

REMINISCENCESWHY, WHEN AND HOW FORT APACHE CAME TO BE ESTABLISHED WITH OTHER MATTERS
INCIDENTAL THERETO

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Chapter I

At the time the events occurred of which this paper treats, viz, the year 1861, the Territory of Arizona was subdivided into two military districts, the Northern and Southern, and pertained to the Department of the Pacific, and commanded by Brig. General E.O.C. Ord. The Southern District of Arizona, the one in which this paper is more particularly concerned, was commanded by Brevet-Brigadier General Thomas E. Deven, with headquarters located at Camp McDowell, situated on the west bank of the Rio Verde, about 20 miles above it's confluence with the Salt.

Of the Northern District and its commander, Brevet Brigadier General Frank Wooten, I shall have somewhat to say in a future paper.

Camp Goodwin, established by the California Volunteers in 1864 and named such in honor of Arizona's first governor, was at this time a part of the Southern Military District, and commanded by Lieut. Colonel John Green, known in Army circles as "Honest John Green". This military post, since abandoned for many years on account of it's unhealthy location, was situated about three miles to the south of the Gila River, near a spring whose waters made quite a large malarial producing marsh.

For sometime prior, but more especially during the year 1869, the Apache Indians were extremely troublesome, and were incessantly committing murders, acts of pillage, and of incendiarism throughout almost the whole of Southern Arizona.

Lying to the north of the River Gila, and between it and the Rio Colorado Chiquito, are three pretty extensive mountain chains, respectively found as you go north, the Cordillera de Gila, the Nantanes Range, and the Mogollon Range; the latter being the most extensive of all our mountain systems, traversing the Territory from the northwest to the southeast, and finally losing itself in the high table lands of the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. Mogollon is a Spanish word signifying "a spur"; in other words, a spur of the Sierra Nevada; and the cutting through this range by the Big Colorado River forms the "Grand Canyon" of that name. As a further proof that the Mogollon Range is a spur of the Grand Sierra Nevada Range, is the fact that in all my rambling over the west coast, I have nowhere else encountered the true "grizzly bear". I make this bold assertion notwithstanding there are many who call everything met up with in the mountains "a grizzly" from the ground-hog up.

However, in the year '69, the three mountain ranges above mentioned were little known and uninhabited, except by hordes of wily, treacherous Apache savages, composed of various tribes, independently known as the "Sierra Blanco Apaches", the "Coyotero Apaches", the "Pinal Apaches", the "Tonto Apaches" and the "Arivaipa Apaches". These mountain ranges afforded a secure retreat for the red devils, and at the same time an almost impenetrable barrier against any successful pursuit by the military.

General Deven had reliable information that a large number of the many depredations then being committed in various parts of southern Arizona, were to be attributed to the above named tribes, and that the Chiricahuas, under old Cochise, as also the other bands south of the Gila, were not alone in the commission of Indian deviltry. Early in July, 1869, Colonel Green received orders from McDowell headquarters to take all the available forces under his command,

and, at the head of this command, in person, to at once put into execution a vigorous campaign against all Apaches ranging over the country lying to the north of the Gila.

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Accordingly, Col. Green, at the head of four troops of Cavalry, and a party of "tame Apaches" under Chief Manuel, in pursuance to orders, began his perilous march into the wilds of the then unknown mountains to the northward. After many days' hard marching, clambering and climbing over almost inaccessible mountains, the command finally encamped on the evening of July 27th, 1869, near the junction of two mountain streams, now known as the East and 'West Forks of White River, and about one-fourth of a mile west of the present site of Fort Apache. At various times and places along the line of march, hostiles were frequently met with, who were routed by the troops, and their cornfields despoiled. In these numerous encounters a few Apaches were killed, and others more or less wounded.

CHAPTER II

On the 12th day of July, 1869, C.E. Cooley, Henry Wood Dodes (sic), and the writer of these chronicles, accompanied by a small party of Coyotero Apaches under Chief Es-cah-pae (accented on middle syllable) and an Indian named Miguel, the Chief's interpreter, pulled out of the Zuni villages, with the ostensible purpose in view of hunting a supposed fabulously rich placer gold mine known to many in New Mexico as "the Doc Thorn story". Before leaving the Pueblo de Ynni (Zuni), situated in New Mexico, about twenty miles east of the boundary line between that territory and Arizona, Captain Cressy, of the U.S. Cavalry, stationed at Fort Wingate, with a detachment of his troop as escort for himself and the Post interpreter, came over to the villages to have a conference with us before we were permitted to start upon our wild-goose chase into the unknown wilds of the Apacheria.

The chronicler in chronicling his chronicle never should sacrifice the truth of fact and incident to the mere elegance of diction as to a glittering or pleasing romance, however much he may so desire, by allowing his imagination to run wild into the rushes of the picturesque; but on the contrary, he should stick to plain facts, for it is well-known and duly recorded as a truism that the simple "truth is stranger than fiction". Therefore, I will here record the humiliating fact, that Col. Cressy's visit to us did not partake so much of a social nature as one could have wished, but his real object was for the express purpose of inspecting our outfits, to see that "we'uns", instead of being gold hunters, were not in reality, engaged in illicit traffic with the hostile Apaches. Of our three selves, each had his own pet object in the consummation of this remarkable expedition, viz: Cooley was for seeking the Doc Thorn placers; Dodd, (peace to his ashes) went along to get away from his old and implacable enemy, John Barleycorn; and the writer, at that time full of adventure and romantic nonsense, had for his objects solely explorations and adventure.

In the year 1869, the whole of that immense area, now designated on the maps as Apache County, and including a part of, at present, Yavapai, Graham and Gila counties, comprising many thousands of square miles, was then uninhabited by a single white man or Mexican--an unexplored tierra incognita--and over the whole roamed the fiendish Apache, the undisputed monarch of all. Without incident or mishap deserving of particular notice, suffice to say we safely arrived at the rancheria of the Coyoteros, situate on Carizo (sic) creek, late in the afternoon of July 18, 1869. Here we remained encamped with the Apaches several days, recuperating ourselves and animals, preparatory to the final start; first, to find "Sombrero Butte", second, to find the "Sierra Pintados" and third, to find

the "stone corral"--all of which were the designated landmarks that were to unerringly guide us to the more than El Dorado, to the Doc. Thorn gold placers, the goal of our phantasmal expedition.

Friday, January 17, 1890. Page 3, col.3.

Having sufficiently gained the friendship and confidence of the savages, as to prevail upon a party of thirty warriors, one squaw, and an interpreter, all under Chief Es-cha-wah, and his brother El Diablo, to accompany us in our search for the mines, we bid our Carizon friends adios, and took the trail across the mountains to the eastward. On the evening of the second day out from our camp on the Carizo, we encamped on the Ci-bi-coo Creek. This creek is, or was at that time, the dividing line and, as such, neutral ground between the Coyotero and Pinal tribes of Apaches. In the early times it was the custom amongst all Indian tribes to have their hunting and farming bounds strictly defined; as, for instance, certain defined limits were acknowledged as neutral or common grounds, to which points both hostile and friendly natives might repair to do their trading, etc., etc. It was absolutely obligatory upon both parties to hold sacred the rights of neutrality; otherwise all intercourse must cease at once, for obvious reasons. Prior to the Navajo War, and for a few years thereafter, the Little Colorado River was the boundary line between the Apache and the Navajo Nations, and it was no uncommon sight to see a party of Navajos camped on one bank and upon the other a like party of Apaches meet in this manner, for the purpose of bartering their respective commodities. At the same time the bitterest and deadliest hatred existed between the two camps. However I will drop this digression and resume the thread of my narrative: The next morning, our party numbering thirty three in all, were in no haste to break camp, being as I have before said, on the neutral slip between the two savage tribes none too friendly toward each other. Before leaving this camp it was very necessary that some definite plan of action, defensive and offensive, be first adopted before we plunged headlong into perhaps hostile territory. So, the early hours of the morning were taken up in "war talk". Whilst thus engaged deliberating upon the chances, fight or no fight, we were not a little surprised to see in our midst a fierce looking Apache warrior, splendidly mounted upon a fine black stallion, carrying in his hand a long lance, having his face and whole body, which was entirely nude with the exception of the indispensable "gee-string", hideously painted in many colors, and whose appearance was so sudden that he appeared to have dropped from the sky. When we first observed this strange Indian, he was stoically sitting on his horse, not having as yet uttered a single word, nor did he speak until first spoken to by our chief, Es-coh-poh. After the exchange of a few guttural words with our chief, and a significant gesture with his lance toward ourselves he fled as silently as he had come. Our Apaches held a hurried consultation amongst themselves and immediately thereafter, through interpreter Miguel, we were told that our late visitor was a Pinal warrior, and the purport of his message, from his chief, Bah-bo-du-clah-noh, was to the effect that we (meaning us three Americans) had gone farther in that direction than was allowable; that his captain, Bah-bo-du-clah-noh, would certainly fight should we persist in passing into his territory. Here was a dilemma, not wholly unexpected, to be sure, but one that necessitated another, or supplemental, war-talk by our little party. Sitting around in a circle, with a little fire in the center of the ring, the smoking and war-talk was begun by the chief, which lasted perhaps half an hour. Finally we were informed that the question of going on at all hazards, in defiance to the Pinals, would be left entirely to our decision; that if we said "go", they were willing to do so; that the Coyoteros (meaning themselves) were brave men, and had been in many fights, and if the Pinals were spoiling for a fight, they could have it, but the whole matter was left with us to determine. After hearing what the Apaches had to say, we talked over the

situation between our three selves, and it was unanimously agreed that we were then in a devilish bad fix, depending solely upon thirty untried Apaches, whose well known treachery was proverbial; that in the event of a fight, which was an assured certainty, with the Pinals, and perhaps with other hostiles, our Apache allies were just as likely to be against us as for us; and the latter being the most plausible and likely to occur in case of a fight, our names thereafter would surely be Dennis.

January 18, 1890. Page 3, col.3.

We, thereupon, told the chief that notwithstanding the well known and undoubted bravery of himself and warriors, yet, we thought it prudent, considering the smallness of our party, that we at once execute a "masterly retreat" back to the Carizo. Whether or not it was the sure prospect of avoiding a fight with the fierce Pinals, or the returning to their squaws, I am unable to say, suffice it to say, however, the Apaches seemed pleased at our determination to retreat. Accordingly, immediate preparations were made, and the retrograde movement began, which was perhaps carried out with quite a little more haste and precipitancy in our return than was exhibited in the outward movement two or three days before. Still, I do not wish to be understood as intimating that our party was in any way timorous, only that the blasted burros appeared to travel more briskly, particularly so at the beginning of the retreat. Again we are located in our old quarters on the Carizo, and very soon thereafter reports began to reach us of a military expedition to penetrate the country from the south. The motive and object of this military movement was to us, at that time, wholly unknown. It was on the night of the 23rd of July, 1869, the first report reached our camp that soldiers were advancing into the Apacheria. The evening of the 24th another Apache runner came into camp and reported that the soldiers were coming, and that "they covered the whole country". On the evening of the 25th another runner came in, and reported, "there were so many soldiers that, whilst part of them were yet in camp, the head of the column would reach to the top of the mountain." The evening of the 26th, another runner came in and reported, "the troops still advancing, and as near as he could count them, thought there were about four hundred men". Early in the evening of the 27th, still another runner came, who said, "the soldiers are encamped at the junction of the two streams; that they had displayed a white flag to him; and that he had talked with the interpreter of the expedition, who said his party wished to see the Indians and have a peace talk with them." All this is given in detail in order to demonstrate how easy it would have been for our party, had we been so inclined, or in fact any other party, to have made good their escape, for we knew of Col. Green's daily movements five consecutive days prior to his going into camp at the junction of the east and west forks of the White River, on the 27th day of July, 1869. This may appear incredible to many, nevertheless it is true, and for further proof of how far an Indian can travel on foot in one day, I will cite the reader to the custom, in the early days, of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company, at Yuma. The Company would start one of their steamers down the Colorado River for Port Ysabel, at the head of the Gulf of California, distant from Yuma, by the river, one hundred and twenty-five miles. On the third morning after the steamer had left, the agent at Yuma would make up a dispatch for the agent at Port Ysabel, give it to a Yuma Indian, who on foot would arrive at Port Ysabel before sundown of the same day, and report the steamer due there that evening. The distance across the country from Yuma to Port Ysabel is a little over ninety miles. This statement can be readily verified by any one of the old timers now living in Yuma City.

To resume: Chief Es-coh-pah, on receiving the last report, came to our wickiup and requested Cooley and myself to accompany him to the soldier's camp, thirty-five miles distant, to have a peace talk with the commander of the

expedition. To this proposition we agreed, but Doud (sic) objected to being left alone with the Apaches, for the reason, as he stated, "the soldiers have been killing all Indians possible, and destroying their grain crops, and the Indians might retaliate by killing me." To solve this difficulty, I agreed to remain at the camp with the Apaches, to look after our mutual plunder, and Cooley and Doud (sic) to go with the Chief's party, consisting of himself, his brother, El Diablo, and the Chief's interpreter, the Indian captive, Miguel.

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This being arranged, the "peace party" pulled out, reaching Colonel Green's camp early in the afternoon; but instead of being received with open arms and crowned with peace offerings, they were surrounded by the troops, disarmed and placed under a strong guard, who had orders to shoot down either one or all should an attempt be made to escape. Here, again, was another "pretty kettle of fish"; but I, in the Indian camp, was totally ignorant of this mishap to our "peace party". Huero, the sub-chief, however, who was left in charge of our camp on the Carizo, sent out spies to note all movement in the camp of the soldiers. These spies would return at intervals, and some of them reported all our "peace party" killed by the troops, as they could nowhere be seen in or about the military encampment, and that the soldiers continued to shoot at every Apache who came into view. This situation of affairs placed me in a somewhat precarious position towards the Apaches, but the sub-chief, Huero, had always heretofore exhibited particular friendship for me, and this fact had a tendency to inspire me with confidence. I reasoned with the Indians and told them it was not probable that the troops had murdered the "peace party", and that all would be well in the end. A little before sunset of the third day after the departure of our "peace party", Huero came to see me and said "a large party of soldiers and tame Apaches were then about two miles off, but his keen eyesight was not sufficiently keen to recognize either Cooley, Doud or any of his people among the troops", and derided my advice as to the proper course to take under the existing circumstances. I gave him to understand that, in my opinion, we had better abide where we were. The Indians, however, relied on my judgement, and made no fort to escape, as they could easily have done, but remained in the camp, with the single exception of one squaw. As the troops approached and when within about a quarter of a mile, the squaw grabbed her baskets and baby, and made tracks for the brush.

About sunset the troops filed past our camp at a distance of fifty or sixty yards above us on the Carizo. Not until this was done did we see any one of our "peace party" but when all returned safely into camp the Indians were rejoiced that no treachery had been committed by the soldiery. Of the officers with this troop of horse were, Capt. Barry, Lieutenants Calhoun and Upham, two or three civilians, one of whom was Mr. George Cooler, now of Tucson, accompanied the command, also Chief Manuel with twelve of his (tame) Apache braves. These so-called tame Apaches were along with Colonel Green's outfit to do trailing and butchering, as the circumstances of the case required. That evening the officers came down to our camp and had supper with us, the squaws doing the culinary act. After supper, talk was kept up until a late hour, and in the meantime Huero came to me two or three times to ask "if the soldiers were good".

During the whole time we were with the Apaches, I made it a rule to be always on the alert and prepared for any sudden attack, by securing my horse within reach of my hand, and, with a little buckskin sack filled with dried, pounded meat, a small canteen filled with water, and my rifle and six-shooter beneath the blankets of my bedding, I was always ready at a moment's notice. The little sack of meat and canteen were always tied fast to the saddle, which was used for a pillow at night.

Sometime between one and two o'clock that night, after all had retired, Cooley said to me, "What do you suppose the troops came up here for?" I replied,

to see the country and the Indians, I suppose." "No, but to get you out of the camp, then to kill every Indian, little and big, in this camp. I heard Col. Green give this order to Captain Barry; and, as for our three selves, we are likely to be shot, after first receiving a drum-head court martial." This to me was astounding information, and I at once began giving Cooley and Doud the devil for bringing the troops there for such a dastardly purpose; but they excused themselves by saying they were powerless to do otherwise. I did not relish this sort of work, for the very simple reason that I had been instrumental in keeping the Indians at the camp, when they could all have easily made their escape.

January 25, 1890. Page 3, col.2

I informed Cooley and Doud that I should forthwith notify the sleeping Indians that they might save their lives by flight. "Good God, don't do that", said Cooley, "we are already outlawed now, and liable to be shot at any moment." My reply to Mr. C.'s excited harangue was to the effect that the troops must first catch before they could shoot, and if they can catch me in these mountains let 'em shoot and be d_____d to 'em. I then proposed that all pull out. To this, Cooley objected on the grounds that he and Doud were then under parole, having pledged their words to Captain Barry not to escape. Capt. Barry's reason for allowing his prisoners to return to their camp, and putting the two whites on their parole, was to allay any suspicions the Indians might have, so that his troop could make a complete and successful massacre the next morning, it being too late that evening to do the job. Mr. Cooley seemed greatly exercised over my proposition to inform the Apaches of their danger, and entreated me, for God's sake, not to do anything till he and Doud could have another interview with the Captain. It seems that both my friends had also given their word not to even hint of the intended killing to the Apaches. They both immediately proceeded to the military camp. This was between two and three o'clock in the night. After about an hour, both returned with the intelligence that Capt. Barry would surely disobey his Colonel's orders, and would not murder the poor devils on the following morning; that Barry had not said this in so many words, but that he had distinctly conveyed this impression to them.

At that time, not more than twenty years ago, I was young, full of the spirit of adventure, and it did really seem to me a matter absolutely farcical for lumbering cavalymen to talk of catching anyone, particularly in a mountainous country, who had spent many years in the mountains, and who was at home at any time and place amongst them.

The following morning, August 2nd, I awoke late, and seeing Capt. Barry and Cooley walking back and forth along the brow of the Mesa upon which our camp was situate, I immediately felt that no massacre would take place, in that camp at any rate. Runners were immediately sent out to call in all Apaches in the near neighborhood, to have a big "peace talk" with Captain Barry. In the afternoon a grand pow-wow was had, at which Capt. Barry explained to the Apaches his orders from Colonel Green; and that he would disobey these orders on humanitarian grounds; that in consideration therefore, the principal men of the tribe must go with the three Americans to Camp McDowell and see General Deven, who alone had the right to make peace with them; and that, if the General did so, he would give them papers which would protect them in the future from other scouting parties of soldiers. To this proposition the Indians agreed, and seemed very glad to do so. The following day, August 3rd, Capt. Barry returned to Col. Green's camp, still at the confluence of the east and west forks of the White river, and reported to his superior what he had done on his trip to the Carizo. Colonel Green became at once very passionate at Captain Barry for disobeying orders, in not killing all the Indians, as ordered, and immediately relieved the Captain of his command, confining him to the camp limits.

January 30, 1890. Page 3, col.2.

Soon after, Col. Green selected a site about three-quarters of a mile further east, upon the mesa, where a military post was established and moved (sic) Camp Ord in honor of the Department Commander, General E.O.C. Ord.

The Post, now known as Camp Ord, was considered strategically situated, being located in the heart of the Apacheria. This done, Col. Green returned with his command back to Fort Goodwin. Arriving at Fort Goodwin, the Colonel at once set about the preparation of a series of "charges and specifications" against Capt. Barry, alleging "disobedience of orders, the violation of certain articles of war," and the inevitable winding up, viz, "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." This rigmarole of charges, etc., etc., were in due time sent to General Deven, commanding officer of the southern military district of Arizona, with headquarters at Camp McDowell.

CHAPTER III

In pursuance of the agreement with Capt. Barry at our camp on the Carizo, our three selves accompanied by Chief Es-cah-pah, his brother El Diablo, one Aquaim, the Chief's interpreter Miguel, and twenty-six bucks, about 10 o'clock on the morning of the third of August, 1869, started on our journey across the mountains, enroute for Camp McDowell. This time, on reaching the Pinal Territory we were greeted with the olive branch of peace, and a guide sent to us by the chief, Ba-boo-dacha-nah, to guide our party to a certain point in the Pinal country, at which place the Pinals proposed to entertain us with a big "peace dance" and welcome. This place we named "Doud's Dance" from the fact that it came devilish near being the last act of our earthly career. Our party reached the point designated a little while before sunset, but not a single Apache was to be seen in the whole country, except our own party and the one Pinal, who guided us to the spot. However, about dark, the Pinals made a sudden appearance, and in less than an hour there were at least three hundred in sight. The Apaches made their camps in a horizontal line along the base of a small mountain extending in an east and west line to a distance of a quarter of a mile. Our camp was located two hundred yards to the southward upon more level and open ground. As soon as it became dark, a large fire was made by the Pinals, to make light for the dancers. Shortly after this, the tom-toms were heard and the dancing began, accompanied at intervals with peals of laughter, and a general feeling of good humor. Later on, however, Cooley and Doud being seated at the dance fire, I buckled on my gun, and with a large, red blanket over my shoulders, went up to where the dancing was in progress, but instead of squatting down in the fire-light, I passed around to the north side and sat down under some mesquite bushes outside the line of fire-light so that in this position I could watch, unobserved, every movement of the Apaches. I had perhaps sat there half an hour, when hearing a rustling noise to my right, but no words spoken, looking in that direction saw a Pinal Apache grab a rifle and almost at the same instant another Apache, perhaps there for the purpose, caught hold of the same rifle, but in less time than to tell it, the gun was discharged and simultaneously therewith, every infernal Indian, big and little, so it seemed from the great uproar, began whooping and yelling, as only the North American red devils know fully how to do.

January 31, 1890. Page 3, col.3.

In less than two minutes after the firing of the gun, not an Indian fire could be seen anywhere except the dance fire. With the squaws screaming at their young ones, and all of them scattering through the underbrush like so many quails, and this supplemented with the whoops and yells of nearly two hundred demoniacal, hideously painted savages, yelling for or against the blood of our

three selves, was a very interesting pandemonium to see and listen to; more particularly so perhaps, when you knew yourself to be the object to be roasted at slow fire made of green mesquite wood.

This hell turned loose was kept up until a late hour that night, but soon after it began I caught sight of Cooley who was standing near the outer edge of the mob, and said to him, "We had better get out of this and back to our camp where our rifles are." At the same time I inquired for Doud, but Cooley did not know what had become of our friend, nor was he anywhere insight. However, we two slipped quietly back out of the fire-light into the darkness and made tracks for our camp.

After reaching camp and securing our shooting irons, Cooley said, "What had we best do now, our animals are in the possession of the Indians, and we are left afoot?" I proposed that we wait a short time to see if Doud would show up, and if the howling devils made a break, to turn loose at 'em, kill as many as possible, abandon the outfit, break for the brush, and thereafter, each for himself, and the devil, or the red fiends, take the hindmost. I knew that the chief of the Pinals had pledged our safety and the return of our animals; hence it was best not to be too hasty, but the better policy would be to give the chief a chance. It is always best to take things coolly and philosophically, and not allow yourself to get "rattled." We had stood there, rifle in hand, for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, watching the fiends jumping, yelling, firing their guns and pistols, and withal making themselves ridiculously unpleasant, at least so to ourselves under the circumstances, when all of a sudden Doud came up, panting and blowing like a porpoise, and madder than a wet hen. Doud's dander was surely up, and whilst cursing the Apaches for all he could think of, grabbed his rifle and, had Cooley not caught his arm, would have fired into the bunch of Apaches about the dance fire. The wrath of Doud, like that of Achilles, was finally mollified and, taking off his hat, exhibited several bullet holes in it, as also two or three holes through his coat, made by the same means. It seems that the Apaches had made our friend do some pretty lively dancing, at the same time amused themselves by shooting bullets through his hat and coat; hence the wrath of Doud, and the name thereafter of Doud's Dance.

At sun-rise on the following morning we were gratefully surprised to find ourselves alive, and a later on, the chief, Bah-do-dah-clah-nahn, paid us a morning call to talk and laugh over the pleasant (?) scenes of the night before. However pleasant and interesting the affair of the night before had been to the chief and his followers, as for ourselves we held very radical views to the contrary, and once requested the chief to have our animals brought in, as we wished to continue our journey to McDowell. To this proposal the chief demurred, urging us very strongly to remain over for the day and the succeeding night, and as a further inducement, said he would have another "dance". Cooley, acting as spokesman, replied that "we regretted very much the necessity which compelled us to decline his further hospitality; that our time was limited, but nothing would give us greater pleasure than to be again entertained, and had we not promised Captain Barry to make a speedy journey, we would take much pleasure in remaining a week." At the conclusion of these remarks, Doud and myself voted Cooley to be the most magnificent liar on earth.

February 3, 1890, Page 3, col.3-4.

However, seeing that he could not prevail upon us to stop over, even with the promise of "another dance", the chief had our animals brought in, and we packed and saddled up, pulling out of that camp about 10 o'clock A.M. In order to protect us from attack by any of his roving parties, the chief furnished us an escort consisting of twelve of his trusty warriors, under a sub-chief, who were to accompany our party through his territory and until we reached the country of the Tonto Apaches.

After arriving in the Tonto country, we were met by Chief Delshay, with a party of his people, to whom we were formally consigned by our Pinal escort. Here, the Pinals made camp by themselves, and our party camped with the Tontos. Early the following morning the two camps separated, the Pinals returning eastward, and our party in company with Delshay and party continuing to the north. I wish to remark right here, by way of parenthesis, that during the previous day's march, Doud proposed that we kill the first Indian who should meet us with propositions to join in a dance.

During our travels with the Tontos, nothing worthy of special note occurred until we arrived at the western rim of the Sierra Anchas. Here we halted perhaps half an hour, and whilst Delshay and his men were making their "peace smokes"... always three in number...which were to notify all bands of Tontos between us and C. Reno that our party was a peace party, and not to molest it, we enjoyed a magnificent view over a vast extent of the country. Away to the west across the valley of the Tonto Creek, and close up to the eastern base of the Mazatzal Range, could be dimly seen a small brown, or bare spot of earth, which was as the chief told us, Camp Reno, "where your people live; I cannot go there as they would kill me and my people; but you may now go in safety, for I have made the peace smoke, and when you get among your people don't forget Delshay".

At this time, the year 1869, hostile Tontos were seen almost every day by the garrison at Reno, and as a consequence all were kept in a perpetual suspense. About nine o'clock in the morning, we bid goodbye to Delshay and his people, and at once began our descent of the western slope of the Sierra Anchas range; the peace smoke in this instance proving efficacious, for we encountered no hostiles between there and Camp Reno.

In this connection I wish to remark that shortly afterwards, he was decoyed into Camp Reno by the sacred aegis of peace--the white flag--and shot by the surgeon of the post (I disremember his name) after he had failed once or twice to kill Delshay by administering poison. A similar fate met old Mangus Colorado (Red Alex) in Southern Arizona. Mangus, with his young son, Cochise, and four or five more of his people were decoyed into camp, then arrested and confined in a tent; after which all were shot down in the tent by the guard, except Cochise, the young son of old Mangus, who made his escape. Cochise afterwards, devoted the best part of his life in the pursuit of vengeance, and his name became a terror throughout all of Southern Arizona. How well he carried out his scheme of sworn vengeance, and his reason, or cause therefore, I leave to all those who are cognizant of the facts, to deduce their own conclusions. The truth told at times must be a bitter pill to swallow, particularly to some of our people, but it is nevertheless the truth. However none but cowards take advantage of helpless prisoners. Sometimes mobs are bold by reason of superior numbers, but single handed their members may be arrant curs at heart.

The Camp (Reno) was situated about two miles west of Tonto Creek, upon an open mesa, running down towards Tonto Creek, from the eastern base of the Mazatzal Range. Upon either side of the post were two deep ravines running parallel with the mesa, and from one to two hundred yards distant from the military camp. After ascending to the top of this mesa from Tonto Creek, we could plainly see Camp Reno, and our party continued along in plain view, apparently unobserved by the people of the camp, until we had arrived within four or five hundred yards of the Post. It must be remembered there were thirty-three people in our party, and the day before our arrival the government herder had been killed and a soldier wounded. Suddenly, someone discovered us and gave the alarm; it being noontime and all about the post being at their dinners, suddenly there was a general rush here and there, the company of Infantry fell into line, and a skirmish line thrown out, composed of Major Collins, commanding the camp, the first Sergeant, the citizen blacksmith and the post trader.

Observing the excitement, we halted and directed the Indians to remain where they were, while we three Americans rode up to the skirmish line. We had arrived within forty yards of Major Collins, who was standing close to a stack of hay, before they discovered we were whites; then the Major came out and shook hands, and declared he was glad it was no worse, for he fully expected the post would be assaulted and possibly captured. The Major appeared to be unduly excited; however he was certainly entitled to be excused that time, as he had just arisen from a sick bed, having been laid up with a very severe attack of the Fort Goodwin fever, to repel the supposed assault. I remarked to Major Collins at the time, and pointed at the ravines on either side of the camp, "that had we proposed to capture the post, those two ravines would certainly be used by the main party of attack." The Major admitted the correctness of my observation, but said he was too sick to give proper consideration to anything." At the time the alarm was raised, the tables had just been laid for dinner, so the Major invited us to take dinner with him. Arriving at the tent, there being no buildings in the camp except one little adobe hut, used as a magazine, the Major took to his cot, and we three sat down to a table, but in a few moments were surprised to see a lady, with a baby in her arms enter the tent, and remarking at the same time that "this is a pretty country to have a white woman in, where they must lock her up in a powder magazine to prevent the Apaches from cutting her throat." That same evening, Lieut. Col. Elgen and an escort of cavalry in charge of a wagon load of ammunition for the camp arrived from Fort McDowell. Our party remained over at Reno for three days, and during the time, two of the party had another severe bout with Old John Barleycorn, coming out second best, as usual. Our Apaches here refused to proceed further, but would give no excuse, simply saying, "the people in this country no good;" however we subsequently learned that the post interpreter had given them a "big stiff" about the Pima and Maricopa Indians, their inveterate and hereditary enemies, whom he represented were then in full force at McDowell. Taking advantage of the return to McDowell of Col. Elgen and escort, we traveled with this party for protection. In due time and without incident we reached Camp McDowell in safety.

CHAPTER IV

The year 1869, Camp McDowell was the military headquarters for the Southern military District of Arizona, and was commanded by Brevet-Brigadier General Thomas E. Deven.

The following day after our arrival at McDowell, we had a short interview with General Deven, explaining the object of our visit, the action of Captain Barry at the Carizo, with an earnest request that Barry be as leniently dealt with as the circumstances would permit. The General gave me to understand that he would look into Barry's case particularly. Shortly after this, Col. Green's "charges, specifications," etc., etc., were received at headquarters, but were returned "disapproved" and Barry ordered back to duty.

Later on all the troops under Col. Green, then stationed at Camp Goodwin, were ordered to Camp Ord, simply leaving a detachment at Goodwin sufficient to protect the public property. Dr. John C. Handy, now a resident of Tucson, was the physician at Camp Goodwin for quite a long while, and moved to the new camp along with the troops. In those days there was yet no road north from Goodwin, and all the supplies for the new camp, including saw-mill machinery, were packed up to the new camp on mule-back; this was an Herculean task, but was successfully accomplished. The first Post Trader at Camp Ord, going there from Goodwin, was a man by the name of Hughey, and partner, whose name I now forget, but who was subsequently lanced to death by an Apache, while sitting behind the counter in his store.

The man Hughey, some time after this, had a difficulty with Dr. Handy, and he too, came out second best, going to that "burne" from whence none return. It is perhaps pertinent to remark in this connection that "Little Steve" (George H. Stevens) a member of the "notorious 14th" served a portion of his time, and was discharged from the United States service at Camp Goodwin.

Early in the spring of '70, General E.O.C. Ord left his headquarters at Angel Island, Bay of San Francisco, California, to make a tour of inspection of all the military posts in Arizona. In the meantime the name of the new camp was changed from Camp Ord to Camp Mogollon. Upon the return of Ord to California, he was ordered to the Rio Grande, and Major-General George H. Thomas was assigned to the Department of the Pacific. The military districts of Arizona were abolished, and the Territory made a separate department, with Brevet-Brigadier General George Stoneman assigned to the command of this department. In effecting the above changes, it necessitated an exchange of the Eighth Cavalry, then serving in Arizona, and the Third Cavalry, serving in New Mexico. The five companies of the Eighth, serving in northern Arizona under Major (Brevet-Brigadier) Alexander, left Fort Whipple in April of '70, the writer as guide, for Fort Wingate, New Mexico. It was while returning from this trip that I made my so-called "famous ride", bringing back with me \$28,000 for Col. C.C. Bean, of Prescott. (As to the ride, I refer you to Capt. W.H. Hardy, and the little money affair, to Col. Bean) On our trip out we met the Third Cavalry at Bear Springs, and the weather being stormy, both commands remained here three days. While in this camp, General Ord, with an escort commanded by Lieut. Upham, accompanied also by Dr. Handy, came into camp, inspected the outfit, stopped over one night, and then left for Fort

After returning from my New Mexico trip, and sometime in July, General Stoneman sent for me to come to his quarters---then in tents, as were also all headquarters. Stoneman asked me if I could find Camp Mogollon. I replied that I could "try." The General's reply was: "Then go, take these dispatches to Col. John Green, and after you get to Camp Mogollon take a party and look out a wagon road from that post to Old Camp Supply, on the Colorado Chiquito. The dispatches, by "general orders" again changed the name of the new Post from Mogollon to Camp Thomas, and upon the arrival of Stoneman at the post, on his general tour of inspection, another "general order" was promulgated, changing the name from Camp Thomas to that of Camp Apache, and then, by General Crook, to Fort Apache, which latter name it still retains to this day.

I have perhaps needlessly drawn this thing out, and been too circumstantial, but it will be seen that the culmination of the continued events herein related were the final result of How, Why, and When Fort Apache was established. A word or two about General Stoneman, and I will close this tedious narrative:

Brevet-Brigadier General George Stoneman, first commander of the Department of Arizona, with headquarters at Fort Whipple, was, as an Indian fighter, a total failure in every sense of the word. If he ever was a success as a military man, I have failed to hear of the fact. In the army, among the Junior officers, he was known as the "G.A.S.A.F." However, he did not encumber the Department long as he was removed early in '71, and that chief of Indian fighters, General George Crook--was assigned to the command of the Department of Arizona.

ALBERT F. BANTA