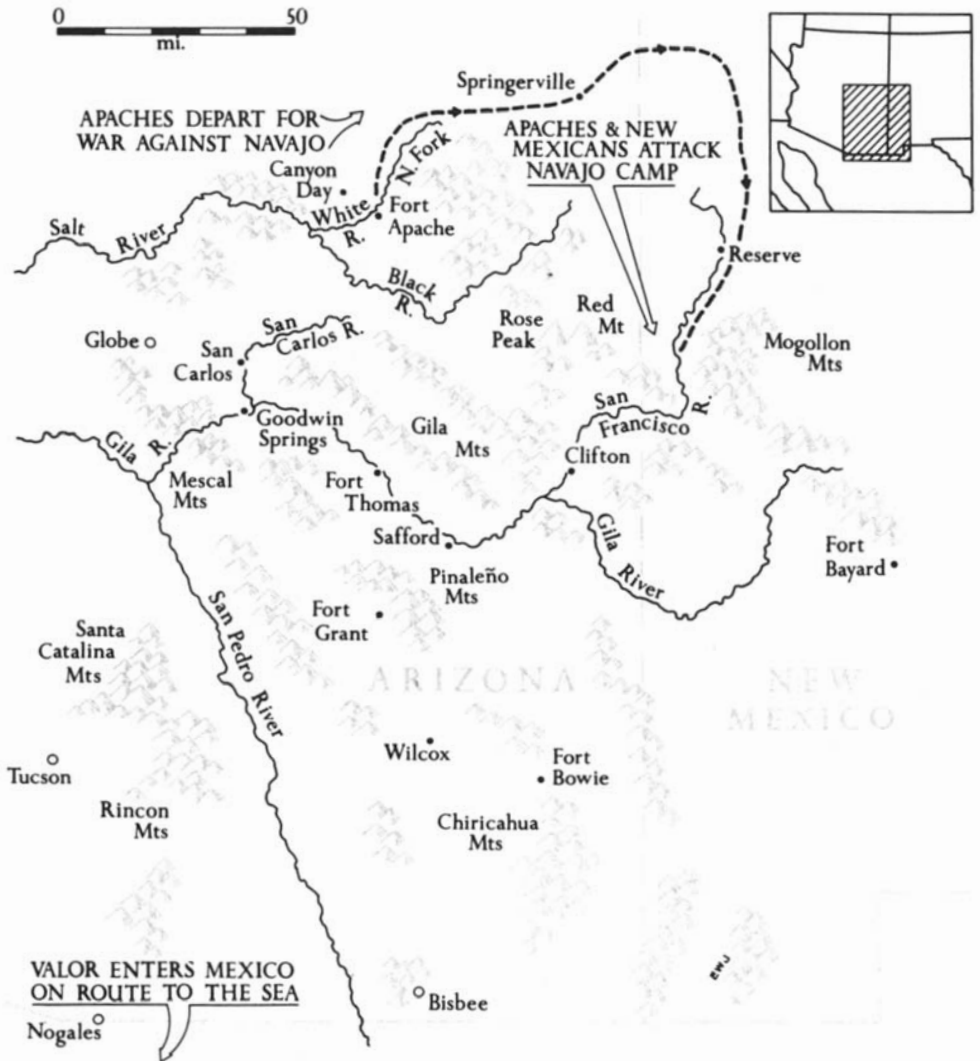
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PALMER VALOR

When Palmer Valor related the following stories in 1932, he was over ninety-five years old. Goodwin notes that "Valor's accounts of the old days are unique since he was almost the only Western Apache left who had taken an active part in the life of the people prior to U.S. Army control. Among his own White Mountain Apache, he was known as a widely traveled man and an authority on the earlier life and times." Valor describes a number of raiding expeditions in which he himself participated, most of them directed against Mexican settlements. Of particular interest is his account—the only one collected by Goodwin—of a raiding party that reached the Gulf of California.

I was born long ago at Canyon Day.¹ Then the earth was like new, and there were lots of animals and plants. There were four kinds of grass we used to live off that were growing all over this country then. There was red grass, yellow grass, blue grass, and white grass. When the wind blew through these grasses as it is blowing now, the air smelled sweet. Now it is different.

In those days, there were no White people in the country whatsoever, and only the Mexicans lived south in their own country. We always used to cross this valley of the Gila on our way to Mexico. I can remember once being gone to Mexico for twenty-



Palmer Valor Narrative

five days and only seeing one White man that whole time. There were people living in Tucson then, but that was the nearest.

All this country here belonged to us alone. All the mountains around here had names and now they have none. In those days there were lots of us and the trails around through these mountains were well traveled, like roads. Now they are all faded out and hard to see.

When the White people first came we used to fight with them, but later they gave us presents and that way we got to be friends with them. Now we are making our living from them.

Long ago when we made camp, we just put up a circle of brush around us for a shelter and kept warm. Now we have good tight wickiups, but even if we keep the doors closed, we are cold. In the old times there was no sickness among us and it seemed as though people didn't die. Now we have lots of sickness and many of us die from it.

Our people used to go on raids down into Mexico to bring back horses, mules, burros, and cattle. This is the way we used to take the property of the Mexicans and make a living off them. There were no White people to take things from in those days. We never used to travel around with the Mexicans because we were always fighting with them. This way, when we fought with them, some of us would get killed and some of them would get killed. It was hard living in those days, and sometimes a raiding party would get nothing in Mexico and come back empty-handed.

I have been many times to Mexico on raids and twice as far as the sea.² There on the edge of the sea we could see out over the water, and it was as if the sky ran right down into the sea and the top of the water kept moving up and down. There were abalone shells and other shells there, but we could not touch them as this would be a bad thing to do.³ We just sat there and made a prayer to the water; "I am here, far from my home and I want to travel safely back to my home without anyone seeing me," we prayed.

Besides going to Mexico, sometimes we went over towards Mogollon Mountain where we fought with the Navajo and took their sheep and horses.⁴

There are no people left from those old times now, except me, and an old man living up at Fort Apache, who was raised as if with me. He went on the first raiding party that I ever went on. Besides

us there are two women left from those times and they are 'Her Eyes Grey' [Anna Price] and her sister, 'Her Eyes Brown.'

These people that you see around here who look old and have gray hair, their mothers were my sweethearts when I was young. I have lived a long time and I have had lots of trouble all through my life, but I always have kept my head. I guess that is why I am still alive.

One of the first things that I can remember is when I first started to use a small bow and arrows. Then my mother said to me, "My boy, go out hunting and kill lots of birds and rats and that way you will make a living." I kept on growing and after awhile my mother said to me, "Go out and hunt deer now. Kill a deer with your arrows," and this is the way that I was doing.

We used to kill bear in those days. My heart was not afraid and even if a bear had run at me, I would have killed him with an arrow. My mother also used to make me swim in the early morning and she used to say, "If Mexicans or other enemies should come here, you will get scared and be no good if you don't make yourself brave by swimming in the cold water."⁵

My mother used to tell me about the old times and the things that she had seen in her time. She told me about the time when our people first brought cattle up from Mexico. They drove them to Oak Springs and lots of people went together to this place to see them. Many of them had never seen cattle before, and so they sat there and watched them eating the grass and chewing their cuds. They didn't know what the cattle were doing when they were chewing their cuds and so they said, "What's the matter with them?"

Another time my mother told me how she had seen the stars rain down in a straight line over to the west.⁶ This was very long ago and not long after it happened, there were lots of our people traveling over near Klondike and my mother was with them. They made camp in a canyon and were gathering wild daisies at that place.⁷

One day while they were there the sun started to go dark. In a little while it got so that only half of the sun was showing, like the moon does. The people started to call each other and it got so dark that they built a fire at the camp so the people could see to get back to it.

Now they could see the Pleiades up in the sky and it was way over to the west. All the people started to sing so that the sun would come back. They had all come together now. Finally when the sun was way low in the west, it came out again and was all right once more.

Later on an old man that I talked with when we were living at Calva told me that during that same time the sun got dark, a girl had gone out to look at a trap that had been set for coyotes. She saw a rat in the trap, and when she tried to take it out, the trap fell on her and broke her back. When all the people got to camp they found that this one girl was missing and when they went to the trap to look for her, they found her there dead. The old man said that this had happened when he was a boy.

I have just heard about how they used to make these traps for coyotes, but I have never seen one made. They built a kind of little house for the coyote to go into and fixed a big flat rock in front of the house and had it set up with a set-stick that had a rat for bait on the end of it.



I can remember the first time that I ever went on a raid to Mexico. I was only a boy then and not very big, but I thought that I would like to go to war and so I joined in with a party. All the men said, "What's the matter, little boy? We are going a long way, and we will be gone for fifty-nine days. You are too small to go with us." But all the same I went with that party.⁸

We carried packs on our backs with our food in them and as we traveled along we were careful to keep ourselves hidden. After we got to Mexico we met up with a bunch of Mexicans and killed one of them. The rest of them got away, but we got all the stock. All this happened very long ago.

While we were camping at one place the Mexicans came on us in the morning and started to fight. They killed two of our bunch, both good men, and for this reason we started off back home. On our way we went by a big town. There was a big pasture at this town with lots of horses in it. So that night we went to this pasture and took out all the horses.

That same night we started on with them and traveled all night till early morning when we stopped to rest. Now we had the

horses and so we went on home with them. We had been gone for twenty-three days on this raid.

We had lost two men on this raid and on account of this the people were all notified that there was to be a council about it. This was some time after we had gotten back.

Some horses were butchered to feed the people, and they put up a dance which lasted for about two nights. Right after the dance was finished, about two hundred of us men started off on the warpath to Mexico. They said that we were going to kill every Mexican that we met.

When we got to Mexico we killed about twenty Mexicans and captured one Mexican man. Then we started back home, taking the prisoner with us. When we got back home to where our people were at Ash Flat, we made a victory dance.⁹ That night they made the Mexican dance with them.

The next morning an old woman there took up a spear and ran at the Mexican and stuck it right through him and killed him. This old woman was the sister of one of the two men who had been killed by the Mexicans and this man, her brother, had been a chief. That's the way that they did—one night they danced with the Mexican and the next morning they killed him. Now the dance was finished.



One time we set out for Mexico to a great big town. This was the place that we were coming to to steal stock, so we waited not far off till it got dark.

When it was dark we went in near the town and started to round up all the gentle horses that we could and when we got through we had about fifty-three head. We started off and herded these fifty-three head of horses that same night and all the next day. We left the horses in a place and then when it was dark we turned around and went back to the town. There we got twenty-one more horses out of the pasture and took them back and put them in with the bunch that we had already taken.

Now we started out for home by a trail that we always used to take when we were going through this part of the country.

While we had been away some enemies had attacked the place where our people were camped waiting for us, and had broken up

the whole camp.¹⁰ When we got there, I gave away the four horses that were my share of the trip. I gave these horses to my mother, my sister and my maternal uncle. They butchered them and used the meat to eat. This way we ate those horses all up.



We were down at Goodwin Springs and that is where we started from. There was a big bunch of us, but we didn't all travel together. That's the way we used to do—two or three, or maybe five, or anywhere up to eleven of us would get together to go to Mexico.

This time there were eleven of us, but two of the men came back home as soon as they had captured some stock. We used to do this quite often also; when some of the party had taken some stock, they would turn back and go home because they would be satisfied. But the others who had taken no stock would keep on till they had captured some horses or cattle.

When the party set out for Mexico I was out hunting birds. I saw them setting off and so I ran after them and caught them up and joined them. We traveled for seven days and nights and then came to a dangerous spot where we had to walk on our toes to be sure that we left no tracks and be sure that we hid all our tracks.

This place is a great plain, all open, and if the Mexicans had ever found our tracks on it, they could have run us down for sure because we were all on foot. There is only one mountain on this plain, and it is so far from any other mountain where we could have taken cover that we could have easily been caught.

We kept on across the plain and after some time we came to a place from where we could see a mountain which is right close to the sea.

Down at that place the country looks like this across the Gila River here with lots of brush growing and a great many giant cactus and lots of creosote bush. In all this brush there were lots of quail.

Now we went on to a small mountain and on to the southeast side of it. The sea was not far off now, only about ten miles. It looked like the sky is today and on the other side of it there were no mountains, but instead the water as if it ran clear out and into the sky itself. We stayed two days there and looked around.

At the end of the two days we saw lots of dust way below where we were and it looked as though it was made by horses. From where we saw the dust it kept on coming towards us and right into the valley below us where we could see it. The other men in the party knew that there used to be a corral on the other side of this mountain that was built with a stone wall. They had been there before and so they said that we would go to it. Some of our party thought that what was making the dust was heading for this stone-walled corral. Then the rest of us set out for the stone corral.

This corral had two big posts set one on each side of the entrance and between these posts were bars that could be set up to close the entrance. This was the only place that you could get into it, and there was no way to get in by tearing down the stone wall, as this was too hard.

There is one old woman still living whose husband was in charge of us. This man told two of us to go to the gate of the corral and watch there. A little while after these two had been sent over to watch the gate, one of them came back and said that the horses had gone into the corral by themselves and that there was no one driving them. There were some men in our party who understood about horse medicine, and it must have been these who made the horses go into the corral like that by themselves.¹¹

Now the one in charge sent the man who had come from the gate back there and told him to get the gate closed. The sun was above us and it was just about noon then, so we waited till evening before we went to the corral to get the horses.

In one direction from the corral there were some Mexicans living about six miles away, and in the other direction there were some living about fifteen miles away. We were all very anxious for the sun to go down so that we might go to the corral. Pretty soon there was only a little time left till the sun would set, and we thought sure that no one would be there now and so we went to the corral.

When we got there we saw that there were lots of horses in the corral and they were big ones like soldiers' horses. Now the man in charge of us said, "I don't think that the horses will get out of the corral and so you can all go ahead and rope the ones that you want. You have your ropes, so go and do it."

The man in charge of a raiding party like this was just like an officer and when he said something he meant it.

So now we all started to rope the horses that we wanted. I caught a good gray horse right away and after him I caught two others. Some of the men got three and some got four. We were still roping horses when our chief told us to stop. There were eleven of us and no one of us had two horses; we all had from three to five apiece. We left about eleven head still in the corral. There must have been lots of horses in that bunch because we all had so many. The eleven that were left were for the chief.

Then the chief said to us, "If you take your horses out of the corral before you get on them, they will be likely to run away and drag you after them till you let go. So you all better get on them in the corral and gentle them there."

Our chief picked out his men just as if they were out on a cattle roundup and set them at different jobs. We got on our horses in the corral and then he told us to open the gate. Two of us he set to lead, and two he told to go on each side of the herd, and the other five of us rode behind and drove.

Now we started out of the gate and the chief told us to drive easy at first. We drove the horses slowly till we got across the river there, and then we started to drive them faster.

"For two nights we will travel till dawn steadily," our chief said. And he meant what he said, for the next two nights we traveled all night till morning.

There was a big open level plain that we had to cross, but there was lots of heavy brush growing on it so that we could cross it in the daytime safely without anyone seeing us. We set out and crossed over it that day and stopped by a little mountain on the other side. There our chief said that we had better keep on going and that if we traveled all night we could get to a stopping place by early morning.

Now we had been traveling steadily for three nights and three days since we had left that stone corral near the ocean, and again this day we traveled all day, keeping on the mountain. That night we drove the horses on, and at the foot of a mountain we herded the horses all day.

While we had been coming on our way all this time, we had not stopped to eat anything at all. Now they said that we would start for the top of another mountain and that we should get there

by early morning of the next day. So we started off and by the time that it got light in the early morning, we had got to the foot of this mountain and then climbed it, almost to the top, to a level place.

"I don't think that any Mexicans coming after us could have caught us unless they had flown, so let's stop here and butcher one of the horses," the chief said. We had been going steadily for five nights and days now. The night that we left the stone corral we had only a small piece of meat left from the food that we had brought with us, and we had eaten this up that same night.

The chief had a good sorrel horse and he told us to kill it. We did, and cooked some of the meat, not much though, and ate it. Some of the men, while they still had meat in their mouths and were sitting there chewing it, went to sleep right there. This was because we had been traveling steadily for five nights and days now, never stopping to sleep or eat.

In those days they knew what ones were the men, and even if he was still young, only a boy, it didn't matter if he could stand it. This way some boys went along and were able to stand these trips, just like the men.

The chief said that we would stay here and sleep for a while. But he told me and another of the party to go and watch back over our trail to see if anyone should be coming. "Don't go to sleep while you are watching," he said to us. In those days long ago I used to have a great power, and that's why I began to be different.¹² They always used to put me in the most dangerous places to do things.

I and the other man stayed and kept a lookout over our back trail till mid-afternoon, and then we came back to sleep. The chief told the others to cook some meat for us two right away and then he said to us to go to sleep, and when we woke up we could eat. We had no water with us at that place. We two slept for about two hours, I think, and then we woke up and started to eat the meat.

The chief said, "We will cross right above here." Then we went to the top of the mountain that we had been camped on, and herded the horses right out to the end of it. By the time we had got to the end it was dark and we were close to a town. From here we set out and traveled all night. We had been going six days now and six nights and there was one night left during which I couldn't sleep.

That day we kept on and when night came we crossed over some open desert country, about as far as it is from here to Point of Pine.

Now it was seven nights and days since we had had a real sleep, and that's the way that we used to do when we were on the warpath or on a raid. A man had to be mean and smart so that he would never be caught by the enemy.

Now the chief said, "We have been driving these horses for seven nights so we might as well turn them loose in this canyon here, and we will sleep at the mouth of it so they can't get out." We knew that we had herded these horses—there were fourteen of them left—steadily for seven days and seven nights, and we had been coming as fast as we could. But from here on it was almost like home, and there was only one more Mexican town to pass. We rested there all that day and the next day we went on.

I have been all through this country many times and that is why I remember all these places so well.



This is the way that we used to live in the old days. One time a party of Navajo came down into our country and attacked a bunch of our people who were living on Turkey Creek. They killed a lot of our people at that place.

Some time after that two Navajo men came among our people on the White River. We didn't know just where they came from, but we knew that both these men had been in the party of Navajo who had killed some of our people on Turkey Creek. These two Navajo said that they had come to visit our people, but I don't know why they had the nerve to come back this way.

When they came there our people notified each other that a sweat bath was to be set up and that we would get these two Navajo to go inside to take a bath and then kill them in there.¹³

So they made the sweat bath and then invited the two Navajo to come there and take a bath. They came to the sweat lodge all right, but wouldn't both go in to bathe at the same time. Only one of them would go in and the other stayed outside and sat in the shade. When the other one went in the sweat lodge, some of our men went with him and right in the lodge they grabbed hold of

him. But at the same time, a little before, some of our men grabbed the one who was waiting outside. He must have said something to the other in the sweat lodge, because before they had a chance to really get hold of him, he jumped out of the lodge and got away. Our people killed the one outside, but the one who jumped out of the lodge got away and we didn't kill him. He ran off in the brush just as he had stripped to take the bath, without any moccasins and no clothes at all.

Not long after this took place an officer received a letter from the Navajo country saying that all the White Mountain people were to go on the warpath against the Navajo and that we were to meet the soldiers at a certain place and help them against the Navajo.¹⁴ This was just two days after we killed that Navajo.

At the time that the one man got away from us, our people had said that we better follow him and see if he went back to his people, that we had better catch him or he would go back and tell his people that we had killed the other man. So because we had received the message about going to war with the Navajo and on account of the man who got away from us, we set off.

There were about two hundred of us, but we were not like enlisted scouts. We were on our own and only helping the soldiers who we were to join. The first day we got to the upper part of North Fork and camped there. The next day we went up on top of a mountain and made camp. From here we went on by the regular way that we always took in going to Fort Wingate and Albuquerque.

The day after that we met some New Mexicans.¹⁵ There was only one White man with them and the outfit must have been New Mexican soldiers. There were five companies of them. While we were there we had a talk with the officer in charge of the New Mexicans and he said that a fight had once started right there. They were not allowed to travel through this place or near it.

This place was like a holy place and there was a power here. These New Mexicans that we saw here tied some strips of yucca around their heads, arms, and legs. Then they made a sort of big basket out of brush about twelve feet long. Two men took this basket, two at each end, and waded with it out into the water there and dragged it along under the water so that they could gather the salt up on it. As they waded along, the water only went as

far up their legs as where the yucca strips were tied and it wouldn't go beyond these strips.

Right there in the middle of this place there were two hills, and right between them the water is a black color, and on the other side it is a green color, and on the other side it is a yellow color, and on the other side it is a white color. Right in the center you throw beads of four colors, and if you throw them in like this, you can swim in this water here. If you swim in this water you can never get sick. All this the officer in charge of the New Mexicans told us.

We stayed at this place for three days. We asked the New Mexicans if all of them were going on the warpath, but they said no, that some of them had just come here to get salt and that they would be going back home soon. "Only some of us are going to help you fight," they said.

The White officer said to us, "We have met here for a reason and not for nothing. That's why I shake hands with all of you here," and he now shook hands with all of us. Then he got out about five yards of red cloth and divided it up among us so that each one of us got some. The next morning we started out with the soldiers. There were ninety-nine of our people there.

We camped on the east side of a mountain, and from here it is straight to Mogollon Mountain. The next day we set out and crossed a big flat and stopped to camp. From here we went on and camped where there were lots of pines growing. Next we came to a river and that is the next place that we camped.

Then we went on down the canyon from here, and while we were going one of our chiefs came and told us to go over to a big black mountain that was there, and go up on top of it to see if we could see any fires that would be Navajo camps. He told six of us to go and I was one of those who went along.

We started out and on our way we met lots of bears. We got to the top of that mountain the same night and looked for a fire, but we couldn't find any. We stayed there all that night and the next morning, far off, there was a mountain spotted with timber and on a point just below this mountain we could see smoke spreading out. So now we went back to the camp and joined the rest and told them that we had seen some smoke far off, behind the mountain. Then the White officer said that we would all stay where we

were till it got dark, and then we would set out for where the smoke was.

There was lots of timber growing out in patches in the open country just this side of where the smoke was. Some of those men were not very smart. Only some of us knew what to do, and it was some of our people who said that we should stay here till it got dark and then go to the smoke. It was not far to the smoke, but we should always travel to it at night.

That night we set out and got pretty close to the smoke but could not see it yet. So they told us to go up on the mountain there and see if we could see any smoke. I and two other men went up and looked for the smoke. When we got up there we saw a camp right below us and we could see lots of sheep being herded by the camp. This was a Navajo camp all right, and so we went back to the others and told them. We had waited at that place the rest of the night and when the dawn had come was when I and the two others had gone up on the mountain and seen the camp.

Now when we got back we all got ready to fight. The New Mexicans said that we should all wear something in the fights so that we wouldn't look like the Navajo and have the New Mexicans shoot at us by mistake and kill some of us. Then we all lined up with the soldiers that morning. When we started out we all went in front and the New Mexicans came behind us to the west. Where the pack outfit was being driven along, they put one company of the soldiers so that some were riding on each side to guard. The horses were divided up so that they were in four parts on the side in a line.

Then the White officer called the father of Anna Price [Diablo] to him and said to him, "You are the chief of these White Mountain people and I understand you are a good fighter. Today we are going to fight and we will find out about you." "All right, you will find out about me. All these men here—they know me. I have always fought together with them. These New Mexicans here are your soldiers. I don't know which will do the best, your men or mine," our chief said.

The officer in charge of the New Mexicans said, "For what happens from now until sundown, we will want to know who will

be named the best. If you Indians do the best, you will be named well. If it is that way, it will be good. But if these soldiers of mine on their horses do not do much good, my name will not stand for anything.”

Now it was all right, and we went in a line. We went in front and the ones who were our chiefs rode at our head. While we were on our way, our chief rode around among us and told us to go slow. Just before we started, the earth shook and trembled.

Before we got to where we could see the dwellings of the Navajo, we saw some Navajo herding in some horses to their camp, just this side of it. They were good horses, all of them like cowboys' horses, and one had a saddle on and another had a pack on. The Navajo was driving them on foot. He had a six-shooter with a white handle with him, but it was not loaded, and he also had a rifle, but this was not loaded either. He tried to load it now, and if he had had it loaded he would have killed one of the soldiers for sure.

One of the New Mexicans, a tall slim fellow, rode fast on his horse at the Navajo. The Navajo was at his horse's tail, and he had his gun loaded by now, and so he shot at the New Mexican but he missed. The Navajo kept moving fast and the New Mexican did not kill him. The rest of the New Mexicans rode to the Navajo camp, but we didn't pay any attention to the camp and just tried to get hold of the Navajo horses. Some of our people got some of the horses and got on them.

I tried to help catch the horses. I was on foot like a great many of us were, but in those days my legs were like automobiles and they amounted to a great deal, and the other men knew this because when we had had hard times I always had helped out with my legs. My legs were a great deal then. I roped on foot and caught one of the horses by the forefoot. There were lots of sheep at this camp that the Navajo had there.

Only one Navajo got killed at this fight and he was the only one killed in the whole fight. The soldiers ought to have helped us to get all their horses instead of going to the camp after the Navajo, and if they had done this we would have killed lots of the Navajo.¹⁶ But instead of that, all the Navajo got away on their horses from their camp and they took their guns with them.

Right on top of a rock bluff there they left two of their horses, and a little farther on they stopped and all lined up ready to fight, standing with their guns. Now they started to shoot and they made so much smoke that we couldn't see them at all. Then some of us started to them to fight, and this was when I captured one good horse with a saddle. All of our people captured lots, but the White officer and his New Mexican soldiers captured nothing at all. We also took one of the Navajo prisoner.

Later on the officer in charge of the New Mexicans wanted to know what kind of an outfit the Navajo was wearing who had been killed. This Navajo was wearing a belt with silver all the way round it. He had a pouch for bullets and a steer horn to keep his gunpowder in. Someone had taken all the things from the dead man, and so now the officer said that he wanted all these things brought back.

He spread a blanket on the ground for the things to be put on—rifles, pistol and all. Then he asked again who had killed the Navajo. They told him that a certain one of the men had done it. "Well, let him come here. He killed this Navajo, and so all these things that the dead man had will go to him, no matter if some of you have already taken them for yourselves. He has done this and so he gets it all," the officer said. So the things were brought and laid on the blanket for that man who was standing near, but he said that he didn't want all these things for himself, and that he would give some of them to our people.

After this, that officer in charge of the New Mexicans told us, "I have fought lots of times with the Navajo, and they are like coyotes. I think that tonight they will try to come to where we camp and surround us. For this reason we had better leave here and go back over that open level country the way we came, so that they won't have a chance to come up on us. We will camp out in the open and make a corral to put the stock in."

So then we started to herd the stock out into the open country. When we got lined out we could see that we had a lot of horses, goats, and sheep—about five hundred in all. Our men herded the horses and pack horses. It looked good to me to see so much stock that we had captured from the Navajo.

About dusk we stopped out in the open country to make a corral, and to camp. All the soldiers formed out into a great

circle, each man about four feet from the next, just like posts all around the stock. They made the soldiers stay like this all night, and that's the way we made our corral.

The next morning we gathered up all the horses and started on our way. They said we would make our next camp where there was lots of water, and we did this when we came to a canyon that had water in it. From here we went on to the other end of the same canyon and made camp again. The next day we moved on, and just before sundown we stopped and made camp right below Mogollon Mountain where there are lots of trees at the end of the mountain.

As soon as we had made camp the officer in charge of the New Mexicans said, "Come, we will eat right away, for after we eat I want to hold a talk with you." So we ate, and after we were through the officer called us to come.

When we got there he said to our chief, "That was true, that which I told you about just before we went to fight the Navajo. I said that you were the chief of the White Mountain people and that you, as a chief, were a great fighter. I understand now, and know that you are a great fighter. Everyone is afraid of you. I know that it is true. You are my brother, Diablo, and you have done well. All your men captured the sheep and goats and the horses, but my men have captured nothing at all. My name is no good and your name is best now. I figured that my soldiers were good fighters, but here they have taken only one old sheep hide in this fight.

"We will stay here at this place tomorrow, and I want you to divide up all this stock that has been captured, and give half of it to our party. I and my men have had a hard time fighting and driving this stock as well as you all, and for this reason I want you to do as I ask."

The next morning we got ready and rounded up all the horses. It was agreed that our chief and another chief would go on one side of the captured horse herd, and the White officer and another New Mexican officer would go on the other side. This way each could cut a horse out of the herd one at a time, so that two men working together would cut out two horses at a time. First the two officers would cut out two horses, and then our two chiefs would cut out two horses. As the horses were cut out they were driven

into two separate herds, and in this way our people and the soldiers divided up the horses into two equal bunches, one for us and one for them.

This took a long time, and as the horses were being cut out we joked and said that we felt good and that maybe the soldiers had something to drink with them. When we said this the New Mexicans got out a gallon jug of whiskey that they had there. Our chief said, "This way, we will all have a good time. There will be fun for all of us."

When we had got through cutting all the horses, there were three left and the White officer said that these three horses that were left we should take for ourselves. We had started to cut out the horses in the morning, and it took a long time to finish it, but finally it was done.

Then they brought all the sheep and goats to the same place to divide them up also. All the New Mexicans and all of us lined up around the sheep and goats in a big circle. Then we cut out the goats from the sheep and stood around the sheep in a big circle like a corral. Some of the men went in the circle that we made and stood across it so that they divided the circle into two halves.

Now we drove one half one way and the other half the other way so that we had a herd and the New Mexicans had a herd, both of the same size. They had been careful to stand so that they cut the circle of our corral just in half, and had moved one way and then the other way till they had got it just right.

Then they brought up the goats. We stood all around them, alternately, first one of us and then one of the New Mexicans. Now the White officer rode up on his horse and said, "I don't want us to get into an argument over this stock, and so I don't care who gets the most, your people or my people. I have a white cloth in my hand and when you see me wave it up and down four times, then everyone start in and grab a goat. This way we will see who gets the most goats."

So then he got ready and waved the white cloth up and down four times and we all started in to grab goats. It sure was a scramble, and the dust that we raised was so thick that we could hardly see at all. Some of the men tried to take away goats from those who already had hold of them.

At last when it was all over, there was one man lying there on the ground, and he was unconscious. The goats had trampled all over him and his mouth and throat were full of dust. He was one of the New Mexican soldiers. When we came to him he was still breathing, and so they got a piece of canvas and soaked it in water and rolled the New Mexican all up in it. In that way he got all right and came to. Then they took him back to camp, holding him to both arms. It had been almost as if he had drowned from the dust.

It was about mid-afternoon when we got all through dividing up the captured stock, but as soon as we had got our share separated from the part the New Mexicans took, we left the New Mexicans and started off for home. That night we stopped to camp where there were lots of pines at a place near Springerville. From there we went on for three days to a place not far below where Fort Apache is now. There are lots of farms at that place now. From here we went on and the next day we were home again.

I had seven goats and twenty-three sheep, which all together with the goats made thirty head. I had one horse also, and so I really had thirty-one head that I had captured from the Navajo.



The first time that our people had anything to do with the White people was when we went to meet a White officer who issued some clothes to us. He also gave us some big brass kettles, red blankets, and some copper wire for making bracelets. A whole pile of things he gave to us. Besides these things he gave us about thirty head of cattle. That's the way the White people first started to make friends with us.¹⁷

Then the White people came to Goodwin Springs [1864] and started to live there.¹⁸ One of our great chiefs, Diablo, came to have a talk with the White officer at Goodwin Springs. There were lots of White people and lots of our people who met at that council. During the talk some of our men carried a hard rock to the meeting and put it right where they were talking. "We will be friends together as long as this rock lasts," they said. That rock there meant that an agency was set up for us and that we were

friends with the White people. That rock is still there and we are still friends. After the council was over the White people gave out some coffee, sugar, and flour to us, and they are still doing that way today. From then on the White people tried to make us understand things, and that if we were traveling along a trail and we saw something that was not ours, we were not to pick it up and take it.

While we were at Goodwin Springs that time they talked about setting up an agency for us at Fort Apache. The main chief who lived on White River agreed to this, and that's how the White people came to move up there and build Fort Apache and live close to our people. Up there around Fort Apache it is good country with the mountains and the river. The water is colder up there and the weather is colder too, so that when we were all living up there we were well off. We were all well off then and lived well.



One time, we made a thirteen-day trip to a place where our party agreed to split up into three parts, and each part was to go to a different place and make raids on three Mexican towns. We were going to split up the next day but that night we all started on together and went on for about a quarter of a mile that way. We did this because we knew that the Mexicans who lived around here were bad and mean. Even in the nighttime they would look for our tracks if they thought we were around. They used dogs to track us with. For this reason we all stuck together when we went past this town, and when we got by they sent three of our men back to see if we were being followed.

We had gone on a little way and up onto a little ridge, and then we knew that lots of Mexicans were following us. It was a good bright moon that night and we stopped there to look back. There we saw way back on our trail, a big white dog. He was going on in the lead and there were some other dogs in back of him, following. Pretty soon the three men that were sent back to watch our trail and see if anyone was following us, came back and said that the Mexican soldiers were following us.

We kept on traveling that night and went about ten miles further. Then we thought that we were safe and so got ready to

stop for the night and sleep. But before we went to sleep they said that we had better send someone back to see if the Mexicans were still following us. So they sent one of the men back to look. In awhile he came back and said, "The Mexicans are following us right up along the top of that mesa there." We had been gone from the Mexican soldiers for quite some time, but they were coming up on us again and so we started out and all ran away from them. As we went our feet sounded like drums on the ground—there were so many of us.

That same night we went on about ten miles farther, and by that time it was near morning and so we stopped again. We had a little food with us and also some blankets, and so we spread these out and lay down in a line to sleep.

About a quarter of a mile away there was a little hill, and in a short while we saw the Mexicans come out on top of this. We could see that they had two dogs there, and one of them was white and the other was black. They both had long ears. While the Mexicans stood there and looked at us we crossed over the canyon and looked back at them from the other side. There they were, still standing on the rocks and we counted twenty-six of them. Then we hollered back to them and they hollered back to us. We could see that they were drinking some liquor out of bottles and that when they had drunk all there was they threw the bottles away. After that they started to shoot their guns up at the sky. We knew that these Mexicans always did this, and so when they shot at the sky we understood it.

When we saw that there were only twenty-six of them, we thought that we might as well go on ahead and lay an ambush for them and fight them. We all agreed about this and we were mad because we had been chased by these Mexicans all last night. So we started on ahead, and farther on we came to a big canyon through which there was only one way to go, and there we stopped.

There were lots of us, eighty-seven, and we were ready for the Mexicans. Soon they came up and we ran out at them as fast as we could. I was out in front. The Mexicans had got to this canyon almost the same time that we had. As soon as they got to us they started to shoot at us right away. Now when they had shot at us this way we all said, "Don't anyone run off. Everyone must go for the Mexicans now." Some of the older men kept telling the

younger ones not to run from the Mexicans, but to stay there and fight them. Now we started to shoot, and when we fired we could see three of the Mexicans fall. Those Mexicans were drunk, but anyway they kept on coming and didn't care because they had drunk so much of their liquor.

The father of John Rope was the chief who was leading us. During the fight he got shot in the hand but he didn't get scared. Before the fight had started, when we had first got to the canyon, our chief had told us, "We better go in the canyon, and then some of us go up on each side of the slopes. If we all go in a line down the creek here, then if the Mexicans shoot at us they won't be able to help hitting some of us."

In this fight we killed six of the Mexicans. Of our party, one got shot in the hand, one got shot in the neck, and one in the sole of the foot, and some of the others were wounded a little also. None of us got killed, but there were about twelve who got wounded.

After the fight we stayed there for two nights and then split up. The twelve men who were wounded started for home. The six Mexicans who had been killed were packed off on mules to the Mexican town by the rest of the soldiers. The time of that fight was the only time that we saw any Mexicans on this trip.

From the place where the fight had been, we set out. We got to a mountain and right on top of it we met three Chiricahua. They told us that they had seen the Mexican soldiers pass close by them. They said that they had wanted to meet the Mexicans and start a fight with them and shoot at them. But the Mexicans had looked so mean that they had not bothered with them, and had been afraid to shoot at them. When the Mexicans had seen them, four of the soldiers had grabbed their guns as if they were going to shoot at the Chiricahua, and that's why the Chiricahua had left them alone.

On the top of this mountain our bunch split up, and part went to the west and part to the east. Later on we came together again, and right above there is a big town for which we headed. This was the same town that we had been to before and that night we intended to go to this town and try to get some horses. On account of this we sent six men on ahead to look around.

Late that night we all went to the town and there were seventy

of us all together now, but even so we got scared on account of something and all ran off from that place. We camped at the foot of a mountain that night, and the next night we got to the only springs which come out in that part of the country and made camp there. While we were near these springs we captured some horses, and then started off driving these horses for four days, going steady. We traveled always at nighttime, and after we had gone for four nights we traveled by day.

After eight more days we were back with our people once more, and there was lots of dancing because we had been successful. They put up a dance which lasted all night and till morning. That dance was given on account of the six Mexicans that we had killed. We had just seen those Mexicans fall and had never gone to them, but all the same we made a dance over it. That's the way we used to do when we came back from raids and the warpath.

I have been many times to Mexico this way when I was a young man. It is almost as if I had grown up in Mexico. From Mexico we always used to bring back lots of horses and cattle, burros and mules. In the old days some Mexicans and also a few White people used to come from the north to get horses, mules and burros from us that we had taken in Mexico. They used to trade us blankets, guns, and gunpowder for them.



The next time that I went to Mexico, at one place we stopped to camp we got some liquor from the Mexicans and became drunk on it. It was mescal. The mescal that they used to make the liquor grew quite a long way off from that place.

When they made the mescal, the Mexicans would get a cowhide and make a sort of vat out of it. This cowhide they would set on a hard cement floor there. There was a little pipe which ran down into this hide and drained the mescal into it. When they were making it they had to sprinkle the mescal with something. On the other side they had their pit to roast the mescal in. After the mescal was cooked they ran the pipe from it into the cowhide. When they ran the liquor off out of the cowhide, it was then mescal and ready to drink.

They had lots of bottles and barrels there to put the liquor in. When we got to this place some of our bunch drank the mescal and some got a cow stomach and filled it with the mescal. After we filled the cow stomach we went with it up to the top of the mountain there and had a good time drinking the mescal in it. We all got feeling good.

From here we went on to a big town. We went up on top of the mountain there and sat looking down at the houses in the town. Then while we were sitting there it started to rain a little. About a quarter of a mile off we could see a small corral and it was built of stone. It was about as big as the shade of this cottonwood that we are sitting beneath here, and on account of its being built of stone it was hard to get into by tearing down the walls. There was a gate made of big poles set in the ground on one side but this was on the side facing toward the house near the corral. We could see a lot of mules in the corral, and in with them there was one white horse with a bell around its neck. "That white horse will be mine," I told the other men.

While we were still sitting there it got dark and then we started for the corral, going on down the hill to it. There were eleven of us. When we got there the father of Francis Drake roped the white horse and it was a good one. He said to me, "This horse is not mine, but I will just ride her in front of the mules so that they will follow her. I will take off the bell and just rattle it once in a while, so that the mules will hear it." We took all those mules out of that corral that night and started out to go by another big town that was about eight miles away. About two days before this some other Apache had taken some horses from the town, and the Mexican soldiers had chased them. On account of this the Mexicans were on the lookout for more of our people.

The only way that we could take our stock through that part of the country was through a pass, so we had to try and get through this pass. When we got to the pass the Mexicans cut us off there. We had about eighty mules in the bunch that we had taken from the corral and we were herding them along to get through the pass.

It was just about early morning when the Mexicans struck us and got the mules from us. Then when they had the mules they started for us. We got away on the mules that we were riding, but these were the only ones that we were able to get away with.

All the rest the Mexicans took back from us. I was riding a good brown mule, and my father-in-law, the father of Francis Drake, was still riding the white horse that had had the bell. He said to me, "Tomorrow I will give the horse to you."

When we got away from the Mexicans we all went to the top of a big mountain there and stopped to talk. We said that we had only a few mules and so there was no use going home yet—we might just as well go on and try and get some more horses. So we left the mules and the horse on the top of the mountain with three men to look after them, and told them that we would be back in three days. Then, eight of us started off on foot.

Just about sundown we got near a big town in the valley and struck an old road there which we followed along. As we walked along the road we saw some Mexicans coming with some burros. Pretty soon we would meet them. As soon as they saw us they started to run for us. My father-in-law who was in charge of us said, "Don't run from them. We will go at them. There are only about sixteen of them."

Now the Mexicans were close to us and they started to circle around us on their horses. My father-in-law shouted to me not to run off but to go for the Mexicans. There was one Mexican who rode by me, and as he rode he hung down on the other side of his horse so that he wouldn't get shot.

I had a bow and arrows with me and now I shot at him. The arrow went over him, but the next time I shot and the arrow hit the horse in the neck, just below the mane. The horse started to pitch with the Mexican and he jumped off to the ground. He ought to have waited till he was bucked off. The other Mexicans saw the man on the ground and one of them grabbed him up and they ran off with him.

Now we all agreed to shoot as many of the Mexicans' horses as we could and this way we killed two horses. Then the Mexicans got scared and ran off and left us. One of our men had been scared in this fight also and had run away. We looked for him till it got dark, and as we didn't find him it looked to us as though he had been killed. "We will look for him some more tomorrow," we said.

Then we struck out for the foot of a mountain there, and when we reached the base that man caught up with us. That's the way some of our people do; they get scared in a fight and run off

and hide. Men who understand about fighting never get lost or hide themselves. They stay and fight no matter how hard the fight is. They never run off and leave their guns behind, but they stay right there and keep on fighting. I did this way one time and I will tell you about it later on.

That same night we went back to where we had killed the two horses and we butchered them for some meat. Each one of them had a good saddle on, new ones, and we took them off. Our leader said that we would pack them back with us. I took off one of the saddles and was going to pack it back but one of the other men, my cousin, said to me, "Give me that saddle for myself, my cousin," and so I gave it to him, and he carried it back to where we had our horses on top of the mountain. Another man took the other saddle and the two of them started off with the saddles. That left only six of us there and so we decided to go and try to get some more things from the Mexicans.

We set out and went to the top of a mountain and camped there. There was a big town with mountains near it and we went there to look around. There we saw some horses, twenty-one head, all gentle, and so we went to them. One of the horses was a gray roan with a long shaggy mane, and on account of this we knew that he was a broncho. Our leader told us, "That horse is a broncho so don't try to catch him. When a horse is too wild like that, leave him alone and don't try to rope him. If you rope him he might run off and take your rope with him and the other horses would follow him."

So we started to catch up the other horses and I roped a big black gelding. One of the men roped the gray roan anyway in spite of what our leader had said. The broncho started to pull him off and there were three men holding onto the rope. But all the same the horse got away and took the rope with him. He ran around us in a circle and all the other horses that were loose followed him. There were two horses that we tried to rope who got away and all the others ran after them. They ran for the town which was about two miles away, dragging two ropes after them. Pretty soon they reached the town, and the Mexicans saw them come in with the ropes so they knew that someone was trying to catch their horses.

There were some Mexican troops in the town and right away they came out and made for the place where the trail that we

had to take went into the hills. It was the only way that we could get out of there, and that way they knew they could cut us off. We tried to hide ourselves but the Mexicans had seen us already.

One of our men said, "I don't want the Mexicans to get their horses back from us," and he took his spear up and killed the horses that we had with us. Our leader spoke to us now and said, "All these Mexicans, when they were babies, were nursed at the breasts of their mothers and that's why you can get away from them.¹⁹ They have hearts, but they are soft."

When he said this to us we all started for the only place that we could get through, and at the same time the Mexicans came at us. They all came on foot and there was only one of them mounted. He rode a gray mule behind the others as if he was driving them to us. This is the way that we had a hard time that day.

When the trouble started I got down behind a rock and hid there. The Mexican bullets hit the rock and knocked off splinters from it. These splinters hit me and made me mad. They stung when they hit my body. We were ready to fight now, and no matter if the Mexicans were shooting their guns at us or not, we didn't think that the guns would kill us. The bullets went "*lu, lu, lu,*" and they kicked out clouds of dust from the ground about us.

We were in a bad place there, and we couldn't fight from where we were sitting behind the rocks so we got out around the shoulder of the hill, and then made straight for the hill where the Mexicans were. As we came we kept shooting at the Mexicans, and this time they all ran away from us, even though there were only six of us. One of the Mexicans we chased for a long way and shot him in the legs. He fell to the ground, and when he did this all the other Mexicans went to him and grabbed him up and carried him to the top of the hill.

Now we could get through the gap and by the Mexicans. That's the way with our people; if a fight starts and if a man fights hard and doesn't lose his head he is all right, but if he gets scared then he is likely to be killed. It's the same way with Mexicans or White people. Even if two men get caught by a lot of others they will come out all right in the fight if they are brave and are good fighters. They will talk to each other and tell each other to fight well.

This way, if there was a party of our people traveling out in the open country and they were attacked by some Mexicans, then the men who would understand about war would tell the

others, "Don't run off. Stay here and fight. Don't go and leave the other poor men to do all the fighting. If you do this your name will not be good, and there will be bad stories going around about you back home."²⁰ It was this way that our leader spoke to us during the fight, and that was how we were able to get by all those Mexicans.

After we got through the gap where the Mexicans were we kept on till we came to where there were two big mountains, and between these two mountains we went, down a valley right in the middle to a place where we were going to hunt for more horses. Sometimes as we traveled along the Mexican troops saw us but we were never stopped. The Mexicans themselves always saw us but they didn't bother with us.

When we got to that place we caught up seven head of horses that we found. There were six of us so that we only had to lead one of the horses and rode all the rest. There were lots of bronchos at that place also and we were going to wait till night and drive them all off with us. But just before we were going to do this the Mexicans saw us and we had to get away from them. This way we only got off with the seven head that we already had. We decided to ride all night and get back to that big mountain where we had been before. So we set out and got there at sunrise. It had been two days ago that we had last eaten and we were very hungry now.

The horse that was being led was a good horse and so the man who was leading him said to me, "You kill that bad horse you are riding and I will give you this good horse that I am leading." The horse that I was riding was a good one all right but he kept switching his tail, and on account of this I didn't like him. So I killed him and took the other horse.

There was a town about eight miles ahead of us, and the Mexicans had sent word on ahead to the people in the town telling them about us taking the horses, and it seemed as though we were to have more bad times again, though we didn't know it then.

We said that we might just as well turn the horses loose and let them drag our ropes so that we could catch them up easily, and then we could take a rest by the spring that was there. So we did this and then started to cook some of the horsemeat over a fire.

While we were doing this the Mexicans came up on us without our knowing it. Right on the side in some low places the Mexicans hid themselves and surrounded us. While we were still eating they

shot into our fire and scattered it all over the place. When that happened we all got up and ran off in the brush.

I was in such a hurry to be gone that I forgot my bow and quiver of arrows and left them lying there. Then I remembered them and went back to get them. Some of the other men who did the same thing just let it go and didn't come back after their weapons. I didn't get scared and never lost my weapons. At that place the Mexicans killed one of us, and so that left only five of us.

That same day we got back to the mountain where we had left the others to look after the horses several days ago. Maybe the Mexicans had come to that place and taken those horses back also, we thought. Our leader felt bad now about all that had happened and he said, "Wherever we go the Mexicans always chase us and fight with us. We have had bad luck and so we might just as well go on home."

In a little while we came to where we had left the other three men with horses, and they were still there with the two men who had taken the saddles back to them that time that we captured them from the Mexicans. So we all set out to try and get some cattle to drive home, even if we couldn't get any more horses. When we came to the place we were heading for we waited until evening, and then rounded up a bunch of cattle, lots of them, about sixty head. Then we drove them off towards home.

We had a hard time driving those cattle home but finally we reached the south side of the Graham Mountains here, and at that place we divided up the cattle. My share of the trip was four head of cattle and one horse, which together made five head. All the rest got four head of cattle apiece, too, except the two men on foot, who only got three head apiece.

We came on right through over a flat that is just this side of the Graham Mountains, no matter if there were White people and soldiers living at Goodwin Springs, which there were. I took all my cattle and joined my people once more.



One time, later, on another raid, three of us got close to a Mexican town, and I went on one side of the houses and the other two went to the other side of them. The man in charge of us told us what to do because he had been there before and had seen

horses in the corral, and so he thought that there would still be horses there.

It was midnight now but it was bright so that we could see a big corral right in the middle of the town. This was the corral where there should have been some horses, but there were none in it. I stood there and listened, and then I heard above the big corral the sound of horses neighing. So I went right in the town and started through it. I was not scared at all and it was midnight then anyway.

In those days I was not scared of anything and so I went right on to where I had heard the horses, thinking that the other two men must be there already. Pretty soon I came to where the horses were in a small corral. There were four of them. There was only one gate to the corral on the lower side, so I went to this and crawled under the gate bars and got to the horses in the corral. They were four good big ones.

Our chief had told us to all meet him out at the end of the town, and so I went back to the end of the town there to try and find them. I walked right through the town and finally got there where we three had first split up. Now I whistled to them but they didn't answer. There was a bridge there and I looked for their tracks by it. By this time it was getting to be early morning. There was a bright moon, and so I could see their tracks there where they had crossed the bridge and gone on some place.

I knew where I had seen those four horses, and so now I thought that I might as well go back there and get one of them anyway and ride it out through the town. So I started back to the little corral where they were.

Then I went into the corral and roped one of the horses there—a good gray one. With my rope I made a bridle to ride the horse with, put it in his mouth and tied it there. Then I got on him, still in the corral, and rode him around inside there doing nothing about getting away out of the town.

There were four crossbars across the gate, and now I let these down carefully so as not to make any noise. Then I roped a bay horse, thinking that I would ride the gray and lead the other right out of the town. If some Mexicans should see me and holler, then I could turn one loose and get away on the other.

I was all ready now, and so I started to get on the bay horse and then lead the other slowly through the town. There was a wide road right between the houses. I kept to the main road, leading the other horse behind. All the other horses that I had left in the corral followed after me.

I was going along slowly when I heard a Mexican only about as far as from here to that cottonwood tree over there [approximately twenty feet] holler, "Caballos." Then someone shot off a gun and when I heard the shot I started to ride fast and get away. I made a run for it on the horse and crossed over the bridge on the edge of the town, then on over a wash there with a little water in it. The two loose horses went on in front of me now, and I started to travel slowly once more.

When I had gone about a quarter of a mile the sun started to come up. Then I made for the place where we had left the other two men. I saw one horse track going towards this place already. In the morning I got out to our camp with all four of the horses. There I found the rest of our party.



Grenville Goodwin photo, courtesy Arizona State Museum

Joseph Hoffman

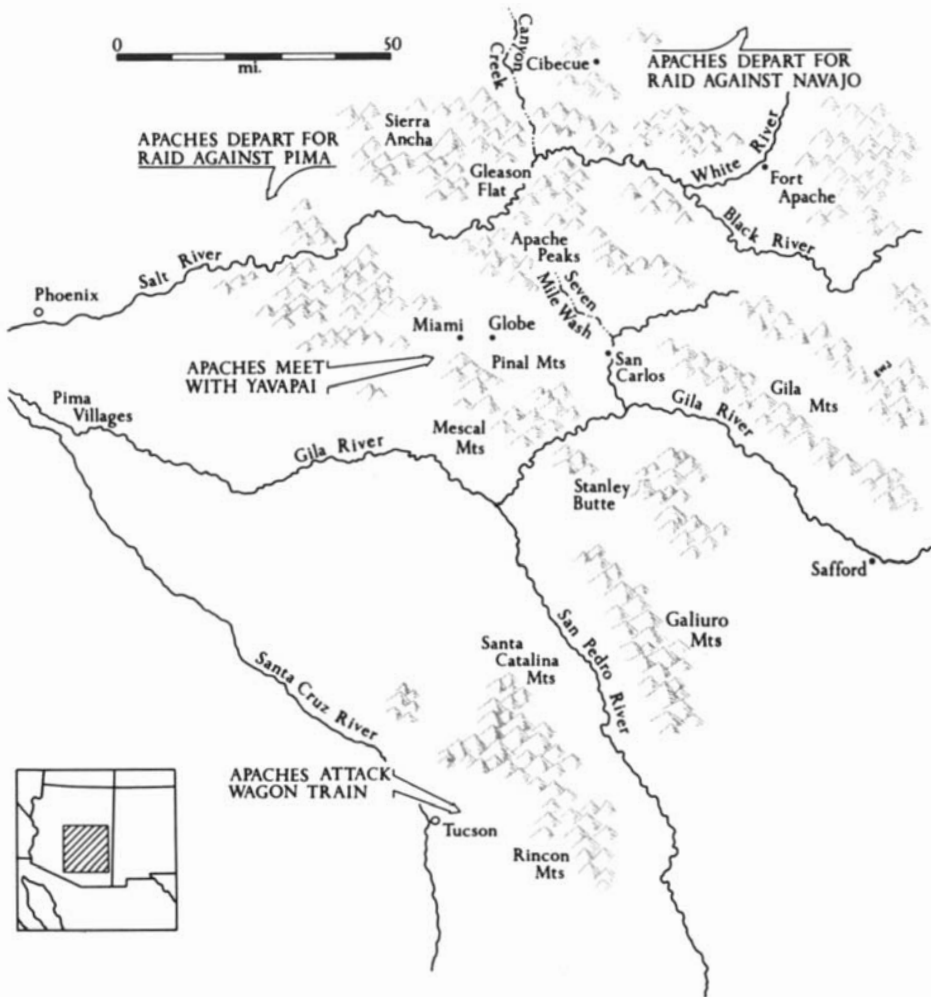
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JOSEPH HOFFMAN

Originally from Cibecue, Joseph Hoffman was living at San Carlos when he was interviewed in 1932. He did not know his age, but guessed that he was over eighty-five. Goodwin notes that Hoffman had at one time been a Reservation judge, possessed supernatural power, and knew much of the old culture “. . . with which he felt a great affinity.” Hoffman’s reminiscences deal almost exclusively with warfare. Especially valuable is his detailed account of a massive expedition against the Navajo, and another in which Western Apaches are joined by Yavapais in an attack against the Pima.

I am a *dziltadn* [i.e., of the Cibecue subtribal group] and I was born at *kì nandunc* [‘concealed houses’] where there is a mountain and where our people first settled when they came from the north long ago.¹ There were some old houses at this place, up under the bluff, and that was the reason that it was called this way. My father came from Canyon Creek.² In those days when I was just a baby, our people used to live at many different places.

Then when I was little I had to learn to do many things. First I learned to sit up, then I began to crawl, and finally to walk. At first when I tried to walk I fell on the ground, but later on I got better at it. When I was only two or three years old I didn’t know



Joseph Hoffman Narrative

anything, but when I got to be about six, then I began to understand things and I started in to talk. By the time that we went to *tis das'an* ['cottonwoods, growing out'] and started to clear land there to make farms, I was able to think a little for myself.³ This place is at the side of a mountain there. This was all long before the White people came to this country. In those days our people used to dig with sharp-pointed sticks to make a hole in the ground in which to plant seeds. We raised corn.

After awhile I came to know that our people and the Mexicans and the White people did not get along together, and that we used to fight each other, and try to kill one another. We had no guns, but we made arrows out of cane and put points of white flint on them. With these we could kill our enemies. The Mexicans used to have spears with steel points and they fought with these. We killed lots of White people and Mexicans when we fought with them long ago. In one fight that they had, our people took spears from the Mexicans, and then all our men had spears. During the fight one of the Mexicans stuck a lance clean through the chest of one of our men. Then another one of our men jumped at the Mexican and killed him with a lance, and they brought the wounded man home, still with the lance hole in his chest. He never died from this wound at all. All these things were going on around me, and I began to think about them.

When the corn became ripe at that place where our people had planted, we harvested it, and then all went on to Cibecue to where there were lots of farms. At this time of year, in the fall, there always used to be lots of our people who gathered at Cibecue. There were big farms at that place. This fall when we all went there, a certain woman whose son had been killed by the White people about one year ago went to the chief there and spoke to him. She said, "You have a bow and arrows. You know what happened to my son, so why don't you go to the White people and make war on them?"

On account of this they decided to hold a war dance there, and then start out to fight the White people. I remember that dance, and it lasted for two nights before the men left to go on the warpath. When they left they said to us that they would be back in forty days. "If we kill some White people before that time, we will be back before forty days. We will send a message back

to you if we kill six or seven White people, and if we are bringing back cattle." Then they started off, and on that war party they killed lots of White people and brought back one scalp with them.

When the party came home the women got ready and painted themselves with a band, spotted, over one shoulder and under the other arm. Then they danced, wearing nothing more than a G-string. They had their hair tied up on the top of their heads so that it stood up straight. Before the war party had come into the camps, four or five of the women dressed this way, went out and hid in the brush and waited there till the chief of the party came along. When he came abreast of them they all jumped out at him, and if one of them had a spear she would kill the horse that the chief was riding on right there.⁴ When I saw this I knew for sure that the White people and the Mexicans did not like us. When they got in I saw the one scalp that they had brought back with them. They held it up on the end of a stick, and this way they danced with it, around about. Our enemies used to do the same way with us.

In those days we had no flour and other food that we have now, but we had the fruit of different kinds of cactuses, corn, and mescal. We used to eat the fruit of the prickly pear cactus and lots of other kinds of plants. It was God who made the earth, and it was He who in the beginning told us to eat these different kinds of plants. This is the way that I learned how our people did.

Some time passed and then I heard that the Pimas had killed lots of our people. Then, about one year after this, three men were sent out to go all around and tell all the men to meet at the foot of the mountain at Sierra Ancha in so many days. When they all came there, they would start out against the Pimas. The women put up food for the men to take along with them on the way—dried meat and seeds. Now they were all at the place and from there they started out, some on horses and the rest on foot. Some of the men had war shields,⁵ round and of two thicknesses. An arrow wouldn't go through these. They also had some breastplates made of sections of wood tied together and then fastened at the waist. They wore these so that arrows could not pierce their chests.

When they came to the Pima camp they surrounded it at night, and in the early morning they were hiding there in the brush. Right then at dawn they attacked the Pimas while they

were still asleep. There were lots of our people, and they killed all the Pimas with their arrows and spears. Then they set fire to the wickiups of the Pimas, and there they caught lots of the boys and girls—all Pima children. They took a scalp there, too. After the fight they sent one of the men back to us at home to tell us about what had happened.

When the war party came home they set up a dance for them. The people whose relatives had been killed by the Pimas that time before were told to come to where the dance was. When the Pima children were brought there they were divided among the women whose relatives had been killed. This way these women got all of the Pima children in place of the ones who had been killed. This is called *gegodza*? ['to be paid back'], and when it was done they felt all right again.

I was getting bigger now, and I knew what was going on around me and understood everything. Then it was that a Pinal Apache man came to Cibecue where we were, and told everyone to come to a place near where Miami now is—all the men—and to all meet there in a group. At that time our people used only to wear shirts and dresses of buckskin. The women dressed in buckskin also. Our people set off for that place. When we got there they made a big sweat lodge like this one here in my camp. The women had to bring food to that sweat lodge so that the men could eat while they were there. They killed a horse so that there would be plenty to eat.

At the sweat lodge the chief talked to the men, and said to them, "Our people were killed by the White people some time ago. That is the reason that I wanted you all to come here today. So now we have to kill the White people on the same day that they killed our people." The chief talked from a rocky point so that all the people could see and hear him. I was there then and I saw all this. I was a big boy now. The chief went on and said, "They got killed at Tucson and so we have to go to that place. That's what you remember, and that is what we are here for today. All right then, let's go there to fight," he said.

After him another chief got up and talked just like a sergeant. He told all the boys and girls to go and get lots of wood because there was going to be a dance that night. At that place they danced for two nights. When the dance was over at dawn, we all

slept during the morning. About noon we all woke up and got ready to go on with things. I wondered to myself why it was that the White people killed our people, and I thought a lot about it.

Now we had another dance there. One of the women whose relatives had been killed by the Whites that time went to the chief who had given the talk and spoke to him. "Your face is all right and you are young yet. You have no way to go but to the White people, and so you might just as well go in the ground," she said, and that was the way that she made him brave so that he would go and fight.⁶

That morning after the dance, they made another sweat lodge for the men. Some more men had come in on horses and even though they had not been notified to come, they wanted to go on the war party when they heard that the dance was going on. These men were of the San Carlos band and of the Arivaipa band. They told the chief that they wanted to go along, and he said, "All right. If you want to help, it is good. We will go together."

That second time that we had the dance the men danced with shields and spears—all of them. There was one girl who danced on the side alone, and all the men lined up in front of her and danced there. Whichever way the girl turned while she danced, the men had to do the same way as she did. As she danced she held out her arms spread in front of the men, and they sang a song as if they were praying to the girl. This song was made so that no one would get killed, and the reason that she held out her arms that way was so that no bullets or arrows could get by her. She was holding them back.

In those days there were no White people living there at that place, and our people always used to camp up on the hills there so that if any White people should come traveling through there, as they sometimes did, they could not get at us. When the war party left they told the rest of us to wait on the mountain there for them. "We will be gone for twenty days, but if we kill some White people before that time we will be back before that," they said. I didn't go on that war party, but I heard later on what happened on it.

When they got down near Tucson they saw five or six wagons coming, and so they waited ahead of them to ambush them. When the wagons came up—there were six of them—our men attacked

them and killed about half of the White people that were with them and captured all the wagons. In them they found shirts, calico, and some food. They also took two Mexicans captive. None of our people got hurt at all. Now they all started back with the two prisoners and the things that they had taken. They sent word ahead to us to meet them at a place where they were going to make a big dance. From the wagon train they had captured a big drum and also a bugle. Long ago we only used to fight with other Indian people, and not with the White people.

At that place they made one of the Mexican boys that they had taken dance. He tried to sing like one of our people, and he danced and jumped around. "Ye-ye, ye-ye," he sang. The men brought back with them three flintlock guns, and these were the first that I had ever seen of this kind. The men danced all night, and in the morning the chief spoke. "I am very thankful. What we set out to do we have done. We did to them the same that they did to us a year ago. Now we have done it to them, so you can all go on to your homes. I am very thankful." So after that we all started for home. The Arivaipa people and the San Carlos people had already gone to their homes.

After that war party against the Whites we went back to our farm on the east side of the Sierra Ancha. First of all we planted some wheat, and when this was ripe we put in corn. We had to set to work and make a dam in the stream so that we could irrigate our fields. Also we had to make ditches. First some of us dug along with our digging sticks, and then those who came behind took away the loose dirt in baskets. That is the way that we made our ditches. There used to be lots of deer in our country, and we ate the meat of them when we could get it. Near where we lived we used to hunt them. One man would go up on the top of a hill, and four or five other men would drive the deer up to him so that he could shoot them with arrows. About all that we did in those days was to hunt and fight.



I knew everything now, and sometimes I went to talk with the men. I was about ten or twelve years old. As soon as we had all the crops harvested in the fall, our people went over to the

other side of where Miami is now. We went there so that we could get some mescal, and also because it was easy to start out from here to go to Mexico on raids. All of us moved down to that place, even women and children. When we got there the women and children stopped and stayed on there in camp. Only about four or six of the men went on from there to the Pima settlements to get some horses. Right away they were back with some horses that they had taken from the Pimas.

Not long after this I saw some Yavapais coming to our camp. They had come to see my father, and they talked with him in our language. When they got through talking, my father said to us that these Yavapais wanted us to go to a place where there were lots of Yavapais waiting for us to visit them. They said that they wanted us to start with them tomorrow. So we decided to go there, and the next morning we all started out so that we could get there and make a dance with them. We came to that place about noon, and there were lots of the Yavapais and many of their women as well. The Yavapais who had come to get us said that they wanted to go and fight the Pima people. This was the reason that the Yavapais wanted our people to go with them.

Now the Yavapais started to get ready for the dance. They painted their faces all black and around their eyes they made a circle of red. When I saw the Yavapais this way I got scared and ran away because I thought they were going to kill us. The Pimas had killed some of these Yavapais some time ago and that was why they were going to fight them now. That was why they had asked us to help them. All that night they danced and, in the morning, the dance was over.

Just after the dance, in the morning, the Yavapais all came around our camp. They were still painted up, and that was when I got scared and ran off. In our camp they jerked the blankets off of some of our people, and they hit the fires with sticks so that they knocked them all about. Then I saw them coming again, all in a line, and I got way off and hid behind a big rock. Right there they sang and danced some. When they were through, our men mixed with them, and they all started off for the Pima settlements.

When they went, I and the other children and the women all went on top of a small mountain and the men told us to stay there till they got back. They said that they would be back in four days. The time went on and then there was only one day left till

the men were due back. Then it was four days that had gone by, and the war party came back with three Pima horses that they had captured. In the fight they had killed ten of the Pimas.

When they came back our people started back to our homes at 'cottonwoods, growing out' and got to that place after some travel. In the fight with the Pimas my father had taken a gun from them. I guess that the Pimas must have taken it from the Americans when they fought with them. It was a muzzleloader and had a stick that you had to ram down the barrel. It had two barrels and you put caps on it to fire it.



Some time after we had come back to our camp east of Sierra Ancha, a man rode over from Cibecue on a mule. He was *tseyidn* [a clan: 'in the rocks people'], chief of some of the people over there. This chief spoke to us and called us brothers. He said that a certain chief had been killed some time ago, and that he wanted our men to come and help him now. It was to the *tsečisčine* [a clan: 'rocks jutting out people'] chief that he spoke, and it was of him that he was asking the help.⁷ That's the way that we used to do—always go around to help each other out when our relatives got in trouble. So on account of this chief asking our people to help him, our people moved over to Cibecue. On the way we stopped one night, and the next day we got in about noon. I was a big boy now.

The day that we got to Cibecue that same chief who had come to get us rode over to our camp to talk with us some more. He said, "One of our chiefs was killed some time ago. On account of this I want you to come and help us. We have all the food ready for you." It was only to the 'rocks jutting out people' that he spoke. That evening some women came carrying baskets with green corn in them, and they gave this to us. The chief had one cow killed for us also. Our chief told us to eat it and divide it up so that all of us would get some.

The next morning the people of the *daʔizkan* [a clan: 'flat-topped people'] came in there and made camp. The same *tseyidn* chief went to them and talked to them. This time I could not hear what he said, but later on I saw them bringing food to these people, just as they had done for us. They killed a horse for them

also. Now all the people got ready and made a war dance. After the dance was over we all moved over to a place west of Cibecue and stopped to camp there. The war party went on from there, but we did not follow them.

While we were camping there, two young fellows came to us. They were both of them my *sibcže* and the father of one of them had been killed and the father of the other was sick.⁸ They had come to our camp to see my father, and when they spoke to him they said that they wanted to go with some other boys to Tucson to raid. My father said to them, "That is not right. You ought to have gone with these others who have gone to war. I won't let you go now." But the boys said, "Our children don't have any rawhide for their moccasin soles, and that is why we want to go and get some cattle." So my father let them go and said, "If you see any cattle and capture them, don't stop on the way when you are driving them. Come right back here. Keep on going for two days and two nights steady. That is the way that you will get away from the White people. Start from here tomorrow early."

This way these young fellows started off, and they didn't notify us when they would be back. I heard later of what happened to them on this trip. When they first started out and got to the top of the hill on their way, a great wind came up and blew downwards on them. After some time they got near Tucson, and there they took some oxen and started to drive them back home. They drove them all that day and the night. The next day they kept on till evening, and then they stopped to camp for the night. Five of them there were in the party.

The next morning at sunrise they could see about five Americans coming after them. They were about a mile away when they saw them. The Americans had guns and they began to shoot at our men. In the first volley one of the party got killed. Then two of our men started and ran up the side of a hill there. About halfway up one of them was killed also, right on the side of the hill. The one who got to the top of the hill was killed right there at the summit. This left only two of our men, but they got away all right. One of them went to the Apache Peaks, where he belonged, and the other came home to us near Cibecue. After that, we left where we were staying and went to a place not far from Sierra Ancha.

We lived there for one year, and then a chief came to see my father and said, "Why are you living by yourself here, as if you had run away from the other people?" My father told him, "I feel sorry about my relatives that I lost. I am going down there to Tucson sometime to pay the White people back."⁹ The chief that had come to see us here wanted us to go to his camp, so in the morning we started out for that place and got there.

We lived there for a while near that chief who had come to get us. This chief had some cattle down on the other side of Apache Peaks and he sent down there for them. They brought the cattle in and he had one of them killed for us. All this was done because they were going to talk about those three men who got killed by the White people about one year ago. So they made a big sweat bath, and there they talked over about going down to Tucson. This way they decided to go, and so the next day we gathered wood for the dance that was to be. That night they danced all night, and the next day we all went down to a canyon northwest of Stanley Butte.

From this place they sent some men to the people at a farm site north of the present town of Globe, Arizona. At Stanley Butte we danced all night, and the next day about noon the men who had been sent to that place came back with some Pinal Apaches. They came on horseback and there were lots of them. The night of the day that the Pinals got there and joined us, they danced again and the Pinals copied the way that I had seen the Yavapai do that time before. They went among the camps and knocked the wickiups down and then came away again. They caught a dog and killed him. Then they took his guts out and hung them around their necks. This way they showed what they were going to do to the White people of Tucson.

In the morning we told the Pinals that we would go to a mountain east of where Globe is now and that we would wait for them there to join us and start off for Tucson from there. We had one more dance when we had all our bundles packed up. Then as soon as it was over we set out. One of the women came to talk to the men who were going to fight. She said, "Thanks, you boys, for going to Tucson to fight. I want you to be careful on the way and when you fight." After the talk she gave to us, we started out. I ran after them because I thought I was old enough to go to

war, and I wanted to see the fight. But my father didn't want me to go. "You are too young now to go to war. When you are older, then you will be able to go. Now you better go back home," he told me. So I didn't go that time. This way the war party left us and went down to near Tucson.

When they got there they saw six wagons coming, so they stepped in front of them, and when they came up our men started to fight with the White people. Some of our men went to the wagons and pulled the White men out of them and killed them there. They were soldiers and those that they didn't kill they drove away from the wagons. One of the soldiers who was on horseback got shot in the back with an arrow. He couldn't reach it to pull it out. So he ran on his horse to overtake the other White men who had gone to get some help, but he died before he got to them. Our men killed three of the Whites and captured one preacher. They were going to kill him when they caught him, but he got down on his knees and started to pray to the sun. When they saw him do this, they knew that he was a preacher and so they let him go. They told him to take the road and not to look back—that no one would hurt him.

During the fight one of our men ran up on the side of a little hill and lay down behind it to shoot at the Whites. The White people knew that he was there and so they waited till he raised up to shoot again, and when he stuck his head up they shot him in the head and killed him. They only scalped one of the White men they had killed.

That party took lots of calico and clothes from the Whites. They also got fifty-four gallons of whiskey there. It was in lots of barrels, and they thought that the barrels had water in them. So they broke open the top of one with a big rock, and then they found out that it was whiskey. They took all that the Whites had—all their horses and teams—everything. They were going to take the things that they wanted and start for home, but that man who had been killed by the Whites was not there. "Where is he?" they said, and they started to look all around. After a time they found where he was lying dead with his gun in his arms. Right there where he was lying, they threw that White man's scalp away that they had taken. After that they all started for home with the booty.

We had sent for the Pinals to help us in this fight, but they had never turned up where we were to meet them. Now these same Pinals heard that our men had taken all these clothes, cloth, and whiskey, and so they met our men. The Pinals got drunk on the whiskey. They said that now they were going to help us and ride back to the same place where our men had the fight, but they were just drunk. My father told these Pinals, "We don't believe you would help us again because we sent for you when we started out on this war party, but you never came with us as you said you would." At the war dance that we had had, these Pinals had said that they were going to do great things, but they did nothing.



Another time eight chiefs started out from Cibecue to take some horses and mules up to the Navajo country to trade with the Navajo. They told the rest of us to stay home and said that they would be back in so many days, and this way they left. When the time was come when they were due back, they never got back. Two days after that one of them got there and said that the Navajos had killed all the other seven. These seven were all big chiefs, one was of the *desčidn* ['horizontally red people'] clan, one of the *tiskadn* ['cottonwood standing people'], one of the *tseyidn* ['in the rocks people'], one of the *tsečisčine* ['rocks jutting out people'], one of the *dziltadn* ['foot of the mountain people'] and one of the *dušdoç* ['flies in soup people'].

Some time after this happened, a woman was talking to her brother, a *dušdoç* chief. She said, "You remember our chief who got killed up in the Navajo country. You are a man, and a man ought not to stand for that. If your relatives get killed, you ought to do something about it." That chief started to think this over, and then he decided to notify the Pinal band, the Arivaipa band, the San Carlos band and the Apache Peaks band about what was in his mind. So he set out for the country of these bands and talked with their people. They made a plan for everyone to meet at the head of the Seven Mile Wash near Apache Peaks. Then that chief came back to Cibecue and told all the people that they were to go down across the Salt River to the head of Seven Mile Wash, and that the other people who lived south of the Salt River had agreed to meet there.

So we started out, taking lots of food with us, and made our first stop at Gleason Flat on the Salt River. There were a great many people along, and the line they made would have reached almost from here to Rice (three-quarters of a mile). Some were on foot and some on horses. The next day we got to the head of Seven Mile Wash. Soon after us the Pinal band got there. The day after that the San Carlos band came. After them the Arivaipa band got there, led by a big medicine man called *mbabijeyi*? ['Hears Like Coyote']. Then everybody was there—all the brave men—and ready to go against the Navajo.

Then early in the morning a woman began to talk to all the people there and said, "I am glad you are going up there to fight those Navajos for what they have done to our chiefs." She kept on talking from then on till noontime, praising them for going. They call this talking *nagołkat* ['fighting words']. There was a very big group of men there, and they all stood still while she talked. Then they said, "All right, we will go."

Then 'Hears Like Coyote' got up and spoke. He said, "We are going to the Navajo country to help because these chiefs have been killed. That's what they want us for." Then he stepped to one side to make medicine and find out what was going to happen. He took his cap off and looked inside it. No one knew how he did this. Inside it he saw children, women, and men. Then he said to the people, "We are going to kill fifteen women and fifteen men first, but we are not going to kill the one who killed our chiefs till the sun goes down. When it does, then we will kill the one who did it."¹⁰ Then 'Hears Like Coyote' walked right to where that woman who spoke was and told her, "All right. We are going to do the way you want and kill all the Navajos who killed those seven chiefs. More than seven we will kill. The last one we kill will be the guilty one." The woman said thanks to him. Then they said they would put up a dance here and everyone agreed, so they did.

Next day we all left and went towards the Salt River and put up another dance at another place. After that we went on to Cibecue and stopped there. There were lots more men living at that place, and they wanted to join and help the war party. 'Hears Like Coyote' said, "I am not lying. I want all the women and children to gather here." When they had come, he stepped off

to one side and looked in his hat once more. Then he came back and said that they would kill thirty people, as before. "We are going to have a hard time to do it, though. But none of us will be killed if we do hard work and fight well," he said. That man was a very good medicine man. He was to look in his hat two more times after this. But now he said to the people, "It's up to you. Now go and eat and if you want to dance tonight, it's all right, but I won't go to the dance. I want you to come back at noon here tomorrow. I want to start soon."

We had a dance that night, all night. One of the big chiefs at Cibecue told the people next morning to get the food ready and grind lots of corn. Also he told the people to dance again. 'Hears Like Coyote' had talked with that chief. That noon 'Hears Like Coyote' had the people come together for the last time. Then he told four men to come out and line up. When they did this, he said, "All you four men point to the north to the Navajo country," and as they did, he prayed. Then while they were still lined up, he stepped to one side and looked into his cap for the third time. Again he saw fifteen women and fifteen men, and the guilty one was not among them, but was to be killed at sunset.

He was sitting on horseback now and he talked to the war party. "When you get into the fight, don't run away; for if you do, you will be killed. You must fight well, and where you see danger, go to it and not from it. Don't ever turn back. Now we are going to start, and you are to stop at water when you get to a certain spring north of Cibecue. But I will not go with you when you leave. Don't look back at me on your way," he said to the men. "In four days we will be on the edge of the Navajo country." He wanted to stay behind and make medicine. Everything was all ready—the horses were in, food packed, and so they started. 'Hears Like Coyote' had been the only one to talk and give any orders. None of the chiefs had directed this thing at all because the medicine man had great power and knew about war.

I was only a boy at that time and so I didn't go along when the war party left, but I heard all about what happened. In four days they stopped on the edge of the Navajo country. There 'Hears Like Coyote' picked four men; one was a chief of the 'cottonwood standing people,' a brother of one of the chiefs who had been killed, the second was a 'rocks jutting out people' chief, the third

was the brother of 'Hears Like Coyote,' and the fourth was that medicine man himself. These four were to lead the war party from now on.

They all went pretty slowly for three days. Then about mid-afternoon of the third day they were pretty close to where the Navajo were. They kept on and by late evening had come close to the Navajo camps. Here 'Hears Like Coyote' picked two men and sent them off to locate the Navajo camps. There was a big wash at this place, and they knew that the Navajo were always camped someplace along it. About midnight the two men got back and said they had found a place where there were lots of Navajo camps. So everyone started right away to go to the Navajo. When they were close, they stopped and sent two men on horseback to reconnoiter the Navajo camp. They found lots of camps together in one place.

It was near dawn now, and 'Hears Like Coyote' divided his force up into four parts, each one under one of the four leaders, and each to attack the camp from a different side. 'Hears Like Coyote' took his part right straight to the front of the camp. They were so close that when they stopped they could hear a Navajo medicine man in one of the camps singing over a baby. Right then they started to go for the Navajos and killed all of them that were in the camp with their spears. Some of them climbed up into a piñon tree to try and get away, but they killed them with their spears right in the tree.

After the fight was over, 'Hears Like Coyote' wanted to know how many of the Navajos had been killed. They looked around and found that thirty had been killed, besides which many women and children had been captured. There were four sheep corrals at that place with sheep in them, and now 'Hears Like Coyote' said to drive all these sheep from the corrals out onto an open flat close by, and to put all the captives with the sheep. This they did and drove them all out onto the flat where they stopped. Then 'Hears Like Coyote' said, "We are going to fight here for three days, but anyway we want to take these sheep back with us."

It was morning now. Some of the Navajos had got away out of the camp and run off to some other Navajo camp and told the people there what had happened. So now a big party of Navajos

was coming to where our people were out on the flat. They were mostly on horseback, and as soon as they got there, started to fight. That day they fought all the time until sundown. 'Hears Like Coyote' said to his men, "Don't be afraid. You will not be killed."

That night the fight was still going on and 'Hears Like Coyote' rode around among his men on horseback, talking to them. More and more Navajos kept coming to that place. All night they came till they were as thick as these bushes growing around here. But no one had been killed since those first thirty Navajos. It was impossible to see anything because there were so many horses and so much dust. At noon the next day they were still fighting.

Now the Navajos were all around our men, but we still had the sheep and had men in three circles about them. Then one Navajo spoke. He said, "Don't shoot me. I'm coming to you." Now everyone was quiet as this Navajo rode out to meet our people. When he had come pretty close he stopped. 'Hears Like Coyote' said, "A while ago seven of our chiefs got killed up here." The Navajo answered, "We didn't do it. We are your friends up here. But now you kill all our people. The one who killed those seven chiefs we have just sent for and he ought to be here pretty soon. None of our people did it at all."

Then 'Hears Like Coyote' took off his hat and looked into it and asked something. This way he knew that the Navajo spoke the truth and that the guilty one was coming. Then he said to his men, "Shoot well, for we are going to kill the man who has done this and who is coming here." Now that Navajo wanted to know what people our men were and where they were from and who the headman was. They told him. The Navajo answered, "Yes, I have heard of those people—they are good fighters. We are all played out because we have been fighting day and night. I think all our people will go away as soon as that man we have sent for gets here. We are all hungry. If we decide to leave here, I will come back and tell you." That's all that Navajo said. Then he rode away.

Now, way far off, our men could see some dust rising up. This was made by that man coming. Pretty soon the Navajos started to leave, and that Navajo who had spoken to our people before rode up again and said, "Well, the man who has done

that to your seven chiefs is here now, so we are going to leave him at this place. It's pretty hard to kill you people, and we are all played out now. You can have all the sheep and what people you have captured. We have fought three days and three nights now, so the rest of us are going away and are going to turn the one who did it over to you. When you start for home, don't think that we will try to ambush you on the way. Keep on going and no one will bother you."

Then 'Hears Like Coyote' said to take the sheep and captives and start moving. There was still some fighting going on then. Pretty soon a man rode out from the Navajos and held up his spear. "This is the one [the spear] I killed seven men with, and I am going to do it again," he yelled. He was seated up behind another man, double, and now they rode their horse down towards the river there where that man who had spoken jumped off. All our men shot at him, but no one could hit him. Our people kept on driving the sheep in three herds and at the same time they were fighting the Navajos.

Now the Navajo who had killed our seven chiefs jumped on his horse and rode at a run towards our men. Then when he got pretty close he jumped off and shot at them. All of our men shot back at him, but couldn't hit him. They kept on this way, driving the sheep and fighting off the Navajos who still had stayed there. Again that man rode at our people, and when he was close enough, jumped off and started shooting. There were four fights going on in one place—one in back, one in front and one on each side. Our people tried to keep on driving the sheep towards home, but they couldn't make much headway.

About mid-afternoon that Navajo rode at our people again. A man called *haskekinihi* ['He Calls Himself Angry'] saw him coming and hid down behind a bush. The Navajo didn't see him, and not far off jumped down on the ground and started shooting again. Right there 'He Calls Himself Angry' killed him. Another Navajo rode up and tried to pick the dead man up by his hair from his horse, but he missed. This was the one who had been on the same horse with the dead man the first time. All our men ran to the dead Navajo. After that, the war party sent one man ahead to tell our people that they were coming with Navajo captives and lots of sheep. The sheep were getting close now, and

we could see the dust coming up from them. They were in four parts. Lots of men and women who were there started to dance. There were so many of them that they would have stretched from here to the river (400 feet about). The people were glad because they knew that soon they would have lots of meat.

When the captives were brought in, they were put in the middle where all the people were and ordered to dance and sing. There was a big fat, Navajo woman who had a baby with her, and she had to dance and sing also. Everyone did. All the people were having a good time. The sheep had been brought up close. Now one woman started to sing for some of the sheep. She was given two sheep because she sang about the man who owned them. We always used to dance when our war parties brought back things from the enemy. This way everyone was satisfied.

All the people stayed at Cibecue for quite a while. 'Hears Like Coyote' took a good rest there. The people kept on dancing every night and at these dances there were lots of girls and women who won sheep from the men who owned them by singing to those men.¹¹ This all happened long before the White people came here, and the men who took part in that war against the Navajos are all dead now.



Grenville Goodwin photo, courtesy Arizona State Museum

John Rope

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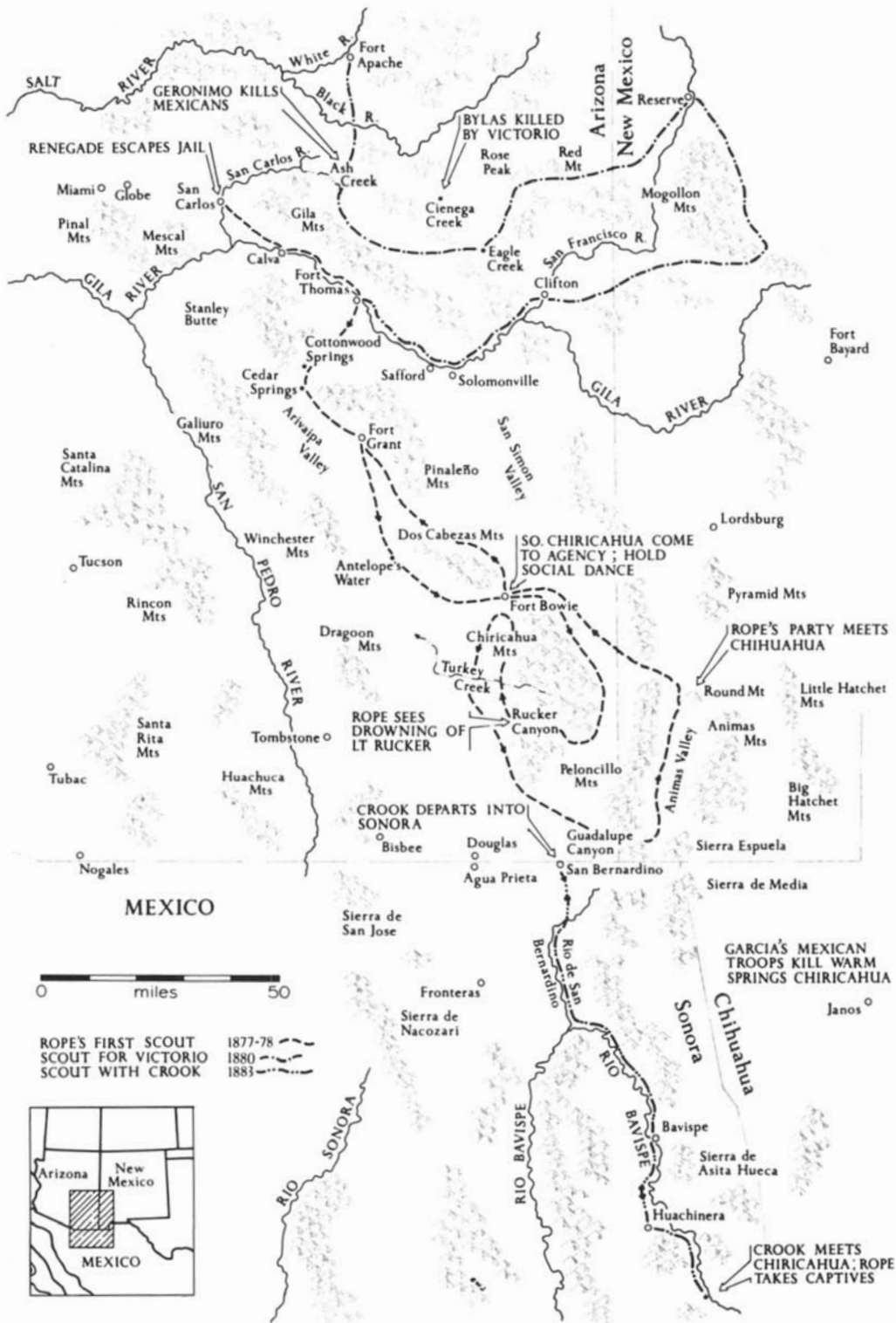
JOHN ROPE

In 1936, when Grenville Goodwin published an abridged version of this narrative in Arizona Historical Review (Vol. 7, Nos. 1 and 2), he provided the following biographical information about John Rope:

John Rope is now an old man living among his people at Bylas, Arizona, on the San Carlos Indian Reservation. He or his people did not keep track of their ages in the old days, but as near as it is possible to figure out, he was born about 1855. His real name was tlodithit, which means "black rope," and by this title he is known to almost all his people. . . . I first met the old man in the fall of 1928 at Bylas, but it was not until the spring of 1932 that he told me these stories of his adventures.

John Rope's narrative has mainly to do with his experiences as a scout for the U.S. Army, though the first part deals with some of his boyhood remembrances. He witnessed or participated in a number of critical events, including the founding of Camp Goodwin (1864), the government's ill-fated "removal program," and General Crook's famous campaign into Sonora in 1883. Of equal or greater interest is Rope's account of his role as an Indian scout and the overall picture his narrative gives of Western Apache society at a time when it was seriously disturbed and in the process of rapid change.

I was born at a place between Old Summit and Black River, but I don't remember much till we were living at Cedar Creek, just west of Fort Apache. I can remember playing as a child there



John Rope Narrative

with the other children. At that time we had lots of corn planted, and our people were digging a ditch and making a dam in the creek to water the ground. The men and women worked together, digging with sharp, pointed sticks. The women carried the loose dirt off in baskets. After the ditch was finished, they started to make a dam to turn the water into it. They first set up a series of four poles tripod-like, across the creek in a line. These poles were driven into the creek bed in a square of about three feet, and their tops brought together and tied. Thus the tripods stood about three feet high when finished.¹

The men did this work and when it was done they laid bear grass lengthwise along the upper side of the tripods from one to another. Over the bear grass they packed the dry inner bark of cedar and cottonwood, the men and women both working. This inner bark was pounded up soft and wadded in. Around the tripods and between them they put piles of rock to hold them steady. Now, on the upper side right along where the bear grass had been put, they built a wall of flat red stones all along till it was as high as the posts. They took great care that this wall and dam were made straight. Between this wall and the bear grass was a space which they filled in with gravel and dirt, which the women dug out and brought in their baskets. This space was completely filled with earth. Now the dam was finished. It took about two weeks in all.

After it was made the people watched it carefully to see if it leaked anywhere. If a leak was found, then it was plugged right away. The old people used to watch them working on the dam. When the dam was finished, the water was turned into the ditch and finally they were ready to water their ground. The headman of a community was always the first to get the use of the water. After him came the others.

When the ground had been watered and had started to dry out a little, they planted corn. When planting his field the owner hired some men to help him. He paid these workers with cooked corn and would tell them to bring baskets or pots so they might divide it up and take it home. They used a metal hoe with a handle to dig the ground up. I guess they got them from the Navajo and Zuñi.

When the people saw the corn begin to come up after it had been planted, it made them happy. If there was any grass or weeds

in it, they pulled them out. When the corn was up about one and a half feet, it was time to water it again. When it was up about three and a half feet tall, it was watered once more. At this time it was beginning to form ears, and when it reached this stage, our people used to go off south of Black River to gather acorns, and the corn was left to mature by itself.

We used to gather acorns all the way from Oak Springs on the west to Rock Creek on the east.² When the acorns were ripe, we climbed up in the oak trees and shook the acorns down on the ground where they were picked up and carried back to camp in baskets. After a while they always sent someone back to Cedar Creek who would see how the corn was getting on and return to tell the others. If the corn was ripe, all our people would pack up the acorns that had been gathered and move back to harvest corn.

In the late fall we used to go to gather juniper berries.³ One fall (I was still a little child at the time) we started out and made camp where the White River Bridge is now. We didn't know it then but we were to have bad luck. The next day we crossed over south and camped in the pines. That evening it was very cloudy overhead. Our whole band was there, but among us we only had six or eight horses. My father had a spotted mule. My grandmother and my mother built a shelter for the night by laying pieces of dead wood up against the trunk of a pine tree and all around it. That night it rained and snowed all night. The next morning there was lots of snow when we woke up. Some of the people had not built any shelter at all. The snow was about waist deep. It was some eight miles from here to the place we were going to gather juniper berries. We dug the snow away down to the ground and made a fire with some pine wood.

Some people went to look for the horses. It was hard to find them in the snow, but they went anyway and brought them in. They were saddled up. In those days we only had moccasins which came up to our knees. We tied the tops round close to our legs. Some men started out with the horses. A mule went in front and the horses followed. This way they broke a trail up onto a ridge above us where there was not so much snow. Then they came back with the horses and we packed up and started off for the ridge. The people had to carry a lot of the stuff in burden baskets on their backs, as we didn't have enough horses to pack

everything. The people on horses went in front and the others followed.

We finally got to a place and made camp there. There was not much snow here and under the trees there was none. We made our camps under blue oaks and junipers. There the wickiups were made, just like these we use today, only they were covered with grass, not canvas.⁴ We made our beds out of grass, and living this way we could keep warm.

We boys used to hunt pack rats with bow and arrows. A lot of us used to start out in the morning and hunt till mid-afternoon. The way we got the rats was by one boy poking a long stick into the rat's nest. The other boy would stand near the nest entrance on the opposite side. When the stick was poked in, the rat would come to the door and stick his head out. Then the boy would shoot him. Sometimes the rats would come to the door and then go back. If they would not come out, we would tear the house down and dig them out of their hole. We would poke our stick in the hole and if there was hair on the end of it when we took it out, then we knew the rat was there and we would dig him out.

Some rats were easy to get and others were not. If a rat got away from us the older boys would make fun and say, "What did you let that rat get away from you like that for?" It was a rule that once we started to get a rat out of his nest we could never stop till we killed him. When we came home from a rat hunt, the rats would be divided up evenly among us. We used to hunt cottontail rabbits too and shoot them where we saw them sitting under brush or in the grass. The rats to be eaten were put in the fire and all the hair burnt off. Then they were skinned and either roasted or boiled. It was the same way with rabbits.

One time a boy went out hunting rats. He chased a rat into a hole and caught hold of its hind legs. When he came to pull his hand out, he could not do so. The hole was too small. He stayed there all that night, crying and hollering for someone to come. Next morning the other people decided they better look for him as he had not come home. They finally found him with his hand caught in the tree. One of the men took his knife and cut the hole a little bigger so the boy could slip his hand out. This way he got loose and got the rat too.

We had been camping by Turnbull Mountain that spring, gathering mescal, and now we started home. We moved our camp onto the Gila River. From here we journeyed on back to Cedar Creek. It took us a long time. Those who had horses packed them up and took one load on, then returned and took another load, and so on till all the mescal was brought up from camp to camp. They always made us boys carry the water bottles and sometimes the cedar bark torches.⁵ When we got back the mescal shoots were stored up in the branches of juniper and oak trees around camp.

Our people were camped near the falls on Blue River when word came that there were some White men camped at Goodwin Springs [1864].⁶ A bunch of people started out from our camp to go and see what these White people were doing. I was still a boy but I went along with them. We made camp at the cave on the head of Salt Creek and the next day moved on down towards the Gila River. Near where Calva now stands we came out on a hill on the north side of the river. From here we could see a big bunch of our own people and White men talking together on the flat across the river. We were afraid to go down there, so they sent one man ahead to go and see what all these people were doing. It was agreed that if this man should stand apart from the crowd, then it was safe and we all were to come on down. If he did not do so, then there was danger.

He went down and we could see him standing apart from the rest, but all the same we didn't go to him. Instead we went up the river for a way and then came down to the edge. There our man met us and told us what he had seen. Somebody found some little sticks with red points on their ends. These were matches, but we had never seen them before and did not know what they were. They had been dropped there by the White men. They smelled and someone struck one against a basket. It caught fire and that was when we first knew matches.

Our people kept on up the river along the old trail where there was lots of white grass growing. This was the south side of the river. Just the other side of Black Point some of our people were camped and we made camp there too.

I was with my aunt. She got hold of some flour from the White men, but she had never seen it before and did not know how to cook it. My other aunt was there and she knew how.

She took it, made it into dough and put it in the coals to cook. When it was done she took it out and cleaned off the ashes. This was the first time I ever saw the White man's food. The women were gathering wild hay and trading it to the White men for this new food.⁷

The next day all of us boys started over to Goodwin Springs to see the White people. We had never seen any White people before. We went up on the side of a bank and watched them. There were lots of them, all dressed the same. They wore blue pants, black shirts, and black hats. Later on we found out they were soldiers. While we were watching, they brought over a big basket of beans and meat and bread to us. When we got back to camp with this food there were some bones in the stew which had been sawed off. We thought the White people must have some kind of sharp knife with which they could cut right through a bone. The women kept on trading wild hay to the White men for grub. We didn't know what money was in those days.

In two days we boys went back to the White man's camp again. The soldiers then had the old guns, percussion locks.⁸ While we were there the cook filled a sack with bread he had just cooked and threw it to the other side of a ditch where we were standing. All the boys but me got some. The White man saw this. He went back to the camp and brought back a cloth coat and some bread. He told the other boys to stay away and then he gave me the coat and the bread. I put the coat on; it was long and yellow with a cape over the shoulder. It had fine brass buttons on it. The boys didn't know this kind of coat and had never seen fine cloth like this. They gathered all around me to look. From then on we boys went every day to the White camp to eat.

One day my brother and I went to the camp and got there about noon. We met a White man riding. He was leading a white horse to where they butchered their cattle. We watched him to see where he went. When he got to the place, he killed the white horse and told us to come and butcher it. We ran up and each of us grabbed a leg, saying, "This part is for me and this part for you," but we had no knife. In a little while lots of our people were there. They butchered and skinned the horse and took most of the meat. That White man had killed the horse for my brother and me, but my brother only got a front leg and I got the neck.

After a while, when my aunt had gotten quite a lot of beans

and flour from the White men, we started back to Blue River. The headman of the Whites at Goodwin Springs had said he wanted to see *haške dasila* ('He Is Constantly Angry'), who was the chief of the Eastern White Mountain people then.⁹ So this chief, whom the Whites called Diablo, started out for Goodwin Springs. As he traveled along with some other people, he kept burning the brush along the trail and making lots of smoke. As long as we could see this smoke, our people would know that things were going all right and that there was no danger. But if the smoke stopped, we would know that this party had got into trouble with the White men. Diablo also carried a white flag in his hand. All his *bànd* was with him.

They came all right to Goodwin Springs and met the White officer. I don't know what his name was, but we called him *gušhujn* ['Wrinkled Neck'].¹⁰ Since that time we have always had an interpreter with us. In the old days we used to have Mexicans whom we captured in Mexico as children and raised among us. These used to be our interpreters. Some of them got away and went back to Mexico.

The head officer at Goodwin Springs told Diablo that he wanted him as a friend. He said, "We White people are far from home here, but you Indians know all this country, where the water is and where are the best lands. Your people should settle down and live around here in the good places. If you keep on living your old way, you will never eat this new food that we have, but if we are friends, then we will all eat it. I see your people eating the guts, legs, hoofs and heads of horses. If we are friends we shall have lots and only eat the good meat parts."

"All right," Diablo said, and then told where he lived at a place where two streams came together [the junction of the forks of White River]. Then he and 'Wrinkled Neck' embraced and were friends. From that day on they were like brothers and had no more trouble. It has been like that with all of us since that time, and it was Diablo who made it this way with the White people for us.

All those people who were full-grown then are now dead. We don't remember our grandparents' times, just as you White people don't.

After the council the White officer gave our rations to Diablo and then this chief and his band moved back to near Fort Apache where they had lived for about a year. This chief had told the White officer he should put another soldiers' camp at the place where Fort Apache now stands, and shortly after he and his band moved back from the Gila River the White man started up to the Fort Apache location to make a camp there. They drove wagons drawn with oxen and made their road as they went.¹¹



When the soldiers' camp at Fort Apache was established [1870], they issued rations to us regularly. We drew flour, sugar, coffee and meat. There were lots of our people and it took all day for everyone to draw their rations. There were several headmen among our people. We drew rations every ten days. After awhile they stopped issuing beef and gave out the cattle for us to butcher ourselves. They allowed ten to fifteen head for each band. If the band was very large, they gave twenty head. Once they issued blankets to us, just like Navajo blankets, but a different color and lighter and thinner. Later they gave us blankets of different colors — black, red and blue blankets, three to each camp.

While we were all camped here at Fort Apache, some Eastern White Mountain people and Western White Mountain people went on the warpath. They went south to Graham Mountain and stayed there quite awhile. Then they came back and tried to make friends with the White people at Fort Apache. Most of the Cibecue people and *čac'idn* [a clan: 'red rock strata people'] were camped at the fort also. They were camped on the east side of the river near the soldiers. All the White Mountain people were camped on the other side of the river. My family was living near the soldiers then.

I think the White man in charge of the fort maybe told the Cibecue and the 'red rock strata people' to kill those men who had been on the warpath down to the Graham Mountains. They started to do this. They would kill one man and in a few days they would get another. This way it kept on. One day they killed a certain Eastern White Mountain man and all the White Moun-

tain people got mad and shot back at them. They killed nine Cibecue and 'red rock strata' men that day and three of their own men got killed.¹²

There were lots of soldiers there at Fort Apache. The agent there was called *ča da'izkan* ['Hat, Soft and Floppy']. The agent at San Carlos was John Clum.¹³ I guess Clum heard about the killing that was going on at Fort Apache, as he sent a letter up to the agent there. Whatever he said in the letter, the agent at Fort Apache said "No" to him. He wrote again and the Fort Apache agent still said "No." Then Clum came up himself to Fort Apache. When he rode up to the Fort, he was riding a gray horse and coming fast. Just before he got to where the people were standing, his hat blew off. One of the officers picked it up for him. Right there he held a talk with the agent at Fort Apache. He took the letter out of his pocket and showed it to the agent. Then he said that all of us were to come down and settle at San Carlos, the Eastern White Mountain and Western White Mountain people, Cibecue people and the 'red rock strata people'. We all moved down to the Gila River after that, all except the 'red rock strata people' who never came at all.¹⁴

Our band used to draw their rations just the other side of Goodwin Wash. Later we went to Goodwin Springs to draw our rations. Again after that they gave out our rations just east of Black Point. They made an agency there for us. 'Crooked Nose' was the sub-agent, and we named him this because of his crooked nose.

It was about this time they started to make up the Indian scouts.¹⁵ One officer and some scouts were sent down to Fort Bowie.¹⁶ These scouts and soldiers down at Fort Bowie captured a lot of Chiricahua Apaches and brought them back to Goodwin Springs to live [1876].¹⁷ Some of the Chiricahuas they never caught. The Chiricahuas they did catch were brought to Goodwin Springs in big army wagons with high sides. Our band lived near the Chiricahuas by Black Point. They issued them supplies and blankets and sent some scouts up to San Carlos to bring back some cattle for them to butcher. I was about eighteen years old then.

Now they sent the scouts over east to bring back the Warm Springs Apache [Chiricahua: Eastern band] living out there

[1877].¹⁸ Richard Bylas's uncle was a chief then, and he was first sergeant of the scouts that went over after the Warm Springs people. After they got out to where the Warm Springs people were living [near Silver City, New Mexico], all the scouts went into a building there and hid, all except Richard Bylas's uncle, who knew most of these Warm Springs people. When the Warm Springs people came in, they lined up and the officer took their arms from them. Then all of the scouts stepped out of the building with their guns and surrounded them.

Then they started to bring the Warm Springs people back to San Carlos, some on foot, some on horse. Their grub they carried in a wagon. On the way smallpox broke out among them. Our band heard about this so all our people went off in the mountains and lived scattered in different places. When the smallpox was over, 'Crooked Nose,' the sub-agent, sent us word and we came in again. Just after this they issued us some sheep for us to raise, one to each man. But we did not want them and butchered them right away to eat.

The sub-agency was now moved to where Calva now is and 'Crooked Nose' was still our agent there. That spring we moved to Fort Apache to plant our corn but we came all the way down to get our rations at the sub-agency just the same and drove our issue cattle back to Fort Apache. When the corn was ripe and harvested, our band moved back to the sub-agency. Then I was getting older. From the sub-agency some of the men went to join the scouts. They sent them off to different places and in six months they came back again to the sub-agency.

The next time they made up the scouts a whole bunch of us went up from the sub-agency to San Carlos to try to enlist. My brother and I went along on one horse, riding double. At San Carlos there were lots of Indians gathered to enlist; Yavapais, Tonto Apaches, San Carlos Apaches, and White Mountain people were all there. We lined up to be chosen. My brother was the first one picked. My brother said if he was to be scout, then he wanted me to go as scout with him too. He told this to the officers. They asked which one I was and he took them to where I was standing. These officers looked me over to see if I was all right. They felt my arms and legs and pounded my chest to see if I would cough. That's the way they did with all the scouts they picked and if you

coughed they would not take you. I was all right, so they took me. After they had picked about forty men, they said that was enough. I was twenty or twenty-five years old at that time.

Our officer said we scouts would move out for Fort Thomas the next day.¹⁹ We made it as far as the sub-agency at Calva and camped. The next day we got to Fort Thomas. Those scouts who had wives were followed by them to Fort Thomas, and there they were allowed to draw out five dollars worth of supplies from the commissary for their families. Our next camp was at Cedar Springs and from there we went on to Fort Grant.²⁰ From Fort Grant we went to 'Antelope's Water' [a waterhole between the south end of the Graham Mountains and the Dos Cabezas Mountains] and camped. The next camp was at some springs just north of Fort Bowie.

The following day we got into Fort Bowie, where we stayed four days while they were shoeing the pack mules and we were fixing our moccasins. Now they packed up the leather pack bags for the mules and said we would move out tomorrow to be gone for one month. This was the first time I was ever a scout. The officer said at the end of one month we would come back to the Chiricahua Mountains and camp there.

We started out and went to a big mountain southeast of the Chiricahua Mountains, all the time looking for sign of the Chiricahua.²¹ There was lots of food with us. The first three days I got very stiff and sore; then after that I was as though I was getting light and it was easier.

We scouts carried a belt slung across the shoulder and chest with fifty cartridges in it also. Besides these we carried our rifles and a canteen of water. We used to eat early in the morning and again late at night, only twice a day. This is the way we rounded up the Chiricahuas and it was hard work, but we had to do as our officer said.

We traveled every day, making our camps at springs. After about a month we started for our new headquarters. We always kept a guard in front and back when we traveled. We found the soldiers camped at the southeast corner of the Chiricahua Mountains. There were scouts there from San Carlos also. They knew we were coming and had grub cooked up for us when we got there. The officer told us to make our camp about three miles below where the soldiers were. There were two creeks coming together

here. The soldiers were camped on the right fork and below them was our camp on one side of the stream and a saloon was on the left fork. The day after we got there the San Carlos scouts moved out. The name of this place is now Rucker Canyon.²²

After we had made our camp our lieutenant and the lieutenant of a company of scouts camped quite a way below us started out up the river to the soldiers' camp. Soon after they left, it started to rain very hard. The water ran off the mountain nearby and covered all the flat and filled the washes. The two officers who started up the river got to the saloon on the left fork and there met two citizens, one of whom was in charge of scouts. They all four stayed there till the rain was over.

After the rain was over, the river was high. I guess the men at the saloon were a little drunk. Anyway the two citizens got on their mules and swam across the river. Then they went up a little way and crossed back safely. Now the two officers tried it. One had a black horse, the other a sorrel horse. They mounted and started across, riding side by side, instead of going one behind the other as they ought to have done. When they got out in the deep water, the current knocked the upper horse over against the lower horse and upset both. The officers fell off in the water and the horses swam to the shore. The saloon men saw what had happened and threw a rope to the officers. They grabbed at it, but missed, and the water washed them on down.

Right below the saloon the river went through a rocky canyon and there at the end of this canyon was our scout camp. The officers got washed right into this canyon. About sundown a man rode down on the opposite side of the river from our camp and hollered across to the man who was in charge of our pack mules. We were busy moving our outfit back on higher ground. He told the packer that the two officers had been drowned and how it happened. He said they wanted all us scouts to come up the river to the saloon and also the soldiers.

Our sergeants got us together and we started. We crossed the river twice getting up there and the water was up to our armpits. When we got there, a citizen—a man named Jack—and the other men were still crying in the saloon about what had happened. They called the sergeant in and said, "Here is your officer's hat still lying here on the bench." We all started out to look for the bodies, but we couldn't find them and so went on down to our

camp again. They told us we would look again tomorrow. About one hour after we got back, two soldiers came for us. They said we were to go back again and look for the bodies that night. The packer called us over to where the mules were and there he had a jug of whiskey. He poured us out each one cup.

Then we started up the river again. We met the soldiers all lined up with lanterns. They said the soldiers would search the river on both sides where it was open. We scouts were to look in the canyon. I guess they were afraid some coyotes would eat the bodies or something. They gave us long sticks to poke into the piles of driftwood and brush that had caught along the sides in the bushes. The water had run out by now and only mud lay along the banks. We started into the canyon and went all through it, but could find nothing of the officers.

On the way out one scout was behind us. Just on a little knoll over which the high water had been he found one officer. He called us all back. The soldiers and everyone gathered all around with lights. The shirt was torn, but the pants were still all right. The doctor with the troops listened to his heart with something. He said the heart was still warm. Now they said to carry the body out. It was heavy and we had to take turns carrying. They took him to the hospital at the soldiers' camp. We scouts went on back to our camp.

It was almost dawn when an officer came to tell us to start out again. The packer told us to get up. Some were too sleepy and did not want to do so. They sent twenty-one of us scouts down the river to search. The other scout company below was to work up and meet us. I did not go, as I was doing the cooking at the time. There were four of us who stayed behind. They found the other officer's body below where a big sycamore tree was growing in the wash. He was doubled around the trunk of the tree. He had two hundred dollars in bills in his pocket wallet. They took him on up to the soldiers' camp.

While we were there they used to line us scouts up every day and count our rifles and cartridges and other equipment. In fifteen days the scout company below us got a new lieutenant and started out again to travel. We did not get a new lieutenant to replace our drowned lieutenant for twenty-eight days. Then a lieutenant and two soldiers came on down from Fort Thomas to where we were camped. This officer was young and stocky. He

was to be our new officer. He said he wanted to shake hands with all of us, so we did. We felt badly about the loss of our old officer and it made us sick inside.

The next day after our new officer got in we moved out to the southeast, going around the corner of the Chiricahua Mountains and on to near the Mexican border, camping at Guadalupe Canyon.²³ From here we went straight east to Round Mountain in New Mexico and made camp there for four days. There were springs there and lots of willows growing near. The officer sent us out from this camp to look around. We took our blankets and grub with us. He told us to be back in four days. We went out but found no sign of the Chiricahuas.

We all moved out at the end of four days, passing through a canyon and over to some springs and camped again. The next place we went to was on the east side of the Sierra Espuela. The sand in the wash at this place is sort of streaked with a green powder. We stayed here three days and reconnoitered. Then we circled up over the hill there and back down into a canyon on the other side.

To our next camp we moved over through a little pass to the northeast end of the Chiricahua Mountains and stayed there. Now we moved up towards Fort Bowie and camped at 'Red Standing Rocks' at the foot of a canyon. Then on to Turkey Creek to where the Chiricahua often camped. We moved on from here and finally arrived back to where the officers had been drowned. The other scouts and soldiers were still there. They had seen us coming and had our dinner already cooked for us. It was our relatives who had done this and they called us over to eat. This time we camped close to the soldiers, as this was better for us.

The day after we got in, the other scout company moved out again to travel for one month, looking for the Chiricahuas around to the southeast. Our officer told us not to bother to fix our moccasins as we would be starting back for San Carlos.

While we were at Rucker Canyon we had drawn twenty-six dollars of our pay—two months time. We still had four months pay coming to us. We were anxious to get back to San Carlos. Some of us had bought horses with our money and others had lost theirs gambling. When we started back we drove our horses and also those horses that the other scouts had bought—the scouts who were not due home yet.

The first night we stayed at a place on the east side of the Chiricahua Mountains. The next day we got into Fort Bowie. There were lots of soldiers here. That night most of the scouts got drunk. At this place my older cousin, who was a scout with me, said to me, "You have done lots of work for me, getting wood, water, building fires, and cooking. You have done the right way."²⁴ He had a good new Mexican straw hat on his head which he took off and gave to me for what I had done. He was the only one who gave me anything.

When we young men joined up as scouts, our older male relatives would tell us to do whatever the older scouts wanted us to do. If we didn't work hard as we should that would be no good. This way we boys who were the youngest in the company used to take turns doing the camp work. We used to kill lots of deer while on these scouts.

From Fort Bowie we went to some springs. The next camp was 'Antelope's Water.' Then we got to Fort Grant. They used to have a good time at Fort Grant and the soldiers had a band there. From here we went on to Cottonwood Springs and at this place we put on all new clean clothes, new moccasins, white drawers, new G-string, shirt and vest. Around our arms we wore copper arm bands. Some of us painted our faces red. We packed up and started out, passing to the north, then to Fort Thomas.

At Fort Thomas we stopped and drew the rest of our pay and also the money that was due us for not drawing our uniforms.²⁵ In all, this came to forty-seven dollars. This money we divided up among our relatives. That is the way we used to do in those days, take care of our relatives by giving them clothes and grub. The Indians around here don't do like that now.

Down on the flat at Fort Thomas our relatives were waiting for us, as they knew we were due. There were some young girls there all dressed up and wearing their hair done up at the back on hair forms with brass on them.²⁶ The girls were waiting for their sweethearts to come. We camped here, the next day moving on to the sub-agency [Calva]. From here they took the pack mules up to San Carlos, but they said we could do as we liked, as we didn't have to join.

I did not join up again right away but stayed home for a little over a year. Then I joined again. There were eight White Mountain, twelve San Carlos, and five Chiricahua men in our company.²⁷

We started out from San Carlos and stopped at the sub-agency. From here our relatives followed us to Fort Thomas so they might draw five dollars worth of supplies against us at the commissary. They also issued our company four rifles here. From this place we went to Cottonwood Wash and then to Fort Grant. The next camp was at the foot of the Winchester Mountains.²⁸ Then we got to the other side of Willcox at 'White Man's Water' and camped. The next day we got into Fort Bowie. We stayed here for five days. They issued us wood and food. We fixed up our moccasins and the rest of us drew our rifles, ammunition belts, cartridges, uniforms, and canteens. They also gave us a black poncho and a brown blanket apiece. Our mules were packed up with four boxes of cartridges.

We started off and went to near where Bowie now is, camped here, and then moved camp out into the San Simon Valley. Then we crossed over the mountains to 'Red Rocks Standing' and camped. This way we always traveled the same places along the border, as we were afraid to go into Mexico.²⁹ The next camp was at Cave Creek and after that we stayed at the northeast end of the Sierra Espuela.³⁰ I knew this country from the last time we were scouting there. We moved on to Guadalupe Canyon and from there we had intended to go to Round Mountain in New Mexico, but one of the soldiers said there was water a little way beyond. We went there but there was no water, so we came back to Round Mountain and stayed there four days. Then we went beyond here to a canyon where we found water and made camp. From here we could see a big white mountain and the next day we set out for it. There were some springs coming out at its foot with lots of willows growing around.

We stayed here three days looking for the Chiricahuas. We thought we could see some springs on the top of the mountain and if there was water there, we would move up. But it turned out there was no water. We moved further around into a canyon and stayed there two days. At this camp some of us wanted to get to the Sierra de Media. We talked about it but the others said not to go there as it was in Mexico. We went toward it, but found no

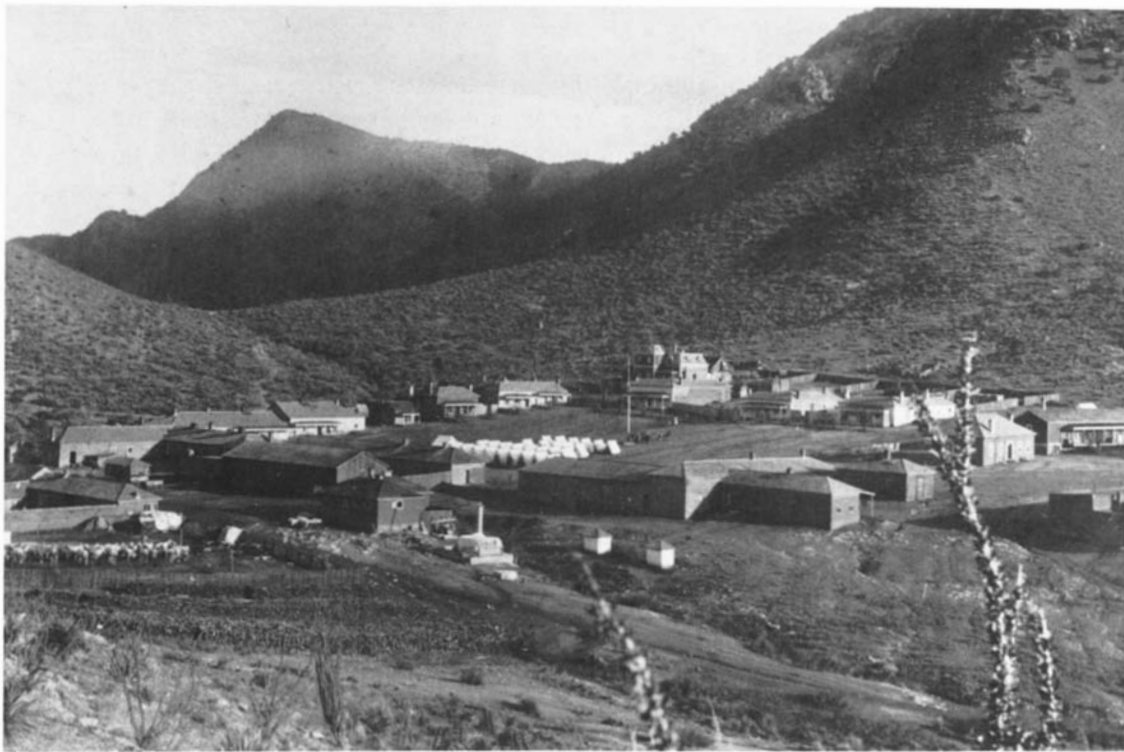
water, so they said we might as well go to the west edge of the Sierra de Media, which we did, and camped there. We crossed the mountain here, looking for signs, and then circled back to camp.

Our next camp was at a place near here where some of the scouts found water. From this place we crossed over a ridge and made camp in a canyon. Then we moved on to the mouth of Guadalupe Canyon and from here to near where Agua Prieta now is. From here we went to Rucker Canyon and camped. Then on up the west side of the Chiricahua Mountains. Then we went on to Turkey Creek Canyon and the day after we got back to Fort Bowie.

We stayed at Fort Bowie about one month. Then the head officer there received word from Geronimo and a chief called *tandinbilnoʒui* ['He Brings Many Things With Him'] that they with their people were coming into Fort Bowie pretty soon—that they wanted an agency put up there for them and they didn't want any Apache scouts around when they got there.³¹ Geronimo's brother was a scout at that time.

Pretty soon after we reached Fort Bowie, the head officer there got word that the Southern Chiricahua were coming as they had said they would. They passed by Turkey Creek Canyon and over the level country. We could see them coming for a long way. They made camp some distance below the fort. Then a White man who had married one of their women and who was living with them came to our scout camp. This man was *jetikine* ['Pine Pitch House'].³² A little below us camped some Tonto scouts. 'Pine Pitch House' stopped there and asked where the 'brainless people' were camped.³³ The Tontos told him and he came on up to us. His wife was with him. It was about noon then. *Nagutline* ['He Is Building Something'], who was with us scouts, knew this White man well. I knew him a little. He shook hands with him. 'Pine Pitch House' said, "You scouts are all right with me." We told him to come in and eat. "All right," he said, and he and his wife started to eat. After he was through, 'Pine Pitch House' went out of the tent. There we had some acorns and gave him some. He tasted them and said, "I guess these come from Ash Flat or Rocky Creek all right—it's good to taste them again."³⁴

Pretty soon 'He Brings Many Things With Him' came to our camp. He said we scouts were living pretty well. 'Pine Pitch House'



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Fort Bowie in 1886

told us this man was of the Southern Chiricahua band and a chief. He said the people were afraid of him. We asked him to eat and spread a canvas and put down coffee, bread and sorghum in plates. "Now eat, my friend," we told him. He did. I stood there and watched him. Then he said, "All right. I like to try the scouts' food and see what it is like. It is good food and tastes well." Pretty soon some cowboys drove in cattle to the Chiricahua camp to be butchered. They also took down some wood to the Chiricahua in wagons.

Then 'Pine Pitch House' told us that the Chiricahuas would give a dance that night and for all of us to come down. They were going to tie up a drum.³⁵ "Good," we said. Then they sent two more wagon loads of wood down for the dance. That evening we heard the drums begin to beat. All of us scouts, the Tontos, and the soldiers went right down to the Chiricahua camp.

Before the dance started, 'Pine Pitch House' made a talk. He

said, "Some of these young girls here are wanton and they will try to make you dance farther and farther out in the dark away from the fire, so watch out for yourselves." *Haškenadiltla* ['Angry, He Is Agitated'], an old lame Chiricahua, was the one who knew all the dance songs and he and the other Chiricahua singers stood in a bunch.

Now this old man talked. He said, "We are going to dance the social dance, so get ready. The right way to dance for you girls," he said to the Chiricahua girls, "is for the man to put his head on your shoulder and you put yours on his."³⁶ I want to see you dance this way with these Western Apache. Every song I sing you Western Apache have to pay me a quarter," he said to us scouts. He was making fun all the time.

Then they started to sing. We danced till we pretty nearly bumped into the girls and then back again. We didn't know how to do this Chiricahua dance. 'Angry, He Is Agitated' yelled again that that wasn't the right way and for us to put our head on the girls' shoulders as he said and follow the girl.

Pretty soon they started to dance differently. Two girls would catch hold of us by the shirt-sleeve.³⁷ They wouldn't let go, but just dragged us out, one on each side. The only way you could quit dancing was to give them two dollars credit at the commissary at the fort. Then they would go and catch another one. They started this up about midnight. There were not many girls, so the men who had young wives let them dance too. We kept on dancing till morning. I got caught twice by the girls.

The Chiricahua said that the dance was over now and that we were all well acquainted. In the morning all the girls came to our camp and made us go to the commissary with them to buy them what they wanted with their two dollars. We all went there. Those girls weren't a bit ashamed and they just pointed out whatever they wanted. We bought calico and lots of things for them.

That day the Chiricahua said they wanted to play hoop-and-poles with us.³⁸ I had a small Navajo blanket with me. A Chiricahua wanted to play me for my blanket, putting up a white mule against it. Another Chiricahua wanted to make the play the winning score of two games, and I was willing, but the other man said it would have to be three games, so I agreed and we started.

The first game I won on the mule. The second game I won also. Now I only had to get one more game and I would win that

mule. The next game the Chiricahua won, and now I only had one game on the mule. He won the next game too and now I had no games. We stopped now. The Chiricahua wanted to play more, but I said no, because he would not agree to make the play for two games in the first place and so we would not play any more. The next day the Southern Chiricahua all set out for San Carlos, driving their cattle with them. A lot of things had been issued to them at Fort Bowie.

Two days after that a Southern Chiricahua woman came into our camp. She had her face painted. She had been following the other Chiricahua up to Fort Bowie, stopping in their old camps and living off their leavings. On a ridge just the other side of the fort, she had seen a little spotted calf. She tried to catch it for butchering but every time she had made a grab for it, it had jumped away. She had been living with her husband back in the mountains and he had been killed, so she had started out to find her people. She went and stayed with the five Chiricahua scouts in our company.

The next day two scouts went deer hunting over to the north-east end of the Chiricahua Mountains. There they saw a Chiricahua woman trying to roast some mescal. She was so poor and thin that she was like an old woman, though she must have been fairly young. Her body was as if all dried out and she was using a stick to walk with. She was starving to death. The two scouts brought her back to our camp and the soldier doctor came over to see her with the lieutenant. He gave her some whiskey and milk to drink. They gave her no food at all. The next day they fed her a little bread. She was taken over to the packer's camp near us. The day after that she was able to feed herself. In about a week she was better. Now the five Chiricahua scouts were looking after both these women who had come back.

When she was well enough they got her to make a story and it went this way. She had been captured some time ago by the Mexicans and kept in a jail. This was an adobe building with no windows in it, only a little hole or chimney in the roof in one corner. She could look up through this and see blue sky, but that was all. They kept her in there almost a year. The only way she could tell this was by watching new leaves come out on the cottonwood tree whose branches she could see above through the chimney.

This place where she was, was in a big Mexican town. She had a friend there, one Mexican girl, who used to come and see her quite often. She brought her things that she made herself. She used to come every two days or so. One day she asked her if she never thought about getting away and going back to her own country and people again. The Chiricahua woman said yes, she couldn't help but think about it, but it was no good because she thought she would never see her land again. The Mexican girl answered, "I think you will see your home again. There is going to be a big dance just outside the town in about seven days and I am going to take you to it."

A couple of days after the Mexicans made all the prisoners come out and clear a path through the brush from the town to where the dance was to be. They made the Chiricahua woman work too. They piled all the brush up in two big piles on either side of the path to the dance ground. After this the Mexican girl came back again and brought the Chiricahua woman a dress she had made of brown cloth, some matches and some bread, all done up in a package. She told her to hide it and let no one see. Then she said that the Chiricahua woman must shake her arms and legs and run around inside the building so she would not be weak. She could hardly wait for the seven days to end and the time for the dance.

The day before the dance the Mexican girl came again and said, "There is a big mountain back of where the dance is to be, but it is far away. The big mountain back of the jail on this side of the town is near. Go up on it and stay there, then start out for your country, but only travel at night, as the Mexican soldiers will be out looking for you." She brought a white dress for the woman to wear.

The next night of the dance it was bright moonlight. She could hear the drums and horns over where the dance was. She put on the white dress and pretty soon the Mexican girl came and got her. They started to walk down the path that the prisoners had cleared. There were lots of Mexicans going along the path, but it was too dark and the Chiricahua woman was dressed like the other Mexican women. The Mexican girl was carrying the parcel with her food and the brown dress under her arm. There were two girls in front of them, so the Mexican girl and the

Chiricahua woman went from side to side pretending to look at things and let the other people get ahead, as well as the two girls. Pretty soon there were only a few Mexicans behind them and the Mexican girl and the woman dodged in behind one of the piles of brush at the side of the trail. Here the woman put on her brown dress and took the food. The Mexican girl walked out and caught up with three other girls in front and went on to the dance.

When the Chiricahua woman saw there was nobody left, she started for the mountain in back of the town. She got to the foot of it just about sunrise and slept there. Later on she went on up the mountain. From here she could see the fire and smoke signals that the Mexicans were making to tell of her escape. About sundown she went down the other side of the mountain and got to the foot just at dusk. From here she crossed a big valley to another mountain and went up on top of it. Here she hid all the day again and that night started once more.

After three days of going at night, she started to travel in the daytime. She was getting into country she knew now, and also her food had run out. She lived on the inside fleshy part of a kind of small ground cactus from now on. Every time she found some of these, she would do them up in her bundle and take them along to eat. She was beginning to give out now and she was starving. She could not travel fast. After awhile she got to the Chiricahua Mountains and followed them on up towards Apache Pass. But she couldn't remember which place this was and got lost. This was the time the two scouts found her near the north-east corner of the Chiricahua Mountains and brought her back to our camp.

We stayed on for one month at Fort Bowie and just hunted deer. The officer told us in seventeen days we were to be discharged. He said we had lots of horses now and for us to take turns letting the two Chiricahua women ride our horses on the way back. The next day we started and made camp at some springs north of the fort and next on to some other springs. Now it was my turn to loan a horse to one of the Chiricahua women. We made our next camp at 'Antelope's Water' and when we got there the horse that I had loaned the woman was all sore on the withers. We went on into Fort Grant and then on to Cedar Springs and then Fort Thomas, where we stayed for eleven days, till our

time was up. The two Chiricahua women they sent on to the sub-agency to their relatives. We got paid off at Fort Thomas and took our horses up to the sub-agency. The soldiers went on to San Carlos.



I had been living at the sub-agency when not on scouts, yet I really belonged at Fort Apache, so I moved back up there now. They used to enlist scouts at Fort Apache just the same as at San Carlos. About August they started to enlist scouts. That day forty Western White Mountain men enlisted. This was because the feeling was so strong about the killing of Richard Bylas's uncle. This man was a chief of the Eastern White Mountain people. He had killed some member of Victorio's band some time ago. After this he had gone down to the sub-agency to visit some relatives. Then he started back to where his farm was. Before he got there, Victorio came to that place with his men and caught one White Mountain man. Victorio said he had come after Richard Bylas's uncle and wanted to know where he was. The man said he had gone to the sub-agency, but that he was due back in a couple of days and would probably be camping at Cienega Creek on his way. The man was scared. That's why he told all this. Victorio went to Cienega Creek with his men and there ambushed and killed Richard's uncle and all his family in the early morning. This was in the spring.³⁹

Now the chief of the White Mountain people at Fort Apache said there would be a dance given that night so the scouts might start off right the next day and find the men who killed their chief. It was to be a war dance.⁴⁰ They spread a cowhide out for this dance. All the people—men, women and children, were at the dance ground standing all around. A big fire was lit in the middle. All the scouts were there, and I was one of them. We never laid down our rifles all that night.

Everybody stands up at these war dances. The men who knew the war songs sang. As they sang, the dance leader would call out a scout's name, and the scout called would have to go out and dance around the fire with his rifle, acting as if he was fighting, pointing his rifle at the ground and pretending to shoot and putting his hand to his mouth and yelling as he would in battle. One after the other the dance leader called out the scouts. When



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Victorio, war chief of the Warm Springs Chiricahua

a man was called out, the girls who were his close relatives followed in a line, dancing behind him. When all forty of us scouts had been called out and danced, we were all dancing in a circle around the fire. A medicine man, an old man who knew war medicine, led us and we followed him.

Now they took away the hide from where it was spread on one side of the fire. After the hide was taken away, they sang four more songs and we scouts danced for all four songs. Then four more songs were sung again, during which twelve men danced. They picked out the twelve strongest and bravest men who were most likely to succeed in war to dance for these four songs. After this, four of the best men were picked. One after another and only one at a time, they went out in the circle near the fire.

Everybody kept absolutely still while this was going on and only the drum was beaten for the man who danced. When one of these four men went out, he would talk and step around in different places. He would say, "I met a bear some time ago and had trouble with him, but I came out all right," and so on, telling of different dangers he had been in and come out from safely. Each time he told of a happening he would point at the ground in one place to emphasize and mark the incident. This way these four men made medicine and prayed. Now the war dance was over. This dance was given to let the scouts have war practice and to make war medicine.

Next a man who knew songs for the social dance went out in the middle and called the people to come all around him, young girls and even married women and all the men and scouts. Now they started to sing. If a woman wanted to dance with a man she went and touched him on the shoulder and then he would follow her out into the circle and dance. We scouts always carried our rifles when we danced with the women. They kept dancing and singing all night.

When the morning came, we scouts were called together and talked to. The first talker was an old woman, one who knew about war medicine. She said, "You boys are like close relatives to me. I want you to look out for yourselves and do things the right way. If you see the Warm Springs people, follow them and don't let them get away." Then a chief talked to us and said, "The Warm Springs people are born from women only. You are born from women also. If you see the Warm Springs people, go right after them. Don't run away, but go to them and stay fighting them." They talked with us that way because of the White Mountain chief who had been killed by the Warm Springs people.

That morning we scouts set out and made camp at the old wagon road at the crossing of the Black River. From here we went to Soldiers' Hole and made camp there for ten days to wait for some soldiers who were to join us. Lots of soldiers came bringing sixty head of horses to replace the ones that they were using. They spent the time shoeing the horses and breaking them, as most were broncos.

In seven days more we all started out eastward to some springs where we camped. From here we went on to Eagle Creek

and got there at noon. The next camp was at the foot of Rose Peak. Then we went on over by Red Mountain to a big grassy flat.

On the way over I was off to one side hunting. I saw a big blacktail deer and shot at him about ten times and killed him. Right there I sprained my ankle. I skinned and butchered the deer, but as I had that bad ankle, I only took along the skin to our camp. My foot and ankle were all swollen up when I got there. The other scouts asked me why I only brought the hide and I told them. The army doctor looked at my ankle but could not cure it that night. The next morning the officer brought over a mule and told me to ride it. We started out, the scouts going in front. Pretty soon I saw a big deer. He smelled the tracks of the scouts who were ahead but came on anyway. I got off the mule, tied him to a bush and shot the deer. He had great big horns. I butchered him and called the packer over to get him to put it on one of the pack mules. He wanted to cut the head off but I said no.⁴¹ We put it on one of the mules.

The next day we went on east to a place where some Mexicans had a lot of sheep. They roped one and gave it to us scouts. We butchered it. There were lots of Mexicans living there and we all camped close to them. At this place we stayed three days, and so we scouts had time to remove the hair from our deer hides.⁴²

Our next camp was around on the northeast end of Mogollon Mountain on a mesa where a cowboy's ranch was. The cowboy's house was built all of rocks and had a loophole pierced in each side so the place might be defended from the Warm Springs people who used to ride by this place and try to shoot in their loopholes. There was nobody living here, and I guess the Warm Springs people must have killed them all. We could still see the bullets in the rocks about the loopholes. At this place they gave us scouts half a steer to eat.

From here we moved towards a place where there was a house with lots of cedar trees around it and which looked as though springs were likely to be there. When we got there, there was only mud in the spring holes. We all started on, intending to make camp at the first water we found. The soldiers and ourselves ran out of water and almost gave out.

On these marches they always kept five scouts out on either side as flankers. Five of us scouts went off in a canyon and there

we took a rest. I fell asleep under a cedar tree and was dreaming about some White man hollering at me. Then I woke up and there were two White officers standing there, yelling at me to wake up. I asked them if they had any water but they just took their canteens out and tipped them upside down—they had no water.⁴³ I kept on following up the canyon behind the others. Pretty soon I came to where some willows were growing. Here there were some black rocks ahead and it looked like water at their foot. The other scouts were waiting for me there. They said not to drink much. I wanted lots of water but only drank a little.

Soon we came to a White man's ranch. There was no one here so I guess they were killed by the Warm Springs people. But there were springs here so we all made camp at this place about sundown. The pack mules were way behind and did not get in till evening. The officer made a count and there were ten scouts missing who had given out awhile back. One scout said I should go back and take water to them, as some of these missing scouts were my relatives. We filled five of our canteens and five soldiers' canteens—the officers' canteens were larger. I packed these on a mule, got on and started back, carrying my rifle. The officer called me back and said to leave my rifle behind. He gave me his pistol and a belt instead. I also led one horse and went back this way to help the scouts.

There was lots of brush in the canyon and it looked as though a bear might jump out at me. Pretty soon I met five of the scouts. They had found a burro and were taking turns riding double on it. Now I gave them some water and the horse I was leading to ride on, then went on alone down the canyon to find the other five. The mule acted as though he didn't want to go and kept shying at things. I stopped awhile under a tree and listened. The mule heard something and pricked up his ears. Pretty soon I could hear someone laugh. I knew right away it was *bešn* ['metal knife'], one of the scouts.

Then all five of the scouts came along. They saw me and hollered, "Who's there, an Indian?" I said, "Yes, it is me." The sergeant was with them. "I'm glad to see you now," he said. I had five canteens with me and I gave them these. We all started back to camp, taking turns riding double on my mule. After awhile it came my turn to ride again. There was only one of these men who

did not ride—he refused. When we got to camp the officers were still up. They were playing cards. The head officer asked if everybody was in now and we answered yes.

I took the mule over to the horse herd and turned him loose. I thought, now I will get some good beef stew and other food, but when I got to camp there was only some coffee and bad soft bread left, half burnt. It was about midnight now but anyway I got some bacon and fixed up some beef with it and ate the burnt bread all the same.

There was one scout I always slept with and I went over to where he was. From here I could hear one of the scouts was sick. He was moaning and so I went over to him. He was a boy who had never been a scout before. I said, "I told you not to join the scouts, that it was too hard work for you."

The next morning they butchered two steers for the soldiers and scouts. We scouts went over to where the White man was butchering and got all the guts. These we took back and put in the fire to cook. Right then the officer called to us to start out. But we stayed and waited for the guts to get cooked. The officer got off his horse and came over to our fire, threw all the cooking guts out around and scattered our fire.

Then we all started out with five scouts on each side. In awhile we came to some springs on a mesa. There was some bitter weed growing there. We unpacked the mules and started to cook. A White soldier came over to us and told us to come and get some meat, so we went over and got two front quarters of beef. At this camp we stayed all day, eating lots and then taking a sweat bath.

The next day we started off and got lunch at a place by some springs. There was a White sergeant coming on behind and he heard two shots fired up on the mountain. Now no one was supposed to shoot his gun, as the Warm Springs people might hear it and run away. The two shots were fired by two of the scouts. They had seen a big animal at the foot of a bluff. "What is that?" they asked. It was an elk and they shot it. They were afraid to go to it because of the officers getting after them about the shooting. They came on back to camp and there the officers made them go back with a mule to get the elk. The officers did not punish these scouts. They gave the hind quarters to the soldiers and we got the front.

We stayed at this place four days looking for sign of the Warm Springs people. There was a citizen in charge of us scouts and he took all of us out to reconnoiter, except four who were left behind to cook. We traveled down by a creek where there were lots of cattle. We asked the citizen chief scout about killing one of these cattle to eat. He said no, that they had given orders not to do any shooting, and he did not see how we could get the cattle without shooting them. "All right, then," we said, "we will kill them with a knife, hamstringing them and then cut their throats." All of us scouts started to surround the cattle, but they ran out and broke through us. We all ran after them. One man caught hold of a cow's tail while she was running, took out his knife and hamstrung her just above the hock. Another man caught one by the tail and hamstrung it just back of the ankle above the hoof. This way we got two.

They were fat cattle, and we butchered them right there and started cooking. The meat looked good, but it tasted bad, like bitter weed, as the cattle had been eating a lot of these plants which grew here. What we wanted most was the hide for our moccasin soles. This was divided up, enough for one pair of soles each. Then we wrapped the meat up in what was left of the hides, slung it on poles and carried it back to camp. The soldiers saw we were carrying something and all came out to see what it was. The White chief of the scouts had ridden on ahead of us and told the officer what we had done, that we had killed two cattle.

That evening the officer said he wanted to see all the scouts. We all went over after supper. The officer said, "I heard you killed two steers. You did well. You didn't shoot at all. That's the right way." The next day twelve of us went out to reconnoiter again. We saw a mother elk and her calf up on the mountain. There used to be lots of elk over at Mogollon Mountain.

We left this camp, the scouts going ahead and the soldiers behind. They always kept two of us scouts right at the head of the column of soldiers. I was one of these that day. Two horses got away from the soldiers but were finally put back in the bunch. This delayed us a little. Pretty soon we could see a wooden house. Right this side of it was standing a post. There was a slip of paper stuck in the post that the citizen scout had left. At the foot of

the post were the heads of five White people. A man and his family had been living here and the Warm Springs people killed them all. There was also a bag of laundry soap here. One of the soldiers took this and packed it on a mule. It was the same band of Warm Springs people who did this that killed Richard Bylas's uncle. This was the band we were trying to find.

At this place where there was a little canyon with a creek in it, the scouts who had gone on before us found some burro tracks. They all had started out to run to where the burro was. Those same two men who had shot the elk got there first and started to argue over which one of them should have the burro. They got mad and shot the burro twice. We could hear the two shots from where we were with the soldiers. They sounded over from behind some black, rocky, brushy hills, and we didn't know if it was the Warm Springs people or not. The scout sergeant ran back from where the shooting had been done to tell what had happened. He came out on top of the hill just above us. The soldiers thought it was a Warm Springs man and pretty nearly shot him, but he yelled that he was a scout, so the officer stopped the soldiers. We made camp that day in a canyon at a place where the other scouts had already stopped. We scouts had for an interpreter a man who had been captured by the White people from the Navajo country. He was a Navajo Indian.

After supper the officer called us scouts over to his camp. The soldiers were all lined up, three companies of them. There were four officers and one army doctor. The head officer spoke. He said, "These two scouts killed an elk two days ago, but then I did not say anything about it and gave them another chance. Today the same two shot a burro. It seems to me as if they were trying to help the Warm Springs people and warn them by shooting this way. Tomorrow I am going to discharge these two, send them back home, and take their rifles, canteens and cartridge belts from them."

One of these men was related to our sergeant, so he said that he did not want these scouts sent back. The officer would not listen to him. All of us scouts felt the same way and we did not want these two men sent home, as they were far from home and might get killed by wild animals on the way back. The sergeant

said that if these two men were discharged, we all might as well turn in our outfit and start back tomorrow. The officers talked among themselves, and I guess they changed their minds, because the head officer said, "All right, we will keep these two men, but from now on they will have to take the place right at the head of the column." Next morning we started out.

These last few days we had been traveling south, along the east side of Mogollon Mountain. Now we crossed over a spur on the east side of Mogollon Mountain and went up through a little pass. There was lots of brush here, and they kept the soldiers cutting away in it so the horses and packs could get through. There were lots of deer in here, but none of us shot. We scouts waited in front for the soldiers to come up.

Pretty soon we would see a tall, pointed rock standing straight up ahead of us. At the top it was smooth. Right at the foot of it there was a sort of doorway going in like the entrance to a wickiup. Right in front of this door was a low stone wall about two feet high. Some of the scouts went near this door. It smelled very bad inside. On the rock around the door and above it were drawn pictures. There was the morning star, the Pleiades and the new moon drawn there. On one side above the door was a buck deer and on the other side was a female deer with its young one. All around both of these were figures of *gan* ['mountain spirits'] holding some long things in their hands.⁴⁴ They had no headdresses on. These pictures were high up on the rock, about fifteen feet above us, and I don't see how the people who drew them were able to put them there. It looked as though the rock must have grown up since the pictures were made. The officers looked at them through their field glasses. I was talking with a Chiricahua about this place one time and he said that the Warm Springs people always used to stop here on their way by and pray to the *gan*. He said his grandmother knew about that place.

We started down from here into a canyon. The officers gave us scouts each two cartridges, one to kill a turkey and one for a deer. They made camp in the canyon and we scouts brought in lots of deer, all whitetails. We shot our own cartridges as well as those two the officer gave us. The next day we circled around into a canyon where there was water and lots of cottonwood trees. We had crossed over the hills and arrived there about dark.

At this place we stayed four days and sent and received a letter from a place quite a ways from here, an army post where there were a lot of Negro soldiers.⁴⁵

There was a White man living near our camp who had a lot of whiskey. Some of the soldiers and scouts got drunk on it. The soldiers' cook was drunk the next morning. The four officers were together getting on their horses. A little distance away was a big soldier. He was drunk and yelling and making a show. One of the officers got off and went over to where he was and told a sergeant to tie this man's legs and arms up, to tie him to a tree because he was drunk, so they did. The officer went back to his horse. The drunk soldier was crying about being tied up and I guess he said something bad to his officer. We were there and our interpreter told us what he said. He said, "You're a bull's father and a burro screwed your mother to make you."

The officer took up a stick and went back to where the man was tied. The soldier said, "Don't hit me when I am tied up this way. Turn me loose." The officer told the sergeant to turn him loose. He did so, but the soldier still had a piece of rope tied to his wrist. He jumped on the officer, ripped his shirt and vest down and knocked him on the ground. The other officers came over and pulled him off, picked the officer up, tied his shirt together and took him away. Then one of the officers came back and with the sergeant he took the drunk soldier to the edge of a waterhole, right up on a bank, so that if the soldier moved he would fall in the water.

We stayed here and fixed our moccasins up. From here we moved on over to near where Clifton now is, towards the Gila River. We saw lots of blacktail deer on the way. One deer came near us, a big one, and fell dead. An old man who was a scout said, "There, that deer will be mine," and he went over to it. But there was a scout following the deer and he told us all to keep away from it as he had shot it.⁴⁶ The hide was big and we wanted it. The man took out his knife and slashed the hide in several places so it couldn't be used. The meat was fat and showed through the slits, but the hide was no good now, so only the meat was taken.

We killed lots of deer and antelope that day and the packs were loaded with them. When we got into our camping place

there was one great big deer on a pack. Two soldiers grabbed it to take for themselves but some of us scouts grabbed the other side. Our sergeant was with us. We each wanted the deer and stood pulling at it. Finally they made us give it to the soldiers. Our sergeant got discharged on account of this later on.

There was a White man's farm at this place with milk cows and planted fields. After supper we went to see it. The White men were churning some milk and gave us a slice of what they were making. It was like cheese.⁴⁷ They had cornfields here, and the corn was already on the stalk. Just about sundown that soldier who had been drunk and was now a prisoner was brought in by two sergeants.

The next day we moved on down the river and camped at a mountain across the Gila River from Solomonville. This place is right between two bluffs, and the springs are always running there. The prisoner got in after sundown again. He always did that way. The next day we moved on down to near where Safford now is. In those days there were only a few White men living in that part of the Gila Valley and there were no towns at all. The day after that we got into Fort Thomas. Here they put the prisoner in irons and sent him off someplace. The next day we scouts were lined up. Fifteen of us quit and some more were discharged.

6

After we had stayed quite awhile at Fort Thomas, I asked for leave to go and see my people with my sergeant at Fort Apache. They granted it to us and let us have a mule to ride. Early in the morning I started out on foot, not bothering to eat anything but just putting on my best clothes and taking my rifle. When I got part way there, the sergeant caught up to me, riding the mule. He said, "You travel fast. I have been trying to catch up and have had a hard time." I got on the mule and we rode double.

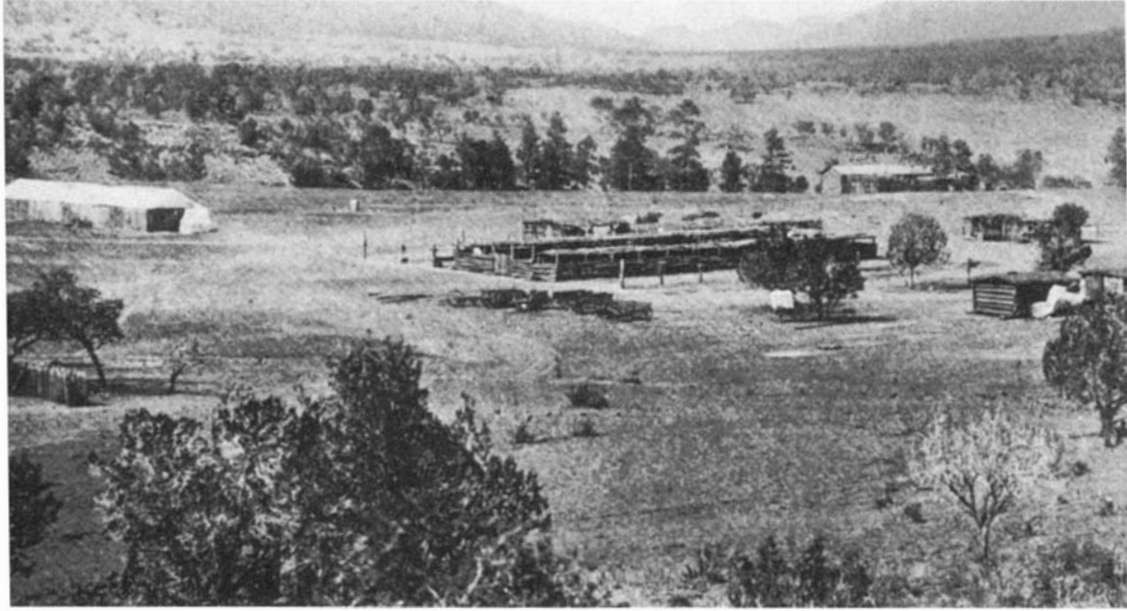
We stopped at the camp of an old man to try and get something to eat. The old man said, "You scouts have lots of food. I have nothing to give you." He did not want us to stop there so we kept on, crossed the Gila River opposite Dewey Flat, to a big wash and camped there for the night. We had no food with us at

all. The next morning we started early when the morning star was just a little way up. We went through Warm Springs on Ash Creek and up by Rocky Creek.⁴⁸ There were always people camped in here this time of year but now there was no one, even at Rocky Creek. We didn't know what to make of this.

Later on we saw two women grinding something quite a way off. When we got there, we saw a girl who was grinding acorns. Her mother was boiling some meat. We told them to hurry up with their cooking. They made some acorn gravy, coffee, and tortillas for us. The woman said that the sergeant's wife was camped over at a place near Bear Canyon and that he would find them there. We went there but only found their tracks going towards Black River. Just before we got to Black River there was a heavy rain. We covered up with our blankets but it didn't do much good. We hurried to get across the river before it would get too high with the rain. From the top of the hill we could see a lot of smoke and knew that there must be many camps down there. When we got in, we went to the sergeant's brother's camp and left the mule there, borrowing a horse in its place. This brother said that the sergeant's family left for Fort Apache yesterday.

Just about sundown we got to Fort Apache. My family was camped above there, and I went to stay with my brother who was a chief. The day after this a young boy who was of my clan went out hunting and killed a little deer. On his way back he met an old medicine man. This medicine man was no good and he said, "Give me that little deer." But the boy would not and went on home with it. That night this boy started to vomit blood and also he bled at the nose. They could not stop him and he died that night.⁴⁹ They came and notified me. The next morning I went over and took all my new clothes I was wearing—shirt, vest, drawers, hat, and all—and gave it to the family to dress the boy up in to be buried.⁵⁰

Now the sergeant said to me, "Let's go and get some rations at the agency." So we went there and asked for rations, as all scouts if they had a ticket of leave could draw rations. But the agent would not give us rations. He telegraphed back to Fort Thomas that we had drawn no rations before leaving, and to give us ten days rations. So we drew meat, flour, coffee, sugar, bacon,



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Fort Apache circa 1872

and some canned fruit. In nine days we started back for Fort Thomas, we two scouts and my younger brother. The first night we got to Soldier's Hole. The next day we crossed over Hooker Mesa and arrived at Fort Thomas.

The following day the officer said we would all move up to Fort Apache. Some of us went on horse, some on foot. We on horses went up by the mountains and camped. The next morning we crossed Hooker Mesa and saw where the other bunch of scouts had gone on foot. That night we camped near where ash flat ranch is now. The following day we went by the Old Summit Road and on over the mountain to north of Old Summit. From here we could see no camps up on East Fork where our people always camped. This looked funny and we thought maybe there had been trouble and they had gone on the warpath. Even if they had gone on the warpath, we were still scouts and would have to fight for the White men. There was a stump down in a little open place below us, and we said "Let's shoot at it and practice and see who is best."

When we got near Fort Apache, we met an Indian who told us that one of our chiefs, *haškecha'yila* ['Angry, He Takes It Away'], had been killed by the *čaciđn* [a clan: 'red rock strata people']. He also said the reason our people were not camped on East Fork was because they had moved their camps to the foot of the hill near the fort. Our pack mules were at the fort, so we went there.

The next day our relatives gave us hide for our moccasin soles. Notice was sent out among the camps that they wanted twenty more men to enlist as scouts and join our company. The first day only fifteen joined, but the next day five more joined and we were filled out. Then we started out for Fort Thomas, making the first camp by Ash Creek. The next day we got to near Hooker Mesa. From here on to Fort Thomas I loaned my horse to another scout and walked. When I got in, my knee was in bad shape. The sergeant went to the officer and tried to get him to send me back but the officer said that the one that could give orders to that effect was at Fort Grant. He wired to Fort Grant about it and got word back to let me ride along with my company. We had brought some boys down with us from Fort Apache to take our horses back from Fort Thomas and this they did. The morning after they gave me a mule to ride with an army saddle.

We camped that night at Cedar Springs. On the way we had passed a lot of prickly pear plants. The fruit was ripe on them and one old scout with us, *haškyina'ta* ('Angry, He Stares At It'), ate quite a lot of this fruit. That night he got sick and started to belch. He had bad breath and his stomach was hurting. The next day they took him to a Chiricahua camp where they were gathering yucca fruit and asked if they had any medicine for him. They had none at all. We went on by the north end of Graham Mountain. The sick man was a good way ahead of us other scouts and a few scouts were with him. He was riding a horse. Pretty soon he could ride the horse no longer and slipped off, lying at the side of the road. He said it was as if something was cutting his insides up with knives. Two scouts came back and met us to get help.

When we got there two men who knew coyote medicine went to him and cured him up right away.⁵¹ What had happened was that he had eaten some fruit which a coyote had urinated on and became sick that way. That is the way it is. If you eat anything or

touch anything that a coyote has urinated on and then touch your mouth, you get coyote sickness. This man was pretty near dead, but the two medicine men cured him right away. This all happened near Cedar Springs. Even if a coyote only bites the fruit, it is just as bad.

The day we got into Fort Grant the officer said for the medicine man to take the sick man back to Fort Apache, but the sick man said, "I am all right now." The medicine man said, "What's the matter, you didn't go back and give me a chance to visit in Fort Apache."

They issued the twenty new scouts their rifles and outfits here. Then we moved on south to 'Antelope's Water,' past where Willcox now is, to some springs and then to Fort Bowie. Here we stopped three days to fix our moccasins and get ready. The night before we left Fort Bowie we held a war dance. The officers came down to watch us. About midnight they went back and then we had a social dance. There were no women with us, but some of the men acted as women and we danced with them as partners. This is the way they always used to do for a good time on the warpath. After a war dance the social dance always had to be given, so if there were no women some of the men acted as women.⁵²

Now we went on to near where Bowie Station now is,⁵³ then south up the San Simon Valley, then towards Cave Creek, then Cave Creek, then to the southeast end of the Chiricahua Mountains, then to the northeast end of the Sierra Espuela, then to the head of Guadalupe Canyon, then Round Mountain in New Mexico. From here we went down a long canyon to the southwest and camped at its end. There were lots of soldiers camped here with us. Now we went to the west side of Hachita Mountain and made camp where there were lots of ash trees growing.

Here a band of the Chiricahuas joined us. Their leader was Chihuahua.⁵⁴ They were not real scouts but came along with us to help scout all the same. Chihuahua used to be a good friend of mine. From this place the officer said to send fifteen scouts and ten soldiers ahead to keep a lookout for the enemy Chiricahua. The rest were to follow on behind. We went ahead and kept in touch with the main body by sending notes back and forth. We came to lots of black, rocky hills. Here there were many deer which we shot at. One was killed right there. Another got wounded



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Chihuahua, Chiricahua war leader and friend of John Rope

and fell dead near me so I claimed it. This deer was fat and we butchered it. I got the hide and one hind quarter and tied the meat up in the hide. Pretty soon we came to some rock tanks where there was water. Here we stopped and the officer with us wrote a letter back to the main column. I left my deer hide and meat on top of a yucca plant right beside the trail with a sign on it that it was mine. The friendly Chiricahua did the same with their deer on the other side of the trail. This way the meat and hides would be put on the pack mules when they came along.

From here we could see a big long mountain range and between us and it was a long, open valley. We started out to cross this valley and struck the old road to Janos, Chihuahua, which we followed, finally coming to a big river where we ate our supper. It made a loop right around the mountains which we had seen from across the valley. After supper we crossed a river. This river was one like we had never seen before. You could not tell which way it ran. We went up on top of the mountain and made camp there. That night, way late, I woke up and could hear Apaches talking some place. We thought it might be the enemy Chiricahuas, but it turned out to be some scouts who had been sent to catch up with us from the main column. We called to them and gave them some food to eat.

The next morning we went on down the other side of the mountain and struck the same river again. It ran over some rocks here so we could tell which way it was going. We made camp at this place to wait for the main column to catch up. They never showed up, so two scouts were sent back to the mountain to see where they were. The troops had come to the river, then taken the wrong canyon to the left and had gone way off that way. Now we all went back, cutting across country to where we thought the troops should be. Pretty soon there was a lot of dust away off. We watched to see if it might be Mexican soldiers but it was our own troops and we went to them. As soon as camp was made we unpacked our mule, got the grub out and cooked, as we had had no food for a long time. At that place we all stayed two days. One of the White soldiers who wore a buckskin shirt shot himself in the arm here. The doctor had to take the bullet out and he got all right again. Now the officer said we would go back to where the river was first struck. The scouts were sent out ahead to look for

sign. We ran across a lot of deer and killed some, getting into camp after the soldiers.

Nagutline ['He Is Building Something'] was sergeant of our company. He and I are the only ones still alive from that scout. From this camp we started back the way we had come over the old Janos road. Twelve of us scouts got permission to go and hunt deer over near Little Hachita Mountain. The officer told us that if we twelve were needed back because of trouble, a big fire would be built to signal us to come. We went on over to the mountain and there killed a lot of deer. They were all fat. I packed one into camp and a boy carried the other. That night we watched for a signal fire. The next morning we could see lots of smoke but we waited for a while to see what would happen. If we got lost from the soldiers we would go back to Fort Bowie. Pretty soon we could see the soldiers and scouts coming our way, making lots of dust, so we started out to hunt again.

We killed more deer and also some mountain sheep. There were lots of them there. They ran together like burros and could go up or come down a steep place just as if they were walking on the level. The old-timers used to say that when you were out hunting mountain sheep if you hid behind brush or grass, they could not see you, but that if you hid behind any kind of rock, they could see you right through the rock. The soldiers passed right at the foot of the mountain and started to make camp. We waited up on the mountain till all the unpacking and cooking was done, and then we went down to them, carrying our game. The scouts with the soldiers had killed lots of deer also.

Two canvases were spread, one for the friendly Chiricahuas, the other for us White Mountain scouts. All the game was put on each canvas. Our sergeant saw us and told us to come over and put our meat on the White Mountain canvas, which we did. Then the White soldiers and officers came over to the meat and started taking it all from us and the friendly Chiricahuas as well. Chihuahua got mad and called over 'He Is Building Something,' our sergeant. He said, "They are doing the same with your meat as well as ours. This is not fair. The soldiers did not shoot this meat. They ride horses and we go on foot, and now they want all the meat. These White soldiers are like nothing to us. If they keep this up, we will kill them and take all their horses."

The lieutenant came to the sergeant and said, "Don't hold back this meat now from the soldiers or you will get discharged." I guess the head officer did not know what was going on. Now the top sergeant of my company, to whom the lieutenant was talking, *nabidntel* ['He Is Wide'], got mad and said, "All right, I'll quit now." He threw his gun and cartridge belt down on the ground.

About this time the White interpreter whom we had with us went to the head officer and told him what was going on. The head officer came back down to where the meat was. He brought the other officers with him. He asked 'He Is Wide' what was going on. "I don't know about this taking away of the meat," he said, "it was not my orders." He asked if this had been going on before in the other camps. The sergeant said no, that they had only made a present of the hind quarters of the deer and antelope to the soldiers and kept the front part themselves. The captain told him to pick up his gun and belt, saying that he was a scout and he had not ordered him to quit that way, that the lieutenant had no right to fire him by himself. The captain said, "You scouts travel only on foot and have a hard time of it, work hard to kill meat. From this time on, the meat that you kill is entirely for you." Then we cooked up our meat and ate it.

At this place we stayed two days, then moved to the side of Round Mountain in New Mexico. There were lots of antelope here. When we first jumped them, they scattered, but then they all came together and ran in a long line. We moved on around Round Mountain, keeping five men out ahead to look for sign of enemy Chiricahuas. Now we went on to Guadalupe Canyon, then Cave Creek. There was lots of water this time. The soldiers camped above us. We didn't know it, but they washed their clothes that day. The next morning when we boiled the water for our coffee, it tasted of soap. We only ate bread and meat. Then we moved northward, then to Turkey Creek, and then to Fort Bowie.

There were lots of scouts at Fort Bowie now and we played hoop-and-poles. I played with one Chiricahua man. The first game I won his moccasins, the second his new saddle, the third his new lot of calico and then we quit. I used to play hoop-and-poles a lot and always had good luck. Some Indians threw the pole too soon, but I used to wait till the hoop was just about to

fall and then threw the pole under it. It was as if I knew where the hoop was going to fall every time. The other Indians knew this about me.

Now our time was about up so they took our outfits and rifles away from us and we set out for home. The first day we got to some springs, then 'Antelope's Water,' then Fort Grant, then Cottonwood Wash, and then Fort Thomas. Here we stayed two days and drew forty dollars pay. Then we set out for Fort Apache. Here at the end of ten days we were discharged and drew seventy-nine dollars pay. Some scouts used to like to draw their full uniforms and others didn't. The ones that did not were refunded.

My youngest brother was waiting for me at Fort Apache with horses to take me home. Our family was camped right above Rice, and we found them there. From here we all moved to the Gila River. Then we moved to Dewey Flats. In a couple of days a lot of our people camped on the mesa near us. There the Whites were taking the number of people in each family, and the sub-agent from the sub-agency was giving out ration tickets to every man.⁵⁵ Some were red and some were green. I rode over near there, but did not go in to get my ticket as there were lots of girls I knew there. I was bashful so I just stood behind my horse. Some of my relatives got my ticket for me.

Mickey Free was raised by my father.⁵⁶ He was given to him by the San Carlos people when a little boy. Mickey and I were brought up together, so we called each other brothers. He is dead now, but his son Willie Free is still living at San Carlos and I call him my nephew. Mickey used to have long red hair.



After I had been back at the reservation quite awhile, they enlisted twenty-five reservation police. I joined up as a policeman this time and was on duty quite awhile. The Cibecue people over at Cibecue had been making trouble and killed some American soldiers awhile back [1881].⁵⁷ The men who had done this were now renegades, and it was our duty to catch them. Some we caught and turned them over to 'Crooked Nose,' our sub-agent, and others we let go to give them another chance. Finally all that we were after were rounded up and held at Fort Apache, then sent



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

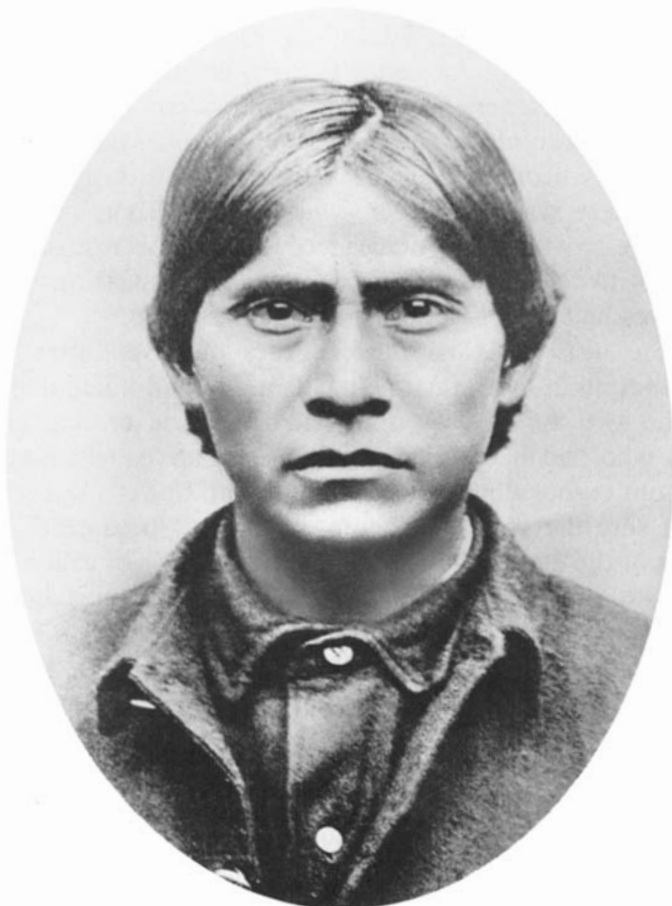
Mickey Free, Army scout, interpreter, and "brother" of John Rope

on to San Carlos. 'Metal Tooth,' called Sanchez by the Whites, was among these and he was a Carrizo chief. There were about forty of the prisoners altogether. They were loaded into big wagons and taken off to Tucson and put in jail. About six months after this they brought them back from Tucson through the sub-agency. There was an officer who rode in front, then 'Metal Tooth' dressed up in an officer's coat, then the rest of them in column of two's. They took them on up to San Carlos, where all their wives had come to meet them.

There were still lots of renegades out even after this. A White Mountain man was one of them. He had killed one White man and two Indians. A man and the uncle of one of these Indians who had been killed by this renegade caught him. They started out on horseback to take him to San Carlos. The renegade thought sure they would kill him on the way because they were relatives of the men he had killed. He tied a piece of calico around his eyes and rode that way so he would not see them reach for their guns to shoot him. When they finally got to the river crossing and San Carlos lay right across where he could see it, he knew that they were not going to kill him and it was as if he started to live again. They put him in the jail there.

When this renegade had been in jail about a day, he asked one of the two police who were guarding him to let him out to urinate. They did so and he went to the corner and went back all right. They used to keep ten soldiers and ten police always on guard at nights at San Carlos. They ought to have put chains on this renegade in the jail, but they didn't do it. In the early morning he asked again to be let out to urinate. They let him out and he went to the corner of a building as before. From here he ran fast, around by an adobe wall, put his hands up on it, jumped over and ran for the arroyo. The guards shouted that he had got away. It was still dark and they could only see his G-string, which was white. They shot at this but missed. The two men who had brought him in heard what had happened when the news was telegraphed to the sub-agency.

Right across from the sub-agency on the high mesa lots of White Mountain people were camped. The renegade's relatives were there too. 'Crooked Nose,' the sub-agent, sent word for two men, both relatives of the renegade, to come into this sub-



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

The Apache Kid, renegade

agency. They came in and had a talk. 'Crooked Nose' said to one that he wanted him to go out and kill this renegade, that if he did so he would become a chief among his people, and he would also get paid for it. Also, if he got this renegade they would stop hunting down the other renegades who were his relatives.⁵⁸ "All right," he said, "we will get him." So the agent gave him a rifle, five boxes of cartridges, matches, tobacco and some grub, a good belt, and a black-handled butcher knife like the men used to carry in those days. These two men got on their horses now and rode back to their camp. The next day they saw the renegade near

the camp, riding on a buckskin horse which he had found hobbled and taken. His wife was riding behind him. They were going up a wash. One of these men stood about three hundred yards from them, and so when he shot he missed the man but hit the horse's hind legs. The woman ran down the wash and hid. The renegade got off the horse and started to run up the side of a hill, out of sight.

The man who had shot started after him on foot and the other pursuer rode around the side of the hill to head the renegade off. On the top of the hill the renegade hid behind a creosote bush. The first man ran up the hill where he had seen him go. When he got to the top he was out of breath. The renegade had a knife and he jumped out at him. He got scared and instead of shooting the renegade as he should have done, he turned and ran down the hill. The renegade ran after him and as he came he made medicine on him with jaguar power, saying, "Now, I'll jump on you and kill you like jaguar would do." The other man couldn't do anything.⁵⁹ He got cut in the belly, but his guts didn't come out. He got slashed on the head too. The renegade's wife was standing right there. There was one man watching all this from a little hill, but he was too weak and lazy and did not even shoot. He was afraid he would get killed.

The White Mountain people came over and reported to the sub-agency what was going on. We police ran to cross the river. It was high and so we took off our moccasins and left them on the bank, thinking that the fight was not far off. The people were shouting to us to hurry from across the river. We thought it was the renegade who got killed, but when we got there we found *čathet* ['He Goes Out At Night'] dead. The renegade had taken the rifle and cartridges off him and had run up the arroyo into a small canyon. He had his hand cut badly with the knife and had run up into a cave under the bluff with his wife. Here he stopped to bandage the hand. We trailed him by the blood on the ground and when we got up into the canyon and saw that he had not stopped yet, we turned back. When we got back to the sub-agency lots of people were around the agency building.

That same day a boy called *gušhujn* ['Wrinkled Neck'] was up at Indian Springs looking for horses. He met the renegade up there. The renegade came over to him and said, "Today I killed

'He Goes Out At Night' down there. I made jaguar medicine on him and grabbed him like a jaguar and killed him. I was like jaguar. This belt and gun I took from him. From now on I am going to kill everyone I meet, no matter if they are my relatives or not. But I know about you, boy, you have always been very poor and have never had much. You have had a hard time. I don't want to kill you, so go on home. But if I meet you again after this, look out for yourself, because I will kill you."⁶⁰ 'Wrinkled Neck' came back to the sub-agency and told what had happened to him. 'Crooked Nose' heard about it and sent for the boy. When he got there he made him tell all about what the renegade had said.



Not long after this the Chiricahua came up from the Sierra Madre with Geronimo. They went to San Carlos and there got the Warm Springs people and took them back to Mexico [1882]. The Warm Springs people were camped just east of San Carlos on a high bluff by the river. The other people who ran off were the people of Nachise, Chato, and Chihuahua. The Chiricahuas in Mexico had heard somehow about the killing of the White soldiers over at Cibecue [1881] and thought that now would be a good time to get their friends, the Warm Springs people, to run off to Mexico.

On their way up from Mexico to San Carlos this time they passed near where San Simon now is. Here two of them stole four good horses from some cowboys at a ranch. These two men said they were going to take their horses back to Mexico first before they went to San Carlos, and so they started back. They went by Sierra del Tigre, then north of Carretas, near Bavispe [Sonora], and a little over towards Janos where there is a high mountain with pine trees on it. Some Mexicans were up on this and saw the two Chiricahuas coming with the horses. The Mexicans lay for them and managed to surround and capture both men. They took the two Chiricahuas in to a Mexican fort near there in a canyon. Here the Mexican officer questioned them. He wanted to know where the rest of the Chiricahuas were and where these two were coming from. The two Chiricahuas said



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

The Chiricahua renegade Nachise (Natchez) and wife



(Above) Bylas, Western Apache chief



(Right) Geronimo

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

that the rest had gone up to San Carlos and that they had left them two days ago. The Mexican wanted to know how long the others would be gone. The two Chiricahuas said it would take them about four days to get up to San Carlos and that they would probably be back in about twelve days. The Mexican officer said that if these two Chiricahuas were telling the truth they would let them go unhurt, but if they were lying they would be killed. Now all the Mexicans were notified to get ready. It was this time that they killed so many of the Warm Springs people.⁶¹

The rest of the Chiricahuas had kept on their way to San Carlos. All their women had been left behind in Mexico. They came up near Eagle Creek. Then on down to Ash Flat where Stevens' old ranch was.⁶² Richard Bylas's father, called Bylas, was camped there as well as other White Mountain men working for Stevens, helping take care of his sheep.⁶³ The Chiricahuas came up to one of them who was herding some wether lambs. They asked him if there were many Indians living here. He told them no, just a few. Then the Chiricahuas killed all the lambs and started to cook them. These Chiricahuas got all of our people who were there and put them under guard. Stevens had nine Mexicans working for him here also. There were three Mexican women with them. The Chiricahuas went to where they were and on by, towards Bylas's camp. Bylas saw them coming and drank down a part of a bottle of whiskey he had before they got there.⁶⁴

Geronimo came into Bylas's camp and sat down. Bylas's partner and this man's son were there also. Geronimo saw that Bylas had been drinking just lately. "I know you," he said. "You always have some whiskey around. Give me a bottle." Bylas said he had none but Geronimo kept on asking him for some whiskey. Finally the boy got mad. He said to Geronimo, "This man Bylas is not a boy for you to talk to this way and keep on asking for whiskey."⁶⁵ He won't give you any whiskey." Now Geronimo said to bring all the Mexicans here.

The Mexican foreman who worked for Stevens had married a White Mountain woman who had a boy there who was about twenty-five years old. Geronimo said, "This boy is a full-blood Mexican. He is no Apache." The other White Mountain man there said, "No, he is not a Mexican. He is a full-blood White Mountain and his mother is of the 'black water' clan, so he is of that clan



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

San Carlos in 1887

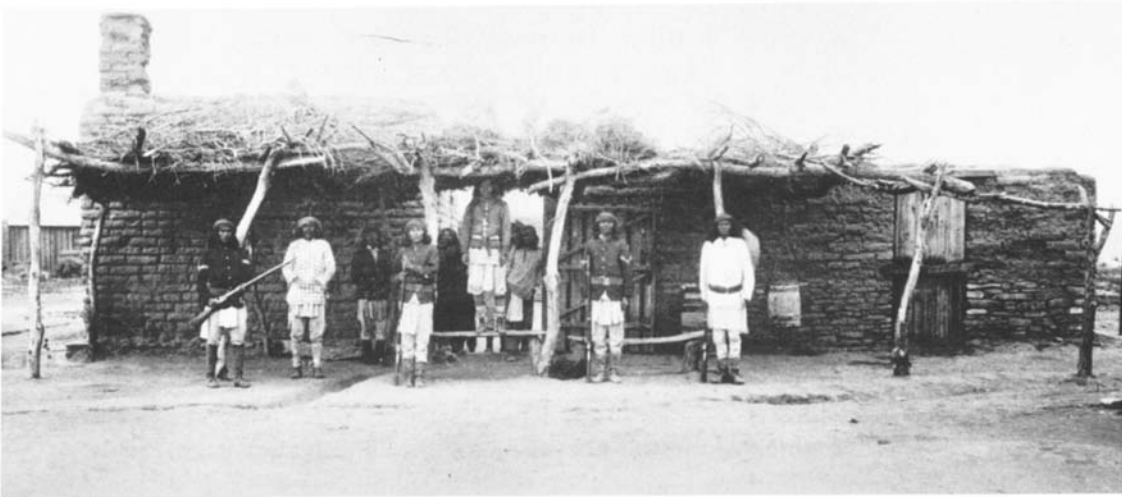
also."⁶⁶ Then the Chiricahuas asked Bylas what the boy was and he answered he was a White Mountain. After this talk the Chiricahuas tied all the Mexicans up together. Right there they killed the nine men and two Mexican women. A third woman got away and ran to the foot of the hill, but they killed her there.⁶⁷ The boy of the foreman they did not kill. Now the Chiricahuas left two men behind to guard the White Mountain women lest they should get to San Carlos and report what was happening. All the White Mountain men they took along with them under guard.

At first they had taken Bylas's horse away from him, but now they gave it back to him and let him ride it. They made their next camp on the south side of Ash Flat. Here Geronimo said he would make medicine and find out what was going on at San Carlos.⁶⁸ He sang only four songs. The medicine told him that all was going to be well on their way to San Carlos. The Chiricahuas used to have good war medicine and this was why all the people, both Whites and Apaches, slept so soundly that night.⁶⁹ From this camp they traveled all night, going near the Gila

River and stopping to rest on the river opposite the sub-agency. Then they started on again keeping four men ahead, crossed the river and went on over Dewey Flat to the old Wagon Road.

At this time there were forty police on the San Carlos Reservation scattered among the camps. Geronimo said he was going to send three men into every camp to kill all these police. It was still night and just east of San Carlos they stopped in the brush along the river. Here it was starting to get light. One of them threw a pebble up in the air and they could see it so they knew it would soon be dawn. This is the way the old-timers always used to do to tell if it was near dawn. Now one of the headmen of the Chiricahuas said to Geronimo, "I thought you were going to send three men into all the camps to kill all those police." But Geronimo would not answer him at all. They stayed there till day, then crossed the river to the Warm Springs camp. The Warm Springs people must have known somehow that the Chiricahua had come that night, for they kept all their horses tied up at their camp. Now Geronimo and the others went among the Warm Springs people and they all got ready to leave.

A man named Sterling was head of police at San Carlos then. If any shot was fired, he always used to get on his horse and



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Guardhouse at San Carlos

run right down to the place he had heard it. Just as the Chiricahuas were leaving with the Warm Springs people, they fired two shots for Sterling to come. Sterling heard and got on his horse to come over. The Apache chief of police got on a horse and came with him. One of the Chiricahuas hid on the trail and shot and killed Sterling when he came up. Sterling had on a pair of beaded moccasins so the Chiricahua pulled these off and took them for himself. They told the Apache chief of police to go back as they did not want to shoot him, but he kept following them, so they shot him also.

The Chiricahuas had already cut the telegraph wires from San Carlos to Globe and the sub-agency. Now they turned loose all the White Mountain men that they had brought from Ash Flat. Bylas knew what was happening and went to the sub-agency. Both 'Crooked Nose,' the sub-agent, and the other White man there were gone. But their wives were there. They thought Bylas was drunk and would not believe what he said. By this time they had sent men out and tied the wires up where they had been cut and now they got the news through. All of us police from San Carlos followed after the Chiricahuas and the Warm Springs people. We found the body of the chief of police where he had been shot and then we all turned back to San Carlos.

At the sub-agency they heard that the Chiricahuas and the Warm Springs people were on their way through and everybody ran away up toward Turnbull Mountain, except twenty-five scouts and a White man who cooked for them called Navajo Bill. These stayed behind at the sub-agency. The sergeant opened five boxes of cartridges and told the scouts to fill their belts. The rest of the cartridges were put down in a pit. Around this pit they all gathered so they could get in if fighting started. Their relatives told them they would get captured for sure but that they would be watching them from Turnbull Mountain, and if they did get in trouble they would come and help them. When the Chiricahuas came through they said they didn't want to fight, but had only come to take their relatives away, so there was no trouble.

There was a long line of the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people going along the north side of the Gila River. Right below Dewey Flat they had held up some freighters. The White men got away by running, but there was a lot of whiskey and some

clothes in the wagons. The Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people helped themselves to these. My father and some other men came up to the Chiricahuas and got some liquor to drink from them. The river was high here and the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs started to cross it. My father was a chief and he wanted to shoot the Chiricahuas while they were crossing the river, but the other men with him said no. The Chiricahuas had taken some of our horses but had said they would give them back in a little while. That is why the men were following them and why they did not want to start fighting. Some troops had come up from Fort Thomas to the sub-agency to get the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people. When they got there and saw them, they turned around and went back, after following them a little way.⁷⁰ The Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people went on.

The men who had been following the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people with my father turned back with him when these people crossed the river. They all went back to where the freighters were and started drinking whiskey and pulling out the goods. They just dipped the whiskey right out of the barrel and drank down lots of it. That night my father never came back to camp. The next day they found him dead. He had drunk too much. That same night one of my relatives also died from drinking and another man got very sick from the same thing.

Twelve of us police were sent to follow the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people to see which way they went. We tracked them to Yellow Jacket. Here they had left one colt and killed a horse. I got the colt. Their next stop was east of Yellow Jacket, where they could look back over their trail for a long way. Then they went on to the east. We followed them this far and then turned back and reported. The next day I heard of my father's death.



Some time after this we heard that some Chiricahuas had killed some of our people at Fort Apache. It was at that time that they issued a gun and belt to me and put me on special duty. I no longer was a policeman. I was just carrying arms to shoot the Chiricahuas if they should come. Al Sieber said that the Chiricahuas had killed some of my relatives and so he was giving me

this rifle to guard myself with.⁷¹ Later on he said he was going to make me a scout.

When they started enlisting scouts again, I joined. They kept us at San Carlos for one month while they were getting together a hundred Indians for scouts. There were two sergeants for us White Mountain scouts and two for the San Carlos scouts and Tontos. The officer made some of the scouts practice shooting at this time. Before we left we put up a big dance. First we had the war dance and then the social dance. There were lots of White Mountain and San Carlos people there and lots of girls and women. We danced all night.

We started out next day and went to the sub-agency, then towards Eagle Creek, then Eagle Creek, then south to the Gila River. There were lots of soldiers with us and Yavapai and Tonto scouts. We went on to Apache Pass, then Bowie Depot, then to another camp. From this place all the pack mules were sent into Fort Bowie to load up with provisions. In two days they were back. We stayed five days here and then went on south to 'Red Rocks Standing,' then near where San Simon now is, then towards the north end of the Sierra Espuela, then Guadalupe Canyon. We stayed here for a while. Our sergeant was riding a horse and still wearing that belt the officer gave to him. We also had with us two Chiricahua women who had left the Chiricahuas in Mexico and come back to San Carlos. From this place they sent twenty of us off for three days to Round Mountain to look for sign of the Chiricahuas.

The first night we left, we stopped and made camp. We had a medicine man with us so we were going to find out if we would see the Chiricahuas or find their tracks.⁷² The medicine man sat on the opposite side with the other seven men to help him sing. Now he said, "No one must laugh while we are singing—if they do so it will be no good." When they started to sing, we with eagle feathers closed our eyes and listened to the song. Our feathers commenced to get big and strong in our hands and started to move our arms from side to side. It was not we who moved our arms, but the eagle feathers.⁷³ Then one of the men singing laughed a little. Right away the eagle feathers and our arms dropped straight down to the ground. The medicine man said, "You make fun while we are singing—now we won't know about the Chiricahuas."

The next day we left our grub in this camp and started out to scout. We got back in at noon. There were lots of deer here and we killed some. The next day we started back to Guadalupe Canyon with our meat. About one month later the paymaster came to our camp there at Guadalupe Canyon and we got our pay. There was no store here or any other place to spend our money, but there were a hundred of us scouts and we gambled all the time. Our party had made a hoop-and-pole set while over at Round Mountain looking for the Chiricahuas that time. Now we played hoop-and-pole a lot. We had a good time there and the days passed quickly. They always kept guards out on two places to watch for Chiricahuas.

A while after this we all started out for Sierra Espuela and camped near there four days by San Bernardino. Then we went to Guadalupe Canyon, stopped at two places on the way. The evening we got back to the main camp the officer called us scouts together. He said six of us and the two Chiricahua women were to go out for about one month and see if we could locate the Chiricahuas. If we found them we were to send the two women to them to see if they could not get them to come back to San Carlos and be friends again.

When the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people had run off from San Carlos, there had been three Western Apache men married and living with women among these people. They had persuaded the three men to go along with them. These three were *tsoc* [a Cibecue man whom the Whites called Peaches]⁷⁴, and a man called *nanodi*? ['He Trots'], and another man. All three of these men had left the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people in Mexico and come on back to San Carlos. Now they were acting as guides down into Mexico. The six scouts who were chosen to go with the two Chiricahua women were two sergeants, *lagudntet* ['Flattened Penis'] and *do?ilnada* ['He Consistently Places His Life in Danger'], both White Mountain men, and *ja?ndezi* ['Long Ears'] and *ba?itanda*? ['For Him They Search'], both San Carlos men, myself and 'He Trots.' They gave a mule each to the women to ride and a mule to 'He Trots' and one pack mule to pack our grub on. We gave the pack mule to the women to take care of and started out on foot across the mesa.

After awhile we got to a canyon where 'He Trots' said the Chiricahuas always passed through. We crossed a place in the



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Tsoe ("Peaches"), Western Apache scout, originally from Cibecue

east side of the Sierra Espuela and camped on the other side of it. Here we all started out to hunt deer. 'He Trots' and I went back a way to the place we had crossed and hunted there. 'He Trots' tied his mule up, and we started to hunt. We killed one blacktail deer and wounded another. It lay down behind a big mescal and so we didn't know where it was. I went to the dead deer and from here I could hear something breathing hard. It was the wounded deer and we found him and killed him by hitting him on the head with a rock. This was a female deer without any young and it was fat. 'He Trots' had gone off and killed another deer. Pretty soon he came back with its skin across his shoulder. It was a big skin and touched the ground on both sides of him. I would like that skin, I thought. "Here," I said, "is this deer I have killed and fixed all up for you. There is the skin." "No," 'He Trots' said. "You keep it for yourself and I'll keep this skin for myself." It is the custom among our people to always give away a deer and its skin to the man you are hunting with.⁷⁵ We took all the meat of the female deer, but only the hind quarters and skin of the other.

When we got back to camp all the other scouts were already in. They had killed only whitetail deer and the two women were cooking it for them. The Chiricahuas do not eat whitetail deer in summer, but they will eat blacktail deer. As soon as the women saw our blacktail deer, they cut off some meat and started cooking it.

We didn't start out until after sundown. Then the women rode double on one mule and told us to ride double on the other, which we did. We also rode the pack mule double. We tried to get 'He Trots' to let 'Long Ears' ride up behind him, but he would not. We set out along the foot of the hill where there was lots of brush, so as to keep out of the open country. We got talking about 'He Trots' and why he would not let anyone ride double with him. It looked as though he was doing this way so that if we met the Chiricahuas or Mexican troops he could make a run for it and get away. We decided that if he should do this, we would kill him.⁷⁶

We kept on traveling in the brush till it got dark, and then came out on the edge of the open country to cross over to Sierra de Media. 'He Trots' had some field glasses and he looked first with these over the open country to make sure no one was there.

'Flattened Penis' said, "If the Chiricahuas come to us, don't any of you run away, because if you do you will get killed. Go in the rocks right away and hide there and fight." 'Long Ears' was still on foot. We started across the flat. About in the middle of the flat we could see a herd of antelope running along in front of us the same way we were going and this way we could tell that no one had been here lately. After awhile we came to a rocky place with lots of holes in it and 'He Trots' said that the Chiricahuas had a fight here once with the troops. There was an old cartridge belt, all dried up, lying on the ground. A long way off there was some water and towards this we could see the antelope running ahead of us, so we knew things were still safe.⁷⁷ There was a canyon ahead of us with a lot of oak trees in it. 'He Trots' said the Mexican troops always camped there and that they might be there now, but we found no one.

That evening we got to water at the foot of a mountain with lots of white rocks on it, cliffs and canyons and peaks. We camped at this place near the foot of a cliff. The way we used to do when we were traveling was to make lots of fire before sundown so there would be plenty of coals. Then after sundown we would have no flames, only a big heap of coals.

That night we were all sitting around. They sent me and another man up on the hill to see if we could see any fire back that way. We had gone only a little way when we could hear a noise plainly. We went to it. It was only some water dripping in a cave, but it sounded just like a bell. When we got back to camp, all the others were saddled up and ready to leave. We told them about where the noise came from and then we all laughed.

It looked like rain that night and the two women said they were going over under the bluff and sleep, as they didn't want to get wet. 'For Him They Search' followed them up there. Pretty soon he came back and told me that the women wanted me up there too. 'Flattened Penis' said, "Don't go over by the women. We don't want to be going over there."⁷⁸ 'For Him They Search' came back a second time to get me but I would not go. He stayed with them all night. Next morning they sent four of us up the mountain to look for tracks, and we got back about noon. That night we talked. We decided tomorrow to send the two women to look for the Chiricahua near Carretas. "If you see them," we

said, "tell them to go to the White captain at Guadalupe Canyon, as he wants to meet them and make peace."

The next morning we cooked up lots of food for the two women, took them a way and then let them go on on foot. We stood and watched them with the field glasses till they were out of sight. We stayed in this camp eight days waiting for the women to return and keeping watch from the top of the mountain.

On the eighth day we saddled up all the mules and left them tied up on the mountain. Then we went down to where we had left the Chiricahua women and waited. We looked with the glasses. A long way off we could see two people coming. They were on foot so we knew they must be Apaches. We could see them plainly now. We told 'He Trots' to ride down towards them. He started and we watched him with the glasses till he met the two people. There he got off and went on foot, letting them ride, he going in front. They got back to us about sundown and it was the two Chiricahua women. They had looked all over but found no sign of the Chiricahuas. We had been gone from Guadalupe Canyon fifteen days now.

Our party was about to run out of grub now so we started on back to where the troops were, stopping on the way at a place on the east side of the Sierra Espuela and then in a canyon on the edge of a mountain. From here we went on over a big mesa. 'Flattened Penis' said, "We don't want anyone to see us coming back over this open ground," so he made a wind. He knew medicine for wind and prayed for it.⁷⁹ Right in the middle of the mesa a big wind came up and there was so much wind we could hardly see each other. When we got into Guadalupe Canyon, we reported to the officers all that we had done. They said we had done well and also that they had received a letter saying that scouts from all over were gathering to meet by San Bernardino at the mouth of Guadalupe Canyon. All our camp moved on to near San Bernardino, where we stayed two days. All the troops and scouts were there. There were about five hundred of us scouts, some from Fort Huachuca and some from all the other forts. General Crook was there in command [1883]⁸⁰.

There were lots of mules there for packing. Some had their manes roached, others had only hair between the ears and others had their tails cut in different ways. This was so you could tell

which company the mules belonged to. There was one bell mule and all the others followed this one wherever it went. They used to unsaddle the mules in a line and each mule always knew where its own pack was when it was time to saddle up again. If the wrong mule got to another mule's pack, he would be kicked away by the right mule. All our clothes were about worn out from the trip we had been on, but there were no new clothes for us. They brought in a lot of thick red cloth for us, though, and divided it up among all the scouts to use as headbands. This way every one of us scouts had a red headband and we could be told from the Chiricahuas.

Now a big meeting was held. They spread a canvas and under this General Crook and all the officers sat. Out in front all the first sergeants of the scouts' companies stood in line and back of them the second sergeants. Then in back of these all the scout companies lined up. There were three or four sergeants from Fort Apache. Alchise was one of these and Peaches another. There were lots of sergeants from San Carlos. Then General Crook said, "What do you scouts think about us catching the Chiricahuas down in Mexico? Do you think we will find them?" The San Carlos sergeant named *tu'isdla* ['He Drinks Much Water'] said we could never catch the Chiricahuas because they could hide like coyotes and could smell danger a long way off like wild animals. Crook said, "I think we are going to catch these Chiricahuas, all of them, and we are going to keep after them till we catch them all. We have orders from Washington where the President lives to catch these Chiricahuas. We are all wearing the President's clothes now and eating his grub and so I want you to help him. This way the President will be glad if we catch all the Chiricahuas. I am the man in charge of all this outfit, and now I am going to sign my name on this paper so that even if I get killed, the President will still know about what we all did and the record won't be lost. Thus, no matter if I die or live, the government will know that it must reward you." I think he was telling us the truth all right because all of us scouts are now drawing pensions.

We were scouts in order to help the Whites against the Chiricahuas because they had killed a lot of people. Now General Crook told us to put up a big war dance that night.⁸¹



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

General George Crook and the Western Apache chief Alchise

The next morning we started out to travel south. Al Sieber was head of us scouts. What Sieber told us to do we did. When he said that here would be a good place to camp, we made camp. We traveled towards the Sierra Espuela and down along the east side of it till we came to the canyon in which the town of Bavispe lies. Here we made camp. Then we went on to near Bavispe where we saw some wild peach trees growing. We had never seen peaches before and thought that these were some kind of walnuts. There were lots of trails leading to Bavispe from here on. While going along we saw some Mexicans with a burro. When we got in sight of Bavispe we stopped. Sieber said for a hundred of us scouts to go ahead and for all the rest to follow. We went on, right through the streets. The houses were all made of adobe and some of them were falling down in ruins. In these

adobe houses the Mexicans were living on both sides of the street. There were a lot of Mexicans looking at us and a lot of old Mexican women were there. We went right on through and then across a little canyon. Here we saw Sieber stop in front and we all made camp there.

Sieber and some of the others went and butchered ten Mexican cattle without permission from the Mexicans. In a little while the mayor of the town, a Mexican, came riding out on a little pony. He rode his horse right up over the rocks to our camp and the pony seemed to climb up in jumps. Then he ran it as fast as he could to the officers' camp. Now he talked some time with the officers and I guess they had to pay him for those ten steers. All of us were here now except four scouts who had been left with some soldiers at a place just east of where Agua Prieta, Sonora, now is.

That night some of the scouts from our camp sneaked into the Mexican town to get liquor. They brought it back with them and got drunk. Mickey Free came over to me and said, "My grandson, don't go over where they are drinking."⁸² This is liable to be some trouble." So I didn't go.

The next morning we moved on to the foot of a mountain just to the east of Huachinera and camped there in a canyon. While in this camp we could see Mexicans watching us from a way off. The day after we started for the Sierra Madre to the southwest. There was only one way to get to the top of this mountain and this was up a long, narrow ridge. On the way one mule fell off over a bluff, pack and all. It was so far below that no one went down to get him at all. Finally we got to the top of the mountain and here we saw three very poor cattle which I guess belonged to the Chiricahuas. The three men who escaped from the Chiricahuas and came back to San Carlos were there with us and they knew the country. We made our camp that night near some springs on the mountain. We stayed here four days, cooking up bread and lots of other grub.

Then Sieber said that fifty scouts were to be ahead and that the pack mules and the rest would follow some distance behind. I was one of these fifty. At that time I had never fought with the Chiricahua and did not know how mean they were, so I was always in the front. We crossed over a canyon, going in single line. First



Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum

Al Sieber

there would be ten scouts, then a mule, then ten scouts, then a mule, that way. We scouts in front heard someone whistle in the brush. We stopped and listened and could hear the whistle again. We all thought it was the Chiricahuas and started to run back. One man tripped and fell in a water hole. Afterwards the whistle turned out to be only the wind blowing on an acorn with a hole in it, which was on a blue oak tree.

Pretty soon we came to some old tracks. Here the Chiricahuas had left one horse. He was very poor but we butchered him and took out his liver and the meat that was good. The three men who were with us and knew the country said maybe the Chiricahuas were camped back by a rocky mountain we had passed.

In about three days two pack mules were brought up to us from the others behind with lots of grub on them. A message was sent back from here and we went on ahead to another camp at a canyon near the head of Bavispe River. This was the place where Peaches, "He Trots," and the other man had got away from the Chiricahuas. There were lots of pine trees growing there and we could see where the Chiricahuas had been having a dance here. *Tutān* ['Much Water'], a Warm Springs Chiricahua who had married a White Mountain woman from Fort Apache, was with us now as scout. He said the dance tracks here looked like they had been making a war dance. From this place the tracks of the Chiricahua scattered out on purpose and I guess they had some place where they met up again.⁸³

While we were on the edge of the mountain here, one of the scouts, David Longstreet, who was off by himself came back and said he had seen something shining way across on the side of another mountain opposite us. But the others would not believe him and said he had just seen the sun glinting on some crow flying that way. The man said it was not a crow at all. The side of the mountain was thick with brush and we traveled along its slope looking for tracks. Right on top we came to another Chiricahua camp. They had left three pieces of mescal in a tree here and also had covered their fire over with dirt. We could see their tracks plainly now and they were about two days old. They had tried to hide the tracks again, but we followed. There were lots of pine trees here.

The next morning we kept along the side of the mountain till afternoon. Then the sergeant said to cook some grub. While we

did this, the others who were ahead looked with the glasses and then came back. They had seen the Chiricahua camp on top of a ridge across the valley on the side of the other mountain.

On a level place near the camp all the horses of the Chiricahuas were grazing. There were lots of them. We all hurried back and there we could see the camp all right. There were quite a few Chiricahuas in it. Sieber sent two scouts back to tell the other soldiers and scouts who were way behind to hurry up here and to come that same night. Some of the scouts were afraid. It was only about a mile across the valley from where we were to the Chiricahua camp. That night we could not sleep but sat and talked in whispers. Later on we slept a little. Early in the morning the troops and other scouts got in there. They told us all to eat and tie the horses up, as it would soon be daylight.

Now we looked at the Chiricahua camp again. There was lots of smoke coming up from over there. We started out, down across and up towards the camp. Part of the soldiers and scouts went on the left side and part on the right. In the middle went Alchise and his scouts. This way we were going to surround the Chiricahua camp before they found out we were here. One of the scouts on our side of the line went off to one side to urinate. Right then he saw two Chiricahua men riding towards the scouts. He told the others and they waited to surround the two Chiricahuas. One sergeant on the other side of us down the canyon had his gun all cocked, ready to fire. The gun went off by accident, but even so the Chiricahuas did not seem to hear and kept right on coming. Then we scouts started shooting at them, but missed. The two men jumped off their mules and beat it off in the rocks and brush, but they did not go back to their camp.

Now we scouts all ran down into the canyon and drank there, dipping the water up with our hands. Some of the scouts started to say their knees hurt them as an excuse to keep in the rear. Some of them were always doing this way because they were afraid. We all started on for the Chiricahua camp, going up over some rocks where there was lots of water. Right above here some of us could see three Chiricahuas herding some horses to a grassy place. They were coming our way, so we waited. Right behind these three a boy and a girl were riding, each leading a horse behind them. We waited, hiding in the brush till the boy and girl were right opposite us.

Then 'Much Water,' who was there, called to them. "Shew," he said, "come here." He was a Warm Springs man so, of course, he talked like them. The two stopped, but did not come. 'Much Water' called again. "Come here. Hurry up," he said. They dropped the ropes of the lead horses and came over, but they could not yet see us. When they were close to us, we made for them. I grabbed the girl and 'Much Water' got the boy. The girl had lots of beads made from the roots of a kind of brush that grows down there. She had four strings of them and I started to take those off her. Then 'Much Water' said, "No, that girl belongs to a friend of mine and I want to trade you this boy for her."⁸⁴ I said all right, and he took the girl and I the boy. Now all the rest of us started to shoot at the three Chiricahua men who were driving the horses. The scouts had told the three to stand still, but they started to run off in the pine woods. Only one of them was shot. The boy I had captured saw all the scouts in a line shooting with their red headbands. "What kind of people are these?" he asked. "These are scouts," I told him, "and they are all after your people." Then he started to cry. The girl didn't cry at all. She just stood there quietly. I told the boy, "If you try to run away, I am going to shoot you, so you had better stay with me." The girl spoke to me. "My friend, don't shoot him," she said. I was wearing two belts of fifty cartridges each, but I did not shoot more than three times because I was satisfied with having helped to catch these two Chiricahuas. My brother was there and I told him to go on to the Chiricahua camp, but he did not want to, so I told him to keep my boy for me and I went towards the camp myself.

Near the place where the one Chiricahua had been killed, I saw someone's heels sticking out of a clump of bushes. I grabbed this person by the heels and pulled him out. It was one of the other two Chiricahuas who had been with the one who was killed. This one was only a boy and there was no blood on him, so I thought he was all right. Just then some of the other scouts came along and said they wanted me to give them the boy, but I said no, that I had found him and was going to keep him. I told the boy to run ahead of me to the camp. He was only a little boy, but he ran fast and we got there quickly. I found where the Chiricahuas had been butchering a horse and the front quarters were cut off already. One man had got to the camp before me and had

captured a white mule with a saddle on it. I found an old, worn-out Navajo blanket for the boy and put him up with the scout on the white mule to ride double.

This camp was Chihuahua's and he and his brother had just come from the warpath with lots of cattle. The Chiricahuas had been butchering there and there was meat lying all around on the bushes to dry. I found a good thick cowhide and doubled it over, putting a lot of dry meat and grease inside. This I gave to the scout on the white mule also, giving him half of it for himself. There was some mescal spread around to dry on the bushes and some just boiled. We took this also. I found an old Mexican saddle, bridle and a rope and put these all at the side of the camp together, so that the others would know that they were mine.

They yelled now for all the San Carlos scouts to surround the Chiricahua horses, which they did. Two Chiricahua men got up on a high, rocky shoulder above us. They shot down at us a couple of times, then they yelled, "All right, you're doing this way with us now, but some time we will do the same way with you," and then they went off. One of the sergeants called to us to come up where he was and help him surround a bunch of mules. Seven of us went up to him but there were no mules there. There were some pine trees here and a woman had left her little girl at the foot of one. The girl was hiding behind the trunk now, and I went to her and reached around the tree and grabbed her. She was wearing a string of beads around her neck from which hung a Mexican silver cross. I took this silver cross for myself.

I started back and the first man I met was of the scouts. "Here," I said, "I'm giving this little girl to you." He laughed and took her and then he gave her to *nasta* ['He Knows A Lot'], who was riding a horse and who was also a scout. 'He Knows A Lot' took her and started riding down the hill with her, singing the victory dance song as he went. All the other scouts laughed when they heard him singing this song.⁸⁵ This is the song of thanks that they used to sing long ago when a successful war party came back and they gave the victory dance in which men and women danced together.

After we got back to the Chiricahua camp again we burnt all the mescal that was left and also a lot of a kind of big juniper

berry that grows down in Mexico and which the Chiricahuas had gathered for food. One of the scouts caught five horses and drove them to the camp. There was one fat sorrel mare, and I took her for myself and put the saddle and bridle I had captured on her. One scout came to me and said one of the boys I had caught was the son of the daughter of Nachise, who was a good friend of his. For this reason he wanted to trade me eighty dollars and a horse and saddle for the boy, but I would not do it. One scout called *mba čo* ['Big Coyote'] had also caught a sixteen-year-old girl when she had come down to get water. This girl was taken back to Fort Apache and is still living on North Fork.

Only four of the Chiricahuas had been killed. One of these was an old woman and it was some San Carlos scouts who shot her. She had stood up when they came to her and asked them not to kill her but just to take her captive. The San Carlos scouts had shot her anyway. We White Mountain men talked to the San Carlos scouts and said, "Why did you kill that old woman? You ought not to have killed her."⁸⁶ The San Carlos men said they had come after these Chiricahuas and they were going to kill them.

We started out from the Chiricahua camp, General Crook riding in front. I shot my gun off some because I was feeling happy about what I had done in the fight. The others were shooting too, just for fun. Some of the other scouts were joking me about only firing three shots in the fight. I said, "I have done better than you. I caught three Chiricahuas." Pretty soon my horse gave out, so I killed her and gave my saddle to the man who had given me the horse. I also gave him the boy to carry.

After we had gone a way, we stopped and made camp. I took out my dried meat and fat from the hide and divided it up among the others. We cooked and ate. Then the man who had wanted my boy came again to me. "My cousin," he said, "give me that boy like I asked you. I want him and will buy him from you."⁸⁷ But I told him no, that I did not want him to do that way. He kept right on asking me. Then Mickey Free came over and spoke to him. "Don't ask for that boy like that. We are on the warpath now and don't know for sure if this boy belongs to the daughter of your friend or not."

That night they put fifteen scouts out to guard on all four sides of the camp we were in. General Crook said to make all our

Chiricahua prisoners lie down together and sleep and for us to watch and see that they didn't get away. That night the oldest Chiricahua girl we had caught said that almost all the Chiricahua men had gone out on a raid that very day. This girl was called *jage ĩĥi* ['Antelopes Approach Her'] and later married Alchise's brother.

The next morning General Crook said to bring all the captives to his place. There he asked the oldest girl which was the best one of the horses we had captured. She answered that a certain grey one was. General Crook sent for this horse, but a scout had already taken it for his own and would not give it up. General Crook sent again for it and said, "Bring that grey horse to me here right now." The horse was brought and although the scout who had claimed it was there, he said nothing. They saddled this horse for the two oldest Chiricahua girls and gave them food, also tobacco for Chihuahua.⁸⁸

Now General Crook said, "Go to Chihuahua and tell him that we have only come to take his people back to San Carlos and not to make war." They took the girls back to the Chiricahua camp we had attacked and from there the two followed the Chiricahua tracks. The girls had been told to tell the Chiricahua that the raiding of their camp yesterday was an accident and that it had not meant war. Also that our camp would be at the right end of the mountain and that we wanted the Chiricahuas to come in to that place for a talk. 'Much Water' had told the girl to tell his brother and sister to come into our camp right away. Twelve scouts and 'Much Water' took the girls back to the Chiricahua camp. Some of the Chiricahua had been to their camp again, but had gone back up on top of the mountain.

The next day we saw 'Much Water's' sister and a girl relative with her. The girl was all dressed up with lots of beads on and a blanket over her head. She had a white flag in her hand. They came into camp and we gave them food. 'Much Water' talked with his sister. He said, "We have been all over looking for you people, not to kill you, but to bring you back to San Carlos to be friends. Tell this to Chihuahua." That same day Geronimo's sister came into camp. She said we had taken one white horse with a Mexican saddle on which was a pair of black saddle bags. A silver bit and bridle had also been on this horse, she said. If we wanted Chihuahua for our friend, he said that we must give it to her, and

she took it back up on the mountain to where the Chiricahuas were.

The next day we could see someone riding that white horse over some rocky places at the foot of the mountain. It was Chihuahua and he rode fast to our camp. On the end of his horse's tail was tied a strip of red cloth and another strip of red cloth hung from under the bridle. In his belt he wore two pistols and in his hand he carried a lance with a strip of red cloth tied around its end. He rode right up to where we were sitting under some oak trees. We all jumped up, not knowing what he intended to do. He asked where the head officer was, and we told him. Then he ran his horse right through us to General Crook's tent. He rode right through soldiers and scouts alike and they had to get out of his way. Mickey Free, who was one of the interpreters, went right over after him to the General's place.

Chihuahua got off his horse right in front of the tent and there he shook hands with General Crook. Then he said, "If you want me for a friend, why did you kill that old woman, my aunt? If I was trying to make friends with someone, I would not go and raid their camp and shoot their relatives. It seems to me that you are lying when you speak about being friends." Now they gave him some tobacco and some food to take back with him. Then he got on his horse and rode off fast, right through us, the way he had come.

'Much Water's' relatives came back later on and said that Chihuahua felt pretty bad about the way things had happened. He was pretty mad. He had said, "It's no good, all these scouts and soldiers here," and he told the women to get ready to move further away. The Chiricahua women didn't want to go away so far and hid out on him. Anyway, Chihuahua moved his camp off a little further.

Now almost all the Chiricahua women started coming into our camp. All the ones we had captured came in but that one little girl I had found still had no mother. Finally, about sundown the mother came into our camp. She was crying as she came and talking bad about us White Mountain scouts. Mickey Free told her she deserved to have her guts eaten out by a coyote for running off and leaving her baby the way she did. She was a young woman. When she saw the baby, she grabbed it and started crying again.

They gave out lots of rations to the Chiricahua women now. Chihuahua had not shown up yet and we scouts went over to see 'Much Water's' sister to see what she had to say. She said she thought there was going to be more trouble because the other Chiricahua men were due back from their raid in three days, and when they found out what had happened, they would want to fight us sure. She said we had better all look out. The next day we moved the whole camp a little further down by the mountain in a small park there.

Chihuahua was not in yet and we thought he would probably go to join the other Chiricahua men. There was only one day left till their war party was due back and so now the Chiricahua women tore up some flour sacks and tied the white pieces of cloth on poles, which they set up all around our camp. This was to let the Chiricahuas know we didn't want to fight. The women said for us scouts to look out for ourselves. "When the men get back, they may start shooting," they said. We piled rocks and pine logs up to lie behind.

That night the Chiricahua women called towards the brush up on the sides of the ridges where they thought their men now were and told them not to shoot. They called the names of *kaʔedine* ['Cartridges All Gone'] and Geronimo and told them why we had come here for the Chiricahuas.⁸⁹ The Chiricahua men up on the ridges heard all right. When it started to get light in the morning the women started calling again and telling the Chiricahua chiefs that they, the women, did not want any fighting but only that the Chiricahuas make friends with us. The women told us scouts not to get up till sunrise so that the Chiricahuas would not start to shoot.

We got all ready, put on our belts and loaded our rifles. We lay down that night but we could not sleep, so we just lay there till sunrise. Early that morning *jetikine* ['Pine Pitch House'] from the Chiricahuas crawled close to our camp. He was a man who had been captured while still a boy by some White Mountain people and had been raised among them. On account of this he was like one of us. Now he was living with the Chiricahuas and was just like one of them so he wanted to stay with them. He listened to the different scouts talking and could tell which were the San Carlos and Tonto scouts and which were White Mountain men because we talked differently.⁹⁰



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Kaidine ("Cartridges All Gone"), notorious Chiricahua warrior

After sunrise, when we had eaten, we heard some Chiricahuas calling to us from the mountain. We could see lots of men up there together. Geronimo's sister went to them. She came back and said that they wanted some of us scouts to go to them. *Nabijintaha* ['He Is Given Tests'], a White Mountain scout, went up to the Chiricahuas but he didn't talk plainly, so they told him to go back and get some other scouts. He came back and got *dastine* ['Crouched and Ready'], who was related to 'Pine Pitch House' and also a Cibecue scout. 'Pine Pitch House' called 'Crouched and Ready' aside when they got up there. This 'Pine Pitch House' was Geronimo's father-in-law, and he was a chief because he was about the best fighter of any of them. He was a little man and not as tall as an old-fashioned long musket, but even so, the Chiricahua chiefs were like nothing to him and they usually did what he advised.

The Cibecue scout, who was called *hašckhagola* ['Angry, He Starts Fights'], talked with his brother-in-law, Chato. After the talk was over, the scouts came back to our camp. Then 'Much Water's' brother gave a yell and started to run into our camp. When he got there, he threw his gun and belt on the ground. Then he said to 'Much Water,' "My brother, you have been looking for me and now I am with you again and as if I belonged to you." Then the two embraced each other. This was the first man to come in. Pretty soon all the rest of the Chiricahua men came in, all except the chiefs, who stayed apart by themselves.

We were camped on a little knoll and all around in the open place below was lots of tall yellow grass. General Crook was off at one side of this hunting birds with a shotgun by himself. When he was there all the Chiricahua chiefs came to him.⁹¹ They grabbed his gun away and took the birds he had shot also. They said he had been shooting towards them. Mickey Free went over there. They all sat on the ground and talked. After about two hours the General came back with all the Chiricahua chiefs to camp.

Some time after the Chiricahuas were all in, three Mexican women and a baby came into camp. They had been captured by the Chiricahuas on their raid. An officer who talked Spanish went to them. All of us scouts and soldiers gathered around to look at them. The officer asked them what their names were and

where they came from. This he put down in a book. The women said they were traveling along with two Mexican men and some burros over on the other side of the mountains. The Chiricahuas had come then, killed the two men and taken the three women and the baby back here. They did not know at what place they had been captured. The Chiricahuas said that the reason they had captured these Mexican women was so that they might take them to Janos and trade them to the Mexican soldiers there for some Chiricahua women who had been captured in the Corralitas fight,⁹² and who were now held at Janos. This way the Chiricahuas hoped to get their women back and make friends with the Mexicans at the same time. They never did this, though, and I guess it was because we had come and captured them. The three Mexican women were taken over to the cookfire and fed.⁹³ They were wearing old sandals on their feet and these they took off and threw away, as the officers had given them tall army boots to wear.

Now we all mixed with the Chiricahuas like friends. About noon the Chiricahuas went apart and started in to make a victory dance. Sieber told all us scouts to stay away from the dance and so only the Chiricahuas themselves were there. But all the same, one scout went over to the dance that night and danced. A Chiricahua woman made him pay her twenty cartridges.⁹⁴ Some White Mountain scouts reported on this man and the officer made him go back and get the cartridges from that woman. The Chiricahuas had driven in the cattle they had captured. They gave three head to us White Mountain men. One they gave to 'Angry, He Starts Fights,' the Cibecue scout, and one they gave to a San Carlos scout. They butchered lots for themselves.

The next day we started back for San Carlos and made our first camp on the head of Bavispe River. They let the three Mexican women ride on pack mules. One scout was leading a mule on which one of the Mexican women was riding. Some of the other scouts joked to him, "There you are traveling with your wife, we see." He got mad and dropped the rope and the mule went loose. Pretty soon that Mexican woman fell off. We held a social dance with the Chiricahua every night now and had lots of good times.

We traveled on from here across where the ground was yellow and made a camp at some water. In this camp they started

to play hoop-and-poles. *Dajidil* ['He Moves Lightly and Quickly'], a scout, and 'Cartridges All Gone,' the Warm Springs chief, played together. Before these two started to play they took off their cartridge belts and laid them together. Later on the Chiricahuas sent word for 'Cartridges All Gone' to come to their camp right away, so he had to quit.

The Chiricahuas were camped apart from us and 'Cartridges All Gone' went back there to a council they were holding. The Chiricahua chiefs were talking there. They said that this night they were going to put on a social dance for the White Mountain scouts and all the other scouts and let the Chiricahua girls dance with them. Then all the Chiricahua men would get behind and while the scouts were dancing, they would kill them all. It didn't matter if they themselves, the Chiricahuas, got killed, but they would get us scouts anyway. They sent word for 'Pine Pitch House' to come to the council. When he got there they told him what they planned to do and asked him to join in. 'Pine Pitch House' said, "I won't join in this because the White Mountain people are like relatives of mine," and then he went back to his camp.

After awhile the council sent for him again. When he got there Geronimo said to him, "My father-in-law, we mean to do as we told you tonight. That's why we told you. Whenever we have gone to war before, you have gone with us. But now you won't make up your mind to say yes or no."⁹⁵ 'Pine Pitch House' answered, "I told you already that I would not help you do this." He was mad and started to walk away. In a moment he turned back and came to the council again. He said, "You chiefs don't mean anything to me. I have been with you many times and helped you kill lots of Mexicans and Whites and that's the way you got the clothes you are wearing now. I am the one who has killed these people for you and you have just followed behind me. I don't want to hear you talking this way with me again." Then he walked off. That night they started to hold the dance anyway. But one of the scouts, *ja'ndezi* ['Long Ears'], had died that day and Sieber sent word for them to stop the dance on account of this, so they did.⁹⁶

The next morning some of the Chiricahuas asked for permits to go and gather up a lot of horses from the Mexicans before they left Mexico. General Crook gave them permission and told them to meet us back at the mouth of Guadalupe Canyon, near San

Bernardino. Lots of the Chiricahuas and their chiefs went, but General Crook didn't try to stop them. He just let them go. They did not like the little San Carlos ponies and wanted to get some good horses before going back. 'Pine Pitch House' went with them also. We made our next camp in a canyon. Some of the Chiricahuas had not come in yet. These were *tudñi'lesá'an* ['Red Water Resting'] and his family, another man, and a White Mountain boy and his mother who were with them. The White Mountain boy and his mother had been captured by the Chiricahuas up on Eagle Creek some time ago. One of the scouts was related to this White Mountain captive woman and her boy and so he was sent out to bring in 'Red Water Resting' and his bunch.⁹⁷ He brought them in and they were issued rations.

Whenever I was cooking in camp, that little Chiricahua girl I had captured would come over and eat with me. Her mother would tell her, "There is your friend. Go over and eat with him." Everytime I cooked, she would come over and eat and then go back. The son of a Chiricahua who was one of my father's friends was there with us. He knew who I was and came to me. He told me that his mother had been killed some time ago and that he was now just living with this old aunt. He had no way to get food, he said. I went out and killed a deer and brought it to his camp for him and his aunt and he thanked me.

Now we moved our camp to some springs just north of Carretas that 'Red Water Resting' knew of. This was quite a ways from Janos, but it was near the place where the Mexicans had killed so many of the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people.⁹⁸ We scouts, just some of us, went over to see the battleground. There were lots of bleached-out bones there and pieces of women's dresses lying around and lots of beads scattered around on the ground. Lots of Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people had been killed there. We shouldn't have gone to look at this place, but we did it anyway.⁹⁹

Our next camp was to the north, near Sierra Espuela. We had already moved on past Bavispe. Near Bavispe we saw a sorrel mare with a bell on her. We took this along and kept up along the side of the Sierra Espuela, finally stopping to camp in a canyon where lots of pine trees were. About sundown we saw lots of dust coming up, way back. We thought maybe this was Mexican soldiers coming to fight us and we cleaned our guns and

got ready for them. After awhile we could see through glasses that it was the Chiricahua men coming back, driving a big bunch of horses and mules they had taken from the Mexicans.

The next morning we started up along the edge of the Sierra Espuela and made camp at some springs. Then we moved on to near San Bernardino. Here some of us hunted deer. I killed one deer and right then a Chiricahua rode up to where I was. He said they had heard us shooting deer and followed us, as they had no cartridges to kill deer with themselves. I gave him the deer. "Come on, and we will ride double back to camp." "No," I said, "I am going to hunt some more." When I got back that Chiricahua gave me a hind quarter of the deer. Mickey Free was given three horses and mules by some of his Chiricahua friends. One of these, a buckskin mule, he gave to me. We left this place for the springs east of where Agua Prieta now is. A lot of the Chiricahua girls were on foot, so Mickey took one up on front of him and I took another up in front of me also. When we got to the springs there were some soldiers camped there. They had seen us coming and had the grub all cooked up for us. One of the White Mountain sergeants had been stationed there with his company of scouts but he was the only one left. One after another they had gone off and not told him where they were going. Now he was alone. We all laid our guns and belts aside and lined up to get our food; soldiers, scouts and Chiricahuas alike. After one bunch got through eating, then another bunch would eat. This way they did till all were fed. It took almost all the rest of the day and even then some didn't get any food. The next day we moved on to another camp where there were a lot of oaks growing. Here two buggies drove up, each drawn by four mules. These were for General Crook. He and some of the officers and three Mexican women got in and were driven to Tucson. Before he left he said to us that all was done now and for us to go on to San Carlos and keep watch on the Chiricahuas. "You said you thought you would never catch the Chiricahuas, but now you see we have got them all," he said.

Our next camp was near Willcox. Beyond Willcox a citizen met us with a big wagonload of clothes to sell to us; shirts, pants, shoes, hats. We bought some clothes from him and swiped some more because all our clothes were in rags. The Chiricahuas still had some of their cattle and every time we camped they butchered.

'Pine Pitch House' was with them no longer. The Chiricahuas said that while he was getting the horses with them down in Mexico, they had come near some Mexicans. 'Pine Pitch House' had stood up to look at them and the Mexicans had shot him right in the head from a distance of about three hundred yards. We White Mountain men did not believe this because 'Pine Pitch House' had been on the warpath too many times to get killed this way. We think that the Chiricahuas shot him because he would not join them that time they had planned to kill us all at the dance.

It was at the camp we made near the head of Arivaipa Valley that we got our clothes from the citizen. From here we moved by the Winchester Mountains, then to the west of Stanley Butte. Here the Chiricahuas killed their last three cattle. This place is in a narrow canyon and there were so many of us that we filled the canyon right up, from end to end and side to side. The next day we started for San Carlos. All the people there knew that we were coming that day and were waiting for us. We could see lots of looking glasses shining to us in signals from San Carlos. At every camp all of us scouts and the Chiricahuas were counted.

Now they put one hundred of us scouts in front, then all the Chiricahuas, and then the rest of the scouts, then the soldiers, and last of all the pack train. This way we marched to the edge of the Gila River, took off our moccasins (those of us that were on foot), and went across. Sieber rode in front. There was a crowd of Indians on both sides, watching us. Sieber led us straight to the old school building and there stopped. All the scouts went to the right and camped. All the Chiricahuas went to the left and the pack mules were brought into the center. We cooked in eight lots. All our relations came to see us. The next day Alchise and his scouts went on back to Fort Apache. The day after that all of us scouts were discharged and got our pay. The officer said that they wanted forty scouts to enlist again, but lots of the men had had enough of scouting. Soon some cowboys brought up a big bunch of horses to sell to us. I guess General Crook must have told them to bring those horses to sell. I bought one sorrel mare for forty dollars. General Crook had told us we should get good horses and start to raise them.

Many of the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people were now living at Fort Apache.¹⁰⁰ In about two months I received notice that the officer at San Carlos wanted me to come and join as a scout. The Apache Kid was sergeant and I went and joined up under him.¹⁰¹ They kept us scouts on the Reservation for quite a while. Then the army paymaster came to San Carlos to pay off the troops, and Sieber sent word to me that I was to ride up with the paymaster and his guards to Fort Apache. I went up to San Carlos and reported. The paymaster was ready to start. They had two buggies and one wagon for the grub and outfit. The paymaster rode in the front buggy and I rode my mule in front of all. Where it was smooth we travelled fast, but if it was rough and rocky, we went slower.

The first night we got to Ash Flat. When they made camp, the first thing they did was set up a little tent, even before unhitching. Then they carried a cashbox out of the buggy and into the tent. Now they unhitched the mules. I was just beginning to understand a little English then. The paymaster went right in the tent where the cashbox was and stayed. They had soldiers on guard around the tent all night long.

The next day we passed by Old Summit and came to Black River. The water was high here, but anyway I rode my mule in and swam across. The others followed where I had crossed. We camped on the further bank. The officer built a little pile of stones on the edge of the river to show where we had crossed. Then we traveled on fast towards Fort Apache, making camp near Turkey Creek where the road comes up on the hill. The next day the paymaster told me to tie my mule up behind the wagon and put my saddle in and to get in myself. We passed by the forks of the White River and went up the canyon. At the fort we could see lots of scouts and some soldiers drilling. We drove right past the soldiers and up to the commissary where the iron box was unloaded. Then we took the mules to the stable. That day we paid off the soldiers.

Mickey Free was living here now and was a scout with Chato.¹⁰² They were living together. Also most of my relatives were here. That day my uncle came to me and said that my brother wanted to see me and for me to come over to his camp. I got the paymaster's sergeant to get me leave for one day, so it was



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Chato

all right. I stayed with my brother-in-law that night and he gave me a Navajo blanket which I tied up behind my saddle. The sergeant came to the camp and told me we were to start back for San Carlos tomorrow.

That day I went to Mickey Free's house, where he was living with Chato. It was a lumber house. I stayed there that night. The next day we started back with the paymaster, but when we got to Black River the water was very high and the stone monument the officer had made was under water, so we turned around and went back to Fort Apache again. I went back to Mickey's camp. In the morning the sergeant came and said that the paymaster was going out by way of Holbrook, so I needn't come any further.

That day Mickey went to his lieutenant and got him to wire Sieber at San Carlos for orders for me. Sieber wired back for me to come when the river got low enough to cross. I stayed for some time with Mickey. We used to go down to Canyon Day where my relatives were and go to their social parties. I heard that there was still lots of water in the river, so I stayed on for about ten days. Some Navajos came down from their country with a lot of blankets to trade to us.¹⁰³ I had no money so I asked a chief down at Canyon Day to lend me the money to buy a blanket, and he did. I got a good Navajo blanket. In about fifteen days I started back for San Carlos. On the way I met a relative who gave me another Navajo blanket. I had three now.



At this time the Chiricahua 'Red Water Resting' was living at San Carlos with a woman whom he had not married. He was getting pretty mean. One day when he was drunk he started shooting and said he was going to kill some of the Apaches and then run off in the mountains and turn renegade. They sent the second sergeant of scouts, *dušdoç* ['Flies In His Soup'], for him but he refused to come in and the sergeant came back without him. That night his wife came in, though. Now they sent word out among the camps to get the scouts together to arrest 'Red Water Resting.' I was up visiting among the camps at the springs on the mesa to the south and did not get back till late.

That evening they got eight of us scouts together. One of them claimed to be the best medicine man around. But there was one other medicine man who got killed at Fort Grant and he was better. The eight of us started out. We decided to kill 'Red Water Resting' right there if he talked back to us [i.e., if he refused to surrender]. We went to where his camp was, near Peridot. Some medicine men had made a wind for us so there was a lot of dust in the air. We stopped in at the camp of a man named Archie, and he gave us a whole olla of something to drink.¹⁰⁴

We found out here that 'Red Water Resting' was drinking with some San Carlos people in the camp of a man called *nyugi* ['Something Furry']. A man came to us. He was a secret agent known only to the head officer at San Carlos.¹⁰⁵ We went with him to 'Red Water Resting's' camp, but we didn't find him there. From here the secret agent went and told the headmen around here that if they heard any gunshots to stay right in their camps.

Soon the man came back and we all started for 'Something Furry's' camp where 'Red Water Resting' was. 'Flies In His Soup' had a pistol, one man had a rope, and the rest of us had rifles. The door of 'Something Furry's' camp faced the river and we got there all right. Out in front of the door, on both sides of it, were two men lying on the ground. We made a run at one of those men and grabbed him. A woman yelled to us that that was the wrong man and to get the other one. We let him go and jumped on the other one. I grabbed his hair and banged his head hard on the ground. 'Flies In His Soup' sat on his stomach and another man tied his feet up. When 'Red Water Resting' had come to this camp, he was after a rifle to start out as a renegade. But the people in the camp hid the rifles they had; they hid them under the bed, and some women lay on them.

We kept him there till early morning and then a chief by the name of Casador drove up in his wagon on the way to San Carlos.¹⁰⁶ We loaded 'Red Water Resting' in the wagon and got in ourselves. The chief tried to start his horses, but they would not go and just balked and kept backing up. I think that 'Red Water Resting' must have made some medicine on them so



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Casador (and wife), chief of the San Carlos subtribal group

they would not go.¹⁰⁷ We got down and I pushed the horses and whipped them, but they would not go. Then they started to buck and jump around and finally started. We ran after the wagon and jumped in. This was near Peridot, just below the missionary's house. That day was ration day and all the people were going in to San Carlos, which was not far from here.

'Flies In His Soup' said that we had caught this man we were after and that he felt like shooting. So he shot three times with his pistol. *Hastin nabaha* ['Old Man He Searches About'], one of the scouts, said he wanted to shoot also, and asked 'Flies In His Soup' to loan him his pistol. But he had a rifle already loaded and 'Flies In His Soup' asked why he didn't use that. All the same 'Old Man He Searches About' kept on asking for this pistol, which 'Flies In His Soup' would not let him have. Pretty soon they started to fight about it and took their knives out, right in the wagon. Another man and I got off the wagon. 'Red Water Resting' said, "What's the matter with you fellows? This is ration day and they will be butchering and issuing meat. I want you to hurry up and get there in time for these people to get some for me." They quit fighting and we all went to San Carlos.

We drove by the officer's house and Sieber saw us. "Ha ha, ha ha, here is 'Red Water Resting,'" he said, and came over to put leg irons on him. He had no shoes on and was going barefoot at the time we caught him. Sieber told us to take him to the jail. I started out with him to the jail. When we were pretty near there, he stopped, as the irons were chafing his legs. He asked for his blanket so that he might tear it up and put it around his ankles to protect them from the irons. Sieber said to us, "Don't stop there. Hurry up and take him to the jail," and I did. 'Red Water Resting' said to me, "A man like me, you might just as well cut off my head and kill me right away. I have done nothing to get punished like this."

Soldiers and scouts were set outside the jail to guard it. They kept the chains on 'Red Water Resting' for about two months and then they took them off. We were not so careful with him now, and he might have run away. But we had decided that if he should talk mean, or fight, or try to run away, we should kill him right away. After awhile they took him and a lot of other prisoners down to a place where they made a sweat bath. We

watched them close then. We had caught 'Red Water Resting' in the fall and kept him in jail till spring.

Then a telegram was sent down from Fort Apache saying that they wanted troops and scouts up there right away. I was on night duty at the telegraph office then to carry messages. I used to stay on till the morning star started to come up. The time the wire was sent I did not know about it, but later the officer said that they were going to move the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people living at Fort Apache out to Holbrook and off east someplace.¹⁰⁸ He told me not to tell the other Indians as they did not want the news spread around yet. The next day the scouts set out for Fort Apache, taking 'Red Water Resting' with them. When they got there the troops surrounded all the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people, loaded them into army wagons and took them out to Holbrook where they were put on a train. A lot of Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people rode their ponies out to Holbrook and had to leave them there. After the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs people were sent away, the scouts came back to San Carlos.

5

I had been scout for quite a while at San Carlos after the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs were sent away. There was lots of trouble going on then on account of all the renegades who were out.¹⁰⁹ The soldiers had a big glass on Graham Mountain, on Turnbull Mountain at Fort Apache, and at another place near which they kept some soldiers and scouts camped.¹¹⁰

One day two scouts set out from San Carlos for Turnbull Mountain. When they got to the foot of Turnbull Mountain, they tied their horses up and went up the mountain on foot. When they got back down their horses were gone. Some renegade had taken them. The tracks led towards the Graham Mountains. The two scouts walked back to San Carlos and got in about sundown and reported. The next morning they loaned two horses to these scouts and along with thirteen other scouts and twenty soldiers we started out to the foot of Turnbull Mountain to the place where the horses had been stolen. We scouts always went mounted now.¹¹¹ When we got there we took the trail up and followed it

along the foot of the mountain, then eastward up onto a spur and around to the south. The tracks showed that there was only one renegade and he was leading one horse and riding the other. I felt pretty sick and had a bad cold. Right on top of a ridge that man had left one of the horses and then gone on to a place at the east end of Turnbull Mountain. When we got to this place, we camped.

The next morning we started on the trail again and found where the man had made camp right near us at the foot of a hill about one night ago. From here he went to a point on Goodwin Wash and then circled around, took a canyon for a way and then climbed out on a ridge where he could see his back trail. There was a lot of ripe prickly-pear fruit here and he had eaten some while he watched. The next day he went by the foot of a place on the head of Goodwin Wash, then to a point just east of Fort Thomas. At this place he had killed a cow with a calf inside her and cut out some of the ribs and the tenderloin with the hide still on it.

Pretty soon we came to where he had found a White man's horse with a bell on it. He had left the other horse here and taken the bell horse but the bell was still lying there on the ground. We couldn't find the scout's horse here, though. The renegade's trail went on to the river where we made camp. The next morning the officer said that this bell horse the renegade now had should be easy to follow as he had bigger feet than most horses around here. So he sent us scouts out to trail him. We followed him a way, but lost the trail in a bunch of other horse tracks and got it mixed up, so we came back to the soldiers and all started for Fort Thomas.

Right above Fort Thomas they used to have an old grist mill. Near this there was a lot of mesquite growing through which the trail led. As we rode along we were talking and making lots of noise. Right here we heard a horse whinny. Pretty soon we heard him whinny again and then the horse came right to us. It was the scout's stolen horse we had missed. We laughed about it and hollered to the soldiers about what had happened.

When we got into Fort Thomas I went to see the army doctor at the hospital with our sergeant. I was sick and could not eat. The doctor looked me over and then weighed out some medicine on a little scale and mixed up some of this for me to

drink. He gave me some more to take along. That night some of the scouts got hold of a lot of whiskey. One of them brought a bottle to me and said to drink it. But I didn't want to as I had just taken the medicine. He said to go on and drink it, that this was just as good as medicine. But I drank no whiskey that night. I slept good all night from that medicine. That was the best medicine yet. The next morning I went to the doctor and got some more.

We left Fort Thomas that day and got back to San Carlos. I had found the renegade's quirt right where he had dropped it while changing to the bell horse. The officer had borrowed it from me, and when we got home he never gave it back. When we had started out I had felt pretty sick, but now I felt fine. I got sick from eating too many watermelons.



One day after we had been back at San Carlos for some time, some of us were playing hoop-and-poles. *Jiyé?* ['He Knows Hardship'] was playing for cartridges piled up on a big rock. We asked what he was doing this way for, as it was a funny way to do. He said that he was getting these to give as a wedding present, but this was a lie. A short time ago the brother of 'He Knows Hardship' had died. The head man had had a wagon issued to him just before this death, but when he died his father burnt it up as was the custom.¹¹² One Indian had reported this to the agent and the father had been put in jail.¹¹³ Now 'He Knows Hardship' was mad about this and that is why he wanted the cartridges. He knew who it was who had reported his father.

Now 'He Knows Hardship' saddled up his horse and tied something up in his blanket behind his saddle. Then he got on and rode to the store to get something and then rode fast after the scouts. He was riding a black horse, his best. His brother was with him. In a little they came to the camp of the man who had informed on their father. He was lying inside his wickiup. They called in to him to ask if he had anything to drink. He answered back that he wished he could give them something, but he had none. Now 'He Knows Hardship' got down with his rifle loaded and shot the man in the wickiup. Then he got back on his horse, and with his brother, rode after the scouts.

They caught up with another man pretty soon and 'He Knows Hardship' said, "Come on, I know where we can get something to drink." "All right," the man said. "Then take this trail here," 'He Knows Hardship' told him, and he motioned the man to ride in front of him. When he got in front he shot him in the back and killed him. He did this because he had already killed the one man and from now on he would kill everyone he met.¹¹⁴ This happened a little way below Peridot where the San Carlos bridge now is. One man came in and reported the killing of the man near the bridge, and later another man came in and reported the man who had been killed in his wickiup. They sent an army team and wagon to get the bodies. That night we scouts were set at the place where the scout got killed, and also around the other camps in case the renegades should come back.

The next morning a lot of Tontos came to San Carlos, all mounted and with their rifles. A man called Smiley was with them.¹¹⁵ Four of them got off and came into the agency and talked with the agent. The rest stayed on their horses. We scouts were there with our rifles also. Smiley said to the agent that his relatives were the ones who had been killed yesterday and that after this meeting was over he was going out and kill everyone he met. The agent said that this was not the way to do, that only the ones who had made the trouble should get punished, and that we scouts would arrest those men who had done the killing for him. Those Tontos were pretty mad about their relatives having been killed. The man who had done the killing and his brother turned renegade now and went off in the hills. I heard later that they got caught and the one who did the killing was sent off to some prison. He never came back. I heard he died there. Now our time was up and we scouts were discharged.



We were kept at San Carlos for quite some time. There was one man who had joined the scouts about a month ago. He was a good fellow and not married. He was riding along by Peridot one day and some Indians killed him. Some time later a lot of the head scout's relatives were living below where the steel bridge on the San Carlos River is now. They saw three men riding along the

road who were relatives of the people that had killed the scout. Two of them were old men. They made the three men stop, and right there they killed the two old men. The other got away and made it to San Carlos where he reported what had happened. One of the murdered men's horses followed him in all the way. Right away they sent all the scouts up the river to that place, all except myself and another scout whom they kept to ride in front of the soldiers. We two had to wait around while they made the soldiers drill before they could start.¹¹⁶

Finally we got under way up the San Carlos River. Later the officer asked where the killing had been done, and the man who had got away and reported said, "Right over that brush there on the other side." The officer said for everyone to wait here while he took eight soldiers over to see that place.

Later on the rest of us went over. A dead man was lying right in the middle of the road. Another had crawled off in the brush and tried to hide. Here they heard him grunting and went to him. He could not talk and only grunted. There were four men who



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Ration lines at San Carlos in 1887

had done the killing. These had gone in an old adobe house nearby with their women and children. They had their rifles with them. The officer told these four men to come out and go in to San Carlos right away. But they would not do it. Some of the scouts went over to near Salt Wash to bring in the horses of these four, but they could not find them over there.

A lot of relations of the dead men came down to where we were. They had their rifles and were gathered all around us. Some of their women went to the dead bodies and started to cry and yell.¹¹⁷ This made their men madder yet, and it looked as though they were going to shoot us scouts. The sergeant said to stay in close, and we did. We told them not to try and shoot. The four men in the adobe house had their rifles ready to shoot. Pretty soon four army wagons drove up, went right around all the people, and stopped by the adobe house. They had been sent for to San Carlos.

Now the four men and their women and children were loaded in with their bedding and started off for San Carlos.¹¹⁸ The soldiers rode in front and on each side. We scouts rode in back. All that crowd of people followed after us. They wanted to kill those four men. We told them not to follow and make trouble, but they kept right on coming all the same. Right above San Carlos where there is a cliff and lots of catclaw growing, the crowd stopped following us, as we were pretty near to the agency. When we got the people in the wagons to the jail, we took the rifles and belts from the men and put them in jail. Their women and children stayed outside. The next day they sent the whole lot off someplace. They were returned in about a year. In those days the people were always killing each other like this.



Not long after this we were lined up for inspection, all with clean clothes on and our rifles shined up. This way we knew that our time was pretty near up and we soon would get paid off. In a couple of days we were discharged. Sieber, who knew me well and whom I like a lot, asked me three times to rejoin the scouts, but I would not do it. Those long scouts we used to make at first, down to the southeast and around Fort Bowie, were good and we

could save some money. But this being stationed at San Carlos all the time was no good, as there was always somebody killing someone else, and we were having to go out after them.¹¹⁹ Then, too, we could never save our pay because we had our families to care for. I am still caring for my family, as my sons have no work.

Since that last scout I have lived at Dewey Flat, then at Calva, and finally at Bylas, here, where I am still living. You see me here still alive and well. That is because I have been good and minded my own business. Lots of the other scouts did not, and they are dead.



Courtesy Arizona State Museum

David Longstreet

5

DAVID LONGSTREET

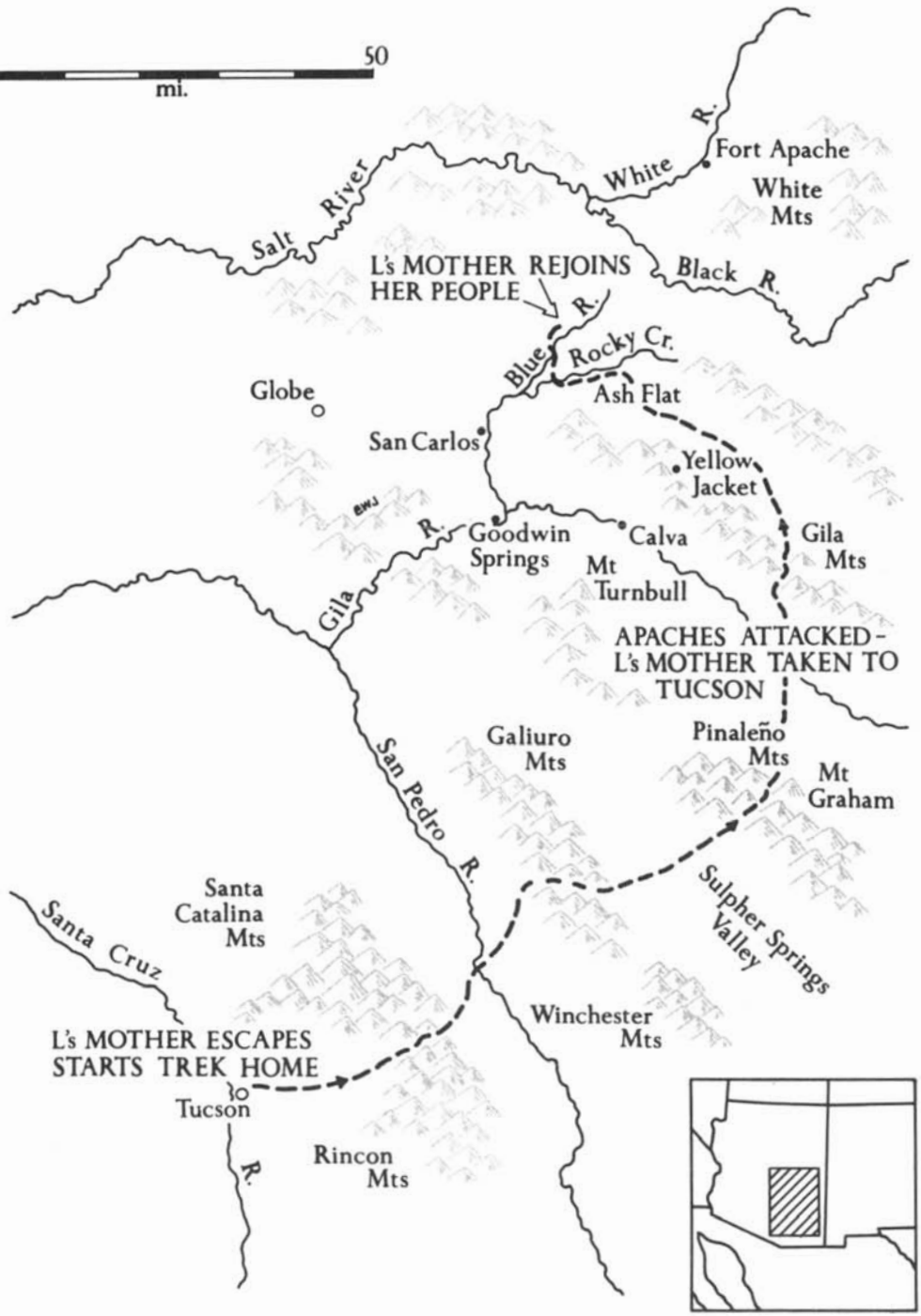
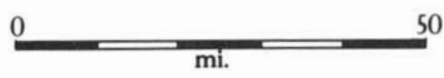
In 1931 David Longstreet was an old man living on the San Carlos Reservation. He was born about 1855. According to Goodwin's notes, "Longstreet's real name was nalte, meaning 'disgruntled' or 'dissatisfied,' which did not apply to him at all—at least not in his late years when he was a most contented and friendly old person." Longstreet's recollections begin around 1865, shortly after the establishment of Camp Goodwin. However, the central events in his narrative deal with the capture of his mother by troops stationed at Tucson and his own experiences as a scout on Crook's famous 1883 expedition into Sonora, Mexico.

I was born near where Fort Apache now is. There I lived with my father, mother and grandfather off and on for nine years. We used to plant our corn there.

While I was still a very small boy, my grandfather, father, a man called Coon-Can, his son-in-law, and three boys all moved to near Yellow Jacket in the Gila Mountains and camped there in a canyon. There were other people there and quite a lot of girls.

All the men went hunting near that place and one man killed a bear. He packed the meat back into camp on foot as we had no horses with us. That evening a coyote came to where the man had

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David Longstreet Narrative

butchered the bear and followed his tracks back to the camp. There was a girl sleeping inside the wickiup, and outside it were the three boys. They were lying down sleeping.

The coyote went right in the wickiup where the girl was and grabbed her upper arm and tore off a long piece of skin. The girl woke up and called for help. Then that coyote ran out the door and away. One of the boys shot at him, even though it was dark, and hit him. The girl's mother was off in another camp someplace, gathering grass seeds for food.

Now the boys yelled to the other people and told them what had happened, so they all came to the wickiup. This coyote was mad and when coyotes or foxes get this way, they run around with their mouths open and are like crazy people. The people built a big fire, and no one slept the rest of that night except the children. They were afraid that the coyote or another one like him might come back. Next morning they trailed that coyote to where he was shot and found him lying with his mouth still open.

The whole camp was now moved to a place nearby where a coyote medicine man was camped. When we got there they set up the camps and then went to talk to the medicine man, who was taking a sweat bath.

They told him what had happened and he agreed to work on the girl and try to cure her.¹ This medicine man told us to notify all the Indians to come and help sing.² They would start singing that night. It was fall then and the nights were long.

That evening when lots of people had come, the medicine man made each person tie an eagle feather in his hair, even the little children. He told them that this meant they would see a big eagle sitting in a juniper tree near there at the next sunrise. If they saw the eagle it meant that the girl was going to get well.

They sang all that night and were still singing at sunrise when they saw the eagle in the juniper tree. He sat there for a while and then flew off someplace. The medicine man said that now the eagle had gone to tell the other eagles about this sing for the girl, and that it was a sign. He said the eagle had told him before he left to put up a *gan* ['mountain spirit'] dance for this girl.³ That night a *gan* dance was put up, and the girl danced with the *gan* all night long until sunrise. They all kept the eagle feather tied to the tops of their heads.

Now the medicine man said he would put up another dance at a place about opposite Calva, so we all moved to this place and the girl danced there all night with the *gan* again. The medicine man said that the eagle had told him to keep on making a *gan* dance every night till he got word to stop. The next camp was near Geronimo, and they danced with the *gan* here also.

Then we moved to Goodwin Springs. Here in the afternoon we saw a lot of *gan* up on the ridge. These came down to the camp and danced with the girl that afternoon. In the evening they started the *gan* dance again and held it through the night.

There were lots of American soldiers camped there at Goodwin Springs, and they came down to watch the dance. The American captain then said, "Why do you make this girl dance? She is too sick." One relative of the girl told him that this was to make her well—this was the best medicine.

Now the medicine man sent the people out to gather up a lot of coyote dung. This they put in a basket and stirred up with water till it was soft. Then the medicine man gave a little to each person there.

While the medicine man sang, he was praying. He said, "I know that I am to do this way I am doing from a voice I cannot see.⁴ That's why I make this kind of medicine, because I am told to."

From Goodwin Springs the dance was moved to another place. When the dance was over, the medicine man said that the next night they would sing. They did and made the sing all night to finish off the cure. The medicine man said that a coyote who bit people was no good and crazy. The people were still with their eagle feather tied in their hair, and now the medicine man told them to watch for eagles.

In the morning they saw two eagles sitting in a mesquite tree. Now that girl's arm was all healed up and she was well. The medicine man told the girl, "I have worked and sung on you a long time now. From now on I don't want you to step on a coyote track. If you do, you are liable to go crazy. Coyotes are always traveling on trails, so don't walk in a trail but walk on the side of it."⁵

This is the end.



One time our people came from Fort Apache to gather mescal on the south side of Turnbull Mountain. There were quite a lot of us camped there. It was about two days later that something happened.

My uncle was taking care of two boys down at that place. Early in the morning he sent the two boys out to run up a hill nearby to see if everything was all right. When the boys got up on the hill, they could see that their camp had been surrounded in the night by White soldiers, along with some Papago scouts and some Indians that we called *bači* ['Apaches Mansos'] who lived near Tucson.⁶

The two boys had run right through the enemy, and now they started back to the camp, which was completely surrounded. The enemy shot at the boys then, but missed them and they ran off. Now they started shooting into the camp.

All the Apaches in the camp ran down the canyon and tried to get out the other side. One old woman in the camp got shot right in the shoulder. The Papago scouts went to her. She was scared and so she said that she thought they would find a lot of our women hiding in the brush or in the rocks across the canyon and up on the side of the hill. She told them to go over there and look. They did, and what the old woman said was true—they found a lot of women hiding there.

I was still a little boy then, and I got scared and ran off a long way and hid. My mother was taking care of my dead aunt's little girl, and she and this little girl both got caught. One woman was trying to run away, carrying a little boy on her back. The enemy shot at her and hit the little boy so that the bullet passed right through him and killed his mother also. This woman was my mother's sister-in-law and she was the wife of a chief.

One boy and his sister were trying to get away from there. The girl gave out, and the boy was packing her on his back when the enemy shot and killed both him and his sister with one bullet. They captured a lot of women and children that time.

When they had gone my father started looking for me and calling, but I was too scared and did not come to him for a long time. When he finally found me, he told me that my mother was captured. My father wanted to go to the enemy's camp and get my mother and the other women back and fight with the soldiers

and Papago scouts, but the chief whose wife was killed said, "No, my brother-in-law, don't go back there. I don't want you to get killed too. Your wife will come back, I think."

The enemy took all their captives to a place on the San Pedro River. They gave them some kind of round cakes to eat. The soldiers kept them here for two days and then took them along towards Tucson. One Apache Manso chief knew my father, and he went to my mother and said, "The old woman who got shot in the shoulder was the one who told us where you women were hiding."

Near Tucson they put all the captives in a big open shade house and stationed three men on each side of it to guard. These guards were White men.

Now the Papagos and the Apaches Mansos set up a victory dance, and a lot of the Papagos and Apache Manso women danced also.⁷ While the White guards were watching this dance, my mother got out and went to the officer's tent. This White officer had taken the little girl away from my mother for himself. When my mother went to him, he told her to stay away from the little girl, so my mother had to do as he said. I think this little girl must still be living with the White people someplace.

The Apache Manso chief who had spoken to my mother about the old woman had for a wife a White Mountain woman, the sister of the wife of Stevens. This Stevens used to live in the Arivaipa Valley with his wife, and the Apache Manso chief used to go there to visit him often. They used to keep a lot of Papago and Apache Manso scouts with the troops at Goodwin Springs, and it was here that this chief married his White Mountain wife.

Now his wife went to see my mother. She came and talked to my mother. She said, "I think it is in your mind to run away." My mother said no, that she would not run away, as all her children were killed and now there was nothing left for her, but she was fooling when she said this. This woman told my mother that she did not think that her boy (me) was killed because the scouts had seen four boys running up out of the canyon near the camp. These four boys all got away.

While the chief's wife was talking to my mother, all the guards and the White people and the scouts had gone close to the victory dance to watch. This woman told my mother that she had hidden

some corn pudding in a bundle back of the shade house in the brush and that it was there for her whenever she wanted it. She also said her husband had a good horse that she could have too. Then the woman left.

It was dark now and my mother slipped out behind in the brush and took the corn pudding. She thought she was alone, but pretty soon she saw ahead of her a woman carrying a baby. This was another one of the captives. Soon she caught up to her.

Then they saw behind them the old woman who had been shot in the shoulder. She had followed, and now she said, "I am glad to get out of that place, and please go slow so I can keep up." But the woman with the baby said, "This old woman told the enemy where we were hiding. She is no good and we don't want her with us." So they started walking fast and left the old woman behind.

My mother was crying about having to leave her aunt's child behind. The other woman said, "Don't cry. Your sister-in-law and your nephew got killed—you should feel sorry for them. But that little girl will be raised just like a White person."

My mother and the other woman climbed up on the Santa Catalina foothills, and from there they could still hear the drums down at the dance. "They are still dancing and don't know we have gotten away yet," they thought. The other captives were still sleeping down there. They stayed on the Santa Catalinas that night and the next day traveled toward the Galiuro Mountains, making camp about halfway to them.

The next day they got to the Galiuro Mountains. Here they saw some tracks but they said, "These tracks are of the Arivaipa Apaches and they are no good, so we will stay away from them."⁸ But these tracks had been made by their own people, who were camped by the Galiuro Mountains, and it would have been all right if they had followed these tracks.

My mother and the other woman camped at some springs in a rocky place here. That Apache Manso chief's wife had also given my mother a knife and some matches, so here they cooked some mescal stalk to eat. Then they moved to the west end of the Graham Mountains and then to Red Knolls. Next day they got to the Gila River where they stayed and took a bath. Now they went down the river, crossed over here and took an old trail that

goes up by Gila Peak. It was here that the other said, "Your relatives are living here somewhere around Ash Flat, so you go to them. I am going by Mount Triplet and then on to Cibecue." My mother tried to get her to stay, but she would not, and so she set off by herself.

From there my mother went on alone by some springs and then to the north side of Ash Flat, across Ash Creek, where she looked for tracks. At that place there was a woman gathering sourberries by herself. She and my mother saw each other both at the same time. The woman asked who she was and she told her. Then they came together and embraced. Both were crying. They were sisters.

This woman said that everyone had gone north to Blue River. She gave my mother some mescal to eat and water to drink. Then she said, "Your child is over at Blue River and your husband left to go on the warpath to Mexico about one month ago. He is not back yet. I will get my horse and we will ride double to where your child is."

They started off and went by Rocky Creek and then over the old trail to Blue River. When my mother got there and saw her people again, she started to cry. She had brought back some cloth from where she had been captive, and now she made some clothes for herself and my sister.

My uncle (the one whose wife and boy had been killed together) now butchered a fat mule to celebrate my mother's return. He said, "You have come back to your two children here. That's why I am killing this mule for you." In two days they moved the camp over near Chiricahua Butte, a little above it.

A little while after my mother came back to us, my father was coming from Mexico, riding one horse and driving another in front of him. Right along Rocky Creek he ran into some White troops. There were Pima scouts with them, and also one man who had been captive among the White Mountain people and who spoke their language. He was called *inda dikiye* ['White Man, Comes To A Point'].

They took after my father, and so he shot the horse he was driving in the shoulder and killed him so they wouldn't capture him. Then he rode on. 'White Man, Comes To A Point' called to him and said, "You are like a coyote and run away from us and

kill your horse." My father turned around and rode at the troops. He shouted, "That is my horse and it is no business of yours what I do with it!"

Now the soldiers all shot at him, but he did not get hit and got away. He rode up the creek and got on a hill with lots of rocks on it, just below Rocky Creek on the east side. Soon he could see the officer and 'White Man, Comes To A Point' coming. He called to them to come up, that he was in a good place to fight and was ready for them. He only had a bow and arrows to fight them with.

The officer spoke back through 'White Man, Comes To A Point' and said, "It seems to me that you are not born from a woman. You must have been created from something else when you were a child. If you were a real man you would be dead now. We are going now to Goodwin Springs."

He watched them to see if they were really going to Goodwin Springs, and stayed on the hill till he could see their dust coming up way over by Warm Springs at the head of San Carlos River. Then he came down and went to see about his dead horse. He butchered it and took all the meat with him and got in to our camp where he found my mother had come back all right. From here we moved up to White River and planted our corn at the farms. There were no White people here then.

When the corn was planted we all went down to Goodwin Springs where there were lots of White soldiers. My mother was a good-looking woman then, and lots of the soldiers kept looking at her as if they had seen her before. "Maybe they remember me from the time I was captured," she thought.

Then the officer said he wanted to make a count of all our people, so we lined up for this count. When the soldiers came to my mother, one of the sergeants recognized her and told the officer that this was the woman who had run away near Tucson.

The officer came over and said to her that the Apache Manso chief had come and told him later that her mind was made up to run away. My mother said, "I didn't mean to run away, but that chief's wife got some food and a horse all ready for me, so I came." The officer shook hands with her. He wanted to know how she got home and said she must be strong. My mother said that her legs had been like her horses. She asked about the little girl that

the officer had taken from her. The sergeant told her that she was still with that officer and his family and that she no longer spoke Apache, but only English.

The officer gave my mother a paper on which was an order so that she could draw rations. She went over to the commissary and drew a sack of flour, some coffee, and sugar, and also three blankets. The rest of the White Mountain people there didn't understand why my mother should draw more rations than they.

Later on the head officer of the soldiers at Goodwin Springs wanted to put a post on White River near our farms.⁹ He asked our chief, Diablo, about it and this chief said it was all right.

We all started back to White River and the soldiers started for this place too, building a road as they came.¹⁰ When the corn was ripe, the soldiers had gotten to White River. We gave them our cornstalks to feed their horses with because they asked for them.



I was a government scout several times.¹¹ Later on when I was older I went down to Mexico to fight against the Chiricahuas with other scouts and soldiers.

The first time I enlisted at San Carlos, my sergeant was a Tonto Apache. The packer was a White man. I don't remember what the name of our officer was. We started off and went by Solomonville, then around the east side of Graham Mountain and on to Fort Grant. From Fort Grant we scouted down to Fort Huachuca where my six months ran out.

The second time I enlisted was at San Carlos again. My sergeant was a Tonto, and the packer was the same man as before. We went down to Fort Bowie and then on to near where Douglas now is. We camped here for a while and then went on to 'round mountain' in what is now New Mexico.¹² From there we turned back and went to Fort Bowie where my six months ran out.

I enlisted a third time at San Carlos. My sergeant was Bylas and the officer was Captain Crawford.¹³ We started out and went to Ash Flat, then down to the east, then to Solomonville, and to the southeast over a mountain, then to Fort Bowie. From here we went to near San Bernardino and from there to where we camped on a mesa and reconnoitered. We were sent out to scout

from this place for two or three days at a time. Then we went back to Fort Bowie where the six months ran out.

The fourth time I enlisted at San Carlos. Our officer was Captain Crawford. We went up the Gila Valley, then up the San Simon Valley towards Fort Bowie. At one camp Captain Crawford gave me one gallon of whiskey all for myself. He was a good friend of mine and joked with me sometimes. "If you get drunk, I am going to whip you," he said. We went on to Douglas and camped there to reconnoiter. When six months were up we went back to Fort Bowie and then home.

The fifth time I enlisted at San Carlos under a Tonto sergeant. There were two officers for us that time. We started off and went over past Stanley Butte and on up the Arivaipa Valley and then across to Fort Bowie. From here we went to near San Bernardino. To that place came an officer and along with him came more soldiers and lots of scouts. *Tsaʼjn* [Alchise] and his scouts came there also. We had no girls there, but all the same we used to have social dances.

Then the head officer said we were going into Mexico to look for the Chiricahuas and bring them back.¹⁴ "Don't shoot any of them, only round them up," he said. So we started into Old Mexico. I don't know the names of the places we went in that country now because I have forgotten them. We passed through a Mexican town [Bavispe, Sonora] and marched right through the streets which were very narrow. Not far beyond the town we camped.

We got along all right with the Mexicans. Some of the Mexican officers came to tell us that there was lots of mescal liquor in town. "If you want any, go to the town and get it. We are glad you are here looking for these Chiricahuas because they have killed lots of us Mexicans. We don't like them for this. We don't want you scouts and soldiers here in our land, but if you are after the Chiricahuas, it is all right," they said.

From that place we went up on the mountains where there were lots of pines growing [the Sierra Madres, southeast of Huachinera, Sonora]. It was a bad trail and some of the pack mules fell off into the canyon far below. No one bothered to go after them. We kept on and got to where some Chiricahuas had been camping. They had left lots of juniper berries in this camp

piled by their beds. Further on we saw where Mexicans and Chiricahuas had been fighting each other. No one had been killed. We only saw the signs. From there we started along the mountain. There were a lot of scouts ahead of us. A scout called šaš ['Bear'] and I were just ahead of the soldiers and pack train.

As we were going along I went apart from 'Bear' a way and there saw across on another mountain the glint of a mirror, though it might have been a crow's wing in the sun. But I didn't think it was a crow because it flashed four or five times. I asked 'Bear' if he saw it, but he said he didn't. "Did you see a flash?" he asked. "Yes," I answered.

Now the soldiers ahead of us stopped to rest and eat. I went to the officers—there were three of them—and reported about the mirror. But they said, "You must have seen a crow's wing." "No, I don't think so," I said. "There must be a camp over there." "All right, get ready, and we will go over there tomorrow. We will leave the packs here to follow us in two days," the officers said.

So the next day we went on the mountain with six scouts out ahead. There the six men located an old Chiricahua camp. At this place the Chiricahuas had been making a war dance and right there the six scouts waited for us to come up.

When we got there we saw where they had danced in a semicircle, with the open side towards a Mexican town.¹⁵ They had shot lots of cartridges toward this town, and we found many empty ones lying on the ground. We tried to find which way they had gone from here, but they had scattered as if to come together at some other place.

We moved on, again with six scouts out ahead. After a while two of these came back to us and said they had located the Chiricahua camp sure enough, just about where I had seen that mirror flashing yesterday. Then the officer patted me on the back and said, "You are right."

Before we got to the camp we saw two Chiricahuas coming toward us riding mules. There was one girl with them also. Now we made a line on each side so that they would ride between us because we wanted to catch them. I was a second sergeant then. One of our sergeants, just as we were about to close in on the two Chiricahuas, set his gun off by mistake, and when he did this the

three turned and made a run back into their camp. Now we all got up and started after them. We wanted to catch them and arrest them all, but instead of that they got away. We had orders to shoot the Chiricahuas if they wouldn't let us catch them.

Tutanc ['Much Water'] was with us, and he saw two Chiricahua boys coming on horseback. He didn't show himself, but called them over to him and captured them. It was John Rope who really caught them. When they were caught, the boys started to cry. We asked where the boys were going with the horses, and they said they were going to take them to butcher. A way further on we saw a boy herding horses. We called to him, but he left the horses and started to run so the scouts shot at him and killed him.

Later on we saw a lot of Chiricahua women going up the mountain. Some of these women had left their children where the fight had started. There was only one man in the camp and he got away up the mountain. There he stopped and hollered back to us, but we couldn't hear what he said.

In the camp we captured all the Chiricahua belongings. Some of the San Carlos scouts caught one Chiricahua girl. She was a chief's girl, the daughter of *ni'dagoja* ['He Stirs Up Earth']. This way we cleared the camp. Alchise and his scouts never got to that camp. He asked for some of the plunder, but we wouldn't give him any.

They asked that girl they had caught where the Chiricahua men had all gone from that old camp we had found where they had held the war dance. She said that the men had danced for four nights there and then gone on the warpath to try and catch some Mexican girls, because some of their own had been caught by the Mexicans. They wanted to be able to exchange prisoners.

Now we made camp near the Chiricahua camp we had just raided. 'Much Water' tried to make the San Carlos men give back to him that Chiricahua girl they had captured. He said her father was his friend. The San Carlos scouts got mad about this and wouldn't give her up. So 'Much Water' went to see the officers about it, and the officers made the San Carlos men give up the girl. After that the two Chiricahua boys we had captured were sent out with a horse, riding double, to try and bring in the rest of the Chiricahua.

Later on some Chiricahua women came near with a white flag and asked for 'Much Water.' Then they asked where the head officer was because they wanted to shake his hand and get lots of rations from him.

After that more Chiricahuas came in. The officer told them that we had come to take them back to San Carlos. In that fight at the camp we had killed one old woman, one boy and one girl.

In four days most of the Chiricahuas were back and called to us from the sides of the mountain to come to them. But some of the scouts were afraid to go to the Chiricahuas. The officer and the White packer, as interpreter, went off to one side of camp to meet the Chiricahuas. There the Chiricahua men came to them and talked and made peace. After that they fed all the Chiricahuas and spread canvasses from here as far as this railroad [about fifty yards] for them to eat off. This is the way we took the Chiricahuas back to San Carlos. Now my six months were up.



There is one story I want to tell you about the last time that I was a scout up at San Carlos. This is the way it was:

I was a sergeant of scouts at San Carlos. Near Peridot there were living Casador and his band.¹⁶ They were San Carlos people. Casador had killed one woman and shot one man in the nose, crossways, so that he cut a nick out. After this he took his people out on the warpath in the hills.

At the time there had been a bunch of cattle brought in for the Indians to start raising, and I with some other scouts was herding these cattle up the valley by Rice and up the San Carlos River. We passed above with nothing happening and went on with the cattle to a place about ten miles beyond. There were twelve of us driving and we started up onto the mesa.

I was pretty far in the front. We got almost to the top when we saw right on the top in a lot of rocks there, Casador and his people. They had rifles and started to shoot at the four of us who were in front. We turned around and tried to go back, but the trail was narrow and the cattle were crowded. This way it took us some time to get under cover. One of the scouts got shot through the chest and the bullet came out his back. One Yavapai scout was

shot in the shoulder, and another scout's horse got killed. We could not see to shoot back at them as they were above us.

Another scout and I got in under a ledge in a rocky place. The renegades called down to this man with me and told him to come up to them. He answered that he would not come up. "Here we are taking care of cattle that your children will own someday, and now you shoot at us," he said. The renegades said, "We know that, but we are on the warpath now and we want you to come up here to us." So the scout said, "All right," and he went up to them.

When he got there they wanted to know who had been with him down below. This was me. The scout said, "That is a certain man's son," and he called my father's name. "You all know about him and that he is doing the right way." The renegades said that they knew this, but now they were on the warpath. They said they were going to kill the scout right there. One of the renegades was this scout's relative-in-law and he would not let them kill him, but they kept him captive all the same.

While they were talking I could not see them, but I could hear all they were saying. Now I got up and ran down the hill, across a little level place and then into a gully. The renegades shot at me and their bullets were hitting the ground all around me as I ran, kicking up lots of dust. If that gully hadn't been there I would have been killed sure. I lay there in the gully and piled some rocks up in front of me for protection.

The renegades were talking again on the hill and I could hear them. They said they were going to where that sergeant was lying in the gully (me) and then pull him out by hair and cut him up in little pieces. "We have killed our own relatives, but we can't help that as we are on the warpath," they said. I was not afraid and pointed my rifle to where they were, ready to shoot. I could not hear that scout whom they had captured now, as they had taken him a way off. I thought he must be killed.

Just then a man called Navajo Bill rode up on a horse with two scouts. He was like a stockman and in charge of the cattle. He had been drinking down in the camps, and for that reason he was not afraid of the renegades. The scout with the renegades was his son-in-law, and as he rode along he called, "Where is my son-in-law? If you kill my son-in-law, I am going to kill every

one of you." He told the scouts to give him a gun—that he was going up and shoot the renegades. But they would not give him one.

Now I went over to where the other scouts were. Up on the bluff the renegades had told the scout whom they held that he had to go down and get my horse, which was still standing under the bluff where I had left him. He was a good horse, and my saddle that was on him was good also. That scout said, "Wait awhile," as he was afraid that when he started for the horse the renegades would shoot him in the back.

Navajo Bill came to me now and said that two of our men had been shot in the fight, one horse killed, and that one scout had dropped his gun and run off. Now Navajo Bill started up the trail to the renegades. He shouted to them, "Where are you all going; why don't you come back here and cut that sergeant up in little pieces as you said you were going to do?"

The scout who had been shot through the chest came to me and said, "Those people have killed me. I just want to lie down now," and he did.

They had sent word from Rice to San Carlos about what was happening and now the soldiers got to us with more scouts. One scout came to me and said to stay there with the wounded man, that the rest of them would follow the renegades. The officer left two soldiers to help me also, but they never came near us all night.

That day the soldiers and scouts came back, as they could not find the renegades. We made a stretcher out of yucca poles, laid grass over it, and carried the wounded scout back to the foot of the big bluff above Rice where there was an Army wagon into which we loaded him, and this way started back to San Carlos. When we got him home his relatives could take care of him. We did not get in until after dark and then they kept us standing in line while the officers held a meeting about what had happened.

My father, down at Dewey Flats, had heard that I had been killed. He was a chief, and he came up to ask the head officer about me. The head officer told him that I was not hurt. My father was glad to hear that. He said, "If those people had killed my son, I would have followed them and kept killing them till I got killed myself."

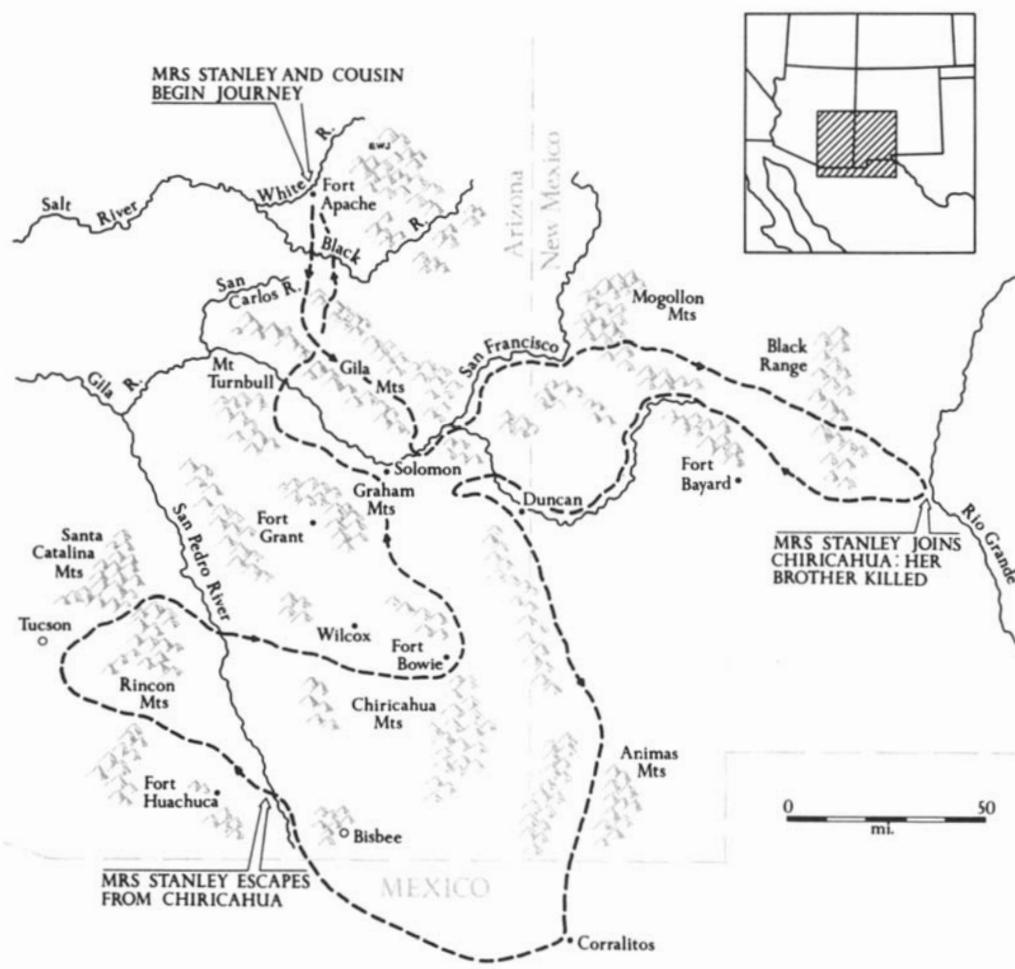
Lots of people had come up from Dewey Flats, as they heard that five of us had been killed. A lot of girls came up because they wanted to see me again before I was buried. When they saw I was still alive, they were glad.

In about six days the renegades came into Globe and gave up because they were hungry. Some soldiers were sent up and they brought the renegades back. They put them all in the jail at San Carlos and we scouts were sent to guard them. I was on guard there and had the keys. After awhile I unlocked the jail and let them out for air; they said it was too hot inside. Now I talked with them about the fight. I told them that I wished I had shot them all right there. They laughed and said they didn't know I was there in the fight.

These renegades had a good song they were singing and it made them feel happy. I said, "I don't think you will get punished for what you have done. If you had killed me, that would be different; I think you would have been killed then."¹⁷ I heard how you were talking about me, about pulling me out by the hair and cutting me in little pieces."

They said it was too hot in the jail, but I told them to get back in there right away and not complain, because they had good homes with sun-shades and cool wickiups, but had left them of their own accord and it was all their fault. About noon I let them out again. I wasn't mad at them because I had not been hurt.

My father told me that when my enlistment ran out he wanted me to quit the scouts, as there were too many Indians about who wanted to kill me. So when my enlistment ran out, I stopped scouting.



Mrs. Stanley Narrative

6

MRS. ANDREW STANLEY

A White Mountain Apache, Mrs. Andrew Stanley was approximately sixty-five years old in 1931. She had led an unusually tumultuous life and was considered extremely well-traveled for a woman. Her narrative begins some time around 1880 when, as a young widow, she left Fort Apache with a female cousin and embarked upon a remarkable journey that ended in a camp of renegade Chiricahuas on the Rio Grande River in New Mexico. In what follows, Mrs. Stanley describes her escape from the Chiricahuas and how, after a series of thoroughly extraordinary adventures, she finally found her way back to her own people.

From the first remembrance I have, the soldiers were at Fort Apache [1868–1870]. I don't remember or know about the first time the soldiers came to Goodwin Springs [1864].

We lived quite awhile at Fort Apache. Then some of our people killed some White people and so we were enemies with them. For this reason we scattered out all over the country, down this way in the Graham Mountains.

Now we started out from there and headed for Cibecue. On our way through Fort Apache, the soldiers followed us. We got to Cibecue after awhile. We stayed for five days at Cibecue. One chief went about among the people talking about us. After awhile

the people came together to talk about what they were going to do. Then a lot of them started out to make peace with the Whites at Fort Apache.¹ They made a flag of white cloth and held it up on their way. This way we made peace with the Whites again there.

Now trouble came up again there; A Chiricahua chief killed *itladndījole* ['Round Son'], one of the White Mountain men living there. But that chief had not really done it, we found later. This 'Round Son' had gone to a camp where there was *tutpai* and wanted some, but a brother of his there, the owner of the drink, said, "No, this is not for your mouth," so the man went home crying. He got a gun there and shot himself in the forehead. About the same time that chief rode away. So they thought he did it. His brother who had *tutpai* came running out and stabbed the Chiricahua chief with a knife because he thought he killed his brother.

After that someone came over from where the Chiricahua were, saying that there was to be a great dance there. So our chief told us all to go and see the dance.

When we got there my husband had one brother there. I made cans of *tutpai* and gave it to my husband there. He drank it up. Then he said to his brother, "Let's go and fill this bottle up for the girl at my camp." So they went there, but his brother said, "No, you should not be fooling with girls like that."

So my husband got mad and kicked over the cans of *tutpai*. My husband had a pistol, but didn't use it. Then his brother went for him. He jumped over the brush wall around our camp, but a stick caught in his moccasin and he fell. His brother jumped on him and stuck a knife into his side. His guts stuck out, but he walked all the same. A little later I felt something hard there. So a medicine man was sent for. He cut off the hard piece of dried guts that stuck out.

The dance kept up all that night, then ended. It was to have kept up three or four days, but on account of the trouble they cut it short. Then some Chiricahua women there used witchcraft on my husband, and in four days he died. The Chiricahua must not have liked us being there.²

After a long time my mother's younger sister heard that an old man was going to try to marry me. So she said to me, "You had a good husband, but this old man is not the kind that would suit you, so let's get my horse and yours and pull out," she said. So we did. No one was there, so we got horses, put a sack of stuff on each horse, and I told the other girl, "Well, we will go any way you want."

So we started. On the other side of Graham Mountain by Solomonville we went. We stopped on the Gila River, where it starts, way over to the east. Then we went on past the Mogollon Mountains in New Mexico and in ten days we got over to the Rio Grande River—way east. I thought she had meant to go to where other Apaches were, but she had gone the opposite way instead. On our way we stopped often to feed our horses, so they would not give out. I asked that girl, "How long is it till we get there?" "It's far off yet," she said. So we kept on. We met one White man leading a pack horse, but we saw him first and so we hid. He didn't see us.

We went not straight, but in curves, all over, once as if back towards the Gila River. That girl had been there before but had forgotten the trail. We went on. I didn't know that country. On the way one bear jumped out of the brush at us. We ran our horses fast and got away. We sort of headed back to the Mogollon Mountains. We were afraid of animals now. The other girl said, "Do you think we will see more of these animals?" So that night we made camp under a big juniper tree so we could make our bed in the branches.

The next day, we went out in the morning. After a ways we stopped for the night. That girl wanted to do as we did before—make our bed in the tree—but I said, "No, we'll sleep on the ground." So we did. We went on the next day and I told her, "Let's stop here one night and day to rest our horses. They are almost given out." So she said all right. I was kind of mad. I was tired.

Now we got to where we were going and from on top of a mountain we looked down. Below were a lot of Chiricahuas.³ They ran their horses about. We got off and sat there and watched them. They looked up at us and said, "I wonder why those girls are there." But they knew the horse of the girl with me; it had a

stripe of white on one side. Then we would hear them say, "Well, the other must be the woman whose husband was killed at that dance." Then we went down there and some women ran to me and took me off my horse and cried over me. They knew me well. "A Western Apache killed her husband," they said.

Now they unsaddled our horses and put them in the field. They had some boiled meat all ready there and fed us. They said that soon they would have a drink there. I had a brother among those Chiricahuas. He came and took me back to his camp. We had only been there two days when I heard that the girl I had come with married a Chiricahua man there. I guess the two loved each other well—that's why she went all that way to him. This place was right on the Rio Grande River.

After I had lived for about one year there, my brother had a bad dream. He had a pistol and he dreamed that someone had shot him with this pistol. The next day there was to be a dance, and so on account of this dream he gave it away to another man. But in the dance there, while he was dancing, the man who he had given it to shot him in the back, and the bullet came out through the front of his belly. That's the way he got killed. My brother's wife and I were the only ones who buried my brother. There were a lot of Chiricahua there, but they did not offer to help us. It was summer then and my brother had swelled up pretty bad, so he was heavy. On the way we had to drop the body once, but we buried him. He had been a rich man and had lots of blankets, spotted ones, so we cut these up and buried them with him.

It was from that time on that I was a captive to the Chiricahua.⁴ We headed back west again and, near Solomon, one of the men with us killed a Mexican—shot him. The horse the Mexican was riding was wild and started to run with the Mexican's foot caught in the stirrup. Those Chiricahua were pretty mean all right and always killed a Mexican when they came on one.

Then they told me, "Go catch that horse," so I did. Then they said, "Take the dead man's foot out of the stirrup," so I did. Then they said, "Get up on him and ride him," so I did. The horse reared up with me at first, but then I rode him all right. I had to do just as the Chiricahua told me now, as I was just as if a captive to them.

We went on from there on horseback, then on this side of the big mountain east of Duncan we stopped there two days and two nights, and there killed that horse of the Mexican. Then we ate the meat there and then started on. We went up another big mountain again, and the men left us there to go someplace again. Those men were pretty mean all right. There were no Whites here then—only Mexicans. They went off and killed a lot of Mexicans someplace and brought back some dresses and food to us.

We stayed there for four days after they got back, because those men were not afraid that anyone would follow them because they thought they were great fighters, and so they never looked back. Now it was like all the women there were like slaves to these men. We ate up all the meat there in the four days and then started on.

On the way we saw two men riding along. These were White men this time—Americans—and they did not see us. So we women hid behind the brush and the men we were with stopped on each side of the trail. They said, "One of us will shoot them, and then we can run to the horses and catch them right away." So we waited to see what would happen. Then they came along and one man shot one and he fell off, and then the other was shot and fell off. Then they caught the horses. They told me to get on one of the horses, a big white one, but I think that he must never have been ridden by a woman before, because he reared up and pawed the air, and I had a hard time.

Right there I was crying and thinking about my mother's sister who had taken me over to the Rio Grande in the first place, and how she had gotten me into all this trouble. If she had not told me to go along in the first place, I would not be in all this trouble that I was. I had a lot of *nadotsusn* [a clan: 'slender peak standing up people'] kin up at Fort Apache, and it was on account of me that a great many of them enlisted as scouts, so as to bring me back from the Chiricahua, but they never got me.

We started on, and on a big mountain further on they killed this white horse. We ate his meat, after butchering him, and stayed there. We went on from there and on over towards Round Mountain near Animas Valley in New Mexico, and the men

left us there and went off someplace. They killed two Mexicans and brought back two horses, a sorrel and a black. The meat did not last us long—we ate a lot of it. We stayed there and then killed the black horse and made jerky out of it.

“Maybe the Western Apache will pass through here on their way to fight us,” one of the Chiricahua said. It was true that my people as scouts did come through there. The men used to go off and leave us and go on top of a high hill and keep watch. Those people were smart all right. They did not stay in one place all night, but would move out to another place, so this way they did not get caught.

Then the men saw some scouts from San Carlos pass through there looking for the Chiricahua and so they watched to see where they would stop. Then the men came back and told us, “Well, those scouts are camped down there below us.” We stayed on top of the hill above. The men went on and circled about the scout camp, but they were not seen at all. They heard the scouts talking about me down there.

My maternal uncle, who was a chief, was talking to the rest. “If you shoot some Chiricahua, be sure and call the name of that woman (me). She might be around there and be sure not to shoot her, please,” they heard him say. Then the men came back from there. They told me what they had heard down there and said, “When those scouts shoot us, then you will be shot by us first, so you will have to die.” So I said to them, “All right, kill me right now.” I told them that because I thought to myself, “I am not afraid to go right now.”

One man said, “She is pretty good all right. We did not think that she would say like this, but she is not afraid of anything at all,” he said to me.

There were some people living in Mexico, and we thought of going there, but did not, and instead remained about Round Mountain for a long time. If we had gone down to the other place, we would have been killed sure, for all those Chiricahua were killed down there. When we finally did go there, they were all gone. We passed through there where those people had been killed.⁵ Their clothes were still piled up there. The men said that they wanted to see the place where all the people had been killed,

so they told us to go to one side while they went there. When they got back they told us, "There are a lot of dead people still lying there." They told us this when they got in to where we had made camp.

They called the names of the dead ones and said this man, and that man, and so on. Then while we camped there, two men went back over there to where the place was and buried just their own kin, taking them up in the crevices of the rock and laying them there, but the rest—not kin to them—they just let lay the way they were. If those men had wanted us to go over there and help, we could have, but they did not want us to go over there.

We stayed there about six days, but those two men spent most of the time down where the dead people were and cried there. It could have been the scouts from San Carlos that had done this killing, and I don't know why those Chiricahua there did not kill me right there. But I had two revolvers in a belt on my waist, one on each side, and a lot of cartridges in the belt, and the revolvers loaded, and I told the women that if the men made a move to kill that I would kill one of them first. Those women had the same also, revolvers.

One time I went out and tried practicing shooting at a stump, and when I shot I hit right in the center of it. When I shot, one of the men ran out to me and said, "What do you shoot about camp like that for?" "Well, you told me to practice, so I have to do it," I said. Then he took me back to camp there.

When I got there they said, "Well, we know your mind all right. I guess someday that you think you will shoot us just like that." "No, not that way. I just want to practice." "I guess you just try to shoot so you can help these wild animals about here, so they will know that we are here and our enemies will come and get us," they said. "No, not that way," I said. "I have just tried to help you people out."

Then we left that place and went over towards Fort Huachuca on the east side of the mountain there. We lived there for about one month. It was about June then and soon the acorns would be ripe. There were a lot of White people and Mexicans in that country, but they did not bother them any more because they did not want to start trouble. They just went for meat all the

time, sometimes killing a horse and other times killing a cow.

After a month we moved over onto the west side of the mountain and lived there on meat alone. Then we moved back to the east again. We went from one place to another living on tops of mountains, zigzagging back and forth. It was not good that way.

Then one of the women bore a little baby, a boy. As soon as it was born, the men threw it in the canyon there. They were afraid that it would cry at night. That woman all swelled up, way down on her thighs. They ought to have sung over her, but they did not. Instead they waited there for a long time and she got well again.

Then we moved over to the west side of the mountain there. We came to a place called *ḥiḥaʿitin* ['Many Horses Seen From Above'] where war parties had gone through long ago with lots of raided horses. The men left us camped there for a long time, and I thought that they had gone off to make war some place, but they did not get anything—just brought back meat. There those men said, "It will be better if we are not on the move all the time. We should stay in one place about a month. If we move about too much, we might run into trouble, so we will stay in one place for one month."

We stayed about that mountain for about one month. The men with us went nowhere, but stayed right there. While we were at this place, I commenced to think that if I had a chance to get a ways off from these people that I would beat it and get away from them. I thought that they would probably kill me if I stayed, so I was scared of that. Those people knew what was in my mind, I guess, for they said to me, "You are homesick, aren't you?" But I told them, "No I am not homesick. I am satisfied to stay here with you. I don't want to go. That's what I want; I went with my relatives to the Rio Grande and then I went off with you. That's what I wanted and now I have it." But I must have shown that I felt bad, for they knew it. Wherever we had gone with those people they had always made me ride right in the middle of them, so that I would not try to escape.

Then those men said that we had been there long enough, so one evening they told us all to saddle up and that we would move from there. As they said this, I was making up my mind what I would do. I had a brown mule there, and I had saddled him up and got all ready. Then we started out and on the way as I rode

between them, we came to a tree so that we had to split to get around. I held my mule in and remained on the other side of it from them. They rode on. I don't know how they could have missed their minds that way, but they must have thought that I was still between them and went right on.

As soon as they had gone on, I started to ride west. I did not know just where. Long after, when I had come home, I saw those people I had been with. They told me that they had stayed there at that place for five days and searched all over for me, but could not find me.

I traveled at night, and in the daytime I would get in under a bluff and stay there all day. Traveling this way I got lost and instead of striking up this way (north), I hit pretty near by Tucson but did not know it.⁶ I came to a good place in a canyon where there were some cottonwoods and it looked as if there would be water, so I unsaddled my mule and hid the stuff I had with me up in a niche in the bluff, and then I led the mule to water. But I could not find water, so I kept on leading the mule. Then all of a sudden, someone—a Mexican—called out to me, "Hey, Caballo," and I let the mule go and started to run. I had the two revolvers on my belt and as I ran I loaded them, for I thought that if they shot at me, I would shoot back at them and try to get them. But I ran around in back of the hill there, and they did not get me. Now I had lost the mule and was afoot and did not know how I was going to get along. I went up on the hill there and sat there all that day. Then at evening I went back to the place where I had cached my meat and ate some. Then I went to sleep there till the moon came up.

Now I started out and came to where there were a lot of Mexican houses. I could see some White men down there standing, so I turned back. The thing I was after was a horse, and I thought to myself, "Well, you have to have a horse, for without one there is no chance for you to get home. So you may just as well throw your life away trying to get one."

So now I started out around the other side and came down to where there were a lot of houses. I had gone back and left for a little while first. Then I came to a corral there. There were two gates to the corral, one on each side, and inside were lots of horses. But in one gate there was a Mexican sleeping with a yellow dog, and in the other gate was a Mexican sleeping with a black dog,

guarding the horses. But I chanced it anyway and got inside somehow and there was my mule.

He knew me for he came up and smelled of me. But I did not take him for there was a big white horse in there with a halter on. I cut this free and led him out. I did not think I was going to be able to do it, but I did. Then I got on the horse and he reared up with me a couple of times, but we started off and that's the way I got home. If one of those dogs had ever waked up and barked at me, I would have been lost.

I rode the horse back to where I had my food and saddle. There I saddled him up and put my things on him. He was a good horse, and I started out and rode to the east. He was a pretty good horse. I sort of headed back the way I had come, but when morning came I found this out and got headed right. I was riding down a hill there into a canyon. Below, a White man was driving a wagon, and I thought that sure he had seen me and was going to shoot me and take the horse from me. So I got in the brush and hid there. But he did not see me and went right on past. Then I came out.

I was nearly dead from thirst and I got down on the road and saw where a trickle of water came out from a big rock that stood up, black. So I went to it and got off and drank. But I was so thirsty that I drank too much. A person who has not had water for a long time should only drink a little. On account of this, I almost died right there and vomited out everything and started to swell up. Then I lost consciousness and lay there for I don't know how long. But somehow I managed to hold to the bridle reins in one hand and the horse standing there finally moved his head so that it moved my hand and brought me to.

I tried to get up, but fell down, then got up and staggered about as if I was drunk. Then I got on the horse and rode up the road, the way the White man had come. I don't know why I was not afraid and rode right up the middle of that road. Then the road came out on a little mesa, and there was a house there. There didn't seem to be anyone there, and I rode my horse all about it, and then got off and went in.

There I found lots of things, sugar and coffee. I had never seen coffee before and did not know what it was. The sugar I stuck my finger in and tasted it. It was sweet, so I took some more.

Then I mixed it up with the coffee and drank it. There were some matches there and I struck them against something, and they caught fire, so I took some of them, a big tin of coffee and sugar, and outside a saddle blanket hanging there, and also a pot. Up till that time I had just had a fire drill to start fires with; now I had the matches.

Then I started off and rode all that night, but got lost again and came too far east, but when the moon came up I got righted again. It was on account of having to travel at night that it took me so long to get home. Then I came to the east side of a big mountain, and I stayed there for five days. I thought to myself that if I did not stop and rest the horse, he would give out and I could not get home. So I stopped there and everyday took the horse out to where there was good grass and let him graze, but I kept hold of the rope on him all the time and did not turn him loose.

Then one evening I left. I headed wrong again. Then at middle of night I thought that I might as well sleep, so I got off and unsaddled and slept all night there. In the morning I went up on top of a big hill and stayed there all day. I went on from there and started on again, and this time I got to the big mountain at Fort Huachuca and went up on top of it. I rested there for two days.

Now about sundown I wanted to go down in a canyon there. I found a lot of acorns and walnuts there. I gathered a lot of them up and put them on a buckskin that I had there. But the horse could not stand it there. I did not know what was the matter with him. He smelled something and kept jumping about. Then in a little while I looked down from there to the north. There I saw a bear running towards me. He was a big, yellow one. Then I thought, well just let him come here to me. Then I got on my horse and started to run off, but he ran after me. I ran him over a little ridge and then a second one and then a third ridge, but there he still followed me. But now he stopped and sat up on his hind legs and let his arms drop at his sides. There he hollered like a bull almost. But from here on he did not chase me at all.

I started on from there again. I traveled all night, every night. Now I got up to *tseya' didzuk* ['Rocks Pointed Below'], and now I knew where I was.⁷ I knew that the Chiricahua had lived there,

and that I lived there with them, that we had had a good place there, and that I had lived with my husband there. I sat and thought about it and cried. Up till this time I had not known the country that I had come through. From there at night I started on this way again and came to the Graham Mountains on the south side.

From this place on I traveled in the daytime. I went on towards where Solomon is now, where the road comes from Bowie and joined the other here. There I met someone with a wagon, and driving it were a Tonto Apache and his wife who was a Tonto Apache also. These two had been captured as children by the Mexicans and raised as captives by them. They used to live at Solomon, and I had known them when I was around there with my husband before. They had told me their story, and I had got good friends with them and had given them a horse of mine.

Now this wagon coming along, I recognized that horse I had given them, and by it I knew them and so right there we met. As soon as they saw me, they got off the wagon and both cried and put their arms about me. We used to be good friends, all right. They told me, "We have two Mexicans staying there with us." So I took all the things off my horse and put them in the wagon and went back with them to their camp. They told me to stay there with them for a while.

They said that some Chiricahua had gone again from San Carlos two days ago—had run off. So those two told me, "Let them get far away first, and then you can go home. If you go too soon, they might catch you again." So I stayed there with them and they hid me and told me not to let the Mexicans see me or the horse, so whenever the Mexicans came they always hid me, and the horse also. They also bought some calico there and made a dress for me there. I stayed there for six days. The saddle I had and two blankets I had I gave to those people I stayed with there.

At the end of six days I told them, "Well, I am going to leave you now." I had long hair then and so they braided it up like the Mexican women do, and also I wore beads about my wrists and rings on the fingers, and hair pins. I had never worn them before. The horse I had was tied behind the wagon. They took me to a place north of where they were living. We stopped there for the night. They told me now the trail went on from there. They pointed out how it went through a gap in the Gila Moun-

tains. So the next morning I started off when they turned back over the river to the foot of Mount Turnbull and stopped there, because I was afraid that there might be Chiricahua ahead of me.

I stayed up there three days and nights. Long ago when we used to come down here, my sister had put some mescal up in a tree. I thought about it and wondered if it was still there. When I got there I found it still there. I took some down and filled up a sack of it there. I cried there as I thought of my sister. I put the rest back where it had been.

I started north again, crossed the Gila and over to the Gila Mountains. In the wash on the way up to the mountains, there was water, and I saw where someone had chewed mescal and spat it out just a little while ago, and I did not know who it was. I saw the tracks but just kept on anyway. I did not care if I was killed or not.

Then I came out on a flat place above. While I was there I saw a long black line spread out there. It was soldiers. There was a low place, so I rode down to it. I thought at first they were Chiricahua. I stayed there all day and got very thirsty. I had a white horse and anyone could see it from far off, so I could not travel over any open place during the day.

At evening I started on from there again and saw their tracks where they had gone by. Now I got up on the big mountain and unsaddled my horse and stayed there. Then, that evening, I heard a drum and a dance was going on there. It was some scouts and soldiers from San Carlos and the White Mountain people who had captured some Chiricahua and were taking them back to San Carlos. They had the dance there.

I don't know what put it into my head; I guess I must have been crazy, for I decided to go to the dance. So I dressed up in the new dress that my friends at Solomon had made for me and walked down there. I left my horse behind as I was afraid they would find me out if I took him. When I got there I went in and danced. Then soon two Chiricahua girls came up and danced beside me there. I danced that way two times and then walked off. I went back to where my horse was tied. I slept there that night and still heard the drum.

Then in the morning I heard the bugle blow. Those Chiricahua women were feeling good. I could hear them laugh. Now they were gone, but I stayed there four days and nights. I did not

want to go right among the people, as I had been by myself for so long, so I stopped there again. I stayed here five days and then went on and crossed Black River. I was too wild, like a deer; that is why I didn't like to go right among my people.

This side of Fort Apache where there is a mountain and a little pond of water, I stayed. There was lots of feed for the horse. Below there was a camp of our people, but I stayed there alone for six days again. Then I let the horse go and put hobbles on him. Then I started to walk down to that camp. A little further on I thought about the Chiricahua that I had been with so long and cried about them, for they were far off.

As I still cried I walked on to the camp. I got to the river. Right there I met my maternal uncle watering a pinto horse. He talked to me in the Chiricahua language and asked me where I came from. I spoke back to him in the same language. I asked him how his daughter was and called her by name. He had not known me before that. Then he knew me and ran to me and caught me there.

Then he called to his daughter and said, "Your cousin has come home again," so she came running to me also. Then a lot of people gathered about me. But I had been so long alone that they all smelt bad to me, and I could not stand it. I vomited because of it. They gave me food to eat, but I could not swallow it. I was not used to this. I slept a ways apart from the rest, so as to avoid being too close to them.⁸

Then the next day I went up on the hill to get my horse and things. I packed them all on him and came back down to the camps there, but the people had all moved away. They thought that I had gone to bring the Chiricahua to where they were to kill them all. I had told them just how I had been with the Chiricahua and how I had escaped from them, but they would not believe me and so had all moved over close to where the agency was.

Now there was no one there where they had been, only one old woman who was sick that they had just abandoned.⁹ When I got down there, I unsaddled the horse. Then I saw this old woman and went to her. She told me, "While you went away, those people said that you had gone after the Chiricahua, so they left here right away." I told the old woman, no, that I was all alone and all right and that I had traveled two months to get here. I told the

old woman, "If they don't come back here, I am going to stay two days and then take my horse up on top where I was again." But the old woman said, "Don't go away again, and it was as if you were dead. But now you have come back, so stay."

Those people thought that I was dead long ago, and now when I came back, it was like a ghost coming back to them. But the next day my maternal uncle came back here to see how things were and saw my horse there now. So all the rest came back to their camps now. That's the way it used to be in the old days; whenever a person returned who had been captive to the enemy, their relatives were always afraid that he would lead the enemy to them. This had happened before.

Part II

**SELECTED ASPECTS OF
RAIDING AND WARFARE**

In addition to the autobiographical material presented in Part I, Grenville Goodwin collected a large amount of information on specific aspects of raiding and warfare. The topics treated in Part II are those he considered among the most important and on which his field notes are most complete. Once again, the data are in the form of statements from Western Apaches. Each section is devoted to a single topic and is composed of statements from a number of informants. Selections were made with the double aim of avoiding unnecessary redundancy and giving full representation to differences in informant opinion and interpretation. The first section deals with the manufacture and handling of weapons, poison, and 'war charms' (bahazdi?).

7

WEAPONS

BOWS

Nowadays some of these Indians make their bows out of Wright's willow to sell to the White people, but long ago we only used the wood of wild mulberry for bows, as it was the strongest. We had to get a piece that was straight and had no knots. We worked the bow down into shape while the wood was still green and then hung it up to dry out in our wickiups for about five days to a week.

Then we made the bowstring. A piece of sinew about one and a half feet long and one and one-quarter inches wide was soaked up and torn in about six strips. Then the ends of these strips were spliced together so as to form one long string. Now this was doubled over and the two parts twisted tightly together and then the bowstring was finished.

We used to make our bows in two shapes, the single arc bow and the double arc bow. The double arc bow you get into that shape when it is still green.



The double arc bow we had before the single arc bow. But later we learned that the single arc bow was better because there was more room to string and draw an arrow on it, there being no hump in the middle.



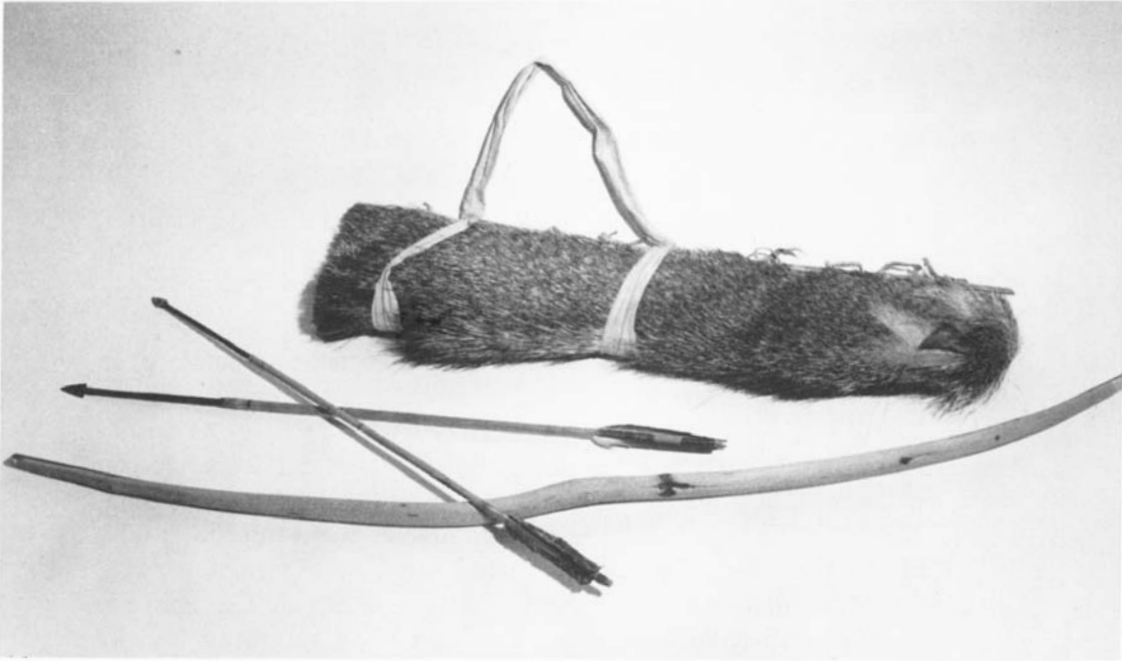
Bowstrings we made out of sinew from the back of a deer, or from the muscle on the back of his hind legs. We peeled off several long strips and let them dry. Then you wet the ends of these and join them together in one long string, just stuck together. You have to judge from your bow how long to make the string. It would have to be a little longer to allow for the twisting.

Now you take your sinew strips, all joined together, and double the string over and put a stick through the loop at the end and start to twist, while the sinew is still damp and soft. If there are any bumpy places on the string as you twist it, you will have to chew them down even. Before you get finished, you will have to call a boy to come over and help you hold it.

When it is all made, you put it on your bow and make it just a little tight and let it dry like that. Then you tie it a little tighter again. Later on you string it tighter again. When it is all set, then you string it up well and pull your bow with it to test it. Now it is finished.



When you shot a bow you had to wear a guard around your wrist of leather or tanned hide to keep your wrist from being cut



Grenville Goodwin Collection, courtesy Arizona State Museum. Helga Teiwes, photographer

Western Apache bow, javelina-hide quiver, and arrows

by the bowstring. Some men used to make theirs look nice with notches cut in the sides.



When you used a bow you had to use a wrist guard to keep the string from cutting your wrist. They used to either make one of leather or just wrap some rags around their wrists.



You hold the bow in the middle with your thumb braced up against it. The arrow goes to the left side of the bow and rests on the side of your thumb. With your right hand you hold the nock of the arrow to the bowstring with your first, second, and third fingers, the first finger above the nock, the other two below it. With these three fingers you pull the bowstring back and aim right along the arrow, from your eye, and then let it go.

When you shoot a bow and arrow, if you want to make a long shot you hold the bow crossways. If you make a close shot you hold it vertical.



The oldest man would teach his relatives how to make bows, and they would make them the way he told them. If a man started to make his own bow he could not make it the way it should be. They made a string for it and tied the string to it. The old man would test the bow. He would draw it. If it drew too hard, he would look at it and if he found it was too thick on one place, so it drew hard, he would tell them to make this place a little lower.

If there was an old man who was your relative, he would make arrows for you for nothing. But if he was not a relative you would pay him for it. You would give him a shirt or something. The old man who could make good arrows you would hire, who knew about the making of them and straightening them.

After the arrow is all finished, they go and practice shooting. They tear off cedar bark and roll it up in a ball and throw it away so many yards and shoot at it. That's the way they practiced, not every day, but just once in a while. Some would hit it, some would miss it. For a long distance shot we used the bow crossways; it made the arrow shoot higher. If it was a near distance shot we held the bow straight up and down.



If a man hired an old man to make a bow, arrows, a bowstring or a quiver for him, he might give him a buckskin. But if he was his relative he would not give him anything. But he would expect you to help him out when you killed a deer; if you killed a deer with arrows he made, you would give him part. Or if you went out on a raid when you got back if you had a bunch of horses you would give him one or two, without him asking for it.



My grandfather used to make bows to trade. He made the bows well and put bowstrings on them. Then a man would come to him and say, "I have arrows at my camp but no bow at all, so I want to get one from you." They would give him a big buckskin for it.

ARROWS

Long ago, they got reeds for arrows. They went to the place where they were growing, and cut them off with knives of white chert or flint. Then they made bows of wild mulberry, cutting off the wood with white flint knives, and shaping them down so that they were flat on one side. Then they made their bowstring of strands of buckskin twisted together. Now they shot the arrow. It had no feathers and wobbled as it went. So they killed a small bird, and used its feathers—three—to put on the arrow. They used to use the feathers of any bird, any kind of small birds—that was good enough. Now the arrow shot better, and they killed a turkey and put three turkey feathers on the arrow. Then they shot Red-tailed Hawk and took two of his wing feathers and one of his tail feathers and put them on the arrow. The first time they had arrows they had no points, only the wood for the shaft was sharpened. This wasn't much good, so they split the end of the shaft and set in an arrow point made of white flint with pitch and bound it with sinew. Now they went out in the mountains and hunted deer and killed them.

Their arrows were not powerful enough, so the first time they killed a deer, they took some of its blood and part of its guts and mixed in with them parts of plants that have thorns and briars—the kind that stick into your foot. Then they set this up to rot. When it was ready, they put it on the arrowpoints. Now, when they shot a deer, even if he was only a little wounded, he would fall over dead before he went far.



Arrows were made out of cane found growing in camp places in the mountains or along the river bottoms. Bows were made of wild mulberry.



The best canes for arrows have always grown on the Gila River a little below where Coolidge Dam is now. The ones that grow along the river here are too soft. Down in Mexico there are good arrow canes growing, and they used to bring them back from down there when they were on the warpath.



*Grenville Goodwin Collection, courtesy Arizona
State Museum, Helga Teiwes, photographer*

Western Apache arrows with metal and flint points

We used to smooth our arrow-shafts down by using a stone arrow-smoother.¹ We straightened them in the fire. We used to get the stone for these arrow-smoothers at Bear Canyon. It is a whitish, soft stone, and there is lots of it there. The stone was smoothed down and a groove cut in it. When we got ready to straighten arrows, we heated this stone smoother in the fire, and then took it out and rolled the joints of the cane arrows in it, and then ran the shafts back and forth to smooth them. Later on when we had an iron skillet we used to heat it and run the arrow shafts over it.

We used the feathers of red-tailed hawk, turkey, dove, quail, flicker and all kinds of birds that had good feathers. Right where the feathering is we used to paint the arrows in different colors so that we could tell our arrows apart. We could also tell by the make of an arrow to which band or tribe it belonged.

Long ago, when they first got arrows, they tried the first arrow with two feathers. It flew crooked, so they put two more feathers on it—four all together—but when they shot it, it still went in a curve. Now they took one of the feathers off so the arrow only had three. This time they shot it and it flew straight and fast. From that time on we always used three feathers on an arrow.



Arrow foreshafts were made of hard woods. These were worked while green and straightened by fire. They were set into the main shaft with pitch. They either put a stone point on the foreshaft or just left it plain and very sharp. Both kinds were used for deer and other game. A strong shooter at fairly close range could send an arrow right through a man or deer and almost through a man standing sideways.



We made all-wooden arrows out of desert broom [*Baccharis sarothroides*], also, fixed up and painted just like the others, except they had no hard wood foreshaft and the stone points were set right into their ends. Right where the foreshaft would be set into a cane arrow, they bound sinew around the wood shaft so it looked the same. The Chiricahua used to make lots of these kinds of arrows.



Cane arrows are the oldest kind. We learned the all-wooden arrows from the Navajo.



The points of all-wooden arrows are made of catclaw and are set into the cane shaft with pitch. This way we used to do to make them so they wouldn't come out. Sometimes we used to rub pitch into the inner side of a bow also to make it stronger.

The feathers are made on these arrows from red-tailed hawk feathers. You have to scrape down your feathers pretty flat so they fit well onto the shaft. Then you take and start tying them on with sinew. But first you paint the part of the arrow where the feathers go in red and black. The red is hematite, the black is charcoal. Over the paint you put piñon pitch to keep it on.

Then you take some pieces of yucca leaves and double them around the painted part of the shaft and roll it back and forth to polish it. Now when you put your feathers on, you get the sinew wet and soft. First you tie on one or two feathers at a time at their upper ends by the nock. You hold them on with your fingers and start the sinew around once or twice, and then hold one end of it in your teeth and wrap it on the shaft by rolling the shaft.

When you have two feathers held on, then you put the third one on and wrap it the same way, holding one end with your teeth. When they are all tied on, then you make a half-hitch with the sinew, break it off and press the end down so it doesn't show. Now you tie the lower ends of the feathers to the shaft the same way, but all three at once. After you get your feathers all tied on, then you trim them down to the right size.



You must never use more than one part of a feather on the same arrow. You must take the three parts for an arrow all from different feathers, so that they will all face the same way. Like going sunwise. If you don't you will get two facing each other and the arrow will not shoot so well.



In the old days the clans used to paint all their arrows the same way, except the *desčidin* [a clan: 'horizontally red people'], who painted theirs all red.



We used to use four kinds of arrowpoints; one was a stone point, one was a steel point, one was just the wooden foreshaft sharpened up, and one was with a four crosspiece rig for shooting quail.

The first two kinds, we have to cut a notch in the end of the foreshaft to fit the arrowhead into. Then we tie it on with sinew.

The fourth kind had crosspieces made of hard wood. You cut two shallow notches on opposite sides of the foreshaft about three and a half inches from the point, and in each of these you fit and tie one crosspiece with sinew. Then you tie on the other two crosspieces on top of these.

This rig is for shooting birds so that if you just happen to graze them, you will kill them with these crosspieces.



The old men used to go around to ruins and pick up pieces of white flint there until they had enough to fill a small buckskin sack.² Then when they got ready to make arrowpoints, they laid a blanket down and on this spread out their pieces of white flint. Then they picked whichever one they wanted to work on. When they worked on a point, they held a piece of buckskin in the palm of the hand and gripped the flint in this. Then with a piece of deer horn about five inches long they flaked down and worked the point into shape.

We used to tip our arrow foreshafts. The Pimas didn't. They used a great long arrow pointed only with a wooden tip, which was shaped to have four sides. One time they fought with our people and used these arrows and also wooden clubs.

Long ago we couldn't get any iron to tip our arrows with, so we used only flint.

ARROW POISON

Our people used to use poison on their arrows, both in war and in hunting. This poison was made from a deer's spleen. This was dried first, then ground up fine and mixed in with the ground roots or stalk of nettles and also some plant which has a burning taste, like chili. The mixture is put all in a little sack made from a part of the deer's big intestine.

Then when all is ready, the maker spits into the bag and ties it up tightly and quickly so that none of the bad air will escape.

The bag is hung from a tree for about three to five days till good and rotten and in liquid form. Then it is taken out and painted on the points of the arrows.

If the poison gets dry and hard it can be ground up and mixed on a stone with spit, just as paint is.

This is a bad poison, and if you just have a scratch and get this in it, you will swell up all over. When a poison arrow is shot into a deer, no matter if it merely scratches him, he will die in about eighty yards.



Our people used to make a poison to put on the ends of arrows, and later on to paint on those old-fashioned musket balls. I never used this myself, but I have seen the old men making it. I can remember once they had an old Tonto in jail at San Carlos. He knew all about this poison. One officer there went down to see him with the interpreter and offered to give him five dollars, or turn him loose from jail, if he would tell how to make the poison. But he would not tell.

It is made with a deer's spleen, also the leaves of nettles ground up fine, and *tsekə*² ['lichen'] which grows on heavy rocks, and this is why they used it.³ These are all mixed together when the spleen is getting rotten and mixed on a rock. A man, while he is making this, keeps all the boys away from him and also the dogs. If a dog should smell this stuff, then it would be no good. When he is through he puts the rock on which the stuff has been mixed up in a tree, so no one can get hold of it.

This poison is used in hunting and in war also. It doesn't spoil meat, except right around the wound. I remember one time my uncle shot a deer with a poisoned arrow. The arrow stuck in the deer's head and did not come out. The deer ran off though. Next day my uncle and some others went to trail the deer. There was no blood sign at all, but my uncle said he knew he hit that deer. Pretty soon they found him where he had dropped dead while running.

This poison is bad, and if you just get scratched with it, it will kill you. It is called *ε²estluš*.



In the old days we used to make arrow poison to put on our arrow tips. If you just grazed a deer with a poison arrow, he would die. It was very poisonous.

You take the spleen of a deer and bury it in the ground and let it rot there for about twelve days. Then you get certain kinds of plants and squeeze their juices into the rotten spleen. Also, I used to put in sand because it is rough. Now you take it all out and grind it.

While you work on poison, dogs must not smell of it because if they do then it will be no good. When a man had poison other men living within about a mile of him would come to get some for their own use also.

I have made poison for arrows this way lots of times. They used to say that if a pregnant woman farted into the poison, then it would surely be deadly. But they never did this; it was only a joke.



An old man who was making the poison used to go every day to see how it was getting along on the tree. As long as it smelled very strong, it was not ready. When it didn't smell so much, then it was not ready. When it didn't smell so much, then it was ready and hard like a rock. He would take it down and paint arrows with it now, grind it a little on a rock.

When they moved camp, they used to wrap the poison bag up in a thick bundle of yucca leaves so it wouldn't smell or get touched. When not in use it was hung in a tree. An old man told me about this poison. He used to make it.



The points of arrows were poisoned by a concoction made from a kind of bug. This was put in the ground for three days or so and, when taken out, was ready for use.



I never heard of using snake poison in arrow poison. That would be bad. If a man ate game killed with snake poison it would not be right. It would be bad.

ARROW QUIVERS AND BOW CASES

We used to make arrow quivers out of different kinds of hides —horse, steer, deer, wolf, wildcat, and mountain lion. When the hide had a nice tail on it, we would leave that hanging on too, and decorate the quiver with red flannel. Mountain lion made the nicest quiver of all. We used to decorate them with brass studs too. Sometimes if there was a buckskin on them, we would make painted designs on it.

We also made a quiver with a bow case attached so as to keep the bow dry. A quiver held about thirty or forty arrows. It was slung on the back with its shoulder strap going over the right shoulder and under the left arm. This way you had only to reach over your right shoulder and draw an arrow out.



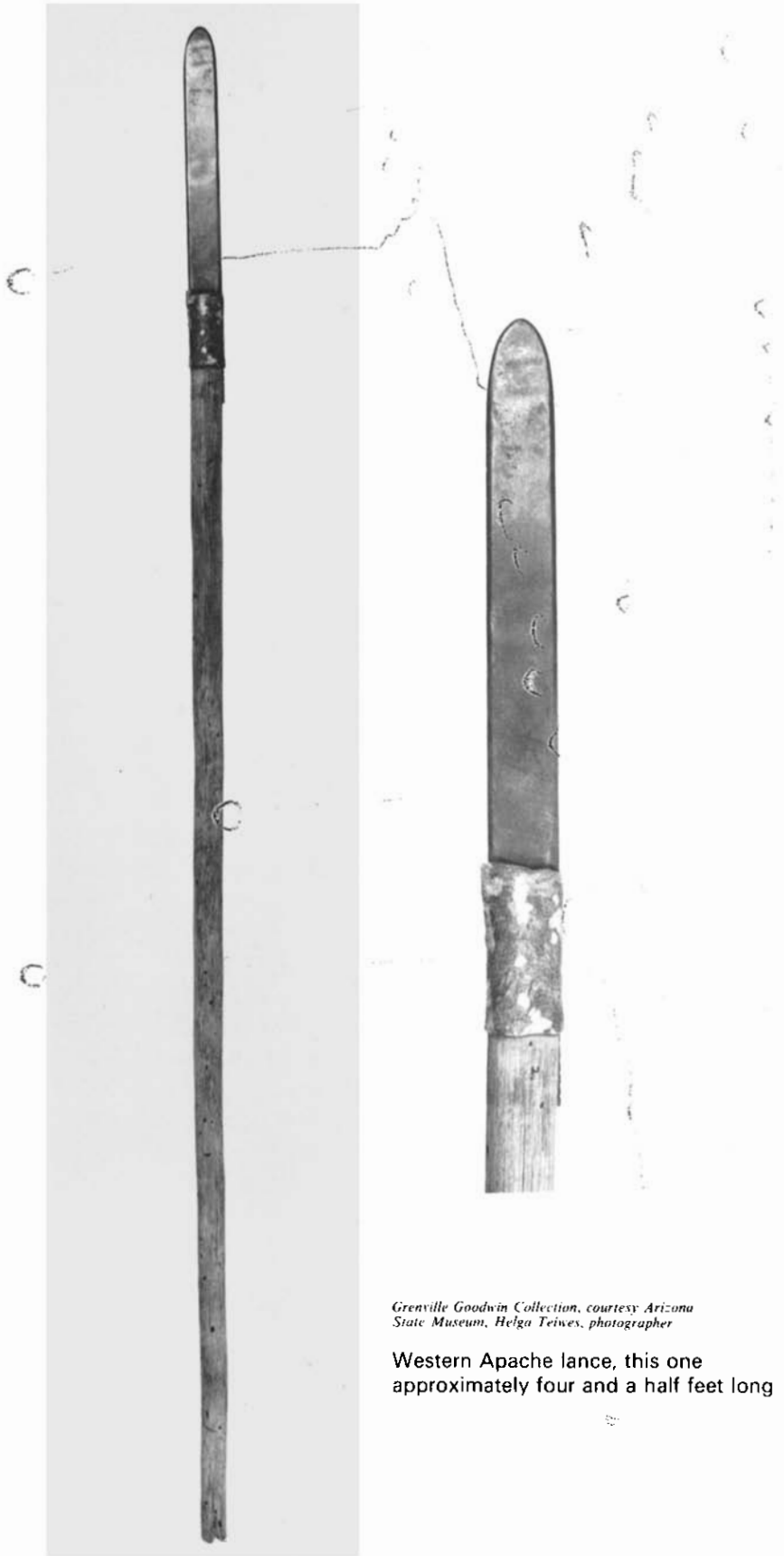
Of the two kinds of quivers, the plain quiver without a bow case is the kind we used first. The quivers with bow cases we saw the Chiricahua using and so we copied it from them.

My grandfather used to make quivers, good ones. He made them with mountain lion skins, or gray fox skins, with the tail hanging down and fringes at the bottom and a red cloth down the sides. He would make about two of these and trade them for one horse or one gun. They used to call my grandfather "Blue Fox" because he was always making sacks and quivers of gray fox skins.

SPEARS

Our people used to make lances for weapons. We made the handles sometimes eight or nine feet long, out of the dry, dead stalks of sotol. We straightened these handles in the fire and made them smooth. We used sotol stalks because they were good and light.

Long ago we used to make the lance points out of mountain mahogany, fairly flat and sharp-pointed. Later on we used bayonet and saber blades of steel. The lance points were stuck into the end of the handle, and a piece of a cow's tail about eight inches long and not cut open was slipped over the point and over the place where the hafting was, and then allowed to stay there until dry. Stone spear points were not used.



Grenville Goodwin Collection, courtesy Arizona State Museum, Helga Teiwes, photographer

Western Apache lance, this one approximately four and a half feet long

The shaft of the spear was usually painted: the upper half to the point was usually painted blue, or black if they had no blue; the lower half, butt end, was usually painted red, or sometimes left plain. Right at the point end of the handle were tied two eagle feathers.

Anyone could make a lance at any time as there was no medicine to it. They were used either on foot or on horse. They were never left out of the hands, though, and if one was thrust into a horse or cow it was pulled out right away. They either thrust with it single-handed and underhand, or with both hands near the butt and overhead, stabbing down. Sometimes if the hafting got soaked with blood, it got soft and the point would not come out.



Lance handles were made from the sotol stalk. This was done while the stalk was still a little green, so that it might be bent straight and allowed to dry in that way. These handles were made about two yards long, and the steel point was fastened on their ends. Points were also made of hard wood and of stone.

In use, the spear was held with part of the shaft under the elbow and sticking out behind. The point was waved around in a circular motion, and the thrust made at the last moment so that the enemy might not be able to dodge.



The way they fought with spears was to hold them in their hands all the time and fence with them. They did not throw them. If you threw them then you were lost and had no spear. Two men fought each other with them, and the man who was the fastest won and killed the other. If one was just a little slow and left himself open any place, then the other would lance him. We never threw spears at all, nor did we have any loop on the handle to hold on to it with.



A man who was a good fighter and who could run fast was the one to use a spear.

We used to make our spears about eight to ten feet long in all.

The handles we made of the stalk of sotol. We just used the straightest ones and only the stalks of the hardest sotol. If they were not straight enough, then we heated them near the fire and bent them straight in the crotch of a tree.

Then we fitted in a steel spearhead and pulled over it the tail of a burro, still green and not cut except at the end. When this dried, it held the spear point in tight. Then around this again we bound thick buckskin.

There were two kinds of spear points: a short, broad one, and a long one called *espada*.

The half of the handle from the middle to the point we coated with pitch and then rubbed black charcoal paint on it to make it all black. Around the head of the spear—only when we went to war with it—we tied a piece of red cloth. The rest of the time it did not have this cloth. In the old days I think they used to make the spear points of obsidian.



Long ago there was an old man about whom there is a story. He had a wooden-pointed spear, and I saw this spear myself, though I never saw what he did with it. He was in a battle with some Mexicans, and he was about to spear one Mexican. This Mexican ducked down low, and when the man thrust with his spear, the point hit the crown of the Mexican's head and went clear through his skull and killed him.

WARCLUBS

We used to make warclubs out of rawhide. A round piece of hide was cut out and a round stone sewed up inside it. The handle was made of a cow's tail, peeled off and not cut. Inside this was put a long stick. Then the tail was allowed to dry. The hair was kept on it so that it hung down long.

You had to hit a man on the head with one of these to kill him. I think we learned this kind of club from the Pimas, as one time they killed some of our people and some Tonto Apaches when they were sleeping, with clubs like these.





Grenville Goodwin Collection, courtesy Arizona State Museum, Helga Teiwes, photographer

Western Apache warclub

Our people used to use warclubs a lot to fight with and protect themselves from bear, mountain lion and other wild animals in the mountains. The war parties used to make nice ones while they were down in Mexico and bring them back. You have to hit on the head with them to kill. They were carried hung from the belt.

They took a peeled cow's tail and shoved a hardwood stick down inside it. At the end they sewed a round rock inside the rawhide. Sometimes they sewed the tail up along the stick also. They put a thong in the handle so that you could slip your wrist through it. I have never seen or heard of one of these being painted.

SHIELDS

Long ago our people did not use shields. We learned how to make them from the Mexicans. I guess one time they caught a Mexican who showed them how.

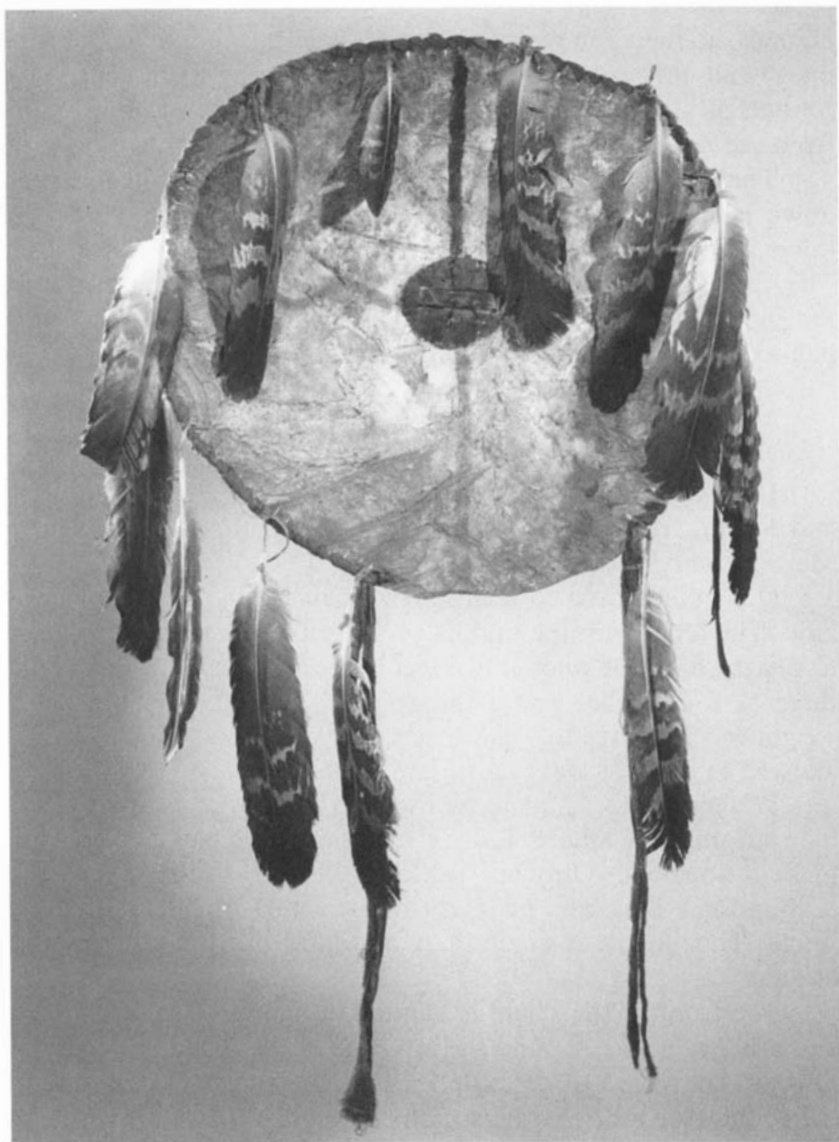
Our people used to make their shields of horsehide or cowhide. The hide from the middle of the back was used. They used to peg the hide out when it was wet and peg it so that it was about three or four inches above the ground. Then they would put a weight in the center to weight that part of the hide down. It was allowed to dry this way.

When dry, it was taken off the pegs and the center part of the hide cut out in a square. Later the corners were trimmed so as to make it all round. Only one thickness of hide is used in a shield. A loop for a handle is put right in the center of the back of the shield. This handle is made thick and hard like the crupper of a harness.

The front of the shield is painted in figures of snakes, bears, and other animals. Around the top edge of the shield and halfway down it, they used to tie eagle feathers on with buckskin, and at each side were more feathers than on the top. Later on when we got red cloth, we used to put this where the eagle feathers were, and the feathers on top of it.

They used to make a cover of buckskin or cloth to fit over the shield.

Only a man who knew about making these shields and *inda ke 'ho 'ndi* ['enemies-against power'] could make one of the



Grenville Goodwin Collection, courtesy Arizona State Museum, Helga Teiwes, photographer

Western Apache war shield

shields.⁴ The other men would go to him and get him to make them one. Only rich men who knew about war medicine used these shields. They had to pay the equivalent of about thirty or forty dollars to the maker.

On a war party they usually carried only one of these shields. When they were going into battle with the Mexicans, the war medicine man with his shield would go out in front of the rest of the warriors. With him would go three other men who were trying to be brave. They all four would walk out in front in an even line abreast. The medicine man would hold the shield up so that it covered the middle of his body. No arrow or bullet could pass through this shield.

When the owner of a shield died, the shield was not burned but was passed on to someone of his relatives.

I have never seen but one of these shields, and that was when I was a little boy.



A shield was used by the White Mountain Apaches in war. It was round, made of two thicknesses of rawhide sewn together, painted with a design on the front and with a handle on the back side. The shield had a strip of cloth halfway round the edge, with each end hanging down a little. On the cloth was sewn a fringe of eagle feathers.

In battle the shield tilted one way and then another to present a glancing surface from which arrows and even bullets at times could be deflected.



We have used shields for a very long time. Long ago we learned to use them from the Navajo, I think.



Before we were able to get cowhides or horsehide we didn't have any shields. Deerskin was too thin for shields.

Not everyone could make a shield; it had to be a man who understood about these things, who knew war medicine. An ordinary man might be in danger from painting a shield. In the middle of a shield and around on it are painted pictures as a prayer to make the shield strong so the owner will not get hurt.



A shield, called *nan[?]idi[?]* or *nastaž[?]i[?]*, was only used by a man who understood about war and who was a fast runner and good fighter. When a man who knew about shields used one of them, then you couldn't see anything behind the shield at all; it just looked as if only the shield was there.

Sam Dushey's father had one of these shields. He is dead now. He was a short man. Long ago one time, they were getting ready to go on the warpath together with the Chiricahua. The Chiricahua said they wanted to see how the Eastern White Mountain Apache danced with the shield. Sam's father went out and started to dance with his shield when they called his name at the war dance. He held his shield out in front of him with his left hand, and in his other hand he held a spear. He did well and pretended to be in battle. You couldn't see him at all behind the shield. It was as if he was invisible. Only you could see the shield there. When he got through the Chiricahua said: "There, there is the man who understands about war; there is the man you will follow no matter what kind of men the rest of you are."

I have only seen one or two shields ever, at the times when they danced with them. War parties going down into Mexico used to take along one or sometimes two shields. In battle, a man with a shield didn't have to go out in front; he could go anyplace he wanted. Only the chief and the very bravest and best fighting men had to stay out in front.

These shields had eagle feathers hung around the upper half of them, and right where they ended on each side was hung one crow feather. This was like a prayer to the crow for some reason. When a man took his shield out on the warpath down to Mexico, he would take all the feathers off it and carry it on his back on his way. When he got to Mexico, then he would put the feathers on it again. They kept these shields in a buckskin case.

On the inner side of his shield a man would draw a figure of some kind very faintly so you could hardly see it. This was only for himself to see and meant that he would be successful in war. On the outer side they used to paint the shield up well.

A man learned to use one of these shields from some old man, usually his father, his uncle, or his grandfather, who knew war medicine. If he wanted a shield, this old man used to get it made for him as a gift. He would hire four men to work on the shield. The old man wouldn't work on it, but he would be right

there all the time to supervise the work. The man for whom the shield was made wouldn't have to pay for it, but the old man would keep it in his mind that sometime when he came back from the warpath, he would make a present of some horses or cattle to the old man and his four helpers.

They used to make shields of horse or cowhide from the thick part right over the hips on the back. They pegged the hide out and let it dry. Then they cut a round piece out of it the size of the shield when it was dry. This piece they had to trim down so it was just round. They had to make it very tight and strong so no bullet or arrows would go through it.



I once saw an old man show how the shield was used. There were some of us sitting on the ground and he started to come toward us, holding the shield. I couldn't see his body at all, only the shield. A bullet, if it hits one of these shields, will glance off. It can't go through.

WAR CHARMS

The only kind of man who can make a *bahazdi*? ['war charm'] is a man who has 'enemies-against power.' He is the only man who makes these. He can make one for himself, and if anyone else wants one he can make one for them also. He gets paid for this. When he has made it, then he prays over it and teaches the man for whom it is, about everything that is on it and how to pray to it also.



Yes, in the old days I saw war charms, and some had little hoops of wood on them and some had a little cross of wood on them. They used them to go to war with, and they were holy—respected. When they were at home they put them away in a sack in the camp and did not wear them about at all. But if, for instance, a man went from here to Fort Apache just on a trip, he would wear it all right, even though he was not going to war. This was to keep all danger from him.





Grenville Gundwin Collection, courtesy Arizona State Museum, Helga Teiwes, photographer

Western Apache war charm

These charms keep bullets off from you. They are taken to war all right, but not worn in sight by the owner till he goes into battle; then he wears it on the outside where it can be seen. The chiefs always had them and wore them in battle as they went in front of their men. A chief prayed that the bullets might be held back from his men, and that is the way that he would take them into battle, and none of them would get hurt behind him. The missiles could not get past him on account of his charm.



Chiefs always knew about 'enemies-against power,' and if a man came to them and asked for one of these war charms to be made, if he was a good brave man, he could make it for him all right; but if the man was not a brave man, did not get in the thick of the fight, he would not be willing to make one for him. He would know all his men.



These charms were not good for gambling or hunting or crops—just for war. Some men did not like these charms, for if you had one, it took your luck away from hunting and gambling, spoiled your chances in these for you, as it sort of held your life over there where war was, and you had already lots of good luck from it for war, so it held luck back from other things. You already had all that was coming to you. But men who like to go to war like to have these.

SLINGS

Only boys used to make and use slings. The men never used them in war as they were not powerful enough. The pocket part was cut of buckskin in a diamond shape about four inches long. Sometimes there were four holes cut in this piece. At each end of it was attached with sinew a long strip of buckskin. One of these had a lap on its end which the finger was put through. Stones—round ones—were used to throw. Only one whirl was given before release.

8

WAR DANCE

Prior to the departure of a war party, the men who had been invited to participate gathered together and took part in a major ceremonial which, following Goodwin, has been glossed here as 'war dance.' This ceremonial was divided into several discrete parts or phases and began shortly after dark. In the first phase, called 'going to war,' the warriors of each clan were called forth to dance and demonstrate how they would fight the enemy. The second phase was termed 'cowhide, picked up' and involved the singing of chants that described the acquisition of enemy property. In the third phase, labelled 'invite by touching,' women of all ages were encouraged to choose a male partner and engage in social dancing. The fourth and final phase was performed at dawn the following day. Twelve of the bravest and most experienced warriors stood in a line and, one after the other, sang one song about a personal success in war. After the last song, the warriors staged mock attacks on several camps, indicating in this fashion how they intended to surprise and defeat the enemy. This concluded the war dance, and shortly thereafter the expedition made ready to depart.

When they were going to give a war dance they would notify all the people, so that they would come to the dance. Then near where the dance was to be, they set up a great sweat lodge big

enough for forty men to go in at once. Also they would kill two horses for these men who were taking sweat baths to eat. In the sweat lodge they placed hot rocks in five different places—to the east, to the west and north, and also in the middle.

That same day they would tell all the women to go with their burden baskets and bring in lots of wood to where the dance was to be. In the evening the dance would start.



The man who instigated a war dance, who sent out word inviting other people to participate, was called *baʔsiʔan* or *baʔsiʔa*. When word was sent out it was sent just to the chiefs of each clan—no others. Then the chief would talk to his clansmen, and if they wanted to join the war party they would set off along with their chief. When the dance started, all the different clans would be grouped about in a big circle about the dance place. Each clan's men were with their leader in the war dance. This leader was their chief. When the singing started, the first clan on the list—its chief—was called, and he led his men out in the dance. His name was called in the song. There he danced with his men. When their turn was through, they went back to their position and it was the next clan's turn. The chief would leave his men and maybe go to where his family sat and join them. But it was always the clan chief who led them out the first time.

When each clan had had its turn and its chief had led it out, then they would have gone all the way about the circle. Only men danced. Then they would start the rounds again, giving each clan its turn. But this time they did not call the chief's name. Instead they called the bravest man's name, and he led them out. The chief did not dance with them. Thus each clan had its turn again, all the way about the circle. When it got around twice this way it was the end. Then they danced with a cowhide about the fire four times. When this was done it was the sign that it was time to start the social dance.



First they had the real war dance, called *ʔikatsitaʔ* ['going to war']. Chiricahuas call it *haškcgojitał* ['angriness dance']. When they start a dance like this they divide up the men into their clans.

Each one of these clan groups has a leader appointed from them. This man is usually the one who has the most property or who has the most knowledge of all of them, usually an old man; he may be the clan chief or just an appointed head man, but he is chosen for the occasion.

All the men carry their spears, or bows and arrows, or shields, etc. When they start the first song everyone listens carefully. In the song they will call the name of one of those head men and say, for instance, "You are a brave man. Let's see you come out before these people and show them how you can do." Then that leader will step out and all his men will follow him and they will dance. Those with spears will pretend to lance; those with bows will draw them back to show how far they can draw; those with shields will use them also.

When one song is over, then the ones who have been dancing stop, and it is another clan's turn. Now they call the leader's name again and he leads his bunch out.

They sing different songs because they want to give one to every different clan and give them a chance to show off and dance so they will be satisfied. If one clan was left out they would feel bad, because it was as if the others said they were not good fighters—were weak, left out.

When this series of dances of clan leaders and men were over, all those men picked up a cowhide and danced four times about the fire with it. This is called *ʔikahnadita* ['hide picked up'; 'cowhide dance']. If one of the women or girls wanted to go in and dance now they could. The men would be shouting. While they sang they would be singing about enemy's property and things. When the cowhide dance was over they gathered up in a bunch. They had their guns, firearms, all weapons, and picked out the best men to sing. Then the relatives of the family who was giving the dance would go out among the camps and talk to all the people, "Loan me your wife tonight. She can dance with a man, but she will return to you just as she left you. She can dance all night, even if she is dancing with another man and talking with him, it means nothing. The same way with the girls. They will come back in the morning."¹ This social dance, called *ʔedaʔjičuš*, lasted all night until sunrise.

Then in the morning they pick out twelve of the bravest men,

ones who in a fight would never hold themselves back in their minds, always think brave and go right into the fight. These twelve men were right there at the dance place. All the people gathered about them in a circle and the twelve men would be standing right in the middle of them. Everyone kept absolute silence and listened to the twelve men. While they did this, all twelve lined up. Then one man from the line would step out in front and dance, and while he danced he sang maybe about one time when he was in a fight, how his enemy ran after him and almost killed him, but he was brave and fought and came out all right. That was one time he had a hard time and showed how brave he was.

At the end of the song, one man in the circle of people about the twelve would have a drum and he would sound it three or four times. This meant that the people were satisfied about what they had heard and approved of this. There was no drum sounded while the men sang though. Each one of the twelve had his turn at this to sing his own song. They each sang different. One would say, "I was attacked by a bear one time and had a hard time to go by, but got by all right."

When it was the turn of the last man of these twelve to sing, he sings a song that means, "There is death everywhere. You cannot go anywhere without death. There are different kinds of death. Death comes to everyone sometime." When he finishes his song all the people standing about the twelve call out, "You will not die. You will come back all right."

When this dance is over everyone goes back to their camp. Then they pick out twelve men, different ones from the other twelve, ones who have come from far off because they were invited to help in war. These twelve men paint their bodies. They have their bows and spears in their hands. Then they go about from place to place, to the ones who set up the dance, and to the whole tribe and sing as they go. They sing only two songs. They go to four camps without songs. As they go to the camps these twelve destroy the clay pots and dishes and if the family has a dog they shoot it with arrows and kill it. Then they cut off the tail or one of the legs and thrust in the end of a stick and carry it about raised up above them. The people know they are coming and if they have pots they hide them or hide their dog.

When the dance is all over one of the chiefs says, "The dance is over now. If a woman wishes to talk she can. If an old woman wishes to talk she can walk among us. Tomorrow we will be ready to go. Everything was ready and packed when the dance was going on."

While the dance was going on the chief who set up the dance would talk to other chiefs or headmen. He would tell them, "I picked you out. I depend on you. I depend on your hands. I depend on your ribs. You are brave so I picked you. You are my mind—just like my mind. You think as I do. I picked you out because I want to kill one of my enemies. If we go there and one of you gets killed there will be one more man among us here, for there will be one woman here who will bear a boy baby who will grow to be a man. So it will make no difference if you are killed." On that same day they distributed all the food they had among the men who were going. They gave them all mescal, ground seeds, and corn so that no one was left out.

When the men were ready to go they picked out two old men who were going to stay at home. Then they gave these two men the number of days they would be gone. They might say forty or thirty days. Then one of the chiefs would give these two old men a long buckskin cord. They would tell these old men that each day they should tie a knot in the string like a calendar. When they had reached within ten days of the said return, from then on they were to be expected to return any time. Then one of the chiefs going to war would put these two men in charge of the whole camp. They would tell them, "You shall take these women and children over to a certain place where there is a spring and we will return to you there."



After 'going to war,' the men picked up a cowhide and started to dance with it. This was called 'hide picked up.' They danced about the fire with the hide four times. They only beat the hide on one side of the fire, the south, when going to Mexico; facing opposite when going north to Navajo. They didn't beat it on four sides of the fire. They didn't throw the hide away; the man who owned it would just pick it up and take it to his home.



In the social dance after 'hide picked up' they sang *bileda ʔji-čušī* ['invite by touching him song'].² The social dance songs sung after the war dance were the same social dance songs as sung at any social dance. They were just regular social dance songs. But they are different from the ones of today.

The man who sang the social dance songs after the war dance would be given a present by the returned warriors.



At sunrise, the day after the war dance, twelve men dance. The drum is beaten just once. Everyone is in silence. The last of the twelve sings about death. This same man sings this song when the war party gets near the enemy, so that they will not be afraid. In these twelve men there must be a representative from each clan; they may pick out two men from the same clan to fill out the quota of twelve though. The twelfth man, picked to sing the song about death, would be picked not by clan, or because he was the war-dance sponsor, but because he was the bravest man and knew that song.

This song he sings is not a *basi* ['war song']. It is *ndebji ʔi jesi* ['death song']. When he sings that he makes the men's hearts strong, so that they will not run from the enemy. This is the only death song there is, there are no others. They sing it going into battle. The man who sang this song would have 'enemies-against power,' and by this he would make the other men brave.

Then, after that, twelve other men raid the camp of the war-dance sponsor and the camps of the members of his clan. This was done because these were the people they were going on the war-path for. They made a picture this way of what they were going to do for them against the enemy. These twelve men had to be all from different clans.



The songs we used in the war dance were sung as sort of prayers. They were only used at the war dance. We never sang these on the warpath, just at the dance. We sang them nowhere else. The songs we sing at the war dance are called *basi*.

There were certain men who knew these songs well, and always sang them. I don't know where they learned them or how.

These war songs were not for curing at all—just for bravery. Some might still think they can sing these, but all that knew them well have all died off. But there are quite a few who still know the songs for social dances.

They did not pay a man to sing at a war dance. He was glad to do it, and help his people. They would request him to. But when the war party got back, if successful, they would give him half a beef or something, but would never say what it was for.

Men wanted to know war songs so they could sing them and make-up a war dance. They would not want them to pass out of use. These songs started from the beginning of things. They don't sing them at all nowadays. Lots of men would help the men to sing at the war dance, just like a social dance.



A war dance lasts two days. During this time the people must not do evil things. Women and men should not have arguments or quarrels. No bad words should be spoken. The chief would talk to his people and tell them what to do. A man would talk. He might be head of the men going to war. "We have lots of women here, they can bring more children to birth." By saying this he meant to ask everyone to help make the men brave, so they would go along. If a man got killed a woman would bear another boy to replace him, so they would not be out another man.

There would be many clans represented at a war dance, possibly some outside group's clans. The chief would talk to them and say "the boys of one clan must talk polite to girls of another clan and not touch them. The boys of this clan must not touch girls of that clan." This was to stop all trouble between peoples gathered there.

9

LEADERSHIP

The following selections give some indication of the qualities that the Western Apache considered necessary for leadership in raiding and war. Among the most highly prized were fearlessness, previous experience, a record of past successes, and the possession of 'enemies-against power,' a potent supernatural force that was believed to weaken the enemy and make them vulnerable to attack. The statements in this section also provide valuable information about the rights and duties of chiefs when at war or on a raid.

The chief of a raiding party or a war party was always a man who knew about war, had gone many times, and who was brave. He did not have to be a clan chief. He was only a chief on a raid or when the men went to war. Most of those war chiefs had 'enemies-against power' and could use it to help their men. That way they were protected and would have good luck. That's why the other men would always want someone like that to lead them.



The man who was chief of a war party was in charge of it. Sometimes he was a chief of a clan. But even if he wasn't, and even if clan chiefs were along, they had to obey him. He was in charge.



The war chief was the leader of a war party. He was in charge, even if a clan chief was along. At a war dance a war chief talked to all the men. He told them what he wanted of them. He would mention all his kin; he would mention all his relatives. "We are going out to war against Whites. They killed my relatives some time ago, that's why I have invited you here to help me. So we will get even, that's why I have invited you," he would say. "If your wife wants to dance, let her dance, she won't be hurt at all. Even if she pretends not to want to, let her; she will have a good time. Also bring out all your girls and big girls. Let them have a good time."

After this man got through, maybe another chief would speak. "Listen to what this man said. You heard it, you all have got good ears." After that an old man would get up, "Boys, we need your help. Help us any way he wants you to. Listen to him whatever he says to you. Do whatever he says to you wherever you are at."

Then a grown woman would get up and talk, "That way it's good, that way it's good. Listen boys, that man wants your help. You can go along. You married men turn out your wives, your girls, and big girls all to join in the dance. At one time one of his kin got killed, and he wants you to go down with him to get even. White men are born from women also, they are not hard, they are not like rock, they are born from us also. You will not turn to rock, so go along with him."



A war chief on the warpath never hauled wood or water, and never did camp work. They wanted him to keep quiet. But he was always in the lead. He would talk to the men while they were on the way, how they should attack the enemy, how they should look out for snakes. While he was in the lead, they called him 'he destroys dew,' because he walked ahead and shook off the dew first. Whenever they stopped to camp, he would talk to the older men, tell them why they were out there, what they wanted. They would all listen to what he said because he was brave and knew things. They used to think that a man like this was equal to twelve men.

If they found cattle they could kill a beef, but this man would not help butcher it or cut pieces of flesh or cook meat for himself. All the other men along would cook and as soon as it was done would give it to him. That's the way they respected him. While at camp he would talk to men. "You were at the war dance. You went around with other men's girls. While we are out here we want to get even. If we kill one of those Mexicans like they killed one of us, we will all be talked about and praised. Don't be scared--be brave like men. Don't run away from fights. If they kill you as you go, the bullet will enter your back. That would not be right. Be brave, stand up to fight, try to kill your enemy. If the bullet enters your chest and comes out your back, that will be a lot better, even if you are killed. That will show your people that you are brave. People who run off are not good."



When a war party was going south to raid the White people or Mexicans, they appointed one of the chiefs to lead it. So this chief would take his men along. If they captured any horses or cattle, they would drive them home. When they got there, the chief of the party would take as many stones as there were horses or cattle. His men would gather then, and he would give so many stones to each man. This meant that the number of stones a man got was the number of animals he would get. When all the stones were divided out, what was left over the chief would take for himself.



In peace times a war chief did not have any duties at all. He was just a common man. He went out hunting deer just like any other man did. He did not take charge of any deer hunts or anything at all.

10

PREPARATIONS AND CONDUCT

This section begins with several brief statements about the preparation of supplies for a raid or war party and the manner in which warriors decorated their bodies. The remaining selections describe some of the tactics and strategies that were customarily employed within enemy territory.

They used to notify eight or ten men who wanted to go to raid in Mexico, to get ready. Now they fixed their moccasin soles. Also they used to skin the neck of a deer out without cutting it and from this they would cut around and around, and make one long strand of rawhide for making ropes later on. When they had everything finished—each man for himself—then they made up their packs with the rawhide and buckskin and mescal and dry seeds.



On the warpath, when we started out, we always got food ready to take along. We used to pack mescal on our backs, also buckskin sacks filled with ground corn. They used to pound the fruit of prickly pear up into dry cakes and let it harden for us to take along. These cakes were about eight inches in diameter. Also we had ground berries in buckskin sacks. Whenever we

stopped to camp we would mix these berries with mescal and water and eat it.



In the old times when the Western Apache went to war, the men used to paint a white, black, or red stripe across their faces, over the nose and under the eyes. Their hair they used to tie up in a bunch on the top of their heads. They wore a G-string that came down to about the middle of their thighs.

In the old days when our men went to war, just before they went into battle, they used to paint two white bands across their chests. They also used to tie their hair around with a red cloth, so that they could tell each other from the Mexicans with whom they would be fighting.

When a man went on the warpath he used to make four pairs of moccasins to take along with him for use.

They used to paint the whole body all over red, for war, even the face. Around the mouth and on the cheeks they put little white dots.



In the morning the war party started out. We would send two men ahead to keep watch. Then we would go on down to the foot of the mountains and wait there for evening. When sunset came, then we would start out and cross the Gila Valley to the south. After this we never traveled in open country, but always traveled along the mountains.

From the mountains we could always watch for Mexicans. This is the way we traveled clear down into Mexico.

Every war party always had a chief along, and what he said, the others had to do—all of them. This chief didn't have to pack anything, as the other men packed for him. Also he never had to get any wood or water or do any work of that kind. The other men could not talk back to him.

When we had to cross open country we always waited for evening, and even then we were very careful not to leave any tracks. Sometimes we used to walk just on our toes to leave a small track. And sometimes we kept a man out behind to brush over our tracks with some bushes. Our old war parties used to

travel far into Mexico this way. Sometimes we went close to the ocean, way to the southwest.

When the party got near a Mexican town we would go up on a high mountain and make camp. Here the chief would say he wanted us to stay and keep a lookout for any Mexicans traveling out of or into the town. Or sometimes he would tell us to look out for horses in the Mexican pastures to see which ones were the fattest, because we always sort of looked over horses before we took them.¹

If the men that were sent out from here found any wagon tracks, they would come back to the mountain camp and report it to the rest. They would say, "We saw some wagons pass; they must have clothes and other property in them, so we might as well go ahead and hold them up."

The chief would send some men who understood about war and explain to them just what to do. They had to go to some narrow place where the wagons would pass through, and there hide themselves at different places for quite a ways along the side of the road. We had to lie down and cover ourselves over with dry grass so no one could see us. Then we had to wait until the teams and wagons got in the gap, till the last wagon was opposite the first of us. Then we would start to shoot. This was the way we always had to start to fight all at the same time.

Now we would kill all the Mexicans and butcher the horses or mules or oxen for meat. Then we got all the clothes and calico in the wagons to take home for our people.

When the fight was over we used to take the dead Mexicans off and put them where they would not be found. Then we would burn the wagons and hide everything as much as possible so none of the other Mexicans would get word that we were in the country. Now we would go some other place, and so the same way.

Sometimes we would go near a Mexican town where they had Mexican soldiers garrisoned. This was when some of our relatives had been killed by the Mexicans on another raid before and we had come back to avenge them. This time we would be looking for a fight.

When we got near the garrison town, the chief would send four men together who were real strong men—fearless and knowing about war—to the outskirts of the town. The rest of us would

wait off on some hill or canyon. We would try to get a canyon or gap of some kind to wait in, hiding ourselves along both sides.

Those four men would go right up to the outside of the town where the Mexican soldiers were herding their horses. Here they would show themselves to the Mexicans.

As soon as the Mexicans saw them, they would leave their horses and make a run for the town. When they got in there they would tell their officer that the Apaches had run off their stock. Those four men hadn't come to run the horses off, but the Mexicans thought that way.

We wouldn't know how many soldiers there were, but out they would come to chase those four men. These four would pretend to run away, but they would lead the Mexicans over to that place where the rest of us were waiting. When all the Mexicans were led in between us, then we would show ourselves and start fighting. The Mexicans had guns and we only had bows and arrows and spears, but this made no difference. We killed all the Mexicans. One man with just a spear killed four Mexicans.

Now we all went to the town because all the soldiers were killed. When we got there we pulled the women out of the houses by their hair and killed everyone in the town.

Now the chief would tell us to look for horses and cattle. We would have lots of calves, saddles, ropes, everything we wanted. From the mountains we would start about sundown and round up what horses and cattle we wanted.

Then we would start on our way back home, herding all our stock and packing the rest of the things we had captured. We kept two good men out in front, and two other men way out behind as guards. The rest of us herded the stock along in the middle. If the men out in front saw danger ahead, then they would come back and tell us and we would change our direction. This way we traveled, never sleeping at night, and going fast until we were out of the Mexican country and close to home. We had to watch all the springs on our way, as there were likely to be Mexicans living near them. This way sometimes we only got water once a day, sometimes once in two or three days.

Every war party always had a medicine man along to cure any man who might get wounded or sick. They could cure a man right away. Also they would be able to tell what was going to happen

ahead of time, and we would know what way the Mexicans were going to act.² If Mexican troops were ahead of us, and the medicine man said it was all right to go through where they were, then we would go.

As soon as we started, the medicine man would make a big wind so that it would blow brush around and raise so much dust that we couldn't see each other.³ He would pray. Sometimes he would make a big hail come down so that it would hit the Mexicans and knock them down. This way we would travel past the Mexican troops as they would be all wet, and their things would be washed away, and by the time they got ready again we would be a long ways past. Now the chief would tell us to travel a little faster. What stock gave out we would butcher for eating.

When we got safely out of the Mexican country, then we stopped and sent two men back a long ways to stay and guard. Then we would make camp for a couple of days and rest up. Now we would fix all our moccasins up, and our ropes, and cook up lots of beef and make grub up into a pack. Just as we had done before when we started out from home. This way we wouldn't have to make a fire again. Now we set off again.

When we got pretty near home, up towards our mountains, the chief would send a man ahead to tell all our relatives that we would get back on a certain day, and to meet us at a certain place and to get ready for us. Then our relatives would be happy when they heard what we had done. When we got in, everything we brought back we divided among our people. "Good, thank you," they would say. Then all those people whose relatives had been killed before in Mexico would come and would be thankful to us for avenging them. Now they could rest easily in their minds.



When a war party started out they always left some old man behind to take care of the women. They usually allowed about thirty to forty-five days to be gone, and would tell their people when they expected to be back. One of the old men who stayed behind would have a cord of buckskin about two feet long, and for every day that the war party was away they would tie a knot in it. This way he could tell when they were due back, and the others could come to him to find out also.

A war party figured on carrying just enough food with them

to last until they got to Mexico, as when they got there they could get cattle, horses, mules, or burros. When they got down into Mexico, they would make camp on some big, rocky mountain where it was safe. In this camp the boys and older men of the party were left.⁴

The other men went out from here to near some Mexican town. They would go to the town and steal the stock that was in the pastures, as they knew this would be gentle stuff and what they wanted. When they got the stock, they would drive it back to where the others were waiting for them in the mountain camp. This way they were usually away three days.

Now they would talk and say, "Here we have what we came for—lots of horses and mules—so we might as well go back," so they would all start back, traveling always at night and never sleeping until they got out of the Mexican country. Then they would travel slower. They always kept two men way out behind and two men way out in front to watch for the Mexicans. The rest would drive the captured stock in the middle.

When they got near home they would send the two men way ahead to the home camp where all their relatives were to notify them that they were coming with lots of stock.

When on the warpath, a man wore nothing but his moccasins, a G-string, and his headband.

Our people used to use smoke signals to warn each other when they knew the Mexicans or White people were on the warpath and coming to fight. That's the only way I know of.

The times war or raiding parties used to pick to go to Mexico were in the spring and in August and in the fall. At these times there was lots of water. On a raiding party they usually took from twelve to thirty men, and on a war party about forty men. When they got down into Mexico they used to wait for the moon to get nearly full before they captured the Mexican stock. This was so they could travel at night.



In old times they used to figure on getting to the enemy country when the moon was full. They would set the time so that they would arrive there just about the day that the moon would come up in the evening—full.



On the raid if they saw any enemies coming, they would try to meet them at the narrowest place, maybe where a road is narrow. Our men could hide in bushes, or dig little holes and lie in them. Then when the enemy got by, the men with spears would jump out first and spear them down. They would not have time to shoot them. The spearmen were always the best runners.



Four or five or six or ten men who were good friends together would go out raiding. We used to do this in order to get horses from the Mexicans. We used to go to where the Mexicans were living and capture lots of their ponies. When we brought these back to our country we butchered them to eat. The horsehides we used for making our moccasin soles with. The sinew from along both sides of the backbone, we took out and used to sew our moccasins with.

We never got on well with the Pima and Papago, and we always used to go down to their country and steal lots of horses and burros from them. After that we made war against the White people because we found them coming into our country and living there.

Just as we had raided the Mexicans and Pima and Papago before, now we raided the White people. We took their horses and cattle, and drove them back to our country and used them. Cowhides we used to make moccasin soles of. We also made some into buckskin.

This way, our people and the Americans didn't like to see each other, because when they did there was always a fight. We killed lots of Americans, and they killed lots of us also. They had rifles, caps, powder, and bullets, and we captured these for ourselves. We kept on fighting the Americans with these.

Now when we killed them we took their shoes and pants and shirts and coats and boots, and used them for ourselves, and dressed like Americans we had seen. If we saw some Americans in big wagons, we would go to them and capture their outfit. In these wagons we found lots of flour, blankets and calico, and all other things. Sometimes there would be five, seven, or ten wagons. We took what we wanted out of them and used it for ourselves.

Out of the calico we started making dresses for the women. Now we were wearing clothes all over our bodies. Before that we went about almost naked.



One time there was the son of a chief. For some reason he had never married. Lots of the people had wanted him to marry their daughters, but he did not want to marry.

One time he started to Mexico, leading a raiding party. Down there his party captured a lot of cattle, and they started home, driving them in three separate herds. All the men had spears, and on their spear handles, running down them, were painted zigzag lines, like snakes.

There was one gap they had to go through on their way, and at this place the Mexicans always used to try and cut the war parties off and attack them. So that chief's son, the leader of the party, rode on ahead to find out if there were any Mexicans there.

When he got near he could see there were Mexicans there, but he had a good horse and a good spear, and he kept right on. When he got there the Mexicans attacked him, but he fought them off. Finally they killed him, but by that time the others had gone on with the cattle and got away.⁵

11

TABOOS AND WARPATH LANGUAGE

The members of raiding and war expeditions observed a set of ritual proscriptions, or taboos, that were believed to protect them from danger and confer important advantages over the enemy. The most striking of these proscriptions was the use of a warpath language in which a set of special nouns and noun compounds were employed in place of conventional forms. Besides nouns, the Western Apache warpath language included a small set of lengthier constructions which substituted at the level of the phrase. For a description and analysis of the Chiricahua warpath lexicon see Opler and Hoijer (1940).

Husbands of pregnant women cannot go to war. It makes them too heavy.



A man whose wife is pregnant shouldn't go to war. It makes him heavy. A man might not know it and arrange to go, but he later finds out and goes to the men and says, "I can't go now. I find my wife is no good."



From the time the war party started until it got back, the men in the party had all kinds of *gudntsi* ['taboos'] to observe. Mostly, these were about how they had to talk. There were sacred names

for many things, and a man had to know these and use them, for if he didn't something bad would happen to him and to all the other men that were with him.



Yes, it is true that on the warpath there were special words that had to be used; a horse was called by a different word; a woman was; a Mexican was also. Also men could not scratch themselves with fingers. They had to do it with a stick.

Bitsi'yaditaš ['shakes his tail'] was the name for burro and mule. Old women were called *istsanaqlçhe* ['Changing Woman,' a prominent mythological figure]; all women and girls were called this. There was no special name for man at all. *Tlo be'o'ise* ['grass, it catches on your toes'] we called going down to Mexico. When we came back it was called *tlo bena'içi* ['grass blown, swayed by the wind']. *Hai'gohe* when played down there we called it *še*, not by its real name.¹ We used to bet dry meat to gamble. There was no special name for cattle. Wind had no special name at all. Earth and sky, trees, had no special name. No special name for spear, bow, shield, arrow. We called Mexicans *naidleha*.² These are about all the names there are that we used; if you don't use them, then something bad will happen to you.



On the warpath there were special terms and words for everything, not the regular speech. On starting south from White River, on the way the men used just regular speech till they crossed the Gila River, but from there on till they recrossed it on the way back they had to use this special speech. A boy going on a raid for the first time knew these words all right, for he was instructed in them by an old man before he left, his instructor who told him how to say each thing. For instance, when they came on the fresh trail of the enemy, instead of saying, "Here is where the enemy passed by," they will say, *čidoľjok* ['something has been dragged by here'], and another way is *jehotlek* ['here it has hopped along like a frog']. They call a White man *nančín*. Water was called *nahina'* ['it keeps moving']. One time a man almost fought his wife over this. He asked her to bring him water by this term by mistake, and she, not knowing what it meant, brought some tops off some

bushes and brought them to him. He got mad. These are all the names that I know, only these four.



One time on a raid, one man in the bunch, while they camped, was a little scared I guess. While they stood about the fire one night, this man said, "What are you men scared of?" They found out it was a mountain lion sneaking about in the bush. So they moved far off and made another camp, and stood about the fire. Then that same man said again, "What are you men scared for?" Right then a mountain lion jumped out, grabbed him, and dragged him off. This is the one reason why a man has to watch taboos on the warpath. If he doesn't something like this will happen to him. This happened, so that's why we respect everything. As soon as we got across the Gila River, we called it White man's country, and from then on they respected everything. The reason the lion killed that man was because he said they were scared—made fun of them. They went back the next day and found him all eaten up.



Just as soon as he gets back to camp after a war party, a man can do anything he wants to. There are no longer taboos that he must observe. He can eat anything he wants, sleep with his wife, gamble at cards, play hoop-and-pole, say any kind of words.

It is only on the warpath that there are taboos a man must observe.

A man who has taken a scalp may do anything as soon as he gets home, even before taking a sweat bath. He could eat anything, say anything, sleep with his wife.

I never heard of any man getting sick from going to war and killing or touching a dead enemy or being touched by one. We never got sickness from that at all.



If only two or three men went to raid, then it was the same way as if a lot of them went. They observed taboos and they had a leader just the same. They had to use the warpath words and every other taboo was observed, even if there were only two or three men.

12

TABOOS FOR WOMEN

In one sense, the success of a war party or raiding expedition did not depend completely on the men who composed it. Through the observance of certain taboos, women who stayed at home could help contribute to the success of the enterprise and, equally important, take steps to assure the party's safe return.

Taboos for a wife while her husband is gone on a raid or to war: She prays every morning for four days after he goes; every time she pulls a pot of meat off the fire, she prays that he may get what he wants. She must only use one end of the fire poker to poke the fire till he gets back. This applies also to grown daughters in the same wickiup. In the case of a single man whose mother and grown sisters live in his wickiup, they do the same.



A woman can pray for the safety or success of her husband on the warpath by stirring ashes as she takes the pot off the fire, or putting charcoal on the tortillas, and saying, "Good luck, go with him."



Pregnant women, touching or stepping over gun, rifle, arrows, cartridges, will cause the owner of them to miss aim with them.



A woman whose husband had gone to war prays that no harm will come to him. The mother of a man will do the same. Some pray for just four days, but others pray all the time during his absence. They can pray two times, once in the morning and also again at noon, if they want.



A woman while she was having her monthly could handle her husband's bow and arrow all right. But a pregnant woman could not handle them. If a pregnant woman handled them, then when he shot the arrow wouldn't go straight at all. If a man kills a deer, and if his wife is in a family way, she must not eat any guts or the calves of the deer's legs. If she does, the arrow will not go straight. There is no danger from it; it is just because she might give him bad luck that she does not eat that.



A woman who is pregnant cannot handle a rifle, and a bow and arrow for the same reason, nor can she even step over it. But a menstruating woman can. She can step over it or handle it. Pregnant women can't even handle the cartridges for a gun.

Any woman could handle a spear, whether pregnant or not. This was because it just depended on a man being a good runner for him being successful with a spear. But with arrow and bow you had to shoot straight.

A woman could handle her husband's shield if he had one, even if she was pregnant, or menstruating, because it belonged to him. But I don't think any other women could touch it. Any man could touch it though. It had no danger for them. It was made with a lot of power in it, so that's why other women would not dare to touch it. It was dangerous. The man's wife could touch it all right because he could protect her from the power that he threw into the shield.¹

If you had a war club anyone could handle it. It was not very

important, only stone. Any woman could handle it, whether pregnant or not.



Yes, it is true that in old times when a woman's husband went to war there was a taboo for her that she could not use the poker for the fire except on one end—the right end—just as in pregnancy. If she used the other end, then it meant that something bad would happen to her husband. But it was not all women who were careful to observe this taboo or ones like it, for some just did not think about it and were not careful. It was women who were careful and religious who did it.

A woman can wash her hair all right, but she cannot look in her clothes or body for lice. When a man goes hunting his wife has to observe taboos. It is the same when he goes to war. That's all the taboos I know of. She must not talk bad words either. Some women were not good and while their man was off to war they would run about with some other man.



For a man's wife at home while he was on a raid there were no taboos on sex. There would not have been a taboo about women having intercourse because I have heard of some women doing this with another man while their husband was gone. When the husband got back he would be mad, sometimes he would quit her, sometimes not. The women at home could eat any food they wanted while men were on the warpath. Also they could use any words. Only men on the warpath had to be careful.

Grown men on the warpath could eat anything. Only boys could not eat certain parts of animals on their first time.



I have never heard that a man must not sleep with his wife for four nights before he goes to war. It is all right if a man cohabits with his wife the night before he leaves to go to war.

13

THE USE OF 'POWER'

The Western Apache term $diy\dot{i}^?$ ('supernatural power') was used to refer to one or all of a set of abstract and invisible forces which were believed to derive from certain classes of animals, plants, meteorological phenomena, and mythological figures within the Western Apache universe. Any of the 'powers' could be acquired by man—although this was by no means easy—and if properly handled used for a variety of purposes. 'Powers' were controlled and manipulated with prayers and the singing of appropriate chants. The following statements describe the types of 'power' that were most closely associated with raiding and warfare and some of the uses to which they were put.

The most important power for war is *inda ke[?]ho[?]ndi* ['enemies-against power']. It is the real war power. This power comes from *nayanεzgane* ['Killer of Monsters'], for in the beginning he was the one who went all over the earth doing things and killing monsters, and he was the first one to use his power in doing this, so it all comes from him. But this power was given to *nayanεzgane* by his father, the sun, and was given in like manner to *tubačisčine* ['Born of Water']. Also, 'Changing Woman' has power for war.¹ She and

the two brothers got it from the sun. She did not have her own war power; hers came from the sun. But of these three *nayanezgané* has the most of this power.



If you have this power ['enemies-against power'] and you only have a knife and another man attacks you with a gun, then you can win out and kill him if you use the power and liken yourself to mountain lion. Also, if you use this and call yourself mountain lion, and a man shoots you with a gun, even then you will get him and kill him, even if you have nothing.



'Enemies-against power' is a power related to 'wind power.' When on the warpath men painted wind tracks along the outside of their moccasins to make them light.



Some chiefs had plenty of 'enemies-against power,' and they would say their own words over themselves [i.e., bless and protect themselves] when about to go to a war. But other chiefs used to have to hire a medicine man to sing over them so that no harm would come to them on the warpath.



My maternal grandfather, an old man, used to take a little piece of cottontail rabbit skin and tuck it in each man's moccasins, right over the top. This way the moccasins never wore out. It was a charm. This same man sang over my father half a night, the night before he started to war. He sang over him only, but there was a crowd in there, but no women were allowed in. This song was to protect him from being shot or wounded. Women were not allowed in there because they walked too heavy, and the men might get the same way on the warpath and walk too heavy. I don't know the song. It was a hard one. Women can't sing it.



One time I was on the trail going to Chiricahua Butte. I tied one of my horses up and hobbled the other. I fell asleep there. It

was night. Close to daylight I had a dream. I dreamed that someone talked to me, "Tomorrow a man wearing a long beard and a mustache will take the rope away from you," [i.e. attack you and steal your horses]. The only place where there were any White people was at Fort Apache, so I thought it must be that the people at Fort Apache would take my horses away from me tomorrow.

I got up then. Then at sunrise I put my saddle on. While I was riding I looked back over the canyon to the south and saw some people coming slowly on big horses. Then I looked in front to thick growing trees of oak and juniper and saw the White men lined up all ready for ambush. They must have seen me coming. I ran my horse in a hurry to the thick brush to see which way those fellows were coming. When I got close to the thick brush, all at once I heard a trampling of horses, and saw a bunch of White men coming out. There was a large hill there, bare, with only a few scattered trees on it. I started to lead my horse up it and all at once the Whites ran and made a circle about me.

Now while they shot at me I said a few words to my power. "Hold their guns up; don't let them shoot at me. Let the bullets go over."

When I spoke these words not one of my horses got hurt, and I didn't even hear the sounds of the bullets. In those days we used to pray in war like this.



There were words to use with a power when you were fighting against your enemy. These made your enemy's bow break. His bow would break and he would have nothing to shoot you with. I don't know any words to make an arrow pass over or to the side of you.



I have heard of some men using power on the warpath so that the enemy would not be ready for them, not think we were coming. This way it was easy to attack them because they were not ready.



The power for making hail and wind on the enemy belongs to 'enemies-against power.'



Warriors are made like bats by a medicine man in a fight so they can't be hit. 'Bat power' makes them elusive.



Na'itluk is a power with songs used to foretell coming events, used on the warpath.



There is a kind of power used in wrestling, in which a man having it can throw a man twice his size if he uses the power on him. He does not do it by his strength at all, but by his power. There is no name for this power at all, except that known to the man who has it.

I have heard that men knowing this when they were going to wrestle, as they approached their opponent, would say, "On my right side is mountain lion holding up my arm, and on my left side is another mountain lion holding up my arm." This is the way that he was strong and could grapple the other man.



Some men had *gatke'ho'ndi* ['running power']. That way they could run fast on the warpath. I never saw anyone use it, just heard of it.



There is a power called 'running power' also. A man who has this power can run long distances, and even on the shortest day could run from Fort Grant to Fort Apache and get there in mid-afternoon.



Medicine men with 'star power' also had power over guns. They usually had one of their own, and in battle would say words over it, and put their power in it. You could also get him to put power in your gun for you, pray over it, so you would never miss anything. This could be done for hunting as well as war. Also if a fight was coming off soon then he would pray over his own gun this way and put his power in it.



One time down here the father-in-law of Harvey Nashkin sang over someone and got paid a cow for it. This was brought down to his camp there at Dewey Flat, and the old man told his son to shoot it. He handed him a bow and arrow. His son took the arrow and spat on the point of it; then he shot it and it went right through the cow and out the other side. Some people saw the arrow come out the other side and go on, and said that he had missed, but pretty soon the cow gave a grunt and blood started to flow from its nose. So I know that a man who can shoot like that must have some words he says when he shoots.



I have heard that in old times, when a raiding party was on the way to Mexico, some man who knew 'horse power' would rope a tree on the way, and then each man there would rope a tree. As he roped it he would call out the kind of horses that he wanted. Then they would stand there as the rope hung on the tree and a horse medicine man would sing horse songs. Then on the way, before they got to the enemy country, they would do this four times in all. This way it made it easy for them to get horses in Mexico. When they got there then they would be roping the kind of horses that they had asked for.



I have heard that some men used to have a power for cattle, and that in driving them back from Mexico they could make them drive easily, so they would not run off. A man who had this power used to ride around a herd in the evening four times, saying words, and then the cattle would bed down and stay there all night.



There are 'leg songs' sung to cure tired legs on the warpath.



'Arrow songs' [*kəsi*] are used to sing over a man who is injured, whether badly cut, wounded with a bullet or arrow, or with broken bones. They can be sung at night or daytime. The first song of the arrow songs says "It points towards me, arrow," and represents a man shooting at a person. In the second song

they say, "Me you strike, with arrow." In the third song they say, "From me, it [the arrow] goes through." They say in the fourth song, "From me, it [the arrow] hits the ground, it can't go any further on." That's the way it is mentioned in the four different songs. It means as if the sick man was shot through by the arrow, and it thus cures him. 'Arrow power' makes it that way.



When men get back from the warpath they would all take a sweat bath. They would be all dirty and would want to wash themselves. They would sing *gožqsi* ['happiness songs'] and by doing this they would pray.² They did not sing all these songs. There were too many of them. We sang about twelve *nantasi* ['chief songs']. After that we sang any songs we wanted to, *diyisi* ['power songs'] for any power, Snake, Lightning, Deer—any kind—it didn't matter. The twelve chief songs are called chief songs because in them the people are instructed how to live, just as a chief instructs his people in the ways of living when he talks to them early in the morning. We only sing four of these songs at a time in sweat bath, then come out. It takes three times in sweat bath to sing them. Then the fourth time we sing any kind of song. We made the sweat bath big enough to hold eight to twelve men—a big one. The day after we got back the women used to wash our hair out. The second day we took this sweat bath. We did it in daytime, never at night. Not only the men who had been to war went in the sweat bath, but men who had stayed at home also went because they would want to hear the stories of what happened.



On the warpath we used to make sweat baths and sing in them. At these times we used to sing 'happiness songs' and 'horse songs.' That's the only songs we sang at all on the warpath. But when we got back we could sing any kind of songs. On the warpath, if a man knew any 'enemies-against power,' he would go away by himself and talk to his power. This power was never sung to on the warpath in the sweat bath. Nor was it used on a man's return. It was dangerous to use around women and children.

14

SCALPING

Scalping took place shortly after the victim had been slain and only in enemy territory. Judging from Goodwin's notes, the taking of a single scalp was usually considered sufficient, probably because no more were needed for the short ceremonial that followed. The decision to scalp rested solely with individual warriors, but it is noteworthy that those who lacked 'enemies-against power' may have had special motives for engaging in this practice. No other form of mutilation is reported, and there is no evidence to suggest that captives were scalped.

It is called *bitsa²ha dogiž* ['his head top cut off']. We used to scalp our enemy in the enemy's country, but our men never brought the scalps home. I never saw this done; I just heard about it. They may have done this to gain 'enemies-against power.' Also they might do it to show how much they hated their enemy. They used to spear a man three or four times through the body after he was dead, just to show how much they hated him. After the battle they would get together and cut scalps off the enemy and carry them about on the end of a pole. They may have had some ways of praying to them I think. I think they would only keep them one day. They would not keep them during a night. They would be scared of them—of ghosts. When they cut the scalp off, they put it on the end of a pole and danced about with it.

It doesn't have to be the man who killed the enemy that scalps him, and dances about with it. Anyone can do it. All have a right to, the man who killed the enemy also.



A man who knows 'enemies-against power,' after he cuts the scalp off the enemy, he might talk words to it from his power. This way he makes the White people weaker by it, not so strong and able to look out for themselves. When he cuts the scalp off he might mention all the Whites, Mexicans, Navajos, all Indian enemies, any enemy. When he talks to the scalp, whatever race it belongs to is made weaker by his talking to it. That is why this is done. I think that they must have done it for that purpose.

When they were through with the scalp they would put it up in a big tree, so no coyote could get it. They would just throw it up in a big bush or tree, just so it would not fall on the ground. Nothing was wrapped about it; it would not be taken care of just because it was an enemy's scalp.

They would never scalp enemies among their own people, among their own group. Only real enemies like Navajo, Mexicans, Whites. Even then they didn't do this scalping every time—just sometimes on occasions.

I never heard of taking any other part of an enemy but his scalp. Never his fingers or ears.

We never heard of eating any part of our enemies. We never did anything like that. This almost makes me sick to my stomach, it is so terrible to think about.



When they scalped an enemy they sang one song over it, a special song. The song goes on about—"I will get a piece of the enemy's ribs, and I will get a piece of the enemy's backbone for me." It goes on and tells about that. That is all there is to it. They did not take a scalp and bring it home, but the way they did was to capture prisoners and take them back home.



Yes, I have heard that they used to scalp one man if they killed enemies down in Mexico. They took this scalp right there

and danced with it right there in a circle about the dead man they had scalped. They tied the scalp to the end of a spear and held it aloft and danced all in a circle about the dead one.



When the scalp is taken off there is no taboo or respect to it. It is taken off any way because the man doing it is mad and does not have to treat it gently. I don't know if he talks to the scalp as if he were talking to his enemy or not. I have not heard if he said any words.

15

THE VICTORY CELEBRATION

The return of a successful raiding expedition—or war party if it came back with livestock—was celebrated with a performance of ‘enemies their property dance.’ The primary purpose of this dance was to provide women who were not relatives of the raiders, or who had no man to look after them, with a share of the spoils. This they could obtain simply by singing for a raider or by choosing him for social dancing. A truly festive event with few (if any) ritual overtones, ‘enemies their property dance’ was accompanied by high spirits, clowning, and the relaxation of normal sanctions against sexual promiscuity.

When a war party came back, the warriors there used to dress just in a G-string, and paint themselves up also like they had done before they went to fight. The warriors used to paint a white band across the chest, over the right shoulder, and under the left arm. This was all spotted with black. Over the left shoulder and under the right arm they painted a white band also. Sometimes they spotted this band with red, and sometimes left it plain. Different clans, among our people, didn’t use to paint themselves differently at this time.

When they got back they would butcher their horses and cattle and give away the meat to all the people. Some they would give away alive for use.

Now, that night, they would send out notice that there was to be a dance so that all the people would come. Before the dance men used to go around in a bunch with their rifles. They would sneak up on the camp of one of the men who had killed some Mexicans on the warpath this time. They would be careful not to let that man see them.

When they had surrounded his camp, then they would start shooting and yelling and make believe to attack his camp. The man would run out and pretend to be scared and surprised. Then right there, those men who had surrounded his camp would start to sing and dance.

The man from the camp would go to where they were dancing. When he came they would holler loudly and sing about how they had won it [meat]. "Yes, you have won it," the man would say. And he would tell them what they had won; maybe a horse of such-and-such a description, or a cow. "Tomorrow I will butcher it for you," he would say.¹

In the evening, when they held the real dance, they built a big fire and danced around it in a big circle, men and women, young men and girls together. They had a man there who knew the right songs, and drums also.

Sometimes one or two *bižan* ['widow'; 'divorcee'] would get out there all fixed up and dance for the man who was giving the dance, or someone of the men who had been on the warpath this time. These women would not go back to their regular clothes till the man they had danced for had paid them a horse, or steer, or something. Then when they had been paid, they would take off this rig and go back to regular clothes. You had to pay any woman or girl you danced with at one of these dances.

During the dance the man who was leading the songs would call out for them to stop dancing. Then he would say the man's name who was giving the dance. "That horse of yours, spotted with White man's or Mexican's blood, I want it for myself," he would say; "I sing for it," and he would describe the horse he meant. Then the man would have to give him that horse the next day.

The regular dance lasted either one or two nights till the man who gave the dance paid up the dancers. The man who gave the dance had to be someone who was rich and who had just killed some enemy on the warpath. A poor man, even though he had killed some of the enemy, could not afford it.



After coming back from a raid or the warpath with lots of horses and American cattle, they would hold a dance, for the women, called *inda bigidegojital* ['enemies their property dance']. There would be lots of people there. The women didn't dance for nothing. When they were singing, the women would call out and ask for a horse, or blanket, or calico—all kinds of things. The men did this also, and those who had captured these things would have to give them to the people who asked this way for them.



At a victory dance grown women without husbands danced without clothes, in their G-strings. Girls and maidens did not.

Women did not paint themselves in the victory dance to look like a man on the warpath. They danced without clothes because they wanted to get something from him. It was doing him an honor to dance this way for him, and it was a pretty thing, all painted up on body. They would thank him in this way for killing an enemy who had killed their relatives some time before. Also they would ask for gifts. About midnight he would go out and dance with these women just once. Then the women would leave, and he would go back into his camp. The women would say we have what we came after now that we have danced with him. He would know what they wanted.



At a victory dance, *bižan* ['widow'; 'divorcee'] only danced without clothes. Sometimes they danced in small G-strings and with a handkerchief tied around their breasts. Young girls and married women would not do this.

During the victory dance things sort of opened up and there was license, but only in regard to the *bižan*, not married women or

girls. It was all right for men to go off with *bižan* the nights of dance. But other times this license did not exist.



One time at a victory dance, one woman took all her clothes off and cut a piece of stomach out of a horse, and put it between her legs. She went and danced by some girls. They all ran off, and youths also, because they were ashamed.²



One time at a victory dance an old man stripped and danced naked, without a G-string. But he tied a piece of bear hide between his legs; it had a hole in it. Through the hole he ran a throat of a cow so it hung down between his legs and swung back and forth as he danced. Some maidens and youths would not go there to dance, because they were ashamed. He kept it on all day and the next night. Some people said, "Don't do that any more. No boys or girls came to the dance on account of it last night."



They used to have some great war parties in the old days. I remember one time when a war party came back, and they set up a dance. One of the men gave a horse he had captured to be butchered. They killed the horse and started to cut it up before they had stopped hiding. They never bothered to skin it, just cut the meat out in chunks, with the hide on it. That's the way they used to do.

They got all the guts out, and there was a hole cut in the side of the horse. One man in the crowd went there and was reaching in the hole trying to get some of the meat. Someone pushed him and he fell right inside, and got smeared all over with blood. When he climbed out he had nothing at all, and everyone laughed at him.

The man I heard singing most at victory dances was a little short man called *hastin dihit* ['Old Man Black']. He used to wear an owl-feather cap. He knew those songs the best. But I don't know who made the songs in the beginning. They came down from the beginning of Earth I guess. I think he didn't make any of these himself, but learned them at the dances when he was a

boy. I wanted to know where these songs came from so I asked my mother's mother one time, "Is this your song?" "No, I did not make these. They come from long, long ago," she said. No one ever taught a man these songs. He just picked them up at dances. He never paid to learn them.

The little old man who used to sing at victory dances didn't get paid. But he was given a piece of meat. He was old and used a cane to get about with.

One time we asked the old man, "Why do you wear that owl cap on your head?" "Well, when you walk alone at night and wear it, nothing bothers you. You can't hear any owls at all," he said.³

16

CAPTIVES

It is impossible to determine from Goodwin's notes how often Western Apache war parties returned home with captives or under what circumstances this was considered a primary objective. It is clear, however, that adult captives were not taken for economic purposes (i.e. to become slaves), but rather so they could be killed by female relatives of the men whose death the war party had been sent to avenge. A sister or close maternal cousin was generally given the privilege of striking the final blow, and was thereby afforded the satisfaction of personally compensating for the death of her kinsmen.

The women were given a captive to be killed I think because it made him suffer a little longer. Men could put him out of his misery quicker; it would take longer for women to, as they were not as skilled. But the real reason is that if a woman's relative was killed in Mexico then the woman relative closest to that man, maybe his sister, would be avenged by a war party sent down to Mexico. If any prisoner was brought back she would be the one in charge of killing him. But the women who helped her do it would not have to be all of the same clan. They could be of any clan.

The woman in charge had the first shot, I think; then after her each woman had her chance shooting, or with a spear, to see

who would finally kill him. But they never scalped the captive. They just buried the body, because if they didn't it would stink.



One time I heard that they captured a Mexican on a raid and brought him back. They had a victory dance. They turned this man over to the women to kill. They shot him with bows and arrows. Some of the women shot the man pretty good, and the arrows stuck into his body, but others did not pull the string hard enough, and the arrows bounced back and fell on the ground.



One time they captured two Mexicans and brought them back here. One of them was a Mexican captain, and these two men were made to dance with two women. Then as they danced, the chief under whom the dance was given rode up to them and said to the captain: "You know that these two women you are dancing with here will be the ones to kill you in a little while?" "No, there is never a woman who will kill me at all. I am not a woman, I am a man," the captain said.

But pretty soon they took these two men and bound their hands behind their backs and led them over to the foot of a hill. Some of the women went with rifles, and it was these who shot and killed them. Pretty soon they came back bearing the arms and legs of the two men. They danced with these.

It was when the captive was killed that they scalped him and danced with his scalp as I told you. They sometimes scalped on the warpath, but they did not dance over it—just threw it away and never brought it back home.



This is how it happened. This side of Phoenix a war party went. My father was along. He had a spear and later fought with it there. When the party got near the Pimas' home that night, a chief with them called *tlanagude* ['Big Hips, Heavy'] made a drum right there from cowhide, and got it all ready for the time when they would start the fight in the morning.

When it got early morning he threw a rock up in the air and kept on doing this every so often till he could see it all right. Then

he knew it was time to start the attack because it would also be light enough to be able to see arrows and dodge them. "Now let's go," he said, "but first let's sing once more, and then we will go into the fight, as we may get killed." So they sang one more song and then started for the Pima village.

They set fire to the Pima tipis. 'Big Hips, Heavy' Started to hit his drum, and kept on hitting it while the men went into the fight. They killed lots of Pima men and only one Pima man got away. He saved his life by fleeing to the top of a high sharp point down towards Phoenix. I saw it one time when I was in the scouts over that way.

Well, they got all the Pima women and girls in one bunch and then killed all the older ones, just saving the good, younger ones to take back with them.

Captives that they brought home and let live were called *yodasč'in*, which means 'born outside' [i.e. not in the Apache country]. There are lots of them at Cibecue.



Sometimes when they brought back a Mexican captive that they didn't want to keep, they would make him dance all night with them. Then in the morning they would kill him.

One time the Chiricahua captured a boy who was a relation of mine. They took this boy off to their own country. When they got home, they started a dance that night, and they made this boy dance all night with them also. The boy didn't know what was going to happen; he thought this was all for fun.

In the morning the medicine man said he was going to sing four songs, and then they were to kill the boy. He made the men lay their guns on the ground, all in a row. The medicine man started in to sing four songs. In between each song they would stop and make a prayer. When the fourth song was sung they shot the boy, but his body was still shaking, so they shot him again and killed him.



One time, my relatives had an Apache Manso captive. He was captured and raised among our people. He was a boy about twelve or fifteen years old, old enough to know his own mind.

Then he ran off back to his own people in Tucson. When this boy ran off to Tucson he saw all Whites and Mexicans in Tucson. He knew now where our people lived most of the time. So they appointed him a leader for the Mexicans. From that time on there were a lot of attacks on our people because this captive knew where our people would be at different times of year. He knew where all the springs were and where our people camped.



If an Apache was captured for one day or one year or more, when he escaped and got back he did not have to have any ceremony performed over him at all. He was not unclean from that. He just came back and started in where he left off. Nothing was ever done over him.

17

THE NOVICE COMPLEX

In most Apachean cultures, the training of adolescent boys in pre-reservation times was directed towards attaining proficiency in activities connected with raiding and warfare. It is not surprising, therefore, that in several of these tribes, including the Western Apache, the nearest thing to a formal initiation ceremony took place on the occasion of a youth's first raiding expedition. During the entire expedition, the youth's behavior was regulated by a set of ritual proscriptions which, if properly observed, were believed to assure him and his party of safety and success. These proscriptions, together with the training which prepared a boy to observe them, comprise what other writers on the Southern Athabascans have called the "novice complex" (c.f. Opler and Hoijer 1940).

Strictly speaking, the novice complex began four days before a Western Apache youth departed for his first raid. At this time, he was introduced to the taboos he would be required to observe, instructed in the men's warpath language, and given several important items of ritual paraphernalia. The novice's instruction ended the night before he left for enemy territory, and early the following morning, just prior to his departure, a short ceremonial was performed to protect him against adversity or mishap.

A novice on his first raid did not take part in the actual stealing of livestock. He was taken within a mile or so of the enemy's camp

and told to search for a high point of land from which he could study all that went on. Usually, an older man remained behind with him to comment on matters of tactics and strategy. In this way, the boy was able to acquire much valuable knowledge without risking injury or death.

As soon as it became apparent that the raid was a success, the novice left his vantage point, rejoined his comrades, and prepared to help them drive the livestock home. At regular intervals along the way—and especially if the enemy was following close behind—he was called upon to protect his party by performing ritual acts. No ceremonial was held to celebrate a novice's return home. He might be given a horse or two by the man who had led the raid, but this was not mandatory.

When a boy was from fifteen to seventeen years old he was old enough to go on a raid. The first time he went he could not be just like the real warriors, but had to act sort of as a servant to the others. He was advised what to do by his father or nearest male kin. He had to be careful how he acted.



When a boy is old enough to go on the warpath for the first time, he goes to some man who understands about war, a person not his relative. This man teaches the boy how to act and speak on the warpath, and all how he must do, so he will know about it.



For four days before the boy went on his first raid he was instructed by an old man about how he had to do. Then at the end of this instruction a drinking tube and scratcher were made for him. Then just before he left with the other men for Mexico, these were placed on him and they sang four songs over him. The man that they will get to instruct him will sometimes be his kin, sometimes not. If he is not, then he is regularly hired and paid for it.

He teaches the boy for a little while each of the four days, not all day, and he does not teach him any 'power' or medicine at all. He just teaches him practical things that he should do on

different emergencies on the raid path, and all the taboos that he must observe and that a man must observe on the raid path. The man that they get to teach the boy is some man who is a good raider, and has been to Mexico many times.



My maternal grandfather taught one boy he should act this way. It was his maternal grandson. The boy is instructed not to look back towards home for four days after he leaves to go to raid.

When you eat don't open your mouth wide; a boy is taught this. Also he is told not to drink before others on the raid path, but to wait.

My grandfather taught the boy for four days before he left. He taught him in the daytime only, by himself in a wickiup. This lasted only about half the day, this teaching. It was not at night. They let no one in while he taught him. I heard what I did from outside.

It was my maternal grandfather, the same one, who made the scratcher and the drinking tube and war cap for the boy and put them on him. When they tied the feathers on top of the hat he used Gambel quail feathers. "White Man will be scared of that," my maternal grandfather said. "You know how quail jump right out from under you and scare you."



The war cap of a novice was different from that of a warrior. A man's war cap was made plain, just a cap with large eagle feathers on it. There were no words said over it. But a novice's cap had hummingbird pinfeathers from each wing, the first front feathers. Also he had little breast feathers from oriole tied about the base of the larger feathers.¹ Also small quail breast feathers, and downy eagle feathers.² This made four. The hummingbird feathers in there were to make him run fast, so no one could see him, just like hummingbird. But there was no painting on the cap at all. The boy wore no abalone like a puberty girl does.³



The war cap of a boy novice is different from that of a man. There is no power in the former's, but it has four different feathers

in it, quail, eagle down, oriole down, and two wing pinfeathers of hummingbird for speed.



Before a boy went on his first warpath he didn't go to any medicine man to learn about 'enemies-against power,' because he was only a young boy and not experienced enough to learn such things.⁴ It would be dangerous for him to fool with anything like that.

Only after he had become a successful warrior and had luck and had minded what the other men had told him, then only would he be able to learn about 'enemies-against power' from the men who knew it. If he was not a successful warrior, or didn't do as he had been ordered, then he would never learn about such things, for they would not tell him.

That's the reason why among all our people there are only a few men who understand war medicine, and because they did understand it they were successful. That's why they are always the ones who had lots of cattle and horses, and property. The majority of men do not know this medicine.

Such a man who knows this medicine, the rest would follow anywhere on the warpath. He fought only with a shield and spear. With them he would ride right into Mexican and American soldiers and stay there, killing them with his spear. He never could get scared and run.



Just before the raiding party starts in the morning, the novice boy stands there, and men, women and children will each take pollen and form in a line and put pollen on the boy, praying to him as they do.⁵ They pray for lots of spoils, cows and horses, and that the raiders will bring back many and that no White man will see them. Praying to him that way, all those things will come easy. At this same time they put the drinking tube and scratcher on him. They also sing four *gožqsı* ['happiness songs'] over him there, and while they sing he has to dance there.⁶ But I don't know which four songs these are. He has a stripe of pollen painted across his face. Sometimes they will hold this ceremony for two

boys at the same time who are going, just as they do for two girls sometimes.



When the party leaves they put pollen over him and pray, "Let everything be easy for you." A whole line of women and men do just as they do at *nai'ēs* ['girls' puberty ceremonial'] and put pollen on him one by one. "We all feel good and laugh on our way," they get him to say. This means nothing will happen to him. Some say, "It will never wear out, what we are wearing." They tell the boy to say this for them. This way his moccasins will never wear out.

Also when he leaves they tell him to come back in thirty days, so the boy has to say, "I will come back in thirty days." Then if he says it, it comes true. Also they make him say, "These two things I must have in my mind—horses and cattle—so I would like to have these," and he makes a gathering motion with his arms to gather them up. But they don't pray to kill lots of enemies at all. That is different; that is 'enemies-against power.' Just cattle and horses they ask for from the boy.

A boy on his first raiding party could not take a shield and say, "Let no bullets go through this." He has no power for that. Everyone thinks well, not about war or fighting or death. They think only about the cattle they will bring home.

A boy at this time is called *sanbitigišē* ['old age beckoning to him.'] They say to him, "You are the same as a puberty girl today.⁷ You have a drinking tube and scratcher, so you must not look around, and do just as you are supposed to do."



The men all have a bag in which they pack food, but the boy novice carried nothing but a bow and four arrows. Each of these is a bird arrow, with a wooden point. The reason for taking these arrows is that they are not for war—just for hunting. If there are flint points on the arrows, it means war, anger, trouble, and death. They don't want the boy to think about this kind of thing at all. They want to keep his mind straight and his thoughts good.



A boy novice's parents and siblings pray for him while he is gone. His mother has to pray for him every morning for four days after he leaves. She prays, "Let my son have everything easy." Horses and cattle she means.



A novice boy must only drink through his cane tube, for if water touched his lips he would get a mustache. He must only scratch himself with the wooden scratcher, which can be made from any piece of wood. He must not eat the insides of animals, but only the plain meat.

He had to pack mescal and rawhide for moccasin soles for himself as well as the others. He also carried arms for the others, as well as himself sometimes. He often carried extra arrows in a quiver for the others. He had to get firewood in camp and do the cooking, as well as all other camp work.

If he was not closely observing the rules about drinking, scratching, and eating of meat, he would get blisters on his feet and his muscles would get sore, and in this way the others would find out about it.



The first time a youth goes on a raiding party he has to work hard and act as sort of servant to the older men. He also must carry a little stick to scratch himself with and a short section of cane to suck water through, as he must not let his lips touch water. If he does, hair will grow on his upper lip. While on the raid path he must call all things by their sacred names.



A novice boy cannot swim or wash his face for four days before he starts on his first two raids until he gets back. Also he cannot cross a river unless he has to on the raid path. The reason that he must keep away from water is that a big rain will come if he gets wet. The second time he has the same water taboo.⁸

A boy novice also has to sleep on a mano for four days before he goes, and on a rock when on the raid path for four days, the same way, so he won't go to sleep. Also he has to sleep with his head to the east for the whole duration till he gets home. Also

he must be the first to get up in the morning. When he gets home he can sleep any way and can bathe and do all. All taboos are lifted.



Before he goes on his first raid, a boy sleeps with his head on a rock or mano. Bathing or having water on him causes a rainstorm. His mind is especially kept off evil, violent things like war.



The first time he goes they tell him he must not drink water from a pool or river, but he must drink it from a drinking tube made for him of cane. To this is tied a stick with which he scratches himself if he itches.

The second time he goes on the raid path he is told that he must not sleep at night, but get up every so often and run around in the dark. Then in the early morning he does this. There will be a hill with a tree on top of it close to the camp, and he has to run up the hill to that tree and urinate on it. Then he scratches dirt over where he urinated, like a coyote does, and then hollers like a coyote does. This way they tell him to do so that he will be like a coyote and always be able to steer clear of trouble and be smart when he goes to war.

Also on his second raiding party they will never let him eat hot food, only cold food. "If you eat hot food, then later on your teeth will drop out," they tell him. After the second war party, he can eat hot food, and do just as a regular raider.



Wherever they go to raid this boy has to go in front, at the head, for four days. He must not look back or look around. He must look straight ahead where he goes. They stop at noon; then, after they eat, they start on again. They stop again at night. But after four days a boy can look anywhere he wants.



On the warpath a boy is always at the front for four days. No one must ever pass him when he sits down. They all stay

behind. It is this way till they get to the Mexican towns. On the way back it is not this way.



All the way, from the time they leave till they get back, this boy does not go right in front—the chief does that—but wherever he does go, if he should stop in the line, then all the other men have to, and if he should sit down, then all the other men have to do the same way. But if he should sit down this way they will tell him right there that he should not do this way any more. The reason is that if the boy does this he is likely to keep on being this way—sort of heavy—and the men tell him that if he does that it will make them heavy also.

Also each morning on the way down and back, the boy must make a run for a way and then back again. This is so that he will be a good runner. It is only for the first two times that he goes to war that he has these taboos. The third time he goes he will be like a regular man.



The men along with him would tell the boy to exercise, run, in the early morning around the camp. At night they would tell him he must learn not to sleep hard, and to make himself a pillow of sharp rocks, so that if he should fall asleep, his head would roll off it and wake him up.



Yes, it is true that the first time a boy went on a raid he had certain taboos to observe; he could eat no guts. But he could eat the lungs of animals, and such a boy had to eat the lungs while out this way, so that he and all the men with him would be light and swift. His doing it stood for all the others.

On the way and after they get to the land where they are going to raid, they will get this boy to say: "We are going to get lots of horses," or "There will be lots of cattle for us," and this way it will come true. Also, after they get the horses or cattle, then if that boy eats any of the guts of these animals, the cattle will go dead on the way home.



It is true though that a boy, the first time that he goes on a raid, must not take a bath or have water poured on him at all. If he does there will come a great rainstorm—a bad one—so they are taught about this. None of the other men going along can take a bath either down there, but if they did nothing would come of it like a rainstorm. But as soon as they arrive home, the day after, they will all take a sweat bath, and from then on the boy can swim all he likes and no harm will come of it. He takes the sweat bath also.



Down in Mexico, when they finally get their horses and cattle together and are ready to drive them home, they ask the boy to say for them, “Don’t let *nanč’in* [the warpath term for Mexicans and Whites] think about their cattle and horses. Don’t let them miss them. Let us take them home easily.”



On the raid, on their way home, a boy like this would sometimes be told to draw four lines across their trail so no enemy could follow them at all. Men knowing ‘enemies-against power’ did the same thing also.



Down in Mexico when they start to drive cattle home, then they tell the boy to draw a line on the ground and say, “Let no one pass over this.” A little farther on they do this again, till they have done it four times. That way no enemies will follow and catch them.



They never mention enemies right out on the warpath. They always said *nanč’in*. “Now we have what we want, so we might as well go,” the men say. Lots of our people believe that luck happened from a novice boy.



When a boy gets back he gives his drinking tube and scratcher and hat to his mother, and she puts them away in a buckskin sack

for him till he goes the second time. They are then taken out again and he uses them in just the same way. He does the same things, has the same powers, and is taught for four days by his instructor before he leaves. Then when he gets back the second time, it is all over.

From then on there are no more taboos for him. He gives the scratcher and tube with the oriole feathers tied to it to his mother again. She will put it away for another son to use in the same way later on, sometime, when he is ready.



On his return the drinking tube and scratcher are never saved but are always put away up a tree someplace, and prayed to in the doing of it. All pray to this: "May we always be lucky as we were with him [the boy] this time. May no one ever get killed as no one was this time."



If anything happened to the original owner of the cap and scratcher and drinking tube, the set was all put away and never used. But if he was a lucky warrior and killed enemies, got lots of cattle, they would want to keep them and use them, and thus other users would be like him.



When a boy who has been on a raid the first time gets home he will take his scratcher and drinking tube and hang them up in a tree somewhere. But I don't know if he prays at this time or not. He just does all this for himself, out of respect for his life, for he has never been to war before and does not know what it means or what goes on down there. The other people respect him for this also.



When they had a war dance to avenge killed relatives, novice boys never got in there. Only the men who had been to Mexico before—never novice boys. It was only after our people had been to war that they had the victory dance. For just a plain cattle raid there was no war dance or victory dance at all. It was plain cattle

raids that novices went on only. They went when everything was happy, never when men's hearts were mad or when they intended to fight. When a novice boy got home there was nothing done for him, nor was he sung over, or any ceremony for him. But sometimes they would give him four cattle and three horses first of all, even before the chief, and he got more than the others. This was because he had been sort of the head of things.

REFERENCE MATERIAL

NOTES TO THE TEXT

Pages 32-43

PART I

1 ANNA PRICE

1 The Western Apache made horseshoes from pieces of cowhide softened in water. They were fitted over the hoof like a low boot and gave protection against thorns and sharp stones.

2 Prior to a raid, it was customary for the men who were going to take part to meet in a sweat bath and discuss their plans.

3 For descriptions of the 'war dance' that preceded the departure of war parties see Part II of this volume, Chapter 8.

4 The manufacture and use of war shields are described in Part II of this volume, Chapter 7.

5 Diablo is alluding to the fact that the Navajo and White Mountain Apache often traded peacefully with one another and, on such occasions, displayed the friendliness and goodwill characteristic of persons who share food.

6 The events recounted in Anna Price's narrative probably took place between 1855 and 1865, when the Navajo were warring with U.S. troops in New Mexico.

2 PALMER VALOR

1 Canyon Day, a long-time Western Apache (White Mountain band) settlement, is located approximately five miles west of Fort Apache.

2 Prior to the establishment of U.S. military control in Arizona Territory, the Western Apache raided deep into Mexico. It is difficult to determine precisely where they went, but many of their thrusts were aimed at villages along the coast of Sonora. Hence their knowledge of the "sea," i.e., the Gulf of California.

3 Even today the Western Apache maintain strong taboos against eating or handling 'things that come from water' (*tudnde 'yo*).

4 The Mogollon Mountain Valor referred to in this passage is a prominent peak in the Mogollon Mountains of west-central New Mexico.

5 At an early age, Apache boys were encouraged to prepare themselves for raiding and warfare. They practiced constantly with bow and arrow, ran overland for long distances, and swam regularly in mountain streams. For further information see Goodwin's *The Social Organization of the Western Apache*, pp. 428-521.

6 Palmer Valor's mother may have been recalling a meteoric shower, visible throughout Arizona, which occurred November 13, 1833. See also Leslie Spier (1933) *Yuman Tribes of the Gila River*, pp. 138-39.

7 The leaves and stems of wild daisies were believed by the Western Apache to have medicinal properties and were used in a variety of curing ceremonials.

8 In the early and middle 1800s, the Western Apache regularly embarked on raids on foot, leaving behind what horses they had to provide food for women and children.

9 For detailed descriptions of the 'victory dance' that was held to celebrate the return of successful war parties see Part II of this volume, Chapter 15.

10 The "enemies" Valor refers to here could have been Navajos, but more likely they were Pimas or Papagos. Navajo forays into Western Apache territory appear to have been relatively infrequent, but there is evidence to suggest that the Pima and Papago mounted attacks against the Apache as often as two or three times a year (Underhill 1938, 1939; Ezell 1961). At the time Valor is referring to, presumably the period between 1850 and 1860, Mexican troops stationed at Tucson rarely went north of the Gila River. Regardless of who the "enemies" were, it is noteworthy that they chose to attack when the men of the local group were absent.

11 Persons with 'horse power' were believed to be able to control the actions of the animals and make them docile and easy to handle. In addition, 'horse power' could be used to locate herds and, on raiding expeditions, lure them to places where they could be easily surrounded and driven off. For additional information on supernatural power and its uses see Part II of this volume, Chapter 13.

12 Apaches claim that the acquisition of supernatural power precipitates noticeable changes in an individual's personality. Among other things, a man becomes less fearful and makes no attempt to avoid dangerous situations.

13 The Western Apache took sweat baths for cleanliness as well as to cure certain types of sickness. The sweat lodge had a dome-shaped framework of sticks, bent over and tied in place, which was covered with several layers of blankets. Stones were heated and taken inside where water was thrown over them to make steam.

14 This passage is difficult to interpret. At the time Palmer Valor is speaking of, presumably between 1850 and 1865, there were no U.S. troops in the vicinity of Turkey Creek. It is possible that the officer he mentions was Col. E. A. Rigg, who established Camp Goodwin in 1864, but this seems unlikely. Perhaps Valor meant that a message was sent to his people by an officer far away. This would make the most sense in view of the events that follow.

15 In a note to the original typescript of Palmer Valor's narrative, Grenville Goodwin wrote: "The soldiers whom the Apaches joined on their way to Fort Wingate were almost certainly not Mexicans. They were probably New Mexico militia composed of several companies of Ute Indians. The time of the event was

during the campaign against the Navajos, 1864-1865, which was led by Kit Carson. The White officer might well have been Carson himself." In view of these remarks, I have taken the liberty of replacing the term "Mexican(s)" with "New Mexican(s)," a change Goodwin probably would have made himself.

16 The Apaches went after the horses to prevent the Navajo from escaping. The New Mexican soldiers, apparently over-anxious for blood, neglected this tactic with the result that many of the Navajo got away.

17 This meeting probably occurred in either 1858 or 1859 at a place called 'urinating toward the water' in Canyon del Oro on the west side of the Santa Catalina Mountains near Tucson. For additional details see Goodwin 1942:22.

18 Located near a spring on the south bank of the Gila River, Camp Goodwin was established June 12, 1864 by Colonel E. A. Rigg and Lt. Colonel Nelson Davis with California Volunteers. The "White officer" Valor refers to was probably Colonel Rigg. For further information about Camp Goodwin see the narrative of John Rope.

19 Speeches of this sort were made prior to battle in an attempt to dispel fear and fire confidence. The enemy is typically portrayed as having developed from a weak and defenseless condition (infancy) and this, in turn, is held up as a sign of his vulnerability.

20 Men who hid during battle or who ran from the enemy were subjected to biting ridicule, especially from the women of their clan and local group.

3 JOSEPH HOFFMAN

1 A camp site in the territory of the Canyon Creek band (Cibecue subtribal group), this settlement was apparently located near some prehistoric cliff dwellings.

2 Canyon Creek rises under the Mogollon Rim, flows southeast through the Fort Apache Indian Reservation, and finally joins the Salt River in Gila County.

3 A farm site of the Canyon Creek band (Cibecue subtribal group), 'cottonwoods growing out' was located somewhere along Canyon Creek itself, probably a few miles south of the present site of Chediskai Farms.

4 Hoffman is describing here a segment of the 'victory dance' which was held to celebrate the return of successful war parties. The women who stripped down to their G-strings and ambushed the war chief were widows and/or divorcees. For a fuller description of this and other aspects of the 'victory dance' see Part II of this volume, Chapter 15.

5 For descriptions of war shields and how they were manufactured see Part II of this volume, Chapter 7.

6 The woman's comment to the war chief has been given a literal translation in the text and, for this reason, may be difficult to understand. It may be re-phrased as follows: "For a man, young and strong, there are few better ways to die than in the killing of a White enemy."

7 The two clans mentioned in this passage belonged to the same phratry and were considered "closely related." It was on this basis that their members sought each other's help. For a detailed description of the Western Apache phratry system see Goodwin (1942) and Kaut (1957).

8 In this instance, the kinship term probably denotes the speaker's father's matrilineal parallel cousins.

9 Because Hoffman's father had given his young relatives permission to go raiding, he felt directly responsible for their deaths. Having mourned alone for many months, he was now ready to seek revenge.

10 If Hoffman's account of the Navajo campaign is factually correct, the predictions of 'Hears Like Coyote' give ample support to the belief that men with 'war power' could predict future events with extraordinary accuracy. There is a strong possibility, however, that Hoffman related his story with the aim of portraying medicine men as infallible. If so, predictions that turned out to be false would be overlooked or purposely excluded. In any event, the narrative as a whole illustrates with unusual clarity and detail the manner in which an influential medicine man could affect the organization and direction of war parties.

11 By permitting a woman to sing or dance with him at a victory celebration, a man obligated himself to present her with a substantial gift. For additional details on this practice see Part II of this volume, Chapter 15.

4 JOHN ROPE

1 Detailed information on Western Apache irrigation systems, which at certain farm sites were quite extensive, may be found in Buskirk (1949).

2 A staple food of the Western Apache, the acorns of Emory's oak were gathered in July and August and stored away in sacks. In the winter, the acorns were shelled, and the meats mashed on a stone to produce a coarse meal. This was mixed with cooked meat and other foods.

3 Another Apache staple, juniper berries were gathered in the late fall. They were allowed to dry and were then boiled in water until soft. Next, they were ground into a pulp and molded into balls which could be stored for future use. Prepared in this way, the food has a sweet flavor and is quite palatable.

4 At the time of these events—probably around 1860—the White Mountain Apache had not yet acquired canvas, matches, etc., from the Whites.

5 Cedar bark torches were used as slow matches to carry fire from camp to camp.

6 Located on the south bank of the Gila River six miles below Camp Thomas, Camp Goodwin was established June 12, 1864 by Col. Edwin A. Rigg and Lt. Colonel Nelson Davis with California Volunteers. It was abandoned due to malaria March 14, 1871. Before Rigg relinquished his command on August 11, 1864, he apparently succeeded in persuading several influential Apaches, Diablo among them, that the White soldiers were anxious for peace. In the years that followed, the White Mountain bands, together with those from the Cibecue region, did relatively little raiding and, after General George Crook assumed command of the Department of Arizona on May 2, 1871, provided him with many skilled and trustworthy scouts.

7 The hay was used as fodder for the soldiers' horses.

8 This firearm was probably the Model 1855 or 1861 Springfield rifled musket (calibre .58).

9 Known to Whites as Diablo, 'He is Constantly Angry' was chief of the *nadostusn* clan ('slender peak standing up people') as well as the entire eastern White Mountain band. In pre-reservation times, his influence extended well beyond Apache country where he maintained alliances with the Hopi and Zuni. Apparently

an earnest seeker of peace, Diablo dealt honestly with Whites and urged his followers to abide by reservation regulations. Anna Price, one of Goodwin's most competent informants, was Diablo's daughter.

10 Presumably, the White officer called 'Wrinkled Neck' was either Colonel Edwin Rigg or Major Joseph Smith (5th California Infantry) who replaced Rigg in August of 1864.

11 In the spring of 1870, a road was built into the White Mountains of Arizona under the supervision of Major John Green (First Infantry). On May 16, a post was established at its terminus, near the present town of Whiteriver. Known briefly as Camp Ord, Mogollon, and Thomas, it was renamed Camp Apache on February 2, 1871. In September of the same year, Vincent Colyer, secretary to the Board of Peace Commissioners for the management of Indian affairs, visited Camp Apache and officially designated the surrounding area as a reservation.

In 1871-72 General George Crook—now commander of the Department of Arizona—journeyed to Camp Apache and there recruited his first company of Indian scouts. This post was of singular importance during Crook's subsequent campaigns into the Tonto Basin region, and gained added significance in the years following 1873 when, in accordance with Washington's ill-fated centralization policy, virtually all the mountain tribes of Arizona and New Mexico were concentrated on the San Carlos Reservation. Camp Apache was renamed Fort Apache on April 5, 1879 and in 1924 was turned over to the Indian Service for use as a boarding school.

12 In pre-reservation times, the five Western Apache subtribal groups were politically autonomous and operated independently of each other. Amicable relations prevailed most of the time but, as the events described above illustrate so well, this did not preclude the possibility of one group fighting against another.

13 Colorful, humane, and articulate, John P. Clum was appointed Indian Agent for the San Carlos Reservation in March, 1874. An outspoken critic of the military, he respected his Apache charges and was anxious to give them greater control over their own affairs. Accordingly, he created a four-man Indian police force and organized a court to try infractions of law and discipline. After the government's removal policy went into effect in 1875, it became Clum's duty to supervise the nearly four thousand Indians that were gathered at San Carlos. Unable to do so without interference from the military, which he considered both unnecessary and incendiary, Clum resigned in disgust on July 1, 1877.

14 The 'red rock strata people' were limited almost exclusively to the Carrizo band of the Cibecue group. They moved to the vicinity of Whiteriver in 1869, and were the only people on the Fort Apache Reservation who were not forced to go to San Carlos in 1875.

15 On this point, John Rope's chronology is incorrect. The first Apache scouts were recruited at Camp Apache in 1871-72. Rope is probably referring here to Clum's newly organized Indian police force. It should be noted, however, that many of the policemen at San Carlos in 1875 had been (or later became) scouts. Also, there is linguistic evidence which suggests that the Apache did not distinguish between the two. Scouts and police alike were designated by the borrowed Spanish term *salada*.

Goodwin notes that "eventually Apaches acquired the status of regular enlisted men. They were enlisted in companies of 25 men, and all non-coms were Apaches. The companies were commanded by a White officer. The pay for enlisted

men was thirteen dollars a month, and the term of enlistment was for six months. The scouts were furnished with rifle, cartridge belt, canteen and blanket by the Government and could draw uniforms if they wished."

16 Situated in the heart of Chiricahua territory (a few miles south of the modern town of Bowie in Cochise County), Camp Bowie was established on July 28, 1862. During the two decades that followed, troops from this post were involved in numerous skirmishes with hostile Apaches. Camp Bowie was renamed Fort Bowie in 1879 and, in the early eighties, served as a vital en route camp for U.S. forces entering Mexico in pursuit of renegades. On April 2, 1886, the Chiricahua chief Chihuahua was brought to Fort Bowie, as were Geronimo and Nachez following their surrender a few months later. After Apache threats had ended in the Southwest, the fort lost its usefulness and was officially abandoned on October 17, 1894.

17 On May 3, 1876, Clum received orders to escort to San Carlos the Chiricahuas (mostly members of the central and southern bands) who had come to the reservation at Apache Pass. He arrived there on June 5, together with fifty-six of his Indian police. Two weeks later he returned to San Carlos with 325 Indians. Approximately four hundred others, under the recalcitrants Juh and Geronimo, eluded Clum and fled into Sonora.

18 Having completed the removal of the Chiricahuas at Fort Bowie, Clum's next assignment was to bring to San Carlos those camped at Ojo Caliente. Most of these people were members of the eastern (Warm Springs) Chiricahua band, at the time headed by Victorio. Clum arrived at Ojo Caliente with 102 Indian police on April 21, 1877, only to discover that Geronimo, with a force of between eighty and a hundred, was camped nearby. The next day, after concealing his police in the agency's commissary building, Clum persuaded Geronimo and several of his followers to come in for a talk. At a given signal, the commissary doors swung open and the renegades, taken completely by surprise, were easily captured. Victorio, who was not involved in this incident, agreed to go to San Carlos, and May 1 was set as a departure date. On that day there was an outbreak of smallpox, and it was not until May 20 that Clum, with 453 Chiricahuas, Victorio and Geronimo among them, reached his destination.

19 Camp Thomas was established on August 12, 1876, as a replacement for Camp Goodwin (located seven miles southwest), which had been abandoned because of malaria. Often described as the worst Army post in the southwest, Thomas served as an important supply station throughout the Chiricahua campaigns. It was renamed Fort Thomas in 1882, and was given over to the Department of the Interior ten years later.

20 Established in 1860, Camp Grant was first known as Fort Arivaipa. It was located on the Gila River near the mouth of the San Pedro, in the territory of the Western White Mountain Apache. To prevent capture by Confederate troops, Union officials had it destroyed on July 10, 1861. A year later, under the name Camp Stanford, the post was reestablished by California Volunteers. It became Camp Grant on November 1, 1865.

In 1871, a large area of land around Camp Grant was set aside as a reservation, and a group of some 300 Apaches (Arivaipa band; San Carlos group) settled peacefully nearby. Depredations on White settlements continued, however, and certain high-ranking citizens of Tucson charged that the Camp Grant Indians were responsible. On April 30, an enraged mob of 140 private citizens and Papago

Indians advanced on Camp Grant and killed over 100 Apaches. All but eight were women and children. This incident came to be known as the Camp Grant Massacre.

Due to an increase of malarial infections among resident troops, Camp Grant was moved on December 19, 1872, to the west side of Mount Graham, twenty-five miles north of Willcox. Two months later, approximately 1500 Pinal and Arivaipa Apaches (San Carlos group) were taken from Grant and moved to San Carlos. On April 5, 1879, the post name was altered to Fort Grant. It was officially abandoned in 1895.

21 Situated in the heart of Chiricahua Apache territory (central band) just south of the Dos Cabezas Mountains, the Chiricahua Mountains run north-south for a distance of about thirty miles. Throughout the 1870s, this rugged range provided a refuge and stronghold for renegade forces.

22 Rucker Canyon was formerly the site of Camp Powers, a small military post established in 1878 at the juncture of the north and south forks of the White River. On January 1, 1879, it was renamed for Lt. John A. Rucker of the Twelfth Infantry. Brandes (1960:63) writes: "Rucker drowned on July 11, 1878, in a mountain stream after trying unsuccessfully to rescue a fellow officer, Lt. Austin Henely, who had been caught in a flash flood." Almost certainly this was the drowning described by John Rope in the following pages.

23 Located in the Guadalupe Mountains, Guadalupe Canyon is a deep ravine in the extreme southeast corner of Arizona. It enters Sonora near the town of Estes, and was a favorite runway for Apache raiders with stolen livestock.

24 Among the Western Apache, older male relatives—especially siblings, maternal uncles, and maternal parallel cousins—possessed considerable authority over their younger kinsmen and regularly instructed them in matters of importance.

25 If they chose not to draw uniforms, Apache scouts were entitled to a refund at the end of their enlistment.

26 Unmarried Western Apache girls arranged their hair in a long hourglass shape which was fastened at the back of the neck with a piece of buckskin decorated with red cloth, beads and brass tacks.

27 "From this time on," Goodwin observes in a footnote, "Chiricahua scouts enlisted in campaigns against their own people, apparently because of sharply divided opinions."

28 The Winchester Mountains are located in southeast Arizona, northwest of Willcox, in Cochise County. Like the Chiricahua Mountains to the southeast and the Graham Mountains to the north, they served as a virtually impregnable retreat for renegade Chiricahuas.

29 It was not until General Crook's expedition into Mexico in 1883 (which John Rope later describes) that the Mexican government allowed U.S. troops to cross the international boundary in pursuit of hostile Apaches.

30 Cave Creek rises on the eastern slope of the Chiricahua Mountains and flows northeast into Sulphur Springs Valley.

31 Geronimo, together with several other noted warriors, had fled San Carlos April 4, 1878, for the Sierra Madre in Mexico. There he joined forces with Juh, leader of the southern Chiricahua band and probably the Apache referred to by Rope as 'He Brings Many Things With Him'. Shortly thereafter, Ogle (1940: 198) reports, they "established a heavy traffic in stolen goods with the citizens of

Janos." By July, 1879, it was learned where they were, and by early December they were anxious to surrender, at least for the winter. Thrapp (1967:189) notes that Juh and Geronimo spent the winter months near Fort Apache, but it is entirely likely that they made initial contact at Fort Bowie, the post nearest their homeland in Sonora.

32 The White man called 'Pine Pitch House' had been captured as a boy by the White Mountain Apache and raised among them. Later, he married a Chiricahua woman and went to live with her people. As one who understood the White Mountain Apache and their language, 'Pine Pitch House' figured prominently in the negotiations General Crook had with the Chiricahuas in Sonora in 1883.

33 The Chiricahua term which translates literally as 'brainless people' was used by all three bands of Chiricahua to designate the Western Apache. The latter did not seem to resent it.

34 The Western Apache claim that the very best acorns grow around Ash Flat and Rocky Creek. The former is an open valley in the southeast corner of the San Carlos Reservation; the latter is a small stream that flows through a shallow valley to the northeast.

35 This is an expression used by Western Apaches to indicate that a dance is about to be given. The drum is used in the dance.

36 The social dance of the Western Apache differs somewhat from that of the Chiricahua. Among the former, partners are not required to put their heads on each other's shoulder.

37 At social dances it is the woman's privilege to select a partner.

38 Hoop-and-poles was a favorite gambling game. Two men played. Each had a long pole, and one rolled a small hoop along the ground. The object was to throw the pole in such a way that the hoop would fall on top of it. The game required a great deal of skill. It is not played at the present time.

39 Victorio fled the reservation at San Carlos on September 1, 1877, taking with him over 300 men, women, and children. In the fall of 1879, after a few quiet months at Ojo Caliente, he bolted once again and embarked immediately upon a series of raids and killings that threw the residents of New Mexico and northern Mexico into a state of panic. In early May, 1880, Victorio re-entered Arizona with a small force and moved towards San Carlos. "Their exact purpose was not clear," says Thrapp (1967:199), "and they may have intended to reach relatives living on the Arizona reservation. Apparently they skirmished with peaceful Indians . . ." In light of Rope's account, it seems likely that the skirmish involved members of the eastern White Mountain group, and was prompted by Victorio's wish to avenge the death of one of his followers, probably a close relative.

40 For more information about the Western Apache 'war dance' see Part II of this volume, Chapter 8.

41 The Western Apache considered it dangerous for religious reasons to sever the head of a deer prior to the removal of its hide and innards.

42 Hair was removed so that the skins might later be made into buckskin.

43 The fact that none of the scouts in John Rope's company knew English well enough to act as an interpreter suggests that gestures occupied a prominent place in the Apache-White soldier communication system. Note, for example, that the two soldiers out of water could not transmit this message verbally but were forced to convey it by upending their empty canteens.

44 The *gan* are a group of supernatural beings who, impersonated by masked dancers, manifest themselves in certain types of curing ceremonies.

45 The Negro soldiers were probably stationed at Fort Bayrd, which was located approximately ten miles east of Silver City in New Mexico.

46 At this point in the original manuscript, Goodwin notes: "It was not the custom for a man to claim a deer he had shot, but to allow one of his companions to do so."

47 This may have been the first time that John Rope and his fellow Apache scouts tasted butter.

48 Warm Springs (not to be confused with Ojo Caliente in New Mexico) is located on Ash Creek, a narrow stream in the southeast corner of the San Carlos Reservation which joins the San Carlos River northeast of the present settlement of San Carlos. Bear Canyon is located approximately ten miles to the northwest.

49 The medicine man had used witchcraft on the boy and caused him to die. For an analysis of Western Apache witchcraft as it operates today see Basso 1969.

50 It was the custom in Rope's time, as it is today, for relatives of the deceased to see that the body was decently dressed for burial, preferably in a new set of clothes.

51 Among the Western Apache there were (and are today) various types of medicine men. Each type specialized in the treatment of a particular set of disease causes. Any illness diagnosed as having been contracted from a member of the canine family was handled by a medicine man who possessed 'coyote power.' For additional details on the diagnosis of disease and its treatment in the context of ritual see Goodwin 1937 and Basso 1968, 1969.

52 On a variety of occasions, the Western Apache performed different types of ceremonials as components in a fixed sequence. Failure to follow out the sequence—for example, omitting the social dance after the war dance—was believed to nullify the effectiveness of all its components (including those already performed) and was considered extremely dangerous.

53 Bowie Station (S.P.R.R.) was located at the junction of the Globe branch line, approximately fourteen miles from Fort Bowie.

54 A principal chief of the central Chiricahua band, Chihuahua was among the most cunning and intractable of Apache war leaders. His reasons for joining the expedition of which John Rope was a member are not made clear but, almost certainly, he had no intention of leading the soldiers to the renegade Chiricahuas they were searching for. Probably, he was curious to determine the strength of Rope's company and learn what he could of the Army's future plans. Chihuahua's contempt for the Whites comes through clearly in these pages, as when he observes: "These White soldiers are like nothing to us. If they keep this up, we will kill them and take all their horses." With Chato, Nachise, and Geronimo, Chihuahua helped perpetrate the San Carlos outbreak of 1882. Four years later, his forces depleted and weary of war, he surrendered at Fort Bowie.

55 In order to obtain weekly rations, the Apaches were required to present tickets to an agency official. The tickets were punched and retained by their owners for use the following week.

56 Of Mexican-Irish descent, Mickey Free was captured by Western Apaches as a small boy and raised by John Rope's father, probably in the vicinity of Fort Apache. As an adult, he became famous as a government interpreter and scout.

57 The so-called "Cibecue Massacre" occurred on August 30, 1881, when troops stationed at Fort Apache went to Cibecue and attempted to arrest a medicine man, the leader of a nascent nativistic movement. In the fight that ensued a number of U.S. soldiers were killed. Several troop companies were rushed to the Fort Apache area, and within a few weeks many of the Apaches who had been involved in the affair surrendered voluntarily. Most were ultimately released (Sánchez included) but three, who had been scouts, were court-martialed for mutiny and later hanged at Fort Grant. The Cibecue incident created much unrest among the Chiricahuas living at San Carlos and was undoubtedly an important factor in their decision to flee the reservation in 1882.

58 Under all but the most extreme circumstances, the Western Apache refrained from killing relatives. In this case, the two men probably agreed to hunt down the renegade in hopes that other of their relatives would be spared a similar fate.

59 When used against human beings, 'jaguar' or 'mountain lion power' was believed to render them immobile with fright. Concomitantly, the person who employed the power was able to fight with unusual ferocity.

60 The story of the renegade and the poor boy is familiar to many Apaches living today. It is usually interpreted to mean that even the most hardened and desperate men may retain a sense of justice.

61 In September of 1881, over seventy Chiricahuas led by Juh (southern band) and Nachise (central band; a son of Cochise) fled from San Carlos and joined forces with Chato, Chihuahua, and Geronimo in the Sierra Madre. Seven hundred Chiricahuas, mostly of the central and eastern bands, stayed behind under the steadying influence of Loco, a respected leader of the eastern band who thought it best to remain at peace. In need of reinforcements and anxious to see their relatives, the renegades left Mexico in January, 1882, and headed for San Carlos, eager to persuade Loco and his followers that the time was right for a break. They were successful. On April 18 the Chiricahuas bolted. Raiding and killing as they went, most of them reached Mexico. There, on April 27, near Corralitas in Sonora, Lorenzo Garcia of the Sixth Mexican Infantry ambushed a large body of the eastern (Warm Springs) Chiricahuas, killing seventy-eight and capturing thirty-three (Thrapp 1964:239).

62 George H. Stevens was born in Massachusetts and came to Arizona in 1866. He married a White Mountain Apache woman, served as a scout under General Crook, started several ranches, and eventually served as a member of the territorial legislature.

63 Bylas was an eastern White Mountain chief for whom the present settlement of Bylas (San Carlos Reservation) is named.

64 The implication here is that Bylas disliked Geronimo and did not wish to share the whiskey with him.

65 Especially when speaking to someone who merits respect, such as Bylas, who was a chief, the Western Apache consider it extremely improper to voice a request more than once. Hence the boy's admonition to Geronimo.

66 The Western Apache were strongly matrilineal, and a child, regardless of who his father was, automatically belonged to the clan of his mother. Under these circumstances, it was quite natural for the White Mountain people to consider

the foreman's son an Apache. The Chiricahua reckoned descent bilaterally, and Geronimo obviously thought less in unilineal terms.

67 The Chiricahuas disliked Mexicans intensely and rarely showed them mercy. According to Thrapp's (1967:232) account of the Stevens's Ranch massacre, Geronimo's men roasted one child alive and threw another into a nest of needle-crowned cactus.

68 In the original manuscript of John Rope's narrative, Goodwin notes at this point that "Geronimo was really a medicine-man, and it was from this power that he gained most of his influence among his people." Goodwin also notes that, by singing four songs, "Geronimo was putting himself in a state that would give him second sight."

69 It was believed that war medicine, if used effectively, made an adversary sleep soundly, thus rendering him more vulnerable to early morning attack.

70 Why the soldiers did not attack is a mystery. Perhaps they were too greatly outnumbered.

71 A White man, Al Sieber was chief of scouts for many years at San Carlos. He was admired and respected by Apaches and Whites alike. For additional information see Thrapp's excellent biography, *Al Sieber: Chief of Scouts* (1964).

72 Medicine men who accompanied war parties were frequently called upon to use their 'power' to look into the future. On such occasions, it was essential that everyone be serious; otherwise, the medicine man's 'power,' offended by what it considered disrespectful behavior, would refuse to cooperate. This is what happened in the incident described by John Rope.

73 Even today, older Western Apaches maintain that eagle feathers, activated by 'power,' become animate and move by themselves.

74 Peaches was a member of the Canyon Creek band, Cibecue group. His name was bestowed upon him by White soldiers because of his light complexion and rosy cheeks.

75 John Rope tried to use a little diplomacy here, hoping that the other man would give him the bigger deerskin.

76 Among the Western Apache, the penalty for failing to aid one's comrades in battle was ostracism or, in exceptional cases, death.

77 If other people had been ahead of the antelope, the herd would have swerved and run in some other direction.

78 Ordinarily, the members of war parties abstained from sexual intercourse because, they believed, it sapped their strength and made them sluggish.

79 There was almost always some man among the members of a war party who possessed 'wind power.' This was used to create dust storms which hid the movements of the party from the enemy.

80 General George Crook was relieved of command of the Department of Arizona in 1875, but after the Chiricahua outbreaks in 1882 he assumed the position once again. He reviewed the conditions at San Carlos and, finding them deplorable, set about making improvements. He then turned his attention to the renegades in Mexico. Reports of hostilities below the border filled the air, and Crook was worried that the raiders might return to Arizona. He wanted to seek out and, if necessary, destroy the Apaches in the Sierra Madre, but he lacked official permission to campaign below the international boundary. Permission came in the spring of 1883,

and on May 1, having established a base camp at San Bernardino, Crook headed into Sonora with a force of nearly 250 men. Of these, 193 were Indian scouts (Thrapp 1967:277).

As related here, John Rope gives a thoroughly unique account of Crook's famous campaign. Besides relating a series of incidents which to my knowledge are not recorded elsewhere, Rope's narrative shows clearly how Crook's acute understanding of Apaches enabled him to deal effectively with the hostile Chiricahua chiefs. For another account of Crook's famous expedition, see John G. Bourke's *An Apache Campaign in the Sierra Madre*.

81 The Apache attached great importance to ritual preparation for warfare, and Crook was aware that forbidding a war dance might create ill-feeling among his scouts. By suggesting that the dance be held, he avoided this possibility and, at the same time, demonstrated his respect for Apache custom.

82 When speaking to a close friend, either in giving advice or seeking it, Western Apaches often use grandchild-grandparent terms to gain attention and show respect.

83 To befuddle anyone that might be following them, the Chiricahua made it appear as though all the participants in the war dance had departed in different directions.

84 Children taken in war belonged to the person who captured them and, like stolen livestock, could be sold, traded, or given away.

85 Compared to the stealing of livestock, which was the aim of every seasoned raider, the capture of children was not considered an impressive feat. By singing a victory chant, the scout 'He Knows A Lot' was calling attention to this fact and, at the same time, poking fun at himself. The other scouts found his actions amusing.

86 The scouts knew that killing the old woman, who was defenseless and anxious to give herself up, could only serve to antagonize the Chiricahua further.

87 The scout who wanted the boy captive may not have been John Rope's relative. Cousin terms were often applied to non-relatives as an expression of solidarity and good will.

88 This incident is a fine example of Crook's diplomatic skill. If he had sent his emissaries to Chihuahua on anything but the finest mount, the Chiricahua chief could have construed it as a personal insult and, on these grounds, refused to negotiate.

89 Known in the historical literature as *Kaya Venne*, *Kayetene*, etc., 'Cartridges All Gone' was given his name because he fought so hard that he soon used his supply of cartridges. After returning from Mexico, he was sent to Fort Apache where he became the focus of considerable unrest. He was arrested after an unsuccessful attempt to ambush Lt. Britton Davis (whom Crook had placed in command of scouts), tried by an Indian jury at San Carlos, and sentenced to three years imprisonment at Alcatraz. In 1886, he was released at Crook's request and, together with Alchise, helped secure the final surrender of Chihuahua, Nana, and other notable Chiricahua leaders (c.f. Thrapp 1967: 344-5).

90 There were distinct dialect differences between the several Western Apache subtribal groups.

91 Crook's apparent nonchalance at this critical moment was calculated to impress the Chiricahuas. The General's willingness to separate himself from his

troops showed that he was not preparing for a fight. It also gave the appearance of confidence and fearlessness, qualities he knew the Chiricahuas admired.

92 This is a reference to the fight with the Mexican Colonel García in 1882 in which a large number of Warm Springs Apaches were killed.

93 Goodwin notes that "These three Mexican women were later returned to their relatives."

94 As noted previously, a man by dancing with a woman obligated himself to present her with a gift, in this case ammunition.

95 In Chiricahua society a man was under the direct authority of his father-in-law and refrained from doing anything that might incur his displeasure. This probably explains why Geronimo was reluctant to carry out his plan without 'Pine Pitch House's' approval. Under normal circumstances an avoidance relationship would have existed between these two men, but apparently the urgency of the situation caused them to ignore it.

96 The Western Apache considered it dangerous to hold ceremonies immediately after a death. Sieber was acting on this knowledge.

97 Throughout John Rope's narrative, there is abundant evidence that kinship ties played an important role in the instigation and negotiation of peaceful surrenders. This incident is an excellent case in point.

98 Again the reference is to the García ambush in 1882.

99 Owing to a very real fear of ghosts and the belief that witches made poison from the flesh of exhumed corpses, the Western Apache were reluctant to visit graves or places where people had been killed.

100 A number of the Chiricahuas who returned from Mexico in 1883 were sent to live at Fort Apache. Most of them, according to Rope, were members of the eastern and central bands. In 1886, General Nelson A. Miles, who had succeeded General Crook, arrested these people and ordered them shipped to Florida as prisoners of war.

101 A trusted scout when John Rope knew him, the Apache Kid, whom Goodwin describes simply as "a San Carlos man," turned renegade in 1887. Charged with many murders in the years that followed, he was widely hunted but never captured. The last clue to his whereabouts came from an Apache woman who, in 1894, reported that he was critically ill with tuberculosis in the Sierra Madre. For an excellent résumé of the Apache Kid's career see Thrapp 1963:320-350.

102 After surrendering to Crook in Mexico, Chato went to live with his wife's people at Fort Apache. He was made a scout and, according to Goodwin, quickly advanced to the rank of sergeant.

103 As late as 1910, Navajos traveled to San Carlos and Fort Apache on trading expeditions. In exchange for blankets, which the Apache prized for their warmth and durability, the Navajo received buckskins and woven baskets.

104 The man called Archie may have been Archie MacIntosh, a half-blood Chippewa scout who served Crook in the Northwest, later accompanied him to Arizona, and rendered invaluable assistance throughout the Apache campaigns. For further details see Thrapp 1964:88-89.

105 Goodwin notes that on certain reservations, notably San Carlos and Fort Apache, "Spy systems were in operation whereby certain Apaches were paid to keep the commanding officer informed of all suspicious activity."

106 Casador was, at the time he turned renegade, the main chief of the San Carlos band.

107 Today, as in John Rope's time, a number of Western Apaches are believed to have 'power' which enables them to control the actions of horses.

108 The Chiricahuas were shipped to Florida via Holbrook, Arizona. They left Fort Apache on September 7, 1886.

109 As Goodwin explains in a note, John Rope is referring here not to Chiricahuas but to "Western Apaches, themselves turned renegade, who were out in the hills around San Carlos."

110 To facilitate rapid communications, General Miles had ordered the installation of thirty heliograph stations atop peaks in Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico. The signal system was designed to keep all forces constantly informed about the movements of troops and Indians. It was completed by the end of 1886 and is said to have worked effectively.

111 During the early years and through most of the Chiricahua campaigns, the Apache scouts traveled on foot. Later, they went mounted.

112 Immediately after burial, it was customary to destroy the deceased's personal possessions. In part a gesture of respect, this activity was also believed to protect the living against 'ghost sickness.'

113 The man who informed on 'He Knows Hardship's' father may well have been one of the spies, or "secret agents," mentioned earlier. See note 105.

114 It is evident from Rope's narrative that, having committed the act of murder, a renegade expected neither mercy nor forgiveness. Knowing that if scouts did not capture or kill him the relatives of his victim would, he viewed his plight as hopeless. Under these conditions, many renegades "went crazy" and, abandoning all caution and judgment, began to kill indiscriminately.

115 Smiley was a chief among the Tontos at Fort Apache.

116 With a trace of humor, Goodwin notes at this point: "The scouts could never see why the soldiers had to go through all the maneuvers of formation before they went somewhere."

117 When mourning over a corpse, it is customary for Western Apache women to keen in long, drawn-out wails.

118 It should be noted that the murderers did not leave the adobe house until they were certain of military protection. Without it, they would have been killed instantly.

119 The desperation of renegades, coupled with their willingness to kill, made the task of capturing them extremely difficult. By comparison, the scouts considered the earlier, long-distance campaigns less dangerous.

5 DAVID LONGSTREET

1 The medicine man was obligated not only to cure the girl who had been bitten but to rid the entire camp of "coyote fear"—a generalized apprehension that sets in whenever a coyote comes too close or performs an "unnatural" act.

2 It was customary to notify everyone in the immediate vicinity of an impending ceremonial, especially the patient's matrilineal kinsmen. The latter stood

to benefit from the ceremonial as much as the patient himself and were expected to make substantial contributions of food and labor.

3 The *gan* are a set of supernaturals who, impersonated by masked dancers, manifest themselves in a type of curing ceremonial. The *gan* dance is frequently referred to in the popular literature as the "devil dance," but this is a misnomer. Neither the ceremonial nor the dancers have any connection with the devil, a concept which the Western Apache probably borrowed from the Mexicans.

4 The voice to which the medicine man refers in this passage is his supernatural 'power,' an invisible but potent force that instructs him in the performance of ritual and aids him in curing the sick.

5 Having contracted illness from a known or diagnosed source—in this case coyotes—Apaches were advised to avoid all contact with it (or anything it had touched) in the future. In this way, it was believed, the chances of the illness recurring were significantly reduced.

6 The Apaches Mansos ('mild' or 'tame' Apache), were a small band of Athapaskan speakers who lived in the vicinity of San Xavier, a few miles south of Tucson. On friendly terms with the Papago, they frequently led Mexican and White soldiers on raids against the Western Apache. (See, for example, Underhill 1938: 22). The ambush described by Longstreet probably occurred after 1860. Goodwin notes explicitly that it was not the famous Camp Grant Massacre.

7 For a description of the Papago victory dance and the purification rituals that accompanied it see Underhill (1939).

8 At this point, Goodwin notes: "Between bands of different Western Apache groups there was often enmity and mistrust. Hence the reluctance of the two women, who belonged to the eastern White Mountain band, to go to the Arivaipa people for help."

9 The "head officer" Longstreet mentions was probably Col. E. A. Rigg, who established a military post (Camp Goodwin) near Goodwin Springs in 1864. The meeting with Diablo, at which Rigg secured permission to build a road to the present site of Fort Apache, is described in the narrative of John Rope.

10 The old military road went from Calva on the Gila River, across Ash Flat, north to the Black River, and finally to Fort Apache.

11 From 1872 on, Western Apache scouts enlisted with U.S. troops and gave indispensable assistance in bringing hostile Apaches to terms. For further details see the narrative of John Rope.

12 The peak that the Western Apache called 'round' or 'squat mountain' was located near Cloverdale, New Mexico.

13 The military career of John Emmet Crawford was as notable as it was brief. Captain Crawford achieved prominence in 1882 when he assumed military control of all Indian reservations in the Department of Arizona. In 1883, having rendered outstanding service as a member of Crook's famous expedition into Mexico, he was assigned to supervise the Chiricahuas at San Carlos. Transferred to Texas in 1884, Crawford was recalled to Arizona immediately after Geronimo's outbreak in May of 1885. A few months later, in pursuit of the renegade, he was mortally wounded when his company of scouts, mistaken for hostile Apaches, was ambushed by Mexican troops.

14 The "head officer" was General George Crook and the time was April, 1883, shortly before the start of his campaign into the Sierra Madre. Longstreet's

account of this campaign is less complete than the one given in the narrative of John Rope and differs from it on several minor points.

15 The Chiricahua had conducted the war ceremony facing the town they were planning to attack.

16 There is some evidence to suggest that Casador was, philosophically at least, a pacifist. However, once branded a murderer, he had no choice but to turn "renegade" and face the consequences of having broken reservation law.

17 Longstreet is alluding here to the fact that, since he was the son of a chief, his death—had it occurred—would have been avenged with unusual swiftness.

6 MRS. ANDREW STANLEY

1 Mrs. Stanley is probably referring here to the Apaches who surrendered voluntarily after the so-called "Cibecue Massacre" of 1881. For additional information about this event see the narrative of John Rope, note 57.

2 From 1878 on, there were large numbers of captive Chiricahuas living at or around Fort Apache. Although they appear to have mixed freely with the White Mountain Apache on certain occasions, it is clear from Mrs. Stanley's account that hostilities between the two groups were not uncommon.

3 These were hostile Chiricahuas, probably a remnant of the eastern (Warm Springs) band. They were camped on the Rio Grande, but precisely where is uncertain.

4 Without her brother—the only person she could count on for support and protection—Mrs. Stanley found herself at the complete disposal of the Chiricahua. The latter saw that she was virtually defenseless and treated her accordingly—like a "captive."

5 Evidently, Mrs. Stanley and her party passed by the spot near Corralitos, Sonora, where, in April, 1882, Mexican troops led by Lorenzo Garcia ambushed a large body of Warm Springs Apaches. For additional details see the narrative of John Rope.

6 Unlike men, whose raiding activities regularly took them far from home, Apache women were unfamiliar with distant territories and experienced serious difficulty when forced to navigate them alone. Hence Mrs. Stanley's tendency to get lost.

7 This was a group of low, rocky hills just south of Fort Bowie.

8 The feeling persists among Apaches today that persons who have lived alone for long periods of time will have difficulty readjusting to the conditions of social life. It is said that such individuals have lived "too long inside themselves" and, initially at least, "don't know how to act" with others. One of the most interesting—and moving—aspects of Mrs. Stanley's narrative is the trepidation and apprehension that grips her when she finally returns home. Aware that her recent experiences have made her "wild like a deer," she is anxious and uncertain about how her relatives will accept her.

9 The aged and the dying were sometimes abandoned under the threat of enemy attack. Unable to travel and no longer useful, they were a burden to others and knew it. There are one or two cases on record in which old people, tired of living this way, demanded to be left behind.

PART II**7 WEAPONS**

1 The stone from which most arrow straighteners were fashioned was pumice.

2 The territory of the Western Apache is dotted with the remains of prehistoric dwellings, and it was to these that the old men went in search of flint.

3 The use of lichens in arrow poison was predicated on the belief that whatever was wounded with the poison would become as "heavy" (i.e. immobile) as the rocks on which lichens grow.

4 A man who made a shield without full knowledge of 'enemies-against power' ran the risk of angering this 'power' and, as a result, falling seriously ill. For additional information see Part II of this volume, Chapter 13.

8 THE WAR DANCE

1 The members of the family sponsoring the war dance were saying, in effect, that they were seeking women and girls for social purposes only—to dance—and not with the intention of promoting or engaging in illicit sexual relations.

2 Women wishing to participate in the social dance selected partners by tapping them on the arm or shoulder. Hence the name given to the songs sung at social dances: 'invite by touching him.'

10 PREPARATIONS AND CONDUCT

1 Fat horses were preferred because they made the best eating and were easier to herd.

2 Medicine men with 'star power' were especially adept at looking into the future. As members of raiding and war parties, they used their 'power' to anticipate the actions of enemies.

3 The dust storms created by medicine men served the primary purpose of obscuring war parties from would-be attackers.

4 The men and boys who stayed behind served as lookouts and, if livestock was stolen, helped drive it home.

5 The Apache were mightily impressed with individual acts of bravery, especially when they were instrumental in saving the lives of others. The story of the "lonesome chief's son" (lonesome because he did not marry) is a famous one and is told to this day.

11 TABOOS AND WARPATH LANGUAGE

1 A gambling game, *hai'gohe* is played with four flat sticks, each one specially marked. The sticks were thrown much like dice and points awarded according to how they fell.

2 The regular terms for these objects are as follows: 'burro' [*tutkaiye*]; 'mule' [*tsandezi*]; 'old women' [*san*]; 'Mexican' [*nekaiyε* ?].

12 TABOOS FOR WOMEN

1 Any object in which large amounts of 'power' resided was considered dangerous for women to touch. This was especially true of shields and ritual paraphernalia which had been used in ceremonials.

13 THE USE OF 'POWER'

1 After the world was created, according to myth, Changing Woman was impregnated by Sun and gave birth to 'Killer of Monsters,' the foremost Western Apache culture hero. A short time later, Changing Woman gave birth to 'Born of Water.' Having first been instructed in all things by Changing Woman, the two half-brothers left home and rid the world of much that was evil, thus making it a suitable place for Apaches to live. For an excellent collection of Western Apache myths see Goodwin.

2 'Happiness songs' were sung on the warpath, at the girls' puberty ceremonial, during sweat bath, and on a variety of non-ceremonial occasions. Unlike 'power songs' they were not used in curing rituals.

15 THE VICTORY CELEBRATION

1 A warrior whose camp was honored by a mock attack was obligated to present his attackers with a substantial gift, usually in the form of livestock.

2 In the context of a victory dance, obscene acts of this sort were interpreted by adults as an expression of high spirits. However, young people, lacking in sophistication, found them very embarrassing.

3 Owls were closely associated with ghosts. Hearing an owl was interpreted to mean that the ghost of a deceased relative—possibly bent upon causing sickness—was close at hand.

17 THE NOVICE COMPLEX

1 The oriole feathers symbolized clear-headedness, a quality that Apaches deemed essential to success in battle.

2 The eagle feathers on the boy's war cap were believed to give protection against injury, sickness, and misfortune.

3 During the girls' puberty ceremonial, and for four days following, the pubescent girl wears a piece of abalone shell on a rawhide thong tied round her head. The shell identifies her with Changing Woman, a mythological figure whom she personifies during the ceremony.

4 The Apache viewed experience and maturity as prerequisites for the acquisition of 'power.' Persons lacking these qualities were liable to use 'power' incorrectly and bring misfortune to themselves and to others. Judging from Goodwin's material, Apache men acquired 'enemies-against power' only after they had been to war a number of times.

5 At the close of the girls' puberty ceremonial, anyone in attendance may bless the pubescent girl by sprinkling a pinch of cattail pollen on her head and shoulders. At the same time, he may request the girl to grant him personal good fortune. Novice boys were blessed with pollen for the same reason.

6 Songs from the same corpus, i.e. 'happiness songs,' were sung for the girls' puberty ceremonial.

7 This term is also applied to maidens who are going through the girls' puberty rite. During this ceremonial, and for four days thereafter, the girl may drink only through a section of hollow reed (the drinking tube) and touch herself only with a small wooden "scratching stick." The same restrictions applied to boys taking part in their first raid. For a detailed description of the girls' puberty ceremonial as it is performed today see Basso 1966.

8 A taboo against washing and bathing was also applied to pubescent girls.

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About the Compiler

Grenville Goodwin's authorship in the late 1930s of *The Social Organization of the Western Apache* made him a major figure in North American ethnology but only scratched the surface of his unique and profound knowledge of those Indian people. A New Yorker by birth, Goodwin's understanding of Apache ways came not from schooling but from living over a period of eight years with the Apaches on the San Carlos Reservation. The keenness of his perceptions and his empathy with his subjects made him an authority and friend respected alike by the Apaches and by leading anthropologists the world over. In 1940, death interrupted Goodwin's plan to write a series of additional monographs on other aspects of Western Apache life. So voluminous were his field notes, however, and so meticulous his recording of events and transcription of language, that since the late 1960s a rich harvest of his work has been in process.

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