

EARLY DAYS IN ARIZONA**As Seen By****THOMAS THOMPSON HUNTER**

In the fall of 1867 I entered the Territory of Arizona with a herd of cattle gathered in Central Texas and driven across the plains, seeking a market at the Government Post, the only beef supply available at the time for the different army posts. The trip was a dreary one from the start, accompanied by dangers and hardships innumerable. Every inch of the distance across was menaced by hostile Indians, who never lost an opportunity to attack our outfit. For weeks at a time we subsisted solely upon our herd; beef straight being our only ration. Apache Pass was the first place of any note reached in Arizona. A small company of U. S. Infantry occupied the military post there, known as Fort Bowie. On the day of our arrival at Bowie, it looked pretty gloomy and lonesome for the few soldiers stationed there. The Indians were hooting and guying the soldiers from the cliffs and boulders on the mountain sides. They spoke mostly in Spanish, but several of their number could make themselves understood in our native tongue (English).

A few days before our arrival at Fort Bowie a sad accident happened that impressed me very much. The commander, a captain of the post, could not believe that there existed such a thing as a hostile Indian. He had never been close to one. An alarm was given by some of the herders that they had been attacked by Indians. The captain indiscreetly mounted his horse, and with only one assistant, galloped off to where the Indians were last seen. The wily Apaches concealed themselves, and when the captain approached near enough instead of shooting him, as they generally did, they roped him, jerked him off his horse and dragged him to death. On the day of our arrival one of the Indians rode up on the captain's horse, charged around, yelling and hooting and defying the soldiers. I could relate other just such performances by the Reds.

It was near Bowie a few years later that Col. Stone and his escort were murdered by Apaches. Old Fort Bowie, now abandoned, is a dreary, lonesome place, and it gives one the shivers to go through that pass and recall the horrible deeds that have been committed thereabouts. While there in 1867 I looked at the little old stone cabin built by Butterfield's men, and while I am relating dark tales of Old Apache Pass, I'll tell an incident that I never heard of in print. A friend of mine was stationed

there at about the time that Butterfield's lines were drawn off. A fine looking young man, known to the employes as "John," who was an Ohio boy, I think, was the keeper of the station. The stages brought in from the Pima villages what little grain was used by the stage company's horses. At this time, old Cochise's band was friendly with the whites, and would camp in and around the station. On one occasion, John, the keeper, discovered one of Cochise's men stealing corn out of a little hole in one of the sacks. John, acting upon the impulse of the moment, kicked the Indian out of the cabin. In a little while old Chief Cochise came and made a bitter complaint to John about his abusing one of his best warriors—said it was the act of a coward, and demanded that John fight his warrior like a brave man; that he could not tolerate such an insult to one of his best men. Cochise staked off the distance. His man toed the mark, with an old Colt's cap and ball six-shooter. John, the boy keeper of the station, accepted the challenge readily, and took his station in the door of the cabin facing his antagonist, with a duplicate of the same arm that the warrior had. He looked the true specimen of frontier manhood that he was, with two white men his only backers. The Indian had his able chief with his tribe to back him. The critical moment had arrived. John, the Ohio boy, represented the white race of America, while the Indian represented the Indian world. Would John weaken? Would John face such an ordeal? The great chief stood for fair play, and he gave the signal by dropping something from his own hand. The two fired nearly together. John's dark, curly locks touched the wooden lintel over his head. The Indian's ball was a line shot, but too high by about half an inch. John's ball centered the Indian's heart, and he fell dead in his tracks. The old chief stepped forward and grasped John's hand and told him he was a brave man. This closed that particular incident, and the white boys and the Chiricahua Indians remained good friends until the stage line was taken off—an act of the Civil War. About this time there were many terrible crimes committed. Arizona was certainly a bloody battlefield.

Entering the territory north of Stein's Pass, we crossed through Doubtful Canyon during the night. At the divide where we turned down on the slope of the San Simon, we ran into a grewsome sight. A number of dead men were scattered around. We passed along as rapidly as we could in order to reach the plains before daylight. At the very time that we were passing through Doubtful Canyon, the signal fires were burning on the mountain side (Apaches), telling each other of our move-

ments. We passed on to Fort Bowie as fast as we could. In going up the mountain side entering Apache Pass, we saw where a battle royal had been fought. Prior to our arrival, the person who had contracted to deliver the U. S. mails was very hard pressed. So many riders had been killed, and so much stock lost, that the contractor would hire men by the trip to carry the mails from Bowie to Las Cruces and return. One hundred and fifty dollars would be paid for the trip. The boy who made this particular fight was named Fisher, and he had agreed to make the trip to Las Cruces. He left Bowie one afternoon mounted upon an old condemned government mule, and armed with two forty-five six-shooters. When about half way down the slope toward San Simon the enemy attacked him, and if he had had a decent mount it is my belief that he would have won out. They forced him to zigzag along the side of the mountain, their numbers driving him to the hills and preventing him from getting them in the open. All along the trail were dead ponies that Fisher had shot. We never knew how many Indians he got as they removed their dead. After he had exhausted his ammunition they finished him. The equal of this fight, that of a lone boy against such fearful odds, was never known of in Arizona's Indian wars. Fisher—and all I ever knew about him was just his name—was one of God's own boys, and the splendid leather in his make-up was duly respected by the Apache nation. The Indians honored the brave boy in his death, and nature did the rest by erecting the grand old brown mountains for his monument, which will last through Eternity.

We leave Apache Pass now and travel on toward Tucson, the next place of any importance, with the possible exception of Pantano, the historic place where W. A. Smith made one of the best fights on record. He and three companions were attacked early one morning by the Indians, and he was the only one of the four men left to tell the tale. Is there anyone in Arizona today who can possibly realize or appreciate the position of this man, fighting for his life; his three dead comrades piled around him, while he with his big old shotgun carried death and destruction at every discharge of the terrible old weapon? He justly earned for himself the name of "Shotgun Smith." The Indians afterwards said, in relating of the battle, that the man who handled the shotgun killed or wounded seven or eight of their number. Old "Shotgun Smith" lived to be an old man and died at the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, California. He was a personal friend of thirty years standing—a friendship that had grown with the years.

Many other horrible deeds were committed in and around Pantano, but I got through all right, and arrived in Tucson in 1867 in time to take my Christmas dinner, which I might state consisted of a can of jelly and piece or two of Mexican sugar panoche. This was a luxury for cowboys after our long drive and after a fare, principally, of beef broiled upon a stick. Oft-times there was not even that much. Oh, how I did love the old city then—a place of rest; a place of refuge. With my system relaxed, I could spread my blankets on the ground and sleep so sound—no horrible dreams; no nightmares. I was happy and contented, for once, and had no desire to move on and hunt something better. I felt, at that early date, that Arizona was good enough for me. Already I loved her grand old brown mountains. I felt at home in the strange unknown land of my adoption.

As we take the western trail from Tucson we pass on to the Gila River and enter the Pima and Maricopa Indian country. These Indians were found in a pitiful condition, poverty stricken in the extreme. They made their boast to us that they had never taken white blood. It was very easy to see why this was the case. They were being hard pressed by the Yumas, Apaches and other tribes. They were compelled to accept the whites as allies, otherwise they would have been exterminated root and branch in a few years. Among them we felt safe from the hostiles. The greatest trouble was their stealing propensities, which were thoroughly developed. Our stock were getting so poor and worn out from travel that we camped some days in this section. Quite a number of immigrants fell in with us for protection from the Apaches, and while at Maricopa a few pioneers came over from Salt River to tell us about the wonderful country over there, and induce the immigrants to settle with them. One of the inducements held out was that there was plenty of grass there, and it would be a fine place for our cattle. So our plans were changed, and about the first of January, 1868, we entered the Salt River Valley and pitched our camp just west of the Hayden Buttes. In crossing the Gila River the order was issued to cross over light—to establish camp on Salt River, then send light teams back for provisions. Unfortunately, both rivers rose to a point past fording. We could get neither way, and were reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon poor beef straight. What little flour was in camp was turned over to the women and children, and we men got along as best we could without that luxury. We waited patiently until the 16th of February, 1868, when we crossed over to the north side of the river. Before this crossing

we had procured provisions from the Bushard Government Indian traders, then running a little mill on the south side of the Gila River. In crossing the Salt River on the 16th of February, we lost an old man—W. H. Cooper, who drowned. We found a few pioneers on the north side of the Salt River, who were pioneering the first canal ever taken out of the Salt River, and known afterwards as the Swilling Canal. The business men of the territory were assisting the enterprise, and the government policy at that time was to assist all the infant settlements, and Fort McDowell, thirty-five miles from us on the Verde River, helped the little settlement a great deal. Jack Swilling was the first settler on the canal; old man Freeman came next, then McWhorter, whose settlement was abandoned not long afterward. Coming back from a business trip to Fort McDowell, the Indians murdered poor old McWhorter, as he was called. Then came Pump Handle John, then Lord Duppa and Vandermark; then myself, Hunter and McVey, then the Irish boys, then Jim Lee, Fitzgerald and Tom Conley; after them the Star Brothers, Jake and Andy, then old man John Adams and family, then One-Eyed Davis and Bill Bloem. Frenchy was located somewhere near the Irish boys, and he built the first house erected in the valley, and it consisted of four cottowood forks set in the ground and covered with mud, making a nice retreat on a hot day. While sojourning in Pima and Maricopa counties, I witnessed several incidents which are hard for me to forget. I will relate the one that impressed me most. We turned our poor cattle loose to forage. They were compelled to range away for ten or fifteen miles. It was my custom to cut sign every morning; go outside of all cattle tracks among the sand-hills. The squaws would occasionally band together and go away out to procure mesquite wood. I was out some ten or twelve miles the first time I witnessed this sight. From the top of a sand-hill, looking back toward the river, I saw the strange sight. There were two hundred and fifty Indian women in a long line, with their three-cornered baskets and long slick sticks. They at first resembled a herd of cattle, their sticks looking like horns. The wood being reached, they began filling their baskets, and when filled, each had a good burro load. It was a sight to see them, loaded with their heavy burdens, start back, in a little trot peculiar to themselves. I noticed, too, what struck me forcibly; a picket-line being maintained along the crest of sand-hills by the Pima warriors. They were armed with bows and arrows, and each sentinel stood with his bow slung ready to fire on the first sight of an enemy. This was frontiersmanship being maintained by these naked, poverty-stricken, ignorant savages; the price of

peace, self-preservation; the first law of nature, even among these savages. Just a little negligence on the part of this frontier army, and the Apache might rush upon their women and take them off to captivity and slavery. From the bottom of my heart I pitied these poor, helpless, starved people who were fighting their battle of life and making their struggle for existence in their own peculiar way. We call them savages because, for one thing, they make beasts of burden out of their women, and we were taught in our childhood that no Christian nation ever did that. The first sign of civilization was to place our women on a level with men. While with these Indians the condition of their women is the same as it was 40 years ago.

While we held our cattle on the Salt River plains, I was the herder. On Churchill's Addition to the City of Phoenix was a low, heavy soil that I designated as El Filaree Flats. Several hundred acres were well-set with el filaree, and it was the first of its kind that either the cattle or myself had ever seen. The cattle took kindly to the new forage and were soon as fat as butter. I would always turn them loose about daylight, and they would go no farther than El Filaree Flats. There they would eat their fill and lie down, and about the noon hour I would start them back to the river for water. El Filaree had begun to mature, and it seemed to me that in one night every bunch of it was covered with a varicolored caterpillar, and the cattle would not touch it that morning, and lit out to hunt pastures anew. I mounted my pony and started after them, and had to ride hard to turn them back, as in a little while more they would have been in the Apache country. It was probably mid-afternoon before I got them back to Filaree Flats. In examining the weed, I found out for the first time what the trouble was—the worm. Then I saw a funny sight. A long line of Indians of all kinds were breasting across the flats. On approaching near enough I discovered that they were gathering these worms and eating them raw, happy and innocent as children in a huckleberry patch. After getting their fill, the maidens of the tribe strung the worms through the middle with needle and thread. They would then double the strands several times and place them over their necks, and the live worms would wiggle upon their naked breasts. The sun shining on the varicolored collars made them appear to be beautiful necklaces. Of course, they were beautiful until we discovered them to be repulsive, live worms.

Some time in the spring of 1868 a little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Adams. I understand that this girl is living today in Phoenix, happily married and the mother of a large family.

The first little home was started about the month of April, 1868. William Johnson, one of our cowboys, and the oldest daughter of John Adams, were married. Difficulty number one appeared and had to be overcome, but how to do so proved a difficult problem. In so far as we knew, there was no preacher in the whole of Arizona, and no justice of the peace nearer than Prescott. I told my friend Johnson that Fort McDowell was a six-company fort, and the government always looked after the spiritual welfare of the soldiers; there must, of necessity, be a chaplain stationed there, and inquiry proved this to be the case. On a most beautiful, sunshiny day in April, the prospective bride and groom, with a party of friends, armed to kill, and acting as escort to the happy couple, hiked to Fort McDowell. Our wishes were made known to the old, white-haired man whom the soldiers told us was the chaplain. This appeared to the old preacher as a most extraordinary occasion, and he communicated with the commander of the post, who agreed with him. In a short time the usually quiet military camp, situated in the far west, upon the banks of the beautiful Verde River, witnessed one of the most unusual scenes that had ever taken place in Arizona—the birth of the first little home in the Salt River Valley. The soldiers were formed in a hollow square around the big flagpole, on whose top floated the Stars and Stripes. The military band was discoursing beautiful music; the old preacher stood with uncovered head in the wonderful sunshine; the parade ground, as well as the entire surrounding country, was covered with gorgeous wild flowers, and the grand old brown mountains added dignity to the scene. Everybody looked happy, and why not? It was surely a red-letter day for Arizona, for it marked the establishing of the first home in the Salt River Valley—1868. I fail to recall the day of the month. The descendants and pioneer relatives of these first families still live in Salt River Valley. Old man John Adams and his wife were my personal friends—good people they were; true pioneers and true friends; ever ready to respond to the needs of their fellows. They would divide their last crust with the needy prospector who chanced their way. If still alive, they are very old. I would assume, however, that they both have passed to their reward in the Great Beyond.

Up to August, 1868, a number of new people came into the valley. Among them were Lum Gray and family; Grenhall Patterson and the Rowe family, and an old fellow known as Red Wilson, who formed a company with old man John Adams and others to take out what was known as the Wilson Canal. It came out of the river below the Swilling Canal. Old Red Wilson

made life miserable for me. Every time I met him he would insist on telling me of the future of the Salt River; that I was young, and that I would live to see a city built there, etc. I could not see it as he did, but I visited the valley just twenty-eight years afterwards, and realized the correctness of old Red Wilson's prophecy. Phoenix had risen from the ashes—from nothing, as it were—and was in the midst of her first-mid-winter carnival. She was gaily decorated, and presented one of the most beautiful sights that I had ever witnessed. I felt, indeed, that I was another Rip Van Winkle. The same Maricopa and Pima Indians were in plentiful evidence, the same as twenty-eight years ago, but the present Indians were from the government schools at Phoenix. What a change in so short a time! They were forming on the Churchill Addition by platoon to take part in the parade through the city—my old Filaree Flats of the long ago. Twenty-eight years before their mothers and fathers were eating raw caterpillars on the very same spot where their children were now forming for parade, with an Indian youth leading the procession with a brass band made up of their own, followed by little boy corps of drummers. The maidens—descendants of those women who so proudly wore the caterpillar necklaces of the long ago—were dressed in uniforms, and marched by platoons with the regulars of the army. Everything was changed but the old brown mountains—they looked just the same—they and Arizona's marvelous, everlasting sunshine.

A very few of the then old-timers remain. The prominent one are all gone to their reward. King Woolsey, Andrew Peeples, Sam McClatchy, Tom Dodge, Jack Swilling, George Monroe, Jerome Vaughn, Murphy Dennis, Jim Cushingberry, Bill Smith, Bronco Billy, Buckskin Tom, Bob Grooms, Joe Fugit, Joe Fye, John Montgomery and many others who figured prominently in Arizona life in the long ago, have, as far as I know, passed away. Andrew Peeples, Jack Swilling and old Negro Ben were the discoverers of the Weaver district. Jack dug out with his butcher knife thirty-thousand dollars in nuggets. Nigger Ben dug out between six and ten thousand. I do not recall the amount that Andrew Peeples got. The Indians took the life of Negro Ben some time in the seventies.

I will relate some happenings of 1867, concerning a boy who had a great part in the early history of Arizona. A warm comradeship had grown up between him and me. We had fought side by side and suffered privations together until we were as brothers. We met first in the spring of 1867, and both were employed to drive cattle across the plains. We were both about

the same age and temperament, and became fast friends and companions the first night we herded together, so it was natural that the boss should call on the two young friends to go back on our trail between Las Cruces and El Paso and gather up some stray cattle which had been dropped on the river. We started, with a few days' provisions and no extra horses. Some time in October, 1867, we found our lost cattle, all right, on the Mexican side of the river, and the Mexicans would not let us take them back. Disappointed and discouraged; our provisions exhausted; some forty miles from our camp and friends, we started for the camp, situated a few miles down the river from Las Cruces. When only a few miles from camp; tired and hungry and with night coming on fast, we rode right into a band of Mescalero Apaches. They allowed us to ride into a trap that they had set for us, at a point where the road passed on both sides of a thick mesquite bush. They waited until we were within a few feet of them, then fired upon us with both gun and arrows. Fortunately for us, they missed our horses, but poor Billy caught the bullet and arrow in his right leg. The bullet pierced his thigh and passed through his body, and the surgeons took it out afterwards from the left hip. An arrow went between the bones of the shin on the same leg. Our horses reared up so straight that my rein passed over the head of the horse I was riding. The horse was so badly scared that I could hardly hold him, and for a little while I left Billy in the rear. A line of sand-hills ran along here across the road, and the Indians had concealed themselves and their ponies behind these hills. When we turned we were confronted from the rear by some thirty well mounted warriors. They were formed directly across the road, cutting off our retreat entirely. At this time I heard the voice of Billy; his splendid judgment had taken in the situation at a glance. "Don't leave the road," he said, "but charge straight at them and break through their line; let us sell out as dear as possible. This is our only chance." We had drawn our six-shooters at the first attack. He had a dragoon Colt's Shooter, and I a Colt's Navy size. "Hold your fire until the last," he said, "as they may get us on the ground." We rode straight at them, and they gave way on either side of the road. We passed through the line without a scratch, but they threw many arrows at us. One fellow ran on my left and made it interesting for me. For more than a mile I could feel the wind of the arrows as they passed my-head. I did not intend to fire, but my horse stumbled and came near falling. In this shaking up I accidentally pulled the trigger, and the Indian fell from his horse. Billy always in-

sisted that my ball punctured the Indian's carcass. About the same time Billy turned his old dragoon loose on a fellow behind him, who was reaching for him with his lance. I happened to be looking around and had the pleasure of seeing that fellow turn a somersault and land in the road behind us, and I always maintained that Billy got him. At any rate, they did not crowd us any more, but they kept up the chase for several miles, but we finally reached Chamberlain's Station safely. We helped poor Billy from his horse and did all we could for him. We pulled the arrow from his leg and discovered he was badly wounded, but he insisted that he would live to fight the red devils another day, and he did. Next day we took him to Camp Sheldon, and the surgeon cut the ball out. He was confined to his bed for a long time, and when discharged from the hospital was in a badly crippled condition. He could hardly drag himself around. At about this time Col. H. C. Hooker was starting with a big herd of steers for Arizona, and as Billy was a good man with a team, Col. Hooker gave him the job of driving the chuck wagon and assisting in cooking for the punchers. Afterwards, while driving through Tucson, he caught smallpox and came near dying, but he recovered and his lameness left him, along with the smallpox, and with the exception of the shot through the left foot, he was strong and active up to the day of his death, which occurred about 1887. At Fort Apache, in the fall of the year, he and Bill Waldoo were surprised in their camp near the post by a part of Geronimo's band, and killed. Their bodies were found later in the day and buried at the fort. Waldoo was instantly killed; Billy was shot through the neck, the bullet severing the jugular vein on both sides. That kind of wound means instant death, but Billy grabbed his faithful Winchester, and no doubt would have used it before his death, but a bullet cut it in two. He died with it in one hand, and had his knife clinched in the other. With this death shot he probably lived a minute before losing consciousness. He managed to reach a little gully and lay down on his stomach, and was probably dead by the time he lay down. The Indians evidently saw him do this, but apparently thought he was only wounded, and knowing full well the make-up of Billy Harrison, they left there too quick, for fear he would get one or more of their number; not knowing that he was already dead. A braver or truer friend I never knew. From 1867 to about 1887 he was prominently known from Prescott to the Mexican line. The numerous encounters he had with the Apaches during these years would fill a good sized volume. As best I can I will relate a few incidents regarding him, just to show the kind of leather in his make-up. On one occasion Col.

Hooker, who was supplying the government post with beef, had a big herd of cattle heading toward Camp Apache; not particularly needed in that section, but greatly needed in the southern part of the territory. Something had to be done at once. It was about two hundred and fifty miles or more from the headquarters ranch southwest of Tucson to Camp Apache. There was no telegraph line then in the territory, and it was just about impossible for a man to get through alive, but Billy Harrison no sooner knew of it than it was all solved. With one man and the best mount on the ranch, and with a little provision tied behind their saddles, they pulled out on that perilous trip—the chances ten to one that the Indians would get them sure. The trip was accomplished all right, and the cattle turned in the right direction. Two incidents in particular will go far toward revealing the shrewd judgment of this brave plainsman. They had to pass near what is known as Eureka Springs, on the head of the Aravaipa. At that time it was one of the main camping places of the hostiles. The two boys reached this place at the wrong hour. During those times we did all our traveling at night, as it was almost sure death to attempt it in the daytime. The wrong hour of the night was in the small hours before dawn. Should the Indians be camped there, and they could pass them, daylight would come too quick. The Indians would take the trail and run them down shortly after daylight. Billy's good judgment served him well on this occasion. He reasoned with his companion that if the Indians were camped at the spring, their duty would be to approach just as near as possible without discovery; then charge them at the same time firing their pistols. Sure enough, they saw an Indian fire burning, and they kept advancing until the Indians heard the tread of their horses. They were then only a few hundred yards away, and they charged with a yell, sending bullets in the direction of the Indians. They then rode right on their way, and left the trail a few hours later. At daylight they tied their horses out to grass, then concealed themselves and slept until dark. The Eureka Indians, thinking that they were jumped by scouts, probably did not stop running until daylight drove them also to shelter. Billy and his companion made the rest of the way by daylight, after crossing the Gila River. Cautiously feeling their way, on the last day of their trip near Camp Apache, they discovered a lone Indian in an open glade digging roots for food with a stick. Billy decided at once to capture him and take him to the post. Accordingly, he placed his companion, and instructed him what to do. Billy said he would go around the Indian; get as near as possible, and when the Indian discovered him, the companion was to let himself be seen; the In-

dian would be compelled to run in the open, and Billy would rope him before he could get to the brush. He got within a hundred yards of the Indian, who, without looking around, darted for liberty. Billy's horse was swift and he started full tilt, the rope ready to throw. Billy said he never had any idea that any animal could run like that Indian did. The latter, in spite of everything, steadily gained upon them until he struck the brush at least two hundred yards ahead of them. There was no Indian that day to exhibit as a trophy of that memorable trip.

Following this trip, and while Billy was resting leisurely at Camp Crittenden, after delivering some beef steers to be used at that post, a really funny thing happened. The incident is apparently forgotten, and I do not recall of ever having seen it in print. At the time there was a government outfit consisting of something like two hundred of the best horses ever seen in Arizona. This outfit appeared to be an independent organization for scouting purposes only. They had just come into that post for rations and to recuperate. Seven or eight mounted men were guarding these horses, along with the regular horses of the post, in herd, near the post on fine Grama grass. A good many Papago Indians were cutting hay with sickles for the use of the post. The Papagoes are friendly, and partly civilized by the mission fathers at Tucson. They always wore loose white pants, white jumpers and large straw hats. Old Chief Cochise planned to capture these horses, and his strategy in this instance showed him to be an able man. He dressed six or eight of his most trusted men in the garb of the Papago hay cutters. They rode right through the parade grounds and on to the herds, which were quietly grazing. Some of the herders were sitting sidewise on their horses, when all of a sudden the Indians gave a war whoop, at the same time firing their guns at the herders. The result was that every herder was afoot before I can tell it, and watching their stock going like the wind toward the nearby mountains, with Cochise's whole band in the rear of the stampeded horses. Great excitement and consternation prevailed, with everything about the post gone wild, and no head to be found. Orders were given for the soldiers to saddle and mount the mules and follow the fleeing herd. It was not very funny for the soldier boys, but the cowboys had the laugh of their lives. One fellow saddled a fine looking mule and mounted him to start in the chase. He hardly got seated before Mr. Mule landed him on the ground. The soldier was not stuck on that kind of cavalry horse, so he went right on as though nothing had happened. Another fellow, seeing a chance for a good mount, jumped on the

mule and met the same fate, and during the prevailing excitement there were probably twenty soldiers who mounted that mule, only to meet the same fate. They finally tumbled to the situation.

Another bad place for Indian attack was the Picacho, between Tucson and the Gila River. Our outfit passed all right. The fighting force with us consisted of about eight men. Norbo and Sloan came on behind us in 1868 with a herd of something like three thousand head, and probably sixty or seventy men, and following close behind the cattle was a good-sized train of immigrants. They were very confident and a strong outfit, compared to our weak one. Many people made this great mistake—on account of their great strength they became very careless, forgetting, for the time, that the Indian is ever watching the movement of their expected victim. A man by the name of Johnson was driving the chuck wagon with two yoke of oxen. He pulled out ahead, and the cowboys, jumping at the chance to get rid of their guns, put them in his wagon, as they felt no more danger of an Indian attack. So as Johnson pulled out, he had about all the guns owned by the outfit. He had gotten to the first of Picacho Peak, when the Indians killed him and, arming themselves with the guns, attacked the cowboys in charge of the herd. The latter were armed with cap and ball six-shooters only. The Indians whipped them in short order; drove them to cover and started the herd off on a run in an easterly direction, and reached the rough mountains ahead of everybody and everything. The report reached Camp Lowell at Tucson. A party of troops accompanied the herders, but they never even caught the dust of that herd; the latter were completely lost to the owners, and the outfit completely paralyzed. While our outfit was small, it was vigilant; we were never caught napping. We always had our guns in our hands, ready for the expected attack. The Apache reasons well, too. He will not attack a lone man unless he has all the advantage, and if there is the least chance of getting shot, he will not take that chance. Many times have I reached the scene of their murders, and have figured out the situation. Rarely ever were their victims shot in front. As the unsuspecting victim reached the spot selected as the place of execution, while they could easily have shot him as he advanced, they invariably waited until he passed, then shot him in the back. At Picacho Peak, after this fight with Norbo and Sloan, an immigrant woman took sick and died on this battlefield, and she was buried beside the victims of the Apaches. In those days we could not bury a body without the coyotes digging it up. We found this to be the case when passing this little lonely ceme-

tery. The animals had reached the bodies in their graves, and were digging them out. We reburied the victims, and cut the roots of the Cholla, a species of cactus, full of thorns and stickers, and shook them over the graves. The cactus balls would soon take root, and the coyotes could never dig them out. These little cactus mounds were plentifully scattered all along the high-ways, telling the passerby, plainer than words, that this mound bristling with cactus was the resting place of one of the Apache victims of the pioneer days of Arizona.

In 1868 the mail was carried from Yuma to Tucson on light buckboards, pulled by two small wild Mexican mules. They would be blindfolded, then it required about three men to harness and hook them up. The driver would get into his seat, the blinds would be raised and the mules would go like the wind, as long as their wind lasted, or until they reached the next station. A man by name of Leonard drove this buckboard from Blue-water Station to Tucson. On one occasion, he had passed Pica-cho Peak and was nearing Nine Mile water hole, a noted place for Indians, near Tucson. The heavy mesquite timber up the Santa Cruz to Tucson afforded the Apache the best of opportunities for their depredations. They lay for Leonard, ambushed him and shot him through and through, but he stayed with the mules and buckboard and reached Tucson. The doctor located the ball just under the skin on the other side, and cut it out. The Indians were short of ammunition, particularly lead, so they put the threaded ends of iron bolts in the gun in place of bullets. They would pick those bolt ends up around the blacksmith shops, where they were cut off by the wagon repairers. It was one of these threaded bolts which went through Leonard's body. He soon recovered, and held his job for a long time after this, and finally made a big enough stake to pull out for new pastures.

The appearance of Gen. Crook during the early seventies made it appear that the war would soon be ended. He and his scouts were sure bringing the Apache to a state of subjugation. The policy of Gen. Crook was to make them fight each other, and when they failed to obey his orders to come in to San Carlos to draw rations and go to work, he threatened extermination without mercy. I will relate a few instances of sacrifices that tried men's souls; in the years to come, they may make interesting reading for those who will follow us. There was a noted Indian—brave, reckless and bad, by name Coch ah Nay, who was a leader among his following. He was also patriotic, and had sworn a determined oath never to surrender to a pale-face.

He loved the country of his fathers, and would die in defense of his rights, but retreat—never. Gen. Crook, with his scouts, was waging war to the knife against old Coch ah Nay and his band, and even the ordinary Indian could see plainly that it was only a matter of time when the last one of his tribe would be exterminated. About this time there came to San Carlos a withered old Indian woman, who wanted to talk with Gen. Crook. Through an interpreter, she told the general her story. She stated that she was the mother of Coch ah Nay; that he would never surrender, and she saw that her other children and grandchildren would all be killed. She asked permission to bring in this family in order that their lives might be spared. Gen. Crook's answer to her was that not one of the tribe could come in, except upon one—and only one—condition—that Coch ah Nay's head should be brought to him in a bag. As soon as that demand was complied with—and not until then—the whole tribe might come in and draw rations. The poor old savage woman retired to a lonely spot on the side of the mountain, where she remained for something like twenty-four hours in close communion with her God, as she saw Him. Though we did not hear what she said, her shrieks were painful to hear. The brave, rough, hardened men looked on in pity for the poor old thing in her greatest distress. She would wrap the hair of her head around her fingers, and pull it out until she was nearly bald. The terrible agony of this poor savage mother was distressing to behold. I did not know then, but I know now that this mother was asking her God, in her own way, that, for the sake of her loved ones, this cup with its bitter dregs might pass her by. Instead, her God sent the comforter to this withered, savage soul. At the end of this long devotional, she dried her tears and came back for another talk with Gen. Crook. She told him that it was better for Coch ah Nay to die than for all the women and children of the tribe to perish; that if he would send the scouts to accompany her, she would point out her son, and that the general's demand would be complied with. The general ordered Clay Buford, chief of scouts, to go with the old woman, and bring back Coch ah Nay's head in a bag. They traveled a long way into the Catalina Mountains near Tucson. The mother pointed out the hiding place of her son, who was surprised and the whole outfit duly killed. The poor old woman never faltered, but came forward and fell upon the body of her brave son; told Buford that this was her son, Coch ah Nay, whereupon the head was cut off, put in a bag and brought to old Camp Goodwin. Gen. Crook made good his promise to the old mother, and had her people brought in to the reservation at once. The war was over. This mother would be

cared for by the government for the balance of her life, and she could spend the evening of her life in peace and quiet.

Clay Buford was for many years chief of scouts for Gen. Crook. He was a personal friend of mine, and prominently known throughout most of Arizona. A braver man never lived. He was an athlete of powerful physique, and was capable of enduring as much hardship and privation as the best of the Indians. For these qualities he was greatly respected by them, and few men ever had the control over them that he had. He died a few years ago of a disease of the stomach, after passing unscathed through many struggles in the Apache War.

About this time in the seventies there came a lull in Indian depredations, and the country settled up rapidly with cattlemen and their families. Things looked good to the pioneers. This lasted until the Cibicue outbreak in 1881. At about the same time the Chiricahuas broke loose from the sub-agency above San Carlos. This tribe had never been whipped into submission. A part of the tribe had been left behind in Old Mexico, and they kept up a continual warfare along the borders of the two republics. They kept in communication with their chiefs, Hu and Geronimo, but never made any big raids into the interior until the whole tribe went out in 1881. From then on it was something fierce, until Gen. Miles fought them to a finish in 1886.