



As Told by the Pioneers

SANTIAGO WARD

(Reminiscences as told to Mrs. Geo. F. Kitt, March
12, 1934)

I was born at Sonoita near Patagonia July 25, 1860. My father was John Ward, one of the first settlers, and my mother was Jesusa Martínez. I know very little of my father as he died when I was five.

My mother was a Mexican, born in Santa Cruz, Mexico. She had been married before to a man named Téllez. He was a very light Mexican with blue eyes and brown hair and they had two children, Felix and Theloro. These children were taken into my father's family, and always went by the name of Ward.

As I said he was my half brother, the son of my mother and Mr. Téllez and was gray eyed and brown haired like his father. He was raised with us and went by the name of Ward. When he was about twelve years old and we were living at Sonoita he was stolen by Apaches and never came back. A posse of men went after the Indians but they divided in three groups. One group took my brother, a second took the cattle they had stolen from the ranch and elsewhere and the other group just kept foraging. Of course they decoyed the men into taking the wrong trail.

Father and mother both died thinking that brother had been killed. But years later a friend of the family told me that he had seen my brother at San Carlos; that he had grown up as an Indian and was an interpreter for the government. So I went up to San Carlos to see him. That was in

1881. I did not know him at first but he looked very much like his sister, fair with grayish eyes. They called him Micky Free. I do not know why.

I tried to get him to come home and see the family but he never would do it, always made some excuse. He wanted me to stay with him and he got me work and I stayed with the government a year. Micky and I went down to the San Bernardino ranch on the border with forty wagons drawn by mules and along with five companies of soldiers to help bring the Indians from the Sierra Madres to the reservation. We carried provisions for them all and Micky went among them to interpret. We were all under Capt. Crawford and Lt. Davis.

NOTE: The capture by San Carlos Apaches of Felix Ward (Micky Free) and the subsequent wrongful arrest of Cochise, chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, caused a bloody Indian war that lasted some twelve years.

Chas. T. Connell and other writers say that the noted scout "Micky Free" was a half-breed Indian, son of one Jesusa Salvador, who as a young girl was captured by Pinal Apaches and who escaped in 1855. Mr. Ward denies this.

D. E. ADAMS, Central

(Reminiscences, March 19, 1934)

I left Utah February 2, 1876, in a company of two hundred families called by President Brigham Young to go and colonize Arizona. We strung out in companies of ten in order to get water as some watering places were small and water scarce. I landed in a place, now Joseph City (March 9, 1876), the only place of four that is now known, about three miles below Holbrook, but now some few miles farther down the Little Colorado River. Opposite Allen's camp (now St. Joseph) was Lake's camp and twenty-five miles farther was Lot Smith's camp and opposite on the west side of the river was Ballenger's camp, about one mile below Winslow. There were about fifty families in each settlement. We built dams, made canals on each side of the river, broke land, planted, and irrigated; but of no use, as high

water took the dams out. We raised nothing and ran out of provisions and had to go into our soap grease for bacon rinds to season our beans. That and bread were all we had left. The entire northern part of the territory then was Yavapai County. So that pretty well broke up the settlement of the Little Colorado River. The people then scattered to different parts, some at Mesa that I knew.

While on the Little Colorado, Alfred Cluff and I built the first dwelling house, and of course we needed furniture, so Alfred hitched up his horses and started for the forest, about sixty miles away for a saw log. He found Showlow ranch and made a bargain to rent it of C. E. Cooley, he being the only owner, with two Apache squaws as wives. He got back with a nice saw log and he and I sawed it up with a whip saw by digging a pit, one standing in the pit to pull the saw down and the other on top to pull it up. So we soon had our houses furnished. The houses were made out of crooked cottonwood logs and the floors made out of smooth sandstone quarried out of the ledges about four inches thick, making four for each house which was ten by twelve feet in size with dirt roof.

Well Mr. Cluff told me about the ranch and asked me to go with him as a partner, so being tired of our style of living as one family, all eating at one table and very little on it, I accepted. So we hitched up our teams and went. Cooley was to furnish teams but we found nothing but long-horned, Texas oxen, Mexican broke—you had to be on each side of the road to keep them in it. Well I yoked a pair and hitched on my plow and the first thing one of them did was to lie down and sulk. I got a club and went to work on the ox, but I could not get him up. Out came Mr. Cooley and I expected to get a bawling out for beating the ox, but he took the club, broke it on the ox's head and went to work with the short club and in the fight he struck his hand on the horn and started off for the doctor. I said, "Here, I can't plow with this team." "Why?" asked he. So I said, "I can't make them keep the furrow." So he said, "Let 'em go, it all has to be plowed anyway."

Cluff and I were the first to take white families into that part of the forest. My son, Lind, was the first white child born on Showlow. Our midwife was an Apache squaw, Mrs. Cooley, and as it was a critical case my wife, Caroline, would have died without her aid. My wife was eventually the mother of thirteen children. Twelve of the lot lived to be grown, all good citizens of Arizona.

We planted one hundred sixty acres of corn. Had to send a team to Utah for seed and raised a good crop which was used at Fort Apache, there being four companies of soldiers there at the time with Major Oglesby in command. While at Showlow we explored the country and found a nice little valley six miles southwest of Showlow.¹

So we laid claims and the year 1877 moved on our claims. The land having been surveyed, we found our corners and took our claims accordingly. Mr. Cooley tried to discourage us in many ways inasmuch as one young buck Indian came and threatened to kill us and burn our houses but we thought he had been sent there by some one and did not go at that time. We were on good terms with the Indians and some of them camped near by and we would feed them. I had accumulated one hundred head of cows and would give them a beef occasionally and my stock was perfectly safe. So when Cooley found out we would not go and we raised good crops he sprung the question of us being on the Indian reservation, saying the treaty with the Indians was the north line to be on the watershed between the Little Colorado and the Gila. So we sent two men, namely, Alfred Cluff and Joseph Frisby, to the Indian agent, Mr. Hart, he being the best and highest authority in Indian affairs. He furnished us with a blueprint map of the White Mountain Indian Reservation which showed the White Mountain Peak to be

¹ Cooley went there to locate the place and another man [Marion Clark, according to Barnes] at the same time so they decided to play a game of Seven Up to see which took the ranch. They played until they were five points each and it was Cooley's beg. The cards were dealt and Cooley stood his hand and had the ace of trumps and showed it to the other man and he says, "Show low and go out." So they named it Showlow.

the northeast corner containing fifty miles square running west and south, showing the place Forestdale to be about six miles north of the line.

Cooley was a very influential man with both Indians and officers at Fort Apache, also an intimate friend of General Crook, having served as his interpreter during the subduing of the Apache tribe. I did not hear much of Crook only as mentioned by Cooley. He was probably absent from Arizona during our first years of settlement but he came back and we had a flourishing colony of about fifty families and still coming. I suppose Cooley put the watershed question up to him for it was not long until there were one or more companies of soldiers at work scalping trees, building stone monuments, and putting up signs, "White Mountain Indian Reservation," which established the line about six miles north of us. This was not only an injustice to us but also to Arizona, the reservation being fifty miles east and west. In adding twelve miles on the north it would add approximately six hundred square miles to the reservation which seemed not necessary for the Indians. Indian agents were changed, maps disappeared so it was hard for Senator Ashhurst to get all evidence in our case that he so ably fought for remuneration of losses we sustained in being ordered off by the new agent, Tiffany. Mine was one of only two families left there. The letter I got stated, "if you do not move you will be moved at your own expense" so we left and started in at a place now know as Linden, the name being after that of my son born at Showlow. We got the first post office and public school there.

I have gone through all the dangers of lawless Indians and had many narrow escapes, from the Apache Kid and also from Victoria Geronimo and a few of the Forestdale Indians who got off the reservation and wounded a plum-colored saddle horse near Taylor which we tracked and followed to the reservation, where they shot and killed Nathan Robison.

I have seen Indians fight among themselves, always to kill; one fight took place within a hundred yards of where I was living on the Ellsworth ranch, one mile south of Show-

low. Two Indian chiefs were playing cards, drunk on tiswin, and got to fighting by pulling hair, pounding each other on the head with rocks, and then both ran for their tepees, each having Winchester rifles, stepping out in plain sight, each shot at the same time, both shot in the center of the breast—Petone, a commissioned chief was killed instantly, the other, Alchusay, recovered. Then the near friends took sides and had a free-for-all fight, with others killed and wounded. At the time there were six men living on the ranch all of whom were out turkey hunting and had taken different routes. I was alone; it was snowing and I heard the shooting and thought all of the boys had got together and were shooting at a drove of turkeys. If so, I was lost as the sound seemed to come from the direction of home which I knew could not be, so I made for the shooting. It ceased before I got there but I kept my course, going through a cedar and brush thicket and the clearing into the Indian camp. There I saw an awful sight, dead and wounded lying on the ground, men, the victorious, sitting on the hillside with guns between their knees and women crying. I hesitated, stopped for a second, and thought of going back, but at second thought decided they could see me anyway and if they wanted to kill me they could do so easily. Since it was on my way home I walked right through the camp and no one said a word to me. I saw where the fight started by the black hair on the ground, it looked like someone had been roaching mules. I went home and was glad to know none of our men were hurt although badly scared. One of them came rushing in the house, knife in one hand and gun in the other, and looked under the beds and rushed out without saying a word, so I was told. I got help and brought old Pedro, the peace chief, who was lying on his back with two bullet holes through his knee, to the house and cared for him the best we could and sent word to Fort Apache. They sent an ambulance and put him in the hospital but I never heard nor saw anything more of him.