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Es-kim-in-zin

John P. Clum

ES-KIM-IN-ZIN

By John P. Clum

ES-KIM-IN-ZIN and Geronimo were both full-blooded Apaches. Both were dominant figures among their respective followers — but in character the one was the antithesis of the other. Es-kim-in-zin was the first of the Apache chiefs brought to my official attention at the time of my appointment as agent for his tribe, and fate decreed that he should be the first Apache with whom I came in contact — face to face. This meeting occurred in the early part of August, 1874, at (New) Camp Grant, Arizona, where that intelligent, high-spirited, illfated Indian was then confined as a prisoner of war - *in chains.*

It is the irony of fate that Gernoimo, an utterly undeserving character, should have acquired a notoriety that made his name familiar, not only nationally, but, to a limited extent, internationally — while Es-kim-in-zin, who was worthy of much, attained only sacrifice and oblivion. Geronimo reveled in crime under a system of perpetual pardoning. Es-kim-in-zin endeavored and suffered under a scourge of persistent penalties.

Es-kim-in-zin was the chief of the Pinal and Arivaipa Apaches who lived in the valley of the Gila and who roamed northward over the Pinal range and southward to the Arivaipa canyon. His name appears in official reports as far back as 1871. The incident which gave him this initial official recognition was his arrival at Old Camp Grant to entreat those in authority to allow him and his people to live at peace with the white race, and in

this limited review of his life it is intended to show that more than half a century ago, the Apaches possessed those inherent qualities which rendered them capable of a steady development along the lines of orderly living and substantial progress, and which, within a comparatively few years, would have made them self-supporting and self-respecting citizens — if they had been given a fair chance under just, intelligent and sympathetic direction.

A careful retrospect indicates that for a decade or more prior to 1871 a condition of open warfare existed between the pioneers and the Apaches, and that numbers were killed on both sides. The respective aggressors in these combats always pleaded justification for their acts of violence because of asserted previous wrongs inflicted by the enemy. Harrowing details of some of these conflicts have been recorded which leave the reader in doubt as to who was the most blood-thirsty and savage — the redskin or the pale-face.

Perhaps the Board of Indian Commissioners appointed by President Grant were in possession of the most reliable information available at that time as to the actual conditions then existing among the Apaches and, therefore, I have deemed it worth while to quote the following paragraphs from their annual report dated Washington, D. C., December 12, 1871:

"The only other Indians who have caused any serious trouble are the Apaches of New Mexico and Arizona.

"In our last two annual reports we called attention to the situation of this tribe, their eager desire for peace, their starving condition, and the opinion of the Indian agents and Army officers that, with means to feed and clothe them, they could be kept at peace. Unable to obtain an appropriation from Congress for this purpose, the Indian Department was powerless, and the Apaches were left to obtain food and raiment as best they could — usually by stealing from the settlers or travelers on the high-

way. As many of their valleys, where they previously cultivated corn, were occupied by settlers, and their mountains over-run by gold prospectors, who hunted their game, and no attempt had ever been made by the Government, either by treaty or conference, to consider their rights or necessities, this conduct of the Apaches ought not to surprise us.

"From the time of the Gadsden purchase, when we came into possession of their country, until about ten years ago, the Apaches were the friends of the Americans .Much of the time since then, the attempt to exterminate them has been carried on, at a cost of from three to four millions of dollars per annum, with no appreciable progress being made in accomplishing their extermination."

If this statement of the Board of Indian Commissioners is accepted it will appear that during the year of 1871 the United States government was engaged in the glorious work of exterminating the Apaches, and that "from three to four millions of dollars" were expended in this asserted deadly warfare, in which, however, "no appreciable progress was being made in accomplishing their extermination."

We have now reached a period wherein the record of passing events is much more definite and dependable. The killing of at least 118 Apaches — old men, women and children — at Old Camp Grant, Arizona, on April 30, 1871, was a sickening affair; and it is here that Es-kim-in-zin makes his dramatic entry into our story. This young Apache chief came into that frontier military post in February, 1871 — at a time when our government was still expending millions of dollars for the extermination of his tribe — and told the commanding officer that he wanted to make arrangements for a permanent peace between his people and the white men.

In this worthy ambition Es-kim-in-zin was heartily encouraged by the commanding officer, who was First Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman, Third United States Cav-

alry. While Lieutenant Whitman was corresponding with his superior officers relative to this important matter the Indians continued to gather at the post until more than five hundred were in Es-kim-in-zin's camp. Lieutenant Whitman designated a camping place for those Indians a short distance up the Arivaipa Canyon where, he told them, they were under the protection of the United States troops and might sleep in their wicki-ups with as perfect security as could the officers of the garrison within their quarters.

Thus, for a little more than two months, the treaty negotiations progressed in a most satisfactory manner. The Indians were orderly and obedient and seemed very happy at the prospect of living at peace, and the officers were greatly pleased with their talk and behavior. Little did anyone about Old Camp Grant dream of the fearful tragedy that was impending.

The citizens of Tucson had no love for the Apaches and when it was known that several hundred of these Indians had gathered at Old Camp Grant, a party numbering about 150, composed of Papago Indians, Mexicans and half a dozen Americans, was organized in that city for the purpose of attacking Es-kim-in-zin's camp in the Arivaipa Canyon. This attack occurred on April 30th. The utmost secrecy was preserved. The attack was made at daybreak while the unsuspecting Apaches were yet asleep, and for half an hour the slaughter raged. Both guns and clubs were used by the Papagos and Mexicans, and they viciously killed all they met or could overtake.

Just how many Indians were killed is uncertain. One statement places the number at 118. Miles L. Wood went through the Apache camp after the massacre and in his statement, published by Colonel McClintock, he says, "I do not know how many were killed."

This lamentable affair was a brutal slaughter in spite of cruel murders by the Apaches which are alleged to have inspired it. Fully one-fourth of the total number of In-

dians camped in the Arivaipa Canyon on that "bright morning of April 30, 1871," were killed, and the sickening array of mutilated dead included Es-kim-in-zin's entire family of eight, with the exception of a daughter about two and one-half years old, whom the young chief caught up in his arms and bore away as he fled from his frenzied foes. Not content with the wholesale slaughter accomplished, the Mexicans and Papagos seized and carried away twenty-seven Apache children.

Publication of the details of the "Camp Grant Massacre" created a sensation in the east, where sympathy was quite unanimously with the Apaches. In Arizona it was alleged that this sentiment prevailed among the people of the east because they did not know the true character and history of the Apaches.

But it must be admitted that the officers stationed at Old Camp Grant during 1871 were as well acquainted with the Apaches as were any other residents of the territory at that time, and in addition to this they had the advantage of their personal contact with and observation of about five hundred of these Indians during the period while peace negotiations were in progress.

Lieutenant Whitman was the first man within my knowledge fully to comprehend and honestly to sympathize with the Apaches. He had faith in their expressed desire to live at peace, and he was earnest in his efforts to aid them in every way possible. He preceded me a little more than three years, and his report of this massacre is, in my judgment, of great value, not only for the impressive details which he has recorded, but because his observations and experiences led him to conclusions quite identical with my own as to the great possibilities in the matter of the orderly development and material progress of these Indians under fair and sympathetic management.

As soon as Lieutenant Whitman learned of the massacre he equipped a detail of his troops with shovels and picks

and went with them to the scene of the slaughter and, in an orderly manner, began to bury the dead. When this action on the part of the local military force was observed by the terrified and grief-stricken survivors, who were watching from adjacent cliffs, they felt assured that Lieutenant Whitman had no part in the brutal murders which had been so ruthlessly enacted that morning. Thereupon a number of the Indians returned to their former camp. These gathered about Lieutenant Whitman and expressed their confidence in him — and their great sorrow at the loss of their families and friends. Lieutenant Whitman sought to console the Indians, not only by words of sympathy, but by every act of kindness within his power. He also endeavored to further re-establish their confidence and to allay their fears by assuring them that every possible precaution would be taken against any future attack.

Thus the recorded story of the life of Es-kim-in-zin had its inception in misfortune and tragedy — and the kindly fates persistently followed him to the end. His ardent desire for peace was subjected to the acid test on that "bright morning of April 30, 1871," — and he was not found wanting, for as soon as he had recovered from the shock of the awful horrors of the massacre and its consequent grief, he returned to the post and reiterated his desire for peace and his confidence in Lieutenant Whitman.

But the "unkindly fates" were still diligently plotting against this young Apache chief. This time the tragedy was to be precipitated in the form of a "very unfortunate blunder" which would be exceedingly difficult for the untutored Indian to *understand.* This incident is recorded briefly in the "Fourth Letter" submitted by Special Indian Peace Commissioner Vincent Colyer, and which was dated at Camp Grant, A. T., Sept. 18, 1871. Mr. Colyer says:

"The first Indian chief who came into this post last

spring and asked to be allowed to live at peace was Es-kim-in-zin. He was the leader of his people and, up to the time of the massacre, was as peaceable and contented as a man could be. HE HAD TWO WIVES, FIVE CHILDREN AND ABOUT FIFTY OF HIS PEOPLE (RELATIVES) KILLED IN THE MASSACRE, and this seems to have partially crazed him.

"He came in after the attack and, assisting in the burial of his family, seemed reconciled. But, BY A VERY UNFORTUNATE BLUNDER, some troops from the White Mountains who came down the Arivaipa Valley nearly a month after the massacre, getting frightened at unexpectedly coming upon some of the Indians who had peaceably returned, opened fire upon them. IT WAS ES-KIM-IN-ZIN AND HIS FAMILY.

"At this he became enraged, and, bidding Lieutenant Whitman a formal goobye, fled with his people to the mountains, and, it is said, killed a white man on his way."

"I consider the massacre of Es-kim-in-zin's family and people at Camp Grant, an inauguration of a condition of war between the whites and the Apaches, and Es-kim-in-zin's act in killing the white man — assuming that he did it — an incident in that war."

On the same date the above letter was written, September 18, 1871, Mr. Colyer, a member of President Grant's "Indian Peace Commission," held a conference with the Apaches at Old Camp Grant at which Es-kim-in-zin made his first recorded speech. He told how he had come to the post pleading for peace; how Lieutenant Whitman had given them a place to camp, and how "the people from Tucson and the Papagos" had attacked his camp and killed many of his family and relatives and friends; how he had returned to the post after the massacre and continued to live there until his camp was again attacked, this time "by a squad of military men," and, although none of his people was killed, it made him mad, and he went on the war-path. Now he felt that he did wrong, but he was grieved and angry and could not help it. He pleaded for the return of the twenty-seven Apache children who had

been stolen by the Mexicans and Papagos at the time of the massacre.

In the name of President Grant, Mr. Colyer promised that these children should be returned. The following year (1872) Mr. Colyer's promise was made good by General Howard, also a special commissioner in the administration of President Grant's peace policy. The conference was held the latter part of May at Old Camp Grant, where a large number of Apaches, Pimas and Papagos, together with a goodly company of prominent officials and citizens had congregated by appointment to meet General Howard. It was at this conference that General Howard decided that the Apache children who had been carried away as captives at the massacre a little more than a year previous, and who had been brought to this conference, should be left with their Indian relatives. General Howard says that when this decision was made "the Indians of the several tribes embraced each other, Papago and Apache, Pima and Tonto — presenting a most unusual scene of rejoicing."

At this time General Howard became very much interested in Es-kim-in-zin, and when the general returned to Washington a month later he took with him Chief Santo, Es-kim-in-zin's father-in-law. Two years later when I left Washington to assume my duties as agent in charge of the Apaches at San Carlos, General Howard gave me autograph letters of introduction to both Es-kim-in-zin and Santo. I exhibited these letters to the chiefs, explaining their contents and meaning, and both were deeply impressed with this remembrance on the part of General Howard, and with his assurance that I had come to live among them as his friend and theirs.

I very much regret that somewhere in the swift current of kaleidoscopic changes that has held its devious course through half a century the letter to Es-kim-in-zin has been lost. But I still have the message to old Santo, which is similar in sentiment to the one addressed to Es-

Washington D.C.
March 28th 1874

Dear Santo

I hope this will find you well I am not permitted to go & see you. but my friend goes - Mr G. P. Blum he will tell you about me. The friends of the Indians are still working & praying and doing all they can.
I was deeply grieved at the death of Lieutenant Almy. Everybody must stand by Mr Blum. I hope to see you here. If not be sure to learn the way & meet me in Heaven. My friend
O.O. Howard

PHOTOGRAPH OF AUTOGRAPH LETTER

Written in my presence by General O. O. Howard to sub chief Santo of the Arivaipa Apaches. Santo was father-in law of Es-kim-in-zin.

kim-in-zin, and I deem it worth while to introduce here a fac-simile of that letter as an indication of General Howard's deep sympathy with these Apaches and his profound interest in their general welfare and progress.

During this visit in May, 1872, while General Howard was at Old Camp Grant (on the Rio San Pedro) he promised Es-kim-in-zin and his band of Arivaipa Apaches that they should be removed to the Gila valley where the Rio San Carlos flows into the Gila from the north, and that an agency should be established for them at that point. This removal was effected in February, 1873.

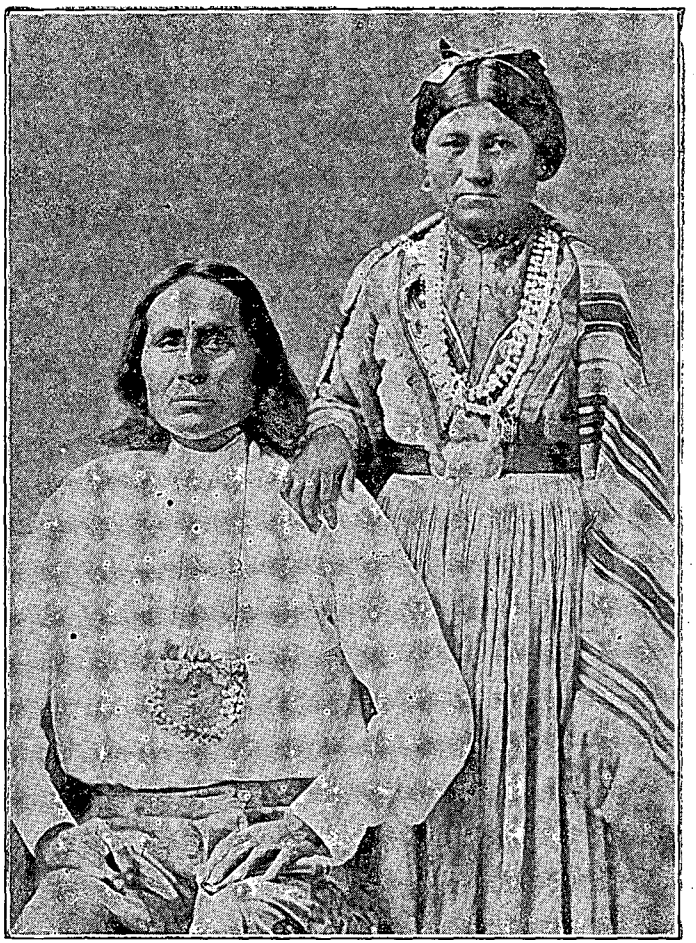
Agent Jacobs, who was in charge of these Indians prior to their removal to San Carlos, retired and was followed by Agent Larrabee. The latter's stay at San Carlos was very brief, and on June 1, 1873, he surrendered the agency to Major W. H. Brown of the 5th cavalry. Major Brown continued in charge until December 6, 1873, when he was succeeded by Special Agent James E. Roberts. But as Agent Roberts' headquarters were at the Camp Apache Agency, about sixty miles to the north, he very soon designated Dr. J. B. White, an army surgeon, as acting agent at San Carlos.

This record indicates the frequent changing of agents and the persistent alternation of civil and military rule to which these Indians had been subjected for a year and a half prior to my arrival at San Carlos. The frequent changing of agent was a *habit* with the Indian Bureau which constituted one of its chief weaknesses — particularly in the management of what were then termed "wild Indians." It is obvious that with five separate agents or acting agents, within a period of eighteen months, and each agent having a different "policy" — or, more likely, no policy at all — the results could only tend to confuse, harass and demoralize these simple people. Defiant renegades had been allowed

to go unpunished, insubordination had not been properly checked, and the Indians had been unhindered in the making and drinking of "tu-le-pah," or "tiswin." Instead of a firm, sympathetic management, there was an utter lack of proper direction and discipline, and it is not surprising that these baneful conditions speedily led to an "outbreak." And in this outbreak the many who were innocent suffered with the guilty. This is but a single instance wherein the mass of the Apaches paid the penalty which should have been assessed against those who were guilty of their mismanagement, — plus a few desperate outlaws.

A tiswin-crazed party, incited and led by some half-dozen outlaws, attacked a flour train near the agency on the night of January 31, 1874, killed two teamsters, and in the excitement of the hour, succeeded in stampeding all of the Indians then at the agency to the adjacent mountains. On February third a party of thirty or forty San Carlos Apaches, under the leadership of the desperate renegade Pedro, attacked some settlers at Old Camp Grant and killed two men, one woman and two children. About a month later another man was reported killed near Florence. A short time prior to the depredations noted above Lieutenant Almy had been killed by a renegade at the agency.

Troops were forthwith sent in pursuit of the stampeding Indians with orders to "take no prisoners." But it should be remembered that this "outbreak" was caused by the rash acts of a few renegades, ably assisted by the effects of the "tiswin" which the Indians had been allowed to imbibe without limitation or hindrance. After the killing of the teamsters all the other Indians feared an immediate attack by the troops stationed at the agency, — hence they sought temporary safety in flight. But they were not equipped to fight, nor to maintain themselves for an extended period in the mountains. Very soon a majority of the Indians realized that the stampede had been an ill-advised and most unfortunate step for them to take.



CASADORA

Was a sub Chief of the Arivaipa Apaches. It was he who insisted upon the surrender of his band to Capt. Hamilton when pursued following the "outbreak" of January 31, 1874, although he knew Capt. Hamilton had orders to kill all Apaches on sight. Casadora and his wife accompanied Agent Clum to Washington, D. C., in 1876, where this photograph was taken

Soon after my arrival at San Carlos I listened to the pathetic details of a most dramatic incident in connection with this "outbreak." As these details were authentic and illustrate the unhappy situation in which these Indians found themselves, I will record them briefly here.

The final edict to all troops sent in pursuit of the stampeding Indians was to "take no prisoners," which, of course, was only a mild form of ordering that all of these Indians must be *killed on sight*.. A troop of cavalry under the command of Capt. John M. Hamilton was following the trail of the sub-chief Casadora and his band. One evening an Apache squaw approached a sentry at Captain Hamilton's camp asked permission to speak with the captain. When brought before Captain Hamilton she told him that the Indians he was following were only a short distance away and wished to surrender. Captain Hamilton ordered the squaw to return at once to her camp and to tell her chief that all of the troops were under stern orders to take no prisoners; that none of his band would be allowed to surrender, and that this campaign meant the extermination of the San Carlos Apaches. And so, with a sad heart, the old Indian squaw was sent away into the night to bear this grim message to her distressed and helpless people.

The following morning, just as the day was breaking, the sentries guarding Captain Hamilton's camp announced the approach of a large band of Indians — men, women and children, with hands upraised and begging for permission to see the captain. At once Captain Hamilton went to meet the Indians outside of his picket line. There he found Casadora and his entire band.

Addressing Captain Hamilton, Casadora said: "We did not want to leave the agency, but two white men had been killed by bad Indians and all were excited. We feared we would be attacked by the soldiers and so we ran away. This was a wrong thing to do. We cannot fight. We have neither arms nor ammunition. We have no food. All of

my people are suffering from hunger. We have no moccasins, and you can see the blood along the trail because the rocks have cut our feet. We have been afraid all of the time since we left the agency and we have been running away from you and your soldiers. We could not go much further. In one or two days more you would be sure to overtake us and then we would all be killed. We know you have orders to kill us, and we know a captain of soldiers must obey his orders, but we are very tired and hungry and our feet are very sore. We know we would all be killed very soon and we did not want to suffer any longer, so we have come to your camp to die by the bullets from the rifles of your soldiers. That will end all our troubles and suffering in a very few moments."

Casadora's pathetic story was an overwhelming appeal to Captain Hamilton's humanity — and Casadora won. The captain declared he would rather lose his commission in the army than to slaughter these Indians in cold blood.

And thus it happened that Casadora and his band returned to the agency on February 18, 1874, or within a month from the date of the "outbreak." The order to "take no prisoners" was speedily modified and the remaining bands were allowed to return to San Carlos within a comparatively short time.

Note: On page 295 of the annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1874 will be found a statement by Acting Agent J. B. White in which he records the "sterling kindness of heart shown by some of the officers" who followed the trail of the stampeding Indians, and he refers "more particularly to the surrender of one entire band to Captain John M. Hamilton."

While these stirring events which followed the outbreak of January 31st were transpiring in Arizona I was in Washington debating with myself as to whether I would undertake the decidedly uninviting task of managing the

Apaches on the San Carlos reservation. Since the fall of 1871 I had been a resident of New Mexico, and the offer of the position as agent for the Apaches at San Carlos came to me at Santa Fe late in 1873. In January, 1874, I went to Washington with the intention of accepting the proffered appointment. Following my arrival at the national capital I had several conferences with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and on one of these occasions the commissioner introduced me to Hon. R. C. McCormack, who was then the Delegate to Congress from Arizona. Mr. McCormack greeted me most cordially and said: "Mr. Elkins (Delegate from New Mexico) has been telling me about you, Mr. Clum, and I am pleased to know you contemplate going to Arizona — but why do you want to go to San Carlos? You will find nothing there but Indians and trouble. There are no buildings; you will be two hundred miles from the nearest town (Tucson), and you will have to fight the military, the citizens and the Indians. By this I mean that the military are opposed to the civil administration of 'wild' Indians, and particularly of the Apaches, and, therefore, will be opposed to you. There is a general sentiment of hostility among the citizens toward the Apaches, and that sentiment will be extended to a considerable degree to you. And as for the Indians — well, the hand of the Apache appears to be against the hand of every other race. We'll be very glad to have you come to Arizona — BUT WHY GO TO SAN CARLOS?"

Not a very cheerful or encouraging statement concerning my prospective job to be expressed by the territorial delegate in the presence of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs — and yet it was a frank presentation of what Mr. Cormack then believed to be the unembellished truth. However, Commissioner Smith seemed very desirous that I should undertake the task. The salary was $1.500 per annum and traveling expenses; the bond $10.000; the responsibilities great; the location remote and the hazards apparent.

Now, that I realized more fully the very grave responsibilities of the position and the seemingly innumerable difficulties and obstacles to be overcome, I found the question of acceptance an exceedingly trying one to decide. In the midst of many perplexing reports and much discouraging comment and advice I was swayed to and fro, until — like Caesar — I had twice declined the job, and then — again like that valiant old Roman — on the third turn of the wheel of opportunity I ACCEPTED THE POSITION.

In the final analysis of the situation I persuaded myself to believe that if I failed I would do no worse than those who had gone before me, but if I should have the good fortune to succeed I would be quite in a class by myself and a large and important field of usefulness would be opened before me. Having decided in the affirmative my appointment was made on February 27, 1874.

After some delay in the matter of filing a bond, my commission was signed by President Grant and, thus equipped, I turned my back on the national capital and started on my long trek into the wilds of the wooly west at the tender age of 22 years and 6 months. Only one railway was then available to the Pacific coast, hence I was spared the perplexity of the modern tourist as to which route to follow in the wake of the setting sun. From San Francisco I had the choice of traveling by stage or steamer to San Diego. I elected to sail the ocean blue. The stage journey from San Diego to Tucson measured about 500 miles and required five days (and nights) of continuous travel — if the traveler was in haste. The old southern overland stage route crossed the Colorado desert through the southern part of what is now Imperial county, and as I left San Diego on the third day of July I enjoyed the full benefits of those summer temperatures for which that section of California is famous.

A stop of a couple of days at Yuma enabled me to see some of the Yuma Indians and acquaint myself somewhat

with their characteristics and condition. Then I went by steamboat up the Colorado river (an experience not available to present day tourists) to the Mojave Indian reservation where the genial Dr. John A. Tonner was agent. En route again by stage from Yuma I halted at Sacaton where I found the Pimas and Maricopas with my good friend, Major J. H. Stout, in charge, and while at Tucson I conferred with the agent for the Papago Indians and went with him to visit some of their villages. I was endeavoring to get onto my job, and these visits to the several reservations in Arizona, together with what I had seen of Indians and Indian agents during my three years' residence in New Mexico, afforded me excellent opportunities to make observations and obtain information that proved of the greatest value to me in my initial work at San Carlos.

At Tucson I engaged a private conveyance to transport me over the final lap of my long journey. The distance to San Carlos by the wagon road was about 200 miles. We followed the old overland stage road out of Tucson via Cienega and San Pedro to Point-of-Mountain, and thence across the Sulphur Springs valley to (New) Camp Grant where I found several Apache prisoners under a military guard at work making adobes, and among these was Eskim-in-zin — wearing skackles which were riveted to his ankles.

Little did I dream at that time that a sincere and sympathetic friendship was destined to develop between this shackled Apache chief and myself, and that half a century later I would be earnestly endeavoring in this modest fashion to reward his loyalty and accord to his memory that simple justice which was denied him during his lifetime, by assuming the role of his biographer.

In reply to my inquiry as to the charges against Eskim-in-zin, the commanding officer of the post said: "Major Randall does not like him." I ventured to suggest that it seemed to me very harsh treatment to hold a man a prisoner

in chains at hard labor simply because someone in authority did not like him. The commanding officer concurred in my judgment of the case and admitted that no specific charges had been filed against this young Arivaipa chief. Permission to interview the Indian was cordially granted.

Fortunately there was a visitor at the post in the person of Mr. George H. Stevens, who spoke the Apache language fairly well. Having explained my official position to Es-kim-in-zin, I asked why he had been arrested? He replied: "I do not know unless some lies were told about me." At the conclusion of the interview I suggested that I might be able to secure his release, and, if successful, that I hoped he would do all he could to assist me in my efforts to improve the condition of the Indians at San Carlos. It was evident that he felt keenly the humiliation of the situation in which I found him, and he said that because of his disgrace as a prisoner in chains he feared his influence with his own people had been destroyed. But he assured me that If I obtained his release he would gladly do his utmost for the best interests of the San Carlos Apaches — as he always had done. How faithfully he kept this promise will appear as this story proceeds.

My arrival at San Carlos about noon on August 8, 1874, was not unexpected, and the Portuguese cook had prepared a mid-day meal that made a decided hit with our party, which consisted of Mr. M. A. Sweeney, who served as chief clerk during my administration, the driver and myself. The food was good and the mountain vistas inspiring, but the camp, or agency, was of the crudest and most primitive character. The temporary structures were few and their area limited. The walls consisted of rough poles set upright in the ground and chinked in with mud. Across the top of these walls were rough poles covered with brush and mud, which served as a roof. It is admitted that as a protection against the blistering rays of an Arizona August sun this sort of a roof is unexcelled,

but when the heavens weep it is truly an aggravation, for instead of *shedding*, it merely *soils* the otherwise perfectly wholesome rain-water. Here and there were small openings in the walls which served as paneless windows, while the doors were of canvas tacked on frames made of thin poles, with hinges of rope or strips of leather cut from the leg of some discarded boot. The furnishings were in perfect harmony with the architecture, having been constructed for the most part out of material salvaged from old packing boxes. The only substantial feature in this grotesque establishment was the flooring. This was both economical and enduring — being nothing other than the pebbly and more or less uneven surface of the naked bosom of good old Mother Earth.

However, these accommodations — or lack of accommodations — had not the slightest depressing effect upon my spirits. Had not Mr. McCormack warned me in this matter? And, moreover, anyone voluntarily undertaking the job of managing the Apaches at that time was, most assuredly, adventuring upon a strenuous life in which "roughing-it" was merely incidental. I had arrived at San Carlos, and the only question of vital interest to me was as to whether my administration would record failure or success? I knew that I could provide myself with comfortable quarters, but the experiences of my predecessors were by no means reassuring as to what I might be able to accomplish in my dealings with the Indians.

When the Arizona summer evening had brought its delicious coolness to the air I sat under the bright stars with some of the agency employes smoking and spinning yarns in the friendly fashion of the frontier. It was not necessary for my newly acquired companions to go far afield for details of desperate deeds. There was abundant fresh and familiar local material. and there was something startling and uncanny in the proximity of various scenes of recent bloodshed and death and the intimate personal references to several of the victims; "Right there on the

mesa Johnny Logan, one of our employes, was killed." "Lieutenant Almy met his death right here, just this side of the Indian trader's store." "It's about half-a-mile, over there across the Gila where the two teamsters were shot to death." Thus my cheerful entertainers rambled on glibly with their tragic recitals and gruesome reminiscences — not forgetting to include some of the thrilling experiences of my immediate predecessor. He had seen Lieutenant Almy killed, and had, himself, barely escaped being run through with an Apache lance, and had departed hastily for the more genteel and orderly scenes of his old home town in the east.

These grim tales of blood and death did not present a very alluring outlook for my new job, but, happily, that healthy fatigue which travel brings to the young and robust expressed itself in an irresistible desire for sleep, which refused to be perturbed — and thus I was enabled to pass my first night at San Carlos in most restful and refreshing slumber.

The military camp at San Carlos was located about 200 yards from the agency and two companies of cavalry were then stationed there. The "barracks" consisted of army tents which were protected from the direct rays of the sun by an elaborate canopy of brush supported by a frame work of poles.

About noon on August 9th, the day following my arrival, a stir of keen excitement at the military camp attracted everyone in the vicinity. A scouting party of Indians had just arrived and, opening a sack, they exposed the ghastly head of Chappo, the renegade. It was a shocking and sickening sight, and, involuntarily, I recalled Mr. McCormack's query; "Why go to San Carlos?

In the recent campaign against these Indians General Crook had rescinded the order to "take no prisoners," but he had insisted that before all would be allowed to return to the agency they must apprehend our leaders of the

renegades and deliver them to the military authorities — dead or alive. The four renegades designated had been implicated in the killing of Lieutenant Almy and other murders, and Chappo was the last of the four. While resisting arrest he had been killed nearly a hundred miles from the agency. It was too far to bring the body and so the head was severed and brought in for identification and to comply with General Crook's orders. It is worth while remembering that the Indians had already been permitted to return to the agency, and that in this grim fashion they fulfilled their promise to hunt down the last of these desperate renegades.

On Monday, August 10th, I held my first general "talk" with the Indians. At that time there were about 800 Apaches assembled at this agency. I explained briefly why I had come to live among them and expressed the belief that, if they maintained peace, we would have really good times together; that I expected them to assist me in the management of local affairs, and that a little later, if we all tried to do right, no soldiers would be needed on the reservation. I further explained to them that among white people it was always necessary to punish the guilty for the protection of the innocent, and that the same system would apply to the San Carlos Apaches; that there were wrongdoers in every community, and that in all probability we would always have some offenders to deal with.

I then told them that I intended to appoint some Indians as policemen, and that we would establish a Supreme Court for the trial of offenders; that I would preside as Chief Justice and four or five of the chiefs would serve as Associate Justices, and that Indians would be called as witnesses at the trials. Under this system all Apache offenders would be arrested by Apache police, brought before an Apache court with Apaches as witnesses, and, if convicted, sentenced by Apache judges and, finally, delivered into the custody of Apache guards. This was a novel proposi-

tion to these simple people, but it appealed to them strongly for they were able in a crude way, to detect in it the idea of "self-determination." It suggested an open discussion of all of their affairs. They would know what was being done — and why. By taking them into my confidence I secured theirs. It marked the beginning of my self-government plan. With evident feeling, they told me they had never before been given credit for having the intelligence or the disposition to join in the direction of their own affairs. And thus it happened that I established the Apache Supreme Court, provided a temporary guard-house, appointed four Apache policemen, and with this organization found myself in a fair way to conduct the affairs of the reservation in an orderly and advantageous manner.

The unique features of *the only original* Apache Police Force and Apache Supreme Court functioning within a week after my arrival at San Carlos will be accepted as indications of fair speed in the inauguration of a strictly *down-to-date* administration along the lines of self-government, and, at the same time, may serve to prepare the reader for the more astounding announcement that within a month these same aboriginal departments of law and order were effectively enforcing agency regulations which anticipated our national statutes by nearly half a century.

These regulations referred to the vital subject of "prohibition," and gave due notice and warning that a "bone-dry" rule had been promulgated and that the same was immediately effective within the reservation limits, and that all offenders against this rule would be subject to arrest by the Apache Police and trial before the Apache Court — all of which meant that our bone-dry rule would be enforced at the muzzle of a needle-gun.

The federal statutes forbade the sale of intoxicating liquors on an Indian reservation, but, prior to my advent at San Carlos, the Indian trader there had kept whisky on sale at his store — though there was no evidence that

the liquor had been furnished to the Indians. Under our bone-dry rule this liquor was immediately removed from the reservation.

But the Apaches rivaled their pale-face brothers in the production of "home-brew." Their system was to bury grain on the sunny bank of a stream where the warmth and moisture caused the cereal to germinate. Then they stewed it — sprouts and all. The stew was then set aside and allowed to ferment. The Apaches called this brew "tuh-le-pah", but to the pale-face it was known as "tiz-win." It had a powerful "kick" — particularly if the revelers fasted a day or two before imbibing.

The drinking of tiz-win had caused so much trouble among these Indians that it was obvious its manufacture and use must be prevented as the initial step toward an orderly administration and permanent peace. In these circumstances I announced the "prohibition plan," but when I promulgated this bone-dry reservation rule I little dreamed I was setting the stage for my first raid with the Apache Police — and a mid-night raid at that.

This adventure occurred about a month after my arrival at San Carlos. My police force still numbered only *four,* and — like Caesar and Miles Standish — I knew the name of each of my soldiers. On the afternoon preceding this raid one of these policemen approached me in the most approved secret service fashion and engaged me in a whispered conversation relative to a very serious violation of the new agency rule — the purpose of which was to put a crimp in the operations of local "moonshiners" and "bootleggers." "Some Apaches," he said, "are making 'tu-le-pah' over there toward the sunset, in a deep canyon that cuts through the big mesa on the north side of the Gila."

Let me confess that I was quite as deeply interested in this bit of information as was Es-kin-os-pas, for it was he who told me the story. Es-kin-os-pas — big, brave and good-natured, — in fact, one of the kindiest natures I have ever met. His speech was always soft, and he had a way of smiling when he spoke that was pleasant to look

upon. But even though he smiled he was deeply in earnest. "These bold and defiant violators of the bone-dry rule must be apprehended and punished at once," was the judgment of Es-kin-os-pas — expressed in the most forceful Apache diction at this command. As my knowledge of the Apache language was, as yet, extremely limited, the interpreter was taken into our confidence. Then the other three policemen were called in, the situation thoroughly discussed and all details for the night raid agreed upon.

The particular canyon in which the moonshiners had established their still was located about four miles west from the agency, and the expeditionary command — consisting of the *entire* police force and myself — slipped quietly away from the rendezvous about 9 p. m. and headed for the brewery. We crossed several arroyos, ravines and barrancas which had cut their course down to the Gila through the big mesa. There was no moon, and, notwithstanding the sky was clear and starlit, some of those canyon-like recesses looked oppressively dark, ugly and uninviting to me as I contemplated the object of our sortie.

Finally we stood upon the rim of the big canyon in which the illicit distillers were located, and suddenly I found myself looking down upon an exceedingly weird and thrilling panorama. Down there in the deep gloom of the canyon's floor several fires were smoldering, over which were suspended the kettles of brew. The fires gave only a dim illumination, and the camp was further obscured by the pall of smoke which hung listlessly above it. Grotesque figures of Indian men and women were moving stealthily about among the mesquite trees and bushes. Apparently there were 20 or 25 Indians in the camp — a considerably larger number than we had expected to find.

(To be continued in next number)