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Huachuca Illustrated

Garrisoning of the Southwest

Contents

"Manifest Destiny"

"Manifest Destiny" was a phrase used to suggest the inevitability of American territorial expansion, especially in view of rapid population growth. It was first used by a newspaper editor who spoke of "our manifest destiny to overspread the continent allotted by Providence for the free development of our yearly multiplying millions."

The Indian could either fight or submit peacefully. Apaches chose to fight. Given their character and love of liberty, they could not have done otherwise. It was their destiny to defy the intruder just as the spiny desert terrain has resisted being overrun.

The Chiricahua Apaches called themselves "Indeh," or "the Dead," perhaps foreseeing their destiny that the white man thought so manifest.

When Anglo soldier and Apache confronted one another in the Southwest, there was little reason to expect any attempt at mutual understanding. (Although some on both sides tried.) The Apaches could not understand the bluecoats who, for all of their inadequacies in counter guerilla warfare, were as relentless as the Arizona sun. Just as the soldiers could not fathom the Indian who chose to fight against such overwhelming odds for so primitive a way of life.

The outcome of the Apache campaigns was predestined, but tragically postponed due to these breakdowns in understanding. With peace and relegation of the Apache to reservations, came a legacy of acrimony and guilt.

On a largely inexhorable collision course, the Apache and white man left an indisputable chronicle of atricities. War, once launched in its destructive orbit, is, of course, to kill or be killed. But upon studying the record of that war, a large irony looms. Hatreds piled upon hatreds confounded most attempts at accomodation. An Arizona pioneer and owner of a mine near Patagonia, Sylvester Mowry, wrote in 1863:

> *There is only one way to wage war against the Apaches. A steady, persistent campaign must be made, following them to their haunts—hunting them to the 'fastness of the mountains.'*
>
> *They must be surrounded, starved into coming in, surprised or inveigled—by white flags or any other method, human or divine—then put to death.*
>
> *If these ideas shock any weak-minded individual, who thinks himself a philanthropist, I can only say that I pity, without respecting his sympathy. A man might as well have sympathy for a rattlesnake or a tiger.*[47]

But, strangely, the minority that took the side of the Indian over the clamor for bloody extermination wore uniforms. The U.S. Army was the best friend the Apaches had.

Sometimes those who best understand an alien culture are those who have to fight them. Brig. Gen. Thomas Cruse was a second lieutenant in Arizona and New Mexico and he would sum up his views on the Apache situation in his book *Apache Days and After*.

…Official Washington was in general as ignorant of actual conditions in the Apache country as the rest of the East. Even the veteran soldier General Sheridan, then commanding the Army, failed to understand that the Apache and his habitat differed from everything else the Army had ever faced.

Actually, the Apache situation was troubled by the ancient curse of dual control, politics playing. There was no such thing in the United States as a genuine Indian policy. Everything done was done haphazardly and in the most temporizing spirit. One of the "Indian rights" bodies of strong religious color would have an Agent appointed with the idea of improving the Indians' lot,

but lacking either plan or authority to carry out the necessary changes in system that would have settled the Apache as a permanent and law-abiding part of the population.

Agents came and went. The best of these men were generally ignorant of Apache nature, the good points and the bad. By the time they had learned enough to begin to be valuable, they were usually disheartened and went to other occupations.

Generally speaking, the only "policy" Washington had was to gather four or five thousand savage nomads about the Agency, order them to be quiet and molest nobody, then feed them after a fashion. These Indians were not agriculturists. They were men who from the dawn of their history had ranged constantly over the rugged country, killing their food. To them freedom was life.

The settlers of the Southwest gave no thought whatever to "rights" of the original inhabitants. To the whites coming into Apache country the Indian was simply an annoyance to be brushed aside. They wanted the United States Army to kill or confine the Apaches, so that the country might be built up. When the Apache was given a reservation, as soon as the settlers fancied the land the Apache was to be ousted and herded into a more distant, less desirable place.

San Carlos was such an undesirable place, a barren waste no Indian would have stopped in, voluntarily. But here were held some four thousand fierce and restless savages with absolutely nothing to occupy them, while they saw their country filling up with white men. And the Army was ordered to see that they remained there, inactive, no matter what treatment was given them!

> *It was inevitable that the reckless, restless element should slip away to return to the ancient and natural way of living. Filled with grievances against the whites as they were, it was instinctive for them to kill the whites whenver opportunity came. And in any contest on those grounds the advantages were all with the Apaches. They knew every foot of the country and they knew, as the wolves and the rattlesnakes knew, the way of that country. When they fought, they struck and ran, hid and struck and ran again. The band closely pursued scattered like quail, and like quail they had only to drop to the ground to disappear.*[48]

General Crook, who twice commanded the Department of Arizona at crucial times in the Apache campaigns, articulated his policy toward the Indians as early as 1873.

> *I earnestly recommend as the great means by which the future of the tribe can be assured, that they be liberally supplied with means to get, as it were, a start in their new sphere. I have advised them to turn their attention to stock raising as well as to the cultivation of the soil, [and] have done all I could to encourage them in making themselves homes and surrounding [them] with stock—horses, cattle, & etc.—and it requires but little knowledge of human nature, whether in white man or Indian, to see that when they shall become owners of such homes and property, which war will deprive them of, it will require more than the ordinary induce-*

ments heretofore prevailing to induce them to go upon the war path.[49]

Brig. Gen. George George in 1875.

That Gen. George Crook could ride with a small escort force into the Apaches' Sierra Madre stronghold in 1883 to confront a superior number of renegades, and return alive is indicative of the respect the Apache leaders had for this man, the commander of their enemies, and, just

as importantly, the respect that Crook had for the Apache chiefs who he recognized as human beings rather than savages who could not be approached with reason. This respect among opposing warriors is difficult for moralists a century and more later to fully fathom, but it is one that even soldiers of today can recognize. It may have had its origins in something as simple as understanding.

Crook's attitude toward the Indians was summed up by his Boswellian aide, Lieut. John Bourke.

> *…General Crook believed that the American Indian was a human being, gifted with the same god-like apprehension as the white man, and like him inspired by noble impulses, ambition for progress and advancement, but subject to the same infirmities, beset with the same or even greater temptations, struggling under the disadvantages of an inherited ignorance, which had the double effect of making him doubt his own powers in the struggle for the new life and suspicious of the truthfulness and honesty of the advocates of all innovations. The American savage has grown up as a member of a tribe, or rather of a clan within a tribe; all his actions have been made to conform to the opinions of his fellows as enunciated in the clan councils or in those of the tribe.*[50]

The fact that the Army in Arizona and New Mexico pursued a policy of accepting surrender, time and again, each time forgiving past transgressions cannot be explained merely by saying that there were too few troops to carry out a policy of systematic extermination of the outlaws. The Army could have imprisoned or executed ringleaders, or turned them over to an unforgiving civilian justice system for trial and sentencing. But they chose to give them always yet another chance to live peaceably on the reservation, knowing that conditions there would invariably lead to more trouble. In this policy there was an underlying sense of fair play and sympathy for their situation.

The American soldier abided by certain civilized rules of warfare. Crook's instructions to his troops warned them to spare women and children in combat that often saw women and children caught in the middle.

In the few oral histories left by Apaches, they cite ill-treatment by agents and civilians but seldom express any rancor against their chief adversary—the Army, although there must have been a fair share of bad feelings against those Blue Coats who hounded them. In fact the Apaches overwhelmingly preferred military administration of the reservations over civilian control.

Richard N. Ellis in an article in *The Journal of Arizona History* entitled "The Humanitarian Soldiers" cites these men as being sensitive to the problems of the Apaches: Captain Richard Henry Pratt, 10th Cavalry, one of the founders of the Carlisle Indian School; Captain Frank Bennett, 9th Cavalry, at the Navaho agency; Lieuts. Walter S. Schuyler, George Eaton, and John Babcock, at Camp Verde; Capt. Emmett Crawford, Lieut. Charles Gatewood, Lieut. Britton Davis, and Maj. George Randall, at Camp Apache; and commanders like Gen. George Crook in Arizona, and Gen. John Pope who commanded the Dept. of Missouri [which included the Department of New Mexico].

Capt. Emmett Crawford, 3d U.S. Cavalry. Photo from Arizona Historical Society.

Britton Davis

John Bourke recorded a meeting between White Mountain chiefs Alchesay and Pedro, and General Crook after his return in 1882. They expressed a preference for the military men they had known as agents.

…When Major Randall was here we were all happy; when he promised a thing he did it; when he said a word he meant it; but all that he did was for our own good and we believed in him and we think of him yet. Where has he gone? …Others have come to see us since he left, but they talk to us in one way and act in another, and we can't believe what they say…. Oh, where is my friend Randall—the captain with the big mustache which he always pulled?

Old "Pedro" talked in much the same vein: "When you (General Crook) were here, whenever you said a thing we knew that it was true, and we kept it in our minds. When Colonel Green was here, our women and children were happy and our young people grew up contented. And I remember Brown, Randall, and the other officers who treated us kindly and were our friends. I used to be happy; now, I am all the time thinking and crying, and I say, 'Where is old Colonel John Green, and Randall, and those other good officers, and what has become of them? Where have they gone? Why don't they come back?' And the young men all say the same thing."[51]

If the U.S. Army were not the Apaches' best friends, who were they? Were they the Mexicans who shared with the Indian a centuries-old implacable hatred based on cycles of treachery? Or the Indian agent who sought to make an obscene profit from their misery? Were they the Christian societies who only offered them the choice of assimilation into an alien culture and would require them to forswear their own tradition? Were they the politicans who wanted only that they be penned up and docile so that their constituency could get on with the job of exploiting the economic possibilities of the territory? Or perhaps the Washington generals who favored a policy of annihilation, "the only good Indian is a dead Indian?"

The Indians had a vague but correct view of the seat of American government. Speaking of Washington, D.C., an Apache women said, "Nothing good had ever come from that place."[52]

Outpost in Apacheria

Gran Apacheria was the name given by Spanish colonizers to an area roughly comprised of present-day Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, the northernmost reaches of New Spain. The Spanish had considerable success in coming to terms with the Indians on this frontier, with the notable exception of the Apache.

The rapid influx of Anglo-American settlers brought about the predictable confrontation with the long-time inhabitants—the Apaches. The need for protection by both the white and the Indian was filled by the U.S. Army. Military posts began to spring up across the Territory of New Mexico of which Arizona was then a part. (Arizona became a territory in 1863 and a state in 1912.) The first of these forts within Arizona's boundaries was Fort Defiance in 1851, followed by Fort Buchanan in 1856, Fort Mohave in 1859, Fort Breckinridge in 1860, and Forts Lowell (Tucson) and Bowie in 1862.

1870.15.00.007 Officer's Row, Fort Grant, 1879. Post was established as "New Fort Grant" near Mt. Graham in 1872. "Old" Fort Grant was built in 1860 and first called Fort Arivaypa. The name was then changed to Breckinridge on 6 August 1860. The post was destroyed by Capt. Isaiah N. Moore on 10 July 1861, to keep it from falling into Confederate hands. It was reestablished on 18 May 1862 by members of the California Column under Brig. Gen. James H. Carleton, and named Fort Stanford for the Governor of California, Leland Stanford. In October 1863 the name was changed again to Fort Breckinridge. On 1 November 1865 the post was renamed Fort Grant in honor of General Ulysses S. Grant. It was moved to its new location on 19 December 1872, to a place on the west side of Mt. Graham, some 25 miles north of Willcox, Arizona. The reason for the move was the malarial condition existing on the Arivaypa. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo SC 104091.

In February 1861, the great Chiricahua Apache leader, Cochise, was accused by Lt. George N. Bascom of stealing horses and abducting the stepson of a Sonoita rancher, John Ward—charges which Cochise steadfastly denied. He was seized along with six others of his tribe, including a woman and two children who had entered Bascom's camp for a peaceful parley. Cochise is said to have escaped by slashing through his tent jail with a knife and darting up the canyon amid rifle fire

from the surprised guards. During the next two weeks, the Apaches took white prisoners with whom they could bargain for the release of their kin. Bascom added to his hostages when a relief column under Asst. Surg. Bernard J. D. Irwin rode in with three Coyoteros who had been captured as they herded stolen cattle. A prisoner swap proposed by Cochise was refused by Bascom because he insisted on the Ward boy being included in the exchange, a condition with which Cochise apparently could not comply. When Army patrols found the white hostages burned and mutilated, they hung the six Apache men nearby. This incident provoked a once friendly Cochise into a course of single-minded revenge, one which he would pursue for the next ten years to the terror of every white settler in the territory.

Their first clash took place in the traditional Indian stronghold, Apache Pass, and was the largest scale battle fought between the U.S. Army and the Apache. In it, Capt. Thomas Roberts with 126 men and two mountain howitzers fought off an ambush of 700 Apaches led by Cochise and Mangas Coloradas after 10 hours and 2 American casualties. Indian losses were reported at nine. It was the only engagement in Arizona in which artillery played an important part as the soldiers were able to bring it to bear on Apaches massed at a waterhole behind breastworks. To secure Apache Pass, a major route for the Butterfield Stage, and the nearby water, Carleton's troops built Fort Bowie. It was the first of many outposts established by the volunteers from California.

Peace with Cochise was to be negotiated in 1872 by a delegate from President Grant, Brig. Gen. Oliver O. Howard, and Thomas Jeffords, a trusted friend of the Apache leader. The Chiricahuas were eventually placed on the San Carlos reservation. Cochise dictated the terms of the peace demanding the land surrounding Apache Pass as his own. Jeffords was to act as Indian agent. Two years after the death of Cochise in 1874, the Chiricahuas were moved to the San Carlos reservation by the Indian Bureau, and Jeffords would become the Post Trader at the new Camp Huachuca.

While these events with the Chiricahuas were taking place, Lt. Col. George Crook, having been named commander of the Department of Arizona in 1871, was able to concentrate his efforts on the Tonto Basin area where Yavapais had long been a scourge. His heroic campaign of 1872-3 subdued the Indians and placed them on the Camp Verde reservation. Crook was promoted to Brigadier General and reassigned to another trouble spot.

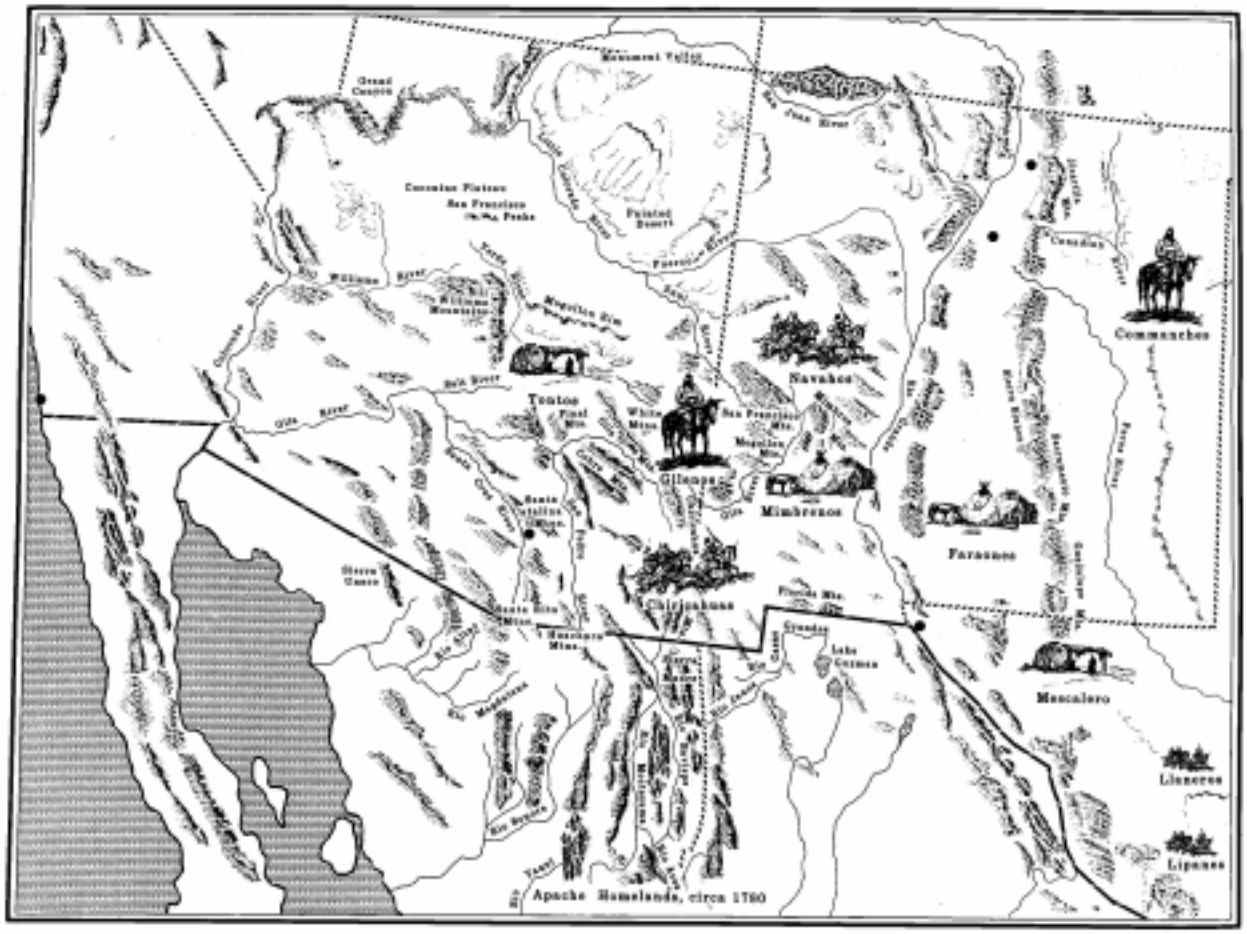
This peaceful interlude in Arizona was to be brief, as the Apache was not content to be a farmer on a reservation for long. Bands of Indians would slip off the reservation for weeks at a time and plunder the countryside, raiding into Mexico, much to the distress of the Mexican government. These renegades plagued American-Mexican relations. Col. Augustus Kautz, who succeeded General Crook as departmental commander (and who would be succeeded by Col. Orlando B. Willcox), was faced with the impossible task of policing 113,000 square miles with a handful of companies scattered throughout the territory. The Apache, on the other hand, was highly mobile and instinctively knew each trail and every place of concealment.

The Apache as Warrior

As inhospitable as was the searing heat of the desert floor and the exhausting heights of the mountain ranges, it was the domain of the Apache—a place where clans could hunt and drink mescal at their liberty. They viewed the arrival of the Anglo American settlers as a threat to their

freedom, but one that was preferable to the presence of the hated Mexican.

The Apaches did not have a cohesiveness or central authority and each band acted independently. The whites identified the various tribes according to their geographical location. Some of the important tribes in Arizona were the Chiricahuas, Ojo Caliente, Coyoteros, Yavapais, Pinal, Mimbrenos, and White Mountain Apaches. While some bands would be at peace for a time, others would be raiding Anglo and Mexican settlements. The difficulty for the American over some forty years of conflict was to know which Apache was attacking him and which was tolerating him. In many instances, the distinction was not that important and all Apaches were his enemy.



Apache Homelands circa 1780.

The Apaches were a nomadic people who roamed throughout a given territory and traditionally visited certain places at specified times throughout a year. They are usually named for their homelands. The best summary of the division of Apache and other tribes is given by Utley in *Frontier Regulars*:

*Mescaleros ranged widely in New Mexico and Texas from bases in the Sierra Blanca, Guadalupe, and Sacramento Mountains of central and southern New Mexico. Other Mescalero bands raided out of the Davis Mountains of West Texas, the Chisos Mountains of the Big Bend, and the Sierra del Carmen of Coahuila. In southwestern New Mexico, the Gila Apaches, loosely embracing the Mimbres, Copper Mine, Warm Spring [*Chihenne *or Red People, according to Kaywaykla], and Mogollon groups, a division of the Chiricahuas, ranged the continental divide from the Datil Mountains southward to Lake Guzman in Chihuahua. Adjoining them on the west, in eastern Arizona, were the Western Apaches, embracing the Coyotero (or White Mountain), Pinal, and Aravaipa Apaches on the middle Gila and upper Salt. In the Chiricahua Mountains to the south lived another band of Chiracahuas [*Chokonen*], and in the Sierra Madre of Mexico still another [*Nednhi*]. All told, the Apaches probably numbered about 8,000. The Yavapai, numbering about 2,000, occupied the Tonto Basin and lower Salt and Verde Valleys and extended westward between the Gila and Bill Williams Rivers as far as the Colorado. These were the Yuman rather than Apachean people, but were usually mistaken by the whites for Apaches. Accordingly, the three principal Yavapai divisions, Western, Southeastern and Northeastern, are often erroneously called Apache-Mojave, Apache-Yuma, and Apache-Tonto. The Walapais, about 2,500 strong, ranged east of the Colorado northward from Bill Williams River. These were the hostile tribes. Peaceful tribes were the sedentary Yumas, Mojaves, and Chemehuevis of the Colorado River Valley; the Pimas, Papagoes, and Maricopas of the Santa Cruz Valley; and the Pueblos, Jicarilla Apaches, and Utes of the upper Rio Grande Valley.*[53]

The Apache warrior was a formidable enemy. His natural weapon was the bow and arrow and up to 150 yards he was a deadly shot. Later, he was armed with the plundered firearms of the white settlers and the U.S. Army. A member of Crook's expedition into Mexico in 1883 said the Apaches were "armed with Winchester and Springfield breech-loaders, with revolvers and lances whose blades were old cavalry sabres. The little boys carried revolvers, lances and bows and arrows."[54]

In guerilla warfare he was unexcelled—a master of ambush, retreating in the face of unfavorable odds, and attacking only when the chances of success were excellent. In his favor was the grueling desert terrain of the Southwest. The Apache had an ally in the mountains of the southwest, an ally that could grant them sanctuary and cut the legs out from under any pursuit.

A contemporary evaluation of the Apache's fighting abilities was given by Capt. John Bourke.

The Apache was in no sense a coward. He knew his business, and played his cards to suit himself. He never lost a shot, and never lost a warrior in a fight where a brisk run across the nearest ridge would save his life and exhaust the heavily clad soldier who endeavored to catch him. Apaches in groups of two and three, and even individual Apaches, were wont to steal in close to the military posts and ranchos, and hide behind some sheltering rock, or upon the summit of some conveniently situated hill, and there remain for days, scanning the movements of the Americans below, and waiting for a chance to stampede a herd, or kill a herder or two, or "jump" a wagon-train.

They knew how to disguise themselves so thoroughly that one might almost step upon a warrior thus occupied before he could detect his presence. Stripped naked, with head and shoulders wrapped up in a bundle of yucca shoots or "sacaton" grass, and with body rubbed over with the clay or sand along which it wriggled as sinuously and as venomously as the

rattler itself, the Apache could and did approach to within ear-shot of the whites, and even entered the enclosures of the military camps, as at Grant and Crittenden, where we on several occasions discovered his foot-prints alongside the "ollas," or water jars.

On such occasions he preferred to employ his lance or bow, because these made no sound, and half or even a whole day might elapse before the stiffened and bloody corpse of the herder or wagoner would be found, and the presence of Indians in the vicinity become known.[55]

The Apache was a natural warrior and, man for man, better at warfare than the American soldier who came to it as a reluctant dilettante. John Bourke noted that the Apache was capable of marching thirty-five or forty miles in a day on foot, crossing wide stretches of waterless plains upon which a tropical sun beats down with fierceness, or climbing up the faces of precipitous mountains which stretch across this region in every direction.

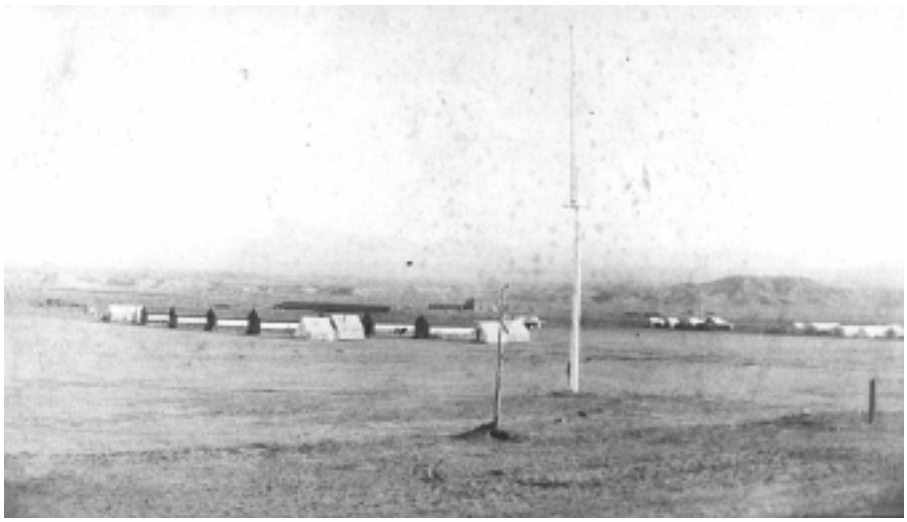
The two great points of superiority of the native or savage soldier over the representative of civilized discipline are his absolute knowledge of the country and his perfect ability to take care of himself at all times and under all circumstances. Though the rays of the sun pour down from the zenith, or the scorching sirocco blow from the south, the Apache scout trudges along as unconcerned as he was when the cold rain or snow of winter chilled his white comrade to the marrow. He finds food, and pretty good food too, where the Caucasian would starve.[56]

The most serious form of warfare, and perhaps the most common, was the war of vengeance. For this, the Chiricahuas would build motivation with "fierce dancing." An Apache described this ritual to anthropoligist Morris E. Opler:

They went through the thing that had been handed down in tradition from the original time…. The dance always starts with four men. Four men came from the east to the fire. The singers and the hide that was being beaten were on the west. They don't paint their faces or decorate themselves especially for the war dance; they just come in plain. Now whoever wanted to dance got out there. They had guns. They put cartridges in. They shot. They said by the actions, "This is the way I'm going to act in the fight."

When they called out a man's name, asking him to join the dance and the vengeance raid, he could not refuse.[57]

It was almost impossible to surprise an Apache war party. They travel with "two men ahead and two behind; they have scouts out on every side."[58]



San Carlos, Arizona. Photo courtesy the estate of Col. Alvardo M. Fuller.

"An Apache Indian," c.1890, Frederic Remington.

Map: "Mexico & California," which shows the Indian homelands.

When General Stephen Watts Kearny proclaimed from a rooftop in the town square of Las Vegas in 1847 that New Mexico was now a territory of the United States, he also made a promise to the new citizenry that his government would do for them what the Mexicans, and Spanish before them, had never been able to do. "It will keep off the Indians." For Kearny, a career officer in the small regular army with years of frontier duty behind him, this pledge was made in earnest. And it would be kept. But it would take forty years and thousands of lives in an arena that was to the advantage of a determined and skilled foe. Kearny did not know that the Apache, and a related tribe, the Navaho, were nurtured in warfare. They would not give up easily what little they had and the free reign over a land that outsiders found as threatening as its inhabitants.

The job given those soldiers who followed Kearny to garrison the new American Southwest was one that would put them to the utmost test. They were handicapped from the very beginning by a lack of manpower to occupy a land mass the size of central Europe.

A congressional act of 1848 set the strength ceilings for the entire U.S. Army at 10,317. In 1855 the number was improved slightly when Congress authorized 12,698 men to be distributed among, exclusive of the general staff and specialized departments, two regiments of dragoons (ten companies each), two of cavalry, one regiment of mounted riflemen, ten regiments of infantry, and four of artillery (twelve companies each). The dragoons were mounted but tactics called for them to dismount and fight as infantry once they had closed with the enemy.

Dragoons: Garrisoning the Gadsden Purchase

With the ratification of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo on 30 May 1848, New Mexico officially became part of the United States. In 1850 it was made a territory with its own civilian government replacing the military government. The territory of New Mexico, as organized in 1850, included the present-day Arizona which lies north of the Gila River. After the Gadsden Purchase of 1853, it would add today's southern Arizona.

These early years of the negligible 9th Military Department were difficult because the command was overextended to say the least, and the job of protecting the new citizens of the territory from the 30,000 Navahos, Comanches, Utes, Pueblos, and Apaches was well nigh impossible. The memories of the Revolt of 1847 were fresh in the minds of the commanders who oversaw the far-flung detachments. There was little trust between Mexicans and Americans owing to the misbehavior of the undisciplined volunteer troops garrisoning the territory in 1846-7 and the lingering acrimony over the 1847 revolt.

With the Mexican War over, the volunteers began to return to Missouri to be mustered out and the strength of the U.S. Army, which had been 3,000 in March 1848, diminished to about 885 men in 1849. The troops were distributed around the 9th Military Department (Territory of New Mexico) in 1848 and 1849 as follows.

A company of the 2d Dragoons and one company of mounted artillery returned to Santa Fe from the fighting in Chihuahua in September 1848. They were led by Major John M. Washington who now assumed the military command of the territory from Brig. Gen. Price who was on his way back to Missouri with his force. [While Price had been in Chihuahua, fighting the last battle of the war in March 1848 at Santa Cruz de Rosales, the garrisons in New Mexico had been

commanded by Colonel E. W. B. Newby in 1847 and Major Benjamin L. Beall in 1848.] Lieut. Joseph H. Whittlesey and Company C of the 1st Dragoons were at Taos in October 1848, so that in November 1848 there were three companies of the 1st Dragoons, one company of the 2d, and one battery of the 3d Artillery in the territory. A year later, with reinforcements arriving from Fort Leavenworth during the year, there was a strength of 885 men spread out over seven military posts. There was a company of the 2d Artillery at Santa Fe, one company each of the 2d Dragoons at Taos, Albuquerque, and Dona Ana, and a detachment of the 2d Dragoons at Socorro, six companies of the 3d Infantry were at El Paso, and one company of the 2d Artillery and four companies of the 3d Infantry were earmarked for a post not yet established.

The area of the Gadsden purchase would remain ungarrisoned by U.S. troops until 1856 when four companies of the First Dragoons marched to Tucson and camped there and at Calabasas. A year later a permanent camp was established at Fort Buchanan near Tubac, with Major Enoch Steen in command. Over on the Colorado River at Beale's crossing, Fort Mojave was garrisoned with three companies of infantry in late 1858 and these troops, under Colonel Hoffman, were able to keep the Mojave Indians under some semblance of control. Some of the dragoons from Fort Buchanan were sent off to the San Pedro River in 1859 to found Fort Breckinridge on the San Pedro. The U.S. Army strength in southern Arizona from 1856 to 1860 numbered as few as 120 and as high as 375. These and other temporary camps were abandoned in 1860 and 1861 when the troops were recalled to fight the Civil War.

In the post headquarters toiled the post commander, assisted by his adjutant and sergeant major, who would take care of the ubiquitous paperwork and pass along orders. A post quartermaster and commissary officer were found at the more sizable posts but in most cases these were additional duties taken on by field grade officers. The quartermaster was responsible for both housing and supplying the soldier, while the commissary officer was concerned with ordering and issuing rations. In 1853 a report by Colonel Mansfield indicated that in four out of eleven posts in the New Mexico Department, the commander, being the only officer present, also acted as quartermaster and commissary officer.

Occasionally there was an engineer officer on hand to plan the construction of the garrison. Visiting inspectors from the department, division and Army Inspector General's Office periodically made detailed reports on conditions at the outposts.

Besides the infantry, artillery and cavalrymen, there were a number of enlisted specialties, such as bandsmen, blacksmiths, farriers, commissary, quartermaster and ordnance sergeants; signalmen, saddlers, wheelwrights and wagoners. There would be a number of civilians working in the camp as well. The surgeon was normally hired on a contract basis to take care of the sick and perform the only known surgical procedure—amputation. Scouts and guides were on the payroll to lead patrols into unknown country. And packers were hired to drive the mule trains that became the only reliable means of logistical transport in the mountainous southwest.

The sutler ran a concession resembling the general store in which he sold sundries and sometimes alcohol, depending on the policies of the Army or post commander at any given time. The sutler was a civilian and, as in the case of Alexander Patch at Fort Huachuca, was sometimes a disabled veteran of the regiment.

Outposts: Tactics in the Apache Campaigns

The decade of the 1850s was one of extreme peril for the citizens of the territory of New Mexico. They were virtually surrounded by hostile Indians—the Navahos in the northwest, the Utes to the north, the Commanches and Kiowas from the plains to the east, and the several tribes of Apaches ringing the west and south. The military was in too weak a position to be of much help and they were hamstrung by lack of funds and the absence a fixed policy regarding the Indian problem. Strategy seemed to waver between a policy of extermination and one of pacification on lands set aside for them where they would be fed and taught agriculture. The first was impossible and unacceptable to most. The second was expensive and lacking the military force needed to assure success.

The two new regiments of cavalry organized in 1855, the 1st and 2d Regiments, were a response to the needs of Indian fighting. The Indians, often riding ponies, would not take up positions and wait for the enemy to come walking up to the battlefield. They were always on the move and would elude any well armed pursuing force. They would fight only when they had numbers and surprise on their side or when they themselves were surprised.

Cavalry was the only arm that offered the mobility needed to cover the expanses of the Southwest. But cavalry companies were expensive to maintain, more than double the amount required for a like-sized infantry company, due to the expense of shipping in grain to feed the horses. A Senate report made the point. "To keep a regiment of mounted men in the field, besides their pay and original cost of horses and arms, it would cost $1,500,000 per annum."[59] So despite its rapid mobility and suitability for Indian warfare, the cavalry regiments were slow to be authorized by Congress and there would never be enough of them to cover the deserts and mountains of Arizona and New Mexico.

The strength of the Ninth Military Department between 1851 to 1858 varied between 1,400 and 1,800 men spread around scattered military stations. These troops were from the nine companies of the 1st and 2d Dragoons, the ten companies of the 3d Infantry, and two companies of the 2d Artillery. In 1856 a regiment of mounted riflemen arrived from Texas to spend a year in the district. At the same time two companies of the 8th Infantry strengthened the department's complement. More companies from the 5th and 10th Infantry began to arrive in 1860 and by 1861 there were 58 companies in New Mexico and Arizona, to include three regiments of New Mexico volunteer cavalry. Their numbers would reach as many as 4,000 troops before the Civil War forced the withdrawal of most of the regulars and their reassignment back east.

The company was the basic tactical unit in the frontier army and they were dispersed at far-flung outposts, almost never coming together as a regiment. [It would not be until long after the Indian Wars were over, that entire regiments would take up station at a single post. One of these was the 6th Cavalry which consolidated in 1911 at Fort Huachuca, a post that had been enlarged for that purpose.] They would be commanded by a captain, with a first and second lieutenant and a first sergeant to aid him. The four squads were each led by a sergeant and a corporal. From 1850 a frontier company was authorized 74 privates, a ceiling that was considered an ideal. It was never reached because recruitment was always far behind the attrition caused by discharges, deaths, and desertions. A company's actual strength was, on the average, almost half that number.

There was no such thing as an overarching strategy in the Army of the West. It was either nonexistent or improvised by the department commanders. Ever since 1845 there had been one

idea that gained the favor of a number of frontier adherents. First proposed by Colonel Stephen W. Kearny, it called for the abandonment of the many small outposts in favor of the concentration of forces at a few major posts where good grazing could be had and easy access to supply lines, rivers and railroads, were available. This, it was thought, would not only save money in upkeep, but would allow the launching of larger and more impressive campaigns to intimidate the Indians. Each spring large columns would debouch from the forts and seek out any hostile bands.

The flaws in this strategy were laid bare by the former mountain man and now Indian agent, Tom Fitzpatrick. He pointed out that "It must be apparent that a skeleton company of infantry or dragoons can add but little to the security of five hundred miles square of territory; nor can the great highways to Utah and New Mexico be properly protected by a wandering squadron that parades them once a year. …The policy must be either an army or an annuity. Either an inducement must be offered to them greater than the gains of plunder, or a force must be at hand able to restrain and check their depredations. Any compromise between the two will only be productive of mischief…."[60] Many military men agreed with Fitzpatrick. Secretary of War Charles M. Conrad said in 1851, "It would be far less expensive to feed than to fight them."[61]

In September 1853 Brevet Captain John Pope of the Army's Topographical Corps sent to Col. J. J. Abert, Chief of the Topographical Bureau, his observations about the military defense of New Mexico.

But these strategies would be rejected for simpler reasons. Congress was unwilling to pay for the additional soldiers necessary to effect such a plan, and, as settlements sprung up around the southwest, the citizens demanded a military presence in their neighorhood the year round. To close the little camps would leave the far flung communities without any protection. To send large columns into the field annually would only hold the Indians in check for the period of time they were passing through the country.

In reality it turned out that the army would have to police the vastness of the southwest without an adequate force, using the network of small, isolated garrisons, and in a partnership with an unwilling Indian Bureau that would more often cheat the Indian than feed him. With so much mitigating against him, it is a wonder that the frontier soldiers must be finally credited with the opening of the West.

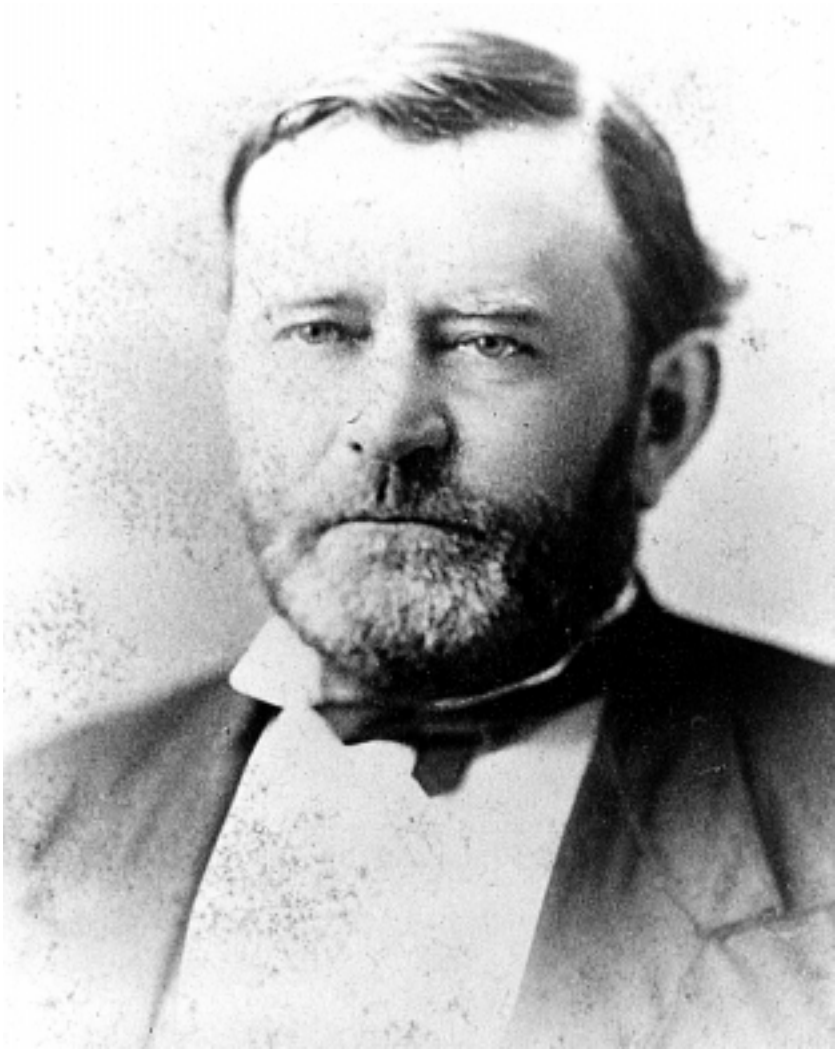
General Carleton had hit upon a strategy that would be a precedent in years to come. He had geographically separated the peaceable Indians from the renegades, and cut the hostiles off from reinforcements and the support of clansmen. Watched carefully by the soldiers and fed regularly, the Apaches at Bosque Redondo became accustomed to a sedentary way of life. Now he could focus his attention upon the Navahos.

The Civil War had interrupted what had up until that point been an effective campaign (1860-61) by Colonel Canby against the Navahos. Canby realized that no matter how many Navahos preferred peace among this populous nation, that there would always be those forced by tradition and internecine feuds to pursue the raids and retaliations that kept the country in a state of warfare. Canby placed the seed for Carleton's policy when he wrote in December 1861: "Recent occurrences in the Navaho country have so demoralized and broken up that nation that there is now no choice between their absolute extermination or their removal and colonization at points so remote from the settlements as to isolate them entirely from the inhabitants of the territory."[62]

The American tactics of the day were those of Jomini, the interpreter of Napoleon's tactics and strategy. To oversimplify, they involved maneuvering large armies on a battlefield, out of the

range of the enemies guns, and then charge at a dead run into the enemy across from them, hoping to do so in the period of time it took a rifleman to reload. Once at bayonet or saber distance from the enemy, the object was to pierce the center of his line or to turn his flank, an advantage that had to be followed up immediately by the pouring in of reserves. The range of the Civil War rifle, the quicker loading of the cartridge, and the appearance of the repeating rifle, made the charge across an open field a lethal enterprise.

In the Civil War, General Ulysses S. Grant made total war, or annihilation of the enemy's war-fighting capability, the American way of war. [This thesis is developed in Russell Weigley's book of that name.]



Ulysses S. Grant

An admirer of Sherman's Civil War strategy, Captain John Bigelow set down his summary

of Union objectives as illustrated by the campaigns of that war in his *Principles of Strategy*, published in 1896 by Lippincott in Philadelphia. "As a rule, the primary object of military operations should be to overpower, and, if possible, to capture or destroy, the hostile army. This is done by the use mainly of tactical stragegy (outnumbering the enemy in battle) and subordinately of regular strategy (depriving the enemy of supplies) and political strategy (embarassing the enemy's government and carrying the war home to the people).[63]

The policy became that of Grant's best known lieutenants, William Tecumseh Sherman and Phil Sheridan, who successively became the Army's Commanding General in the years following the war. Sherman served as Commanding General from 1869 to 1883 and Sheridan from 1883 to 1888. Before assuming the Army's highest position, both men had seen many years of service on the Indian frontier, rising from departmental to divisional command. Now, as the chief framers of military policy during the post-Civil War Indian campaigns, they would bring the idea of total war, which they practiced so assiduously in the march through Georgia and in the Shenandoah Valley to the battles at the Washita and the Sappa Rivers of the American West. They sought to destroy the Indians' lodges, supplies, livestock and support bases.

In December 1866 Red Cloud's Sioux wiped out an eighty-man detechment under Captain William Fetterman. In response, Lieut. Gen. William T. Sherman, commanding the Military Division of the Missouri, articulated this policy for dealing with the Indians. "We must act with vindictive earnestness against the Sioux, even to their extermination, men, women and children."

Sheridan, likewise, spelled out his policy of extermination in a letter of instruction to Colonel Ranald S. MacKenzie in 1873. "I want you to be bold, enterprising, and at all times full of energy, when you begin, let it be a campaign of annihilation, obliteration and complete destruction."[64]

Thus, what had become the American way of war in the Civil War and would continue through the next century, found expression on the mountains and plains of the Indian Wars. It seldom, however, could be brought to bear with notable effectiveness because the Indians, especially the Apaches of the Southwest, did not fight from fixed bases and eluded pursuit.

The Americans, vacilating between the principles of concentration and dispersion, found that neither worked effectively, mainly because they could not maintain an effective defensive network of outposts while at the same time putting troops on patrol. They lacked manpower and mobility.

In his book, *An Apache Campaign in the Sierra Madres*, John Bourke remarked upon the U.S. Army of his time:

> *The white army of the United States is a much better body of officers and men than a critical and censorious public gives it credit for being. It represents intelligence of a high order, and a spirit of devotion to duty worthy of unbounded praise; but it does not represent the acuteness of the savage races. It cannot follow the trail like a dog on the scent. It may be brave and well-disciplined, but its members cannot tramp or ride, as the case may be, from forty to seventy-five miles in a day, without water, under a burning sun. No civilized army can do that. It is one of the defects of civilized training that man develops new wants, awakens new necessities,—becomes, in a word, more and more a creature of luxury.*[65]
>
> *But what the American Army lacked in mobility and numbers, they more than made up for in technology, military discipline, and organization. When they could find and fight the Apache, they always enjoyed an advantage in numbers and firepower. Comparing an Indian patrol to a chained dog, an officer said, "within the length of chain irresistable, beyond it powerless.*

The chain was its wagon train and supplies."[66]

General George Crook, commanding in Arizona, came up with the way to unchain the dog. He abandoned the wagons and carried his supplies by mule train led by dependable civilian packers. Jason Betinez, a youth who rode with Geronimo in 1885-6, testified to the effectiveness of Crook's tactics when he wrote: "Troops generally carry their ammunition and supplies in wagons, therefore they follow the flat country. It was only when Gen. George Crook chased the Indians with a column supplied by mule pack trains that the Apaches had a hard time staying out of reach."[67]

Lieut. John Bourke, Crook's aide, recorded Crook's study of pack trains.

…He was at all times anxious to secure for his men while on campaign all the necessaries of life, and to do that he knew from his very wide experience that there was nothing to compare to a thoroughly organized and well-equipped pack-train, which could follow a command by night or by day, and into every locality, no matter how rocky, how thickly wooded, or how hopelessly desert. He made the study of pack-trains the great study of his life, and had always the satisfaction of knowing that the trains in the department under his control were in such admirable condition, that the moment trouble was threatened in other sections, his pack-trains were selected as being best suited for the most arduous work. He found the nucleus ready to hand in the system of pack-transportation which the exigencies of the mining communities on the Pacific coast had caused to be brought up from Chili, Peru, and the western States of the Mexican Republic.[68]

Pack train, A Company, Indian Scouts, Lieut. Charles B. Gatewood, 6th Cavalry, Commanding, Fort Apache, 1880. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo SC88221.

Illustration: "A Pack-Horse Man," Frederic Remington.

Another Crook innovation was the use of Apache Scouts, often men from the same tribe as those he was tracking. "To polish a diamond there is nothing like its own dust," he reasoned. Crook elaborated on his strategy:

> *…Nothing breaks them up like turning their own people against them. They don't fear the white soldiers, whom they easily surpass in the peculiar style of warfare which the force upon us, but put upon their trail an enemy of their own blood, an enemy as tireless, as foxy, and as stealthy and familiar with the country as they themselves, and it breaks them all up. It is not merely a question of catching them better with Indians, but of a broader and more*

enduring aim—their disintegration.[69]

Apache warriors with Chief Alchesay.

But the most important Crook legacy for dealing with the Indians was one of treating them with respect as human beings, basing all Anglo-Indian relations upon integrity. It was an extremely farsighted personal policy at a time when Indians were generally hated, feared, and treated as savages. And because whites who did not share his respect for the Indian were often in positions of authority around him, it was a policy Crook would find nearly impossible to consistently keep in effect.

Serving in the Department of Arizona under General Crook in 1872-3, Lieut. C.C.C. Carr had a chance to compare some of the tactical conditions with his earlier 1866-9 tour.

Until General George Crook was placed in command of the Department there never was any organized or systematic plan of campaign. Under his regime, in 1872, the seventeen troops of cavalry, two companies of the Twenty-third U.S. Infantry, with a sufficient number of Indian scouts, making up the active forces, took the field with everything necessary in the way of supplies, and pack trains handled by civilians to carry them, necessary for continuous and comfortable campaigning. So large a command, operating in any single district, covered the face of the country with trails until it looked like a great cobweb. Fleeing Indians could not run away from one command without rushing into the arms of another. Captured Apaches were placed on reservations and kept there as much as possible, instead of being allowed to come and go at will on their own worthless promises of good behavior. Much hard fighting

and scouting still had to be done, but ample means for doing it were supplied, and there was a felling that though inevitably delayed, final success and comparative rest must crown the work. Before this time, the campaigning was unnecessarily severe, performed under every disadvantage and in a desultory way. The only hope of ultimate peace seemed to depend upon the utter annihilation of the hostile Apache tribes—an apparently endless task for the number of troops engaged. [Carr, Cavalryman in Indian Country,]

The Apache campaigns in the American Southwest were carried in an arena full of boulders, crevices, arroyos and wooded mountains. It would be a place where the American Army would put Jomini aside and would learn about cover and concealment. Here, spread thin over the vastness of New Mexico and Arizona, it would learn about small unit tactics and low intensity conflict. The lessons were not official or to appear in any West Point textbook. They were first hand lessons picked up by necessity in a theater of operations where the enemy did not know of European warfare.

The U.S. Army officer in the Southwest had learned little of Indian fighting at the U.S. Military Academy. Denis Hart Mahan, the renowned advocate of military professionalism and a West Point professor is said to have given a lecture on Indian warfare. Antoher instructor at the academy, Edwin W. Farrow, published a book in 1881 called *Mountain Scouting: A Handbook for Officers and Soldiers on the Frontier*. But both sources of Indian warfare doctrine played an indistinguishable part in the academy's curriculum. The American military leadership viewed the Indian warfare of the American West as a passing aberration. They studied and prepared for a conventional warfare and looked to the armies of Europe for their models. They read Henry W. Halleck's *Elements of Military Art and Science; or, Course of Instruction in Strategy, Fortification, Tactics of Battles, &c.*, and Wiliam J. Hardee's *Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics* [which replaced Winfield Scott's *Infantry Tactics*, both manuals on conventional warfare into which crept the thinking of Jomini.

The standard works on tactics of the period were the 1855 *Infantry Tactics* authored by Capt. William J. Hardee, and the 1861 *Cavalry Tactics* written by Col. Philip St. George Cooke. Both addressed the traditional European style of warfare and neglected the kind of guerilla warfare that would be their lot for the next four decades. Tactics in the southwest would be invented daily by the young officers leading patrols through the ambush-filled canyons of Arizona and New Mexico.

General Richard S. Ewell, who had commanded a company in New Mexico and Arizona as a captain in the 1850s, remarked that there he had "learned all there was to know about commanding forty dragoons, and forgot everything else."[70] Writing in 1929 about the Indian-fighting of 1876, General James Parker said:

The officer of today [1929] on duty with troops works hard at long drills; much study is required. Not so in 1876. When not in the field he had many hours of idleness. There was much guard duty to be done, but drill hours were few, and study of the art of war was not the fashion. Today there is an officers' school in each post, and promotion is conferred only after a long and difficult examination—these things were then absent. Most of the older officers scoffed at study, did not believe in books; they claimed that such things were for the ignorant, that they had graduated in the school of war, that book learning was as nothing compared to experience of war. The younger officers were impressed by this dictum; besides, on graduating from the treadmill of West Point, they hated the sight of a book. Only a few read or studied.[71]

The Army adopted a policy of concentration in 1880, depending upon the burgeoning

railroad net to interconnect surviving posts. In the next eleven years the number of posts in the West would drop from 111 to 62.

Smoothbore musket and ball, common infantry weapons for a century, became a thing of the past during the Civil War when rifled muskets and conical bullets proved their killing power over larger distances with greater accuracy. The greater range of the rifle and the flat trajectory of the bullet made the Civil War battlefields, with their massed formations, the charnel houses that they were. The greater effective range of the rifles made the grenade, once a favored weapon in the Napoleonic campaigns, obsolete. You could not get close enough, crossing the open fields of fire, to throw it. But the Apaches did not maneuver large formations across open countryside. They concealed themselves in the natural fortifications of the canyon walls. With good cover among the rocks, they were hard to dislodge. The grenade, had it not been ignored by the American Army, would have given the troopers a definite advantage in the guerilla warfare of the Southwest.

Corporal William B. Jett, 4th Cavalry at Huachuca in 1886, summed up the difference between the Apache and U.S. Army order of march:

The Indians travelled on fast broncos in the lightest marching order possible and ate whatever they could lay their hand upon among tame, or wild animals without, necessarily, cooking the food. And a dog meant good meat to them when pushed for food. Uncle Sam's forces must needs march under heavy accoutrements; sidelines, picket line, nosebag, canteens, saddle pockets with a change of underclothing, mess kit, blanket on cantle of saddle, two blankets under saddle in winter time, overcoat on pommel of saddle, ammunition, gun and sometimes sabre.

An Army surgeon writing in 1876 did not find the cavalry to be in a high state of readiness. "…Cavalrymen as a general thing are about as well fitted to travel through a hostile country as puling infants, and go mooning around at the mercy of any Indian who happens to catch sight and takes the trouble to lay for them behind the first convenient ridge."

Water was probably the single most determining factor in how troops marched and maneuvered across the arid southwest. At the battle of Apache Pass, the California Volunteers had to fight hundreds of Indians for the valuable commodity, and then build a fort at Bowie to make it more accessible in the future. The location of water enabled leaders on both sides to predict where there foe was headed and to lay in wait for them there, like Cochise in Apache Pass, Victorio in Hembrillo Canyon, Grierson at Rattlesnake Springs, and Crook in the final Geronimo Campaign.

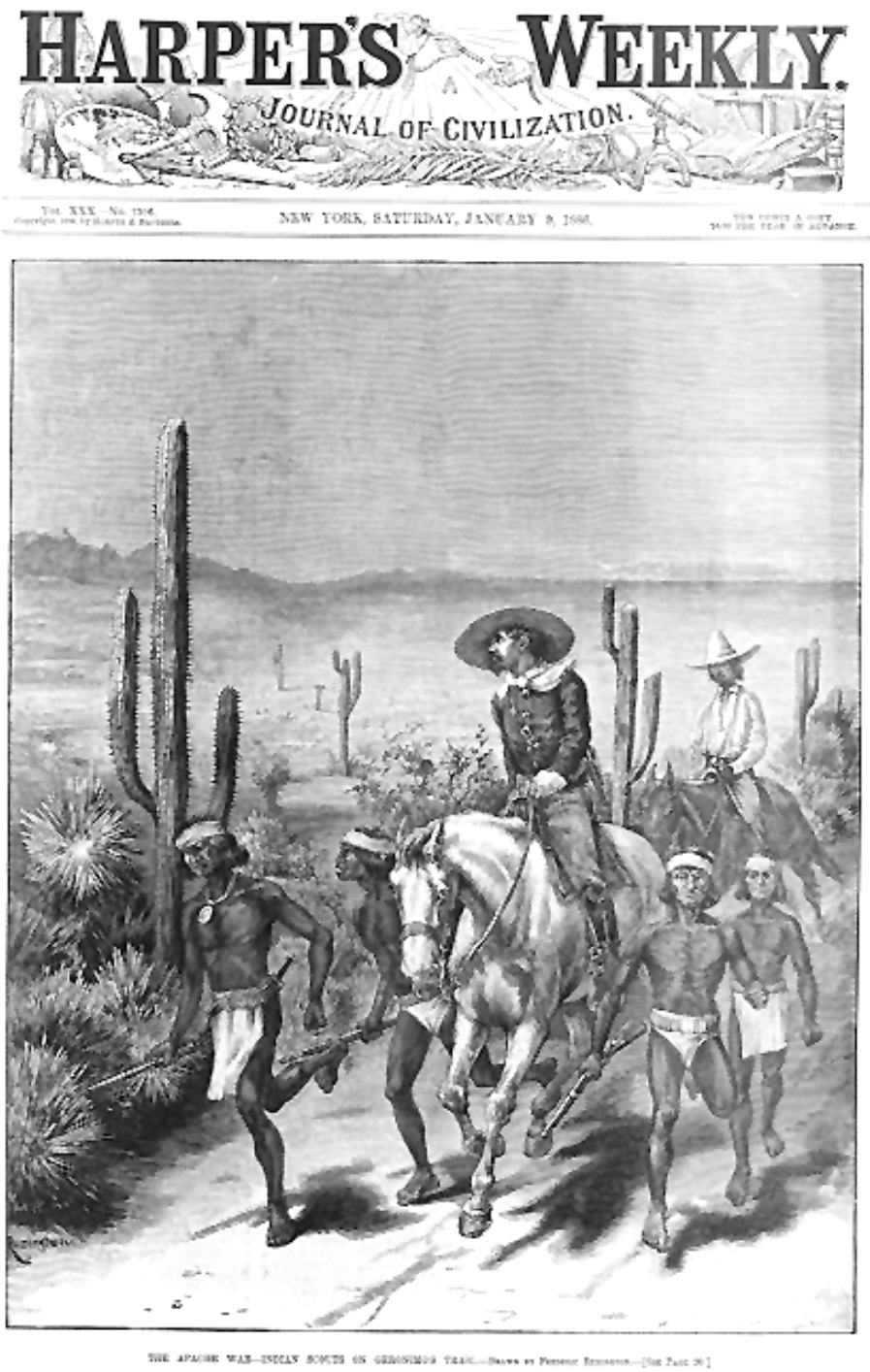
Illustration: "A Pool in the Desert," Frederic Remington.

Lieut. Leighton Finley, 10th Cavalry, kept a gazetteer of watering places in his notebook. Scouts and long-range recon troops improvised oversized canteens to serve them better than the regulation models.

Apaches, longtime dwellers in the desert, had the advantage in the matter of water. In the verse of Charles F. Lummis: "These knew the hidden water-hole,/they knew the pathless peak."

General Crook was well aware of the strategic importance of water and noted in an January 1886 report:

Our camps must be established where there is water. The Chiricahuas know this and consequently avoid all places where their judgment tells them that troops are likely to be stationed. The country is generally so rough and the distance from water to water so great that the hostiles have no trouble in slipping between, trusting for water to the small supply they carry with them or to that which may be found in tanks in the rocks.[72]



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THE APACHE WAR—INDIAN SCOUTS ON GERONIMO'S TRAIL.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 30.]

Portrait: Phil Sheridan

Portrait: Sherman, William Tecumseh

Illustration: "The Water in Arizona," Frederic Remington.

"The Infantry Water Guard," Frederic Remington.

Outposts: Col. Bonneville and the

1857 Battle of the Gila River

After the Mescalero campaign of 1855, these Indians were quieted for the next five years and General John Garland, commanding the 9th Military Department (New Mexico Territory), could turn his attention west of the Rio Grande to the Gila Apaches. The grouping Gila included tribes known as Mimbres, Copper Mine, Warm Spring and Mogollon. They lived around the headwaters of the Gila River and their points of contact with white settlements came mainly at the Copper Mines where the Gila trail to California passed and at Forts Webster and Thorn where they occasionally gathered to draw rations under some old, unratified treaties.

The most famous of the Gila leaders at this time was Mangas Coloradas, or "Red Sleeves," a tall, proud Apache who was described by one American who knew him well as "the greatest and most talented Apache Indian of the nineteenth century. …He combined many attributes of real greatness with the ferocity and brutality of the most savage savage."[73]

An Indian Agent wrote of him in 1853:

> *Mangus Colorado came in today. I assure you he is a noble speciman of the genus homo. He comes up nearer the poetic ideal of a chieftan…than any person I have ever seen. No feudal lord, in the palmy days of chivalry, can lead his vassals under better subjection. His manners are stern, dignified & reserved; he seldom speaks, but when he does it is to the point, & with great good sense. You may be satisfied that he is the Master Spirit amongst the Apaches.*[74]

For the most part, Mangas confined his raiding to the northern Mexican provinces of Chihuahua and Sonora. [Between 1848 and 1853 in Sonora alone, 840 citizens were reported killed, 97 wounded, and 89 kidnapped. In the neighboring province of Chihuahua, the numbers were thought to be even greater, but no statistics are available.] He had told Captain Enoch Steen in 1850 that his relationship with the Mexicans "was and ever would be war to the knife."[75] He gave his reasons to Maj. John Greiner:

> *Some time ago my people were invited to a feast; aguardiente, or whiskey, was there; my people drank and became intoxicated, and were lying asleep, when a party of Mexicans came in and beat out their brains with clubs. At another time a trader was sent among us from Chihuahua. While innocently engaged in trading…a cannon concealed behind the goods was fired upon my people, and quite a number were killed…. How can we make peace with such people?*[76]

His policy towards the encroaching Americans wavered between outright hostility and overtures of friendship. On 1 July 1852 Mangas agreed to a treaty negotiated by Maj. Griener and Col. E. V. Sumner. Greiner concluded that "It will be extremely difficult to keep these Indians at peace with the people of Old Mexico."

Mangas was busy with his raids in Mexico in 1855 when his countrymen increased the tempo of their activity against New Mexican settlements along the Rio Grande. The chief offenders were the Mogollons and the Gilas. General Garland determined to mount campaigns against them to protect the settlements.

The first of these got underway in early March 1856 when two columns of 100 men each converged on the Mogollon Mountains and the Gila River. The force from Fort Craig was led by Colonel Chandler and the party out of Fort Thorn was commanded by Brevet Lieut. Col. John H. Eaton. When the troops were consolidated in the Almagre Mountains, Chandler took overall

command and led them in an attack on a Mogollon campsite, recovering 250 stolen sheep and killing or wounding an unspecified number of Indians.

Following the Mimbres River down to the Rio Grande, the Americans hit upon a fresh trail and followed it to a large Apache rancheria. They at once deployed and attacked, killing women and children in the assembled camp before an Apache chief rode out waving a white flag. He told Chandler that these were Mimbres Apaches under Delgadito who were friendly and had only gathered here to speak to Indian agent Steck who was riding with the column.

While Chandler was busy explaining his tragic error to superiors, another Apache tribe, the Mogollons, were busy stealing sheep along the Rio Grande, unfazed by the American sorties into the mountains for which they were named. Then they committed the unpardonable offense of killing Henry L. Dodge, the Navaho agent who was deer hunting in the vicinity of the Zuni pueblo in November. His body was not found until February 1857, but his disappearance had caused a stir.

With General Garland off on a seven-month leave of absence, the department fell to the temporary command of Colonel Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, referred to as "Old Bonny Clabber," in October 1856. Born near Paris, France, in 1796, he was a 1815 graduate of the Military Academy who was stationed at several western posts, like Fort Smith, Arkansas. He wrote about his experiences and turned over his notes to Washington Irving who published *The Adventures of Capt. Bonneville* in 1837. He would die 12 June 1878 at Fort Smith, his place of retirement.

Now Bonneville would personally take to the field to track down the Mogollon Apaches and avenge the murder of Dodge. He put together two columns in the Spring of 1857 at Albuquerque in the north and at Fort Fillmore in the South. From Albuquerque toward the Mogollon Range marched three companies of the Mounted Rifles, two of the 3d Infantry, and some Pueblo Indian scouts, all under the command of the one-armed colonel, William W. Loring, of the Mounted Rifles.

Out of Fort Fillmore in the South came the converging column, three companies of the 1st Dragoons, two of the 3d Infantry, two from the Mounted Rifles, and one company of the 8th Infantry, led by 3d Infantry Lieutenant Colonel Dixon S. Miles, and overall commander Bonneville in their company.

By the time the two commands met on 18 May at Rio Gila Depot, Loring had swept through Mogollon country without encountering a single Indian. This failure, along with Bonneville's less than inspiring leadership, occasioned Captain Ewell to write home:

> *I am very tired of chasing a parcel of Indians about at the orders of men who don't know what to do or how to do it if they knew what they wanted. I would prefer the less romantic but hardly less inhuman business of raising potatoes and cabbages — I say hardly less inhuman because we now are about starting in a 'solumn' (solid column) of 600 men, we will NOT be apt to see Indians, and mules and horses will be the only sufferers.*[77]

Another Lieutenant wrote that the operation was conceived "in the bombastic folly of a silly old man…and thus far conducted with a degree of stupidity almost asinine."[78] But Bonneville's luck would change.

While the Mogollons were laying low, other Apaches blundered into Bonneville's path. The first group of these were Mimbres with Chief Cuchillo Negro who were driving a herd of more than 1,000 stolen sheep. Their trail was hard to miss and Loring with his Mounted Riflemen set after them, taking them off guard on 25 May seventy miles northeast of the Rio Gila Depot. The Indians took flight, leaving behind the sheep herd and six casualties, among them their chief

who had been a model citizen of Agent Steck's settlement at Fort Thorn.

The southern column of Col. Bonnelville's Gila Expedition, some 400 men, was commanded by Lieut. Col Dixon S. Miles and was made up of troops from Companies B, D, G and K, 1st Dragoons; Companies B, G and K, Mounted Riflemen; Companies C, F and K, 3d Infantry; Companies B and I, 8th Infantry, a spy company composed of Puebla Indians and Mexicans under Captain Blas Lucero. Twelve days out from their camp on the Gila they came upon a rancheria of Coyertero and Mogollon Apaches.

In the fight 24 Indians were killed, 27 made prisoner, their supplied destroyed, and a Mexican boy liberated. U.S. Army casualties were two officers wounded, and six enlisted men. No one was killed. Col. Bonneville accorded "much credit" to 2d Lt. A. McD. McCook, 2d Infantry, for "the admirable manner in which he managed his Puebla Indians." It was Captain Richard S. Ewell who received the majority of the honors for the day, all of his superiors giving him credit for "planning the action and breaking the enemy." Thirty-four other soldiers were singled out for their contributions, including 2d Lt. J.V.D. Dubois of the Mounted Rifles.[79]

Lieutenant Dubois kept a diary of the Gila Expedition of 1857. He described the departure of his Mounted Rifles from Fort Bliss on 20 April as being "very ludicrous." "The mules, packed for the first time, scattered in every direction, some kicking their cargos off, others carried away by their cargos. Tin pans and camp kettles rattling, mules braying, drunken men singing, fighting, & swearing—formed as strange a mingling of sweet sounds as one hears generally."[80]

The lieutenant's diary gives the impression of being written by a proud and impetuous young man who has a lot to complain about. He shared Captain Ewell's dislike of Col. Bonneville and may have been influenced by the dragoon captain. He found the expedition's commander to be vacillating. On 16 June he writes, "Col. Bonneville is in a perfect 'tremble of anxiety.' A little smoke frightens him to death & then to hear him explain all his reasons to the cooks, in his 2nd childhood's prattle, is certainly less ludicrous than pathetic. I am anxious for some success but feel that accident alone can compensate us for the honest efforts neglected. Capt. Ewell is my only anchor of hope now."[81]

The column began to see signs of Indians by 25 June and on that evening the scouts captured two Apache women. The next morning the guides fired upon a small band of Apaches and they fled. They marched all day without a break to eat. In the evening they were watering their horses when a hush fell over the men. "Rude Indian music and dancing could be distinctly heard." The Apache rancheria was only about 300 yards off. Capt. Ewell decided to postpone an attack until dawn, fearing that the troopers could not see well enough in the blackness to avoid firing on one another. At 4 a.m. the next morning they were aroused and formed two columns, one on each side of the ravine that contained the Apache camp. Dubois crawled to within 30 yards of the Indian campfire, spotting a man laying another log on the fire. Waiting for Ewell's column to move into position and launch the attack at dawn, Dubois rolled up in his blanket and fell asleep. When a comrade awoke him to tell him that the infantry column had closed in, Dubois and the others swept in on an empty campsite. The Apaches had decamped, probably leaving behind the man Dubois saw to tend the fire and then that man too slipped off. An Indian stood atop a neighboring peak and yelled a taunt at the duped Americans. His shout was answered by a volley of ineffectual carbine fire. The command spent the rest of the day recovering from their arduous foot march and ate horsemeat.

Col. Bonneville and his command joined Ewell's column at 9 a.m. on 27 June. According to Dubois, Bonneville and Miles were for heading back to their camps, but were disuaded by

Ewell and other officers, agreeing to continue the search for one more day. They got underway at 1 p.m., Ewell leading the 1st Dragoons and 3d Infantry in the advance, with Bonneville, Miles and the remainder of the command following.

Dubois was with the men to the rear of Ewell's command. It was an uphill march, and at the summit they could see the valley of the Gila spread out before them. Then Dubois heard firing and saw smoke in the valley. Ewell had made contact. Dubois narrates the action:

Capt. Claiborne took the gallop & then the charge. I closed on him. We passed both our Colonels, leaving them in rear. Col. Miles had dropped his sabre & stopped to pick it up. As I passed him at a run he said, "They are fighting like hell just before you." The remark came to my lips, "Why are you not there then?" but I had no time even to think it all, for (I was now in the bottom) a hasty glance showed me as much of the field as the dust allowed us to see. I dispersed as skirmishers and charged up the river, arriving in rear of the Indians just in time to drive them back accrost the river into the hands of Capt. Ewell's command who had driven them there. The few files with me got a volley at some Indians crossing the river but they fell in the willows on the other side & I left them to the infantry who killed them there. Balls & buckshot now whistled so thick around us that I withdrew my men. We were hidden by the willows & it was unpleasant being shot at by one's friends. I rallied, and crossing found Steen & his command under a bank trying also to avoid the shots of the troops on the banks. A trail & some retreating Indians were now reported to me & I followed, killing one and driving back several others into the midst of the infantry. Passed women & children but had no time to capture them. We drove in our Indians & followed them closely. They reached the river & dashed in. I followed & felt something hit me, but could find no wound until I pulled off my hat where I found a bullet hole through it.

We got another volley at our Indian enemies & the infantry closed on them from the opposite side & they were all killed. It was a perfect stampede. Cooke's company & mine were the only two who fought as companies & came out of the fight without having scattered the men.

The assembly was blown & we all encamped near the field. The fight had lasted an hour. The dust & bushes were so thick that I saw only what occurred near me. Lts. Steen and Davis are slightly wounded, the former so slightly that it cannot be seen without a close examination, and seven men. All the whiskey was emptied to our success. The Pueblos had a war dance & not before two o'clock was our camp quiet.[82]

Not since Kearny's initial expedition in 1846 had the Americans pushed this far west into what is today Arizona, so the Apaches had not thought to take security precautions. They paid for that mistake.

These were not totally innocent Indians, as some papers reported. There was evidence at the site that this band had hit settlers along the California Trail and they had been harboring some Mogollons, including, Agent Steck learned, the one who had killed Henry Dodge and precipitated the campaign. That man was killed in the fight and became the only Mogollon casualty.

Ewell's action saved the campaign from being remembered as "Bonneville's Folly." This operation was called off in order to meet a Navaho threat building in the north, but it was now thought to be a success and Bonneville would reap the praise of the New Mexico legislature.

Outposts: The U.S. Army in the Pimeria Alta

The Mexican hold on Pimeria Alta, that part of southern Arizona from Tucson to the

Chiricahua Mountains, had always been tenuous. Apaches raided the ranchos with impunity, sometimes taking stock within site of the Mexican forts. The only Mexican settlements in 1848 in that part of the territory were Tucson with some 1,000 citizens (of which at least 250 of whom had recently moved there from Tubac and Tumacacori after Indian attacks) and Santa Cruz which was located south of today's border near Nogales.

Lieut. Col. Philip St. George Cooke had crossed the Pimeria Alta with his Mormon Battalion during the Mexican War. The wagon road that he pioneered would be used by the California emigrants in the years to come and would make the Gadsden Purchase a good buy. The next U.S. military force to encounter this domain of the Apaches was the battalion of dragoons making their way from Chihuahua to California in 1848. Led by Major Lawrence P. Graham, the column crossed northern Chihuahua and Sonora until it reached the Presidio of Santa Cruz (Nogales), then turned northward up the Santa Cruz valley to Tucson. Then they headed for the Pima villages where they received the characteristic hospitality of these Indians and followed the Gila River to the Colorado. Captain Cave J. Coutts kept a diary of this excursion that was made under extremely trying conditions, not the least of which being the chronic drunkeness of their leader.

With the gold rush of 1849 swelling the number of parties traveling to California along the southern route pioneered by Lieut. Col. Cooke, one point along the Colorado River separating California and Arizona became crucial. Travelers along the Gila Trail funneled into Yuma, just south of where the Gila joined the Colorado, the only southern crossing of that river. Here a ferry service was operated by enterprising Yuma Indians, a tribe that could put about 300 warriors into the field but heretofore had been peaceable. Seeing the economic possibilities of possessing that crossing, a small group of whites forced the Yumas out and took over the ferry. The Indians retaliated when the chance presented itself. Attacking the crossing when the whites were drunk, they killed nine of the dozen or so revellers and repossessed the ferry operation.

This westernmost border of New Mexico Territory, now Arizona, was the responsibility of the Department of the Pacific commanded by General Persifor Smith. The Yuma attack made it clear how vulnerable this critical juncture was and Smith took steps to protect the area and the westbound emigrants. He dispatched Brevet Major Samuel P. Heintzelman with two companies of the 2d Infantry Regiment to build a fort on the California side of the river. Fort Yuma was established in November 1850. Because of the inordinate problems involved in supplying the garrison, it was abandoned in 1851 and then reopened in early 1852 when it was found that supplies could be transported by ship around the — peninsula to the mouth of the Colorado River, then by steamboat upriver. This outpost would effectively protect this favored crossing in the years to come.

The trails opened by the U.S. Army explorers were used extensively by westward bound parties of settlers who were ready to try their luck in California. As long as they traveled through southern Arizona in large groups with their guns at the ready, they were not troubled by Indians. It was only the small parties that had to fear attacks by the natives.

Bonneville's 1857 Gila Expedition was the opening salvo in the fight against those Western Apaches who roamed in the western half of New Mexico, an area that would become Arizona Territory in 1863. With the Gadsden Treaty being ratified in 1854, a new expanse of territory was added, called "the Purchase," and then "Arizona," it consisted roughly of that part of present-day Arizona below the Gila River, that would become a favorite route for settlers and commerce to reach the Pacific. And a vast slice of land was added to the responsibilities of the U.S. Army. For now the westward moving Americans would threaten and become the prey of the Western Apaches,

who heretofore had been the scourge of the Mexican settlers in the Pimeria Alta, Sonora and Chihuahua.

The Western Apaches consisted of several tribes, all identified with their traditional homelands. The Chiricahuas, their population estimated at 600, lived in the mountains of the same name in the southeast corner of Arizona. About 200 Aravaipas lived on the lower San Pedro River, while some 500 Pinals lived along the Gila River north of Tucson. The most populous tribe, numbering 2,500, the Coyoteros or White Mountain Apaches, lived on the upper Gila River in the White Mountains.

The first attempt to permanently garrison the newly acquired Gadsden Purchase came in at the close of 1856 when General Garland sent Major Enoch Steen and two squadrons of the First Dragoons to find a suitable place to establish an outpost. Steen was characterized by Capt. Richard S. Ewell as "the greatest liar and scamp in the world and a miserable old 'setting hen.'"[83] Stein's Peak on the Arizona-New Mexico border was named for him and the spelling has since been distorted.

After moving out from Fort Thorn on 19 October, they travelled over the route pioneered by Topographical Engineer Lieut. John G. Parke in 1854. The column arrived on 14 November 1856 at San Xavier mission nine miles south of Tucson. He rejected Tucson and first settled on Calabasas, sixty miles south of Tucson and eight miles north of the border. He favored this site because it was closer to Sonora and its supplies of grain and beef, it had more grass for grazing, more water and timber, and it was closer to the settlements he was to protect. He called it Camp Moore after Capt. Benjamin Moore who was killed in the battle of San Pasqual in 1846.

When his location was disapproved by the Department commander in Santa Fe, he settled on a remote spot along the Santa Cruz River in the valley of Sonoita, some forty-five miles southeast of Tucson. In early 1857 he established Fort Buchanan there, some fifty miles southeast of Tucson. From this lone outpost Steen would try to defend the approximately 30,000 miles of the Gadsden Purchase, consisting mainly of the newly formed mining interests in the hills around Tubac, the Mexican pueblo of Tucson, and the Butterfield Stage route which began service to California in 1858.

To do this he had First Dragoon Companies B, under Capt. John W. Davidson; D led by Second Lieut. Milton T. Carr; G under Capt. Richard S. Ewell; and K, commanded by First Lieut. David H. Hastings who had accompanied Emory on his border survey and was somewhat familiar with the country. They numbered 271 enlisted men and eight officers [85 enlisted men were authorized for a frontier dragoon company, but discharges, desertions, and illness could be counted upon to pull that number downward. And of the 271 men on Steens books, only 179 were available for duty.]. A contract surgeon, civilian blacksmiths, carpenters and laundresses completed the complement. [In May 1858 Companies B and K were transferred to California. A company of the 8th Infantry arrived in March 1859.]

In May 1857 two companies under Capt. Ewell, the bald-headed, hard-swearing dragoon who would ride to glory in the Civil War, left Buchanan to join Bonneville's Gila expedition, described earlier. In that same year Ewell was one of a group of investors that bought the Patagonia silver mine and acted as its superintendant.

Steen was fortunate in that most of the Western tribes were relatively quiet. The Chiricahuas not only tolerated the Butterfield Stage station in Apache Pass, they enjoyed friendly visits to the Butterfield employees like Tom Jeffords. The White Mountain Apaches, perhaps remembering their defeat of 1857 at the hands of the Bonneville expedition, depended more on agriculture than

raiding. The Pimas and Papagos living to the south and west of Tucson were also an agricultural people and avowed enemies of the Apache.

The tribe that was blamed for all of the depredations in the Sonoita and Santa Cruz valleys in 1858 and 1859 was the Pinal. They could raise havoc and there was little Steen and his dragoons could do to intercept them in the wide expanse of present-day southern Arizona. Instead, the Indian Bureau and the Army tried to win them over with gifts.

On 11 March 1858, First Lieutenant Isaiah N. Moore, with some of his First Dragoons, was involved in a skirmish with Apaches west of the Huachuca Mountains, New Mexico.

Although an agent had been appointed for the Tucson area in 1857, John Walker busied himself with managing the affairs of the Pimas and Papagos. Work among the Apaches was begun by agent Steck back at Fort Thorn and he was supported by the superintendant in Santa Fe, James L. Collins. Steck visited the White Mountain and Chiricahua Apaches in December 1858, delivering food and farming tools in return for professions of friendship. Some Pinals were in the camp and may have been impressed with the American overtures, for, just as Captain Richard S. Ewell was organizing an expedition to move into Pinal country in early 1859, the Apache leaders showed up at Fort Buchanan to seek a treaty. A meeting was set up in March in a place twenty-five miles north of Tucson called Canyon del Oro. Here the Pinals promised to remain at peace and Ewell and Steck handed out their presents.

But it would appear that promises were not kept. Raiding continued into Mexico and settlers in southern Arizona complained loudly of Apache outrages. The outcry about the Apache menace was partly motivated by their wish to see more troops sent to the area, both for the added protection and the economic improvements the additional payroll and forage contracts would bring. The plea for protection was heard in Santa Fe by the Department Commander, Colonel Benjamin L. E. Bonneville.

An expedition into Pinal country was organized out of Fort Buchanan in the fall of 1859. It was made up of 176 troops from the 1st Dragoons, reinforced by Mounted Riflemen hurried from posts along the Rio Grande. It was commanded by Brevet Lieut. Col. Isaac V. D. Reeve of the 8th Infantry. The Indian Bureau thought the whole enterprise ill-advised and likely to do more harm than good.

For fifteen days in November and twenty-one days in December, Reeves' force pushed through the Pinal homelands, capturing one man, two women and seventeen children in November, and, in December, confronting a band of Pinals. In the firefight, 8 Apaches were killed, 1 wounded, and 25 captured. Captain Ewell was slightly wounded in the hand. The acting commander in Santa Fe, Colonel Fauntleroy, called the operation an "entire and utter failure."[84]

But it had produced some far-reaching effects. It had shown how poorly disposed the U.S. Army was for conducting operations against the Indians of Arizona. This would be partly remedied when, acting upon a 1858 recommendation of Captain John W. Davidson, endorsed by Major Steen, a new post was authorized in the Spring of 1860 on the San Pedro River where it is joined by Arivaipa Creek. Called Fort Breckenridge, it was a response to the need for a post astraddle the Apache raiding trails into Mexico and nearer the dangerously exposed Butterfield stage and mail route. It was near the sight Lieut. Col. Reeve had selected for his advance supply post during the Pinal campaigns of 1859. Now Arizona had two posts, Buchanan and Breckinridge, named for the President and Vice President inaugurated in 1857.

One new post would not solve all the Army's problems, however. Colonel Bonneville recognized this when he inspected the territory in the Spring of 1859 and saw the need for a string

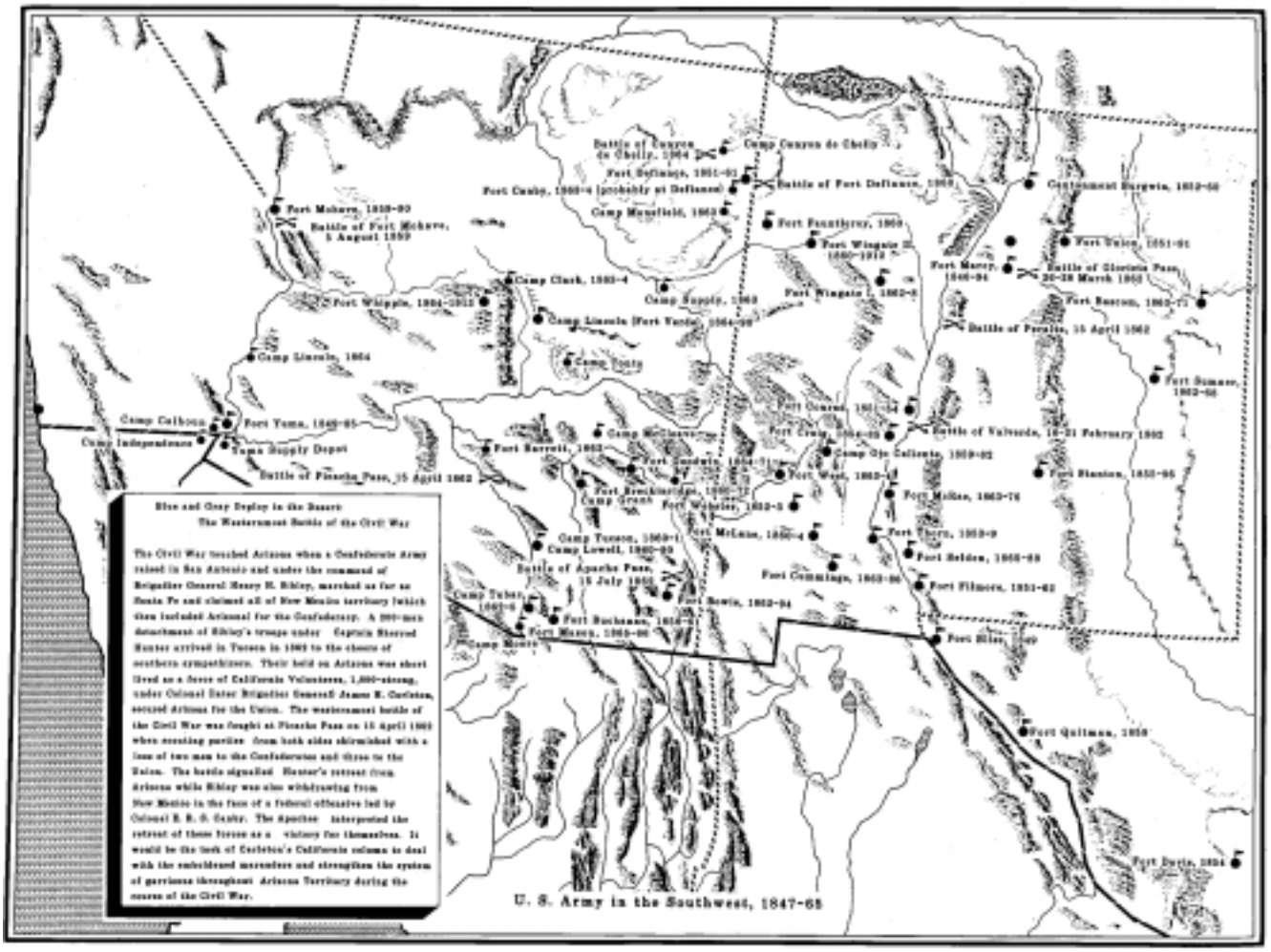
of posts along the Gila River to keep a watchful eye on the Apaches. But at the same time he realized that he did not have enough troops in the territory to man such an outpost line.

According to the decennial census of 1860, there were living in the County of Arizona, Territory of New Mexico, an aggregate population of 6,482, including 2,421 "white," 21 "free colored," and 4,060 "Indians." The census also showed Companies D and G, First Dragoons, stationed at Fort Buchanan.

In March 1860 Apaches raiding in the Santa Rita Mountains took as prisoners Mrs. Page and a Mexican girl of ten named Mercedes. Mrs. Page, after being lanced and thrown down a hill, was left for dead. Miraculously she made here way back to where she had been captured and was nursed back to health. Capt. Ewell meanwhile took to the field and entered into negotiations with the Apaches for the release of Mercedes. He swapped some Indians he was holding as prisoners at Fort Buchanan for the girl and returned to Tucson with her in April. A territorial convention was underway there and the assembled representatives voted to name the area around Tucson as Ewell County along with adopting a resolution that expressed "the heartfelt thanks of the people of Arizona" for his work pacifying Apaches.[85]

The Reeves campaign had also had the effect of pacifying the Pinal Apaches who were worried about the amount of attention being paid to them. In early 1860 they enlisted the help of the Indian agent in Tucson, John Walker, and traveled to Fort Buchanan to make a peace treaty. The Chiricahua Apaches now replaced the Pinals as the main threat in the Santa Cruz valley.

"Cavalry in an Arizona Sandstorm," Harper's Weekly*, Frederic Remington.*



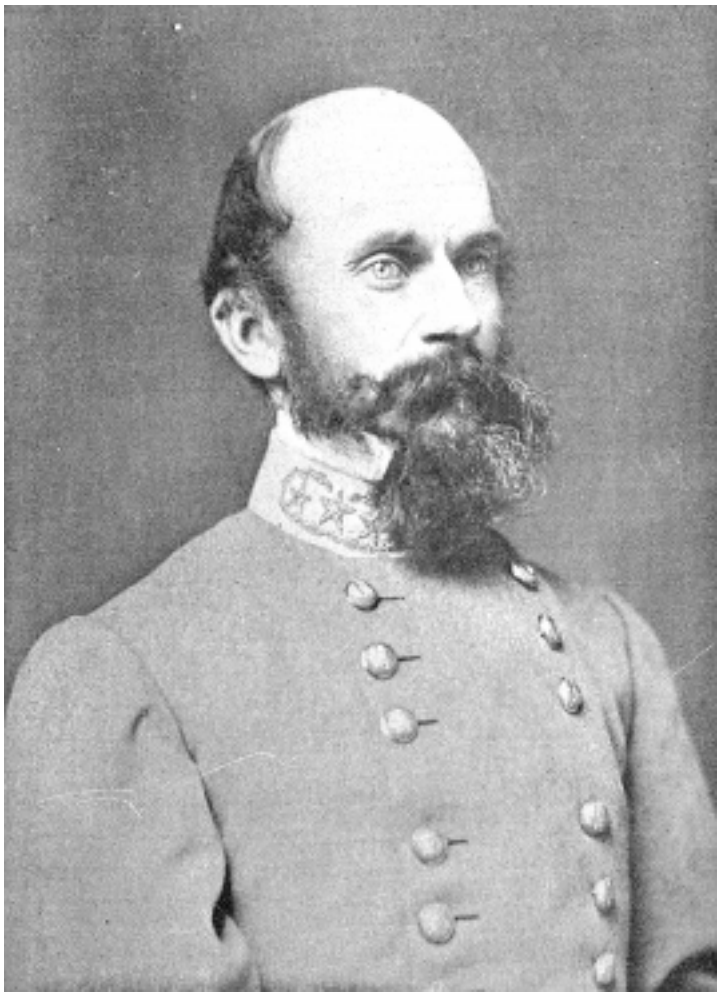
Map: U.S. Army in the Southwest, 1847-65.

"Military Department of New Mexico, Drawn under the direction of Brig. Gen. James H. Carleton, by Capt. Allen Anderson, 5th U.S. Infantry, Acting Engineer Officer, 1864."

Voices: Baldy Ewell at Fort Buchanan

Captain Richard "Baldy" Ewell, who in 1860 commanded Fort Buchanan which was situated on the West side of the Huachuca Mountains, between the present-day towns of Sonoita and Patagonia, found the terrain and hard campaigning against the Pinal Apaches sapping his health. Writing from Albuquerque, N.M., on 22 January 1861, after having served on a court-martial in El Paso, Ewell told his sister: "Possibly I may get away when the Court closes. I have the recommendation of two Army surgeons to leave this Dept. as soon as possible. …It is not likely that I could stand another season in Arizona as I would be much more debilitated than before and the last one nearly did the business. …Of all the miserable places this is the worst. Whiskey is abundant everywhere and scarcely anything else."

Ewell tendered his resignation from the U.S. Army on 24 April 1861 and was commissioned a lieutenant colonel of Cavalry in the Confederate Army in May. His abilities and apparently vigorous health propelled him to the rank of Lieutenant General by war's end.



Lt. Gen. Richard Stoddard Ewell, who commanded the II Corps of the Army of Virginia during the Civil War.

Outposts: The Navaho Campaigns of 1858-60

Since 1851 the Navahos in northern New Mexico west of the Rio Grande had been at relative peace, owing largely to the leadership of two men. The first was Brevet Major Henry L. Kendrick who commanded Fort Defiance from 1852 to 1857. The second was Henry L. Dodge who, in 1853, became the agent for the Navahos and served them faithfully. Dodge, the son of Wisconsin senator Henry Dodge and the brother of a Missouri senator, was a former soldier and a veteran of service in the West. He had been with Col. Washington and Calhoun during the 1849 expedition into Navajo country.

The raids that did occur in the middle 1850s were the work of outlaws over whom the

chiefs had little influence. But successive treaties with the Indians, each failing to win the approval of the American Congress, called for the chiefs to be responsible for all of their people and the agreement negotiated by Governor Meriwether, who served concurrently as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and General Garland at Laguna Negra in the summer of 1855 specifically required the chiefs to turn over criminals to the U.S. authorities. It was this provision that stuck in the throat of Navaho leaders and would precipitate hostilities between the two sides.

In October 1854 near Fort Defiance, a Navaho killed a U.S. soldier and Americans insisted the murderer be turned over for trial under U.S. law. When the chiefs finally complied, the man was brought in with an arrow in his groin and then hung on the spot. Later it would be suggested that the Navaho had tricked the Americans by bringing in an innocent Mexican living among the Indians instead of the murderer.

Fort Defiance. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo 89600.

A second incident occurred in the Spring of 1856 which showed even more reluctance on the part of the Navaho leadership to turn over wrongdoers for trial and punishment. In a raid at Peralta, the sons of leading members of the tribe killed some Mexicans and stole their sheep. When the governor demanded their surrender, the chiefs refused outright, but later did express their apologies for the affair. Chief Manuelito told Major Kendrick at Defiance that "the Americans were too fond of *sleeping, eating, drinking* and had white eyes and could not see how to catch them [Navahos] when they chose to keep out of their way."[86] General Garland, lacking the strength to risk a war with the Indians, was forced to back down and accept the apology. The raid left bad feelings on both sides that would linger until the following year when open warfare would break out.

The provocation took place in early July 1858 when a warrior, angered after a quarrel with his wife, rode into Fort Defiance and sent an arrow into the back of a Negro servant boy working for the post commander, Brevet Major W. T. H. Brooks. The youth would die four days later, the arrow point lodged in his lung.

As was their custom, the chiefs tried to stall when the murderer was demanded. In August General Garland sent Lieut. Col. Dixon S. Miles with a hastily put together column to Fort Defiance. Two months later, on 8 September, the Indians brought in a corpse, claiming it to be the guilty party. Col. Miles asked Assistant Surgeon J. Cooper McKee to examine the body. McKee concluded that the body was that of a youth recently killed, not that of the forty-year-old Indian who was supposed to have been killed days ago. Col. Dixon mounted his command the next morning and struck out for Canyon de Chelly.

The column was made up of six companies, A, I and F of the Mounted Rifles, B and C of the 3d Infantry and one Mexican spy company led by Captain Blas Lucero, numbering 307 in all. They captured a warrior on their first day, failed to extract any useful information from him, and shot him as a spy. On 11 September they reached their destination, Canyon de Chelly, the Navaho stronghold. From the sheer cliff walls, the Indians rained arrows and rocks on the American soldiers without scoring any hits. The Navahos followed them out of the canyon and across the plateau, inflicting little damage. No more than twelve enemy casualties were reported when Miles regained the relative safety of Fort Defiance on 15 September.

Over the remaining months of 1858 the Americans kept active in the field. Near Bear Spring on 10 October, Major Brooks engaged about one hundred Indians, killing an estimated twenty-five. Captain George McLane attacked a Navaho camp on 20 October, briefly capturing 400 sheep until a Navaho counterattack scattered his Zuni auxiliaries and retook the herd. Lieutenant George W. Howland and Captain Lucero had better luck when they surprised a camp about twenty-five miles south of Defiance and took all twenty Navahos prisoner. Miles led an expedition west of the fort in early November, scaring up a few Indians and taking some stock. The Navaho, while not seriously defeated, were convinced of the American determination. Navaho casualties for the campaign was given as fifty while Americans lost seven or eight. They sued for peace.

A new treaty was signed on Christmas Day at Fort Defiance with James Collins, now Indian Superintendent, and Colonel Bonneville, now commanding the department with Garland relieved because of ill health, presiding. The issue of the surrender of the man who shot Major Brooks servant was not resolved because the Navaho chiefs said he had left the country, but they did acknowledge their responsibility to police the outlaws among them. They also agreed not to approach the American settlements delineated by a line drawn 25 miles east of Fort Defiance, to make restitution to citizens they had victimized, and to give up their Mexican prisoners.

To make sure the treaty was not ignored, Bonneville took steps to demonstrate American resolve. He reinforced the garrison at Fort Defiance with the addition of four companies of the 3d Infantry. In reserve along the Rio Grande were six more companies of infantry and the Mounted Rifles. He was also holding twenty-one Navaho prisoners as hostages.

In June 1859 he sent a column led by Major John S. Simonson, Mounted Rifles, to explore the lands west of Defiance Plateau and the Chuska Mountains, but mainly to show force in Navaho homelands. The force of 700 was split into columns which converged on Fort Defiance. The Indians remained at home for the year.

In October 1859 Colonel Fauntleroy replaced Bonneville as Department commander. As

1860 got underway, he would have his hands full. The year began with a supply train with a 40-infantryman escort having to fight its way into Fort Defiance over a three-day period. The Navaho were determined to drive the Americans from their doorstep. On 8 February a 500-man Navaho army swept down on the fort. They encountered a 28-man guard mount watching a herd seven miles north of the fort. The sergeant in charge withdrew back to Defiance, keeping up a lively fire which killed ten and wounded twenty.

Then, in a pre-dawn attack on 30 April 1860, the Navaho made their boldest sally so far. With some 1,000 warriors split into three columns, they converged on Fort Defiance. Brevet Major Oliver L. Shepherd in command of three companies of the 3d Infantry constituted the defense. Although the Indians had gained control of the outbuildings, well directed fire drove them away. Lieut. A. W. Whipple in command of Company E, Third Infantry, held the magazine, corrals and stables. Lieut. William Dickinson held a position between the fort and a steep hill beyond. When the sun came up Shepherd led his men from the fort and drove the Indians away. The defenders suffered one killed and two wounded while the Navaho casualties were thought to be about twelve killed or wounded. The cost of the attack was slight but the implications were great. It was one of only two occasions when Indians in the Southwest were emboldened to take on a fortified position. [The other was at Fort Apache in 1881.]

Secretary of War Floyd responded to the challenge by ordering the Department of New Mexico to be reinforced for the first time in its history. He shifted the 5th and 7th Infantry, three companies of the 10th Infantry, and two companies of the 2d Dragoons, from Utah where they had been guarding against a Mormon insurgence which never materialized. Floyd declared on 9 July that "Active operations will be instituted against the Navajoes as soon as the necessary preparations can be made," and he specified that infantry be used.[87] Fauntleroy put Brevet Lieut. Col. Edward R. S. Canby in charge of the operation with instructions to "seize and destroy the crops of the Navahos."

Canby began to assemble his force in September at Fort Defiance. Here he drew together some 600 regulars, a large number of Ute auxiliaries, and Captain Blas Lucero's spy company. The regulars were nine infantry companies from the 5th and 7th and six companies of the 2d Dragoons and the Mounted Rifles. These he organized into three distinct columns under himself, Brevet Major Henry H. Sibley, and Captain Lafayette McLaws. He moved out in November toward the Chuska Mountains.

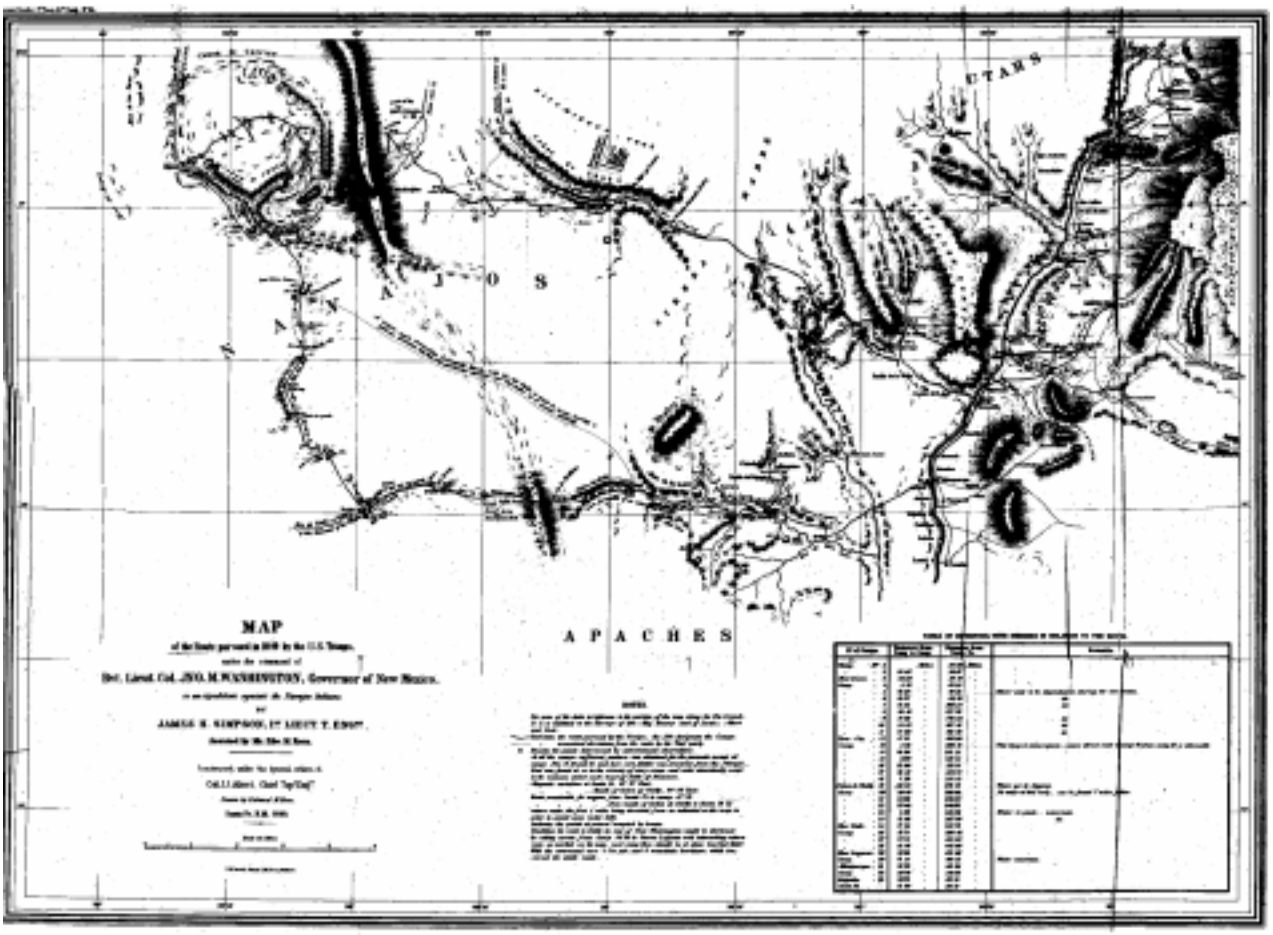
For a month the three columns searched for concentrations of Navahos and water. They found Indians, who shadowed their movements but never closed for combat. They found little water, a drought having dried up the country. Lack of water, faltering horses and an enemy that stayed at a safe distance forced Canby's three divisions back to Fort Defiance. The Americans could count almost three dozen enemy casualties and large numbers of livestock driven off. While not impressive results to the U.S. Army veterans, the Navaho felt threatened enough to ask for another peace. Canby turned them down when they could not guarantee the control of the renegade elements among them.

His chain of command agreed that a treaty without the concurrence of the entire Navaho population would be worthless. Secretary of War Floyd ordered a winter campaign and Canby obliged by organizing a network of new posts in the country and unrelenting patrolling. His job was complicated by bands of New Mexicans who called themselves "volunteers" and rode through the country looking to take the opportunity for plunder and killing any Indian they ran across. In February both sides agreed to a three-month armistice during which time the Navahos who wished

peace would be played against the war faction in the tribe. By April 1861 things were relatively quiet.

In July 1861 all of the federal troops were ordered back east, with the exception of two companies remaining at Fort Fauntleroy. There in September the Navahos were outraged by an incident in which more than twelve of them were killed and many more wounded after troops fired into their ranks after a dispute over a horse race. They would raid unimpeded for the next year and more, the federal troops having been withdrawn and the volunteer forces from California, New Mexico and Colorado having their hands full with invading Confederates.

With the Confederate invasion of the territory in 1861, all the Indian agencies were disbanded and many of the regular troops had abandoned their forts and were heading east to join in the Civil War fighting. The Indians would have a free reign until Brig. Gen. Carleton's Calfornia Volunteers and some New Mexican volunteers would find time to campaign actively against them.



Map: "Map of Route pursued in 1849 by the U.S. Troops under the command of Bvt. Lieut. Col. JNO. M. Washington, Governor of New Mexico, in an expedition against the Navaho Indians…"

Roll Call: Sarah Bowman—The Great Western

If you mentioned the "Great Western" to anyone living around the time of the Mexican War and after, they would know you were talking about the British steamship, the largest then afloat. If you mentioned the "Great Western" to any soldier who had served in the Dragoons, he would know you were talking about "the greatest whore in the West." The six-foot, 200-pound Sarah Bowman had been with the Army since she married a soldier and followed him to the Seminole War in Florida. From that time on she was with the Army, as a wife several times over, and as a laundress.

Her striking size earned her the sobriquet "The Great Western." One Mexican War volunteer, George W. Traherne, wrote, "You can imagine how tall she was. …she could stand flat footed and drop those little sugar plums right into my mouth."[88] [Elliot, The Great…, 2]

It was during the Mexican War that her status attained legendary proportions. In March 1846 her wagon was in Zachary Taylor's column which was moving from Texas into Mexico. On the Texas side of the Rio Grande, Taylor's men built an earthworks called Fort Brown. When Taylor left the fort garrisoned only by a small force, the Mexicans bombarded it. From 3 to 9 May the shelling continued. Sarah ignored the instructions to stay put in the magazines and hurried about the fort cooking and tending to the wounded. Her bonnet sported a bullet hole and a shell fragment blew a tray of bread out of her hand. She carried a musket just in case the Mexicans tried to storm the walls. She was known forevermore to the soldiers as "the heroine of Fort Brown." Lieutenant Braxton Bragg toasted her in front of the Matamoros headquarters: "The Great Western—one of the bravest and most patriotic soldiers at the siege of Fort Brown."

Shortly thereafter she opened a hotel in Saltillo which soon became a favorite hangout for the soldiers. A story told by George Traherne has it that at Buena Vista on 23 February 1847 the Second Indiana Regiment fled the field.

…one of the Indianans [was running so fast that] a jack-rabbit broke up, and he passed the jack like he was standing, went into Saltillo and rushed right down to a sort of headquarters for everybody, the Great Western's, and he came running in breathless and told the Great Western that General Taylor was whipped and the army was all cut to pieces, and the Mexicans under full headway for Saltillo.

> *[The Great Western] just drew off and hit him between the eyes and knocked him sprawling; saying, 'You damned son of a bitch, there ain't Mexicans enough to whip old Taylor. You just spread that report and I'll beat you to death.'*[89]

When the war was over, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel John Washington led the dragoons out of Chihuahua into El Paso. With his troops formed up, Sarah rode up trailing three "large Chihuahua wagons," and asked permission to join the column. Washington turned her over to his adjutant, Major Daniel Rucker. Sam Chamberlain remembered that:

> *…Rucker informed her that if she would marry one of the Dragoons and be mustered in as a laundress, she could go. Her ladyship gave the military salute and replied, "All right, Major, I'll marry the whole squadron and you thrown in but what I go along." Riding along the front of the line she cried out, "Who wants a wife with fifteen thousand dollars, and the biggest leg in Mexico! Come, my beauties, don't all speak at once—who is the lucky man?" …Finally Davis of Company E said, "I have no objections to making you my wife, if there is a*

clergyman here to tie the knot." With a laugh the heroine replied, "Bring your blanket to my tent tonight and I will learn you to tie a knot that will satisfy you, I reckon!"[90]

She erected a hotel in El Paso in 1849, married twenty-four-old Albert Bowman of the Second Dragoons, and moved to Fort Yuma when Bowman was discharged in November 1852. At this isolated, hot crossroads, several travelers reported seeing her. James Hobbs said he "met a large Irish woman called 'The Great Western' whom I had seen at Saltillo…. She was noted as a camp follower in the Mexican War, was liked universally for her kind motherly ways, and at the battle of Buena Vista busied herself in making cartridges for the army." The commander of Fort Yuma, Major Samuel Peter Heintzelman, offered this description. "The Great Western called to see me to get some tires reset. I could not refuse when I recollected her services. She was at Fort Brown and 20 years in the army and once in my Company. She looks 50 [her date of birth is thought to be about 1812] is a large tall fearless looking woman."[91]

She ran a mess for the officers at Fort Yuma and eventually, after contriving the help of the commanding officer, Major Samuel Peter Heintzelman, managed to set up a bar and brothel on the Mexican side of the river at Yuma Crossing.

When four companies of dragoons were establishing a fort in the Sonoita Valley, called Fort Buchanan, Sarah moved there to open a business. Merchant Solomon Warner said, "The Great Western [had] a place of resort, drinking, dancing and gambling. Two Mexicans were killed here by the Americans at a dance. This place is just outside the military reservation ten miles below on the Sonoita."[92]

Another resident of the Sonoita Valley, homesteader Felix Ake, also recorded her presence in the valley west of the Huachuca Mountains.

They called her old Great Western. She packed two six-shooters, and they all said she shore could use 'em, that she had killed a couple of men in her time. She was a hell of a good woman. I used to take eggs and stuff up for her to buy, and she would feed me. When the Civil War come…she moved away where she could be near an army post. She had been one of the first residents of Ft. Yuma and she used to tell us that there was just one thin sheet of sandpaper between Yuma and hell.[93]

She left the valley some time between the time Fort Buchanan was abandoned and burned on 21 July 1861 and the Spring of 1862 when she was reported back at Fort Yuma. A soldier with the California Column marching into Arizona at that time wrote that he was excited to meet the celebrities at Yuma Crossing, "Don Pasqual, a head chief of the Yumas, Don diego Jaeger and 'Great Western,' three of the most celebrated characters in the annals of Fort Yuma."[94]

Another member of the California Volunteers was Edward Tuttle who thought she was "a good specimen of the frontier woman…[and] kindly and considerate to all and of great strength and force of mind. …Her services were so considerable that she had an order for a ration for life…. She was assigned to my Co. 'H' 4th Inf., for drawing her rations, and rated as a Co. laundress." Tuttle reported that she died in 1866 "from a venoumous bite of a Tarantula or spider. …The 12th Inf. at the Fort [Yuma] gave her a regular military funeral, escort and all. I attended it as did everybody. The burial was at the Post Cemetery."[95]

The fort was closed in 1883 and the bodies in the cemetery moved in 1890 to the Army cemetery at the Presidio of San Francisco.

The *Arizona Gazette* of Prescott memorialized her thusly:

Blunt and unguarded in speech, she was yet the possessor of a kind heart, and whatever her failings, engendered by wild associations, very many will remember with grateful feelings,

the acts of tenderness bestowed by her on themselves and associates…. Always at the bedside of the sick, she cared for them as none but a woman can, and nothing that money or care could furnish was neglected by her…. And as this mention of the decease of the "Great Western" meets the public eye, how many minds will revert to the frequent acts of kindness performed by this distinguished female representative of American frontier life, and how many an eye moisten at the remembrance of her kind attention in their hours of sickness.[96]

Outposts: The Anglo Settlers

The 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, ending the Mexican War, and the Gadsden Purchase of 1853 added the present state of Arizona to the American frontier. Part of the Territory of New Mexico, Arizona quickly acquired a pioneer character of its own. First came the U.S. Army surveyors charting the vast deserts and the '49ers hurrying down the Gila Trail to the California gold fields. Then came the permanent settlers, braving Indians and lawlessness in search of promising minerals, farms, grazing lands, and shops. Their growing presence necessitated a form of protection and government responsibilities that were assigned to the U.S. Army. The soldiers arrived to garrison this turbulent frontier and to open one of the most colorful chapters in American history.

The Rancher

Most early Arizonans could be made to endure danger and deprivation only by the promise of instant wealth from a silver strike. Others, like Pete Kitchen, saw a more lasting enterprise in southern Arizona's rich grazing lands. Proprietor of thousands of acres of ranch land north of Nogales, Kitchen and his Arizona cowboys fought daily with Apaches and bandits to gain prominence and wealth from the cattle and farming business.

The Miner

An Army major commanding Fort Yuma, Samuel P. Heintzelman, combined with Charles Debrille Poston in 1854 to form the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company. The firm developed several silver mines in the area of Tubac, the richest being named the Heintzelman. It was this early exploration that gave the first hint of Arizona's potential for rich mineral deposits. Many prospectors followed. Some—Lieutenant Sylvester Mowry, Jacob Snively, and Ed Schiefflin—found the wealth that the Spanish had searched vainly for above the ground.

Illustration: "Types from Arizona," Harper's Weekly*, Frederic Remington.*

Roll Call: The Humor of Captain John G. Bourke

John Gregory Bourke was first of all a soldier. At the age of sixteen (1862) he ran away from his comfortable, book-filled, Philadelphia home to enlist in the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry. As a private he saw three years of Civil War action and soon after mustering out in 1865, he received an appointment to West Point. He graduated in 1869, eleventh in a class of thirty-nine and received his 2d Lieutenant's commission in his lifelong regiment, the 3d Cavalry. But for many years he served as aide de camp to the most thoughtful of Indian fighters—Brigadier General George Crook. Bourke began his relationship with his "great chief" in 1871, shortly after Crook arrived in Arizona. It was an assignment to his liking as it kept him in the field for almost thirteen years and at the center of the action against the Apaches of the Southwest and the tribes of the great plains. In these campaigns he acted as both adjutant and engineering officer. A colleague, Lieutenant Thomas Cruse, said that "Bourke was as friendly as Crook was taciturn. He fraternized with the officers of [Fort] Apache, a pleasant and witty man."[97]

But it was not for his soldiering, but his scholarship, powers of observation, imagination, writing ability and an easy Irish humor that kept him alive in the consciousness of succeeding generations. During his career he was given time off from his field duties to live among and study

the Indians of Arizona. A language scholar from the age of eight (Latin, Greek, and Gaelic), he added the Apache tongue to his inquiries. In the last ten years of his life (1886-96), he wrote prolifically and added prominently to the inventory of our knowledge of native Americans. He was an anthropologist of the first order.

Bourke has a certain spiritual kinship with present day military historians and museologists because he was a contemporary historian, recording his military experiences with insight and care, and because his interest in museums extended to a honeymoon tour of European museums in the early 1880s. He also is an inheritor of the tradition of the soldier-scholars who passed before him on the immense stage of the American West, men like Emory, Sitgreaves, Whipple and Parke who recorded their impressions and cataloged scientific data.

But it is for his sense of humor that he will be remembered, not his considerable contribution to the store of ethnological knowledge. He has provoked more men to laugh at his bemused tales of the frontier fourflusher and his foolery than he has caused them to marvel at the religiosity of the Zuni tribesmen.

At Fort Whipple in 1874, Mrs. Corbusier, the wife of an Army surgeon, remembered Bourke in a social setting. "All the officers and their wives called on us in the evening and we were very jolly. Capt. John G. Bourke, aide to Gen. Crook, was very witty and kept everyone laughing."[98]

An Apache Campaign (1886) and *On the Border With Crook* (1891) are fascinating accounts of military life on then an exotic and hard frontier. They are made all the more prominent by Bourke's sensibilities, his ear for dialogue and an imaginative literary style.

The American Southwest and the American Army of the 1880s was a place of character and characters and John Bourke understood both. His sketches are always human and unfailingly capture the humor of the author and his contemporaries. He he describes some of the duties of the junior officer at a social gathering.

> *Lieut. Robinson and I being the junior 'subs' and also the 'staff' of the Battalion, we were selected to make the toddies. Neither of us had been trained as a bartender and of course some little preliminary instruction was necessary to enable us to prepare toddies that would pass the inspection of gentlemen of such extended experience in that line as those whom we were serving. We made up in assiduity what we lacked in education; our first effort was pronounced a dead failure; our second was only a shade better. Our third extorted signs of approval. They came rather slowly or reluctantly from the lips of Captain Russell: 'I declare to God'l moighty, Mister Robinson, dat's a moighty fine tod-dee; oi tink it wud be a gud oidee to put a little more sugar in soak.'*
>
> *When asked directions, the Tucson citizen could be obliging. "You want to find the Governor's? Wa'al, podner, jest keep right down this yere street past the Palace s'loon, till yer gets ter the second manure-pile on yer right; then keep to yer left past the post-office, 'n yer'll see a dead burro in th' middle of th' road, 'n' a mesquite tree 'n yer lef', near a Mexican 'Tendajon' (small store), 'n' jes' beyond that's the Gov.'s outfit. Can't miss it. Look out fur th' dawg down ter Munoz's corral; he's a saliviated son ov a gun."*
>
> *Seldom could one fix the distance in measured miles for his source could not reckon in a given number of miles. Distance was measured in recent history. "Jes' on th' rise of the mesa as you git to th' place whar Samaniego's train stood off th' Apaches;" or, "A little yan way from whar they took in Colonel Stone's stage;" or "Jes' whar th' big killin' tuk place on th'*

long mesa."

Likewise, it was just as difficult to hear time referred to in discrete periods such as months or days. Chronological references were to things like "Jes' about th' time Pete Kitchen's ranch was always getting 'jumped.' 'Th' night afore th' Maricopa stage war tuck in.' 'A week or two arter Winters made his last 'killin' in th' Dragoons.' 'Th' year th' Injuns run off Tully, Ochoa 'n' DeLong bull teams.'"

A clue to Bourke's unique blend of science and imagination is found in this incident while he was with Crook among the Sioux. He thought the war might be shortened and bloodshed avoided if the whites could appeal to the Indian's reverence of magic. They admired strong medicine so Bourke put on a demonstration of the white man's medicine in a Sioux camp. Attaching leads from an old electric battery to a pan of water, he dared an Indian to try and pick up a silver dollar from the water pan while holding on to the brass handle of the battery with one hand. After many failures and shocked Indians, one did succeed in getting the silver dollar after he kicked the battery to pieces in his convulsions. The estimated 1,000 spectators were impressed.

Here Bourke describes an Army bronc buster in action.

"And then would come the counsel, inspired by the Evil One himself: 'Arrah, thin, shtick yer sphurs int' him, Moriarty.' This was just the kind of advice that best suited the 'bronco's' feelings, because no sooner would the rowels strike his flanks than the air would seem to be filled with a mass of mane and tail rapidly revolving, and of hoofs flying out in defiance of all the laws of gravity, while a descendant of the kings of Ireland, describing a parabolic orbit through space, would shoot like a meteor into the sand, and plough it up with his chin and the usual elocutionary effects to be looked for under such circumstances. Yes, those were happy, happy days—for the 'broncos' and the by-standers."

A well traveled civilian employee of the Army, Oscar Hutton, is exposed by Bourke as a man of little modesty. "Hutton had seen so much hardship that it was natural to expect him to be meek and modest in his ideas and demeanor, but he was, on the contrary, decidedly vain and conceited, and upon such a small matter that it ought not really to count against him. He had six toes on each foot, a fact to which he adverted with pride. 'Bee gosh,' he would say, 'there hain't ennuther man 'n th' hull dog-gonned outfit 's got ez menny toes 's me.'"

He has fun with this description of Tucson. "Each heart is gay, for we have at last reached Tucson, the commercial *entrepot* of Arizona and the remoter Southwest—Tucson, the Mecca of the dragoon, the Naples of the desert, which one was to see and die; Tucson, whose alkali pits yielded water sweeter than the Well of Zemzen, whose maidens were more charming, whose society was more hospitable, merchants more progressive, magazines better stocked, climate more dreamy, than any town from Santa Fe to Los Angeles; from Hermosillo, in Sonora, to the gloomy chasm of the Grand Canyon…."

And its "Shoo Fly" restaurant "…which offered the comforts of a home to the weary wayfarer in Tucson, Arizona, circa 1869." It "was named on the principle of '*lucus a non lucendo*'—the flies wouldn't shoo worth a cent. Like the poor, they remained always with us."

On ex Marshall Duffield: "Duffield retained his preternatural calmness, and did not raise his voice above a whisper the whole time that his drunken opponent was hurling all kinds of anathemas at him; but now he saw that something must be done. In Arizona it was not customary to pull a pistol upon a man; that was regarded as an act both unchristian-like and wasteful to time—Arizonans nearly always shot out of the pocket without drawing their weapons at all, and into Mr. 'Waco Bill's' groin went the sure bullet of the man who, local wits used to say, wore crepe

upon his hat in memory of his departed virtures."

On an ex-Army field officer who had suffered the loss of one eye during the war:

"During a brief visit to Boston, he had arranged with an occulist and optician to have made for him three glass eyes. 'But I don't clearly understand what you want with so many,' said the Boston man."

"'Well, I'll tell you,' replied the son of Mars. 'You see, I want one for use when I'm sober, one when I'm drunk, and one when I'm P____ d_____ drunk.'"

"The glass eyes were soon ready to meet the varying conditions of the colonel's life, and gave the old man the liveliest satisfaction. Not long after his return to the bracing climate of Tucson he made the round of the gaming-tables at the Feast of Saint Augustine, which was then in full blast, and happened to 'copper' the ace, when he should have bet 'straight,' and bet on the queen when that fickle lady was refusing the smile of her countenance to all her admirers. It was a gloomy day for the colonel when he awakened to find himself almost without a dollar, and no paymaster to be expected from San Francisco for a couple of months. A brilliant thought struck him; he would economize by sending back to Boston two of his stock of glass eyes, which he did not really need, as the 'sober' and 'tolerably drunk' ones had never been used, and ought to fetch something of a price at second-hand."

Bourke's description of southern Arizona remains one of the best. He wrote:

Dante…, it has always seemed to me, made the mistake of his life in dying when he did…five hundred and fifty years ago. Had he held on to this mortal coil until after Uncle Sam had perfected the Gadsden Purchase, he would have found full scope for his genius in the description of a region in which not only purgatory and hell, but heaven likewise, had combined to produce a bewildering kaleidoscope of all that was wonderful, weird, terrible, and awe-inspiring, with not a little that was beautiful and romantic.

…In no other section can there be found such extensive areas of desert crossed in every direction by the most asperous mountains, whose profound canyons are the wonder of the world, whose parched flanks are matted with the thorny and leafless vegetation of the tropics, and whose lofty summits are black with the foliage of pines whose graceful branches bend in the welcome breezes from the temperate zone. Here one stumbles at almost every step upon the traces of former populations, of whom so little is known, or sees repeated from peak to peak the signal smokes of the fierce Apaches, whose hostility to the white man dates back to the time of Cortes.

Bourke often made a joke of the furnace-like Arizona climate and was fond of telling this tale which he referred to as a "mouldy military chestnut." It is the story of the soldier, stationed at Fort Yuma, who after dying and descending to Hades, returned to Yuma for his blankets, "finding the next world to cold to suit him."

Lieut. Bourke spent much time combing this part of the country in the company of Lieut. Howard Cushing. They were looking for the elusive Apaches who had left their mark on the country. Bourke climbed a mountain just north of the Huachucas and looked around him, feeling the history envelope him. He wrote:

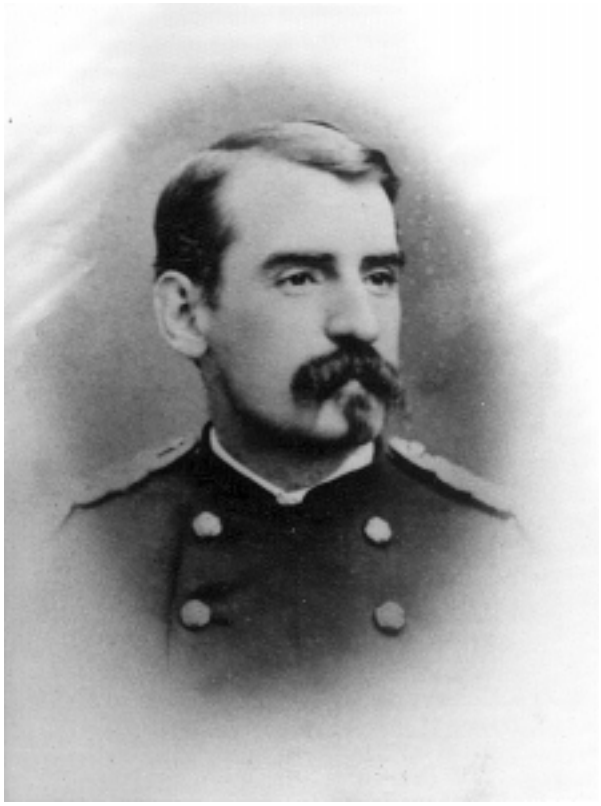
Standing on the summit of the Whetstone Range, which has no great height, one can see the places, or the hills overlooking them, where several other officers met their death at the hands of the same foe. To the west is Davidson's Canon, where the Apaches ambushed and killed Lieutenant Reid T. Stewart and Corporal Black; on the north, the cone of Trumbull overlooks the San Carlos Agency, where the brave Almy fell; to the northwest are the Tortolita

hills, near which Miller and Tappan were killed in ambuscade…; and to the east are the Chiricahua Mountains, in whose bosom rests Fort Bowie with its grewsome graveyard filled with such inscriptions as "Killed by the Apaches," "Met his death at the hands of the Apaches," "Died of wounds inflicted by Apache Indians," and at times "Tortured and killed by Apaches." One visit to that cemetery was warranted to furnish the most callous with nightmares for a month.[99]

In 1888 two important players in the Geronimo campaign were both competing for the same job in the Inspector General's department. The position meant a promotion to major. In September President Cleveland chose Henry W. Lawton to fill the assistant Inspector General post. Passed over was John Bourke who expressed some bitterness about not getting the job and promotion.

Because he felt that many deserving officers had been overlooked, in 1894 Bourke turned down a retroactive brevet promotion to major for his service in the Southwest.

Just two weeks before his fiftieth birthday, on 8 June 1896, Bourke died from an aneurism of the aorta.



Capt. John G.Bourke. Photo courtesy Lt. Col. Alexander M. Maish

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Popular Views of the Soldier

The American people have always been distrustful of maintaining standing professional armies and during the decades following the Civil War there was widespread dislike for the military among the civilian populace. *The Army Navy Journal* editorialized in 1877 that "The present trouble with the Army is that is is separated from the knowledge and affections of the people who pay the taxes, and is only seen from year to year in the form of heavy appropriations." Responding to this perception in 1878 before Congress, General John Pope advised that the army's "relation to the people and to the government should be made closer and more harmonious. Unless this can be done it always invites and will always provoke criticism and unfriendly action."[100]

The life of the soldier on the southwestern mesas and sierras was one of deadening monotony while in garrison and one of deadly trial while on campaign. Then and since there has been nothing easy about a soldier's life, but the prevailing opinion of the civilian and politician was that the Army was a haven for the malingerer and the tosspot. As early as 1840 the word "soldier" had taken on an added meaning, that of feigning illness or shirking work. Pvt. Augustus Meyers felt the sting of the common disdain for the soldier by the superior-feeling civilians when he wrote that they considered the military man "as an individual too lazy to work for a living." Another soldier, Eugene Bandel, likewise had a low opinion of his fellows. He wrote home that "The greater part of the Army consists of men who either do not care to work, or who, because of being addicted to drink, cannot find employment." Even the Secretary of War in 1857, John B. Floyd, conceded that "the tone of the rank and file needs elevation extremely."[101]

A British observer called the American enlisted man "The scum of the population of the older states, or…the worthless German, English, or Irish emigrants." An American soldier serving in the 1830s had the same opinion: "Two-thirds of those in the service are foreigners, generally of the lowest and most ignorant class. The few Americans to be met with are men who have led dissipated lives and incapacitated themselves for any respectable business, taking up the army as a last resource."[102]

Some balance is needed in this portrayal of the American soldier of the time. Replying to the criticism that the regular Army "is composed of all sorts of bums and loafers," Geronimo campaign veteran Clarence Crisman, 13th Infantry, wrote to a newspaper editor:

> Well, I know this: While in the army I met many well educated men and once in a while one who might be called highly educated. In my own company we had several college graduates, and practically all of the men were well-behaved and gentlemanly. To be sure quite a number of them were not at all well educated, and were sadly deficient in what the world calls culture, but I am sure they averaged up better than the ordinary run of citizens.
>
> And not all of them went into the Army because they were hard up or out of a job. Many entered for the sake of adventure, and for a chance to see more of the world.…
>
> *…These men went in voluntarily, and many of them "saw it through" under circumstances that would cause a person of less stamina to desert.… In other words, the Indian fighters of the latter part of the 19th century were as fine a body of men as the world ever saw.*[103]

The best picture of the enlisted man is given by Percival Lowe in his memoirs *Five Years a Dragoon*. The following paragraphs are biographical vignettes of some of Lowe's comrades.

…Miller was an Englishman, who had seen better days, and enlisted in New York because he was absolutely hungry—"too proud to beg and too honest to steal"—a teacher by profession and master of several languages. O'Shea was a graduate of Dublin College, and a better all around man I never met. He was the champion boxer and that was a leading branch of our exercises. Rules of good behavior were strict and well observed. I never had more congenial companionship, and that kept us alive and fairly happy. We made the best of everything, and did no growling; found some good books in the post library and did much reading.[104]

* * *

…[O'Meara] was an Irish lawyer; by birth, education and instinct a gentleman. The troubles of 1848 drove him to America; he secured a position as a clerk in a law office in New York and seemed to be well started on the road to prosperity, when some of his young college chums, in this country for the same reason that he was, determined to enlist in the army for want of something better, and he went with them. …His reading and travel had made him a most companionable man. With the opportunities now afforded he would have stood an examination and been commissioned. But there were no such privileges in his time. Russell was a Philadelphian, a printer and jolly joker, [and] had been a sergeant…. McDonald was a New Yorker, of Irish parentage, and was a genius—a fine draughtsman and caricaturist. Not a man of our party escaped his pencil. If these three men lacked anything to insure a bright future, it was the strong will and sound judgment to act independently—to blaze the way and decide their own destiny.[105]

* * *

…Sergeant John Cuddy…was born in Ireland, was well educated, bright, clear headed, and a good judge of men, six feet tall, handsome, and a perfect picture of manhood, witty, cheerful and self-reliant. I never saw a better specimen for a first sergeant. He was just what our troop needed.[106]

One way that the life of the soldier serving on an isolated frontier was made more accessible to the civilian back east was through the sixty-nine novels of Capt. Charles King who served in Arizona with the 5th Cavalry. After he was wounded at the battle of Sunset Pass by Apaches, he turned to writing about the frontier soldiers he knew so well and his romantic and sympathetic characterizations served to entertain and educate a civilian readership about the Army. A fellow officer, W. H. Carter, recognized this when he applauded "the load of indifference, ignorance, suspicion and malice regarding the regulars which has been cleared away from American homes through the instrumentality of his versatile pen."[107]

On the other hand, there were popular accounts of army life that portrayed a not so favorable image. Duane M. Greene, "Late Lieut. U.S. Army," wrote a book in 1880 called *Ladies and Officers of the United States Army; or, American Aristocracy, A Sketch of the Social Life and Character of the Army*. Greene, who had twice lied to obtain a regular commission finally obtaining one in 1872 had an undistinguished five-year career marked mainly by sick leave. He was an opportunist whose motives in attacking officers and their wives in his book must be suspect. Greene had served with the 3d Infantry and then transferred to the 6th Cavalry where he was forced to resign in 1877 after adultery with a fellow officer's wife at Fort Bowie.

He reinforced the disregard the civilian reader might have had for the officer by writing: "Observe the officers socially, and we see more to condemn than to admire; a mingling of noble attributes with the lowest vices; the intellect in some cases brilliant and growing brighter, and in others irretrievably lost in the depths of infamy." About the drinking problem in the Army,

Greene numbered the drinkers in the "thousands" and claimed that bouts with drunkeness "are daily transpiring so terrible in their depravity that to relate them would raise a question of veracity in the minds of those not familiar with the facts…."[108]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Officers' Opinions of Enlisted Men

The officer often found the enlisted man wanting. A lieutenant reporting to the Fifth Cavalry in 1876 found the men in the field "A motley crowd, with untrimmed, scraggly beards; clothes roughly patched with canvas, gunny sacks, or anything at hand; hats of buffalo skin or none at all; footwear of rags…."[109]

Many of the officers, like Lieut. James Parker of the 4th Cavalry, had respect for the men.

> *…For active service in the field they were a splendid class of men. Inured to hardships, acquainted with the many methods the experienced soldier learns for maintaining his health, vigor and comfort when on the march, anxious for adventure, for peril, they were looked upon with admiration and respect by their officers.*
>
> *It was true at that time, and it still is true, that each company in the American Army is in a certain way a Club, from which officers are excluded. The men, while they do not ever dream of questioning the orders of their officers, are as a body independent. They do not want a fatherly supervisor, they resent being patronized and cuddled by their superiors. They demand their rights, but no more than their rights. They resent having any one of their number too familiar with his officers. They persecute and call "dog robber" any soldier who acts as an officer's servant.*
>
> *Naturally, with such a feeling as this reigning it is difficult to obtain good non-commissioned officers. The best men do not want to serve as such.*[110]

Capt. John Bourke, reminiscing about the Arizona campaigning, recorded his estimation. "The Army of the United States has no reason to be ashamed of the men who wore its uniform during the dark and troubled period of Arizona's history; they were grand men; they had their faults as many other people have, but they never flinched from danger or privation."[111]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Training

Training for the new recruits often was deferred until they reached their duty station. Even though there were training depots back east, for infantry at Governors Island in New York harbor, for cavalry at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., and for artillery at Newport Barracks, Kentucky, the pressing need to fill up the understrength regiments on the frontier often necessitated sending the recruit off without any or all of his basic training. They were often woefully inept at military skills and it has been reported that, after a grass fire, at a camp of green privates headed to stations in New Mexico, it was found that almost half of the muskets were loaded with the ball before the charge.

Private Percival Lowe received some training at Carlisle Barracks in 1849 and said that "Carbine and saber drill came in the forenoon, on foot, and mounted drill in the afternoon." While at Fort Leavenworth awaiting the journey across the plains to join his regiment, there was more training.

Lieutenant Fields or Sergeant Jones drilled us on foot twice a day. We had to do our share of guard and other duty, but had no horses to care for. I took great pride in saber exercise, and practiced much with small swords made of tough hickory….[112]

* * *

…In a week we drilled an hour mounted in the forenoon and on foot in the afternoon, but we drilled carefully; went through the evolutions, saber exercises and pistol practice at a walk; in a few weeks a part of the time at a trot, and in a couple of months all of the gaits, never missing mounted drill every forenoon when weather and ground was suitable on week days, and, except Saturday, afternoons on foot, with inspection mounted on Sunday morning. One hour drill each time. In case of rain or snow we drilled on foot in quarters.[113]

James Bennett, a dragoon stationed in New Mexico in the 1850s, revealed the routine in camp.

Orders are very strict; not allowed to leave camp, night or day, without permission; drill 3 hours every day; dress parade every morning in full uniform; inspection every Sunday morning; and must give a grand display to the best of our abilities.

Sgt. A. J. Unger noted that "Inspection competition was keen. The one chosen as orderly received a pass. Much time was spent polishing and sprucing up for inspection."

Sergeant John Spring has left us a description of the training schedule at Camp Wallen, just north of today's Fort Huachuca, in December 1867. When the company received forty new recruits, the Sergeant found them "much better material than the original," and set to work turning them into soldiers. "We had two hours of drill every day," Spring writes, "Upton's tactics[114] in the morning and bayonet exercise in the afternoon. I can conscientiously say that we had a very well-drilled company from that time forward…."

Private Clarence Allen of the 7th Cavalry in 1877 did not find marksmanship training very easy. "I was black and blue all over the shoulder and down into my chest. I got so I couldn't help flinching and I didn't make a very good score."

Target practice in the desert.

An Army surgeon writing in 1876 did not find the cavalry to be in a high state of readiness. "…Cavalrymen as a general thing are about as well fitted to travel through a hostile country as puling infants, and go mooning around at the mercy of any Indian who happens to catch sight and takes the trouble to lay for them behind the first convenient ridge."

6th Cavalry troopers use their horses for cover during a firing drill at Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Living Conditions in the 1850s

Living conditions were deplorable in the Southwest where soldiers found themselves living in tents or in adobe-walled huts with dirt floors. Their bunk mates were the wide assortment of "critters" that were found in this prehistoric landscape, from scorpions to rattlers. They would freeze at the high altitudes in the winter, bake in the summer, and never be dry in the rainy season. A dragoon described in 1852 the typical fort or camp of the Indian Wars Southwest when he pictured Cantonment Burgwin, New Mexico:

> *The buildings are built of mud brick in a hollow square, leaving in the center what is called a "parade ground" where the military parades are held every morning. One side of the square is used as officer's quarters; the opposite side as a guard house, commissary department, offices, etc. The other two sides are soldiers' barracks. There is a flag staff in the center from which the stars and stripes flash and wave in the breeze. Out of this square are to be found a hospital, dragoon stables, etc.*[115]

Another far-reaching description of the soldier's environment on the southwestern frontier was given by Dr. Thomas Charlton Henry. He was a contract surgeon who signed on with the U.S. Army on 22 April 1852. He was sent to New Mexico where he was stationed first at Fort Fillmore, then Fort Webster. When the latter was abandoned in December 1853, he moved with

the troops to Fort Thorn. He wrote a letter to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which was published on 21 September 1853.

…On arriving at Fort Union, 100 miles north of Santa Fe, the companies began to drop off, one by one, to the various points of destination. Our present detachment, ordered to Fort Fillmore, 300 miles below Santa Fe, and 130 from this place, consists of but 70 men. We have been lying in camp for one week, awaiting the advent of rain, for be it known to you, that we have 90 miles of desert to cross, where, much of the time, water is scarcely to be found at all.

* * *

This is a curious and unique country—New Mexico, full of hostile Indians, …and lizards, tarantulas, and flies in profusion. Corn and wheat, with melons and grapes in perfection; and enormous onions are the principal products of the soil. Potatoes here are unknown, as they will not grow to a size greater than [that] of a hazel nut. The principal tree is the cottonwood in the river bottoms, and in the mountains, the pine and cedar. The plains swarm with antelopes; the hills with deer and 'grizzlies'; the rivers with swans, ducks and wild geese; while among the timber generally, are to be found many curious birds, peculiar to the country, some specimens of which are yet undescribed. There is the greatest profusion of lizards, salamanders, and chameleons; I should say more than thirty species, some very beautiful in color, and all astonishingly quick in motion.

The face of the country presents a succession of valley and mountain. Through the valleys flow streams, rendering them fertile and rich; the hills are partly barren, and with scattering pines. Soil throughout, generally sandy. The Rio Grande is a magnificent stream. Its waters are muddy, like those of the Missouri, yet on standing, sediment is quickly deposited, and the water is very palatable. Minute particles of gold dust are always present in the sediment.

The barracks and houses are almost all constructed of sun-dried brick, are miserable looking shanties outside, but…are quite comfortable internally. They are only of one story.

Charles E. Whilden was a thirty-one-year-old civilian clerk from Charleston, South Carolina, who came to New Mexico in 1855 with Col. John B. Grayson of the Commissary Department. He did not think much of his new environment.

…And not I will tell you frankly that I am disgusted with New Mexico—It ain't worth Keeping—Magnificent Scenery & all that—but very little good land—As for the people they are the most worthless set of scoundrels I have ever seen and the most ignorant—Santa Fe is nothing but a collection of mud Houses One story high—I am stopping at present in a splendid mud Hotel—board, that is eating along $10.00 per week—Everything is dear—You must really pay me a visit…The government had better buy up the claims of all these New Mexicans—transplant them to Botany Bay, fence in the Country—give it up to the Indians & let them fight it out in their own fashion—The climate is the most healthy in the world, and one of these days gold may be found as it was in California.[116]

His harsh view of the Southwest would alter over time and in subsequent letters back home he writes:

…to see these Eternal mountains covered with Snow is worth a visit from the States. The Sunsets here are grand beyond description. I will not attempt to describe them, but I would refer you to some novel where such things are discanted on—Pick out the most beautiful description of a sunset in any of these novels, & then imagine that ours here are still grander

& more beautiful.[117]

Whilden returned to his home in Charleston in the late 1850s and enlisted in 1862 in the Confederate Army, was discharged for wounds, and enlisted again in 1864. He died two years later.

The unvarying routine at one of the posts is described by Sergeant Eugene Bandel who served at Camp Prentiss, California, in 1859:

> *At daybreak I am awakened by the drums and fifes. I get up, read the roll call of the company…and then go back to bed again. Towards six o'clock I arise once more, dress, etc. In the meantime the company clerk…has completed the sick list and the morning report. At seven the drum beats the sick call. The sergeant, or corporal who has been assigned the duty for that particular day, takes the sick list and marches the sick who are in quarters (not in the hospital) to the tent of the doctor. At half past seven comes the call to breakfast, though, to be sure, the soldiers have usually eaten by that time. After signing the morning report, I then take it to the captain of the company, who also signs. After this it is delivered to the office of the adjutant….The call to guard muster beats at eight. I inspect the detail for the company and march them to parade. At nine the drum beats for drill. The company is then formed and for one hour is drilled in marching and in the manual of arms. After this, as a rule, my labors for the day are over until towards evening, with the exception of the summons for orders which beats at eleven o'clock. then I go to the adjutant's office to receive any possible orders there may be and the details for the next day. After that I am my own master until five-thirty o'clock, since the different calls during the day, such as the signal for noon mean, and the like, do not necessitate my presence. Then, to be sure, one hour is devoted to exercise. At sundown the drum beats the signal for retreat. I read the roll call once more, announce the various details for the following day, and leave the company. Tattoo beats at half past eight. Once more I call the roll and then am glad that I am one day nearer my discharge.*[118]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Fort Yuma

Private Edward D. Tuttle, Company H, 4th California Volunteer Infantry, marched into Arizona in 1861. He liked the military. "I like the service much and with good intelligent commanding officers a soldier's life may be very pleasant." But Tuttle was apparently a man who approached all of his experiences with a positive attitude. He is the only soldier to leave a favorable impression of Fort Yuma. He wrote that "I am getting quite reconciled to Yuma and think after all that it is not the worst place in the Union, although people say so."[119]

One of the people that thought Fort Yuma was the worst place in the Union was Lieut. Sylvester Mowry who wrote in 1855: "Yuma is a hell of a place. More than two hundred miles from anywhere; in the midst of an Indian country—hotter than hell—and not a sign of anything for amusement. The fort is built on a bluff near the River. The whole extent of the "Bluff" includes perhaps an hundred acres and though I have been here a month not once have I been off it."[120]

Army surgeon Coues told the old stories about Fort Yuma. "It is of Yuma, as of the hottest place in the United States, that are told the three stock stories; of the dog that ran howling on three legs across the parade ground because it burnt his paws, of the soldier who died and went to hell, but who came back for blankets, and of the hens that laid hard-boiled eggs.[121]

Fort Yuma on the Colorado in about 1881. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Food

Eugene Bandel in 1853 said:

…The daily rations of all soldiers consist of beans; pork or beef (either one or the other), one pound of the former or one and one-half of the latter; coffee; plenty of sugar; one and one-eighth pounds of bread; rice, etc. You will see, therefore, that in this army provision is made that no man shall go hungry.

The food was a daily ration spelled out by Army regulations of 1857 as 3/4 lb. pork or bacon or 1 1/4 lbs. fresh or salt beef; 18 ounces bread or flour, or 12 ounces hard bread, or 1 1/4 lbs. corn meal; and for every 100 rations, 8 quarts peas or beans or 10 lbs of rice, 6 lbs. of coffee, 12 lbs. of sugar, 4 quarts of vinegar, 1 1/2 lbs. tallow, 4 lbs. soap, and 2 quarts of salt.

It didn't take long for the rations to run out when on campaign. James Bennett recalled one march when food was scarce. "No mistake about it, we are living on a light diet. Killed our last beef; flour is gone; we have no shoes. It is hard fare. We have decided to call this Camp Starvation."

Food has always been among the most discussed subjects of the military man and the ration of the Apache campaigns was no exception. The staples were beans, flour, hardtack, rice, bread, coffee, sugar, salt, salt pork, and range beef. Dried vegetables and fruit were most often eschewed in favor of those grown in garrison gardens.

A cavalry sergeant stationed at Camp Wallen in 1866, and then at Fort Lowell in Tucson, later talked about the food in a 1929 interview. Sergeant Henry I. Yohn remembered,

…We had watermelons. I remember eating them. We had no fruit except pomegranates and limes from the south. Never saw an egg in two years, nor tomatoes; had potatoes that were a greenish color inside at forty cents a pound. We ate frijoles; tortillas. Principal diet

was beans. We had no bacon—only salt meat from the East. We had beef but I am not sure where we got it.[122]

Another Camp Wallen Sergeant, John Spring, described his attempt to have the baker make a cracker that would serve as a easily transportable field ration. "Notwithstanding his persistent efforts he had succeeded in turning out only a quantity of very small and very hard round disks that could be loaded into a cannon and used as grapeshot with good effect. They turned so hard within two days that they resisted mastication by the stoutest jaws and teeth, and proved insoluble even in boiling water."

Spring recommended taking a lesson from the Mexican soldiers he had encountered at Santa Cruz and jerking beef, that is cutting it in narrow strips, salting it, and drying it in the sun. This meat needed no campfires and kept for a long time. But he said they were too busy as adobe makers to prepare the dried beef.[123]

The coffee, according to one lieutenant, had to be "strong enough to float an egg," a U.S. Army tradition that has continued to this day. Frederick E. Phelps, who as a second lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, campaigned against Mescalero Apaches in New Mexico in the early 1870s, wrote that the cook in the field used a Dutch oven that was about 18 inches in diameter to bake bread and biscuits. It was "a kind of cast iron pot with three legs and a flat iron cover with edges turned all around for about two inches." The Dutch oven was set over a bed of coals and the coals were banked around the sides and placed on the lid. The lid had an iron ring so that it could be removed when hot. An experienced cook could bake as well with this pot as on a garrison kitchen range.[124]

The cooks and bakers that had to cope with this unvarying fare were men drawn from the company and detailed to the kitchen for ten-day tours of duty. Seldom did they possess the skills or imagination to prepare the ration in an appealing way. Captain Bourke related a story about Martin, a cook on Crook's Sierra Madre expedition. "What [Martin] lacked in culinary knowledge," Bourke noted, "he more than made up in strength and agility." The first time Bourke sat down to eat the meal Martin prepared, the soldier fixed his eyes on the Captain and calmly said, "If there's anybody here don't like the grub, I'll kick a lung out of him."

Lieut. C.C.C. Carr, at Fort McDowell from 1866-9, noted that officers had no advantage over the enlisted man in the quality of the food that was available.

…They were allowed to purchase enough of it, such as it was. It was black coffee, dry bread, poor beef or poorer pork, with rice or beans, month after month, for a year and a half. Vegetables were never to be had at any place within two hundred miles. Potatoes and onions would have brought fabulous prices, could they have been obtained there. The Subsistence Department kept no stores for sale to officers except crushed sugar and, occasionally, poor hams and dried apples. For the first half bushel of potatoes I was able to buy in Arizona, I gladly paid sixteen dollars and would have given sixty had it been demanded. For once, money seemed to have lost nearly all its power. It could neither be eaten nor exchanged for that which the human system craved. When at last scurvy attacked the garrison, and the post surgeon demanded the purchase of anti-scorbutics, wagons were sent two hundred and fifty miles and loaded with onions at forty-five dollars per bushel, and potatoes and cucumber pickles at corresponding prices. The remedy was expensive, but it was the natural result of the so-called economical measures originated by those in authority. The troops, afterwards, had fine gardens on a part of the farm land, and might have had them the first year had work on both gone hand in hand; but, as work on the [government] farm making then took precedence

over everything else it was too late to begin a garden after the completion of the farm.

…As our men were needed for fighting purposes, we carried on our horses nearly all the food we expected to subsist on for twelve or fifteen days. This was sometimes jerked beef, with the addition of pinole, a meal we made of parched Indian corn coarsely ground and prepared for use by mixing it with water and sugar to make a gruel. It quenched thirst, and appeased hunger, if it did not satisfy it, but in a short time it became tiresome. Its long continued use produced intestinal troubles, and in other respects it was objectionable as a steady diet. When possible we carried salt pork and hard bread, which were made to last without reference to the number of days or rations. That trick we had learned well in the Army of the Potomac. [Carr, Cavalryman in Indian Country]

A board commissioned in 1878 to look into the situation in mess halls found that "the food is, as a general rule, miserably cooked, while the man is in the kitchen long enough to ruin his clothing, without extra pay to replace it."[125] The board recommended that cooks and bakers be full-time specialists recruited for that purpose. They also published a manual for cooks. There proposal would not win acceptance until the Indian Wars were over.

At Fort Huachuca in 1886, the freshly-baked bread could often be the best-tasting item on the menu, which usually consisted of poor range beef (purchased at 12 cents per pound from neighboring cattlemen) or salted pork, beans or barley, dried vegetables, and coffee prepared by fellow cavalrymen on ten-day cooking and baking details. In 1883, an Inspector General visiting Fort Huachuca found the barley and grain, obtained by contract with local farmers, to be of poor quality. Upon examining the grain sacks he found a mix of grain, "roots and dried horse dung."

Despite the efforts of the non-professional cooks to thinly disguise the repetitious bill of fare with a variation of forms, the daily ration was the most popular subject for complaint. However, as Fort Huachuca improved, so did the quality and variety of food in the post's commissary stores. A community garden was cultivated in Tanner Canyon, a fact that resulted in the site being eventually more popularly referred to as Garden Canyon. Fresh vegetables and fruits enriched the solders' ration. By 1893 it was reported that fresh fish, oysters, and fruits were being obtained during the winter months from Guaymas and Hermosillo, Mexico. Butter, fowl, eggs, mutton, sausages, and hams were imported from Kansas City. The report offers this random sampling from a daily menu at Fort Huachuca.

Breakfast: Beef steak, fried potatoes, hot griddle cakes, syrup, coffee, and bread.

Dinner: Roast beef, baked potatoes, gravy, stewed tomatoes and onions, coffee, bread, and fresh fruit.

Supper: Fried hamburger steak with onions, Boston chips, tea, bread, ice cream and cake.

In the field, however, the rations could become scarce. On a scout in November 1879, Capt. A. B. McGowan reported that, because of lack of provisions, "our last two days' meals consisted of coffee and three spoonsful of oatmeal."

Assistant Acting Surgeon Dorsey M. McPherson wrote to his fiancee in 1879 that he had gone shopping and found potatoes at a nearby [25 miles] farm for six cents a pound. "That is cheap. Got some eggs which cost 70 cents per dozen, usual price."[126] Sergeant Perley S. Eaton, 3d Cavalry, related that: "For breakfast we had beef hash, dry sliced bread (no butter) and coffee (no milk), for dinner, sliced beef, dry bread and coffee, for supper, coffee straight—just dry bread and coffee—the food was very poor."

John Bigelow, a 10th Cavalry lieutenant in Arizona during the gruelling Apache campaigns, thought the food was sufficient on the trail.

An American soldier is allowed for his daily food: 3/4 lb. of bacon or 1 1/4 lb. of fresh beans; 1 1/8 lb. of flour or 1 lb. of hard bread; 0.15 lb. of beans or 0.10 lb. of rice, 0.10 lb. of coffee, 0.15 lb. of sugar, and a certain quantity of salt, pepper vinegar, and yeast powder. He receives no liquor. With occasional exceptions, especially as regards bread and bacon—of which he has not always his full allowance—a soldier gets all he asks for of the nourishment provided for him.

Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, who saw so much service on the trail of the Apaches, disagreed:

The ration as commonly issued is enough to keep a man alive, but he cannot do a great deal of hard work on it in this climate or sustain long, continued fatigue, simply because he gets no meat and as a rule poor bread. I say no meat. Perhaps I should say very little. This, however, would be a liberal estimate: Bacon half cooked and almost entirely fat is hardly attractive, even to a hungry man…and although it will sustain, 50 percent of the bacon issued on this trip has not been eaten. And had it not been for the issue of corned beef, breakfast bacon and rice, etc., few of the men would have stood the trip.

In a cold country bacon may be eaten and be of great service but in a climate such as Arizona or Sonora it falls far short of representing what should be the meat ration. I imagine that few workmen would live contentedly on fat bacon, bread and coffee for several months doing, during that time, hard work. Yet troops are sent out and expected to do the hardest kind of work on these rations.

Every opportunity was taken to give them fresh meat and vegetables, but these were not often obtained. Those who were sick, bore their ills without complaint and all expressed regret at being sent back.

The meat ration was often poorly cured and stored in hot Arizona warehouses. In early May 1886 the quartermaster at Huachuca had only 300 pounds of bacon on hand when Captain Lawton's column would need 2,000 pounds to sustain them for three months in the field. The bacon that was subsequently shipped from Fort Bowie was part of a larger shipment from California that had occasioned several complaints and led to a board of inquiry. The board found that "the bacon in question weighed 446 pounds, was rancid, mildewed, and unfit for use."

Some enterprising soldiers solved the bad meat problem by raising their own livestock in garrison. At Fort Huachuca at least one troop of the 4th Cavalry kept pigs which threatened to overrun the post.

To C.O., Troop I, 4th Cavalry

Sir: I am directed by the Commanding Officer to call your attention to the fact that you have here pertaining to your troop twenty-five large hogs and thirty-eight small ones at the post. The Post Commander desires that you take immediate steps to reduce these numbers as

they have become a great nuisance at the Post.

J. Richards, Jr.
1st Lieut., 4th Cavalry
Post Adjutant

"The Scout's Report at Breakfast," Frederic Remington.

"Cooking in Camp," Frederic Remington.

A turkey dinner for officers and their guests at Fort Marcy, New Mexico, in 1887.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Water

The parched stretches of the Southwest were as dangerous as the hostile Indians. Thirst could be a deadly foe. James Bennett, a dragoon who campaigned extensively in New Mexico made this entry in his diary in 1856.

Crossed a dry sandy plain. It was very warm with no water. A corporal belonging to the Infantry could not go any farther on account of thirst. Col. Chandler ordered him to get up and go on. He replied that he could not. The Colonel told him, "By God, you must!" The soldier said that he could not and would not. Col. Chandler raised his sword, struck the man across the shoulder, cutting a deep gash 6 inches in length. The man fell, bleeding profusely. We went on and left him. On the road we left 4 other men almost dead. 17 horses and mules died from want of water. At 10 o'clock at night, I went ahead with 6 men; found a spring; drank copiously; filled a dozen canteens; turned back; picked up the 4 men; and gave them water. They went on and joined the main body. I found the man wounded by Col. Chandler just gasping his last breath. Got down from my horse, put the canteen of water to his lips. He opened his eyes, recognized me, and died thanking me for the favor I had done him, a poor victim of an inhuman tyrant. I hope that a day of retribution will surely come.

As with so much of the military equipment in the Indian campaigns, improvisations were made to meet the demands of the arid Southwest. Second Lieutenant Fred Phelps, 8th Cavalry, described homemade canteens that could hold more water. "Before starting on this scout, I had provided myself with two very large canteens, each made of two tin wash basins with the edges placed together and riveted and soldered. These were covered with four thicknesses of woolen blanket, with a broad leather strap to attach to the saddle. Each of these canteens held four quarts of water…."[127]

Corporal William Jett, a Fort Huachuca cavalryman, remembered drawing a bucket of

water from a waterhole on the trail. "It smelled so bad the mules would drink but little of it. I could not drink it at all till it was made coffee. I made up some dough and cooked some bread. The next morning I went on my way hoping the food and fluid had done me no harm. Who can tell if it did?" Jett later found out that the hole contained a dead jackrabbit and said, "And I know my stomach has been giving me trouble ever since."

A few years before Corporal Jett's time, a captain at Huachuca was being court-martialed for chronic drunkeness. His defense, desperate but innovative, was that the drinking water around Huachuca was unfit for human consumption, so he was forced to drink whiskey. He lost his case.

Illustration: "A Pull at the Canteen," Arizona, 1888, Frederic Remington.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Pay

"A dollar a day is damn poor pay, but thirteen a months is less." —From an Army song.

For the privilege of eating execrable rations, of living a spartan existence far away from the comforts of home, of suffering harsh discipline, of foregoing the company of gentle women and for the chance to suffer a terrible death, if not at the hands of Indians, then from disease, primitive medicine, or the rigors of a life of contention with nature, the private soldier received $7 a month, a dollar more if he was in the cavalry. The wages, which were fixed from 1802 to 1854, were $13 for a sergeant. After a 1854 pay bill, all enlisted ranks got $4 more a month and, for the first time, an enlistment bonus of $2 for the first and $1 for each successive enlistment.

From the soldier's monthly pay was deducted 12 1/2 cents for The Soldiers' Home in Washington, D.C. If he was paid in "greenbacks," [before 1879], the soldier would have to convert it to silver or gold at a discount of from 15 to 50 percent. He would have to pay the company barber, cobbler and tailor. He would either marry or pay the washerwoman who laundered his clothes. Some married men sent home as much of their pay as they could; some thrifty men added it to their savings; but most squandered it on drinking and gambling.

Eugene Bandel was born in Prussia in July 1835. He emigrated to the United States in 1853, and lived in Washington, D.C., with his uncle, learning to be a locksmith. After a falling out with his uncle, he enlisted in the Army on 1 November 1854 and would be stationed in the Southwest. His letters and diary form a valuable picture of an enlisted man's life in the pre-Civil War army.

An infantryman receives $11 a month; a cavalryman and an artilleryman, $12; A corporal in the former, $13, and in the latter, $14; a sergeant, $17 and $18; an orderly sergeant, $20 and $21; a second lieutenant, $25; and so on. …The men are paid every second month if the paymaster is in the vicinity. When this is not the case, then they are often not paid for four of perhaps six months. But when payday does come, you should see the life! The rations are not touched. The men live on dainties until their money is gone. Then they are satisfied. As regards myself, I must confess that I have not saved a cent, though I have never been short of money to buy civilian clothes, cigars, tobacco, etc. Still, if one does not care to eat anything but the regular soldier's fare and desires no recreation, such as a leave of absence for a pleasure trip or the like, he could indeed save not only his entire pay but also most of his clothing allowance. A soldier is not expected to work for the government unless a civilian is not to be had; and then if a soldier be so employed for more than ten days, he receives twenty-five or forty cents a day extra pay, a day laborer the first amount and a mechanic the second.

It is fair to say that Sgt. Bandel was very careful about money. Here he talks about his expenses:

> *. . . In fact, whenever I thought my health would benefit by the spending of money, I spent it. Although, of course, we are always issued food enough to eat, I have paid out a good deal for such things as potatoes, fresh meat, etc., and have also spent considerable for clothing, though this is also issued to us without cost. But I have the advantage now of being in good health, while many who have suffered the same hardships as I have, complain of rheumatism, gout, etc. Then, too, I have never yet been obliged to keep on wearing a dirty shirt when, as sometimes happened, six weeks would pass by without a clean one being issued to us. Then,*

when you understand that I always wear three shirts (two flannel and one cotton—or, perhaps, it is linen, for I can't tell the difference), and have on drawers summer and winter, and that while on the march I changed my socks daily and other underwear twice a week, you will realize that my trunk, as well as my knapsack, is well filled. In short, I have not foregone all the advantages which money could offer.

…Clothing and such things are also very high. For example, I paid $6 for a pair of heavy boots, $2.50 for a pair of light shoes, etc. You may think, perhaps, that wood is cheap here, but even in that you would be mistaken.

. . . Every glass of beer, for instance, costs 12 1/2 cents (that is, about 5 silver groschen). The smallest piece of money here is the ten-cent piece, which passes for 12 1/2 cents, however. If you buy a box of matches for 12 1/2 cents, you will receive change for half a dollar, 3 ten-cent pieces and thus absolutely loose 7 1/2 cents, although this same 10 cents is everywhere accepted as one-eighth of a dollar. Last Sunday I bought some articles of clothing, though they were rather expensive: a cap, $2; two overshirts, $2; two undershirts, $3; a necktie, $1.75; two handkerchiefs, $1.50; and a pocketknife, $2. That takes money, believe me. . .

In 1861 the monthly pay of a private was raised from $11 to $13. The private would receive a raise of $3 a month in 1864. In 1870 the rate was reduced to the level prior to the 1864 raise, that is $13 per month. In 1872 the law was modified to add a longevity pay. The soldier would receive an extra dollar each month if he had three years of service, $2 more a month for four years, and $3 extra for five years. The longevity bonus was withheld until discharge, however, to discourage desertion. Commenting on the 1872 pay changes, Brig. Gen. C. C. Augur said the legislation "will have…a very happy effect upon that not wholly appreciated class, and render them more zealous, if possible in performing their arduous and thankless labors."[128] The private made $13 per month, a corporal $15, sergeant $17, and first sergeant $22. Enlisted men in the Engineers or Ordnance made more as they rose up the ladder. The private first class made $17, corporal $20, sergeant $34, the Signal Corp sergeant first class and hospital steward $45. This pay scale would remain in effect until 1898.

An enlisted man at a post like Fort Huachuca in 1885 could earn an additional 50 cents a day if detailed as a mechanic, schoolteacher or artisan, or earn 35 cents a day if he worked as a laborer, teamster or clerk. This would enable him to bring in even more than the monthly salary of a first sergeant. By the time Huachuca's Corporal Jett was discharged in 1886, he had saved $800 during a five-year enlistment, enough to buy a half share of a ranch near Huachuca.[129] Perhaps Jett had availed himself of the Army's savings plan whereby a soldier could deposit $5 or more with the paymaster and collect four percent interest after six months on deposits of $50 or more. Jett was unusually frugal, however, claiming to spend only $3 of his pay per month. During his five-year enlistment, he also saved $100 from his clothing allowance.

Between 1877 and 1886, a Fort Huachuca soldier could expect to pay $10 for a colorized photographic portrait for the folks back home; take the stage from Tombstone to Tucson for $10, get a meal for 50 cents and a bed for 75 cents, buy a Handbook of Arizona Territory by Richard J. Hinton for $2; pick up paper-covered novels for 25 cents or collect Gibbon's cloth-covered, six-volume *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* for $.5.40; mail order a seven-shot revolver for $3.00; buy an imitation gold watch for as little as $8; get some sheet music for 15 cents; purchase a new wooden tobacco pipe for 25 cents; purchase a quart of beer for 50 cents, or lay out $1 for a pocket edition of Webster's Dictionary.

When serving with the 4th Cavalry in New Mexico and Arizona, Lieut. James Parker

observed, "Pay day was irregular—sometimes once in two months, sometimes, on account of absence in the field, once in four or six months. The soldier's pay, though only $13 a month, and at times reduced by fines, might amount on pay day to a considerable sum. Pay day often was a debauch, an orgy of drunkenness. I had seen over ten per cent of the enlisted men of a Command in the guardhouse for intoxication, and there was much desertion as well on pay day."[130]

Brigadier General Thomas Cruse was a lieutenant in the Department of Arizona in the 1870s and 80s and wrote in *Apache Days and After* that "it might be noted that thirteen dollars (the soldier's monthly wage) would not buy much beer at one dollar the bottle for Anheuser-Busch, the current price at [Forts] Apache and Thomas."[131] Having spent a lot of time in the field in Arizona and New Mexico in 1880, Cruse showed some understanding of the problems faced by the enlisted man. "Although it always meant extra duty burden for me on such occasions, I never could bring myself to blame the men for spreeing. There was nothing else to do; scarcely ever anything to read; no lights but candles to read by—and a niggardly allowance even of those; Army ration "straight," as the commissary at that time did not provide the various canned foods, now so freely issued."[132]

The officers, having the privileges of rank, were paid more in the first half of the nineteenth century. The 2d Lieutenant made $25 per month, the colonel $75, and the general-in-chief $200 per month. After 1857, all officers received a $20 per month pay raise. The base pay was augmented, however, by allowances for everything from fuel to servants and could increase a officer's pay by as much as three times.

For instance, Second Lieutenant George B. Sanford, was paid per month in 1861 a $53.33 base pay, $36 in subsistence which was figured at four rations a day at 30 cents per ration, $16 for forage for his two horses, and $23.50 per month for one servant calculated on the cost of paying a private's pay, subsistence and clothing.

Officer's annual pay rates, established by government statute on 15 July 1870 were as follows: Major general, $,7,500; brigadier general, $5,500; colonel, $3,500; lieutenant colonel, $3,000; major, $2,500; mounted captain, $2,000; unmounted captain, $1,800; mounted first lieutenant, $1,600; unmounted first lieutenant, $1,500; mounted second lieutenant, $1,500; and unmounted second lieutenant, $1,400.

Congress was not disposed to grant pay raises for officers and some even considered them a drag on society. Speaking from the House floor, an Ohio congressman declared, "We see our officers now in almost every city strutting about the streets in indolence, sustained by the laboring people, fed from the public crib, but doing nothing whatever to support themselves or increase the wealth of the nation." The congressman needed only to look to the American Southwest to see usually able officers enduring the hardships of an unforgiving frontier.

An officer, John Haden, told the story of being on a stagecoach traveling to his station in the west when it was robbed. The robber only had to take one look at his uniform to know that he would get little here. "Damn it," he said, "you army officers never have any money."[133]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Recreation

For entertainment, the frontier soldier was thrown upon his own resources. Lieut. Elliot Coues, a medical officer at Fort Whipple, Arizona Territory, in 1865, recounted the many evenings he and his fellow officers would "settle down in earnest for the night's poker." About

imbibing in alcohol, Coues sarcastically noted that it is "well known that officers never drink."[134]

Thespian societies were a popular form of entertainment. Private Percival Lowe talked about his acting experiences. "Leaving out of our squad a few who could find nothing in life worth living unless able to procure whiskey, we had a remarkably good set of men, some scholars, some good singers and quite a smattering of theatrical talent, out of which was organized a so-called Thespian Society. …[We] made up the actors, and gave a performance once a week…in our dining room. A little assistance came from K, but the "detachment" contained more genius in that line than the balance of the Post. All officers and ladies at the Post came to the performances."[135]

Corporal Lowe was good at arranging entertainments. While still in Missouri he acted as the treasurer for the money raised from among the men for a ball. He said, "Our ball came off, and was a great success from the soldier's standpoint, and did a great deal of good. The men were on their good behavior—their pride was appealed to, and even the roughest seemed to rise a little higher and to think better of themselves."[136]

Sgt. Eugene Bandel found that having a good time could be costly.

. . . This ball tomorrow will be a rather expensive affair; it is to be a masked ball in Leavenworth city, three miles from here. You may be able to form some idea of how dear everything is here when I tell you that I shall have to pay $5 for a mask costume for one night. The entrance fee is $3. It is so with all pleasures. For a game of billiards the charge is 25 cents, or about 10 silver groschen in Prussian money; 5 cents for a cigar, etc.

Dragoon James Bennett's diary touched on some of the frontier entertainments.

Jan 5, [1851].—At night, attended another dance. Now I was an old acquaintance. I must dance. I did make an attempt but I must have made a ludicrous appearance as I never had danced before. This night the ladies indulged freely in wine, smoked a great many cigarritos, danced incessantly, and finally as midnight approached quarrels commenced. Half a dozen women became excited, had their passions aroused, fought, pulled each other's hair, scratched each other's faces, tore each other's dresses, and were borne off by their friends in a flood of tears because their wrongs were unavenged. They consoled themselves with thoughts of another fandango where they again might become gloriously drunk. Oh what a scene! Horrid to

relate and sad to remember!

March 10.—Paymaster arrived yesterday. Paid off the troops. Night came. The long rows of beds in our quarters were occupied. Benches were all full. All were interested in playing cards. Money exchanged hands as fast as possible. Up jumped one cursing himself, his parents, his God, for his evil fortune. Another that fiendish smile exhibited because he had won his fellows' money. All much engaged. Morning found many still gambling. Lost their sleep and their money. This is a practice followed very much by soldiers.

Lieut. James Parker "found time for other diversions. There were deer and duck in the vicinity, horse racing was a favorite sport, foot races were indulged in. We constructed a primitive gymnasium where we held numerous events. At night it was cold on the mountain plateau, but in our fireplace great pinon logs crackled, throwing out an aromatic odor. There was much singing…. There was considerable card playing, while some of the officers, more studious, utilized the evenings to improve their minds by study. No women were present with our command [at Fort Garland, Colo.]."[137]

Sports played a large part in their off-duty time with baseball games, and track and field events being the most popular. The remote fastness of many a southwestern post meant that hunting and fishing would be good. Officers, especially married ones, would entertain in their homes.

The *Tombstone Epitaph* ran this communique from its stringer on the border: "…Lieut. Cook, commander of F Troop, has organized a baseball club and proposes to beat Capt. Smith of A Troop, or bust a corporal." The results of that game and whether or not the corporal retained his stripes are not known, but, thanks to an account left by 13th Infantryman Samuel D. Gilpin, it is related that Company A beat "a cowboy baseball nine" on the 4th of July, 1885, at a border camp. The winners' prize consisted of two barrels of Milwaukee beer, a rare delicacy for the gentlemen manning this far-flung outpost. And gentlemen they were. They shared their winnings with the losing cowboys and spectators.

The Fort Huachuca baseball team traveled to Tombstone on 4 July 1889 to play the Tombstone team. The game ended in a rhubarb about the officiating. Here is an account published by the *Tombstone Epitaph*.

The baseball game between the Huachuca and the Tombstone nines was not an exciting one up to the fifth inning, the score standing at the fourth ten to three in favor of the home nine. The Huachucas went to bat in the fifth and scored eight runs. Our boys tied the visitors at the end of the fifth, whitewashed them in the sixth and made four runs in the seventh. The visitors scored three and the home team one in the eighth. The Huachucas went to bat with fourteen runs to their credit while our boys had sixteen. There were two men on and one run to the credit of the visitors when a rank decision caused the visitors to quit the ground in disgust. A large amount of money had been put up on the game which was awarded by the referee to those who had backed the home nine. That the visitors were most shamefully treated was apparent to all present and frequent were the manifestations of disapproval on the part of the spectators, who hissed and cried, "Shame, Outrage," etc. Many persons who had bet on the home nine refused to take the money bet by the soldiers and called their bets down during the game. The excuse given for the action of the home team was that they were treated in the same manner by the Fort Huachuca boys when they visited the post last time. Taken for granted that this was the case, it only causes those who have liberally supported the game for the pleasure of witnessing it once in a while to lose interest in it as a sport which might be enjoyed.[138]

"The next day was payday and a hilarious time was had. The saloons and gambling houses were wide open and in Kelley and Beatty's saloon, the Officer of the Day came in and ordered the men back to the camp. One of the men, full of liquor and beer, grabbed the Officer of the

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Alcohol

And, of course, the most common form of entertainment for the frontier soldier was drinking. Sergeant Percival Lowe described the drinking problem in his company and how it was handled.

…Major Chilton made a speech to the troop, in which he gave them excellent advice concerning their conduct in garrison. …They had made a good campaign, a campaign that should be a credit to any troop. Unfortunately there were men who would become intoxicated, get in trouble and cause trouble for every one having anything to do with them. He advised them that whisky was their worst enemy, and if they drank at all not to get drunk, and assured them that leniency for those who did need not be expected, for he would not have his troop destroyed in that way. I think that speech did much good; moderate drinkers watched the fellows who had little control of themselves, and curtailed the excesses.

* * *

Of course we did not always have peace and happiness, nor freedom from drunkenness, but we came nearer having home rule—self government— government within the troop and by the members of it than any of the oldest members had before seen. It was a little binding on 10 percent of them who were taught many good lessons in respectful demeanor and language towards noncommissioned officers; they could not hide insolence and abuse under the cloak of drunk, and hence not accountable. There was much whisky drunk and no effort made to conceal it. "Budgen-ken," a sort of company club, in a place fixed up between the two stables, was always supplied, each drinker "chipping in" to buy whisky, and the men given to understand that any abuse of the privilege would insure its destruction. No whisky was allowed in the quarters, a rule which was closely lived up to.[141]

First Sergeant Hand thought it remarkable enough to note in his diary that he "was sober today."

Private Philip Gooch Ferguson told the story of the soldier who was thrown from his horse and "was asked by the orderly sergeant if he was not drinking. 'No,' he replied, 'my horse was drinking.'"[142]

When Army contract surgeon Dr. Edward Palmer brought a five-gallon keg of alcohol into the territory with which to preserve biological specimens he hoped to collect, he was forced to add to the liquid two pounds of arsenic in order to keep his escort of First Arizona Volunteer Infantry from drinking it.

Lieutenant James Parker, with the 4th Cavalry at Huachuca in 1886, recalled:

Mescal, a fiery stuff, in taste like gin, could be had cheaply, too cheaply, in fact. This and the immorality of the women who made up for their lack of beauty by their generosity, caused disorders at times among the men. One corporal had to be reduced and a number of men led their horses in rear of the column as a punishment for drunkenness.

Not all of the men had a like for mescal, however; men like First Sergeant George Neihaus said: "Soldiers made fire water out mescal, they called it Indian Fire Water. I drank Mexican mescal once, was tied up for two days and never drank again in my life."

Officers also had their run-ins with mescal. While on patrol with Al Sieber, a respected civilian Chief of Scouts and well known jokester, Lieutenant Britton Davis was invited to a Mexi-

can camp for *un tragito de vino* (a swallow of wine). The camp turned out to be a mescal distillery. Davis related:

> *Our Mexican friends, using a half of a gourd for a cup, passed around a loving cup of the fiery stuff hot from the still. A sip for me was sufficient, and that followed promptly by a swallow of water. On account of the excessive heat, a hundred and twenty or so in the shade, we had with us a couple of canteens of water from a cool little spring at our camp. As we were taking leave the Mexicans insisted on another tragito all around. Without my knowing it, Sieber had emptied one of the canteens of water and filled it with mescal from a keg in the room. When I reached for the canteen of water to quench the fire in my throat he handed me the canteen of mescal and I got two big gulps of the liquor down before I realized what he had done. Subsequent proceedings interested me no more and I made a bee-line for camp and my roll of bedding.*

A march took place in 1849 from Monterrey, Mexico, to Los Angeles, California. It is remarkable for the accounts left by two of the participants, Lieut. Cave Johnson Couts and Private Samuel E. Chamberlain. Couts' journal gives a picture of the officer corps of the time that is rarely glimpsed. Couts, who graduated from West Point in 1843, and was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the First Dragoons in 1847, was described as "the soul of honor…a jovial and genial companion, fond of jokes, music and dancing." His journal shows his contempt for some of his fellow officers, especially the commander of the troop movement from Chihuahua City to California, Major Lawrence P. Graham, who he referred to as "a barrel of whiskey," or simply "Whiskey."

> *…[Major Graham] displayed more ignorance, more selfishness, and more gross abuse of his authority than I thought any captain in the service would be guilty of….*
>
> *Stupid as is possible for a man to be made by the contents of a whiskey barrel, the only satisfaction received upon our remonstrance was, "I will not discuss the matter—the order is issued and must be obeyed. If you feel aggrieved, make your remonstrance in writing, through the proper channel, and it shall be forwarded." This was all, for he could not reply to the reason and justice exhibited to him. But, as already mentioned, he is so constantly stupified with whiskey, that nothing emanating from him could astonish us much. Give me a tyrant and despot, but for God's sake deliver me from a barrel of whiskey for a commanding officer! Stupidly drunk since leaving Sacramento or Chihuahua, and God only knows when he will be sober, the sutler having a large supply on hand, with whom he is very intimate….*
>
> *Continuing to soak his liquor, Whiskey! became almost speechless that night at Corralitos, at a fandango, where he was nearly all night. Leaving next morning at 7 1/2 still stupidly drunk, took the wrong road….*
>
> *[At the Gila River] a man of Campbell's company was drowned. His orderly sergeant hearing of it came and found him… and reported that "Private Bingham has been drowned." [The Adjutant] Campbell was playing cards and very unconcernedly replied "Very Well! Sergeant!"*

Enlisted man James Bennett recorded in his diary that after selecting a site for a fort in 1855, "The Officers all got drunk."

An enlisted man with the California Volunteers, the unit that had replaced the regular army in Arizona and New Mexico during the Civil War, said of his commanding officer, John Cremony, "I do not believe any thing he says except when he says he wants whiskey." Private Teal said in 1862 of his First Lieutenant, the Frenchman Edward A. Descourtis,

…old french drunk as usual. I was on guard & while on post in the morning the old french devil sings out "sentinel, By G—d what you do? ah! I learn you your duty by G—d." We went to point of rock on the 10 & to the laguna on the 11. While we were eating our supper at the laguna the drunken old frenchman came up to our picket line. With the devel in him, turned McGrew's horse loose & tied his own horse in the place of McGs saying, "if you want one row you can have it." Then turning toward me he said "Ah! Teal you laugh at me I learn you by G—d seargent Lauderback, you disarm that man Teal & make him walk tommorrow." I sat still for I had firmly resolved not to obey that order. The seargent hesitated a few seconds, then the privates all spoke up & said "if one man walks, we will all walk." that settled it, the old frenchman left, as he was mute with terror.[143] *[Walker, A Soldier in…, 49, 47]*

Sgt. George Hand, a civil war soldier in Arizona, described the resourcefulness that had to be employed in some instances to obtain whiskey, this time on the 4th of July.

The colors were raised at sunrise. No guns fired till 12, noon. The Declaration of Independence was not read for the reason that no copy of it could be found. Two gallons of whiskey were issued to each company. I was appointed barkeeper for Company G. The whiskey did not last long and it was impossible for a soldier to buy any from the sutler.

The commanding officer gave orders that no officer should sign an order for whiskey. It therefore became necessary for us to invent a method for getting it. I wrote orders for two hours, signing lieutenants' names to them. We paid for all of it, and many were drunk. Several procured passes to cross the river [from Fort Yuma to Colorado City]. The boys were getting drunk over there. The man who kept the saloon in Colorado City sent word over that the different companies were fighting with each other…. The officers were all ordered before the Colonel to give an account of their disobedience of orders in the matter of signing orders for whiskey—the sutler had a barrell full of them. The officers all swore that they did not write a one of them, although the signatures looked like their writing. So the matter dropped—The colonel said the men were better writers than the officers.

Hand also made plenty of entries about the proclivities of his officers for alcohol.

Oct. 3 Cap. Tuttle of "I," 5th Inft., while in charge of the parade at Fort Yuma was so drunk as to fall his whole length on his face and actually had to be carried off by the men. I suppose, after mature deliberation of the evidence adduced, he will be sentenced to six months hard labor in charge of the guard and $5.00 of his monthly pay stopped for each month of his confinement. He certainly is as good as a Private and ought to receive as many benefits.

Oct. 7 . . . Lieut. Nichols, off. of the day, came to the guardhouse so drunk as to be totally unable to know his duty. From no. 1 post, when hailed by no. 1, he answered, "officer of the guard." He introduced new rules by telling me not to turn out the guard unless the off. of the day told me to. I expect he'll get a blind [fine] for being drunk on duty. The nights are getting quite cool.

Oct. 12 (Sunday) Capt. Davis, Lt. Hanson, & others left for their cos. The boys are still in a whiskeyficated state. A pig (100 lbs.) bit one of our boys. He was sentenced to die without trial. The meat went fine for supper. Lt. Smith is detailed to take the census of [the District of] western Arizona.

A sergeant serving in southern Arizona in 1866 later remembered that "Our men seemed able to get a drink right in the middle of the desert. Sometimes they would be put in the guard house."[144] In the middle of the desert were always stations at which to water stock. Camillo C. C. Carr, then a lieutenant, left a vivid picture.

…The stations as they were called, were only brush shelters or adobe hovels, built near the watering places, at which all travelers were expected to stop to water and feed their stock, and poison themselves with the beverage peculiar to the country, known as "Pickhandle Whiskey." This "murderer's inspiration" was said to be made of alcohol, water, cayenne pepper and tobacco, in proportion varying with the stock of ingredients on hand. The whole having been thoroughly mixed with a pick handle, it was ready to be served to those desiring something stimulating, but not hurtful, to rouse their flagging energies, or soothe their excited brains.[145]

Lieut. Col. Edward McGarry, 32d Infantry, had been a California Volunteer, commanding the 2d Calif. Cavalry in Nevada. In 1867 he was commanding a garrison at Tubac when he showed up for a dress parade in the plaza "in a sad state of intoxication." Lieut. Veil, his next in command, wrote in his reminiscences:

He wore an old slouch hat, such as we usually wore on campaigns, his sash about half wrapped about his waist, one end trailing behind. He finally managed to reach his position before the command and the gathering of citizens. The adjutant gave the command "Present arms" and turning, saluted and presented the command. The Colonel managed to draw his sword and then finding he was in such a shaky condition as to require a brace, used his sword as a cane. Finally seeing that something was required or expected of him, he gave the command, "Present arms." As the command was then standing at a "Present" no one moved an arm. The Colonel then repeated his command and still no change, about that the Colonel began to grow angry and with a strong accent on the "present" repeated his command and still no one moved.

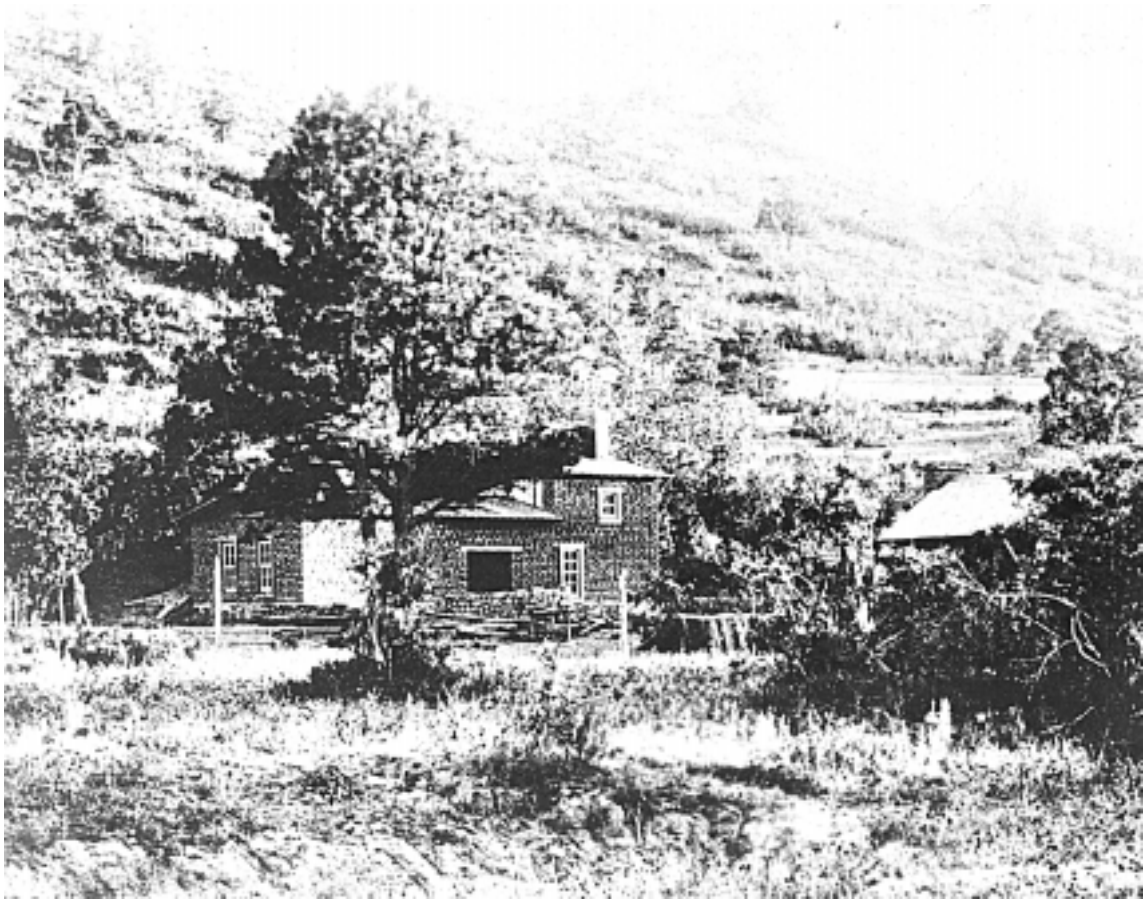
Veil suggested that the colonel go to his quarters which he eventually did.[146] McGarry was reassigned to San Francisco, California, but no disciplinary action was taken against this apparently popular officer. He committed suicide in a hotel there on 31 December 1867, slashing his throat with a pocket knife.

Of course, drinking was the chief vice among the frontier soldier. Lieut. Col. Wallen, 14th Infantry in Arizona, warned against it in his *Service Manual* of 1869.

213. The soldier cannot be too frequently warned against the vices of drunkenness, disobedience, irregularity, and negligence; the former of which leads men into the commission of crimes from which, in their sober moments, they would shrink with abhorence and disgust; it destroys helath, blasts success in life, exposed them to the infliction of disgraceful punishment, to the loss of reason, produces mutiny and violence, and, if they have a wife and children, it entails perpetual destitution and misery on them.

In all stations of life, drunkenness is the origin of most irregularities, the more expecially in the army; and non-commissioned officers and privates may be assured that a habitude of this debasing vice, though at times unconnected with their duty, will be considered by their commanding officer as disqualifying them from holding any office of trust.

In proof of the value of sobriety as a soldier-like quality, the following extract of an order issued by a heroic and distinguished officer, after a memorable defence, is here inserted: "The commanding officer attributes the famed courage of the regiment before the enemy, their exemplary conduct in quarters under the most trying circumstances, the unwearied spirit which supported them in their incredible labors, and their extraordinary good health, to the very auspicious fact that, during the whole time, they had no means of obtaining liquor of any description.[147]



Signal Corps photo 89511 captioned: "Troopers' hangout near Fort Huachuca, Arizona, where part of the soldiers' pay of $13 a month was squandered for booze, 1885."

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Sex

And what about sex? What did the soldiers do for female companionship? A letter from Lieut. Sylvester Mowry dated 29 October 1855 to a friend back east sums up the options.

We are surrounded by squaws all day long—entirely naked except a little fringe of bark hardly covering the "alta dick." "Hide" is cheaper here than in any place I have ever been. A pound of beads costs $2.50 and you can "obtain" fifteen or twenty squaws for a tender moment with it.

I have a mortal aversion to squaws so I must explain I have entertained only a few of the prettiest. Their figures are beautiful—splendid busts, hard as marble and standing out like a bull in level country. Small hands and feet and symmetrical limbs. They are dirty, however, and altogether very much like a knot hole with a few exceptions. I have [experienced?] now about all the Indian tribes on this coast and some others. Tonight is my wedding night, "in an

hour." In short I have just gotten a little Sonoramian girl (Mexican) for a mistress. She is seventeen, very pretty, dark hair, big black eyes, and dark olive complexion.

At present she is living with the "Great Western" and comes up nights to my room. Next month, however, Hooper, our sutler, his woman, myself and my woman are to mess together. Quite a "happy family." It costs almost nothing to keep a woman here, in fact it is a matter of economy.

P.S. The "Great Western" you remember don't you, as the woman who distinguished herself so much at the Fort Brown bombardment just before the battles of Palo Alto and Resacca. She has been with the Army twenty years and was brought up here where she keeps the officers' mess. Among her other good qualities she is an admirable "pimp." She used to be a splendid looking woman and has done "good service"—but is too old for that now.[148]

Writing from Yuma in April 1856, Mowry said "our principal occupation at present is drilling, riding, "rogueing" Squaws and drinking ale—the weather being too hot for whiskey. I have got several *virgins* in training for use and occupation and will give you the particulars "by next mail."[149]

Dragoon James Bennett vented his indignation in this diary entry:

Feb. 4 [1854].—An Army officer came in with his mistress, by whom he has two children. The officer has a wife and family in the States. What do men think of themselves, and she, the woman, knowing to the fact?

There were few Anglo woman in the territory. Clerk Charles E. Whilden, writing from Santa Fe in 1856, said there were only "six unmarried American Ladies in New Mexico. I should like very much to see an American young Lady as there are none in Santa Fe, and I have not seen one for some time."[150]

When the soldiers garrisoning the isolated posts of the Southwest border sought relief from the military routine, they most often turned to gambling and drinking. Other more wholesome activities included dances arranged by the soldiers and held at the recreation hall on post, or organized by local ranchers. When the soldier did come in contact with a rare member of the opposite sex, he sometimes had forgotten how to approach them. When Corporal Jett met a girl at a ranch dance, he found himself shy in the extreme. "I knew what to do with Indians, soldiers, Mexicans, cowboys, teamsters, centipedes, tarantulas and rattlesnakes, but I did not know what to do with this young lady…."[151]

Prostitution was commonplace in the frontier towns like Tombstone, Arizona. Reginald A. Bradley, a soldier with the 4th Cavalry stationed at Fort Bowie, Arizona, recorded his observation: "You take a young fellow 22 or 23, he'll always be thinking about where he can get a drink of beer, or a girl." And Bradley did think about it. He found that at Fort Bowie "you couldn't get any beer," but added that down the road at Dos Cabezas "there were all kinds of things going on…prostitutes and everything like that…."[152]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Officers

The Indian Wars officer was either a West Point graduate or appointed from civilian life. In the latter category, he was usually a volunteer veteran of the Civil War. In the larger post-war army, the new positions of first and second lieutenants were to be given to volunteer officers who had distinguished themselves by serving at least two years in the Civil War. In the cavalry regiments,

two-thirds of the vacancies for captain and above were filled by volunteers, and in the infantry one-half of those spots would go to volunteers. Some examples of officers who owed their commissions to Civil War service rather than a military academy education were Nelson A. Miles, Adna R. Chaffee, and Henry W. Lawton. Former enlisted men also rose to the commissioned ranks, in most cases the result of outstanding Civil War service. The *Army Register* of 1874 showed 193 officers, or thirteen percent of line officers, who owed their commissions to Civil War achievements. Eighty-seven of these were of foreign birth.[153]

A classic characterization of the Irish-American enlisted man who has risen to the ranks of troop commander by virtue of his Civil War merit and accomodation to a demanding and ritualistic way of life in a frontier army, is provided by dean of Indian War historians, Robert Utley who quotes the welcoming speech given by Captain Gerald Russell, 3d Cavalry, Fort Selden, New Mexico, to new recruits in 1869:

> *Young Min! I conghratulate yiz on bein assigned to moi thrupe, becos praviously to dis toime, I vinture to say that moi thrupe had had more villins, loyars, teeves, scoundhrils and, I moight say, dam murdhrers than enny udder thrupe in the United States Ormy. I want yiz to pay sthrict attintion to jooty—and not become dhrunken vagabonds, wandhrin all over the face of Gods Creashun, spindin ivry cint ov yur pay with low bum-mers. Avoide all timptashuns, loikewoise all discipashuns, so that in toime yiz kin become non-commissioned offizurs; yez'll foind yer captin a very laynent man and very much given to laynency, fur oi niver duz toi no man up bee der tumbs unless he duz bee late for roll-call. Sargint, dismiss de detachmint.*[154]

As might be expected, the officer was often the subject of the enlisted man's wrath, whether the officer was a graduate of West Point, the "Dude Factory," or a civil appointee. Referring to young lieutenants from West Point, a Sgt. Harry McConnell remarked that he "never saw one that could drill a squad, ride a horse, knew how to wear a saber without getting it tangled up with his legs, mount a guard, make out a ration return, or inspect a carbine." The civil appointees fared no better in this man's estimation. They were "queer specimens, as utterly worthless for any possible place…in civil life." But for the officers who had come up through the ranks, that was a different story. He considered them "every inch soldiers, educated in the only thorough school—experience."[155]

George O. Hand was a sergeant with the California Column that soldiered in Arizona during the Civil War. In his diary for 1862 he was scandalized by the behavior of his officers.

> *1862, June 2-A lieutenant of the Fifth Infantry was very drunk on dress parade. After we were dismissed groans and hootings were heard from all of the men's quarters, also shouts of "Give him a blind! A twenty dollar blind!" Another officer was caught in the graveyard with an Indian woman, and she only half a woman at that. Some of these officers are a disgrace to the cloth that they wear.*
>
> *1863 March 18—Gen. West left for Hart's Mill and now we only wait to see the final flap on the coat of dirty Mc[Mullen] as the boys (very appropriately) call him. He seems like one who cannot stand prosperity. He dogs the company all over and talks very insultingly to them. Such remarks as this: "I could take a lot of blockheads and in three days learn them to drill better than you." Such talk does men no good. It makes them worse and they do not try to suit him. He took a gun this morning and tried the manual of arms. He found that a little practice would enable him to do better. Every soldier is disgusted with him.*
>
> *Sept 7 [1862] (Sunday) Sergt. Longworth was put in arrest by Lieut. Nichols, 1st Cav., because he would or did not rise and salute him (after dark) according to his rank,*

himself (Nichols) being intoxicated at the time. It may be well to state here some of the doings and the manner the noncoms & privates are looked upon and treated in the volunteer service. A Sergt. was arrested on a serious charge, viz. neglect of duty. He was arraigned before a body of honorable and high-minded officers who were sworn to do their duty. The evidence was produced and not the least trifling thing could be proven. But in order to preserve the dignity of the high & hon. court after mature deliberation, they concluded to reduce him to the ranks (thus showing their power was supreme). Then as his crime (that of being in arrest) was not supposed to very great, the same court which disgraced him recommended him to the mercy of the commanding officer, instead of honorable acquitting him at first. That is what is called justice in the volunteer service. …This service is more degrading to one who has the least particle of many pride than any menial work ever performed. …The great wonder in my mind is that some of them have not been killed.

Sergeant Lowe also recorded his opinion of some of his officers.

About this time [@1850] Second Lieutenant D. H. Hastings joined B troop. He brought with him a fine reputation for long and faithful service, and looked every inch an officer to be respected. He served many years as a first sergeant, won his commission in the Mexican War, where one heel was shot off, and he wore a cork one. A man of iron will and nerve, he was all that a good soldier could wish in a good officer.[156]

Another NCO, John Spring, found much to respect in his lieutenant at Camp Wallen, William Henry Winters. "Physically he was a model of a man in stature, bearing and features, which latter would frequently assume the kindliness of sweet expression of a person who loves his fellow man. He was also a fine soldier and had the polite manner and refined speech of our modern graduate of West Point."[157]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Officers' Prospects

Prospects for promotion were not reassuring. An officer might expect to spend thirty-five to forty years in the same regiment and retire as a captain or major. This was brought about by Congress' reluctance to institute a retirement system whereby aging officers could retire with an annuity. They were afraid such a system would be a dangerous precedent and would lead to demands for a civil service retirement as well. The result was that the Army's top ranks were clogged with increasingly feeble old men who could not afford to vacate their positions.

By 1856, 73 percent of the Army's officers were the product of a West Point education. The Indian campaigning in the Department of New Mexico would temper that education with hard experience and many of the young officers in the department would fight in the Civil War and reach general officer rank. Others would choose to resign their commissions and earn their fortune in the Southwest. Lieut. Sylvester Mowry made that decision. Writing from Fort Yuma in 1855 he said,

I think of resigning from the Army next summer and practising law or something else. I can't stand this life. It is nearly Hell. Nothing but a lower order of vegetation. I am bound to get away in the Spring if possible and I am going to make it possible. If I can make such arrangements as I hope to—goodby Uncle Sam. The Army offers nothing—the pay is too small

to live on. This is actually true.

There is no opportunity for distinction and a good duty officer only gets hard work for his pains. It is wearing out life at horrible places for nothing. …Our most distinguished officer has just declined a majority to resign. All old officers advise the young ones to resign while they are young enough to do something else. I am studying Law with considerable assiduity and shall be able to pass a thorough examination in the Spring. We shall see what spring will bring forth.[158]

Once a man had gained his coveted commission, he could expect to remain in grade for many years. Promotion in the frontier Army was exceedingly slow due to the logjam at the top ranks. Few high ranking officers could afford to retire. Gen. O. O. Howard noted in 1890 that "almost all the captains of infantry and artillery are too old for duty involving marching on foot or even drill requiring continuous quick movements." According to a 1877 report, a second lieutenant could expect to remain in that rank from between 9 months to 11 years. It was not unusual for him to wait 22 years to reach the grade of captain. He would languish for 24 to 26 years waiting to reach the rank of major, and as many as 37 years before being considered for colonel.[159]

A verse of a popular Army song of the period, entitled "Benny Havens, O," lamented the promotion situation.

In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, O!

In one of his stories, entitled "Plodder's Promotion," Capt. Charles King fictionalized an all too real situation.

For five years the life of Second Lieutenant Plodder, of the —th Foot, had been a burden to him. For more than five years Second Lieutenant Plodder had been something of a burden to the —th Foot. In the dreary monotone in which the psalm of life is sung, or was sung, in frontier garrisons before the introduction of such wildly diverting exercises as daily target practice, or measuring-distance drill, the one thing that became universally detestable was the man with the perennial grievance, and Mr. Plodder's grievance was slow promotion. There was nothing exceptionally harrowing in his individual experience; dozens of other fellows in his own and in other regiments were victims of the same malady, but for some reason Mr. Plodder considered himself the especial target of the slings and arrows of fortune too outrageous for even a downtrodden "dough boy" to bear in silence, and the dreary burden of his song—morn, noon, and night—was the number of years he had served, and might yet have to serve, with never a bar to his strap of faded blue.[160]

In 1870 new laws provided for retirement after 30 years. In 1882 the number of years' service was raised to 40, but with mandatory retirement at age 64.

The competition for promotion caused bad feelings and charges of favoritism. Some officers sought to move up by political maneuvering, or charging malfeasance of either their contemporaries or those who blocked their way. Others thought military professionalism was the path to promotion and studied their trade.

Brevet promotions were awarded for distinguished service during the Civil War. Although the rank was more of an honorary one, they were pointedly used to claim both social and official superiority. George A. Armes, an officer at Fort Lyons, Colorado, in 1869, noted an incident that illustrates the ironic confusions of the brevet situation. "Brevet Colonel and Captain [Richard C. Lay] inspected and mustered the whole command at this post this afternoon. It was interesting to see him require General [Willian H.] Penrose to march his company past him in review, he

(Penrose) wearing the uniform of a Brigadier-General and Colonel Lay only the straps of a Captain."[161] Officers wore their brevet ranks on their uniforms and used that rank in correspondence and in address until 1870 when Congress reversed that practice. But despite the new law, the old recognition of the brevet distinction remained part of the military tradition for years to come.

Much of the confusion caused by the intermixing of brevet ranks and regular ranks was caused by the large numbers of brevets passed out after the war. One authority, James B. Fry, wrote: "The government appeared not to know where to stop in the bestowal of these military honors, and no one who had earned reward, even the smallest degree, was knowingly overlooked. Brevet shoulder straps were showered down 'as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa!'" Some 4,000 brevets were awarded to 2,200 Regular Army officers, including many in non-combat staff positions, for their Civil War service.[162]

After much debate on whether or not Indian warfare rated recognition, brevets were authorized in 1890 for Indian campaigning after 1867. There were 144 nominations.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: The NCO

It is correct to say that the American noncom in the 19th century was often foreign-born, and an old vet of Indian campaigning and usually the Civil War. But there were enough unusual men to make generalizations dangerous. In his book *Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay*, Don Rickey singles out a first sergeant that was an exiled Russian nobleman, a corporal that was a nephew of President Benjamin Harrison, and a number of noncommissioned officers that had been officers in crack European armies. Civil War officers from state and volunteer units often found a place in the regular army as an NCO. There were also to be found a number of cashiered American officers that had enlisted under false names.

George Forsyth described the typical senior NCO.

> *It was a fine sight to see one of these old men on muster or monthly inspection. Erect and soldierly, with his red face glistening, his white hair cut close, his arms and accouterments shining, not a wrinkle in his neat-fitting uniform, nor a speck of dust about him, his corps badge, and it may be a medal, on his breast, he stood in the ranks among the others like an oak tree in a grove of cottonwood saplings.*[163]

The Indian Wars NCO occupied a position of intermediary in an environment that was formal. The only contact enlisted men had with officers was through the NCO. Discipline was meted out by the NCO and there are instances where it was excessive or bordered on bullying. But for the most part, the NCO protected his men and even covered for them when they fouled up.

The best characterization of an Indian Wars noncom is given by Don Rickey whose research on the life of the enlisted man in the American Army of the second half of the nineteenth century is regarded as unmatched. He said the best single word to describe the NCO of that time was "tough."

> *…Toughness of noncommissioned personnel was not peculiar of course to the Indian Wars army, but was nevertheless one of its most striking characteristics. Most officers left the administration of company affairs in the hands of the first sergeant, who in turn relied on the duty sergeants and corporals. The enforcement of discipline and the awarding of company punishments were often left to the personal inclinations of these sergeants, who frequently prescribed punishments that were humiliating and in many cases actually illegal. In some*

companies, discipline was maintained by the fists of the noncommissioned officers. Remarking in his diary on a minor infraction of regulations, a First Cavalryman noted that "Sgt. Parrish hit Hall a couple of punches in the mug at supper." In companies containing more than the usual number of toughs, ability as a scrapper was a prerequisite for appointment to noncommissioned status, and a really pugnacious man was sometimes repeatedly reduced to the ranks for some breach of regulations, but then appointed again because he was able to handle the hardest cases in the company without having to call in official assistance.[164]

Sergeant Percival Lowe related in his memoirs the way in which he handled one challenge to his authority.

…After the order making me first sergeant was read and the troops dismissed, as I was passing a group of men on the way to the steps leading up to the squad room I heard one man say: "Well, we may as well desert now." The man was slightly under the influence of liquor and evidently intended that I should hear the remark. I walked over to where they were standing, and said: "See here; I don't care what anyone says of me so that I do not know that the words are intended for me to hear. Now, it lies entirely with you whether or not you may as well desert. If you intend to be a decent, respectable soldier, there is no occasion for you to desert. On the other hand, if you want to make things disagreeable generally, and for me in particular, the future for you is not bright. Now take your choice, for I tell you plainly that I will not be harassed, worried and annoyed by men who can see no good in anything but whisky, noise, opposition to good order and discipline, and other things that make the troop and all connected with it miserable. I may not succeed in having everything my own way, but I will come as near to it as I can, and the nearer I come to it the less cause any one will have to talk as you have." The man was about to speak, I do not think disrespectfully, when a man said quietly, "Shut up," and two of them walked him off. Though I spoke in a low tone, probably half the troop heard what I said. The next day this man made an apology and said he would never give me any trouble, and he never did.[165]

The duties of a first sergeant were detailed by Sgt. Bandel:

…I was promoted to first sergeant. This promotion relieves me of all guard duty, and my duty now consists of the management of all company affairs. The arms, rations, clothing, and all such company property is in my charge. I must make out all company papers; that is, technically I am responsible for them, though I have a company clerk under me who attends to all the actual writing, while I must look them over and sign them. It is also part of my duty to read all names at company roll call, as well as to assign the proper guard shifts and other similar duties. I now have a tent of my own and am, in fact, quite satisfied with my situation, and most assuredly have advance further than I ever expected in view of the prevailing prejudice against foreigners, and in a country whose language I was first obliged to learn. My pay, too, is now increased to twenty dollars a month.[166]

Sergeant Perley S. Eaton, 3d Cavalry, said:

The first sergeant was in full charge of the troop, what he says and does is backed up by the Captain. …There were 6 duty sergeants and 4 corporals in the Co., all subject to his orders. He had a room all to himself, called the orderly room, where he slept—he ate with the men in the dining room—he called the roll three times a day—reveille, tattoo, and retreat. He drew all the rations and clothing…made out all guard details, stable police, KP [kitchen police], and old guard fatigue—had all the men clean and presentable for Sunday morning inspection—he also made out all orders for detached service…and visited the sick and wounded in

the hospital.[167]

Testifying before Congress in 1876, Capt. Guy V. Henry swore that, "I would rather take $5 a month from my own pay, if necessary, and give it to the noncommissioned officers, rather than have their pay reduced."

Col. Guy Vernor Henry

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Discipline and Punishment

Sergeant Percival Lowe had this to say about discipline in the dragoons of the 1850s.

Heretofore during winter about 10 per cent of the troop were undergoing punishment in the guard house, much of the time by sentence of garrison court-martial—forfeiture o pay and time in the guard house—nearly all of the offenses growing out of drinking whisky. I talked with the noncommissioned officers about it, and cautioned each one in charge of a squad to give personal attention to their men and stop any man who seemed to be verging on the danger point in drinking, and if he could not control him bring him to me. Sometimes a man was

brought to me and I shut him in a store room to sober off and then put him on extra duty for punishment. During the winter we had several company courts-martial, three noncommissioned officers sitting in judgment, and the proceedings reviewed and acted upon by the first sergeant. Of course, the written proceedings were not very voluminous. The result was, no man was tried by general or garrison court-martial; summary courts were unknown. Another result, some men were doing extra guard and fatigue duty instead of loafing in the guard house and letting better men do their duty.

* * *

If punishment was not immediately meted out to an offender, his record was fairly kept and he was sure to be called on for the next fatigue party (details for fatigue to do some kind of dirty work), and during the whole winter scarcely a decently clean soldier was called upon—always the troublesome fellows got the job. Twice the findings of a court and the approval of the first sergeant were appealed from and the parties sent with a noncommissioned officer to the Major, who heard their complaint, and sent back word to me that if I had any more trouble with them to put them in the guard house. No officer ever saw the proceedings of the company courts; they did not want to. I gave all the disatisfied ones to understand that if they had any grievance I would send them to the Major to make their own statement.[168]

Discipline in the pre-Civil War frontier Army could be ruthlessly enforced. This article appeared in the *Weekly Arizonian* on 30 June 1859:

Sentenced.—Private Alenson Bentley, of K Company, 1st Dragoons, convicted of desertion and horse stealing, was sentenced…at Fort Buchanan, to receive fifty lashes with a cowhide, well laid on the bare back, to be confined at hard labor until Jan. 1862, heavily ironed, to forfeit all pay due him, to have his head shaved and be branded with a red hot iron with the letter D, to be drummed out of the service and receive a dishonorable discharge…[Bentley was apprehended loitering around the Buchanan corral by James Graydon who was serving as interpreter for the soldiers at the fort.]

When Dr. C. B. R. Kennerly was filling in for an absent assistant surgeon at Fort Inge, Texas, in 1853, he had to examine a deserter and pronounce him fit for flogging. He wrote,

"Among the incidents that I have met with, was the examination of a recruit and was also to be present while a deserter was flogged. But, poor miserable wretch, I saved him from undergoing the punishment. He tried an old soldier trick on me, by pretending to have an epileptic fit just before the hour for his punishment. This I discovered at once to be feigned and exposed it, but as he was much emaciated and debilated by disease and sore from previous flogging, and I gave it as my opinion that he would die under the fifty lashes well laid on, so his head was shaved and he was drummed out."[169]

But discipline, harsh or measured, and training paid off when the groups of men were asked to work as a military unit. Sergeant Percival Lowe was with the column of Troops B and D, First Dragoons, a herd of 600 horses, a supply train and wagons carrying officers' families when it decamped from Fort Leavenworth on 2 July 1854. It was under the command of Colonel Thomas T. Fauntleroy and headed for Fort Union, New Mexico. Sergeant Lowe's description reveals some of the work on the trail and the unit morale.

…On every hand the troop attracted attention—the manner of marching, care taken of their horses, appearance of horses and men, the short time necessary to put up their tents, and the lightning speed with which they were struck, folded and loaded in the wagons, the neatness and dispatch in everything, and the quietness and lack of confusion on every hand, seemed a

wonder to many of the officers of long experience. There was no special effort on this trip more than on others, but somehow we were settled down to one way of doing—a uniformity of thought and action—changes were few and only when circumstances forced them. Officers and noncommissioned officers did not have to reiterate from day to day and from camp to camp, for no man could plead ignorance of a general routine, hence there was little friction; the men had grown into the habit of taking pride in doing everything, having "some style about them,"…and every man had grown to know that he must do his share cheerfully, all working together for the general good.

* * *

A good deal can be done to discipline men in garrison; but in the field, on the march, in bivouac under the blue sky, in storms, cold and heat, on the trail, caring for self and horses, with always a helping hand for comrades, bearing cheerfully every hardship, —there was where the thorough dragoon was made, and a man in his first year's service was not worth half as much as in after years. This applies to a troop where three-fourths of the men were "old soldiers," which includes all men after the first year.[170]

Sgt. Eugene Bandel wrote in his diary:

If a soldier disobeys a military rule, he is either placed under arrest for a certain number of days, or he is subjected to various penalties by a court-martial; for example, ten dollars reduction in pay, fifteen days arrest, fifty lashes for desertion, etc. This last-named punishment is permitted only in case of desertion, but is seldom administered, being more a threat than anything else; for, since in this country anyone is allowed to go wherever he pleases without a pass, out of one hundred deserters possibly one is caught, and out of ten such perhaps one is punished in the manner mentioned. But enough of this. I can assure you that a soldier who only half does his duty is not in the slightest danger of any one of these punishments. Indeed, I have been in the army two years, and never yet has an officer spoken a harsh word to me….[171]

James Bennett described the fate of one deserter.

May 26.—One of the men who deserted was brought back, placed in the guard house as a prisoner. Man was tried, pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to be drummed out of the service; forfeit all pay and allowances that are or may become due; have head shaved; and be branded on the left hip with the letter D, 1/2 inches in length. Above sentences carried into effect. What a sorry looking object a man is with his head shaven. Hard punishment also to receive 50 lashes on the bare back. These were well laid on with a rawhide whip.[172]

The enforcement of military discipline along the Southwestern border, like elsewhere in the Army, was an ongoing, uneven and generally pitiless matter. Officers and NCOs practiced punishments like spread-eagling a prisoner on a wagon wheel, strapping logs to their shoulders while they marched around post, suspending wrongdoers by the thumbs, tattoing, flogging and just about any brutal punishment they could imagine. Despite the fact that many of the above measures were forbidden by regulations, authorities in the remote outposts of the west considered them traditional.

An ordinarily righteousness soldier was Private, later Corporal, William Jett, a 4th Cavalryman at Fort Huachuca in 1885 and 86. He told his diary about his distaste for pulling guard duty, especially when he had to keep his eye on the prisoners.

The most disagreeable of all duties, to me, was guarding prisoners all day long to keep them at work or prevent their escape. This was especially true concerning Sunday work. It

was customary to have prisoners cut wood for the officers all day on Sunday and to stand and watch them fool with their axes made me feel that I had rather do the work than watch others do it.

Jett got his wish to do the work himself rather than watch others do it. "I was the only man in the troop, for any length of time, who had never been in the Guard-House and I had prided myself on account of that fact. It is said 'Pride goeth before a fall.' Any way I was greatly crestfallen when I fell into prison, and it came near making me a poor soldier for the future, and caused me to dislike officers more than ever."[173]

This is the song that Jett and his fellow prisoners sang while in the guardhouse, known as "Company Q."

Poor old soldiers! Poor old soldiers!
Tarred and feathered and sent to hell,
Because they wouldn't soldier well.
—Rogue's March

Justice was swift at Fort Huachuca. The post commander exercised courts-martial jurisdiction for minor offenses. The disobedient and insubordinate, the drunk and the deserter could expect extra duty, loss of liberty privilege, reduction in rank, or confinement for his transgressions. The most commonly invoked Article of War was the "Devil's Article"—"disorders and neglects…to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." Those charged with more serious offenses faced a long train ride and a general court martial at Whipple Barracks, the department headquarters. Although such punishments as spread-eagling, suspension by the thumbs, and flogging were not uncommon in the frontier Army, no evidence exists that these harsh measures were practiced at Fort Huachuca and discipline was generally good.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Military Justice

The judicial system consisted of regimental and garrison courts for minor transgressions of the Articles of War, and general courts-martial called by the department commander for more serious crimes. The courts-martial was not used sparingly. It was used to settle grudges and other frivolous reasons. In 1879 General Sherman had to reprimand Colonel Gibbon for preferring charges against General Pope, contending that "The charges and counter-charges made by our officers of late…have done more to damage us in public estimation than any other single cause…. The Army today has plenty of honorable employment to occupy the time and talents of all, without resolving itself into a General Court to investigate allegations of fraud, prying, scandal and gossip dating back ten and fifteen years."[174] President Grover Cleveland noted that 2,328 general and 11,851 garrison courts-martial had been convened in 1885, stating pointedly that this meant that half the army had been tried in that year, often for frivolous reasons.[175]

The system was often a cumbersome one denying the accused any protection whatsoever. Reviewing authorities were many miles away and appeals could take months. The 1806 Articles of War were unclear, like the most used article, the "Devil's Article," which made "disorders and neglects…to the prejudice of good order and military discipline" an offense. There were a number of ways a soldier might get into trouble besides disorders and neglects…. Desertion, drunkenness, insubordination, disobedience, malingering, and neglect of duty could land him in the

guardhouse, and result in extra duty, reduction in rank, or confinement to the post.

Justice was arbitrary and the system was used mainly to justify punishment. As the Indian Wars were coming to a close in the Southwest in the mid-1880s, reforms began making themselves felt.

When found guilty of offenses calling for prison time, the offender was shipped off to territorial or state prisons. After 1874 military prisoners were sent to Fort Leavenworth federal penitentiary, except for those from Arizona, Nevada, and California who were sent to Alcatraz.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Enlistment

The men enlisted for all of the age-old reasons. Some were trying to escape bill collectors, the sheriff, family, or ubiquitous poverty. Others were eager for a chance at adventure. One such man was Percival G. Lowe who joined the First Dragoons in 1849 at the age of 21. In New Hampshire he had been a newsboy, a clerk in a dry goods store, and a sailor. His enlistment roll said he was five feet, eleven inches high, dark-complexioned, dark brown hair, gray eyes, weight 175 pounds, and in perfect health. He made an outstanding soldier and wrote about his experiences with great perception and feeling. Here he describes his reasons for enlisting.

…I was a persistent reader of voyages, travels, campaigns, explorations and history, and novels such as Marryat's, Cooper's, Scott's, etc., and the spirit of adventure was so strong that I determined to enlist in the mounted service, which was sure to place me on the great plains of the West, among Indians, buffaloes, and other big game, and the mountaineers and trappers of whom I had read so much. Fremont's Narrative of 1843-44, and Captain Bonneville's Adventures gave the finishing touches to my inclination. It seemed to me that five years in this kind of field would round out my education, so to speak, and if I lived would then be ready to settle down to something permanently.[176]

At the recruiting depot he met a Major who warned him, "If you take this step you will regret it only once, and that will be from the time you become acquainted with your position until you get out of it; and another thing, a large percentage of men never return to their friends. If you have no friends you ought to have, and if for any reason you want to hide yourself from the world, try something from which you can free yourself if you so desire. You may come back to-morrow."[177]

Lowe did come back and sign up. He related the recruitment standards of the times.

…the fact that a man would get drunk was no bar to his enlistment, and his moral character was of little interest. Once enlisted, the proper authorities would attend to the rest. Being physically all right, his habits cut little figure. Family trouble, disappointment in love, riots and personal difficulties, making one amenable to the law, often caused men to enlist who proved to be the best of soldiers. In my troop there were men isolating themselves from society for all sorts of reasons. A man drunk would not be enlisted; but however tough looking, if he were sober at the time of presenting himself, and physically able, he would pass. Uniformity of size was not considered. In my troop one man weighed 100 pounds, and was five feet, four, while several were above six feet and weighed from 200 to 225 pounds. Endurance was the test; all else was waived.[178]

James A. Bennett enlisted in November 1849 and joined the First Dragoons in New Mexico, serving there for eight years. He kept a diary which has survived to tell us vividly about the life

of an enlisted dragoon on the Southwestern frontier.

> *Nov. 22, 1849.—Wandering through the streets of Rochester, New York I met a soldier. After making some inquiries of him in relation to the service, I concluded to go to the rendezvous where I was informed that soldiers received good board, clothing, medical attention; had nothing to do but play the gentleman; and that those then enlisting were destined for California. I was elated with the idea of going to the "land of gold." I was sworn in to serve my country for five years and in one-half hour had on my military garb.*

The enlisted men of the post-Civil War period were thought by many, like the reporter of the *New York Sun*, to be "bummers, loafers, and foreign paupers."[179] Most came from northern cities where, as an Army doctor pointed out, "not only the floating population is the greatest, but where the lower haunts of dissipation abound." The Adjutant General reported in 1880 that 21.1 percent came from New York, 14 percent from Pennsylvania, and only 3 percent from the South. Their average stay in the army was 6.7 years according to a 1890 Inspector General report.[180]

Their reasons for enlisting were explained by Colonel Richard I. Dodge in 1885: "Some enlist because they really believe the life will suit them; others from disappointment in business or love affairs; others, again, to hide themselves from the consequence of some youthful scrape; but the large majority are driven to enlistment by absolute want."

General James Parker, a lieutenant with the 4th Cavalry in Arizona, wrote, "Drink was often the impelling reason in those days for enlistment in the Army."[181]

Dodge called their decision to join the Army "a leap in the dark…a choice of evils."[182] William B. Jett told of being out of a job and walking "the streets of Baltimore hunting for work till my mind was weary and my finances were gone. …No solution was in sight," he said,

> *until one day, looking in the 'wanted' column of the* Baltimore Sun*, I read "Wanted, 100 men for U.S. Cavalry service out on the plains.'…I thought what a fine thing it would be to go west at Uncle Sam's expense and have a horse to ride without having to buy one myself. So off I went as fast as I could to the point specified, very much afraid the 100 men would be procured before I could apply.*
>
> *I asked if the 100 had been procured and the enlistment officer said they could take a few more. I afterward found they were taking all that applied. The officer had me weighed with my clothes on and put down 155 pounds. Then he had me remove all clothing and weighed me again and put down 149 pounds. I have never weighed that much since. He then had me walk around on my heels and on my toes also, and asked me many questions and put down some physical marks by which I might be identified. Among the questions asked was, "Do you drink whiskey?" This was a little difficult to answer as tho I rarely did, yet I had often taken a drink. I later discovered that while this stock question must be answered in the negative, that after enlistment the soldier could drink all he wanted to just so he was not drunk when called to duty.*[183]

David L. Brainard was nineteen years old in 1876 and visiting the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition when he ran out of money. So embarrassed was he by his circumstances, that he joined the Army and began a remarkable career that saw him survive an artic exploration as a Signal sergeant, serve at Fort Huachuca as a second lieutenant in the 2d Cavalry, and retire as a brigadier general in 1918. After enlisting he found $10 in his pocket.[184]

A number of men enlisted with the thought of getting to the gold fields in California or the Black Hills and then deserting. Those contemplating deserting, or deserters who were reenlisting, or those who were for other reasons seeking a certain anonymity, used false names on their

enlistment papers. A sample scenario was presented by Capt. Charles King in his book *Campaigning With Crook*.

And then the names under which they enlisted!

"What's your name?" said the adjutant to the most unmistakable case of "Bowery Boy" in the front rank.

"My name's Jackson Bewregard," is the reply, with the accompaniement of hunching shoulders, projecting chin, overlapping under-lip, and sneering nostril characteristic of Chatham Square in the palmy days of Mose.

"And yours?" to Mr. Bewregard's left file, a big rough of Hibernian extraction.

"My name's Jooles Vern."

The adjutant glances at the muster-roll: "No. 173—Jules Verne." Ha! yes. The party that wrote 'Around the World in Eighty Days.' Have we many more of these eminent Frenchmen, sergeant?"

The sergeant grins under his great moustache. Possibly he is recalling a fact which the adjutant has by no means forgotten, that ten years before, when they were both in General Billy Graham's famous light battery of the First Artillery, of which the adjutant was then second lieutenant, the sergeant was then, too, a sergeant, but with a very different name.[185]

The period of enlistment after the Civil War was for three years (five years for cavalry). In 1869 a five-year enlistment became uniform and would remain in effect until 1894 when three years became the minimum. The volunteer had to be of good character and temperate habits, requirements no recruiter could insure if he wanted to. If the recruit wanted to join the cavalry in 1875, he had to be between 5 feet 3 inches and 5 feet 10 inches tall, weigh between 120 and 155 pounds. If he was headed for the infantry or artillery, he must be over 5 feet 4 inches and weigh between 120 and 180. Waivers were granted for minor fluctuations, notably for blacks and musicians. The average enlistee in 1893 was 25.9 years old and 5 feet 7 inches and 144.4 pounds.[186]

In 1880 28 percent listed their former occupations as laborers, 4.9 percent as clerks, and 9.6 percent as farmers.[187]

Foreigners made up a large part of the ranks. Between 1865 and 1874, half of the recruits were foreign born. Twenty percent were Irish, twelve percent German. James Parker, a lieutenant with the Fourth Cavalry in Arizona, said he "preferred the Irish—they were more intelligent and resourceful as a rule. However, if a German was fit to be a noncommissioned officer he usually made a good one—he was feared by the men, did not curry favor, but was rigid in carrying out orders."[188] In many cases the German immigrant had fled Germany to avoid being conscripted to fight in the Prussian Army. Now, ironically, he found himself in the American Army.[189]

The foreign soldier usually made the army his career. An *Army and Navy Journal* editorial thought that "it is very difficult to mould a native born American into a well disciplined soldier…. The foreigner…has more generally the instinct of military subordination strong within him, if not bright, is patient and plodding, and in our Army is bound to rise…."[190] In 1895 Congress would require recruits to be American citizens or English-speaking immigrants who would apply for citizenship.

It is correct to say that the American noncom in the 19th century was often foreign-born, and an old vet of Indian campaigning and usually the Civil War. But there were enough unusual men to make generalizations dangerous. In his book *Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay*, Don Rickey singles out a first sergeant that was an exiled Russian nobleman, a corporal that was a

nephew of President Benjamin Harrison, and a number of noncommissioned officers that had been officers in crack European armies. Civil War officers from state and volunteer units often found a place in the regular army as an NCO. There were to be found a number of cashiered American officers that had enlisted under false names.

U.S. Army recruiting station, Rufus Zogbaum, 1889.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: The Recruit

The new soldier was almost always a product of poor training. The recruit depots at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri (Cavalry), David's Island, New York, and Columbus Barracks, Ohio (Infantry and Artillery), had too little time and too few cadre to cover more than the most elementary military basics. In 1873 the inspector general found that, after the few weeks of training, new soldiers left the training depots "knowing nothing of the use of arms, or even the position of a soldier."[191] They were sent on to their understrength regiments with no skills in horsemanship or marksmanship. In 1881 these depots would institute "companies of instruction" to give the recruit four months of basic training, and a *Soldier's Handbook* was issued in 1884. The depot system was abolished in 1894 and the basic training mission turned over to the line units.

In 1849 Dragoon James A. Bennett described a new recruit:

Today joined a recruit who looks as though he were on the verge of "Delirium Tremens." He was ordered to wash and put on clean clothes. A number of us examined his old clothes in

the yard and found them literally alive. The man must have been fond of company. In the eve he indulged a little too much in the "O be joyful" and . . .

Anson Mills served in Arizona as a captain in the 3d Cavalry in 1871 and as a major in the 10th Cav in 1885. He told Dr. Corbusier "that panic frequently gripped the raw recruit in [their first Indian fight]. Tough men in some respects, they were unaccustomed to that kind of fighting, and were seized with a sort of 'buck fever'—running in every direction, firing at nothing and yelling like wild men. Every company had its share of recruits and it took time to train and harden them."[192]

A recruit on his way to the 4th Cavalry related his experiences at the training depot. William B. Jett wrote in his diary:

Jefferson Barracks, about twelve miles below St. Louis, was the cavalry training school for the army. My three months stay here was, perhaps, the most disagreeable of my entire life. During that time I was getting acquainted with my entirely new mode of living. The food was despicable in its material and in its preparation, and of this we were allowed to have only so much. The baker's bread was issued to us at our plates and I did not get enough to eat during the three months. The tea or coffee made out of muddy Mississippi water was only different from the plain water in that it was warmer. The under clothes, (we wore no undershirt) including socks, were of the roughest material and "stickers" abounded in their warp and woof. There was no fit to the outer garments, and the brogan shoes were of the stiffest leather. The weather was sultry hot, and many men fell standing at attention on the parade ground. The mosquitoes were awful in the day time and at guardmount or on inspection we were not allowed to brush them from our noses.

Many of the men had the most unclean diseases, and with these you had to eat and drink and occupy the same quarters, where the vilest conversation and profanity prevailed. The officers were entirely unsympathetic and wholly autocratic and discipline was over enforced in an unfriendly way. For much of the time I had a shaking ague lasting four hours in the morning and one lasting two hours in the evening and on the next day one lasting four hours. Dysentery abounded, and the week I spent in the uncouth hospital with untrained soldiers as nurses was tormenting. Doing guard duty over recalcitrant soldiers with command not to allow them to escape and yet with the dread of having to shoot to stop them and being subject to court martial if you did shoot one attempting to escape, was one of my most dreaded ordeals.

The one pleasure in the midst of all the unhappy conditions was had when we were summoned to drill on horse-back. This I much enjoyed after the first day, when, not then knowing army discipline, and the common receiving command to "Forward, March" I called "Wait awhile Lieutenant, my stirrup leathers are too long." A fellow recruit said, "Shut up, they will run you in the mill." This meant they would put me in prison—otherwise the guard-house. It was very amusing to see some of the men who had never been on a horse before learning to ride. One day a horse with a recruit on him, turned deliberately out of the column and walked back to the stable. His rider had his legs up like a frog and was holding on to the reins with both hands. Upon another occasion when the officer, with a whip in his hand, had us going around in a circle on the walk, trot, gallop and run, a recruit fell from his horse to the ground, rolled right in the path of the running horses, and was trampled on by several steeds before he could crawl to one side. "Get up," said the officer, "you will never make a good soldier till you get killed two or three times." The recruit wished for no second killing and

could not be found the next day nor any day thereafter. We supposed he went home to his mother.[193]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Reenlistment

Despite all of the oft repeated hardships associated with campaigning on the southwestern frontier, military life held out a certain appeal and became the high point of many lives. In 1854 Sergeant Percival Lowe decided not to reenlist, to head back to the "States." His commander asked him to reconsider. He replied,

"Lieutenant Hastings, I appreciate all you say and all of the good will that you have ever shown for me, but I have matured my plans for the future. I am tearing myself away from the best friends I ever had and am doing it as a matter of duty to myself. There is nothing in the army for me from my standpoint. I am nearly twenty-six years old, and in another five years [enlistment] I would be thirty-one. I have learned all that I can hope to learn in the army that would assist me in civil life. …At any rate I have nerved myself for the trial, the bridges are burned, and there is no retreat."[194]

Eugene Bandel, having quickly made the rank of first sergeant, decided to make the Army his home.

…now a little as to the future. As you know, my enlistment time is up on November 1 of the current year, and now I almost dread the arrival of that time. My perhaps unmerited promotion in the army, and my present advantageous situation have a great influence on me. To throw away these advantages and to begin again a battle with circumstances, seems almost foolish. In the army my good income is secure, my officers without exception are favorable disposed toward me, and experience has taught me enough not to throw myself out of my present position by any foolish stroke.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Combat

Raiding was a way of life for the Navaho and Apaches who let it be known that the only reason they had not exterminated the hated Mexican was that they were needed as shepherds to tend the livestock that the Indians would eventually plunder. A typical Indian raid and the U.S. reaction is described by Bancroft:

Watching for an opportunity, the savages attack some rancho or settlement, kill few or many of the inhabitants, according to the resistance offered, and run off as many stolen animals as possible. The alarm is given at the nearest post, and a party of regulars, generally reenforced by volunteers, sets out in pursuit. Often the savages cannot be overtaken before the horses of the pursuers are worn out or their supplies exhausted. If overtaken, they lose part or all of their plunder, and generally a few lives; but they also kill a few soldiers, and charge the difference to profit and loss, hoping for better luck next time. Occasionally, by a combined movement of troops, or a rapid succession of movements in some particular direction, a tribe is forced to make a treaty, which is observed as long as the interest of the Indians seems to require it. It must be added that outrage and bad faith were by no means confined to the Indians; but were frequent on

both sides, so far as individuals and small parties were concerned, neither side having to go far back for plausible pretexts.[195]

Much of the time the soldier was on campaign, scouring the inhospitable countryside for Apaches. It could be dangerous work as these entries in the diary of dragoon James Bennett attest:

March 30 [1854].—At sunrise this morning started, found the body of a white man who was killed by the Indians. Followed their trail; found ourselves at 8 o'clock A.M. in ambush, surrounded by about 400 Indians; fought hard until 12 noon when we started to retreat. I was wounded shortly after by a rifle ball through both thighs. I then ran about a mile; found I was not able to walk alone any farther; got between two horses, seized their stirrups. The horses dragged me one half mile when I managed to mount my horse. In riding under low trees I lost my hat. Blood flowed freely. I got weak and such pain I can not describe. At sundown the Indians left us after fighting with us all day. At 11 o'clock arrived at Rancho de Taos. I was taken off my horse, having ridden 25 miles after being wounded. I was placed in a wagon; taken to the fort (Cantonment Burgwin); and put to bed in the hospital.

Jan. 19 [1855].—On the mountain in front of us at daybreak appeared about 100 warriors. They were dancing around a fire, "halloing," and seemed to be daring us on. We saddled our horses, took no breakfast, mounted in pursuit. The main body of troops moved up the stream and small parties of Dragoons kept charging out after parties of Indians. A running fight was kept up until 4 o'clock, when we encamped.

Captain Stanton with 12 men rushed up a deep ravine. The Indians in ambush fired upon him. He fell, a ball having passed through his forehead. One private soldier was also killed. The party turned to retreat. The horse of one man fell wounded. The Indians gathered around him and filled the rider's body full of arrows. Those in camp heard the firing, ran to the rescue, met the Indians, had a hard fight of 20 minutes, when the red men fled. We picked up the dead and brought them into camp. 2 ponies came running into camp. They were covered with blood, showing that their Indian riders had fallen.

Sergeant John Mott, Troop F, 3d Cavalry, reported the action during the engagement that became known as the Cushing Massacre:

"May 3d [1871]…camped in a canon on east side of Huachuca Mountains, fresh moccasin tracks clearly indicating the presence of Indians…May 5th…I followed the track about three fourths of a mile…I became convinced that we were being led into a trap…the Indians seeing our party so small rushed down from all sides…saw Lieut. Cushing clasp his hands across his breast and fall to the ground…commenced a running fight for about a mile…I believe I am stating the truth when I set down the number of enemy killed at thirteen…our casualties were Lieut. Cushing, Mr. Simpson and Private Green killed, and Private Pierce wounded…the men all behaved well."

Corporal William B. Jett, 4th Cavalry, was detailed as part of the detachment left behind to guard the supply wagons in Guadalupe Canyon. He remembered being ambushed that day in 1886:

Twice the sergeant was shot, and then the third time, right by my side. At the third shot he said, 'Boys, I am done for.' …Right here I want to give as truthfully as I can my reactions in this encounter with the Indians. When the firing first began, the surprise was so great and I was so shocked at the death of my old friend Neihause, that the only thing, otherwise, I thought of was to run to the wagon and get my gun as the others did. I was very much scared and actually thought possibly it would be best to surrender, as to stay where there was certain

death, and to cross the open ground to the opposite hills in full view of the Indians seemed almost as hopeless. This physical fear I felt was coupled with the thought of the great sorrow that would come to my loved ones in Virginia when they heard of my death.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Horses

The kind of horses wanted by the Army were described by Sergeant Percival Lowe, who was a member of a sorrel troop, that is, all the horses were of approximately the same reddish brown color.

…the Major pointed out…the kind of horses he wanted, the models that suited him best, all to be sorrels of solid color—chestnut or red sorrels would do, but no light colored ones, no white noses—white feet not absolutely barred, but unless exceptionally sound would be rejected. Sound feet, flat, sinewy legs, sound hocks and knees, arms and quarters well muscled, short, sinewy back, high withers, rangy neck, bony head, bold eye—no "hog eyes"—fine ear, deep chest, plenty of room to carry his forage, five to seven years old, fifteen to sixteen hands, preferably fifteen and a half, all natural trotters and well broken to saddle—about filled the Major's idea, reserving the right to reject any of them for any reason satisfactory to himself.[196]

For the dragoon and, after 1855, the cavalryman, a large part of their duties involved the care of their horses. Here dragoon Lowe recounts some of the work performed by mounted troops.

…All [the horses] needed was rest, feed and good care, and they got it. The grooming, leg washing and rubbing down with strips of gunny-sack that they got was something that any lover of horse flesh might be proud of. The dirt stalls that they stood in were kept level, each man held accountable for the condition of his own stall.

…Our horses were ridden to the river for water morning and evening before corn was fed to them which, with the hour's drill, gave them good exercise.[197]

* * *

…It was an ironclad rule that every man must be gentle with his horse. Abusing a horse was the unpardonable sin. Peevishness, kicking, jerking, swearing at, unnecessary spurring or violence of any kind would not be permitted to go unpunished, and noncommissioned officers were sure to report any infraction of the rule. Everything must be done for the comfort of the horse….

…[O]ur horses…were always watered before feeding. Prairie hay was used—there was no other in the country at that time—and there was no better "roughness" for horses. …On the plains one must use shelled corn, but in garrison, in a corn growing country, there is no feed equal to ear corn and prairie hay. …Barley and wheat are good feed where corn is not raised, but where it grows in abundance there is nothing equal to corn; for man, for horses and mules, for cattle, for hogs, for fowls, it is the king of products to make muscle and fat.[198]

Lieut. C.C.C. Carr described the horses his company of 1st Cavalry inherited from the 2d California Cavalry upon replacing them at Fort McDowell, A.T., in 1866:

Our horses we received from the Second California Cavalry and better ones for the work required of them I have never seen. The only objection to them was their irresistible propensity for bucking when first mounted, and this they displayed to such an extent that the troop was seldom ordered to mount without the air being filled for a few minutes with flying

men, carbines and sabers in inextricable confusion. However, we had no one seriously injured and soon grew accustomed to this exhibition of the "high school" of riding, although not provided for in our drill book.[199]

Private Reginald Bradley, 4th Cavalry, in an interview with historian Don Rickey, said he considered the quality of the horses at Fort Bowie as good. "They're always inspected by the officers, and tested out. I had a pretty good horse, but he wasn't half broke. I had a lot of breaking to do." In one month [October] at Huachuca the 2d Cavalry reported turning into the Quartermaster ten unserviceable horses.[200]

Timeline

In **1860** Lt. Col. William J. L. Nicodemus established a visual communications system, using wig-wag flags, during the Navaho Campaign. Fort Breckenridge was opened where Arivaipa Creek flows into the San Pedro. With the congressional appointment of Assistant Surgeon Albert J. Myer as Chief Signal Officer, the U.S. Army Signal Corps was born. The Pony Express began mail runs from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Ca.; it would be discontinued a year later. A repeating rifle was introduced by Oliver Winchester. The Western half of the Territory of New Mexico became known as Arizona County. There were 31,443,080 Americans in 1860, and 6,482 living in Arizona County. In December South Carolina seceded from the Union. Abraham Lincoln was elected president. The first aerial photograph was taken by J. W. Slack in a balloon over Boston. John J. Pershing was born in LaClede, Mo. On 23 July Frederick Brunchow and associates were murdered by Apaches at their mine one mile east of Charleston. Robert Parrott began manufacturing a rifled cannon known as the "Parrott Gun."

In **1861** Fort Sumter is fired upon on 12 April. The provisional government of the Confederate States of America were formed. The Army's Commanding General Winfield Scott, aged 75, devised his "Anaconda Policy" to squeeze the south by a naval blockade to prevent export of cotton for war materials while large armies could be equipped and trained. Bernard J. D. Irwin's actions in the rescue of Lt. Bascom at Apache Pass was the earliest feat for which the Medal of Honor was awarded. Irwin was not awarded the decoration until 1894. Congress abolished flogging in the military service. Winslow Homer illustrated the Civil War as a correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*. Czar Alexander freed the Russian serfs. The Confederacy printed its own money. Former Secretary of War Jefferson Davis was elected president of the Confederate States of America. Mexico was invaded by Spain, France and Britain to force payment of debts; Spanish and British withdrew the following year, leaving the French to establish a puppet empire under Archduke Maximilian. On 18 January Joseph Holt replaced Floyd as Secretary of War. On 5 March Simon Cameron replaced Holt as Secretary of War. On 1 November Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan became Commanding General of the Army, replacing Winfield Scott. John Ericcson invented a revolving turret which would be used on the USS *Monitor*.

Outposts: Lieutenant Bascom and Chief Cochise

The leader of the Chiricahua people was Cochise. A highly respected chief, he was born around 1823 and was described by one observer in 1870 as being "five feet nine and one-half inches high; …medium size and very black; hair straight and black…; scarred all over the body

with buck-shot; very high forehead; large nose, and for an Indian straight."[201] Capt. John Bourke met him in 1873 and gave this description:

> *Cocheis [sic] is a fine looking Indian of about (50) winters, straight as a rush—six ft in stature, deep chested, roman nosed, black eyes, firm mouth, a kindly and even somewhat melancholy expression tempering the determined look of his countenance. He seemed much more neat that the other wild Indians I have seen and his manners were very gentle. There was neither in speech or action any of the bluster characteristic of his race. His reception of us was courteous, altho' he said but little in the way of compliment. He expressed his own earnest desire for peace—said that in the treaty made with Howard, it was understood that soldiers could pass over the roads on his reservation, but could not live upon it, nor were citizens to settle there. In reference to the Mexn, he said he considered them as being on one side in this matter, while the Americans were on another. The former had not asked him for peace as the latter had done. He did not deny that his boys were in the habit of raiding on Mexico, but this he could not prevent as it was no more than was done from all the Reservations.*[202]

Not all the citizens of southeastern Arizona, however, thought of him as the noble leader that history has portrayed. James H. Tevis wrote to the *Weekly Arizonian* from Apache Pass in 1869:

> *Ca-chees is a very deceptive Indian. At first appearance a man would think he was inclined to be peaceful to Americans, but he is far from it. For eight months I have watched him and have come to the conclusion that he is the biggest liar in the Territory and would kill an American for any trifle provided he wouldn't be found out. He fears the soldiers and if he was not guilty he would not have cause.*[203]

On 21 January 1861, a Sonoita Valley rancher, John Ward, rode into Fort Buchanan, at the time occupied by two companies of the 7th Infantry, and told the commander, Lieut. Col Pitcairn Morrison, a story of Apache villainy. They had attacked his ranch, stealing some livestock and kidnapping his stepson, Mickey Free, born to his Mexican wife and a warrior while she was a captive of the Apaches. Ward had trailed them as far as the San Pedro and assumed they were heading for the Chiricahuas. Morrison ordered Lieutenant George N. Bascom to take a company of infantry, ride to Apache Pass on mules, and force Cochise to give up the Ward boy and the stolen oxen. With his fifty-four men from Company C, Seventh Infantry, Bascom left Fort Buchanan on 29 January 1861.

Lieut. George N. Bascom

Bascom had graduated from West Point just three years earlier, in 1858, 26th in a class of 27. On 3 February 1861 Lieutenant Bascom rode into Apache Pass and called for a parley. He charged Cochise of stealing the oxen and abducting the stepson of John Ward—charges which Cochise steadfastly denied. He was seized along with six others of his tribe, including his brother, two nephews, a woman and two children who had entered Bascom's camp for a peaceful meeting. One account has Cochise escaping by slashing through his tent jail with a knife and darting up the

canyon amid rifle fire from the surprised guards.

During the next two weeks, the Apaches took white prisoners with whom they could bargain for the release of their kin. Bascom added to his hostages when a relief column under Assistant Surgeon Bernard J. D. Irwin rode in with three Coyoteros who had been captured as they herded stolen cattle. A prisoner swap proposed by Cochise was refused by Bascom because he insisted on the Ward boy being included in the exchange, a condition with which Cochise apparently could not comply. When Army patrols found the white hostages burned and mutilated, they hung the six Apache men nearby. This incident is said to have provoked a once friendly Cochise into a course of single-minded revenge, one which he would pursue for the next ten years to the terror of every white settler in the territory. Other contemporaries [Irwin and Tevis] of events have pointed out that Cochise was hardly at peace with the Americans at the time of the incident and, in fact, had been actively raiding American settlements for some time.

Bascom wrote two official reports of the affair, the first on 14 February, and a second, more detailed, one on 25 February. Here is his 25 February account:

Bascom to Morrison, February 25, 1861—I have the honor to report that in compliance with the foregoing Orders; I left Fort Buchanan on the 29th ult and arrived at Apache Pass on the 3rd inst; feeling confident that they had the boy I captured six Indians and told the Chief Ca-Ches that I would hold them as hostages until he brought in the boy; he denied having taken the boy, or having been engaged in the depredations in the vicinity of the Fort, but said it was done by the Coyoterros and that they then had the boy at the Black Mountain, and if I would wait ten days at the Station he would bring him in; to this I consented.

On the 5th Ca-Ches returned, accompanied by Francisco a Coyoterro Chief with about five hundred warriors, and raised a white flag. I went out to talk with them, but when about one hundred and fifty yards from the house I began to suspect from their actions that all was not right and refused to go further; two of the Mail men then left the Station to go to the Indians. I ordered them back and told them that I had no prisoners to exchange for them if they were captured; they paid no attention to my orders but went into the ravine where the Indians were, and were immediately seized by them; Francisco then jerked down his white flag and crying in Spanish "Aqui! Aqui" pointed to the [Bascom's] party with the flag. I then took down my flag and gave the command "fire" and retreated to the Station house; the fire now became general, and was carried on briskly for sometime when the Indians abandoned the ravine. Sergeant Smith of Company C, 7th Infantry, "bearer of the flag," was slightly wounded. Mr. Culver, one of the captured men, in making his escape, was severely wounded & one of the station keepers killed.

On the 6th Ca-Ches came on the hill and said he would give me [James F.] Wallace and sixteen Government mules for the prisoners; I asked him where he got the mules; his reply was [that he] "took them from a government train of course." I told him if he brought the boy also I would trade with him; that evening there was a note written by Wallace stating that they had three other prisoners Sam Whitfield, William Sanders and Frank Brunner and that they would come in next day and exchange; while the herd was being watered in the morning, in charge of 1st Sergeant James Huber and fifteen men, about two hundred Indians made a dash to get the herd; the party headed them off in the direction they first took but were unable to recover the herd, none of them being mounted (I had sent all the saddle-mules with a party to escort Dr. Irwin from the Post); they however followed the Indians keeping up a running fight for about a mile, doing considerable execution. I can report with certainty but five Indians killed, but

think there were twelve or fifteen more killed or badly wounded. This includes all since my arrival in the Pass. Sergeant Daniel Robinson of Company C, 7th Infty, was slightly wounded, and one of the Mail men mortally in this last action.

The Western Stage was attacked about three miles from this place; the drivers leg was broken by a ball; this stage was delayed here for several days and to 1st Lieut John R. Cooke, 8th Infty, I return my grateful thanks for his kind advice and gallant assistance; this gallant officer though much my senior in rank and experience volunteered to take charge of the party at the spring on the morning of the 8th. The Indians have burned a Mexican train between Apache Pass and Ewell's Station killing 8 men that were with it, horribly mutilating some of the bodies; some of them were tied to the burning wagons, whether before or after death could not be determined; these I had buried.

On the 10th Dr. Irwin arrived from Fort Buchanan and turned over to me a Coyotero Chief and two warriors to-gether with a herd of 10 cattle; the cattle I killed retaining the Indians as prisoners. On the 14th Lieutenants Moore and Lord arrived with about 70 men of D & G Companies 1st Dragoons, and on the 16th we joined them with 40 men of my command in a scout against the Indians; on the 1st and 2nd days out we discovered neither Camps or fresh signs of the Indians, on the third day from 10 to 15 lodges, all of which bore evidences of having been hastily abandoned several days previous. The property was all destroyed and the Camps burnt. Dr. Irwin discovered about four miles from the Station the bodies of the four prisoners: Wallace, Whitfield, Sanders and Brunner, where they had been murdered by the Indians; finding no fresh signs of Indians, we returned to the Station and on the next day started for Fort Buchanan; when near the scene of massacre and about three hundred yards from the burnt train, I took the six warriors I had [as] prisoners to the grave of murdered men, explained through the interpreter what had taken place, and my intentions, and bound them securely hand and foot, and hung them to the nearest trees; the three remaining prisoners, a woman and two boys, I have turned over to the Guard at this Post.

The men behaved excellently well, always ready for the discharge of any duty; the non-commissioned officers zealous and untiring in the discharge of their duties.[204]

In rebuttal to a New York newspaper article which blamed Bascom for the Apache Wars, Brig. Gen. Bernard John Dowling Irwin, a participant in the events, was compelled to "submit a full and accurate narrative of the affair." Originally written and published in 1887, 26 years later, it was reprinted in the *Infantry Journal* for April 1928. Irwin would be awarded a Medal of Honor 33 years later for his part. Here is his account:

Lieutenant Bascom having followed the trail of the stolen cattle to the stronghold of the Chiricahuas, marched his command to the mail-station situated within the pass and in the vicinity of the only water in that neighborhood.

One of the station employees—Wallace—who was acquainted with Cochise volunteered to go to his village to apprise him of the nature of the duty which had caused the troops to visit that place. That having been done the Chief, accompanied by several of his people, visited Lieutenant Bascom's camp, but when demand was made upon him for the restoration of the stolen property he scoffed at the idea of force having been brought there to compel obedience on his part. Argument having failed to produce any effect upon the disposition of the Chief, Lieutenant Bascom then determined to detain him and some others of his party as hostages until the tribe should deliver up a captive boy carried off with the herd and surrender the stolen animals. That determination was only reached as a dernier resort after every effort at

peaceful persuasion had proved futile. When Cochise was informed that he would not be allowed to depart until after the demand made by the representative of the government had been complied with he arose from where the party was seated and yelling to his companions to follow him boldly dashed through the bystanders and with some of the warriors escaped into the adjacent ravines from where they, with others who had been waiting to learn the outcome of his visit, opened fire upon the occupants of the mail corral.

Next day an Indian woman was dispatched with a message informing the Chief that the hostages detained would be taken to Fort Buchanan and confined there until the captive and the cattle were restored. The Overland mail-coach from California was attacked from a well-prepared ambuscade on entering the pass that night, but, after a wounded horse had been cut adrift, miraculously, escaped; the driver, with a shattered leg and with one of his passengers shot through the chest, having succeeded in getting the unwounded horses to pull the coach to the corral.

There being several wounded men at the station, one of the soldiers volunteered to attempt to lead a mule over the steep and untraveled hill-side and from the outside endeavor to escape during the night towards Fort Buchanan in quest of aid. The brave man having succeeded in creeping out without detection reached the mail-station at Dragoon Spring early next morning and after receiving a remount arrived at the post during the second night of the weary and dangerous journey. On the same day, in response to the message sent him, Cochise approached the mail-station with a white flag and called for a talk with the soldier captain, which was accorded: Lieutenant Bascom, two soldiers, Wallace and two other mail employees, meeting the Chief with an equal number of his followers at a point about one hundred and fifty yards from the corral. The parley had hardly commenced when a sentinel posted on the roof of the station-house discovered a large number of Indian warriors crouching from view in a ravine close to and behind Cochise. The soldier called out and had scarcely concluded his warning when a dash to surround Bascom's party and to cut off his retreat was made, the warriors in the ravine opening fire on him as he fell back, but he escaped without injury although several rifle bullets passed through his clothing and one through his hat. Wallace and his companions, presuming upon their intimacy with the Indians, incautiously mingled with Cochise's party, were seized and dragged into the ravine, after which they were not again seen alive. At that critical moment the hostages attempted to escape from the guard; one of them was shot and killed and another knocked down and transfixed to the earth by the bayonet of a sentinel—the weapon passing through his abdomen without wounding the viscera, as evinced by his speedy recovery and his ability to walk with other prisoners a mile and a half to the place of execution where he and five other warriors were hanged seven days later.

At that time there had been quite a heavy snowfall at the pass which was used until it became impracticable to melt sufficient thereof to supply water for the men and animals at the place, after which it became necessary to resort to the spring situated about five or six hundred yards from corral. On the third day after the outbreak, part of the herd was driven from the station to the spring but ere the mules had reached the water the Indians pounced from all directions and succeeded in stampeding the animals but not until several of the guard and Indians had been shot down. As the attack was not unexpected, part of the mules were detained to be sent forward after those sent to the water should have returned. The statement that sixteen of them had been reserved to mount that number of men to ride back to Fort Buchanan in quest of the medical officer is simply ridiculous, as it would have been utterly

impracticable for that number of men and animals to have departed without being discovered and captured by the Indians then surrounding and watching the movements of the beleaguered party. As it was, the success of the daring soldier who during the darkness of night stealthily scaled the steep and pathless mountain side and groped his way out to the plain and rode thence to the post was indeed marvelous; surrounded as was the command by several hundred savages thirsting for the lives of the whole party.

Soon after the arrival of the messenger at the post, the writer volunteered to take a small but picked number of men and endeavor to reach the pass direct instead of going to Fort Breckenridge, about one hundred miles northwest of Buchanan, to accompany two troops of Cavalry then ordered to proceed from there to the assistance of Bascom's force. There being no mounted troops at Buchanan, fourteen reliable infantry were selected for the hazardous service. James Graydon, a discharged soldier, who was ready for an adventure, joined us, and the party set out, mounted on mules, in the face of a heavy snow-storm. In that latitude the February days are short and hence as one hundred miles had to be traversed to reach the pass, it required two days to accomplish the weary and fatiguing journey, sixty-five of which, to Dragoon Spring, were made during the first day's march. On the second day, while crossing the broad plain west of the Chiricahua mountains range, a party of Indians, evidently returning from a raid, was discovered driving a herd of cattle and horses. Pursuit was made and after a long and exciting chase and a running fight, extending over several miles, the Indians abandoned the stock, consisting of some thirty ponies and forty cattle, all of which with three Indian warriors who failed to escape, were captured. Knowing that the party to whose relief I was going was short of provisions, it was determined to drive the animals before us, and for the further reason that in the event of our being attacked within the pass our escape would be facilitated through the desire of the enemy to stampede and recapture the large drove of animals in our possession. The prisoners were secured and every precaution taken to defend ourselves while passing through the long and tortuous passage leading to where Bascom's party was environed.

On arriving at the entrance to the canon a train of five wagons was found in the wash, plundered and burned. To the partially consumed wagon-wheels the naked remains of eight human bodies were lashed—the unfortunate and unsuspecting victims having been captured were stripped and tied to the vehicles and then slowly tortured to death by the burning of their outfit!

How we escaped destruction should now be related. When the Indians ran off the stock from the spring they drove the animals out on the west side of the mountains, and while running them to the north-west they discovered a company of Infantry on the march, changing stations from Fort Breckenridge to Fort Bliss, on the Rio Grande. Suspecting that that force was marching to the east side of the pass for the purpose of attacking them in the rear the Indians followed that command and thereby left the western entrance unguarded and hence the escape of my small party which but for that fortunate incident would undoubtedly have been attacked and inevitably destroyed.

On reaching the mail-station, where our arrival was hailed with shouts of joy, as it was feared that the expected relief party had been intercepted and wiped out; the wounded were attended, and next morning, after the arrival of the two troops of Cavalry, a scout through the southern part of the mountain range, was made, but on seeing the concentration of troops for their punishment, the Indians vanished in various directions. Two more days were spent in

seeking the camp or village of Cochise which was found and destroyed. While on the march in quest of his home our presence disturbed a flock of buzzards some distance to the right of the trail leading to the chief's favorite camping-ground, and, on riding over to the place from where the birds had flown, the ghastly remains of six human bodies, upon which the vultures had been banqueting, were discovered. The evidence was indubitable that the skeletons were those of the unfortunate Wallace and his companions and three other prisoners who had fallen into the power of the savages.

It was then and there that it was determined to execute an equal number of the Indian warriors confined at the mail-station. The silly fabrication that a game of chance decided their fate is as absurd and groundless as the ridiculous assertion that I objected to their execution and wanted to take them to the post of Fort B [Buchanan]. So far from having remonstrated against their merited punishment, it was I who suggested their summary execution, man for man. On Bascom expressing reluctance to resort to the extreme measure proposed, I urged my right to dispose of the lives of the three prisoners captured by me, after which he then acceded to the retaliatory proposition and agreed that those prisoners and three of the hostages taken by him should be brought there and executed, which after full and deliberate consideration was accordingly done, two days afterward, when the troops marched by that point on their return to Forts Breckenridge and Buchanan. The punishment was an extreme mode of reprisal, but was demanded and justified by the persistent acts of treachery and the atrocious cruelties perpetrated by the most cowardly and intractable tribe of savages infesting the territory.

Instead of incurring blame for the extreme retribution inflicted, the commanding officer of Fort Buchanan was instructed that:

The Department Commander directs that you will publicly express to Dr. Irwin, U.S. Army, and to Lieutenant Bascom, 7th U.S. Infantry, his approbation of the excellent conduct of those officers, and the troops under their command in the operations against the Apache Indians during the last month. He emphatically approves of Lieutenant Bascom's decided action in executing the Indian warriors, after the atrocious murders which had been committed by the tribe.

From the foregoing it will be perceived that the imputations circulated against Lieutenant Bascom's experience and conduct are utterly unworthy of credence, and it was a painful surprise to those who knew that gallant young officer to learn that anyone professing to have served in the same regiment with Bascom could be brought through hearsay or misrepresentation to speak unjustly of him and especially of his conduct on that trying occasion. Subsequently it was my fortune to share with him dangers of conflict with the Chiricahuas on occasions where lack of coolness and courage on his part would have involved the destruction of himself and his companions.

Some contemporaries and historians have vilified Bascom for what is thought to be the single incident that set off the Apache wars. Arizona pioneer Charles Poston said "Bascomb was a fine-looking fellow, a Kentuckian, a West Pointer, and of course, a gentleman; but he was unfortunately a fool…."[205] Others have said he was simply carrying out his orders to use force if necessary in recovering stolen property, and that the Apaches needed no provocation to continue their raiding lifestyle.

Bascom was a captain when he died at the Battle of Valverde, New Mexico, on 21 February 1862, and Fort Bascom, New Mexico, was named for him.

Cochise died in 1874, his burial place concealed by his tribesmen. Cochise County, Arizona, is named for him.

Brig. Gen. Bernard John Dowling Irwin. Photo courtesy National Library of Medicine.

"Cochise," 1987, James P. Finley.

Uniforms: The Dragoon Era

The Army uniform underwent some extensive changes in 1851, the year that Fort Defiance became the first Army post to be established just inside of what is today the State of Arizona. Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott signed General Orders 31 on 12 June 1851 which announced and described the uniform change. The orders required that "The articles of the old uniform already manufactured for enlisted men will be issued until exhausted, but will be first altered, so far as practicable, to correspond with the new pattern. In no instance will the two different patterns be furnished to troops stationed at the same post." The officers had six months in which to conform to the new regulations, during which time they could continue to wear their old uniforms. This paragraph is important because this policy of thrift would continue over the rest of the century. Items of clothing and equipment would be used up before new issues of new patterns would be made. The 1851 regulations for the uniform were the most comprehensive that had been written until that time.

In an effort to live within the austere budget set for the Army, only a single uniform was to be worn on all occasions, whether on full dress parade, in the field, or on fatigue duty. The color of the trim on the Dragoon uniform was orange, emerald green for mounted riflemen, light blue for infantry, and red for Artillery. In 1854 the "Saxony blue" of the Infantry was changed to sky-blue.

The M1851 frock coat was authorized for both officers and enlisted. For officers, the

frock coat would remain essentially unchanged until 1892. Company officers had nine buttons in a single row while field grade officers sported a double, parallel row of nine buttons each. The same idea would carry over to the M1854 shell jacket. The shell jacket was designed for mounted troops since the frock coat was cumbersome when riding. This jacket looked much like the M1833 jacket which had been worn by mounted men up until 1851 but had a lower collar and sleeves that were fuller in the elbow to allow more freedom of movement.

There is a story that ornamental sleeve buttons were originally designed to prevent the soldier from wiping his nose on the sleeve of his dress uniform.

The all-purpose M1851 cap, with its leather bill and brass American eagle plate and pompom, was replaced among the dragoons in 1858 by the "Jeff Davis" hat.

All enlisted men wore M1851 brass shoulder scales which were discarded during the Civil War fighting.

Dragoons wore a gold crossed sabers, edges up, insignia on the caps, with a silver regimental number above the intersection. Mounted riflemen wore a bugle standing on its bell with the regimental number in the loop.

The 1851 uniform regulations reversed the way the chevrons had been worn on the field jackets. Since 1847 they were worn with the points up as they were in the 20th century, except on the dress uniform. Now they were worn with the points down, as they were before 1847 and would remain points down until after the end of the 19th century.

The M1851 belt plate was rectangular and bore the American eagle case all in one piece of brass, with a silver wreath affixed below. It would be the standard saber belt buckle for years to come for both enlisted and officers. Enlisted men received a new buckle pattern in 1872 while the officers wore the 1851 design until 1902.

After 1851, all of the leather in belts, hats and horse equipments would be black instead of the white buff leather that had been customary earlier.

In 1855 the first two regiments of Cavalry in the U.S. Army were organized and regulations issued for their uniforms and equipage. Their distinguishing color would be yellow. They would wear a new hat, the M1854, with the brim rolled up on the side and one or more yellow feathers on the other side. They would have the same M1854 shell jacket that was worn by Dragoons and Mounted Riflemen.

In the 1855 regulations, hat cords were specified for the first time. For officers they would be of gold cord with gilt acorns on the end, and for enlisted they would be made of yellow worsted cord. In 1858 the cords for enlisted men were changed to a tasseled end instead of the acorn and became known as the "Civil War" type.

The black felt hat has been known as the "Jeff Davis" hat, since it was said to have been designed by the Secretary of War himself. It was also known as the "Kossuth" hat, the "Hardee" hat and by other names. The cavalrymen had the hat to themselves for four years. The dragoons and mounted riflemen continued to wear the M1851 hat with pompom until 1858 when new orders authorized the M1854 hat to be worn by all officers and enlisted men. A chin strap was added in 1859. Despite its dashing look, the hat had its detractors, like the old-timer who said, "If the whole earth had been ransacked, it is difficult to tell where a more ungainly piece of furniture could have been found."[206]

All officers, with the exception of artillery and infantry, wore the brim fastened up on the right side with a brass eagle plate. The dismounted troops rolled the brim up on the left side, also using the standard eagle fastener. Enlisted men followed the custom of their officers.

The number of feathers worn on the hat signified rank. An enlisted man wore one, company grade officers had two, field grade officers and officers of the general staff rated three.

A hat insignia of black velvet with the insignia of their arm of service embroidered upon it were worn by officers. The enlisted men had to settle for a worsted cord the color of their arm, with a brass letter denoting their company below the insignia. The insignia for the Dragoons remained the crossed sabers with edges up and the mounted riflemen retained their bugle standing on end. The cavalryman adopted the crossed sabers of the Dragoons, but with the edges down. Just months after this insignia was arrived at, a revision called for the cavalrymen to wear the same insignia as the dragoons. The 24 June 1858 revision called for dragoons to wear their regimental numbers in the upper angle of the hat insignia and the company letter in the lower angle. This placement was reversed for cavalrymen.

The old white, loose-fitting shirt was changed to a gray color by the 1857 regulations.

Regulations of 1857 (1858?) changed the color of all trousers, officer or enlisted, to dark blue and authorized a 1 1/2-inch-wide stripe on the leg for sergeants and a 1/2-inch leg stripe for corporals. In December 1861, with few dark blue trousers having been issued, the Army reverted to the sky-blue trousers and so they would remain until 1902.

1858 regulations authorized a four-button sack coat for field wear and a forage cap that was described in general orders:

For fatigue purposes Forage Caps, of the pattern in the Quartermaster General's Office, will be issued, in addition to hats, at the rate of one a year. Dark blue cloth, with a cord or welt around the crown, of the colors used to distinguish the several arms of service, and yellow metal letters in front to designate companies. The unassigned recruits dark blue cord or welt around the crown and without distinctive badge.

Commissioned officers may wear caps of the same pattern with dark blue welt and the distinctive ornament, in front, of the corps and regiment.

The "bummer" cap would be worn until 1872 regulations revised the pattern.

The hard campaigning in the West made individualists even out of soldiers who usually respected the smartness of uniform appearance. On duty at western posts far from the supply depots and the stern eye of high-ranking officers, they often adopted field expedients. In a letter home, Lt. E. Kirby Smith of the 1st Cavalry described his attire while on campaign in 1856:

…I wish you could see me in my scouting costume. Mounted on my mule…corduroy pants; a hickory or blue flannel shirt, cut down in front, studded with pockets and worn outside, a slouched hat and long beard, cavalry boots worn over the pants, knife and revolver belted at my side and a double barrel gun across the pommel, complete the costume as truly serviceable as it is unmilitary.[207]

Here are several more first-hand descriptions of the unmilitary costuming of the soldiers west of the Mississippi in the 1850s. In Texas in 1856 the Mounted Rifles "drill with blue flannel hunting shirts and felt hats." In Kansas in 1857 "Every man is wearing a broad-brimmed hat, each of a different color; white trousers of rough material; a woolen shirt of red, green, blue, or brown…usually open in front and worn like a coat." On the Pacific coast in 1858, the soldiers were "begrimed with mud and rain and dust. The Artillery and Infantry wore blue flannel shirts drawn over their uniforms and belted at the waist; the Dragoons had a similar dress of grey flannel. The officers had adopted the same, with slouched hats. The only marks of their rank were the shoulder-straps sewed on to the flannel."[208]

Sgt. Bandel gave a description of the whimsical attention given to uniforms, an attitude

that would persist in the West for years to come.

. . . You should see us here in our prairie outfits; don't imagine a uniform. Every man is wearing a broad-brimmed hat, each of a different color; a woolen shirt of red, green, blue, or

1851 XXI 1854

Engineers, Foot-Rifles, Dragoon [Musician], Light Artillery, Infantry

From paintings by H. A. Ogden, published by the Quartermaster General in 1890 and in succeeding editions.

1855 XXIII 1858

Cavalry & Dragoons

From paintings by H. A. Ogden, published by the Quartermaster General in 1890 and in succeeding editions.

brown—in short, of any and every color, usually open in front and worn like a coat; the shoes (we still have shoes, though who knows how soon we many have to wear moccasins) with the uppers slashed wherever they might chafe in marching. Even the arms are of different kinds. The bayonets of the privates are with the baggage; my sword, too, is in the wagon, for there is soldier. In this respect there is no distinction between officer and private.

JULY 22 [1857]. . . . Prices of clothing are rising: for a pair of shoes, $5—original price, $1.78. White summer pantaloons I made out of a wagon cover and pay $2.50 for the same.

Up until 1857 only soldiers in the mounted arm were allowed to wear moustaches. Now regulations lifted the ban so that all were free to sport short and neatly trimmed facial hair.

Weapons: The Dragoon Era

It was an age of several key advances in weaponry with the advent of breech-loading shoulder arms, percussion-cap ignition systems, repeating carbines and revolving six-shot pistols. The soldiers could load more rapidly and fire more rounds with improved accuracy. A principal innovation was the Minie ball, pioneered by a French captain of that name. He invented a lead elongated bullet that would expand when the explosion of the powder sent an iron plug into it. The expanding lead ball would be set spinning by grooves rifled into the bore.

The "Walker" .44 caliber model Colt, which followed the "Paterson" Colt, was named for Captain Sam Walker of the Mounted Rifles who collaborated with the inventor to come up with a design that could be recognized by its square-backed trigger guard. They were issued to the Mounted Rifles in 1847. The heavy-framed Walker Colt was improved and issued in 1848 as the Colt Dragoon.

The decade of the 1850s was the era of the Colt Hartford Dragoon pistols, the First, Second and Third models. The First Model Dragoon was a .44 caliber refinement of the earlier Walker model and had a 7 1/2-inch barrel. Made between 1848 and 1850, it differed from later models in its oval cylinder stops. The second Dragoon Colt was a more reliable revolver for field use and made in 1850 and 1851. Gen. William S. Harney considered the arm "perfect for Dragoon service particularly when opposed to the western prairie Indians. It is the only weapon with which we can subdue these wild and daring tribes unless we can have at least three regiments on the Texas frontier alone."[209]

The Third Dragoon pistol was distinguished from the first two models by its trigger guard which was rounded in the back rather than squared. It was manufactured from 1851 to 1860 when it was made obsolete by the M1860 Army Colt. After 1855 the Third Model Dragoon could be converted into a carbine by the attachment of a shoulder stock and some of these pistol-carbines were issued to the 2d Dragoons in Texas around 1858.

The cap and ball Colt Dragoon pistol was unanimously applauded by its users who now had the advantage of firing six shots from horseback without reloading. The weapon had some competition from the M1851 Navy. A 2d Dragoon officer, speaking of the Colt, remarked that it "gives strength and confidence of numbers and inspires the savage with dread."[210] Another enlisted dragoon concurred, putting his finger on the advantage technology gave the outnumbered American soldier in the War. The Indians, he claimed, "had learned enough to convince them that the superiority of the soldier was in his arms, not in his horsemanship…nor in his strength and

prowess as a warrior."[211]

Lt. Col. Philip St. George Cooke went so far as to abandon all Cavalry weapons with the exception of the Colt when he wrote in 1857:

I would solve the difficulty of selection [of a suitable arm for mounted units] by discontinuing the use of any fire arm, other than Colt's large six shooter, with which they are now armed. The loss will be—nothing. The revolvers will hit and kill at one hundred and fifty yards. The long gun, used mounted, is more apt to miss than the revolver; from the use of the bridle hand in aiming it. The revolver is six times as good an arm for the duty of sentinels.

These opinions are founded on an experience of wilderness marching and Indian fighting, greater I believe than that of any other officer of our arm.…

I have taken the responsibility of marching without long arms and may do so again. But it led to a very sharp censure—by a Commander, however, of very little experience and acquaintance with Cavalry service and duty.[212]

Pistols were carried in a socket attached to the saddle until 1855 when they were authorized to be worn on the belt of the new regiments of cavalrymen.

In the 1850s the old Hall carbines of the Dragoons were turned in for the M1847 Springfield .69 caliber Cavalry Musketoon. Recommended by a Ordnance Board for adoption in 1847, it did not become the standard issue to dragoons until about 1851. It was originally a smoothbore weapon with brass mounts. With the advent of the elongated ball or bullet, the M1847 was rifled. It was further modified by adding a leaf sight, removing the sling ring and replacing it with sling swivels fastened to the butt stock and lower band. The result was the model of 1851. Some 6,700 were made between 1847 and 1859.

In the early 1850s, the shoulder arms finding their way into the Department of New Mexico were muskets that had been converted from flintlock to the "Maynard" lock by adding a mechanical priming device patented by a Washington, D.C., dentist, Dr. Edward Maynard, in 1845. His device was a "tape primer" that, like a child's cap pistol, had spots of mecury fulminate spaced at equal intervals along a rolled strip of varnished paper. The paper would be advanced when the musket was cocked, and the hammer would ignite the mecury fulminate which would in turn fire the powder of the cartridge. This saved time as the soldier did not have to fish a cap from his pouch each time he reloaded, and he could fire more rapidly. Two thousand flintlock muskets were ordered to be converted in 1849 and they started reaching the men in the Southwest over the next few years.

A lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry in Texas reported:

My company was furnished with these muskets in Sept. 1851-ever since that time they have been in constant use, on guard, escorts, & c. I have never known them to be damaged from firing, nor do they miss oftener in firing than the common percussion muskets. The great advantage the Maynard patent possess over the others is the rapidity with which they can be fired—at least three shots to two of any other musket—besides they can be fired with caps if necessary.… For my own use or for the use of my company I much prefer the musket with the Maynard patent lock.… In making this report, I have not relied altogether on my own experience, but have taken the opinion of my Sergeants, who have been using [this musket] constantly for nearly two years.[213]

The M1847 musketoon was remembered by Maj. Gen. Z. R. Bliss in his memoirs as

…a sort of brevet musket. It was nothing but an old musket sawed off to about two-thirds of its original length, and the rammer fastened to the barrel by a swivel to prevent its

being lost or dropped when loading on horseback; it used the same cartridge as the musket, kicked like blazes, and had neither range nor accuracy, and was not near as good as the musket, and was only used because it could be more conveniently carried on horseback.[214]

His opinion was seconded by Inspector General Col. Joseph K. F. Mansfield who called the musketoon "a worthless arm," noting that the ball had a tendency to roll out when the weapon was suspended from the sling. The Army experimented with a number of carbines for its mounted troops in the latter part of the 1850s to replace the musketoon.

Some 170 men of the newly organized 1st Regiment of Cavalry were issued .54 caliber breech-loading percussion carbines made by Merrill, Latrobe and Thomas. In the 2d Regiment of Cavalry established in the same year, some 200 Perry breech-loading percussion carbines were issued. Other members of these regiments received the M1855 Springfield .58 caliber rifled carbine which was a combination of parts from older cadet muskets equipped with shorter barrels and a new ramrod swivel.

The Army issued a M1855 .58 caliber rifle and refit many of its old smoothbore muskets with rifled bores. The U.S. M1855 Rifle was placed in the hands of the new 9th and 10th Infantry regiments and the Mounted Riflemen. The M1855 Rifled Musket was reissued to the other eight Infantry regiments.

Also having a brief life among the Cavalry was the M1855 Springfield .58 muzzle-loading pistol which had been fitted out with a detachable stock. The pistol was carried in one saddle holster and the stock in the other. This pistol carbine was rejected during its trial in the 1st and 2d Cavalry in 1855.

A more common weapon among the Dragoons and Cavalry was the M1852 Sharp's .52 percussion carbine which began to reach the field in 1858 and 1859 to replace the M1847 musketoon carbine. After a trial in 1850 pitting the Sharps against a number of other breechloaders, a board found:

[The Sharps] has fired several hundred times without cleaning, during which the movements of its machinery were not obstructed.... The penetration, range and accuracy of fire from the rifle this prepared for it, were superior to that of any other breech loading piece offered to the Board. With Maynard's primer, (which, as well as the cap may be used,) this arm was fired ten times per minute and when discharged over the water, a second charge was fired before the ricochet of the first had ceased. From the observations of the use of this Rifle, the Board are of the opinion that it is superior to any of the other arms loading at the breech, and think it would be well to have further trials made, and to put some of them into the hands of troops to determine whether they are suitable to the military service.[215]

By 1854 there were 35 Sharps in the Department of New Mexico. Colonel Mansfield was a firm believer in the new weapon. He wrote:

There appears to be at present nothing better for the dragoon than the [Hall] carbine and Sharps rifle. Both load at the breech, and will not of course loose their loads when slung. They can be fired with rapidity and with suitable practice with great certainty. The dragoon can feel safe with one of these pieces dismounted, and alone, with a pocket full of cartridges and caps in the midst of Indians. But with the musketoon he is uneasy; it takes so long to load; he loses his ramrod, or his load out: he gets disconcerted and will probably be whipped if hard pushed. With Sharps rifle the case is different, and the pistol and sword can at once be dispensed with, whenever the horse is to be lightened and speed be necessary in the pursuit of Indians. I would therefore recommend that the musketoon be dispensed with and the rifle and

carbine substituted in stead. At present among the dragoons, there are few Sharps rifles, some Harpers Ferry rifles, more carbines and most musketoons, and the ordinary [single-shot] pistols and colts revolvers with the broad sword.[216]

Capt. Richard S. Ewell of the 1st Dragoons seconded Mansfield's opinion. "I have had five of Sharps' carbines on hand six months, and am satisfied that they are superior to any firearm yet furnished the dragoons." He found the weapon "far superior to either rifle, musketoon, or carbine pistol, more particularly as a cavalry arm.... Not one of those in my company has become out of order in the breech-loading arrangement...and the testing has been very severe. ...Mine have the Maynard primer, which is a failure.[217]

In 1858 the commander at Fort Buchanan in today's southern Arizona was asking for the Sharps for his garrison, citing its superior characteristics:

Its range and accuracy are greater than those of the musketoon. It is a stronger arm; the soldier can make it last longer. The swivels and muzzles of the musketoons are constantly getting broken and battered. The range of the Sharps is as great as that of the new carbine pistol—its accuracy of fire greater. The Sharps can be loaded at full speed; the carbine pistol can not without great inconvenience. I am satisfied that the horseman needs no pistol if armed with Sharps' carbine and a light and sharp saber. ...dragoon soldiers have more confidence in it than any other weapon I have ever seen put into their hands; and I have seen them use the musketoon, carbine pistol and Minie rifle.[218]

It became a favorite of the troops and the Regular Cavalry would carry this model throughout the Civil War.

The variety of weapons in the service in 1857 and the resultant need for several different kinds of ammunition, caused Lt. Col. Philip St. George Cooke to complain that:

The Armament of the Cavalry arm has been so varying that there would seem to have been no controlling authority on the subject.... In the first six companies of the Regiment under my immediate command, three have an arm, long discarded—Hall's carbine—and on no other authority than the fancy of a Captain of the regiment. Two have an incompatible supply of Sharps Carbines, and one has the musketoon; and what is worse, these arms have been necessarily more or less mixed in some companies.[219]

While there were Artillery detachments scattered throughout the West, cannon was seldom brought to bear on the fast-moving Indians. The only field piece that had any practicality was the M1840 12-pounder, "Mountain Howitzer," with its "prairie carriage." It could send a 8.9-pound shell over a mile when fully elevated. A rare instance of its use was at the Battle of Apache Pass, Arizona, in 1862, when it startled a band of Apaches under Cochise. The artillery fire was said to have killed as many as 63 of the attacking Indians. One surviving Apache is reported as having said, "We would have done well enough if you had not fired wagons at us."[220]

Equipment: The Dragoon Era

An 1851 report of the Army's Quartermaster said the dragoon of that time was weighted down with seventy-eight pounds of equipment. That included his musket, pistol, saber, belt, cartridge box, cap-box, sling swivel, forty rounds of ammunition, holster, curry comb and brush, spurs, spur straps, a horse blanket, a personal blanket, nose bag, picket pin and rope, and a valise for his personal belongings which were not to exceed 6 lbs., 4 oz.

The M1847 Grimsley saddle remained standard until the issue of the McClellan model in 1859. A M1855 Campbell saddle was adopted for trial use in that year by one squadron each of the newly formed regiments of Cavalry. Other saddle models used during the decade of the 1850s were the Hope saddle, a pattern utilizing a Spanish tree and a horn and much favored by the 2d Cavalry in Texas. The Jones saddle was patented in 1854 by 1st Lt. William E. Jones of the Mounted Rifles. The Grimsley, Campbell, Hope and Jones saddles were extensively field tested in the West before submitting them for contention before the 1859 board. The board selected the McClellan saddle. (See section on Civil War equipment.)

Pistol and carbine cartridge boxes underwent a change in 1850 when the *Ordnance Manual* for that year called for a 7.2-inch long, 5-inch deep and 1.6-inch wide black leather box to hold new size ammunition.

The first belt knife ever issued in the Army was the M1849 Ames knife. With a blade 11 3/4-inches long and 1 5/8 inches wide, it had a brass guard and walnut handle. The manufacturer's stamp, "Ames Mfg. Co./Cabotville/1849," appeared on the blade. The black leather scabbard had a brass tip and throat. Some 1,000 were made and issued to the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, thereby becoming known as the "Rifleman's Knife." The Army would not issue a knife again until the M1880 Army Hunting Knife.

Around 1854 the Army was experimenting with saddle bags as a replacement for the dragoon's valise.

In 1853, acting on the suggestion of Brevet Lt. Col. W. G. Freeman, the Army adopted a standard procedure for branding its horses. "US" was branded on the right shoulder of the animal, the number of the regiment on the left shoulder, and a letter "C" for condemned on the right haunch after the horse was declared unfit for service.

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The Civil War Period in the Southwest

Confederate intentions with regard to the Southwest were based on the need to open a southern corridor to the Pacific through which could flow mineral wealth and supplies brought in at California ports. There was the added attraction of capturing all of the much needed military stores in the southwestern territories. A secessionist was recommending from New Mexico in June 1861: "Now, might it not be well, secretly, of course, and at an early moment, to fit out an expedition to N. Mex.? The stores, etc., in N. Mex. and Ariz. are immense, and I am decidedly of the opinion that the game is worth the ammunition.... The exped. would relieve Texas, open communication to the Pacific, and break the line of operations...designed to circumvallate the south...." Jefferson Davis thought that, "with New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Utah there would be plenty of room for the extension of slavery, which would greatly strengthen the Confederates States."[221]

Southern leaders were confident that they could easily add Arizona and New Mexico to their camp. The New Mexicans, they thought, would gladly forsake the Union in view of the broken promises and token expenditures made by Washington. In short, the government had spent little in protecting the New Mexicans from the hostile Indians as had been assured by General Kearny in 1846. But the Confederates had failed to count on the anti-slavery sentiments among the populace and their hatred of the Texans who were to make up the invasion force. They also overestimated their chances of bringing California and Colorado into the confederacy, areas from which would be drawn the volunteer units that would rush to the defense of Arizona and New Mexico.

While Arizona was under the sway of secessionists, New Mexico was a proven anti-slavery territory and loyal to the Union. The territorial governor would later state that "I have yet to hear of one native born of a Mexican mother who refused to support the old flag," and point out that 6,000 New Mexican volunteers served with distinction. Among them have been listed: Facundo Pino, Jose M. Gallegos, Jose A. Martinez, Donaciano Vigil, Trinidad Romero, Pedro Sanchez, Francisco P. Abreu, Miguel E. Pino, J. F. Chavez, Francisco Perea, Manual Chavez, Rafael Chacon, Jose D. Sena, and Manual D. Pino.[222]

A number of officers in the military department, like Colonel W. H. Loring commanding the department and the mounted rifles, Colonel George B. Crittenden, Major H. H. Sibley, Captain R. S. Ewell, and Lieut. John R. Cooke hastened to the South to command Confederate forces. "Baldy" Ewell took with him to the Civil War battlefields an Apache servant boy whom he picked up in Arizona and called "Friday." Loring and Sibley would become generals in the Egyptian army after the war. Other officers in the District resigning to join the Confederacy were Lieutenant Joseph Wheeler, Capt. Carter L. Stevenson, Maj. James Longstreet, and Capt. Cadmus M. Wilcox.

It has been charged that Loring and Crittenden were sent to the department by Secretary of War John B. Floyd for the sole purpose of contriving to bring the troops in the theater over to the cause of the South. While there is no solid evidence that this was the case, there is reason to believe that commanders like Sibley wanted to bring their troops with them to fight for the confed-

eracy. On 12 June Major Sibley was writing from El Paso: "We are at last under the glorious banner of the confederate states. …I regret now more than ever the sickly sentimentality by which I was overruled in my desire to bring my whole command with me. I am satisfied of the disaffection of the best of the rank and file in N. Mex." However, the enlisted soldiers and most officers remained loyal to the union.

Roll Call: Estevan Ochoa—Mexican Pioneer

Born in 1831 in Chihuahua, Mexico, Estevan Ochoa was typical of the many Mexicans who contributed to the opening of the American Southwest. Arriving in Tucson in 1860, he began a freight business which in four years was to have assets of over $100,000 and made him one of Arizona's most influential citizens.

At a time before the railroads were built, Ochoa's firm controlled the majority of the shipping in Arizona and was responsible for supplying all of the Army posts in the territory. His rise as a government contractor was not without difficulty as his routes from Kansas City were harrassed by Indians. He demonstrated his loyalty to the United States during the Civil War when Confederate forces occupied Tucson. Refusing to take a loyalty oath to the Confederacy, he forfeited his property, which he said he all owed to the United States, and was forced to ride alone over hundreds of miles to Union-held territory. The dangers he faced traveling alone through hostile Apache country testify to his courage and patriotism.

Military Intelligence in the American Southwest: Graydon's Spy Company in the Civil War

James Graydon, better known to his compatriots as "Paddy," was a former regular army dragoon who served with Capt. Ewell's company. As a civilian he opened the U.S. Boundary Hotel on the Sonoita Valley Road three miles from Fort Buchanan in March 1859. He had accompanied the force out of Fort Buchanan, led by surgeon Bernard J.D. Irwin, that rode in February 1861 to the rescue of Lieut. Bascom who was beleagured by Cochise's Chiricahua Apaches at Apache Pass. Dr. Irwin wrote in his official report, "Mr. James Graydon, a citizen of this vicinity, accompanied me and was foremost in capturing and securing the prisoners. His character for daring and courage needs no commendation at my hands."

When a Confederate invasion of New Mexico threatened, Graydon organized a "Spy Company." It was composed almost entirely of New Mexicans who were intimately familiar with the country. According to a fellow Union officer, "Captain Graydon was a brave man, and no undertaking was too hazardous for him to attempt. His company were nearly all natives of New Mexico, and they would go anywhere their captain would lead them." The company would operate independently and, as one veteran of the war remembered, "It was seldom under the restraint of a superior officer, as it was nearly all the time on the road, its captain not liking the monotony of garrison life." A Colorado Volunteer remembered that Graydon was like "the vulture over the carrion…always hovering around the foe, watching with eagle eye for a chance to strike a telling blow." The company was active, scouting the countryside and capturing Confederate patrols.

One Confederate soldier wrote that, "Ogradens Spy Co. knew every move we made and Ograden himself was looking at us when we drilled at Ft. Davis [Texas] coming on up. They boast that some of their Spys took supper with us every night we were in New Mexico."

On the night before the Battle of Valverde, 20 February 1862, Brig. Gen. Sibley, C.S.A., had his army of 1,750 in camp opposite Fort Craig [New Mexico]. Captain Graydon determined to make an ingenious night attack on the Confederate camp. He had wooden boxes strapped to the backs of two old mules. In the boxes he loaded six 24-pounder howitzer shells with the fuzes shortened. With three or four men and the deadly mules, he crossed the river under the cover of darkness and crept up on the enemy camp. The plan was to light the fuzes and send the mules through the Confederate picket line and into their camp where the explosions would have a devasting effect. Graydon pointed the mules, ignited the fuzes, and beat a hasty retreat. When they looked back, the men of the Spy Company discovered that the mules had turned around and were following them, the fuzes sizzling. They broke into a full run. Loud explosions woke up the Confederate camp. The Graydon Spy Company attack had misfired and suffered the loss of two mules.

At the age of thirty, Graydon was fatally shot down in November 1862 duel with Army surgeon Dr. J. M. Whitlock who had publicly called Graydon's murder of Indian chief Manuelito "cowardly." In swift retaliation his soldiers opened up on the doctor, riddling his body with 130 gunshot wounds, and tossing his body in a ditch. The ringleaders of the soldiers were arrested by Kit Carson but escaped confinement under suspicious circumstances.

Maj. Gen. Edward R.S. Canby

Brig. Gen. Henry H. Sibley, C.S.A.

The California Column

The Civil War was finding its way into that part of the territory that is now southern Arizona. A 200-man detachment of Sibley's troops under Captain Sherrod Hunter arrived in Tucson in February 1862 to the cheers of southern sympathizers. Known Union supporters were escorted out of the city to be left to the mercy of the Apache. Mines belonging to Union men were confiscated. Hunter sent out scouting forces in the direction of Fort Yuma by way of the Pima

villages and the Gila River. Here they would skirmish with advance detachments of the California Column coming east along the same trails.

With Confederate Brig. Gen. Henry H. Sibley's thrust into New Mexico and Arizona in the Spring of 1862, Colonel James H. Carleton was ordered to take his Californians east and recapture "all of our forts in Arizona and New Mexico, driving the rebel forces out of that country or capturing them."[223] Some 1,800 strong, they consisted of Carleton's 1st Infantry Regiment, 10 companies in number; a battalion of the 2d Cavalry under the command of Lt. Col. Edward W. Eyre and made up of five companies; the 5th Infantry with five companies under Colonel George W. Bowie; Captain John C. Cremony's Company B of the 2d Cavalry; and Lieut. Shinn's battery of Company A, U.S. artillery. These units would assemble at Fort Yuma in April and May of 1862 and then march into New Mexico territory along the Gila trail, spaced out so that they would not overtax the water holes along the way.

On the 4th of July, the advanced guard of Carleton's California Volunteers, under Lt. Col. Edward W. Eyre, reached the Rio Grande, a date which coincided with the last straggling band of Texans exiting the territory. Carleton officially took command of the territory of New Mexico on 18 September 1862, and by the end of the year Californians had replaced all of the Coloradans, the latter having withdrawn for service in Colorado and vicinity.

The Battle at Pichacho Pass

An advance guard of the California column was led by Lt. Col. Joseph Rodman West, a Mexican War veteran as both a private and Captain, who would also receive a promotion to brigadier general and command the California Column after Carleton's rise to departmental commander. Nicknamed "Dandy," he would become a one-term U.S. senator from Louisiana in 1870 and a commissioner of the District of Columbia from 1882-1885. He died in Washington, D.C. in 1898.

West had been guarding the Yuma ferry crossing since November 1861 to interdict the flow of Confederate aid and reinforcements from California to the New Mexican theater. When West sent a messenger to Tucson in February, he was captured. A four-man search party led by Captain William McCleave, Company A, 1st Cavalry, was dispatched to look for the messenger and they too were captured by Confederates at the Pima villages on 6 April 1862. McCleave would later be exchanged for Confederate prisoners.

A patrol under Captain William P. Calloway was sent down the trail to find and rescue McCleave. Hearing of a Confederate detachment operating in the area of the Pima villages, Calloway sent a 12-man scouting party under Lieut. James Barrett, an Irish-born former First Dragoon, to intercept them. The confederates, sixteen men led by Lieut. Jack Swilling, were encountered on 15 April. Although little more than a skirmish, the westernmost battle of the Civil War was fought at Picacho Pass when the two scouting parties from both sides exchanged fire with a loss of two men to the Confederates and three to the Union, including Lieut. Barrett.

A description of the battle appeared in Orton's "Records of California Men in the War of the Rebellion:

> *A reconnoitering party, under Captain William P. Calloway, consisting of his own Company I, 1st California Infantry, a detachment of 1st California Cavalry under Lieutenants James Barrett of Company A and E. C. Baldwin of Company D, and a detachment of Company*

K, 1st California Infantry under Lieutenant Jeremiah Phelan with two mountain howitzers, was sent out with orders to proceed along the Overland route as far as Tucson.

Upon approaching the Picacho, April 15, 1862, the Indian scouts brought information that a detachment of Confederates was in the immediate front. The detachment of Cavalry was ordered to make a wide detour so as to strike them on the flank while the Captain, with the main party, was to attack them in front. The enemy was not found in the immediate front but, after traveling several miles, rapid firing was heard in advance and, arriving on the spot, it was found that Lieutenant Barrett had located the Rebel pickets and the first information they had of the Union forces was their charging among them. Lieutenant Barrett and two men were killed and three men wounded. These were the first California Volunteers killed during the war. The Rebel loss was two men wounded and three prisoners.

The graves of the Union Lieutenant and his men may now be seen within twenty feet of the Southern Pacific Railroad as it goes through Picacho Pass. The Union forces remained on the ground that night and, the next morning, the Captain (Calloway), against the protests of his officers ordered the party to fall back.[224]

A saddler from Prairie Du Chien, Wisconsin, D. L. Hughes, was with Troop D, 1st California Cavalry. He wrote:

…We were approaching a pass near Picacho Arizona (Lieut. Barrett was in command of the advance guard) when we made contact with a picket post of the Confederates. After a short skirmish we drove them back. In this skirmish Lieut Barrett and a private were killed. When we came upon Lieut. Barrett's body we saw he had been shot through the neck and he still had the first finger of each hand over the bullet hole trying to stay the flow of blood. The other soldier I believe was named Russell. We picked them up and buried them in the pass near Picacho peak.[225]

The troops back at the Pima villages named their impromptu garrison Fort Barrett to pay tribute to the only officer who would die from action with the Confederate Army. Carleton's orders also instructed that "The names of Private Johnson, of Company A, and Denerd [Leonard], of Company D, First Cavalry, who fell by [Lieut. Barrett's] side, will until the end of the war be called at every stated roll call of their respective companies, and a comrade shall always respond, 'He died for his country!'"[226] West pushed forward and on 20 May took Tucson without resistance. He established Fort Lowell just outside of town, according to some to keep his troopers, to be away from the temptations of the *senoritas* in Tucson.

The battle at Picacho signalled Hunter's retreat from Arizona while Sibley was also withdrawing from New Mexico in the face of a federal offensive led by Colonel E. R. S. Canby. On the trail east out of Tucson, Hunter's column was hit by Apaches who killed four of the Confederates and took fifty-five of their mounts.

Roll Call: General Jimmy—James H. Carleton

James Carleton (1814-1873) is characterized by historian Robert Utley as "one of the Civil War's noisiest sideshows. A contentious, arbitrary, domineering old dragoon, blessed with monumental certitude and inexhaustible energy, he tormented superiors and terrified subordinates, bullied civil officials and oppressed citizens. But he also warred on the Indians with a ruthlessness and persistence so far unrivaled in the Southwest." Utley called him "a master of guerilla

operations." His forceful and personal tactics were capsulized in these instructions to a subordinate in 1863:

> *The troops must be kept after the Indians, not in big bodies, with military noises and smokes, and the gleam of arms by day, and fires, and talk, and comfortable sleeps by night; but in small parties moving stealthily to their haunts and lying patiently in wait for them; or by following their tracks day after day with a fixedness of purpose that never gives up.... Some flour, bacon, a little coffee, and sugar, thrown on a pack-mule, with the men carrying, say, two or three days' rations in their haversacks, and it will surprise the country what a few resolute men can do. If a hunter goes after deer, he tries all sorts of wiles to get within gunshot of it. An Indian is a more watchful and a more wary animal than a deer. He must be hunted with skill; he cannot be blundered upon; nor will he allow his pursuers to come upon him when he knows it, unless he is stronger.... I once, in this country, with some good trackers under Kit Carson, followed a trail of Apaches for over a fortnight. I caught them. Others can do as well.*[227]

About Carleton's leadership abilities, Robert Utley has said, "it was the general's paternalistic manipulation—now prodding, now scolding, now lecturing, now praising—that gave direction energy, and success to efforts that could easily have foundered in confusion and lassitude."[228]

By many of his contemporaries, especially the civilian leaders of the territory of New Mexico, he was thought to be an insufferable tyrant. Indian superintendant Michael Steck called him the "Great Mogul." By some of his military subordinates he was found to be an arrogant martinet. Captain Cremony said the general's "unscrupulous ambition and exclusive selfishness had passed into a proverb, despite his acknowledged ability and apparent zeal."

His portrait shows a man almost manic in his sterness with no trace of humor in his high-foreheaded countenance, lips downturned, and pupils dilated. How did a young man interested only in the gentle art of literature get to be the most powerful man in the American Southwest for four years and strike fear into the hearts of his Indian enemies and his American countrymen?

He was born in 1814 and raised by his widowed mother in his home state of Maine. He had literary aspirations and even carried them far enough to correspond with Charles Dickens and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, seeking advice.

At the age of 25 he spent part of 1838 as a rifle company lieutenant in the Maine volunteer militia which was then taking seriously the Canadian threat to its borders. Military life must have exerted a strong appeal, for he sought a regular Army commission following his discharge from the Maine militia. Carleton enlisted the aid of Maine's governor and congressmen who appealed to the Secretary of War to grant him a commission. After passing an officers' exam in Washington, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the First Dragoons in October 1839 and sent to Carlisle Barracks to attend the U.S. Cavalry School of Practice. It was shortly thereafter that he married Boston's Henrietta Tracy Loring.

In 1841 he was shipped, via New Orleans, to Fort Gibson in Indian Territory where he began a 30-year career soldiering in the American West. It was a life of patrolling, exploring, mapping and suppressing Indian raids. And it was a time of personal sorrow. His wife of only one year died at Fort Gibson of typhoid fever.

During the 1846 Mexican War Carleton commanded Company A, First Dragoons, in the Central Division of Brig. Gen. John Wool, rising in rank by war's end to major. He served as a special aide to the commanding general at the battles of Buena Vista and Saltillo.

When the war was over, Carleton married for a second time to Sophie Garland Wolfe in 1848. They would have three children.

In 1850 he was assigned to the Department of New Mexico and given the command of Company K, First Dragoons. The department commander was Colonel John Garland, his wife's uncle. He saw active service in this southwestern military department which he would later command. His dragoons provided protection in 1851 for traffic moving along the Santa Fe trail and Carleton played a part in the construction of Fort Union. In 1852 he participated in an expedition in the eastern part of the territory in pursuit of raiding Mescalero Apaches. It was during these excursions that he happened across Bosque Redondo and recommended that the army erect a post there. He would remember the place ten years later when he needed a location to settle the Mescalero and Navaho.

Carleton was reassigned to Albuquerque in 1853 where he commended a cavalry squadron of Companies H and K. He led his squadron out of that station in the middle of December to reconnoiter the Abo Pass for a railroad route and intimidate the Apache in the area.

In the following year, Carleton's dragoons were joined by Kit Carson's company of New Mexico volunteers in a campaign against the Jicarilla Apache. The two men would work together again in the years to come.

In 1855 Carleton went back east to study the data accumulated by Captain George McClellan and others during a fact finding tour of the Crimean War battlefields and European armies.

He returned to the Department of New Mexico in August 1857, taking with him a detachment of recruits for the Eighth Infantry. Back in Washington in the following year, he was placed in charge of 700 replacements bound for California. After reporting in at the Pacific Department, he was given command of Fort Tejon in California on the Butterfield stage route. From this post he embarked in 1857 for Salt Lake City to investigate the Mountain Meadows Massacre and subsequently into the Mojave Desert to build military camps along the trail from Salt Lake to protect emigrants.

In May 1861 he was transferred from Fort Tejon along with 50 other dragoons to Los Angeles where they would organize and train California militia units. In July the California governor was ordered by the Secretary of War to raise a regiment of infantry and five companies of cavalry to fill the vacuum left by the withdrawal of regular army units back east to take part in the Civil War. Secretary Cameron recommended Carleton for the job of commanding this force. Promoted from major to Colonel of volunteers, Carleton got busy recruiting his units in northern California, principally from the San Fransicso and Sacramento areas. He then marched south and put them in camp around San Bernadino and Los Angeles where Confederate sympathizers were said to be planning a takeover. Here Carleton drilled his troops and sent out detachments to protect the trail across the southern part of the state all the way to Fort Yuma on the Colorado River. He ordered his company commanders to "not hesitate to hold in confinement any person or persons in that vicinity, or who may attempt to pass to or from California, who are avowed enemies of the Government or who will not submit to the oath of allegiance."[229]

Carleton's command style and emphasis on training can be glimpsed in his orders to his officers in which he directed them to have the men "in fighting order all the time, night or day. Keep me advised of all you do. Much is expected of you…drill, drill, drill until your men become perfect as soldiers, as skirmishers, as marksmen. Keep the command in good health…. Have a drill at the target, three shots per man a day for ten days, commencing at 100 yards and increasing ten yards each day. Have also two hours' skirmish drill. Make a tabular report of every shot to

me."[230]

After brushing the Confederate forces from Arizona with his pickets, grandstanding in Tucson in early June with his new brigadier shoulder straps and declaring the territory part of the Union, after engaging at Apache Pass in the middle of July the largest body of Apaches ever to give battle, Carleton, with his main body, gained the famous Rio Grande River in the first days of August. His pilgrimage from California was considered by the commander in chief of the Union armies, himself on the shores of another famous river, the Potomac, as quite a feat. General Henry W. Halleck said, "It is one of the most creditable marches on record. I only wish our Army here had the mobility and endurance of the California troops."[231] The march across the Southwest, despite the demands placed on the soldiers, earned their commander the diminutive nickname of "General Jimmy."

Carleton ordered southern sympathizers rounded up and their assets seized. Sylvester Mowry, a former regular Army officer and mine owner in Patogonia, was arrested on charges of being a rebel officer and of having furnished Hunter with percussion caps. He was jailed at Fort Yuma until November 1862 and his property confiscated by a federal judge. Mowry claimed he was railroaded and brought damage claims against Carleton in the amount of $1,129,000, a lawsuit that Carleton would win. Mowry would seek revenge on Carleton by spreading falsehoods about him in the eastern press and among politicians in Congress. Carleton survived this personal attack after a Senate hearing in 1864 exposed Mowry's lies.

The Civil War emergency passed, Carleton was given a brevet Major General commission in both the regular army and the volunteers on 13 March 1865. On the 4th of July that same year, Carleton ended the military government in the Department of New Mexico. He received orders to join his regiment of Fourth Cavalry on 19 September 1866. Not all of the citizens were sorry to see him leave. The *Santa Fe New Mexican* editorialized unkindly and unjustly:

> *It thus appears that our territory will be relieved from the presence of this man Carleton, who has so long lorded it amongst us. For five years or more he has been in supreme command in New Mexico, and during that whole time, has accomplished nothing for which he is entitled to the thanks or gratitude of our people, or the confidence of the War Department.*[232]

After the war, the army was greatly reduced in size and all of its officers found themselves reverting to a much lower rank than they had reached during the war. This war-time expansion and peace-time contraction had been traditional in the U.S. Army since its inception and would continue into the middle of the 20th century. But for Carleton's vanity, it was intolerable. He was assigned on 6 October 1866 as the lieutenant colonel of the 4th Cavalry at San Antonio, Texas, a comedown in power and prestige that left him embittered, despite the fact that men with Civil War records as impressive as his own shared that fate. He died seven years later on 7 January 1873, in San Antonio as a lieutenant colonel.

His contributions to the opening of the American Southwest are undeniable. He established a network of outposts in Arizona and New Mexico that were instrumental in subduing the Indians and providing a focal point of protection around which settlers could gather. These post were: Fort Barrett, Bowie, Canby, Goodwin, Lowell, Tubac, Verde, Whipple, Bascom, Bayard, Cummings, McRae, Selden, Sumner, and Wingate.

His campaigns against the Navaho and Apache drew upon his considerable experience with Indian fighting in the Southwest and enabled him to develop strategies that turned a bloody frontier into one that could point to unprecedented security, especially in the Navaho country of northwestern New Mexico.

Carleton's contributions were not limited to military administration. He established the first Indian School on the reservation in 1864. He was a naturalist of note, assembling during his patrols of the West a variety of plants, animals, geological specimens and meteorological phenomena for the Smithsonian Institution and Harvard University. One of the best remembered specimens was the 632-pound Carleton meteorite he found in an Arizona blacksmith's shop where it was being used as an anvil. His correspondent, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, immortalized the western compass plant he had received from Carleton in his poem *Evangeline* when he wrote: "This is the compas flower, that the finger of God has planted/Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler's journey."[233]

And he indulged his bent for literature by writing a number of pieces that range from logs of his military travels to accounts of his Mexican War experience that appeared in eastern magazines. Harper & Brothers published his *History of the Battle of Buena Vista* in 1848, which was dedicated to Maj. Gen. Zachary Taylor, soon to be elected president.

His military abilities were unquestionable and Jefferson Davis in 1856 appointed him to review and study reports made on European Cavalry by George B. McClellan. These studies would be remembered later when he was marching his California Column toward New Mexico and anticipated fights with the Confederates. He issued instructions to his men at Fort Yuma on 2 May 1862.

> *Have your sabers sharp, very sharp, that they may readily cut through clothing. Cavalry recently mounted on California horses cannot use any kind of firearms with success…. If a rush is made by Texans on horseback, with revolvers, I recommend close in with them as quick as thought. The cold steel will still win against the pistol…. Get your enemy in your power by cutting off his reins, killing horses, etc.*
>
> *If your cavalry happen to be on foot and the Texans are also, use the firearms when they are about to close, then draw the saber and rush them with the speed of lightning…. A judicious use of the saber on foot or on horseback will tell very much in your favor.*
>
> *…The Texans are fond of getting into an adobe town and by making loopholes in the houses, make a stand. By seizing some prominent row of building and cutting your way from room to room until you get into the heart of the town, you gain the same advantage….*[234]

He was a harsh disciplinarian and an intolerant man who led raids on brothels, whipping the occupants and burning their shacks. He raged against drunkenness and dragged the drunk and hungover behind his mounted columns with ropes. At least one dragoon was reported dying from this punishment in the winter of 1851-2.

One of his biographers, Aurora Hunt, saw his dicipline tempered with understanding. When Company A, First Dragoons, balked at training with their knapsacks at Camp Wright, California, Carleton took the time to patiently explain the reason for the order.

> *We are about to commence a movement with limited means of transportation over a desert country. Unless the soldiers carry their knapsacks at the commencement of the march it will be impossible to transport enough food, ammunition, clothing and hospital supplies. The purpose of the expedition will have to be abandoned or the men, like good soldiers, must be willing to sacrifice personal convenience for a short time to attain an important object.*
>
> *…Read the Articles of War to them. Remind them of their Oaths. Give them one hour to reflect on the unhappy consequences of such conduct. Let them see how unworthy it is of them as soldiers, how degrading to themselves as men, how much it reflects upon their com-*

pany and regiment, how disgraceful it is to California, to the Flag and to the Country.

If, then, any one man amongst them does not feel ashamed of such conduct and feel willing to obey orders promptly and cheerfully, the only alternate left is to have him at once mustered out of service without pay.

The country has plenty of soldiers and California has enough of them who stand ready to take his place and obey orders. I have taken some pains to explain this matter and have exercised forbearance unusual in our profession because I feel an attachment to the men of my own regiment and I do not wish to see them dishonor the Flag or disgrace themselves if I can help it.

But I leave the issue to them, feeling confident that the determination to which they will come, after sober thought, will be such as to cause them to have no regrets hereafter.

There is one thing they can count on. The colors of the First Infantry of California will go forward even though every man in the regiment but one refuses to go.[235]

When Carleton learned that one of his soldiers had been in a brawl with a civilian, he took the side of the soldiers.

…When so grave an insult was offered to your soldiers by the bully and desperado who was knocked down, I am only surprised they did not kill the traitor outright. If a man who so promptly resented the insult to himself and his country is otherwise fitted, it would be well to make him a non-commissioned officer. I have not the heart to advise you to repress his inclinations.[236]

Another biographer, Arrell Morgan Gibson, said of him that he was "a sort of military automaton compulsively committed to duty and command responsibility. He was hardy and tough, able to stay in the saddle as long as any trooper, he could endure hardship and all manner of personal suffering in the performance of a mission, expecting nothing of his men that he could not perform himself. …Carleton was a complex person, sensitive, creative, and highly intelligent yet devoid of compassion. He was vain, and his imperious manner—perhaps appropriate for a major general of the 1860s—antagonized many people."[237]

His undoing was his swaggering refusal to share power with the civilian politicians of the territory. His refusal to accommodate any dissent or negotiate any position antagonized not only his military colleagues but the political aspirants of the territory. It was not the first time, nor would it be the last, that a military man, after having accomplished impossible tasks in an emergency situation, would find it hard to turn over the reins of power to those he had rescued. But the American constitution calls for the subjugation of the military to civilian control.

A Santa Fe newspaper characterized his imperial bearing:

His martial cloak thrown gracefully around him like a Roman toga, his military cap worn precisely six inches from the extreme tip of his nose, his chin drawn gracefully in, his teeth set firm, his Jove-like front, his eyes like Mars, that threaten and command as with slow and measured tread, each step exactly twenty-eight inches, he rules the land. …Yet there is more of the Yankee peddler there as his gray eyes twinkle when he chuckles.[238]

Associate Justice J. G. Knapp kept up a verbal barrage against the general's usurpations of the power of the civil courts. He was ordered arrested by Carleton for traveling without the permission of the military government under martial law. Knapp wrote letters to the President, the Secretary of War and anyone else he could think of to protest the "military depotism." He told Carleton he was "unworthy of your present position under the government of the United States, and of the society and companionship of honorable men."[239]

This military-political controversy would, in many minds, eclipse his achievements as a strategist, logistician and administrator during those traumatic Civil War years.

Maj. Gen. James Henry Carleton

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Company Mascots

Sergeant George Hand was with the California Column in Arizona during the Civil War and he told a story which reveals the attachment of the men for their company mascots.

Our old dog Butch was found by Lt. Smith shot through the kidneys. It was a pity. He was such a good old dog, an old soldier brought up in the Army. He was 10 years of age. Always at musters, guard mounts, and all parades. He had his regular post at all reviews and seemed very proud of it. He was kindly treated by all soldiers but some damned villain of an officer shot him. He was given to us by the Regs. at San Diego when they were leaving for the

States. He followed us through thick and thin ever since, on guard every night. His post was always on No. 1 and bad luck to the man who had no business there. No officer could come by him without the countersign. He was at the battle of Apache Pass. A member of Jimmey's Jack A battery [James A. Carleton's California Volunteers], and if running around the brush and chaparral barking and scouting Indians was doing good, then old Butch is entitled to no very small amount of honor. He was wounded in that fight. One of his toes was shot off. He was a true soldier and many a hard fight and ugly scar will bear testimony of the same. But the poor old fellow was found in (company of officers' dogs) bad company and notwithstanding all his good services in the field he was shot like a common cur by a damned villain who now wears the badge of the rank which he disgraces. May he never get out of this country.

A soldier and his dog at Fort Thomas, Arizona Territory.

The Battle at Apache Pass

The Californians under Brig. Gen. James Carleton were not the green recruits usually found in state militias, but hardy frontiersmen with experience with Indian fighting. They were mostly miners from the San Francisco and Sacramento areas, a circumstance upon which Carleton would try to capitalize when asking for reinforcements. He petitioned government officials in Washington to send him more of these California mining men because, he thought, the territory was full of "unequalled wealth in the precious metals." The commanding general thought it "providential that the practical miners should have come here to assist in their discovery and development." The miners turned soldiers could not only provide the required protection against the Indian, but would locate and exploit the mineral wealth of the region. Arizona and New Mexico hardly turned out to be the "El Dorado" Carleton had prophesied, but some gold and silver was found and many of the Californians did stay on in the territory after the war to prospect, farm and raise cattle.

One of the locations that did yield some gold just before the war was Pinos Altos in the

Mogollon Mountains near the headwaters of the Gila River and the home of Gila Apaches. When the regular troops abandoned Fort McLane, just south of Pinos Altos, in 1861, Mangas Coloradas, the towering chief of the Warm Springs Apaches, led a series of attacks on the whites and drove all but a few from the area.

Mangas Coloradas had allied himself with the Chiricahuas under Cochise, a formidable combination that was thought to be fueled by Lieut. Bascom's attempt to take Cochise into custody, and the errant belief that the withdrawal of the U.S. Army garrisons for Civil War duty was a surrender to Apache superiority.

With the regulars troops hurrying east, the Apaches were unchecked and took advantage of the power vacuum created in the southwest. The Apaches interpreted the retreat of the Army's regular forces to fight the Civil War back east as a great victory for themselves. It would be the task of Carleton's California volunteers to deal with the emboldened marauders and strengthen the system of garrisons throughout the department during the course of the Civil War. Pioneer Charles D. Poston wrote, "The arrival of the California column under Gen. Carleton in June 1862 found the country between the Colorado and Rio Grande a desolation marked by new-made graves." Another contemporary account reported: "The Apache marauders swept down from their mountain strongholds, and carried death and destruction throughout southern Arizona mines: ranches and stock-ranges were abandoned, and the few whites left in the country took refuge within the walls at Tucson. The savages indulged in a saturnalia of slaughter, and the last glimmer of civilization seemed about to be quenched in blood. The horribly mutiliated bodies of men, women, and children marked nearly every mile of the road to the Rio Grande. This frightful condition of things existed for nearly a year after the withdrawal of the troops."[240]

Their first clash took place on 15 July 1862 in the traditional Indian stronghold, Apache Pass, and was the largest scale battle fought between The U.S. Army and the Apache. In it, Captain Thomas Roberts with 126 men and two mountain howitzers fought off an ambush of 700 Apaches led by Cochise and Mangas Coloradas after ten hours and two American casualties. Indian losses were reported at nine. It was the only engagement in Arizona in which artillery played an important part as the soldiers were able to bring it to bear on Apaches massed at a waterhole behind breastworks. However, these Indians were not strangers to artillery. Both Mangas and Cochise had experienced artillery fire before, four years earlier in 1858, when they jointly led an attack on the Mexican town of Fronteras and were driven back by cannon fire.

Captain John C. Cremony, leading Company B, 2d California Cavalry, was ordered, along with Capt. Thomas Roberts' Company E, 1st California Infantry, to take the point of the California Column's march to Santa Fe. They were the first units into Apache Pass and would bear the brunt of the attack by Cochise and Mangas Colorado.

Cremony was no stranger to Apache warfare, having served with the U.S. Boundary Commission under John R. Bartlett from 1849-51. He had met Mangas Coloradas and his Copper Mine Apaches in 1850 and said the chief was "the greatest and most talented Apache Indian of the nineteenth century. …He combined many attributes of real greatness with the ferocity and brutality of the most savage savage."[241]

He believed that no one need to become an Apache victim if only they remained well armed and watchful. He gave this advice:

> *…Every move you make, every step you advance, every camp you visit, is seen and noted by [the Apache] with the strictest scrutiny. If they perceive that you are careful, prepared for any contingency, and always on your guard, they will hesitate about making any attack with*

ten times your force, especially if your party does not offer sufficient inducement in the matter of plunder. But if they observe the least neglect, or want of precaution on your part, you will be assaulted at the the very moment, in the very place, and under circumstances when least expected, with every probability of success in their favor. …The Regular soldiers, in order to preserve the polish and fine appearance of their guns, are in the habit of carrying them in covers and unloaded. This should be avoided. The men should be made to carry their muskets loaded, capped, and ready for action at a second's warning.[242]

On the 13th of July, Cremony was bringing up the rear with 15 cavalrymen and 10 infantrymen and the 16 wagons which contained all of the command's supplies. Captain Roberts, with the main body, his infantry and a number of Cremony's cavalry, were in the advance, 28 miles to the east at Dragoon Springs. They were moving along in echelons because they thought there would be insufficient water to provide for the whole command at one time. Cremony remained at the San Pedro River. It was a strange night. "The rain descended in floods. …The San Pedro roared and foamed, the animals quailed and bent before the storm, and all nature seemed convulsed." In keeping with his policy of vigilance in Apache country, he doubled his sentries. He was apprehensive because of the storm. It was the kind of moonless night that Apaches could well use to their advantage.

Well after midnight, the captain was awakened by the Sergeant of the Guard. An eerie and mysterious phenomenon was taking place. The detachment seemed to be engulfed by fiery spectres. Fires seemed to approach and recede from three directions. Cremony ordered security precautions to be taken, their own campfires doused and the men ready in firing positions. But he withheld fire. He could not believe that the Apaches would so expose themselves. He later learned that they were indeed Indians. They were running with signal torches to various vantage points. It was a nighttime signalling technique used to mass a number of small bands. In the daytime smoke was used.

Before daylight on the 14th, Cremony began his march to Dragoon Springs to join Roberts there. He arrived at three in the afternoon. At 5:30 p.m. Roberts moved out for Apache Pass, again leaving Cremony behind to follow the next day. The next morning, the 15th, Cremony got his train on the trail early for the long march to Apache Pass. Before sunset he arrived at Ewell's Pass where he intended to rest his men and his mules before making the final 15 miles to Apache Pass and Robert's troops. Shortly after stopping, several riders galloped in. They were a detachment of cavalrymen from Cremony's company that had been assigned to accompany Robert's infantry. Sergeant Mitchell, leading them, gave this report:

"Capt. Roberts has been attacked in Apache Pass by a very large body of Indians. We fought them for six hours, and finally compelled them to run. Capt. Roberts then directed us to come back through the pass, and report to you with orders to park the train and take every precaution for its safety. He will join you to-night. On leaving the pass we were pursued by over fifty well armed and mounted Apaches, and we lost three horses, killed under us, and that one—pointing to a splendid gray—is mortally wounded. Sergeant Maynard, now present, has his right arm fractured at the elbow, with a rifle ball, and John Teal we believe to be killed, as we saw him cut off by a band of fifteen or twenty savages, while we were unable to render him any assistance."

Cremony set up a defensive perimeter and settled in to wait for Roberts, the hostiles, or both. The first to approach his camp, however, was neither. It was Private Teal, left for dead by

the courier detachment after he was cut off by the Indians. Teal's story bears out the captain's theory that a determined and well armed man can hold off and dishearten an Apache attack. Teal related:

…After the fight was over Sargent Mitchell, privates King, Keim, Maynard, Teal & Young were sent back to the train to let them know that indians were numerous at & near the pass. We rode fast through the pass to keep a head of the indians but when we got in the open country we slac[k]end our pace & rode along more leisurely for a mile or two when I dismounted to walk, the party soon got two or three hundred yards in advance of me when indians fired on them from some rocks that were quite near to the road wounding Jessee D. Maynard, his horse & Keim's horse. The party stopped looked back at me but self preservation the first instinct of nature getting the better of their valor they gallopped off, leaving me to take care of myself. The indians then turned toward me. I had mounted & fired my carbine at them, they closed in around me, both mounted & on foot. The chief or commander of the indians was armed with a citizen rifle but was unwilling to fire at me without a rest so, after rallying his warriors, he ran for a rest & I after him but, on looking over my shoulder, I saw the mounted indians to[o] close on my rear for safety, so I turned on them & they scattered like birds. I turned again to tend to the old chief but I was to[o] late, he had got to a bunch of Gaita grass [Galleta grass] & was lying on his belly on the opposite side of the bunch with his rifle resting on the bunch pointed strait at me, which caused me to drop from the horse on the ground & the indian shot the horse instead of me. The horse left & I laid low sending a bullet at them whenever I had a chance. We kept firing till it was dark when a lucky shot from me sent the chief [later identified as Mangas Coloradas] off in the arms of his indians. I started for the train a few minutes after. I got to the wagons between 10 & 11 oclock P.M. & was verry thirsty, our capt. gave me some whiskey but still I was thirsty. The idea, or thoughts, of fighting for my life against 18 or 20 apacha indians, then travel 8 miles to camp & find no water there would make stronger men than I am thirsty.[243]

An hour after Teal came in, at about 11:30 p.m., Roberts and thirty men reached the relative safety of the supply camp at Ewell's Station. It was then that Captain Cremony heard the details of the Apache Pass ambush. He later penned his account.[244]

Roberts, entirely unsuspecting any attack, entered the pass with the ordinary precautions. He had penetrated two-thirds of the way, when from both sides of that battlemented gorge a fearful rain of fire and lead was poured upon his troops, within a range of from thirty to eighty yards. On either hand the rocks afforded natural and almost unassailable defenses. Every tree concealed an armed warrior, and each warrior boasted his rifle, six-shooter and knife. A better armed host could scarcely be imagined. From behind every species of shelter came the angry and hissing missiles, and not a soul to be seen. Quickly, vigorously, and bravely did his men respond, but to what effect: They were expending ammunition to no purpose; their foes were invisible; there was no way to escalade those impregnable natural fortresses; the howitzers were useless, and the men doubtful how to attack the foe. In such strait, Roberts determined to fall back, reform and renew the contest. The orders were given and obeyed with perfect discipline. Reaching the entrance to the pass the troops were reorganized, skirmishers were thrown out over the hills so as to command the road; the howitzers were loaded, and belched forth their shells whenever found necessary. In this manner the troops again marched forward. Water was indispensable for the continuance of life. Unless they could reach the springs they must perish. A march of forty miles under an Arizonian sun,

and over wide alkaline plains, with their blinding dust and thirst-provoking effects, had already been effected, and it would be impossible to march back again without serious loss of life, and untold suffering, without taking into account the seeming disgrace of being defeated by seven times their force of Apaches. What would it avail those brave men to know that the Indians were as well armed as they; that they possessed all the advantages; that they outnumbered them seven to one, when the outside and carping world would be so ready to taunt them with defeat, and adduce so many specious reasons why they should have annihilated the savages?

Forward, steadily forward, under a continuous and galling fire, did those gallant companies advance until they reached the old station house in the pass, about six hundred yards from the springs. The house was built of stone, and afforded ample shelter; but still they had no water, and eighteen hours, with a march of forty miles, including six hours of sharp fighting, had been passed without a drop. Men and officers were faint, worn-out with fatigue, want of sleep, and intense privation and excitement; still Roberts urged them on, and led the way. His person was always the most exposed; his voice ever cheering and encouraging. Immediately commanding the springs are two hills, both high and difficult of ascent. One is to the east, and the other overlooks them from the south. On these heights the Apaches had built rude but efficient breastworks by piling rocks one upon the other so as to form crenelle holes between the interstices. From these fortifications they kept up a rapid and scathing fire, which could not be returned with effect by musketry from three to four hundred feet below. The howitzers were got into position, but one of them was so badly managed that the gunners were brought immediately under the fire from the hills without being able to make even a decent response. In a few moments it was overturned by some unaccountable piece of stupidity, and the artillerists driven off by the sharp fire of the savages. At that juncture, Sergeant Mitchell with his six associates of my company, made a rush to bring off the howitzer and place it in a better position. Upon reaching the guns, they determined not to turn it down hill, but up, so as to keep their fronts to the fire. While performing this gallant act, they were assialed with a storm of balls, but escaped untouched; after having righted the gun, brought it away, and placed it in a position best calculated to perform effective service. So soon as this feat had been happily accomplished, the exact range was obtained and shell after shell hurled upon the hills, bursting just when they should. The Apaches, wholly unused to such formidable engines, precipately abandoned their rock works and fled in all directions. It was nearly night. To remain under those death-dealing heights during the night when camp-fires would afford the enemy the best kind of advantage, was not true policy, and Capt. Roberts ordered each man to take a drink from the precious and hardly-earned springs, and fill his canteen, after which the troops retired within the shelter afforded by the stone station house, the proper guards and pickets being posted.

In this fight Roberts had two men killed and three wounded, and I afterwards learned from a prominent Apache who was present in the engagement, that sixty-three warriors were killed outright by the shells, while only three perished from musketry fire. He added—"We would have done well enough if you had not fired wagons at us." The howitzers being on wheels, were deemed a species of wagon by the Apaches, wholly inexperienced in that sort of warfare.

Capt. Roberts suffered his men to recruit their wasted energies with supper, and then taking one-half his company, the remainder being left under command of Lieut. Thompson,

marched back to Ewell's Station, fifteen miles, to assure the safety of the train under my command, and escort it through the pass. As before stated, he reached my camp a little after two o'clock a.m. [he says 11:30 p.m. in his official report], where the men rested until five, when the march toward the pass was resumed. Several alarms were given before his arrival, and we heard the Apaches careering around us; but they made no attack, and kept out of sight. At five o'clock a.m., the train was straightened out with half my effective cavalry force three hundred yards in the advance, and the other half about as far in the rear, while the wagons were flanked on either side by the infantry. In this order we entered that most formidable of gorges, when the bugles blew a halt. A considerable body of the infantry were then thrown out on either side as skirmishers, with a small reserve as the rallying point, while the cavalry were ordered to guard the train, and make occasional dashes into the side canons. "Up hill and down dale" went the skirmishers, plunging into dark and forbidding defiles, and climbing steep, rocky and difficult acclivities, while the cavalry made frequent sorties from the main body to the distance of several hundred yards. Being without a subaltern, Gen. Carleton has assigned Lieut. Muller, of the First Cavalry California Volunteers, to service with my command. This officer soon after gave sufficient proof of his gallantry and zeal, for which I now gratefully return thanks.

In this manner we progressed through that great stronghold of the Apaches and dangerous defile, until we joined the detachment under Lieut. Thompson, at the stone station house, where we quartered for the remainder of that day. Let it be borne in mind that Capt. Roberts' company of Californian Infantry had marched forty miles without food or water, had fought for six hours with desperation against six times their numbers of splendidly armed Apaches, ensconced behind their own natural ramparts, and with every possible advantage in their favor; had driven that force before them, occupied their defiles, taken their strongholds, and, after only one draught of water and a hasty meal, had made another march of thirty miles, almost absolutely without rest. I doubt much if any record exists to show where infantry have made a march of seventy miles, fought one terrible battle of six hours' duration, and achieved a decided victory under such circumstances.

The shrill fife, the rattling drum and the mellow bugles sounded the reveille before dawn of the next day. The camp-fires were soon throwing up their lively jets of flame and smoke, while the grateful odors of frying bacon and browning flap-jacks saluted the appreciative nostrils of the hungry troops. But we had no water, and without water we could have no coffee, that most coveted of all rations. There was reason to believe that the Apaches intended to put our metal to another trial. They had again occupied the heights above the springs, and also the water sources, which were thickly sheltered by trees and willow underbrush. Roberts again made preparations to dislodge the savages, and ordered his howitzers into the most favorable positions….

* * *

…The howitzers then opened fire—the shells burst splendidly; large numbers of Apaches were observed to decamp from the heights in the most hurried manner; the springs also underwent a similar cleaning, and in less than twenty minutes the troops were permitted to advance and fill their canteens, while my cavalry, without waiting further orders, made a rush after the retreating savages until the rapid rise and terribly broken nature of the ground checked their career. The hillsides were covered with fleeing Apaches, who seemed imbued with supernatural powers of locomotion. Upwards they sped with the celerity of Alpine goats, until they

disappeared behind the crests of tall mountains and rugged hills. In peace and quiet we partook of the precious fountain. Our horses and mules, which had not tasted water for forty-eight hours, and were nearly famished from so dusty a road and so long a journey under the hottest of suns, drank as if they would never be satisfied. An hour later we moved through the pass, entered upon the wide plain which separates it from the San Simon river, and reached our camp on that creek, without further trouble, about four o'clock p.m.[245]

Roberts submitted this journal of events to General Carleton:

Journal of the march of a detachment of the Column from California, under the command of Thomas L. Roberts, captain Company E, First Infantry California Volunteers, consisting of Company E, First Infantry California Volunteers, 72 men; Company B, Second Cavalry California Volunteers, Captain J.C. Cremony, 24 men; battery consisting of two prairie howitzers, First Lieut. W.A. Thompson, 20 men; detachment of Company H, First Infantry California Volunteers, First Lieut. A.B. MacGowan, 10 men; 22 teams, Jesse R. Allen, wagon master. Total, 126 men, 242 animals.

* * *

July 14—Left camp at 5 p.m., with same command and one tank, to make the forty miles to Apache Pass. Road descends into plain from five to six miles, good all seasons of the year; then for seven to eight miles road bad and about two miles of it across an alkali flat covered with water from two to four inches deep, which is very bad; after which some hard, level road, followed by succession of hills to Apache Pass Station, but hard and gravelly, with portions graded; grass scarce, wood plenty, and water to be had by hard fighting.

July 15—Arrived at Apache Pass Station 12:30 p.m. About half a mile from station the Apaches attacked the rear of my command, and I am sorry to add, killed Private C.M. O'Brien of Company G, First Infantry, attached to Thompson's battery, who was one of the rear guard, and wounded Andrew Sawyer, teamster, in the thigh; not seriously, however. They, however, met with a warm reception, my men killing four of them. As soon as possible I formed as skirmishers, and after a sharp little contest drove them off, bringing everything in safe except as above stated. On going to the spring for water deployed skirmishers, supported by one of Lieutenant Thompson's guns. Proceeding up the canon cautiously, found the Indians posted high above us, from where they kept up a rattling fire upon us. Called my men out and divided them into two parties of skirmishers, sending them up the hills on either side of the canon, shelling the high points ahead of them. The Indians seemed very loath to let me have water, and fought determinedly, but they found us too much for them; but they kept us from the water until after 4 p.m. In the first engagement for water they killed Private John Barr, of Company E, First Infantry California Volunteers. As soon as I could get water for the horses I dispatched Sergeant Mitchell and the Cavalry with an express to Captain Cremony, informing him of the condition of things ahead, and that I would come to meet him as soon as I possibly could with a portion of my command; which party were also attacked, full particulars of which you will find in the report of Captain Cremony to me, herein enclosed. As soon as I could get water enough for night and morning I withdrew my men, not having enough to hold both the camp and water and go to the relief of Captain Cremony, and as soon as they could get a cup of coffee I started with twenty-eight men and marched back fifteen miles, where I found the train parked and safe. We marched this on my canteen full of water, being all we had, but my men did it without a murmur.

July 16—Started with train in the morning without breakfast, there being no wood to cook

with. Before entering the pass made the following disposition of my force, viz: In front a line of skirmishers; dismounted the Cavalry, excepting three, to assist the three men driving the cattle, and distributed them one to each wagon, the cattle immediately behind the train, and in the rear of all another line of skirmishers, and brought everything in safe. Had to repeat the performance of yesterday to obtain water, which I succeeded in doing without losing a man. Dug the spring out so as to increase its capacity fourfold; walled a portion of it and fixed everything as well as I could; put 200 gallons in tank for drinking and cooking, when commenced watering animals, which is rather slow work, as the spring runs but a small stream and it was late in the night before all the animals were watered. Held the spring until ready to start the next day.

The Apaches concealed themselves on both sides of the trail, amidst the rocks and brush, allowing Roberts' men to ride into the trap before hitting them from both sides with a deadly crossfire. It was a tactic employed 90 years later by the Chinese Communists in Korea against similarly road-bound Americans and with similarly bloody results. Commanders had not learned to protect their flanks with patrols probing the hills to their front and sides, a lesson the U.S. Army would learn from their Indian Scouts in the Apache campaigns.

When Carleton reached Apache Pass twelve days later, on 27 July, he determined to fortify it to secure his lines of communication to California. He issued orders on the spot for a post to be built overlooking the strategic spring at the approaches to the pass and he left a detachment to garrison it. The post was named for the commander of the 5th California Infantry, Colonel George Washington Bowie. It was one of many outposts established in Arizona and New Mexico by the California Volunteers.

Uniforms: The Civil War

With the demands of fighting the Civil War, the Army had little time to devote to uniform or equipment improvements. Few significant revisions surfaced during this time. The uniform was essentially the M1858 sack coat, M1854 Cavalry shell jacket, or the M1851 frock coat for officers.

Regulations for 1858 authorized a four-button "sack coat" for field wear and a forage cap known as a "bummer" cap. These would be the standard field uniform throughout the Civil War and well into the Indian Wars when 1872 regulations prescribed a new look.

Just before the war broke out, a uniform regulation dated 26 February 1861 directed some changes. Heretofore the brim of the M1854 "Jeff Davis" hat was worn by dismounted men (Infantry and Artillery) with the brim looped up on the left side. From now on all soldiers would turn up the right side of their brim. Feathers would be worn on the left. The enlisted forage caps were stripped of their colored cords or welt and now all had a dark blue cord or welt.

In 1861 the regular cavalry was reorganized with the 1st and 2d Dragoons becoming the 1st and 2d Regiments of Cavalry. The Mounted Rifles became the 3d Cavalry, and the old 1st, 2d and the just organized 3d Cavalry regiments were redesignated the 4th, 5th and 6th Cavalry.

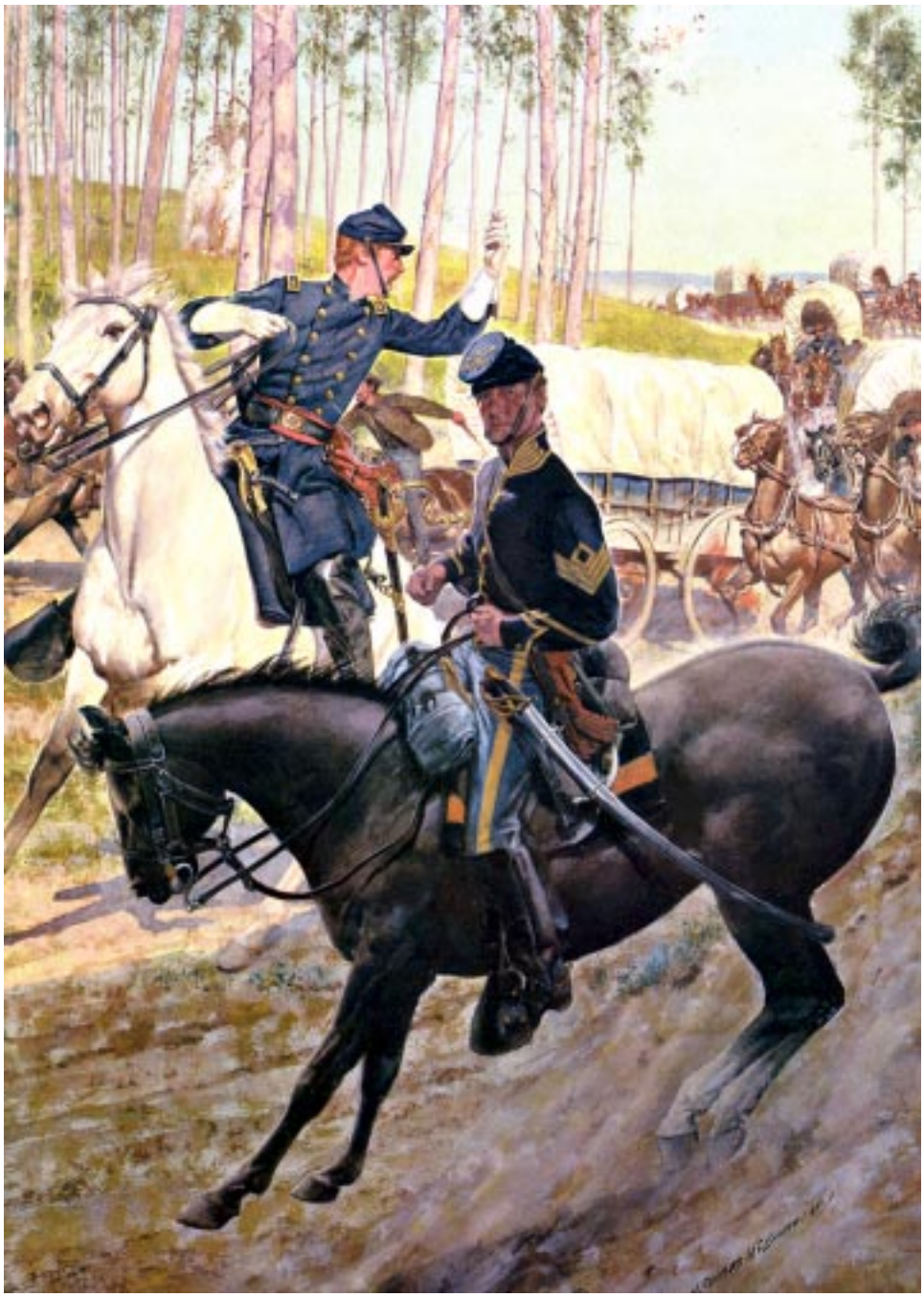
With the consolidation of the Dragoons, Mounted Rifles, and Cavalry into one Cavalry corps, the insignia for this arm became crossed sabers with the edges up. Officer's insignia was a gold embroider wire on an oval of black velvet. Enlisted men insignia was stamped from sheet brass and the company letter was placed in the upper angle with the regimental number above it. It was the common practice during the war for men to wear this insignia on top of the forage cap.

The forage cap became the most commonly worn headgear after 1862 since the dress hat with the looped up brim was made of felt and did not hold its shape after wet weather.

Cavalry officers wore the standard ankle boots during the war with the trousers on the outside. However, many officers, regular and volunteer, turned to a more durable non-regulation boot and the styles proliferated.

The 1861 Confederate invasion of the Territory of New Mexico, which then included Arizona, was made by mounted volunteers recruited in Texas. Their uniforms and weapons often reflected the improvised nature of their organization. They were armed with their own weapons. Double-barreled shotguns and Navy pistols seemed to be the favorite.

Following the Civil War an inventory was ordered by the Quartermaster General of stocks of uniforms and equipment on hand. As of 30 June 1865 there were 297,089 cavalry jackets, 361,509 pairs of reinforced trousers, 890,249 forage caps and over 1 million four-button sack coats. The same astronomical numbers applied to other uniform items and horse equipment. This meant that the regular army, reduced back to its peacetime size, would have no shortage of stocks to be exhausted and that they need not expect any major changes in the uniform for years to come.



"The American Soldier, 1863: Engineer Officer, Infantry Sergeant. Western Theater. Artillery and Infantry Advancing." H. Charles McBarron.

1858 XXVI 1861

Staff, Field & Line Officers & Enlisted Men

From paintings by H. A. Ogden, published by the Quartermaster General in 1890 and in succeeding editions.

1861 XXVII 1866

Campaign Uniform, Field, Line & Non-Commissioned Officers & Privates

From paintings by H. A. Ogden, published by the Quartermaster General in 1890 and in succeeding editions.

1861 XXVIII 1866

Lieut. Gen'l, Major Gen'l, Brig. Gen'l, Staff, Field & Line Officers

From paintings by H. A. Ogden, published by the Quartermaster General in 1890 and in succeeding editions.

Weapons: The Civil War

The American Civil War was a period of such innovation and productivity in the manufacture of arms that the war witnessed more different kinds of handguns, rifles, and carbines than had ever or would ever be used again on a battlefield. In the Union Army along there "recognized as official 79 different models of rifles and muskets, 23 different models of carbines and musketoons, and 19 models of pistols and revolvers."[246]

The M1855, 1861 and 1863 Springfield Rifle-Musket (a shoulder arm that used the components of the musket but substituted a smaller, rifled bore) was the standard arm of the Civil War soldier. It was loaded from the muzzle and used the Minie ball, a paper cartridge that contained both powder and an expanding lead bullet. Harold Petersen, in his monograph on Civil War ordnance, explained the prodedure a soldier used to aim or fire.

The soldier bit open the cartridge, poured the powder down the barrel, rammed the bullet home on top of it, placed a percussion cap on the nipple to provide the ignition spark, and was ready to fire. A good man could fire four aimed shots a minute. Powder fouling after prolonged shooting, however, could slow this rate considerably.

The weapon had excellent accuracy at distances up to 200 yards, could hit a 6'x6' target at 500 yards and an 8'x8' target about half the time at a distance of 1,000 yards.

The 60-year history of the armory at Harper's Ferry came to an end when it was destroyed to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Confederates. This left only the armory at Springfield, which could not keep up with the wartime demand for weapons. This meant the government would have to rely on civilian contractors and imported arms. A number of foreign rifles found their way on to the Civil War battlefield, the best known being the British Enfield .577 caliber rifle-musket.

During the war the favorite Cavalry weapons were the Spencer .52 caliber carbine, often equipped with a Blakeslee Quickloader that could feed cartridges into the weapon's magazine in the butt stock; the Sharps single-shot, breech-loading carbine; the Burnside and the Maynard. The M1863 Spencer repeating rifle and carbine was a breechloader that could fire seven rapid shots before reloading. It was a significant improvement in fire power over a single-shot weapon. The M1863 Sharps .52 caliber carbine was an improvement of the model of 1859. It used a Lawrence Primer System and was widely used until the M1873 Springfield carbine replaced it among Cavalry troops.

Many outdated weapons were pulled out of warehouses for issue to the volunteer units. At the Battle of Pichacho in Arizona, Lt. James Barrett of the California Volunteers carried a M1817 .54 caliber rifle that had been converted from a flintlock to percussion. M1822 .69 caliber Remington rifled muskets were being used at Fort Yuma in 1863 along with the more numerous and more modern M1855 .58 caliber Springfield rifle-musket.

In New Mexico and Arizona during the Civil War, troops of both the Union and Confederacy were often armed with their own weapons. Double-barreled shotguns and Navy pistols seemed to be the favorite. The men of the California Column were armed with muzzle-loading rifles and Sharps carbines. Their commander, Col. James Carleton, ordered in 1862 that "each man [of Company B] is provided with a serviceable carbine, with a saber ground sharp, and with a Navy revolver. You will then see that you have 100 rounds of ammunition for each of the ninety Sharps carbines…."[247]

Civil War revolvers were the M1858 Remington .44 New Model Army; the M1860 Colt .44 Army New Model; and the M1851 Colt .36 Navy.

The M1861 light Cavalry saber replaced the M1840 heavy Dragoon saber early in the Civil War. It was issued in both an officers and enlisted model. The officer's had a gilded brass hilt and brass mountings and was sheathed in a blued iron scabbard. The officer's saber knot is the M1851. The enlisted man's scabbard is browned rather than bright. Both were 1-inch wide at the hilt and 34 5/8 inches long.

Equipment: The Civil War

George McClellan, who would command the Union Armies in the Civil War, was a captain of Dragoons in 1854 when he was sent as an observer to the Crimean War and visited European armies on his way back. Upon his return in 1856 he was assigned to the 1st Cavalry and wrote to the Secretary of War with some proposals for new mounted equipment based on some Prussian and other models he had seen. Writing from Philadelphia, he said:

> *I have shown to several officers passing through this city the Prussian Cavalry equipment; all agree that, with certain quite essential modifications, it would be a better equipment than any we have yet had in our service. The tree is that known as the Hungarian; I would remove all the unnecessary iron with which the Prussians have encumbered it, reduce the height of the cantle, and adopt very nearly "Nolan's" tree. For my own regiment, armed with revolvers, there need be no holster, for the men should follow the Russian system and always carry the pistol on the waist belt.*[248]

Following his letter, Captain McClellan gave further thought to the saddle and, by 1859, had submitted a design to the equipment board formed in that year. It was selected by the board, presided over by Col. Philip St. George Cooke of the 2d Dragoons, Col. Robert E. Lee of the 2d Cavalry, and Lt. Col. Joseph E. Johnston of the 1st Cavalry. With modifications over the next 84 years, it would be the standard cavalry saddle and see service well into World War II. The chief distinguishing feature of the M1859 McClellan saddle was its elongated oval opening in the center of the tree which made it lighter and avoided stress and chafing on the horse's backbone.

Lt. W. H. Jenifer of the 2d Cavalry patented a cavalry saddle in 1860 that had an adjustable steel tree. It was too late to be considered by the 1859 board, but it was used by some officers on both sides in the Civil War.

A number of other recommendations for new horse equipments were made by McClellan and adopted in 1859. A girth of blue wool webbing; a bridle with curb bit, halter and link; a picket pin and a watering bridle all bore 1859 model years.

The cartridge boxes used during the Civil War were those in use since 1855 but in many instances alterations had to be made so that they could hold the new variety of cartridges for the breech-loading weapons.

The Army abandoned its trials with rubber and gutta percha canteens and in 1858 adopted a standard canteen described by the Quartermaster as "tin with cork stopper to hold 3 pints, and to weigh 11 1/2 ounces, covered with gray or sky-blue Kersey."

Troops on the frontier were innovators and many of the recommendations for new equipment came from the men in the field who were most familiar with their needs. Maj. H. H. Sibley of the 2d Dragoons designed a conical tent, patterned after the teepee of the plains Indians that

would survive as the standard through World War I. A pole in the center supported the M1858 tent's apex at which was an opening that provided an upward draft. The edges of the tent were secured with wooden tent pins. A stove was designed for use with the tent which also bore Sibley's name. The cone-shaped, sheet-iron stove could be stacked one inside the other for easy transportation and interlocking stovepipes directed the smoke out through the hole at the top. These stoves were used up until the Second World War. The tent, pins, pole, and stove cost the Army $41.50 each from which a $5.00 royalty was paid to Sibley. Despite the longevity of this equipment, at least one trooper did not find it to his liking.

…About five o'clock this evening we were ordered to strike our tents and turn them in to the Quartermaster and draw a new pattern got up by Major H. H. Sibley, Second Dragoons (my old Company Officer in New Mexico). These new fangled things are very good for what they are intended—that is to say, for an officer or about eight or ten men to stop in; but when they come to cram eighteen soldiers into them, as they have us tonight, I would prefer, except in stormy weather, to make my bunk out of doors. The fact is, when these new fangled things are got up, they are taken to Washington City and exhibited there, and of course, by the learned gentlemen there, who know nothing of military life. They are at once pronounced a wonderful affair. So they are for a few gentlemen to stop in who can command a company of soldiers to pitch and strike them, put up their stoves, bring and cut their wood, etc., etc..[249]

In 1863 the Cavalry guidon changed from the red over white swallowtail to a swallowtail bearing the national colors. The stars were arranged in a circular pattern on the blue field and in their center was usually the company designation, although sometimes it appeared on one of the white stripes. It was 2 feet, 3 inches high, and 3 feet, 5 inches wide.

The M1861 Rucker ambulance replaced the two-wheel carts that had been used. It was designed to provide a comfortable ride for the wounded. It became a favorite means of transportation across the West for officers and their families who purchased the wagons directly from the Quartermaster. Designed primarily for a two-horse team, it was also known to have employed a four-horse or six-mule harness. It was replaced in the 1880s by the U.S. Army Dougherty ambulance wagon.

The M1861 six-mule U.S. Army wagon was the standard baggage wagon and saw service across the American West in similar designs even before 1861. In 1863 a single brake lever was added and in 1882 an improved "California" brake was adopted.

When the California Volunteers under Col. James Carleton marched into Arizona and New Mexico in 1862 to reclaim the territory for the Union and assume the duties of protecting the settlers against the Indians, the commander issued marching orders which give an idea of the uniform and equipment.

General Orders No. 3, 11 February 1862.

I. The Infantry companies which may be required to take the field in this District, unless otherwise especially ordered, will always march with knapsacks on. Each soldier will carry one great coat; one blanket, one forage cap, one woolen shirt, one pair drawers, one pair stockings; one towel, two handkerchiefs; one fine and one coarse comb; one sewing kit; one piece of soap; one tooth brush.

II. Each soldier will wear his uniform hat without trimmings; one blouse; one pair trousers; one pair stockings, one woolen shirt, one pair drawers; and may wear a cravat in lieu of

the leather stock.

III. Each soldier whether of cavalry or infantry will have one canteen and one haversack; one tin cup. In his haversack he will carry one fork, spoon and plate. He will wear a good sheath knife.

IV. Each company, whether of Cavalry or Infantry, will have only enough mess pans and camp kettles (in nests) for absolute requirements, also a few short handled frying pans; some large tin plates, for the baking of bread; three large tin pans in which to mix bread; one or two strong Coffee mills; a six gallon keg for vinegar; a few pounds of black grained pepper; four axes; four camp hatches; six spades; six shovels.

V. Officers will not take mess kits, or trunks, or mattresses on the march. It is suggested that each mess of officers of not less than three, be provided with two champaign [sic] baskets covered with painted canvas, for their mess furniture. These can be packed upon a mule. Their necessary clothing can be carried in a small hand valise, or pair of saddle bags.

VI. The companies of the First Infantry, Cal. Vols. will drill with knapsacks on, and with personal effects packed agreeable to the above orders, from the date of the receipt thereof.[250]

Timeline

In **1862** an Income Tax Law was passed. The ironclad ship *Monitor* was launched on 30 January, ending an era of wooden fighting ships. On 14 February Arizona was proclaimed a Confederate Territory by Jefferson Davis. Greenbacks were first issued. The Union Army's Commander in Chief Abraham Lincoln said that his only military experience in the Black Hawk War was charging wild onion fields and that the only blood he lost was battling mosquitos. On 17 June Congress authorized the enlistment of black troops. The first machine gun was developed by Dr. Richard Gatling. Silas Casey's *Infantry Tactics* became the official Union Army manual replacing *Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics* (1855) whose author, William J. Hardee, defected to the Confederacy. Most Union regiments have been armed with Springfield or Enfield rifles, or rifles converted from muskets, which have far superior effective range than the old smoothbore muskets, making the Civil War the first rifle war, decimating exposed frontal assaults. Along with railroads and steamboats, the rifle transformed land warfare. General John Pope told the press that "My headquarters will be in the saddle!" to which Lincoln answered that "his headquarters are where is hindquarters should be." The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was published by Julia Ward Howe in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest's formula for victory was: "Get there first with the most men." The Army was embattled in Minnesota with the Great Sioux Uprising. The Homestead Act was passed. Slavery was abolished in the Dutch West Indies. Otto von Bismarck became premier of Prussia and, later, the chancellor of the German empire. The Army Medal of Honor was established and 864 of them were issued to a Maine regiment to bribe them to reenlist, but only 309 of them did. Congress withdrew them in 1917 as illegal. Perhaps remembering his dragoon service in southern Arizona, Confederate Gen. R. S. Ewell ordered lighter supply trains, reasoning "The Road to Glory cannot be followed with much bag-

gage." President Lincoln authorized the enlistment of blacks. On 20 January Edwin M. Stanton replaced Cameron as Secretary of War. On 23 July Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck replaced George B. McClellan as Commanding General of the Army. Watching the Union Army retreat from the battle of Fredericksburg on 15 December, Gen. Robert E. Lee said, "It is well that war is so terrible, or we should get too fond of it." Mark Twain became a Confederate soldier and wrote of his experiences in the story "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed." After he encountered a corpse, he wrote, "…the taking of that unoffending life seemed such a wanton thing. And it seemed an epitome of war, that all war must be just the killing of strangers against whom you feel no personal animosity, strangers whom in other circumstances you would help if you found them in trouble, and who would help you if you needed it."

President Abraham Lincoln signed into law on 12 July 1862 a Senate resolution calling for "medals of honor" to be awarded to enlisted men (officers were included by an amendment a year later) who "shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action, and other soldierlike qualities." The criteria has changed since then and today it is the nation's highest award. There were 416 Medals of Honor awarded to soldiers during the Indian Wars.

In **1863** Mexico was occupied by the French whose troops put Archduke Ferdinand on the throne. Arizona Territory was established on 24 February, just a week after Maj. Gen. Samuel P. Heintzelman, owner of the Patagonia Mine hosted a oyster supper in the nation's capital. On 3 March the Union began conscripting troops. The Russians put down a Polish revolt. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad was granted land by the government. Of Maj. Gen. William S. Rosecrans, who had just lost the battle of Chickamauga, Lincoln said he acted "like a duck hit on the head." Canned milk, pork and beans, and tomatoes became a common Civil War fare. The song "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was published. Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker ordered corps in his Army of the Potomac to wear distinctive badges on their caps. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant wrote to the besieged Gen. Simon D. Buckner, a former comrade to whom Grant owed money, at Fort Donelson and used the phrase "unconditional surrender" with which he would become identified. The word "grapevine" came into use for rumor, probably a reference to the telegraph lines that resembled or were disguised as grapevines. The U.S. Army authorized the governor of Rhode Island to raise a regiment of African Americans for federal service. Colonel Ben Grierson, a former Illinois music store clerk who composed campaign songs for Lincoln and hated horses, led his famous cavalry raid behind enemy lines during the Vicksburg campaign. The first issues of the *Army-Navy Journal* were published on 29 August. At the battle of Chicamauga, the former commander of Fort Yuma (1854 or 5?), General George Thomas, led Union forces in a valiant defense earning the nickname "The Rock of Chicamauga;" and the Union Pacific Railroad began construction. Gen. Edwin V. "Bull" Sumner died in bed as he raised a glass of wine to toast his country. Poet Walt Whitman spent the war dressing wounds in military hospitals.

In **1864** General William T. Sherman said, "The regiment is the family. The colonel, as the father, should have a personal acquaintance with every officer and man, and should instill a feeling of pride and affection for himself, so that his officers and men would naturally look to him for personal advice and instruction. …The company is the true unit of discipline, and the captain is the company." The massacre at Sand Creek, Colorado, enacted by Colorado militia. Prussia and Austria were at war with Denmark over the territories of Schleswig and Holstein. The U.S. Army brought back the grade of Lieutenant General with Grant taking command of all Union armies. The government appropriated some 200 acres around Arlington, Virginia, to be used for a military cemetery. Maj. Gen. James McPherson was killed in the Battle of Atlanta. As a 2d Lt.

he had been one of the original founders of Fort Yuma, California. Sherman marched to the sea. Lincoln was reelected. An ice machine was invented by Thaddeus Lowe. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant became Commanding General of the Army, replacing Halleck.

The author of *Adventures in Apache Country*, J. Ross Browne, crossed southern Arizona in 1864 and did not find Tucson, the "metropolis of Arizona," charming.

> *…a city of mud-boxes, dingy and dilapidated, cracked and baked into a composite of dust and filth; littered about with broken corrals, sheds, bake-ovens, carcasses of dead animals, and broken pottery; barren of verdure, parched, naked, and grimly desolate in the glare of a southern sun. Adobe walls without white-wash inside or out, hard earth-floors, baked and dried Mexicans, sore-backed burros, coyote dogs, and terra-cotta children; soldiers, teamsters, and honest miners lounging about the mescal-shops soaked with fiery poison; a noisy band of Sonoranian buffoons dressed in theatrical costume, cutting their antics in the public places to the most diabolical din of fiddles and guitars ever heard.…*[251]

In **1865** the military advances rising out of the Civil War were the telegraph, the railroad and the rifle. More accurate, more distant, and more rapid firepower of the new rifles relegated the glorious bayonet charge to history; bayonet or saber wounds numbered only 922 out of the 250,000 wounds treated at Union hospitals. Walt Whitman (1819-1892) publishes *Drum-Taps*. This is "Cavalry Crossing a Ford."

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun—hark to the musical clank,
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop to drink,
Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person a picture, the negligent rest on saddles,
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the ford—while,
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

Lewis Carroll published *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. General Robert E. Lee, C.S.A., proclaimed, "Men must be habituated to obey or they cannot be controlled in battle, and the neglect of the least important order impairs the proper influence of the officer." Concentrated firepower from accurate rifles and artillery caused one Civil War Union officer to remark that making an assault always involved "a slaughter pen, a charnelhouse, and an army of weeping mothers and sisters at home." Of the pompous General John Pope, a Civil War colleague, General Samuel Sturgis, said, "I don't care for John Pope a pinch of owl dung." Civil War casualties were: Union Army—138,154 killed in action; 221,374 died of other causes; and 280,040 wounded in action. Confederate Army (incomplete figures)—94,000 killed in battle; 70,000 of other causes; and 30,000 died in northern prisons. Arizona was transferred from Department of New Mexico to Department of California on 4 February. The Freedman's Bureau was established. America's first conscription act was passed that affected all males between the ages of 20 and 45. One could be exempted by paying $300 for a substitute. After Lincoln was assassinated in April, Andrew Johnson became president. Paraguay and Brazil were at war. In December the 12th amendment became effective abolishing slavery. Quartermaster General Montgomery Meigs proudly said of his Civil War office: "It is…the second place not in military rank but in actual real influence over the war, in the army. A major general commands a corps d'armee on a single line. The Lt. General commands the whole army. The Q.M. Genl. supplies the means of moving that army, & his command extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific the Lakes to the Gulf."[252] But the standing

joke among line soldiers was that only two Quartermasters were killed during the war, one when a bale of hay fell on him, the other died of laughing on that occasion.[253]

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Apache Campaigns: The Arizona Theater of Operations

In 1860 there were 2,421 whites, mostly Hispanic, living in the Territory of New Mexico, of which Arizona was then a part. (Arizona became a territory in 1863 and a state in 1912.) Ten years later the census shows 9,658 whites, to include Army troops, 4,348 Mexican Americans, 686 immigrants from Great Britain, and 379 from Germany. The rapid influx of settlers brought about the predictable confrontation with the long-time inhabitants—the Apaches. The need for protection by both the white and the Indian was filled by the U.S. Army. Military posts began to spring up across the territory. The first of these forts within Arizona's boundaries was Fort Defiance in 1851, followed by Fort Buchanan in 1856, Fort Mohave in 1859, Fort Breckinridge in 1860, Fort Lowell (Tucson) in 1862, and Camp Wallen in 1866.

With the Civil War ended, military control would revert to the regular Army, and General Irvin McDowell was sent to command the military department of California which now added Arizona Territory to its area of responsibility.

Brig. Gen. John S. Mason, U.S.V. and a major in the regular army, took command 1 March 1865 of the Arizona theater which still had some 2,800 California volunteers and added four companies of Arizona volunteers, including two companies of Pimas and Papagos. To strengthen defenses south of the Gila River, Mason opened the old Fort Breckinridge and called it Fort Grant, and established the first Camp Wallen on the San Pedro. These were in addition to Fort Lowell at Tucson and Fort Bowie in Apache Pass which had been built under Carleton's orders.

Carleton had thrown up outposts north of the Gila River to protect the increasing mining camps there. Fort Whipple at Prescott, Camp Lincoln on the Verde River, and Camp Goodwin on the middle Gila, along with the pre-war stations of Fort Yuma and Mohave along the Colorado River, constituted his defense system.

To these, Mason added Fort McDowell on the Verde, near present-day Phoenix, not far from where it joined the Salt River. It was described by Lieut. Anson Mills who served there as "the most unhappy post at which we ever served." Most of Mills' problems, however, were caused by a quarrel with the commander, Major Nathan Augustus Monroe Dudley, who he said had "an overbearing, tyrannical disposition, and was much addicted to drink."[254]

The young surgeon assigned to Whipple in January 1865, Elliot Coues, remembered with contrition a campaign he had taken part in during that month. He wrote thirty years later, "In January, 1865, it was my misfortune, which I shall never cease to regret, to be concerned in a cruel massacre—for I cannot call it a fight—in which about 30 Hualapais were killed, in the Juniper Mts."[255]

There was cruelty on both sides. One Apache incident was described by Captain Martin H. Calderwood in a letter to the *Weekly Arizona Enterprise* [13 June 1891].

> *In May 1865, I was in command of a company of California volunteers, stationed in the upper Santa Cruz valley near what is now known as Calabasas, a few miles from the Sonora line. We were constantly on the alert and nearly all the time in the saddle, for the Apaches were on all sides of us and we often had skirmishes with them, but for several weeks we had not seen any signs of Indians and we had about made up our minds that the Apaches had left our vicinity to make a raid into New Mexico. One day, having business with Pedro Sevadra, who*

lived about five miles from our camp, I took several men and started for his ranch. We had gone about half the distance when our sergeant…said he heard a shot. As we listened, he declared he heard several more shots, and just then a Mexican, riding for his life, came down the road and informed us that old Cochise, with his band of warriors, had attacked the Sevadra ranch. I gave the Mexican verbal orders to ride on to camp and tell the officer in charge to rapidly come up with forty men; then my men and myself urged our horses to the utmost in the direction of the ranch, but reached there only to find the buildings in flames and to see the Apaches fleeing in the distance. Here I beheld one of the most sickening and cruel sights I ever witnessed during the whole of my campaign against the Apaches. The Indians had stripped naked the four women they had captured and after disemboweling them while still alive, had on the first sight of our approach lanced them through the heart. One of the lance heads had been pulled from its shaft and still remained in the woman's body. I pulled the lance from the woman and the still warm blood flowed from it. Two small children were lying dead near a mesquite log. The savages had taken them by the feet and smashed their heads to a pulpy mess on the log, which was besmeared with their blood and brains. Sevadra, who was as brave a man as ever lived and who was esteemed by all who knew him, had purposely been shot through his kidneys with an arrow; we found him alive but in awful agony. He lived for two days and then died. Sevadra's wife, who had concealed herself on the approach of the Indians, was not discovered and saved her life.

After establishing Camp MacDowell on the Verde River, Lieut. Col. Clarence E. Bennett prepared for a fifteen day scout to search for Apaches and explore the Tonto Basin. On 8 October 1865 he left McDowell with Companies F and A, 7th California Volunteer Infantry; Companies B and C, 1st Regiment of Arizona Volunteer Infantry; and a detachment of the 1st California Volunteer Cavalry. They carried "rations for 15 days, pork for five days and beef for 10 days and hard bread." Lieut. Col. Bennett gave explicit orders to maintain march discipline so that he might surprise the Apaches.

I gave orders that the nails from the hard bread boxes and everything of a like nature that could be used for arrow points or any other way serviceable to the Indians be buried or destroyed. No fires or lights after dark. No discharging of firearms except at Apaches. No loud talking or noise, either in camp or on the march. Neither officers or men to leave the Command without my orders, taking all possible precaution to prevent our movements from being observed by the Apaches.[256]

On 15 October they made contact.

About 9 miles from the Camp, Private Cuchauenashak, Co B, 1st Ariz Inf. engaged an apache warrior. He charged the apache, the first arrow from the apache went thru his horse's ear; the next arrow hit his belt plate; the 3d arrow hit him in the forehead on the left side and glanced off making a flesh wound. Before he could fire again, the Maricopa clinched the apache, and finally killed him. This alarmed the rancheria of about 20 families. A volley of about 100 shots was fired in to the apaches, as they broke from the rancheria. A number of Indians fell at the fire but were got off. The pursuit and firing was continued and it is believed that several were wounded in this affair. The rancheria was captured and burned. …[They left] blankets, a pair of gold scales, considerable rifle powder of good quality in small packages, and a variety of small articles. It was unfortunate that the encounter between the Maricopa and Apache took place, as it gave warning to the Indians in the rancheria and

enabled them to escape.[257]

After exhausting his rations, Bennett brought the column back to Camp McDowell around the end of October. In a 16 October 1865 report to General Mason, Bennett summed up his operations "against the Apaches for the first month after establishing Camp McDowell.

On the 15th of Sept, 9 miles east of Green Valley one Apache killed and several wounded. On the 18th, in the mts northwest from Camp McDowell, 5 killed - west of the Masassal Range. On the 6th of October 5 Apaches killed south of the Masassal Mts just across Salt River, and 7 prisoners taken. On the 15th one Apache killed near the Tordia Mountain. On the 9th of October one Apache killed between the crossing of Salt River…and the Pimas. Total killed, thirteen, several wounded, and seven prisoners now with the Pimas. Captured, rifle, horse, burro, about $50 in gold dust, etc.

It will thus be seen that a great deal of country has been scouted over during the short time I have been on the Rio Verde. The killing of Apaches in different parts of the country widely separated by Troops from the same point will have a tendency to make the Apaches understand we are in earnest.

The prisoners, consisting of one woman and five children, were taken from where they were captured into Major Thompson's camp. Lupinio, my Apache guide, talked with them; they were very communicative. Said the gold dust was got near Hassyamp, that one of the Apaches killed was a captain "Big Foot" - one Indian killed is reported to have had a very large foot. The woman said the El Paso people had come in on Salt River above where I was, and brought rifles, powder, cops, blankets, hats, etc., and traded these articles to the Apache Indians for gold dust, horses, mules, skins and whatever the Apaches might become possessed by murder and robbery that was tradeable. Two hats, nearly new, were captured with the prisoners; they said these were two of the hats.

* * *

These Mexicans that they designate as El Paso people are supplying the Apaches with the material for war, and acting as spies for them. The prisoners further stated that runners had been sent to different parts of the Apaches and they would congregate near Salt River in two days - the 8th - and the squaw explained to Lupinio so that Lupinio with two Pimas could guide the Command to the exact spot and fall on the Indians just after they had assembled.

I hope Major Thompson will succeed in this. Steps should be taken to find out where these Mexican traders come from and capture them and give the devil his due.[258]

In November 1865 Mason mounted a campaign against the Apaches which was considered to be unsuccessful due in large part to the mustering out of the California volunteers and the lack of manpower.

In 1865 and 1866, to replace the departing troops, five companies of Arizona Volunteers were organized, drawing heavily upon the Mexican population in southern Arizona. Actions reported in the press at this time included a fight in December 1865 in which a company of Arizona rangers killed 23 Apaches 85 miles east of Prescott; in February 1866 Arizona volunteers led by Lieut. Gallegos out of Camp Lincoln killed between thirty and forty; Lieut. Cervantes leading volunteers killed twenty-two in the same area; Pima volunteers accounted for twenty-five Apaches after a foray from their village; and Lieut. Hatton at Skull Valley added thirty-two of the enemy to the list. By April 1866, 900 Apaches were reported to be on a reservation improvised at Camp Goodwin, a foreshadowing of a policy that would later bear better results.

The volunteers were disbanded in the fall of 1866. There place was taken in the area

around Prescott by a group of rangers led by a "noted gunman" named Tom Hodges. They had a few encounters with the Indians and killed a number of them without regard to their being women or children.

In July 1866 Congress authorized the Army to enlist 1,000 Indian Scouts. In Arizona the Department of California commander authorized a company of 70 Pimas and Maricopas, and a company of 20 Papagoes and "tame Apaches."

Mason was succeeded in May or June 1866 and replaced by Colonel H. D. Wallen in the north part of the territory and by Colonel Charles S. Lovell in the southern part.

On 30 May 1866, Company E, First Cavalry, under Capt. George Bliss Sanford, arrived at Fort McDowell, Arizona Territory, having marched from Drum Barracks near Los Angeles. On 15 August Sanford assumed command from Lieut. Col. Clarence E. Bennett of the First California Volunteer Cavalry.

It was not long before Sanford was in the field against the Apaches [Tonto, Mohave or Yavapais]. He left McDowell on 27 September with four officers and ninety-one enlisted men from the First Cavalry and Fourteenth Infantry. Riding through the Mazatzal Mountains and the Sierra Anchas in central Arizona they came upon a *rancheria*, charging it and killing fifteen. They took two women and seven children prisoner, returning with them to McDowell on 6 October.

In November 1866, Captain Sanford led his troop from the First Cavalry into the Sierra Ancha Mountains and surprised another rancheria. Over the next five years, Sanford was involved in at least 22 operations against the Apaches in which 102 of the Indians were killed and 34 captured.[259]

In early 1867 General John Irvin Gregg replaced Wallen and General Thomas L. Crittenden replaced Lovell. Gregg was a distinguished veteran. He had served in the Mexican War, enlisting as a private and rising to captain in the 11th Infantry. In the Civil War he was breveted five times for bravery and wounded three times, earning the sobriquet "Steadfast" Gregg. Now he was appointed as the Colonel of the 8th Cavalry recruited in California from among "wild characters" and "typical specimens of the roving order of citizens."[260] [41.8 percent would desert in 1867.] He would lead that regiment until his retirement in 1879 at the age of 52.

Crittenden was the son of a Kentucky senator and an aide to Gen. Zachary Taylor, his cousin. In the Mexican War he served as a lieutenant colonel in the 3d Kentucky Infantry. In the Civil War he was a major general commanding a division at Shiloh. After the war he received a regular colonel's commission in the 32d Infantry. He died two years after his retirement, on 23 October 1893, at Staten Island, N.Y., at the age of 77.

Taking command at Whipple on 1 April, Gregg disposed his troops, numbering about 275 in all. Companies B and I, of his Eighth Cavalry he put at Fort Whipple to take the field against the Yavapais. Two companies of the Fourteenth Infantry took up station at Camp Lincoln and two more companies of that regiment went to Camp Date Creek.

Capt. J. M. Williams took 85 troopers of the Eighth Cavalry out of Fort Whipple in April and twice made contact with Indians on the Verde River, killing 50 and taking their camp.

Arizona was organized as a military district in October with about 1,300 regular troops replacing the volunteers. They were twenty companies from the Ninth, Fourteenth and Thirty-Second Infantry, and eight companies from the First and Eighth Cavalry. More companies were added in 1869, bringing the strength to 2,000.[261]

The dispositions in Arizona were the subject of a report made in 1867 by Department of

the Pacific Inspector General, Maj. Roger Jones, that criticized the split command structure, the few and widely scattered posts, and the infrequent patrolling. Jones recommended that Arizona be made a single department that could mount coordinated and more ambitious operations, using troops concentrated at fewer posts. His boss, Gen. McDowell, disagreed. The general gave his view of the difficulties in fighting Apaches and Yavapais in Arizona.

> *First, the terrain was more demanding than any to be found on the continent. The waterless distances confounded logistical efforts. For Arizona, the shortest supply line was to Calfornia so the territory would always lie within the Division of the Pacific. For New Mexico, it was easier to bring supplies down the Santa Fe Trail from the east, so it would be a district in the Division of the Missouri. This command arrangement would exist throughout operations in Apacheria and make combined operations difficult.*
>
> *Secondly, the Indians were masters of guerilla warfare, using the forbidding geography to their advantage and fighting from ambush only when they had a decided advantage. Their elusiveness and the vastness of the theater made cornering them very unlikely.*
>
> *The last point in McDowell's assessment was the American soldier whom he found wanting in motivation. In his 1867 report to the Secretary of War, the general noted,*
>
> *One of the causes of the unsatisfactory state of affairs in Arizona…is that of the few officers whom it has been possible to get there with their companies, many are not yet suited to the particular kind of service required in that country, and of those many show but a feeble disposition to adapt themselves to it…. Many have married since the war, or have but rejoined their families since peace was made, and they have their families with them under circumstances of great privation to those of whom they are naturally most solicitous; many times with young children and no servants. They do not want to live the life of Indian trackers.*[262]

The department commander emphasized, "It is not so much a large body, but an active one that is wanted, one moving without any baggage, and led by *active, zealous* officers, who really wish to accomplish something, and who are able to endure *fatigue*, and *willing* to undergo great *personal privations*."[263] General "Old Brains" Halleck commanding in San Francisco concurred in McDowell's findings.

In the spring of 1867, General Gregg put Capt. James M. Williams, Eighth Cavalry, on the trail with Companies B and I. They were after Yavapais Indians reported to be in Hell Canyon. On 10 April Lieut. William McK. Owens, Thirty-second Infantry, leading a detachment of William's scout, came across a large party, and killed three and wounded an unknown number in the firefight.

Williams' strike force had more success on 16 April when he located a rancheria. The Indians escaped and the soldiers fired the camp. On the trail of the Yavapais the following day, the command chased the hostiles up a mountain and in their retreat the Indians ran into the horse guard under Sergeants Patrick Golden and Teran. The NCOs charged the more than thirty-five Indians with eighteen men and routed them. The Indians suffered twenty killed, others wounded, while the horse guard incurred no casualties.

Civilian Tom Hodges was scouting for the William's force and on 18 April he found another Indian camp. In the action that followed, a saddler for Company B, George W. Drummond, was killed and another trooper wounded. Thirty Indians were killed.

A few months later, Williams set out on another campaign with Company I of the Eighth Cavalry. At a place called Truxton Wash in the Yampai Valley on 14 June he had a fight with a party of Walapais, killing an indeterminate number and capturing nine. On 5 July General Gregg

joined the scout. On the afternoon of 9 July, Capt. Williams, General Gregg, and seven men were working up Music Mountain to get a better view of the valley. They were surprised by Indians who were at the top and Williams was brought down by two arrows; another soldier was also hit. Three Indians were killed. General Gregg pulled out with the wounded men to Truxton Springs. Williams survived his wounds after a period of convalescence and was brevetted major for his gallantry, but the wounds would force him to retire in 1871.

The Walapais had been on the warpath since 1866 when one of their leading chiefs, Wauba-Yuba, was murdered by a revenge-seeking freighter who thought the chief might have had something to do with the murder of a friend. A newspaper account said that the chief had rode into Edward Clower Miller's camp to trade for supplies and that after an argument the man leveled his Hawkins rifle "and sent a bullet crashing through the lungs of the Indian, tearing a hole in his body as big as his hand."[264] The freighter was acquitted with a "unanimous vote of thanks" from the jury.

But the citizenry would not bed so thankful over the next two years. Walapais reprisals were numerous and deadly. Their attacks would cause most of the mines in the area to be abandoned. On 30 May 1867 some 250 Indians hit a party of four soldiers and six civilians, killing one of the civilians. A 21-man patrol chased them to Peacock Springs but were outnumbered and broke off.

In early November 1867, Lieut. Patrick Hasson, an Irish-born former enlisted man, led 50 men from Troop E, First Cavalry, out of Fort Whipple toward Mount Hope. There, noted civilian scout Dan O'Leary picked up Indian signs and discovered a rancheria before dark on 4 November. The next morning O'Leary and a party of dismounted cavalrymen got into position on one side of the camp while Hasson prepared to charge it from the other. The move was given away when a trooper was spotted and the Indians alerted. In the fight that followed thirty-two Indians were reported killed. A newspaper account said Hasson and seven men were wounded.[265]

In September 1867 a concerted move was made against the Walapais, commanded by Col. William Redwood Price. Three columns took the field from Fort Mohave, called by a Prescott newspaperman the "Grand Army of the Colorado." Maj. D. R. Clendinin took the first column, numbering 100 men, out on 27 September. Moving due north with the Colorado River on their left and the Black Mountains on the right, they circled the northern end of the mountain range, then headed back southeast to Beale's Springs. The second column of 100 men was led by Lieut. Traverse and moved out on the 28th, also heading for Beale's Springs, but in a northeasterly direction through the Union Pass in the Black Mountains. On the same day, Lieut. A. B. Wells, Eighth Cavalry, took 50 men from Fort Mohave and took Beale's or Sitgreaves' Pass due east and thence into the Walapais Mountains, where they would change course northerly to Beale's Springs.

The first two columns linked up in the Sacramento Valley and then went into camp at Beale's Springs on 1 October without turning up any of the hostiles. Wells' patrol had better luck in the Walapais Mountains, coming across one abandoned Indian camp after another. Finally, on 6 October they made contact and in the fight killed seven, before moving on to Beale's Springs the same day.

On the 19th Maj. Clendinin, operating in the Walapais Mountains, was attacked by Indians who poured some 200 rounds into the column without inflicting any casualties. Clendinin withdrew. A few weeks later, he came across a hostile band at a ranch it had occupied and drove it off. In another action, his men killed one Walapais at Bitter Springs, driving off the rest. From the time these three columns set out until they were recalled in early February 1868, they were

reported to have killed or captured more than 100 Indians.[266]

A key part of this campaign was the January 1868 expedition from Fort Mohave to Kingman and then up the east side of the Cerbat Mountains. Led by Capt. S. B. M. Young, with Lieuts. Jonathan D. Stevenson and Aquila Asbury Reese, Jr., the troops first stopped at Hardyville where a storm was brewing. Scout O'Leary counseled waiting for the weather to break but Capt. Young was for pushing ahead. "I owe old Scherum [a prominent Walapais chief] a visit, and if I go in a storm, I will be likely to find him at home."[267] So on 12 January they marched through Union Pass. On the fourth day out, reckoning their presence was known, the officers decided upon a ruse. To make the Indians think they were heading in the wrong direction, Stevenson took part of the command away to the southeast, toward Peacock Springs and the Peacock Mountains. Young then took the remainder of his force stealthily north with the Cerbat Mountains screening his movement.

When the mocassin tracks became more evident, the command went into a fireless, noiseless camp while Young and O'Leary scouted ahead under the cover of darkness. Eventually they came upon a Walapais camp below Cherum Peak in Scherum's Canyon. They returned for the rest of the men and moved carefully back to within yards of the camp just before dawn. Three men were detailed to hold the horses while Young, O'Leary, and thirteen men moved into position. The Indians discovered them when they were within thirty yards and took to the rocks. The detachment unloosed three volleys with their Spencer repeating carbines at the 100 scattering Indians and seven were brought down. After an hour and twenty minutes of brisk firing, the Americans were low on ammunition and retreated out of the canyon.

Stevenson, meanwhile, doubled back as planned and upon seeing the column of smoke from the Indians funeral bier, hurried toward the spot, arriving at 3 p.m. When he advanced into the canyon, he was met by a hail of fire from the far stronger Walapais force. Stevenson was hit six times and carried from the field. The Indians followed and had to be fought off until darkness fell and the Walapais broke off the attack. In the morning the lieutenant was loaded upon an ambulance wagon which had been sent for from Beale's Springs and sent back to Fort Mohave under escort. Young feinted a withdrawal and doubled back to surprise the hostiles with another dawn attack. But Scherum had fled the field, burning his camp and his dead. Reports said Young's command had killed sixteen and wounded six; Stevenson's men had killed five. Stevenson would survive his wounds.

On 31 March 1868 General McDowell left Arizona for his new assignment as head of the Fourth Military District at Vicksburg. The former commander of that headquarters, Brigadier General Edward O. C. Ord, headed for Arizona. Until his arrival on 24 April, General Halleck in Calfornia was in command.

A scout out of Camp Verde in May 1868 used Companies B and L of the Eighth Cavalry and two companies of the Fourteenth Infantry to search the Tonto Basin. These troops of the Eighth Cavalry would stay in the field until October and 34 of the men won Medals of Honor. On 28 May four men guarding the pack train ran into some hostiles. The action that followed was narrated by Private Edgar L. Aston.

The four cavalrymen guarding the pack train were Sergeant Richard Fisher, Corporal William Thomas and Privates Edgar L. Aston and William G. Cubberly. A former trooper known as "Cap" Shere acted as a guide. Aston and Cubberly, led by Shere, were seeking a trail out of the valley on the morning of 28 May. As they followed a trail used by Indians to the top of a hill, Shere warned the other two, "If we turn back the Indians'll surely think we're

afraid, and jump on us, and if we go ahead, they'll git ready and lay fer us. You kin bet your lives they'll try to git us, if they kin. If you fellers are a mind to stick by me, we kin give 'em all the fight they want." The two privates agreed to go ahead.

After six miles to the top of the hill, they turned to retrace their steps and regain the pack train, satisfied that they had found the best way out of the valley. Shere was in the lead, with Cubberly and Aston following. Apaches were waiting in ambush. They let Shere pass and then attacked the two men. Aston said, "the redskins suddenly appeared and with a whoop and yell opened up on us. We continued on our retreat, but also made our Spencer carbines talk. How we did fire! The Apaches, too, were furious and sent arrows and bullets after us, till we were in a shower of missiles."

They gained the bottom of the hill and the other side of the canyon and the Indians broke off the attack. Cap Shere had "a lock of hair cut off his forehead," and was wounded slightly in the forearm. Their animals had taken hits. Aston credits their brisk return of fire for their survival. "There is no doubt but what we would have been killed had we taken to our heels and simply ran, and that only by keeping up a hot fire we held the Indians at bay."

They made a report which put the main force on the trail of the hostiles.[268]

The campaign forced a Walapais surrender in August. Col. Price and Capt. Young met with chiefs Scherum and Walapais Charley in August 1868 and terms were agreed upon. The Walapais war was at an end.

At a place about fifteen miles east of Fort McDowell near Sugarloaf Mountain in the middle of June 1868, a five-man detachment escorting the mail from Fort Reno to McDowell was ambushed. An estimated 100 Indians fired at the party from three sides, killing a Private Murphy outright and wounding all the others. Sergeant J. Lemon, F Company, First Cavalry, in command, was subsequently killed after being shot from his horse and then overwhelmed. A second Private Murphy tried to make a stand from the top of a hill. He was later found cut in two. Also cut to pieces was Private Merrill. Only one of the party escaped, Private Theely, who managed to dash to a stockade at the head of Sycamore Creek where he held off the Indians until dark. He then made his way to Fort Reno. The Indians opened and scattered the mail, which was thought to contain an unusual amount of money, greenbacks the soldiers were sending back home after payday.

Wah-poo-eta was a Yavapais leader known to the Americans as Big Rump. He was the target of operations during the summer of 1868 by Lieut. Camillo C. C. Carr, leading troops from E Company, First Cavalry, and I Company, Eighth Cavalry, out of Fort Reno. The credit for uncovering the hostiles, however, goes to a band of Pima Indians who first engaged their long-time enemies in Big Rump's traditional home along the Salt River. After killing a few of the Yavapais and chasing some others into a cave, the Pimas rode back to Fort Reno and alerted the troops, leading them back to the scene. The almost impassable terrain along the canyons of the Salt River stopped Carr in his tracks.

In August 1868 some 200 Indians attacked an American livestock camp guarded by fourteen soldiers. In the fight the Indians suffered three killed and eight wounded, but escaped with a number of mules.

Big Rump's depredations were ended, not by American soldiers, but by Pima and Maricopa Indians, usually the victims of Apache and Yavapais raids, but this time they were the raiders. The Pimas and Maricopas under Juan Chivaria ambushed Big Rump's band in August 1869 and killed the leader. Eighth Cavalrymen who later investigated the scene found a number of greenbacks on

Big Rump's body, thought to be the loot from a recent mail robbery at Date Creek.

But other Apache depredations continued unabated and the populace clamored for a solution. A feeling for the scope of the Apache raids is gained by reading Bancroft's condensation of the official accounts of the period.

> *General [Thomas Casimir] Devin's [Both District of Arizona and Sub-district of Tucson commander from 9 September 1868, Devin had risen to Major General of Volunteers in the Civil War and in 1866 was given a commission in the Eighth Cavalry. John Spring described him as being "rather deaf, and at times somewhat blunt."] report for 1868 shows that in the northern districts, in 46 expeditions, 114 Ind. had been killed, 61 wounded, and 35 captured. In the south little had been done, though Cochise had promised to keep the peace. Much work had been done at the forts, and several new posts had been established. The force this year was two regiments of infantry, and 9 comp. of cavalry. Gen. Halleck thought a larger force was needed, that negotions were useless, and that Ariz. should be made a separate department. The inspector favored concentration of forces and the abandonment of small posts, which was not approved by Gen. McDowell. In 1869, according to report of Inspector Jones, the Camp Goodwin temporary reserv., estab. by Gen. McDowell in 1866, was broken up at the end of 1868, Gen. Devin stopping rations because the Ind. would not surrender murderers or agree to settle permanently; there had also been a temporary reserv. at Camp Grant, where many Pinal apaches were fed in 1867-8, but this was also abandoned, the Ind. refusing to agree to proposed terms. At Camp Reno in 1869, however, Delche's band of Tontos and others were at peace and doing some work for whites. In Pima co. for the year ending July 17, 1869, 52 whites were killed and 18 wounded by Apaches; and in the next year 47 killed and six wounded, besides the destruction of property worth $10,000 according to the lists pub. in the papers. In 1870 Delegate McCormick presented in congress a list of 144 murdered recently by Apaches, stating that this was not over half the real number of victims. In 1870 special efforts were made without much success to organize and arm the militia.*[269]

Brig. Gen. E. O. C. Ord recommended cutting back on the number of troops in Arizona in 1869 because:

> *Almost the only paying business the white inhabitants have in that Territory is supplying the troops…if the paymasters and quartermasters of the Army were to stop payment in Arizona, a great majority of the white settlers would be compelled to quit it. Hostilities are therefore kept up with a view to protecting inhabitants most of whom are supported by the hostilities. Of course their support being derived from the presence of the troops, they are continually asking for more.*
>
> *At the same time he said, "These Arabs of Arizona have heretofore neither given nor asked quarter; their hands have always been bloody, their favorite pursuit killing and plundering, their favorite ornaments the finger and toe nails, the teeth, hair, and small bones of their victims!" He called for the troops in Arizona to track the Apaches "as they would wild animals."*[270]

Operating out of Fort McDowell, Capt. George B. Sanford kept an "Arizona Record Book" of his scouts in 1869 and 1870. Here are extracts for 1869.

> *Scout, 20 May-8 June 1869:*
>
> *[4 June] A portion of the command now charged down the canon, while the remainder endeavored to flank…the rancheria…. Two large rancherias were discovered…one being situated on each side of the stream. The Indians were evidently completely surprised and*

scattered on all sides, endeavoring to escape up the mountains, and through the canons and holes…. The command pursued…in every direction, with great impetuosity and energy—some on horseback and others on foot…. After a pursuit and fight of an hour and a half's duration…the number slain was ascertained to have been 20. Four children were made prisoners.

Scout, 9 December-11 December 1869:

[10 December] Passed through a fine rolling country, well grassed, and abounding in game…. No fresh Indian signs…but as the command was passing over the crest of a hill, we came in sight of a party of Indians travelling in a southerly direction.

A charge was immediately ordered, and executed with the greatest alacrity by the command. The Indians at first attempted to save themselves by flight, and by concealing themselves in the bushes; but, finding that impossible, made what resistance they could….

The fight…was not finished until every Indian of the party, eleven (11) in all, were killed.[271]

Operating around Fort Bowie in 1869 and 1870, Captain Reuben F. Bernard, an old hand at fighting Apaches, was taking on Cochise's Chiricahua Apaches. He led eight expeditions against the Indians in 1869, his most successful being in October when he was reinforced by troops from Camps Goodwin and Crittenden. The Apaches had attacked a stagecoach on 5 October and murdered both the passengers and the soldier escort near Dragoon Springs. Bernard led his force into Chircahua Pass to confront the Apaches. In three fights with them in October, he killed over thirty Apaches and retook stock. A surgeon from Camp Crittenden took part in this 31 October action and later wrote about the fight to a friend in Iowa. Dr. Levi L. Dorr was the contract surgeon at Tubac in 1867, then at Crittenden, Wallen, Grant and Crittenden again until 1870. His letter is reproduced here.

…Our pleasant post Wallen was broken up at last, and I was ordered here for field duty, somewhat to my annoyance as I desired post duty & a chance to study.

I had not reported here two hours [days] before I was ordered on a scout. Now I will tell you what caused us to go, & omit the rumors we had before starting.

Every year thousands of head of cattle are driven thro this country from Texas to the Cal. market, and from the small number of men with them are often captured by Indians, & especially by Cachiese, the terror of So. Arizona, who numbers about 60 warriors all told. This year there had been but few taken until two months ago. To tell you all. The southern overland coach, with a driver, one citizen & four soldiers, left Camp Bowie for Tucson. Soon after passing a herd of cattle, they were attact by many Apaches and all killed by the first fire, striped and mutilated & the mail captured. The Apaches then attacted the herd, killed one man and took 150 cattle.

This was reported to the Cav. Co. at Camp Bowie some hours after, when Lt. Winters (a Buck Eye and gallant soldier) took 25 men and was soon on their trail south. Three days after, he killed three of five Indians he overtook, and pushing on came up with the cattle with many Indians in an open rolling country. This was a chance Cav. officers pray for, and Winters done the opportunity justice. He killed 12 before they reached the [Chiricahua] Mts., and retook all the cattle but a few, & restored them to their owner. He will get his well erned brevet. [Winters scout covered 216 miles.]

Many Indians were known to be wounded, and so Col. Bernard of the same company thought to get them at our advantage, [and] started out at once with 50 men & Lt. Lafferty. In

two days from the post, he found a fresh trail & following it up into a bad canon suddenly came on all these 60 to 100 Indians, well posted in rockes and with the arms & ammunition they had taken from the stage, finely armed. He fought them with 35 men from noon until night & gained but little ground, so had to retire with the loss of two men killed, one officer & two men wounded, & kill & wounding of 8 horses. He killed 18 Indians and must have wounded many more. I forgot to say Winters had three men wounded. Of both, none were mortally wounded.

Bernard came back to the post, reported the facts to Gen'l. Devin, took all the men he could get from Bowie (70) and found the Indians in the same place. He advanced up the canon but found Indians all around him, & but for Winters coming up would have been cut off and slaughtered. He had fought them before on one Mt.; now they were on both sides, with their stock and familys on the first Mt. Bernard thought he must have more men. In fact, heretofore officers have not tried to fight Indians in such impregnable mountain passes, but their late doings & it being Cachiese was a stimulus.

He [Bernard] came out of the Mts. and met us, who had been ordered to join him with 35 men. That night we returned to the Mts., and at moon rise on foot advanced up this ridge of Mt. he had had fight number 2 on, expecting we would have a hard fight. At daylight [we] were at the top and [went] over in three columns, down into the canon. They knew we were coming and had horses hiched along the creek, in easy range from the right hand Mt., where they had gone. We astonished them by coming over the Mt., instead of up the canon. We thought they had all gone, but soon saw the horses & their rancheria. Our company advancing to take the horses, they [were] run off by Apaches, only an old one left. As soon as we advanced, the ball opened from both sides, but the Indians did not care to show themselfs much, as two of them were killed while getting into position.

We could not now advance up the Mt. without fearfull loss of life, so we withdrew, having been out two nights without sleep & 12 hrs. without food. It was impossable to drive them from such a place, as they were armed.

We came back to Bowie & were joined by 75 more Cav. and [went] after them again. But on arriving at the place, they were gone. We followed them on from Fight 3 over the Mts. East, and [continued] two or three days behind them among the smaller Mts., but they could travel on the inside track faster than we could. We one day killed another Indian & got one of the soldier rifles. At last we came to Bowie & home, having been gone a month. All are glad to get home again, but in a few days or weeks we shall be on the war path again.

The worst of the wounds I saw was Lt. Laffertie's, who was wounded in the lower jaw, fracturing it and cutting the face fearfully, but it healed kindly without much deformity. My hospital experience stood me a good turn here, and, I flatter myself, was of much benefit to L., who was very grateful. The surgeon there [Bowie] was a good physician but a crazy dutchman, & knew little of wounds & their proper dressing. I am trying to get to Bowie as post surgeon, but think it will not be effected, now they have just changed. Do not like field service as I have been on it so much during the last year and but little time to study….[272]

General Devin endorsed a request by Lafferty to be reassigned.

He can now only be fed with beef tea and farina. He prefers being ordered in [to San Francisco] to going on sick leave as he would thereby be entitled to transportation and facilities that could not be accorded to an officer on leave. I respectfully submit that his gallant conduct and helpless condition entitle his request to favorable consideration.[273]

Lafferty was breveted captain for this engagement in 1890, fourteen years after he had

been promoted to captain. He retired in 1878 and died in San Francisco nineteen years later.

One hundred thirty-seven fights with Indians were recorded in Arizona between 1866 and 1870. The Army claimed to have killed 649 of the enemy while taking casualties of 26 killed and 58 wounded.

To meet the increasing Apache threat and still the public cry for military action, Arizona and southern California were made a separate district in July 1869 with headquarters at Drum Barracks on the Pacific coast. Bvt. Maj. Gen. George Stoneman, colonel of the 21st Infantry, was given command. On 15 April 1870 the district was slightly enlarged by adding parts of southern California and made a separate department under the Division of the Pacific. Stoneman was in command at Drum Barracks, near Los Angeles.

Apache Campaigns: The Indian Fighting Army after the Civil War

Following the Civil War in 1866, Congress authorized a number of new regiments and a total strength ceiling of 54,641, compared to the prewar (Act of 1855) total of 12,698. Now there would be ten regiments of cavalry, five of artillery, and forty-five regiments of infantry. Before the war there had been authorized two regiments of dragoons, two of cavalry, one regiment of mounted riflemen, four regiments of artillery, and ten of infantry.

But this larger army was to be short lived. In 1869 Congress reduced the overall strength of the army to 37,313, reducing the infantry to twenty-five regiments. A further cut came in 1870 when Congress set the aggregate for the Army at 35,353, and an 1874 proviso set limits on the number of men that could be recuited. The army in that year was 27,000 strong.[275]

There were twelve companies in a cavalry and artillery regiment, and ten in an infantry regiment.

As per the 1866 organization of the Army, the maximum number of men in a cavalry company (officially called a troop after 1883), the basic tactical unit of the Indian Wars, was about 78. But, as in years past, that ceiling was an unrealistic goal since replacements never kept pace with losses. For instance, out of the complement of 53 enlisted men in Company M at Fort Huachuca on 30 September 1877, only 32 were shown on the post returns as "Present for Duty Equipped." Sixteen were on detached service, in this case on a scout with Lieut. Hanna, three were confined in the guardhouse, one had deserted, and one hospital steward had been promoted out of the ranks to warrant officer.

The Annual Report for 1881 showed that an average cavalry troop numbered about 61 officers and men.

The chain of command for a soldier in the southwest began at the top with the president (Andrew Johnson, 1865-69; Ulysses S. Grant, 1869-77; Rutherford B. Hayes, 1877-81; James A. Garfield, 1881; Chester A. Arthur, 1881-85; Grover Cleveland, 1885-89), the Secretary of War (Edwin M. Stanton, 1862-68; John M. Schofield, 1868-69; John A. Rawlins, 1869; William W. Belknap, 1869-76; Alphonso Taft, 1876; James D. Cameron, 1876-77; George W. McCrary, 1877-79; Alexander Ramsey, 1879-81; Robert T. Lincoln, 1881-85; William C. Endicott, 1885-89), and the Army Commanding General (Gen. U.S. Grant, 1864-69; Gen. William T. Sherman, 1869-83; Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, 1883-88).

Here the chain splits, depending on whether you were stationed in Arizona or New Mexico. For Arizona troops, the downward chain continued with the Division of the Pacific (Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck,), the Department of California (California, Arizona and Nevada) (Maj. Gen. Irvin McDowell, 18 -1868; Brig. Gen. Edward O. C. Ord, 1868—;), and the District of Arizona (Brig. Gen. John S. Mason, 1865- ;). On 15 April 1870 Arizona became a department in the Division of the Pacific (Maj. Gen. George Stoneman, 1870-71; Brig. Gen. George Crook, 1871-1875;) (See Chains of Command, Altshuler—).

For a New Mexico soldier, the next headquarters in the chain of command was the Division of the Missouri (Missouri, Colorado, Kansas, and New Mexico) (Lieut. Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, —), Department of the Missouri (Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott Hanfield), and the District of New Mexico (————).

A regiment was commanded by a colonel and seconded by a lieutenant colonel. There were three majors to command formations of four companies or less in a battalion (or squadron after 1889) organization. On the enlisted side, there was a regimental sergeant major, a quartermaster sergeant, a commissary sergeant, a saddler sergeant, a chief trumpeter, and a hospital steward.

Writing to a fellow officer in 1890 to express his opinions on a bill before Congress to adopt a system of linear promotion outside the regiment, Capt. Joseph Haddon Dorst explained the prevailing ideas about the value of regimental esprit de corps.

> *…Those who believed in regimental promotion had, for the most part, not acquired their convictions through any happy accident of promotion, but in the hardest service ever experienced by any army of a civilized nation in modern times, & knew its value in maintaining esprit de corps in our small detachments of men, both in the field & in garrison, in preserving and elevating discipline, in fostering mutual devotion among comrades of the same organization, in developing the humane virtues of sympathy, kindness and charity on the part of officers for their men, and in the mere respect, confidence, affection and sometimes even dog-like devotion for their officers, then whatever happened every individual felt a personal interest in seeing that his own company and regiment was never brought into disgrace - This feeling was encouraged and fostered with the utmost care in regiments that had any field service to speak of, for it was probably the most powerful factor known for securing perfectly willing and cheerful subordination to one man and making large bodies of men controllable without a single deranging element, as one homogeneous, well ordered, well disciplined mass - Such a factor in promoting the efficiency of a body of armed men was one not to be treated lightly nor be discarded without something more important to replace it - No great soldier in the world's History has yet done enough to suggest its abolition, but on the contrary all, without one single exception, have striven to develop and sustain it - Can any one doubt that this sentiment of esprit de corps was nurtured to the highest pitch in the invincible tenth legion of Caesar, in the cavalry of Frederick, in the Old Guard of Napoleon, in the light brigade of Cranford, in the six hundred of Bolaklava [Balaclava] and in every regiment of any prestige in our late war? One of our very greatest soldiers, Gen. Sherman, who successfully commanded immense bodies of men, and made one of the grandest campaigns ever known, appreciated its value and by his testimony prevented the abolition of regimental promotion while he commanded the army. In every army in Europe, where the study of the essentials of military success is carried to the most refined degree special stress is placed upon every element conducive to regimental pride.*[276]

At the company level, the commanding officer was a captain, assisted by two lieutenants. There were something less than 78 privates; eight corporals each commanding a squad; five sergeants, four of whom commanded a platoon; all answering to a first sergeant. Other company positions were a quartermaster sergeant, two trumpeters, two farriers/blacksmiths, one saddler, and one wagoner.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Family Life

Mrs. William T. Corbusier, wife of the Post Surgeon at Fort Date Creek, tells of arriving at that post on 5 January 1873.

Our quarters were two rooms, front and back, built of adobe. The roof of dirt had been recently shingled over, and the ceilings were made of old shelter tents sewed together and stretched overhead. The dirt roof harbored scorpions, centipedes, and we don't know what else. Back of these was a jacal, a brush shelter about 12 feet square, which separated the two rooms from the kitchen and "dining room," which were also of adobe but having old canvas roofs. The canvas, of course leaked badly and during the heavy rains the water poured down in streams. The floors were pounded earth and the pools of water in the wet season soon became muddy. We placed bowls on the dining table to catch the water and the cook wore his boots, hat, and slicker. The old stove would get so wet that it was hard to keep the fire burning.

We had no variety in the way of food and when we had company, which was often, it required much thought and planning to get up a nice meal. I made oyster soup with canned oysters and sweetened condensed milk, and it was pronounced fine, to make me feel comfortable. But no one had any better and perhaps none so good, as they had not mastered the art of making soup of a stone.[277]

The next stop for the Corbusier family was the Rio Verde Indian Agency where they arrived in October 1874. They found at the agency overlooking the river, tents and two or three adobe buildings.

…Our quarters consisted of a hospital tent in front, framed and floored with boards, and provided with a large fireplace and chimney; a small tent, at the back and connecting, was surrounded with a bullet and arrow-proof adobe wall to protect the children and me if there should be any trouble. To the left of us was a large tent used as a dining room for the agency employees and officers mess."

Lt. Walter S. Schuyler, 5th Cavalry, was in command of the detachment of Troop K, and Oliver Chapman was the Indian agent. The man we brought from Las Animas cooked for us, receiving $75.00 per month, and we were waited upon by Apache boys. Fine fresh beef was plentiful, and we procured canned goods from the commissary at Camp Verde, 16 miles down the river….

The opening of our luggage was great entertainment for the many Indians, who gathered around in great crowds. The two great attractions were the melodeon and sewing machine, and for weeks I was beseiged night and day to keep them both operating. The melodeon had to be moved out into the open so that it could be inspected from all sides. Around and around they would walk as I played—looking at it from every angle—watching the keys as I pressed them down—stooping or even sitting down to watch my feet as I worked the bellows—wondering at the sounds and where they came from. Now and then, when I sounded a louder or quicker note, they would jump in alarm. But as the novelty wore off they began to learn English by attempting the old, old songs, and I made some little progress in playing, as best as I could, some of their own dance tunes. But my rhythm was wrong and I imagine a piano would have been better.

When I uncovered my sewing machine and began to sew, they covered their mouths with one hand and drew in a sharp breath of astonishment. Father learned many words and signs during these demonstrations and kept both musician and seamstress, as well as the audience, working hard.[278]

Mrs. Corbusier was accepted into the "inner circle" of social affairs when she moved to Fort Whipple, the departmental headquarters. She later remembered:

Most of these officers and their wives had been in the army for years and knew how to make the best of their surroundings. Mrs. Dana had visited me at Date Creek when she, Mrs. Crook, and Mrs. Crook's sister had come through with the paymaster. She played pranks on people at the slightest opportunity. She once invited the officers, their wives and some civilians from Prescott to a "Strawberry picnic" and gave them "Arizona strawberries," that is, baked beans. Burros were called Arizona nightingales.

Officers and their wives play cards.

A picnic among the Saguhuaro.

Officer's quarters at Fort Grant, Arizona Territory, in about 1881. "Lake Constance" and the "Fountain" are marked on the right. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo.

Mrs. Corbusier remembered that at Fort Grant she and her neighbors would "take the children away for a picnic,… The creek that ran past the post, when filled with water, was very attractive and we sought out the beautiful spots near by and higher up. Our table would be a large flat rock near deep holes in which the children could bathe or paddle."[279]

Lieut. Thomas Cruse brought his wife to Arizona in the early 1880s to live with him at Camp Grant and Fort Apache. He commiserated with her, "She had been a fool to marry a man who attended everyone else before making his wife comfortable. She was exhausted and starving and neglected. The saddest day of her life was when she came to Arizona with such a numbskull. And more—much, much more!"[280]

Officers quarters at Fort Apache, Arizona, in the early 1870s.

Lieut. James Parker got married in 1879. Like Cruse, he credited his spouse with that special quality that is required for soldier's wives. "Coming from luxurious surroundings she made light of the perils of the Indian country, and faced the hardships of the frontier without a murmur. To her, as to me, the romance of army life made a vivid appeal. In our rough western posts, attracting all by her grace, the charm of her personality and her wit, she made devoted friends who were ever faithful to our fortunes. She was an ideal soldier's wife."[281]

One of the problems facing an officer's family was housing. There was always a shortage and if one officer outranked another, he could oust the junior man from his home. Lieut. James Parker remembered just such an incident when he was at Fort Wingate, New Mexico in 1881.

Fort Wingate was an overcrowded post, some of the lieutenants, for lack of quarters, being obliged to live in tents. In the 13th Infantry there had been great stagnation of promotion, so much so that I was the junior first-lieutenant in the post. Consequently I had some difficulty in obtaining quarters for my family. Even when we had settled down in a moderately desirable home we were in constant fear of its being taken from us. On one occasion a new officer having arrived, we thought it prudent to entertain him and his wife. Our would-be beguilement did not protect us, however, for after a few weeks our guests calmly informed us that they had taken a fancy to our house and would we please move elsewhere! So we packed up, bag and baggage, and I moved my little family to a less desirable set of quarters which happened to be vacant.

It was not long after this that I went out on a scout of several weeks' duration. Returning, I rode to my quarters and found it was occupied by another family. After considerable difficulty, I finally discovered where my family lived; and at the same time I discovered that I had offended a certain officer (who shall be nameless) and that this was his way of getting even with me!

All this gives a faint idea of one of the drawbacks of service. Congress in its wisdom enacted a law that quarters should be provided at posts as follows: for a second lieutenant, one room and a kitchen; for a first lieutenant, two rooms and kitchen, with an additional room for each grade. Of course, the lieutenant with a family would be out of luck if post commanders and bachelors did not help him out. So also in the more important posts the houses were built with "attic" rooms, which by a convention did not count as "rooms" but nevertheless served as such.[282]

The housing situation moved one wife to poetry:

One Room, and A Kitchen

Perhaps it is grand, but I fail to see it,
To live in a fort as an officer's wife,
Unless you have rank above a lieutenant
It's one room and a kitchen the rest of your life.
It's all very well to flirt with brass buttons,
But that is not like becoming a wife
With children annoying, your peace of mind destroying,
In one room and a kitchen to drag out your life.
Now, girls, all, take warning in life's early morning,
Don't marry until you are twenty or more,
Then try for rank, a major, or colonel,
For then you are sure of three rooms, or four.[283]

Roll Call: Elliot Coues Serving Science in the Southwest

Army Surgeon Lieutenant Coues came to Fort Whipple in 1864, fresh from Columbian College medical school and Army surgery in the Civil war. He was at the time, he said, "a slender, pale-faced, lantern-jawed, girlish-looking youth, without a hair on lip or chin and hardly dry behind the ears." When he arrived in Santa Fe he learned that he would not be going to Fort Garland in Colorado as he had expected because General Carleton did not command that post. In an interview with Carleton, the general suggested he go to Fort Whipple instead because "it is an entirely unexplored region, and offers the finest opportunities [for collecting specimens]." Carleton offered to reassign him "if the place don't turn out well, or when I have used it up."[284]

He accompanied a supply train and troop train, made up of a company of U.S. Army regular infantrymen and two troops of volunteer cavalry, one from California and one from New Mexico. The column was under the command of Captain Allen Anderson. His description of the train, which would traverse the route laid out by Lieut. Amiel Whipple in 1853, gives a good idea of a military movement of the period.

> *…eighty wagons laden with commissary, quartermaster and ordnance stores, and twelve luggage wagons which carried the company and troop property, a herd of three hundred beef cattle and eight hundred head of sheep. To draw these ninety-two wagons, and furnish mounts for wagon masters, herders and other train men, took five hundred and sixty mules. Add to these the one hundred and sixty-three horses of the cavalry and officers….*[285]

The acting quartermaster of the column was Lieutenant Charles A. Curtis who saw Coues as a man "still some months short of being twenty-two years old…. He was a man of good features and figure, a little above medium height, with light brown hair and no beard or mustache, and of a complexion bronzed in his calling of field ornithologist."[286]

The literature of travels in the Southwest abounds with descriptions such as this entry in Coues journal for 8 July 1864.

> *We read of the delightful and equable climate of New Mexico; but we live and learn. Last night we shivered under blankets, and blew our numb fingers this morning. By ten o'clock it was hot; at eleven hotter; twelve, it was as hot as — it could be. The cold nights stiffen our bones, and the hot days blister our noses, crack our lips and bring our eyeballs to a stand-still. To-day we have traversed a sandy desert; no water last night for our worn-out animals, and very little grass. The "sand-storms" are hard to bear, for the fine particles cut like ground glass; but want of water is hardest of all. For some time it has been a long day's march from one spring or pool to another; and occasionally more; then the liquid we find is nauseating, charged with alkali, tepid, and so muddy that we cannot see the bottom of a tin cup through it. Here at our noon-day halt there is not a tree—scarcely a bush—in sight, and the sun is doing his perpendicular best. In the Sibley tent the heat is simply insupportable, and we are lying curled up like rabbits in the slight shade we can find in the rain-washed crevices of the "Well."*
>
> * * *
>
> *It is a scene of utter desolation; our bodily discomfort begets vague fears, and a sense of oppression weighs us down. The leaden minutes creep on wearily and noiselessly, unbroken even by the hum of an insect; two or three blackbirds, hopping listlessly about as if they wished they were somewhere else but had not energy enough to go there, are the only signs of life that*

greet our faithful animals and ourselves.[287]

Coues busied himself along the route of the march collecting specimens and Curtis left a record:

Doctor Coues never ceased…making excursions along the flanks of the column and arriving in camp with many specimens. Clad in a corduroy suit of many pockets and having numerous sacks and pouches attached to his saddle, he regularly rode out of column every morning astride of his buckskin-colored mule, which he had named Jenny Lind on account of her musical bray. Rarely did we see him again until we had been some hours in the following camp but we sometimes heard the discharge of his double-barreled shotgun far off the line of march.

* * *

He usually brought in all his pockets and pouches filled with the trophies of his search, and when he sat upon the ground and proceeded to skin, stuff and label his specimens, he was never without an interested group of officers and men about him. To anyone interested to learn the art of preparing specimens he became an earnest and painstaking instructor. In time pretty much every person in the command was contributing something to the Doctor's packing cases.[288]

His scientific curiosity on one occasion caused to run afoul of Army march discipline. Curtis described the incident:

At one point the danger became so great that the discharge of firearms by any member of our party was strictly forbidden and all were told that should a shot be heard we were all to rally in its direction. One day we rallied in hot haste to the rear, only to meet the ornithologist holding up a beautiful and rare specimen, saying: "I really could not allow this bird to escape without causing a serious loss to science." "Well," replied the commanding officer, "I shall deprive science of any further collections for a week by placing you in arrest and taking possession of your gun and ammunition." The arrest, however, did not last until next morning, when the colonel, having slept off his vexation, delivered Doctor Coues a lecture on military science, with particular reference to service in an Indian country, and told him what he might expect if he did not remain near the escort, and refrain from firing until we were out of that region.[289]

Coues described the dangers of his new assignment:

[There was] No historic period when the Apaches were not the scourge of the country…. In Arizona particularly, so far as we are concerned, they did more to retard the development of the country than all other causes combined. For some years after the Territorial government was established, it was at the risk of life that one went out of sight of Prescott or Fort Whipple alone or with a small party. The Apaches lurked behind every rock, and hid in every bush; or, failing that, under cover of every three blades of grass—a trick they did to perfection—and reddened with blood every trail that led to the capital or the post. People were killed and stock was run off within a few hundred paces of both these places, and more than one pitched battle came off within ear-shot.[290]

At Fort Whipple near Prescott, Arizona, he said, "a regular part of my business for two years was the extraction of Apache arrow-heads." So he became an expert on them. He found:

the heads were all of stone, quite small and sharp, and very brittle, so that they usually shivered when they struck a bone and the fragments were not easily removed. They were only held in place with gum in the shallow notch at the end of the small hardwood stick that was set

in the large reed, and thus were always left in the wound when the stick was pulled out. It is within my certain knowledge that they were in some cases poisoned; the common opinion was that the septic substance was derived from a deer's liver into which a rattlesnake had been made to inject its venom, and which was then left to putrefy in the sun; but how this case may really be, I never ascertained to my satisfaction."[291]

When he was not extracting Apache arrows from his bluecoated clientele, he was pursuing the career of a naturalist that he had trained for at the Smithsonian Institution under the renowned orinthologist Spencer F. Baird. His biographer, Michael J. Brodhead, summed him up as "A bluff yet kindly man." Coues "liked good whiskey," but warned against mixing drinking and work. He also enjoyed the long poker games with fellow officers in the Western camps. Still, science remained his first preoccupation. When he was not removing Apache arrowheads and performing other medical duties, he shot birds, labelled and prepared the specimens, and sent them to the Smithsonian. Upon leaving Arizona, Coues began work on a "General Work upon the Natural History of Arizona," a massive work in manuscript form.

He also wrote monographs which were published in some of the foremost scientific journals of America and Great Britain."[292] Of his writings he is best remembered for his *Key to North American Birds* and for editing the journals of Lewis and Clark. His description of one of the oddest inhabitants of the Southwest, the roadrunner, captures the bird's fascination.

The ground cuckoo is a remarkable bird—a very distinguished character in his way, with more individuality, more crotchets and peculiarities than fall to the lot of many birds—a vagabond branch of a respectable family, who has foresworn the time-honored ways of his ancestral stock, and struck out for himself in a decidedly original line.[293]

In his later years the Apaches were still on his mind. He wrote:

Granting that Indians have all the defects of their qualities, and that some of these are peculiar to this remarkably picturesque race of men, it does not follow that there is not as much human nature in an Indian as in any other person. No professional secret is violated in saying that to treat an Indian as if he were a human being is to encourage him to return the compliment.[294]

Coues resigned his commission after being reassigned to Arizona in 1880. He spent a brief time at Forts Mohave and Verde, but the Army did not support his scientific work to the extent it had some fifteen years earlier. Coues decided to resign to devote more time to his science, citing "the obstacles in the way of good scientific work which the Army delights to furnish."[295]

Coues, who had probably made more scientific observations and written more about the flora and fauna of Arizona than anyone else, professed not to like the Southwestern environment. Writing to his mentor Spencer Fullerton Baird of the Smithsonian in March 1865, he begged him to use his influence with the Surgeon General to get him transferred. "Don't let me spend another fall or winter here, if you can help it! Please."

His attitude toward Arizona may just have been one that many soldiers affect toward their environment. While trying to impress the folks back home with the hellish nature of their assignment, they sometimes grow to appreciate their surroundings. This would seem to be the case with Coues. His biographer wrote:

In the 1890s, however, there came a complete reversal of his attitude towards the West. Perhaps it was nostalgia that caused him to take his wife on a vacation to Arizona early in 1892. Now the place delighted him. At Prescott he sang the praises of the territory's pioneers

before local audiences, helped to found the Prescott Historical Society (serving as its first honorary president), sought out old acquaintances, and enjoyed himself immensely. Arizona, where it once had been his "misfortune to serve," was now "my beloved Arizona."[296]

He collapsed in New Mexico in 1899 and was taken back east to John Hopkins Hospital. There he died on Christmas day at the age of 57.

Coues was typical of many Army officers of the day, especially surgeons who had a bias for natural history. The list of medical officers who served both as Army surgeons and scientists is long. Here are a few who made a lasting contribution while serving with the U.S. Army in the Southwest.

Commissioned an Assistant Surgeon in 1849 after his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania, William Wallace Anderson (1824-1911) served at a number of Army posts in Texas and New Mexico, collecting specimens for the Smithsonian and leaving the only known drawing of Fort Burgwyn, New Mexico.

Born Karl Emil Bender in 1836, this Austrian-born emigrant enlisted in Company D of the First Dragoons in 1853 as Charles Bendire. He spent five years as a dragoon, many of them at Cantonment Burgwyn, New Mexico. He reenlisted in 1860 in the Fourth Cavalry, rising to sergeant and then becoming a Hospital Steward, a capacity in which he served during most of the Civil War. He was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the First Cavalry in September 1864. He received a brevet rank of First Lieutenant for "gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Trevellion Station, Virginia," and a brevet Majority on 27 February 1890 for "gallant services in action against Indians at Canyon Creek, Montana, 13 September 1877."[297] As a first lieutenant, 1st Cavalry, he served at Camp Wallen, Arizona, in 1867.

Lieut. Bendire served from June 1871 to January 1873 at Camp Lowell, Bendire reached the regular rank of captain before retiring for a disability, a knee injury, on 24 April 1886. After publishing a number of papers while living in Washington, D.C., he became ill and moved to Jacksonville, Florida, where he would die after five days, on 4 February 1897. He was buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

Bendire became interested in natural history as an enlisted man serving at Cantonment Burgwyn, New Mexico, and over the course of other assignments at Forts Bowie, McDowell, Wallen, Lowell and Whipple in Arizona, would make a number of discoveries of new species and send specimens to the National Museum. Drawing upon his Army experiences in the West, became a noted ornithologist and oologist. His collection of over 8,000 bird eggs became the foundation for the collection for the Department of Oology of the U.S. National Museum. He wrote a classic study entitled: "Life Histories of North American Birds."

Dr. Thomas Charlton Henry was a contract surgeon who signed on with the U.S. Army on 22 April 1852. He was sent to New Mexico where he was stationed first at Fort Fillmore, then Fort Webster. When the latter was abandoned in December 1853, he moved with the troops to Fort Thorn. Henry resigned from the regular Army in 1859. He served during the Civil War but suffered from a sun stroke and was in poor physical condition at war's end. He received a brevet Lieutenant Colonelcy for "faithful and meritorious services," 22 August 1865. He died on 5 January 1877 at his home in Charleston, West Virginia.

Assistant Surgeon B. J. D. Irwin, remembered for leading a relief force out of Fort Buchanan, Arizona, to reinforce Lieut. Bascom in Apache Pass, served during the Civil War as Medical Inspector of the Army of the Ohio. After the war he took assignments such as chief medical officer at West Point, and from 1882 to 1885 was the Medical Director of the Department of

Arizona. On 28 June 1894 he retired from the service after forty-three years. He was advanced upon the retirement to Brigadier General in accordance with an Act of Congress.

Caleb Burwell Rowan Kennerly was an acting assistant surgeon assigned to the expedition commanded by Second Lieutenant Joseph Christmas Ives discussed above.

Edgar Alexander Mearns was stationed at Fort Verde in Arizona from 1884 to 1888 during which time he participated in several expeditions. After being assigned to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, for four years and being promoted to Captain, Mearns returned to Arizona in 1892, this time as the medical officer and naturalist for the Mexican-United States International Boundary Commission. In this position he explored the length of the border from El Paso to the Pacific. Among the birds named for him are the Mearns' Woodpecker and the Mearns' Quail.

DeWitt Clinton Peters was commissioned an Acting Assistant Surgeon in August 1854 and came west with a detachment of recruits. By October 1854 he was on duty at Fort Massachussets, New Mexico. While serving in the field in New Mexico, he became a close friend of Kit Carson and was his authorized biographer.

Samuel Washington Woodhouse served as a naturalist and surgeon for the 1851 expedition led by Capt. Lorenzo Sitgreaves. It was an unhappy trip for Woodhouse. First he was bitten by a rattlesnake. According the doctor, "This was a sad accident for me…as we were just about starting the most important and interesting portion of the exploration. I did not recover the use of my hand until months afterwards and this accounts for the small collection of birds, quadrupeds and reptiles produced by me west of this place, being entirely dependent on the exertions of the men."[298]

As if the snake bite was not unlucky enough, the doctor was warming himself by the fire on the morning of 9 November 1852 when an Indian arrow wounded him in the leg.

Woodhouse resigned in 1856, but took part in several expeditions to Central America. He became the surgeon for the Washington Grays during the early part of the Civil War. He was reappointed Acting Assistant Surgeon in the U.S. Army in January 1862.

A naturalist of note, several species are named for him, among them: *Aphelocoma californica woodhousii* Baird [Woodhouse's Jay], and *Bufo Woodhousii* Girard [Rocky Mountain Toad]. He named a number of birds and mammals. He died on 23 October 1904 in Philadelphia.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Health

Writing about Camp Wallen in 1866, Sergeant John Spring said:

The hospital was, of course, built first. Although the general health of the garrison had been good so far, we experienced during that summer what appeared to be almost an epidemic, as many as fifteen men being seized in one day with chills that shook their whole frame, accompanied in some cases with vomiting and followed in every case by a burning fever and unquenchable thirst. These chills would occur every other day, and after a few days of the sickness the patient's bones would ache so that we called it the breakbone fever. The doctor, I believe, pronounced the disease to be intermittent malarial fever. In most cases it yielded after about one week to a treatment with strong doses of sulphate of quinine, leaving the patient somewhat weak for sometime longer, with a strong desire for something sour.

There existed at the time a patent medicine called cholagogue…which was sold at Tucson at $3 per (small) bottle. …When our quinine began to run short; it proved to be a very

effective medicine. Our surgeon, Dr. Jaquette, pronounced it to be a preparation whose principal ingredient was arsenic.[299]

To treat the medical problems of the frontier soldier, chief among which were venereal disease, malaria, respiratory and digestive disorders in that order, the Medical Department assigned a surgeon or assistant surgeon to every outpost. In order to fill perennial vacancies attendant with attracting qualified doctors to make the military a career, the Surgeon General contracted with civilian doctors. The contract surgeons were limited to 75 in 1874. The post surgeon was assisted by an enlisted hospital steward.

Statistics for the period show 1,800 cases per thousand, of which 86 percent were for disease and 15 percent involved wounds, accidents or injuries. Thirty per thousand received discharges for their disability; and 13 per thousand died, 8 from disease and 5 from wounds or injuries.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Religion

There were organized church activities. The post-Civil War army had a regimental chaplain for each of the four black regiments and thirty post chaplains, all with the equivalent rank of captain. Colonel Innis Palmer called them a "useless and worthless set of drones and idlers," and General Sherman echoed this sentiment.[300] The chaplain at Fort Huachuca in 1885-6 was David Mills who Corporal Jett called ineffective because he associated only with officers and rarely held services. When he did, Jett found them "worse than no service at all," and the corporal began to lose his faith "in the worth of the church."[301]

A more energetic and better remembered chaplain at Huachuca was Maj. Winfield Scott. Born in Michigan in 1837, Chaplain Scott was a namesake of General Winfield Scott. The histories of Scottsdale and Fort Huachuca are interwoven in the fabulous life-story of this one man. Winfield Scott, a New York state Baptist pastor, marched off to war in command of a Yankee company early in the Civil War, wearing the saber given him by his church. After the war he stopped off to be a church and community builder in Kansas, and Winfield, Kansas, is named for him. For a time he was a pastor and church builder in Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Reno. Then in 1882 he was appointed as an Army chaplain. In 1889 he came to Fort Huachuca as post chaplain in the rank of major, serving the post for four years as chaplain and head of the post school system. He held his services in the large first floor room of the newly built bachelor officers' quarters. When his old war wounds got the best of him he retired from the Army and moved to his ranch east of Phoenix. Soon neighbors moved in around him; he built another church; and the neighborhood founded by the Fort Huachuca chaplain became known as Scottsdale. The Reverend Winfield Scott, mamor, Corps of Chaplains-Retired, became chaplain in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the annual encampment of that organization in 1903 in San Francisco, California. His death came at San Diego, California, November 19, 1910.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: What Did They Read?

It was not unusual for troops to contribute a small percentage to purchase a company

library. Sergeant Percival Lowe of the Dragoons remembered,

> *…The Major came to the orderly room and broached the subject of a company library. He had learned the cost of "Harper's Classical and Family Libraries"; a pair of book cases, with hinges closing the edges on one side, and two locks the edges on the other side, held the library of uniform size and binding. When open the title of each book could be read, and when closed no book could move or get out of place; the books were all the same length and breadth, and an excellent collection. The Major led off with a subscription of $25.00. I followed with the same, Peel the same, then followed a calculation of what percentage would be due from each man in proportion to his pay to make up enough to pay for the whole. I took the list with each man's name. The Major spoke to the troop on the subject at the retreat roll call, explaining to them the advantages of so much good reading matter, and before dismissing the troop I requested each man who wanted to subscribe to come to the orderly room and sign the list pledging himself to pay the amount opposite his name on pay day. Most of the men off duty and at liberty signed immediately and the others soon after, and the library was assured with scarcely an effort. The Major collected the money at the pay table, and the books in their cases came on the first steamboat in February.*[302]

Post libraries were maintained and supported by the post fund, a store of money accumulated by skimping on the bread ration and, in some cases, a 10 percent per man contribution from the Post Trader. At Fort Huachuca, a library had existed from 1879 when the commander, Captain Samuel M. Whitside, ordered from San Francisco a nucleus of books. They included Upton's *Armies of Europe and Asia*; Sherman's *Memoirs*; Dickens' works, 15 volumes; Trollope's works, 22 volumes; Thackeray's works, 12 volumes; Read's work, 13 volumes; Sand's works, 3 volumes; Macaulay's works, 4 volumes; Bacon's *Essays*; and a biography of Frederick the Great. Most popular at the library were the magazines and newspapers which provided the soldier's only connection with the outside world. Huachuca had subscriptions to the *New York Herald*, *New York Graphic*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Scribners Monthly*, *San Francisco Bulletin*, and *United Service Magazine*.

Captain John Bourke remembered:

> *The newspapers of the day were eagerly perused—when they came; but those from San Francisco were always from ten to fifteen days old, those from New York about five to six weeks, and other cities any intermediate age you please. The mail at first came every second Tuesday, but this was increased soon to a weekly service, and on occasion, when chance visitors reported some happening of importance, the commanding officer would send a courier party to Tucson with instructions to the post-master there to deliver.*[303]

Lieutenant John Bigelow, who was from a literary New England family and a 10th Cavalry officer who wrote about his visit to Fort Huachuca in 1885, described the post commander's (Bvt. Brig. Gen. George A. Forsyth) personal library. "The afternoon I devoted to looking over the military works in the general's library, most of them French and German, which he procured from abroad. Such an opportunity for professional reading does not present itself often on the frontier."

Private Reginald A. Bradley, stationed with Troop C, 4th Cavalry, at Fort Bowie in 1890, noted the presence of a library in the troop. "The troop library, about 50 or 60 books was kept [in the first sergeant's office]. I remember one book I thought was a funny one to find there—Boccocio's *Decameron*. Later, a soldier named Boston loaned this book to a woman named Pink (who later married a sheepman), and the book was lost. We didn't subscribe to any newspapers

that I recall…."[304]

The Army's commander, Maj. Gen. John Schofield, was recommending in 1890 that the Army institutionalize the company/troop library by appropriating $10,000 annually, or $25 per company, to buy books that would "meet the demands of the enlisted men of the Army for interesting as well as instructive and profitable reading." The argument for such a move, he said, was self-evident. "…[T]he maintenance of a post library, containing a judicious selection of interesting and instructive books, is a positive benefit to the enlisted men, and becomes an important factor in improving the *morale* of the Army."[305]

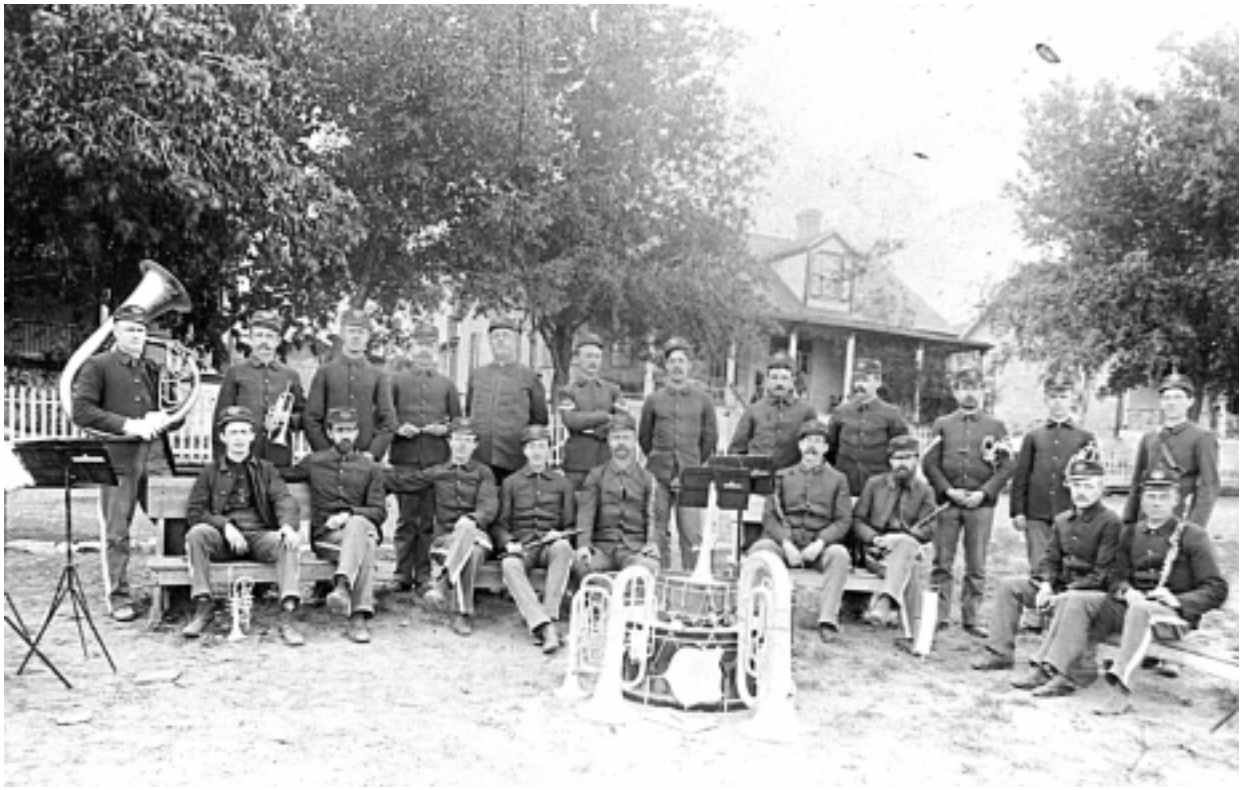
U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Education

There were often opportunities for enlisted men to catch up on their schooling. Lieut. Col. Wallen, in his 1869 *Service Manual*, touched upon regimental schools.

> 224. Soldiers are invited to take advantage of the opportunity presented by a regimental school to advance themselves in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and although good men, who have shown zeal and activity as privates, will not be debarred from promotion, in the first instance, to lance corporals, on account of their ignorance in reading and writing, in the subsequent selection of the higher grades those qualities are indispensably necessary, and none but those who have attained them have the slightest chance of advancement in their profession.[306]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Bands

At posts that were regimental headquarters, there was usually a regimental band. The wife of an officer at Fort Grant in 1884 and 85 said, "We had an excellent band, which gave frequent concerts in the open air, and when a new officer and his family arrived, it would serenade them. Our boys felt quite puffed up when the band assembled in front of our quarters and played many of the old tunes.



The 15th U.S. Infantry Band at Fort Huachuca between 1897 and 1898. Photo courtesy Mrs. Mabel Boyer McCue, daughter of the Chief Musician of the 15th Infantry Band, John F. Boyer.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Music

Group singing in barracks, around campfires, in the saddle, or in church was always popular among the soldiers. It was the only music in their lives. One of the favorites was "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the song that the troopers of B Troop, 4th Cavalry, sang as they rode out of Fort Huachuca to chase Geronimo in 1886. It went like this:

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing;
But now our laurels freshly won
With the old ones shall entwin'd be,
Still worthy of our sires each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.
The hope of final victory
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee

And of my fond returning.
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me;
Dishonor's breath shall never stain
The name I'll leave behind me.
Another less sentimental song was "Thaddy O'Brien."
Thaddy O'Brien was a sergeant gay,
In the U.S. Cavalry,
The fresh recruit would often say
"I earnestly long to see the day,
When 'neath the sod he's put to stay,
That son-of-a-bitch from Dublin Bay,
That sergeant with the 'suparior' war,
My life's burden every day"

"Most of 'em don't know…!"
Chorus: Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,
Too long were the trousers by a span,
The recruit received from Uncle Sam,
The sergeant bawls as loud as he can,
"Go and let out yer supinders man!"
The hat he drew was much too small,
And failed to stay on his head at all,
"Stretch it ye spalpeen!" Thaddy would call,
"Ye'll niver be a throoper at all!"

The occasional beer and a warm campfire at nightfall was sometimes conducive to an impromptu choral performance. A popular song among the soldiers in the Geronimo campaign was "The Regular Army O." The refrain went like this:

There was Sergeant John McCafferty
and Captain Donohue,
They make us march and toe the mark,
in gallant Company Q [Army slang for guardhouse].

Oh the drums would roll, upon my soul,
This is the style we'd go,
Forty miles a day on beans and hay,
In the Regular Army O.

Individual verses were composed on demand. Soldiers in the Eighth Infantry at Fort Huachuca sang these:

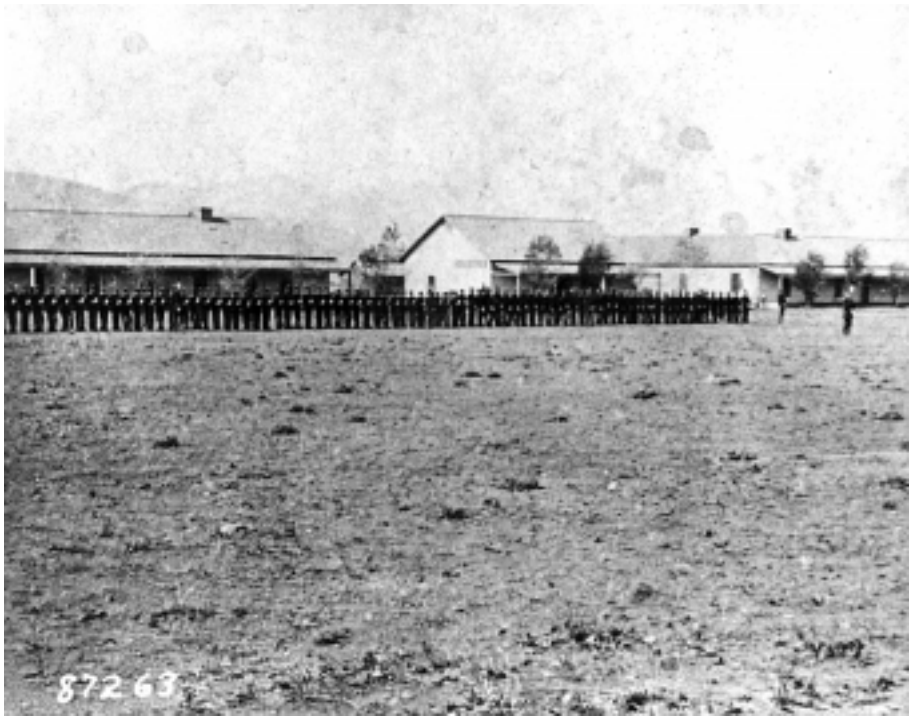
Oh, we came to Arizona,
To fight the Indians there;
We thought we'd get baldheaded,

But they didn't get our hair.
As we lay among the briars,
In the dirty yellow mud;
We never see an onion,
A turnip or a spud.
They brought in Chief Chiwawa,
Likewise old Chief Nan-Nai;
We transported them to Florida,
Where they had no more to say.
This was the year of '86 boys,
With Company E, the hungry 8th;
We came back to get Geronimo,
The dirty, pesky skate.
We had bunions on our feet;
We had corns upon our toes;
Lugging a gun in a red-hot sun,
Put freckles on our nose.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Living Conditions in Arizona in the 1870s

Barracks conditions in Arizona in 1872 were described by the department commander Bvt. Maj. Gen. George Crook as being "unfit for the occupation of animals" the blame for which he laid at the feet of the officers who he said displayed "a lack of interest and energy."[307] Camp Grant on the upper San Pedro River was called by Capt. Bourke "the old rookery." He said it was "recognized from the tide-waters of the Hudson to those of the Columbia as the most thoroughly God-forsaken post of all those supposed to be in the annual Congressional appropriations."[308]

Corral at Camp Apache, Arizona, 1877.



A parade formation at Camp Verde, Arizona, in 1875. Established in 1862 and originally called Camp Lincoln, Verde was on the Verde River about 30 miles from Prescott. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo.

A post in Arizona. U.S. Army signal Corps photo SC 83645.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Desertion

One reaction to the hardships of frontier was to desert. In fact 88,475 men did so between 1 January 1867 and 30 June 1891, averaging 14.8 percent of the Army's 25,000-man strength per year. In 1871 and 1872, the year's after the Congress reduced the soldier's pay, rates hit their high of almost one-third. Some soldiers saw this, or drunkenness, as the only remedy to the poor living conditions, hard labor, and harsh discipline of the Army. A trooper writing to the *Army and Navy Journal* in 1867 found desertion or drunkenness "as diversions from so doleful, unprofitable and aimless an existence."[309]

In 1866 Lieut. C.C.C. Carr noted desertions were few from Fort McDowell.

> *Under such circumstances there may be some curiosity to know whether or not we lost many men by desertion. As a matter of fact it may be said that deserters were few and far between. It was not because the men willingly submitted to existing as they did, but that there*

was no apparent way out of the difficulty. There were hardly a thousand white people in the whole Territory, outside of the military posts, and of them it is safe to say that about seventy per cent were fugitives from justice in other lands; men who could not have looked in a mirror without immediately drawing a gun and shooting at the reflection. There were few settlements at which help or concealment could be obtained. If the deserter reached the overland road, no matter in which direction he followed it, he must bring up against a military post. To go south was to invite murder at the hands of the Mexicans, and the interior was held exclusively by the Apaches. Had an escape from the country been reasonably easy, I have no doubt that in a short time the officers would have been left with a small escort of a few old soldiers whose devotion to the service nothing could shake.

The low pay was often given as a reason for the high desertion rates. In 1871, when the pay cut of the year before was put into effect, the desertion figures hit their high point of 32.6 percent, up from 9.4. It would be another twenty years before the rate fell to 6.2 percent.[310]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Complaints

In 1863 a private with the California Column, the volunteer unit that garrisoned Arizona and New Mexico after the regulars departed back East to fight the Civil War, groused about the duty they were required to perform. John W. Teal wrote in his diary:

Thursday, Nov 26th—The order says we are on fatigue but I think it is not so for we are cleaning the filth that has gathered around the officers cook houses & quarters, in fact they want to make slaves & dogs of us, not soldiers. They want to send us out to bite then call us back to lick their feet. I have the blues. I enlisted to serve the government as a soldier but instead of being a soldier for our government I am a dog or a slave for the officers. If the independent citizens of our country knew how we are used they would not or could not blame us for deserting or trying to get away from such tyrany.[311]

The only way a soldier could complain to authorities was indirectly through letters to newspapers, congressmen, or in rare cases to the Inspector General whose job it was to investigate conditions. But few would risk their well-being to voice a complaint to an IG in the presence of superior noncoms or officers. As one man explained it:

There is no use in trying to elicit any complaint from the men after the manner the hurley burley inspecting officer does when he comes publicly through the quarters attended by his staff with the captain and first sergt trooping at his heels woe betide the unfortunate who was bold enough to step out and say he did not get enough to eat. The gimlet eye of the first sergt would pierce him like an augur into a pine board the angry captain would mark, mark him for life. He might as well desert right away it would be far better than the life he would get afterwards.[312]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Routine According to Bourke

The best picture of the everyday routine and the environment of the soldier serving on the southwestern border is given by John Bourke, one of the more astute observers of the Apache

campaigns.

There was considerable to be done in the ordinary troop duties, which began at reveille with the "stables," lasting half an hour, after which the horses and mules not needed for the current tasks of the day were sent out to seek such nibbles of pasturage as they might find under the shade of the mesquite. A strong guard, mounted and fully armed, accompanied the herd, and a number of horses, saddled but loosely cinched, remained behind under the grooming-sheds, ready to be pushed out after any rading party of Apaches which might take a notion to sneak up and stampede the herd at pasture.

Guard mounting took place either before or after breakfast, according to season, and then followed the routine of the day: inspecting the men's mess at breakfast, dinner, and supper; a small amount of drill, afternoon stables, dress or undress parade at retreat or sundown, and such other occupation as might suggest itself in the usual visit to the herd to see that the pasturage selected was good, and that the guards were vigilant; some absorption in the recording of the proceedings of garrison courts-martial and boards of survey, and then general ennui, unless the individual possessed enough force to make work for himself.

This, however, was more often the case than many of my readers would imagine, and I can certify to no inconsiderable amount of reading and study of Spanish language and literature, of mineralogy, of botany, of history, of constitutional or of international law, and of the belles-lettres, by officers of the army with whom I became acquainted at Old Camp Grant; Fort Craig, New Mexico, and other dismal holes—more than I have ever known among gentlemen of leisure anywhere else. It was no easy matter to study with ink drying into gum almost as soon as dipped out by the pen, and paper cracking at the edges when folded or bent.[313]

* * *

There were opportunities for learning something about mineralogy in the "wash" of the canons, botany on the hill-sides, and insect life and reptile life everywhere. Spanish could be picked up from the Mexican guides and packers, and much that was quaint and interesting in savage life learned from an observation of the manners of the captives--representatives of that race which the Americans have so frequently fought, so generally mismanaged, and so completely failed to understand.

There was much rough work under the hardest of conditions, and the best school for learning how to care for men and animals in presence of a sleepless enemy, which no amount of "book l'arnin'" could supply.[314]

* * *

The temptations to drink and to gamble were indeed great, and those who yielded and fell by the way-side numbered many of the most promising youngsters in the army. Many a brilliant and noble fellow has succumbed to the ennui and gone down, wrecking a life full of promise for himself and the service. It was hard for a man to study night and day with the thermometer rarely under the nineties even in winter at noon, and often climbing up to and over the 120 notch on the Fahrenheit scale before the meridian of days between April 1st and october 15th; it was hard to organize riding or hunting parties when all the horses had just returned worn out by some rough scouting in the Pinal or Sierra Ancha. There in the trader's store was a pleasant, cool room, with a minimum of flies, the latest papers, perfect quiet, genial companionship, cool water in "ollas" swinging from the rafters, and covered by boards upon which, in a thin layer of soil, grew a picturesque mantle of green barley, and, on a table conveniently near, cans of lemon-sugar, tumblers and spoons, and one or two packs of cards.

My readers must not expect me to mention ice or fruits. I am not describing Delmonico's; I am writing of Old Camp Grant, and I am painting the old hole in the most rosy colors I can employ. Ice was unheard of, and no matter how high the mecury climbed or how stifling might be the sirocco from Sonora, the best we could do was to cool water by evaporation in "ollas" of earthenware, manufactured by the Papago Indians living at the ruined mission of San Xavier, above Tucson.

* * *

Firing the sunset gun.

…Of the two vices [drinking and gambling], drunkenness was by all odds the preferable one. For a drunkard, one can have some pity, because he is his own worst enemy, and, at the worst, there is hope for his regeneration, while there is absolutely none for the gambler, who lives upon the misfortunes and lack of shrewdness of his comrades. There are many who believe, or affect to believe, in gaming for the excitement of the thing and not for the money involved. There may be such a thing, but I do not credit its existence. However, the greatest danger in gambling lay in the waste of time rather than in the loss of money, which loss rarely amounted to very great sums, although officers could not well afford to lose anything.[315]

* * *

The paymaster had come and gone; the soldiers had spent their last dollar; the last "pay-day drunk" had been rounded up and was now on his way to the guard-house, muttering a maudlin defiance to Erin's foes; the sun was shining with scorching heat down upon the bed of pebbles which formed the parade-ground; the flag hung limp and listless from the pudgy staff; the horses were out on herd; the scarlet-shouldered black-birds, the cardinals, the sinsontes, and the jays had sought the deepest shadows; there was no sound to drown the insistent buzz

of the aggravating flies….[316]

* * *

There was the usual amount of rough mountain climbing, wearing out shoes and patience and nerve strength all at once and the same time; there was the usual deprivation of water to be expected in the arid wastes of southern Arizona, where springs are few and far between; there were the usual tricks for getting along without much to drink, such as putting a pebble or twig in the mouth to induce a more copious flow of saliva; and when camp was made and the water was found to be not all that it might be, there were other tricks for cleaning it, or, at least, causing a deposition of the earthy matter held in suspension, by cutting up a few plates of the nopal and letting them remain in the kettle for a short time, until their mucilaginous juice had precipitated everything. But a still better plan was to improve the good springs, which was a labor of love with officers and men, and many a fine water hole in Arizona has been the scene of much hard work in digging out, building up with cracker boxes or something to hold the water and keep it from soaking into the earth.

* * *

The humdrum life of any post in Arizona in those days was enough to drive one crazy. The heat in most of them became simply unendurable, although here the great dryness of the atmosphere proved a benefit. Had the air been humid, very few of our garrison would now be alive to tell of temperatures of one hundred and twenty and over, and of days during the whole twenty-four hours of which the thermometer did not register below the one hundred notch.

There was a story current that the heat had one time become so excessive that two thermometers had to be strapped together to let the mecury room to climb. That was before my arrival, and is something for which I do not care to vouch….[317]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Garrison Work

"This labor of the troops' was a great thing. It made the poor wretch who enlisted under the vague notion that his admiring country needed his services to quell hostile Indians, suddenly find himself a brevet architect, carrying a hod and doing odd jobs of plastering and kalsomining."

—Captain John G. Bourke

The work at the young garrison of Fort Huachuca in 1885 was described by a soldier of the 4th Cavalry there, Private William Jett.

There was some hard work, however, in the Fort, and I have not forgotten carrying the hod of mortar on my bony shoulder many a day up to the men who were laying the sun-dried adobe blocks in the erection of barracks. Sometimes the water supply ran low and I had to assist in hauling water for all uses. Also the entgire place had to be kept clean and there were odd jobs to be done here and yonder. So there were many calls here and there. Many men hid to keep out of work if they got the opportunity, and often I have had some man say to me, "Jett, why don't you hide?" "Because," said I, "It is more trouble keeping out of sight than it would be to go and do the work." It usually took four or five soldiers to do what one good citizen would have done. They worked as slowly as possible. I suppose this attribute of soldiers while

at work gave origin to the expression, "Soldiering on the job."[318]

Guard house prisoners at work, Fort Grant, 18 May 1885.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Guard Duty

The reluctant corporal William Jett recalled the guard detail, an ageless Army tradition:

Of course there was drill, guard, and herd guard to do. We usually had from three to four nights in bed before we were called to twenty-four hours guard duty. During the night this meant two hours walking, then four hours trying to sleep along side other men on a hard platform, with clothes and ammunition belt and shoes on, then two more hours walking. …What a fool I had been to put myself in virtual slavery for five years at thirteen dollars a month.[319]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Critters

An 8th Infantry soldier gave this account of an encounter with rattlesnakes during the Geronimo campaign:

Rattlesnakes were thick and made life miserable, being almost as much dreaded as the Indians. We camped one night at an old abandoned blacksmith shop. …We were awakened during the night by groans, and lighting a stump of a candle, we discovered one of the boys of Company B of the 8th Infantry had been stung behind the right ear by a rattler. The rattler was under his coat, which he used for a pillow and by turning in his sleep must have pinched the rattler, which immediately stung him. He was at once taken to Fort Bowie, and lingered several months before passing away, and was then buried at the fort. We had lost our appetite for sleep that night, and dug up the old forge and found five more rattlers, which we scalped pronto.[320]

Contract Surgeon Thomas C. Henry wrote from Fort Fillmore in New Mexico Territory in

1853:

The first rattlesnake I killed, managed to stick one of his fangs in my finger, before he was quite dead, but with judicious and prompt management and good luck, I escaped with a sore arm for one day only, and the wound healed kindly.

…I never saw flies so abundant; they literally swarm here. In barracks, one can hardly put a glass of water to his mouth without swallowing half a dozen. In our camp, in the open air and shade, they not quite so bad, but enough so to cause any one to write anything but legibly.[321]

Besides flies, there were other critters to reckon with. Another Acting Assistant Surgeon, C. B. R. Kennerly who accompanied Second Lieut. Joseph C. Ives on his expedition up the Colorado River and across Arizona and New Mexico in 1853 mentioned some of them in his journal.

June 27 [1853]—Last night as we were again about to give ourselves up to the mercy of the mosquitoes and fleas, what was our horror upon removing the pillow preparatory to turning down the bed-clothes, to find an enemy awaiting us there, far more unconfortable than either of the above mentioned; it was a scorpion some three inches in length; after we had recovered from our surprise, we soon produced a vial, and capturing our enemy, imprisoned him securely in it, and removed forthwith to another apartment, not to sleep sweetly but to dream of poisonous insects, snakes, etc. all night. Today we have been literally doing nothing , but grieving over the many handsome reptiles we had to leave on the road coming up here, as our alcohol &c &c were necessarily all left behind.…[322]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Travel

One trooper, Mathias Joseph "Joe" Burch, with B Troop, 6th Cavalry, recorded in his personal notebook all the miles he traveled on horseback. Burch enlisted in April 1880 and was discharged in April 1885. While serving in Captain Sam Whitside's troop, Burch figured he covered 15,691 miles in five years in the Army, most of those on horseback. He covered 7,947 miles on just scouts after Apaches. He put in another 2,508 miles on detached service, pulling duty like escorting the Paymaster, repairing telegraph lines, and looking for smugglers and deserters. That is an average of 3,138 miles a year, more mileage than some people put on their cars in an age when nobody goes anywhere without driving. Burch put in a year at Fort Huachuca with his troop, from 24 June 1880 to 2 April 1881. In a simple number transposition code in his notebook on 26 March 1885 he writes, "I will be discharged on the eighteenth of next month."[323]

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: The Frontier Army Wife

"I had cast my lot with a soldier and where he was, was home to me."
—Martha Summerhayes, Army wife, 1876

The frontier Army wife was often the center of attention in an environment where women were not expected to exist. Duane Greene, in his unflattering portrait of officers and wives on the

frontier, entitled his first chapter: "Ladies in the United States Army to the Prejudice of Good Order and Discipline." Greene was the lieutenant who was forced to resign after having a visible affair with a fellow officer's wife at Fort Bowie. He was able to say from experience that "The most discordant garrisons are those comprising the greatest number of ladies."[324] A correspondent to the *Army and Navy Journal* identified these distinct ladies that could be found at an Army post.

> *The "female C.O.," who "organized her staff, openly criticized the position of officers at dress parade, received reports and marvelled at the magnanimity that allowed a soldier 'seven nights in bed'"; the picturesque little lady" with "plenty to wear but nothing to do"; the "late sergeant's wife," her husband now an officer thanks to the war, "who displayed a better development of muscle than brain"; the "beauty in laces and jewels"; the "aristocratic dame"; and of course "the charming conversationalist and delightful hostess and 'good Army woman.'"*[325]

Martha Summerhayes typifies the Army wife of the Indian Wars period. Arriving in Arizona Territory in 1875, she was given a derringer and told to kill herself and her baby before being taken alive by Apaches. She and her child endured hundreds of miles in a bone-jolting Army ambulance wagon, pitched their tent over an immense anthill, were sickened by alkali water, and were bounced from one crowded, drafty quarters to another. It was a life she described as "glittering misery." Here are some of her reminiscences:

> *My experiences were unusually rough. None of us seek such experiences, but possibly they bring with them a sort of recompense, in that simple comforts afterwards seem, by contrast, to be the greatest luxuries.*
>
> *…My thoughts turn back to the days when we were all Lieutenants together, marching across the deserts and mountains of Arizona; back…to the days at Camp MacDowell, where we slept under the stars, and watched the sun rise from behind the Four Peaks of the MacDowell Mountains; were we rode the big cavalry horses over the sands of the Maricopa desert, swung in our hammock under the ramadas; swam in the red waters of the Verde River, ate canned peaches, pink butter and commissary hams, listened for the scratching of the centipedes as they scampered around the edges of our canvas-covered floors, found scorpions in our slippers, and rattlesnakes under our beds.*
>
> *I am glad to have known the army; the soldier, the line, and the staff; it is good to think of honor and chivalry, jobedience to duty and the pride of arms; to have lived amongst men whose motives were unselfish and whose aims were high.…*
>
> *Sometimes I still hear the voices of the Desert: They seem to be calling me through the echoes of the Past. I hear, in fancy, the wheels of the ambulance crunching the small broken stones of the malapais, or grating swiftly over the gravel of the smooth white roads of the river bottoms. I hear the rattle of the ivory rings on the harness of the six-mule team; I see the soldiers marching on ahead; I see my white tent, so inviting after a long day's journey.*
>
> *With the strange contradictoriness of the human mind, I felt sorry that the old days had come to an end. For somehow, the hardship, and deprivations we have endured, lose their bitterness when they have become a memory.*[326]

Life became easier for women at Huachuca when permanent living quarters were built in the last half of the 1880s and spacious parlors replaced little adobe rooms. More officers were willing to bring their wives to this more amenable post, now officially designated by the War Department as a permanent "Fort."

Women gathered at tea parties and church socials. They discussed the Equal Rights party that had been formed by suffragettes in 1884 and that had, in 1888, nominated a woman candidate for President. They read *Harpers Weekly* and followed the latest fashions as portrayed by Charles Dana Gibson. They marvelled when a woman, Carrie Anna Clark, became the first postmistress of Fort Huachuca in 1890. They discussed the merits of Emily Dickinson's poetry and read aloud lines that seemed to evoke an image of their Huachuca surroundings:

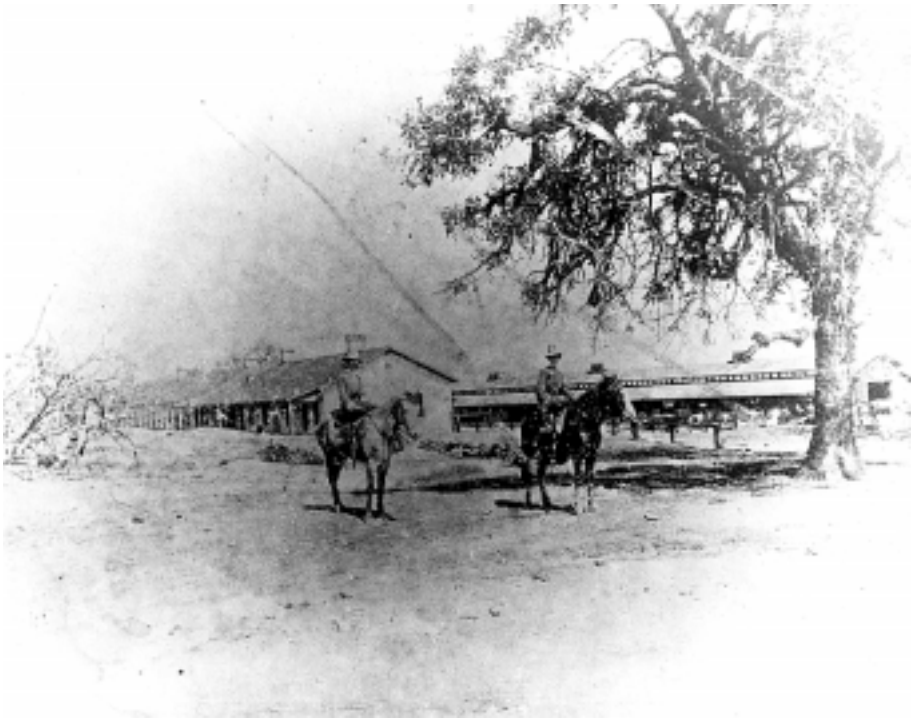
There came a wind like a bugle.
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass.

They hurried home to order from the new mail order catalogs of Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. They went to bed at night with some hope because Wyoming had entered the Union in 1890 as the first state to have women's suffrage. Their hopes were repeatedly shattered over the next ten years as the Arizona territorial legislature turned down the enfranchisement for women time after time.

As the first women at Huachuca and the commander's wife, Caroline Whitside enjoyed an elevated status. The commanding officer's wife, or C.O.W.'s as they were called by some of the more calloused enlistedmen, were at the center of a parlor aristocracy and the social pinnacle in an isolated community. Junior officers' wives complained that their living quarters were so crowded with the several families that shared them, that when they wanted to have a fight with their husbands, they had to go out on the parade field. Not so with the wives of the ranking officers. They held forth in their drawing rooms, comfortable and flattered.

Another notable commander's wife was Mrs. George Crook. Wife of the Department of Arizona commander, she lived with her husband in that area that was marked on maps back east as "unexplored." She was concerned for her husband's health and went to the extreme of pleading with President Ulysses Grant, during a Washington receoption, for her husband's transfer from Arizona. Her entreaty failed to move the President. Grant was reported to reply that her husband was too valuable where he was to be moved. He added, "He serves his country so much better when his wife is with him that you will have to return."

Officers and wives near Fort Thomas.



A couple out riding near the stables at Fort Huachuca.

Officers and wives on a picnic near Ft. Apache, Arizona, on 30 December 1883. Left to right: (Standing) 1st Lt. Charles B. Gatewood, 6th Cavalry, who commanded Company A, Indian Scouts at Fort Apache; (standing) Mrs. Kendall, wife of Capt. Henry P. Kendall; (seated) 2d Lt. John P. Glass, 6th Cavalry, who commanded Indian Scouts at Ft. Huachuca from June to September 1882; (seated, obscured by shadow) Lt. George A. Dodd, 6th Cavalry; (seated) Mrs. Charles B. Gatewood; (seated) Mrs. Taylor; (seated) Mrs. George Dodd; Miss M. Mcculloh; Mrs. Daugherty, wife of Capt. W. E. Daugherty; (standing rear) unidentified photographer; (seated, with beard) Mr. Kirchner; (reclining) Lt. J. W. Heard, 3d Cavalry; (seated) Lt. Augustus P. Blocksom, who commanded Company D, Indian Scouts at Ft. Huachuca in 1881; (foreground, standing) Mr. Victor Gomez. National Archives photo.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: The Enlisted Wife

Little is known about the wives of the enlisted men. Often company washerwomen, they took care of the soldier's laundry, nursed the sick, acted as servants in officers' homes and faced the same daily perils as did the officers' wives. They, too, ameliorated the stifling boredom that the solitariness of frontier life usually generated. Most of these women were recognized and provided for by Army regulations as official laundresses. [Enlisted men were only allowed to get married by their commanding officers in proprotion to the need for laundresses.]

According to some accounts they "were ladies in every sense of the word," while other writers have described some more notorious examples and referred to them as boisterous "haybags." Whether tea-sipping socialites or red-faced washerwomen, whether church women or camp followers, all of the women at Fort Huachuca were part of an arduous existence that daunted many of their fellow females east of the Mississippi. That they were courageous is unquestionable. Remember that on one day, June 25, 1876, at Fort Abraham Lincoln, twenty-six Army women were widowed. Their pension was $20 a month.

Bvt. Brig. Gen. Henry D. Wallen, who as a Lieutenant Colonel in the 14th Infantry, lived in Tucson with his wife and three children in 1866, took advantage of his temporary position as commander of the District of Arizona to name a newly established post after himself. In 1869 he published a *Service Manual for the Instruction of Newly Appointed Commissioned Officers, and the Rank and File of the Army, as Compiled From Army Regulations, the Articles of War, and the Customs of the Service*. His *Service Manual* spelled out the Army's policy toward enlisted marriages.

262. Neither non-commissioned officers nor soldiers are to marry without the consent of the commanding officer.

263. Any man marrying without permission, both from his company commander and from the officer commanding the post or regiment, will not be entitled to receive any of those indulgences bestowed on such as marry by consent.

264. It is impossible to point out in too strong terms the inconveniences and evils which follow a regiment encumbered with women and children. The washing in a company will provide for a certain number of women—about one for every twelve men—but beyond that, distress and poverty must ensue.

265. Officers should, therefore, do all in their power to deter their men from marrying beyond the rule laid down; and, however hard they may at the moment consider such denial, there are few who will not, after a short period, feel thankful to them for it.

272. Every woman connected with a command should be required to make herself useful to it in some way, either in washing, sewing, or knitting. This applies particularly to the laundresses of companies who receive rations and quarters, and who should be examples of industry, propriety, and good conduct. Any woman found on trial to be useless, should not be

allowed to remain on the strength of the command.[327]

An NCO with his wife in their quarters at Fort Stanton, New Mexico. U.S. Army photo.

Picnic at Fort Huachuca circa 1890. Reclining with white shirt and suspenders in foreground is Sergeant Walter Malby, Commissary Sergeant of Fort Huachuca from June 1886 until he died on 27 August 1896. Directly behind him is his wife Sarah. To her right in the center of the group of three women is Carrie Anna Clark, Postmistress of Fort Huachuca from 1890 to 1894. Standing, left rear, facing the rock sidewise, is her husband retired sergeant George H. Clark. Photo courtesy H.E. Malby, son of Sgt. Malby.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Short Timer

"I have just one year from tommorrow to serve, and thank God, then I am done soldiering in the regular army. I don't believe there is a thing worse than being in the regular army and out of civilization, but I have got use to it and don't mind it so much as I use to…."
—Private Charles Lester in an 1869 letter to his sister

Voices: Sergeant Yohn Garrisons Camp Wallen

The five-foot-tall Sergeant Henry I. Yohn enlisted in the Civil War with the First Cavalry Regiment. In 1925 he was interviewed by Frank C. Lockwood of the University of Arizona and the interview was published in the *Tucson Citizen* on 15 December. In the interview he told of coming to Arizona with his regiment following the war. They traveled from New Orleans by Army transport to Panama, marched across the isthmus, and then by mail steamer to San Francisco.

We marched south and on March 7, 1866, we left Los Angeles for Arizona, fully mounted. We were the first mounted detachment of the regular army to enter this section. For several months, beginning about May 31, we were camped at Babocomari [Camp Wallen], about eighty-five miles from Tucson.

Cochise came down with about 240 men [in May 1866] and drove off all our horses and cattle with the exception of eleven head of horses and one cow. We were then foot soldiers. I finally took an old horse—being a ranking sergeant—and we started after Cochise. We rode out to where Fort Huachuca now is. They tried to surround us. Cochise was pointed out to me. He was commanding the Indians and rode a magnificent black horse.

* * *

Our ranch, Babocomari, was said to have had the best supply of arms of any private estate. It was said to be one of the largest cattle ranches. The buildings were in excellent condition. The house had towers on two corners, one toward Tubac and one towards San Pedro—just like an old serrated castle. We used the buildings for a corral at night. We lived in tents. We built an addition to the old house, about a hundred feet square, in which we kept our stores and grain.

* * *

[On one occasion the Indians] stole seventeen horses, and we knew nothing about Indian fighting. They started us off like they did in Virginia—we were not given any provisions. Charley Naylor was with me. He was the man that wrote my discharge. He was a

wonderful writer—penman. Charley Warren was wounded. They said he had his leg shot off. Lieutenant Warren [This was William H. Winters, who served in the Civil War as both a private and captain, reenlisted in the First Cavalry in 1864 and within two years rose from private to First Lieutenant. A surgeon who served with him at Wallen and Crittenden called him "a Buck Eye and gallant soldier." He retired as a Captain in 1873.] took command and started somewhere along the trail that went along the base of the Catalina Mountains. The trail led in the direction in which the San Pedro flows and up on the high mesa, where the Indians were discovered. We put spurs to our horses. The lieutenant's girth slipped. I ran up and old [Oscar] Hutton with us. The Indians were armed with bows and arrows. They were all around us. One Indian took the trouble to take a snap shot at me and missed me. I shot him. He fell down. Hutton says, "Scalp him! Scalp him!" I took my pen knife out and took a strip off his head with a bit of the hair. The Indian had a purple hat. Warren said, "Sergeant, I gave that boy that hat at Fort Goodwin."[328]

Voices: Sergeant John Spring at Camp Wallen

John Spring was a Swiss-born immigrant who, like so many others, enlisted in the U.S. Army and was sent out West. He was 19-years-old when he joined the Union Army in 1864 and during the Civil War he was wounded in the shoulder. With the end of the war, the regular army was sent back to Arizona and New Mexico to relieve the volunteers of Brig. Gen. James Carleton's "California Column."

Sergeant Spring was well educated, speaking several languages and after his Army service he would become one of Tucson's early educators. A Junior High School there is named for him. He was also an acute observer and his descriptions of his experiences tell us much about military life in the country around Fort Huachuca in the post Civil War era. His sense of humor often found its way into his narratives. Once members of his regiment were involved in a barroom brawl with some sailors. Spring lent a hand in restoring order and transporting the injured back to post. He recalled: "…I came out with a black eye, a broken sword, and feeling of having many more bones in my body than necessary. One of our men was badly hurt," Spring remembered, "having sustained a fracture of the right kneecap, and had to be carried to the [railroad] cars. Major Brown, meeting the carriers, asked one of them, 'Was this man hurt in the fracas?' To which he received the reply: 'No sir, he was hurt in the knee.'"

Old Camp Wallen, Arizona Territory, on the Babocomari Creek. Camp Wallen was established 9 May 1866 and discontinued on 31 October 1869. Photo taken about 1890 by Mrs. W. H. Brophy, mother of Frank Cullen Brophy, Arizona banker and rancher. Photo courtesy Mr. Frank Cullen Brophy.

Adobe walls, all that is left in 1962 of old Camp Wallen, near Huachuca City. U.S. Army photo.

Apache Campaigns: An Assignment to the Department of Arizona for Lieut. C. C. C. Carr

Maj. Gen. Irvin McDowell summed up the attitude of the Civil War officer being assigned to Arizona in 1867:

> *Coming out of a war of immense proportions in which many of them have borne a prominent and distinguished part, having passed through all the excitement which it created, they want rest, and the service in Arizona is peculiarly fatiguing and disagreeable. Many look upon the very* act *of being sent there as a punishment.*[329]

The alliterative Lieutenant Camillo Cadmus Casatti Carr resigned his job as regimental quartermaster in order to join Capt. George Bliss Sanford's Company E of the First Cavalry which was on its way to Fort McDowell, Arizona Territory, in 1866. Carr wrote about his next four years in Arizona in the *Journal of the United States Cavalry Association*, March 1889, when he was its editor. Carr, a veteran of the Civil War, would rise to the rank of Brigadier General and command the Department of Dakota. He retired in 1906 and died in Chicago on 24 July 1914. Here are some excerpts from his narrative which graphically portray the Department of Arizona from 1866 to 1869.

> *…The route principally used was that near the 32d parallel, extending from Fort Yuma to New Mexico, through Tucson and Fort Bowie, a dreary, sandy waste of quite 400 miles; a vivid realization of the "abomination of desolation" spoken of by Jeremiah, the prophet. Between Yuma and Bowie there was but one settlement, Tucson, a dirty Mexican pueblo of a few hundred inhabitants.*
>
> * * *
>
> *There was not a stage line in the whole Territory, and had not been since the Butterfield drew off in 1861. I believe the mail was carried on horseback from Los Angeles to Prescott once a week. The other posts received theirs when the Quartermaster at Drum Barracks saw fit to send out a pack mule in charge of a civilian employee, carrying only the letter mail. As to newspapers and other printed matter, they came by bull train or some other equally swift conveyance, or, more frequently, failed to come at all.*
>
> * * *
>
> *All business transactions were conducted on a gold basis, and during my first three years in Arizona, the pay we received from the government never exceeded in value seventy cents on the dollar, and for a long time it was as low as sixty.*
>
> * * *
>
> *Our carbines were the Sharp's, using linen cartridges and percussion caps.*
>
> * * *
>
> *…Fort McDowell [was] the newest, largest and best post in Arizona. It had been constructed during the previous winter by a regiment of California infantry, whose time just before being mustered out was thus employed. It was about half a mile back from the Verde River, from which all of the water used by the garrison was hauled in a wagon. The parade ground, without grass or trees, was of granite gravel, closely packed, and as white and painful to the eyes in the blazing sun as though it had been whitewashed. It absorbed heat enough during the day to keep the air throughout the night nearly up to the temperature of the day, which for*

several months in the year, averaged about 115 degrees in the shade, or would have done so, if any shade could have been found.

* * *

The company officers' quarters were of adobe, built in one continuous line, facing the parade ground, without wings or rear extensions. Each officer was allowed one or two rooms, according to circumstances, and was permitted to use these quarters for drawing room, bed room or kitchen, as he might think best. The rooms were about twelve by fifteen feet, with one opening for a door, but no windows except one facing away from the parade ground. The men's barracks were of the same style and material as those for the officers, but with the windowless ends facing the parade. The floors of the officers' quarters were of common clay and were sprinkled with water as often as necessary to keep down the dust and moderate the temperature to an extent rendering indoor life endurable. The principal objection to them was that they seemed to have a special attraction for a species of villainous and venomous red ant, which came up in swarms through them in one spot after another, over-ran the place, invaded the beds and held possession of them to the exclusion of the rightful occupants.

The roofs were of mud put on to a depth of from nine to twelve inches, with the expectation of keeping out the water during the rainy season. Unfortunately, in constructing the roofs, to prevent the clay falling through, a deep layer of horse manure had been laid upon the small sticks spread over the rafters, and when the floods descended as they always did in January and February, and occasionally in July and August, the water that poured through the roofs into the rooms was at first of a dark-brown color, then shaded off into a light yellow as the mud of the roof dissolved and made its way through the lower stratum. On such occasions, the occupants of the quarters covered their bedding as well as other perishable articles with rubber blankets and passed their time out of doors, where, if there was more moisture, it was cleaner and less fragrant, at least. For more than one year after our arrival at Fort McDowell there was no window or door in any set of quarters occupied by bachelor officers. The commanding officer, by virtue of his rank, and his control over the quartermaster, indulged in the luxury of a wagon cover hung in graceful festoons before the hole in the wall where it was intended at some future time to put a door; the apertures for the windows were covered with canvas or gunny sacks. With four [small tree] crotches driven into the floor for a bedstead, a packing box for a table, a candle box for a chair, and a demijohn with its accompanying tin cup to represent the bric-a-brac of the establishment, the height of luxury was attained. Doors were not actually necessary for protection against the cold, but when we found our rooms, as we frequently did, invaded by rattlesnakes, centipedes of 'monstrous size and mien," and whole families of scorpions, with which the country was infested, there was a desire, almost a yearning, for something that might render their entrance a matter of greater difficulty. It was not altogether pleasant to wake at reveille and find one's boots and stockings gone to become the playthings of a litter of festive pups, having so little regard for the properties of life that they frequently distributed one's garments among two or three neighbors, whence they were recovered only after prolonged search and general redistribution.

* * *

The first centipede I ever saw, and it was nearly a foot in length, fell from the unceiled inner roof of the commanding officer's sitting room upon the center of a table around which was assembled a party of officers playing cards. An exploding bombshell would not

have scattered the group more quickly or effectively, and there was great joy over the death of the intruder. At that time, our information regarding centipedes was limited to what we had acquired from our predecessors, and according to their accounts, the centipede's feet were as venomous as a rattler's fangs.

Our wardrobes, which consisted of a few nails driven into the adobe walls, did not secure our clothing from invasion, as I discovered one morning on taking down my dress coat, when I found within its folds a family of about a dozen scorpions, looking like bleached prawns, except that each had ready in his upturned tail a sting, properly prepared for producing a last impression, of a warmth exceeding even that of the climate of the country.

* * *

Our social life in the garrison may be described in very few words—there was none. The infrequent visits of the paymasters at intervals of from four to six months were the signal for the beginning of a saturnalia of drunkeness and gambling, which, we are happy to say, is so much a thing of the past in our army, that even the recollection of it as it once existed were better not revived.

* * *

. . . A piece of land lying on the river, near the post, containing about a half section, was selected, an irrigating ditch several miles in length, and in places ten or twelve feet in depth, was dug; the land was cleared of its dense growth of mesquite trees, bull brush and cactus—mainly by the labor of the three companies of the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, and one troop of the First U. S. Cavalry, constituting the garrison.

* * *

We had reveille about 3 o'clock a.m. The cavalry marched to stables, groomed their horses, and then returned to barracks for a sumptuous repast of bread and coffee, with, sometimes, a diminutive slice of salt pork. At 6 a.m. work on the farm began and continued without intermission until noon, when time was allowed for the consumption of the bean or rice soup and bread which constituted the dinner. Work was resumed at 1 p.m. and continued until six. At that hour the command returned to the post, and the cavalry, after having groomed their horses, were permitted to close the day with a late supper so much like the early breakfast, that a confusion in reckoning time resulted that rendered it difficult to distinguish reveille from roll call.

Such labor on such food, a bare government ration of the poorest quality, without fresh vegetables of any kind, in a heat which any decent thermometer would have registered at 135 to 140 degrees, in the sun, produced great suffering, of course. After an hour's work the men's garments were as wet as tho' they had swum a river with them on, and they dried only when, after the day's work, they lay down in the night air to rest and sleep. In their exhausted and half famished condition the men were easily chilled, and the fruits of such treatment soon showed themselves in the appearance of a malignant type of dysentery which filled a great part of the space in the new post cemetery with the victims of this insufficient food and overwork in a broiling sun. I think some fifteen men died in that summer, and were either buried in their blankets or in rude coffins made of packing boxes from which the clothing had been emptied. More than once we assisted at the burial of soldiers who had done good service during the rebellion, whose coffins bore some such simple but eloquent inscription as "U.S. No. 20. 35 Pairs Gov't Boots," or "40 Pairs Cavalry Trousers,"—which had been placed there by the original packers of the boxes from which the coffins were made. Our requisition for lumber, to

supply the demands for coffins, was disapproved on the score of expense. It could be obtained in the vicinity only by whipsawing it from green cottonwood trees, a labor to be justly appreciated only by those who have had it to do.

* * *

Soon after my return to McDowell, permission to make a scout against the Apaches living in that vicinity was obtained and the Troop, under command of Colonel Sanford, started by the light of a new moon, having with us one civilian guide and one Pima Indian as a trailer. In the dimness of a night illumined only by the light of the young moon, we broke a new trail over the Mazatzal mountain range and descended into the valley of Tonto Creek. The next night, we crossed the Sierra Ancha and camped in Meadow Valley. We were astonished at the character of this new country in which we found ourselves. The desert wastes of the Verde and Gila regions were replaced by high plateaus and deep valleys well supplied with water, forests of oak, pine and walnut trees, and a luxuriant growth of grass. Everywhere was to be seen the ruins of the buildings of an ancient civilization—one so far advanced that the stone walls were laid with mortar made from the gypsum beds in the vicinity, and as white and hard as Parian marble. We all felt the excitement of explorers of an unknown land and enjoyed in anticipation the surprises in store for us when we moved from one place to another.

While the main body of the command was examining the surrounding country, a small party of Apaches attacked the guard left in camp but were quickly driven off. Returning in haste, we started on the back trail of these Indians, our Pima trailer never delaying for a moment to hunt for a lost track, and about four p.m., on rounding a mountain spur, we came in full view of quite a large rancheria of Apaches, completely unconscious of our proximity.

The women and children were engaged in gathering grass and sunflower seeds, of which they make almost the only bread they ever had. Making the most of the surprise, with a whoop and a hurrah, the whole troop charged, mounted, down the mountain side into the seething crowd of Indians, and the fight was on, our men using pistols and carbines, the Apaches relying for defense principally upon their bows and arrows, though a few of them had fire-arms. When the cavalry charge had spent its force the men dismounted, turned their horses loose and used their carbines so well that within about fifteen minutes the affair was ended and we counted as the results of it fifteen dead bucks and a number of women and children prisoners. Another result was that in a day or two after our return to Fort McDowell, Delchay, the chief of the Coyotero Apache tribe to which the Indians we had killed belonged, came to the post to make peace, bringing with him several hundred of his people. He made the most liberal promises as to future good behavior, and as an unquestionable guarantee of his good faith, offered to bring all his warriors, about three hundred, and join the troops of our garrison for the purpose of attacking and capturing Fort Grant. This offer was declined with thanks, but it showed that the Apaches had no idea that the troops of different posts belonged to the same army, but were regarded as independent bodies, hostile to each other, and simply holding places in the country for their own profit and advantage. In spite of his promises Delchay and his band stole away from the post within a week and were engaged in their regular employment, murdering travelers on the roads and stealing stock whenever it could be done. There was no reservation to which the Apaches could be sent when they came in and it was impossible to hold them and guard them as prisoners, so the game of see-saw, fight and palaver, was indefinitely continued.[330]

Timeline

In **1866**, after U.S. protestations about violations of the "Monroe Doctrine," Napoleon III began to pull French troops out of Mexico. A hero of the Battle of the Wilderness, Capt. James F. Millar, 14th Infantry, was killed in an Apache ambush on 22 March 1966 at Cottonwood Spring. The first successful Atlantic cable was put in place by Cyrus Field. Congress created the new rank of full General for Ulysses Grant; Sherman would hold that rank; and, for a brief time after him, Sheridan would be a general. Congress also reduced the Union Army from 183,000 on 10 November 1865 to 25,000 by December 1866. The Congress overrode a presidential veto of the Civil Rights Bill. On 9 May Camp Wallen was established on the Babocomari Creek; it would be deactivated on 31 October 1869. The M1866 Gatling gun became the first machine gun officially adopted by any army in the world when the U.S. Army bought 100 of them. Talking about the activation of six African American regiments in the regular army after the war, black abolitionist Frederic Douglass remarked, "Once let the black man get upon his person the brass letters, *u.s.*; let him get an eagle on his button, and a musket on his shoulder and bullets in his pocket, and there is no power on earth which can deny that he has earned the right to citizenship in the United States." The Prussians and Hanoverians fought the Seven Weeks' War. On 26 July Congress authorized the Army to enlist 1,000 Indian Scouts; 81 years later the last Indian Scout would retire at Fort Huachuca. In Indianapolis, Indiana, the first encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held. Susan B. Anthony, fighting for women's suffrage, was told by editor Horace Greely that "the ballot and the bullet go together. If you vote, are you also prepared to fight?" "Certainly, Mr. Greely," she answered, "Just as you fought in the last war—at the point of a goose-quill." Remarking about the American Civil War, Moltke said he did not care to study the "Movements of armed mobs," while Frederick Engels called the war a "drama without parallel in the annals of military history." By this year, the breechloading weapon had enabled the soldier to fire and load from other than an upright position, allowing him to take cover and deploy in skirmisher lines rather than standing formations. This would hinder the amount of communication and control a commander could exercise on his now less visible, spread out forces. Herman Melville publishes *Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War*, poems inspired by the Civil War.

In **1867** the Valley of the Yukon was reconnoitered by Lt. Frederick Schwatka. The last feudal shogun resigned in Japan. Juarez was elected president of Mexico after Maximilian surrendered to Mexican rebels. Alaska was purchased from Russia for $7.2 million. Canada was granted dominion status by Great Britain. Emory Upton published *Infantry Tactics* which for the first time in U.S. Army thinking took into account the more accurate and more rapid-firing rifled and breechloading arms, stressed simplicity for drills, four-man attacking groups, more skirmishers, and called upon the individual soldier to show initiative and intelligence. Three Reconstruction Acts were passed and the South was divided into military districts to protect civil rights. On 10 August Fort Crittenden was built near the site of the former Fort Buchanan west of Sonoita, Arizona. On 4 September the Arizona Territorial legislature transferred the capital from Prescott to Tucson. Marx's *Das Kapital* was published.

In **1868** Louisa May Alcott published *Little Women*. The first commercial typewriter was patented by Christopher Sholes. Congress passed legislation that would cut the workday to eight hours for laborers and mechanics working for the government; other federal employees continued to work the ten hour day. An officer in Arizona remarked, "I defy anyone to make his way over

this country without the aid of profanity."[331] President Andrew Johnson was impeached. A village in central Arizona was named "Phoenix," after the bird that legend said rose from the ashes. Grant was elected president in November. On 1 June John M. Schofield replaced Stanton as Secretary of War.

In **1869** the Suez Canal was opened. A transcontinental railroad was completed. John W. Powell, known by his Civil War rank of Major, rafted down the Colorado River, exploring its environs. A Board of Indian Commissioners was created by Congress to oversee appropriations for the tribes. Professional baseball began. Rutgers and Princeton played the first intercollegiate football game. Congress reduced the number of infantry regiments from 45 to 25, consolidating the regiments. Anson P. K. Safford was elected governor of Arizona Territory. Memorial Day was first observed by Grand Army of the Republic. The Army completed its telegraph line from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Santa Fe, New Mexico. On 8 March William T. Sherman replaced Grant as Commanding General of the Army. On 13 March John A. Rawlins replaced Schofield as Secretary of War. On 25 October William W. Belknap replaced Rawlins as Secretary of War. After five years, Tolstoy completed *War and Peace*, a panoramic picture of the accidents of war; Tolstoy believed history was not determined by great men, but by a series of chances that were beyond the control of any Napoleon." Captain Henry M. Robert, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, while conducting a survey of Arizona, writes an initial draft of Robert's Rules of Order which would sell upwards of 2 million copies over the next century.

Roll Call: Captain Reuben F. Bernard

One of the first regular army noncommissioned officers to gain a widespread reputation as one of the "bravest and most efficient Apache fighters in the Army," was dragoon Sergeant Reuben F. Bernard. A native of Tennessee, Bernard served as a private, corporal, sergeant and first sergeant with the 1st Dragoons at Fort Craig, New Mexico from 1855 to 1862.

He first came to Gadsden Purchase territory in 1856 with Major Enoch Steen. In 1861 as a First Sergeant of Dragoons, he was with a relief column out of Fort Breckinridge which was sent to reinforce Lieutenant Bascom who had arrested Cochise, accusing him of kidnapping a white child, then was embarrassed by the Chiricahua leader's escape.

When Lieut. Bascom refused to exchange prisoners as proposed by Cochise, Sergeant Bernard said he tried to persuade the young lieutenant to change his mind. Perhaps he tried too earnestly to dissuade Bascom from his course of action, which was later found to be a bloody blunder. The lieutenant had Bernard arrested. He was later tried for insubordination and released.

Bernard wrote in later years that he "knew personally of thirteen white men whom Cochise had burned alive, five of whom he tortured to death by cutting small pieces out of their feet, and fifteen whom he dragged to death after tying their hands and putting lariats around their necks. …This Indian was at peace until betrayed and wounded by white men. He now, when spoken to about peace, points to his scars and says, 'I was at peace with the whites until they tried to kill me for what other Indians did; I now live and die at war with them.'"[332]

Bernard was commissioned in 1862 in the 1st U.S. Cavalry Regiment. He served with his regiment throughout the Civil War, being brevetted captain in May 1864 for gallant and meritorious services in action at Smithfield, Virginia; lieutenant colonel and colonel, March 1865 for

gallant and meritorious services during the war; and brigadier general in 1890 for gallant service in actions against Indians at Chiricahua Pass, Arizona, on October 20, 1869, near Silver River, Oregon, June 23, 1878, and Birch Creek, Oregon, July 8, 1878. He commanded Camp Lowell in 1868 and 1869, and Fort Bowie in 1870 and 71. He retired in 1896 as a Lieutenant Colonel in the 9th Cavalry. By the time his military career was finished, Bernard had been involved in 101 actions against Indians or Confederates. He died in Washington, D.C., on November 17, 1903.

A fellow officer's wife, Ellen McGowan Biddle, remembered him in 1892, at age 58, as "a great Norseman…, so big and strong, with a long gray beard, and a head full of snowy white hair."[333] There were several women in his life. The first to be recorded was Chona Trias, a laundress with whom he lived at Fort Buchanan when he was a First Sergeant in 1860. In 1866 he married Alice Frank of Washington, D.C. Alice died at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., in 1891. In 1892 he married Ruth Simpson who died in December in childbirth. Elsie May Camp became his third lawful wife in 1898.[334]

Operating around Fort Bowie in 1869 and 1870, Captain Reuben F. Bernard, an old hand at fighting Apaches, was taking on Cochise's Chiricahua Apaches. He led eight expeditions against the Indians in 1869, his most successful being in October when he was reinforced by troops from Camps Goodwin and Crittenden. The Apaches had attacked a stagecoach on 5 October and murdered both the passengers and the soldier escort near Dragoon Springs. Bernard led his force into Chiricahua Pass to confront the Apaches. In three fights with them in October, he killed over 30 Apaches and retook stock. A surgeon from Camp Crittenden took part in this 31 October action and later wrote about the fight to a friend in Iowa. Dr. Levi L. Dorr was the contract surgeon at Tubac in 1867, then at Crittenden, Wallen, Grant and Crittenden again until 1870. His letter is reproduced here.

…Our pleasant post Wallen was broken up at last, and I was ordered here for field duty, somewhat to my annoyance as I desired post duty & a chance to study.

I had not reported here two hours [days] before I was ordered on a scout. Now I will tell you what caused us to go, & omit the rumors we had before starting.

Every year thousands of head of cattle are driven thro this country from Texas to the Cal. market, and from the small number of men with them are often captured by Indians, & especially by Cachiese, the terror of So. Arizona, who numbers about 60 warriors all told. This year there had been but few taken until two months ago. To tell you all. The southern overland coach, with a driver, one citizen & four soldiers, left Camp Bowie for Tucson. Soon after passing a herd of cattle, they were attact by many Apaches and all killed by the first fire, striped and mutilated & the mail captured. The Apaches then attacted the herd, killed one man and took 150 cattle.

This was reported to the Cav. Co. at Camp Bowie some hours after, when Lt. Winters (a Buck Eye and gallant soldier) took 25 men and was soon on their trail south. Three days after, he killed three of five Indians he overtook, and pushing on came up with the cattle with many Indians in an open rolling country. This was a chance Cav. officers pray for, and Winters done the opportunity justice. He killed 12 before they reached the [Chiricahua] Mts., and retook all the cattle but a few, & restored them to their owner. He will get his well earned brevet. [Winters scout covered 216 miles.]

Many Indians were known to be wounded, and so Col. Bernard of the same company thought to get them at our advantage, [and] started out at once with 50 men & Lt. Lafferty. In two days from the post, he found a fresh trail & following it up into a bad canon suddenly came

on all these 60 to 100 Indians, well posted in rockes and with the arms & ammunition they had taken from the stage, finely armed. He fought them with 35 men from noon until night & gained but little ground, so had to retire with the loss of two men killed, one officer & two men wounded, & kill & wounding of 8 horses. He killed 18 Indians and must have wounded many more. I forgot to say Winters had three men wounded. Of both, none were mortally wounded.

Bernard came back to the post, reported the facts to Gen'l. Devin, took all the men he could get from Bowie (70) and found the Indians in the same place. He advanced up the canon but found Indians all around him, & but for Winters coming up would have been cut off and slaughtered. He had fought them before on one Mt.; now they were on both sides, with their stock and familys on the first Mt. Bernard thought he must have more men. In fact, heretofore officers have not tried to fight Indians in such impregnable mountain passes, but their late doings & it being Cachiese was a stimulus.

He [Bernard] came out of the Mts. and met us, who had been ordered to join him with 35 men. That night we returned to the Mts., and at moon rise on foot advanced up this ridge of Mt. …expecting we would have a hard fight. At daylight [we] were at the top and [went] over in three columns, down into the canon. They knew we were coming and had horses hitched along the creek, in easy range from the right hand Mt., where they had gone. We astonished them by coming over the Mt., instead of up the canon. We thought they had all gone, but soon saw the horses & their rancheria. Our company advancing to take the horses, they [were] run off by Apaches, only an old one left. As soon as we advanced, the ball opened from both sides, but the Indians did not care to show themselfs much, as two of them were killed while getting into position.

We could not now advance up the Mt. without fearfull loss of life, so we withdrew, having been out two nights without sleep & 12 hrs. without food. It was impossable to drive them from such a place, as they were armed.

We came back to Bowie & were joined by 75 more Cav. and [went] after them again. But on arriving at the place, they were gone. We followed them on from Fight 3 over the Mts. East, and [continued] two or three days behind them among the smaller Mts., but they could travel on the inside track faster than we could. We one day killed another Indian & got one of the soldier rifles. At last we came to Bowie & home, having been gone a month. All are glad to get home again, but in a few days or weeks we shall be on the war path again.

The worst of the wounds I saw was Lt. Laffertie's, who was wounded in the lower jaw, fracturing it and cutting the face fearfully, but it healed kindly without much deformity. My hospital experience stood me a good turn here, and, I flatter myself, was of much benefit to L., who was very grateful. The surgeon there [Bowie] was a good physician but a crazy dutchman, & knew little of wounds & their proper dressing. I am trying to get to Bowie as post surgeon, but think it will not be effected, now they have just changed. Do not like field service as I have

been on it so much during the last year and but little time to study….[335]

Reuben Bernard

Apache Campaigns: The Camp Grant Massacre

The feelings of fear and hatred general among the settlers manifested itself in the Camp Grant Massacre in April 1871. Some 300 Arivaipa Apaches led by Eskimensin who had surrendered to Lieut. Whitman at Camp Grant were allowed to live peaceably near the post on the Arivaipa River where they made themselves useful by cutting hay.

Whitman was "an intellectual" officer" who wrote and lectured on philosophy. He had been wounded while with the Maine militia in the Civil War. He was a family friend of General O. O. Howard.

Lieut. Whitman wrote two letters to General Stoneman's headquarters requesting authorization for his action, but the letters were returned six weeks later by a clerk who pointed out that Whitman had failed to use the proper format and they would have to be resubmitted.

Many citizens of Tucson thought these Indians that Whitman had allowed to live at Fort Grant were behind the raids in southeastern Arizona. A mob of "92 Papagoes, 42 Mexicans, and 6 Anglo-Americans, 140 men in all,"[336] swept into the Indian camp and killed between 86 and 150, depending on the varying accounts, mostly women and children. Twenty-nine children were captured and traded as slaves by the Papagos.

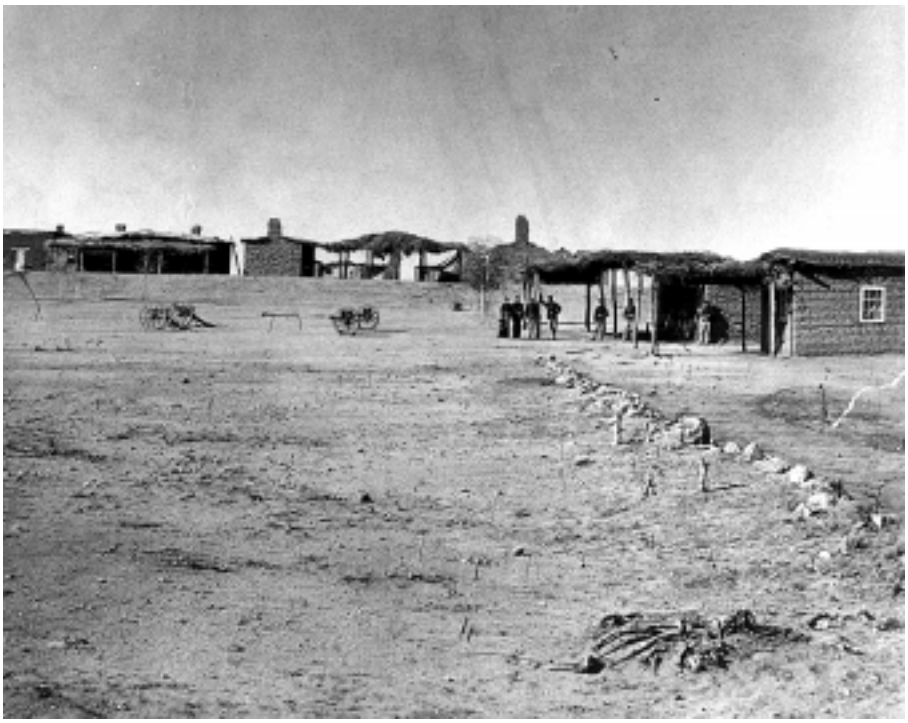
Lieut. Whitman described in his report what he found at the Indian camp:

> *The camp was burning and the ground strewed with their dead and mutilated women and children. I immediately mounted a party of about twenty soldiers and citizens, and sent them with the post surgeon, with a wagon to bring in the wounded, if any could be found. The party returned in the late P.M., having found no wounded and without having been able to communicate with any of the survivors. Early next morning I took a similar party, with spades and shovels, and went out and buried all the dead in and immediately around the camp.*
>
> *I had the day before offered the interpreters, or any one who could do so, $100 to go to the mountains and communicate with them, and convince them that no officer or soldier of the United States Government had been concerned in the vile transaction; and, failing in this, I thought the act of caring for their dead would be an evidence to them of our sympathy at least, and the conjecture proved correct, for while at the work many of them came to the spot and indulged in their expressions of grief, too wild and terrible to be described.*
>
> *That evening they began to come in from all directions, singly and in small parties, so changed in forty-eight hours as to be hardly recognizable, during which time they had neither eaten or slept. Many of the men, whose families had all been killed, when I spoke to them and expressed sympathy for them, were obliged to turn away, unable to speak, and too proud to show their grief. The women, whose children had been killed or stolen were convulsed with grief, and looked to me appealingly, as though I was their last hope on earth. Children who two days before had been full of fun and frolic kept at a distance, expressing wondering horror. I did what I could; I fed them, and talked to them, and listened patiently to their accounts. I sent horses into the mountains to bring in two badly-wounded women, one shot through the left lung, and one with an arm shattered. These were attended to, and are doing well, and will recover.*[337]

Lieut. Whitman persuaded the Indians who had escaped the massacre that the military was not involved in the attack. Assured that they could return to the protection of Camp Grant, they were mistakenly fired upon by a group of soldiers and they made for the mountains, avowed

enemies of the whites.

The vigilantes, 108 in all, were charged with murder but acquitted later in the year. The Tucson newspapers sought to make Whitman the villain, accusing him of drunkeness and as having a fondness for "dusky maidens." Enroute to Arizona, Whitman was reported to have been drinking and for this he would later be court-martialed for "conduct unbecoming an officer." Testimony at his court martial indicated that he was "drunk in uniform" in San Diego, again at Point of Mountain, Arizona, and was reported to be "lying drunk in a [Tucson] saloon." All these infractions took place while he was enroute during November and December 1871 to his assignment in Arizona. In 1871 he was cited for being drunk on three occasions and, according to one soldier, "drunk to two to three days at a time." At Camp Grant he was supposed to have pointed a derringer at the post surgeon, Lieut. A. B. Lowe, and called the new department commander "a damned son-of-a-bitch." [Cunningham] Whether or not his actions on his way to his new station were blown out of proportion in response to his sympathy for the Indians has never been determined. His first court-martial, convened on 4 December 1871, was dropped by General Crook because his regiment was scheduled to leave the department.



Old Camp Grant, Arizona Territory, 1871. Near this post occurred the Camp Grant Massacre of April 30, 1871. National Archives Photo 77-CA-1-150.

Once on duty at Grant, however, he was all business. His second in command at the post, Lieut. Robinson, came to his defense in his report.

> Attempts have been made, principally through the columns of the Arizona Citizen…to make it appear that [Whitman] was a debauched scoundrel and a slave to vice. Among other

things, he has been accused of associating with Indian women, and of being a confirmed drunkard. I know little of this officer's history previous to his assuming command of this post, December last, but from the time the Indians came in up to the 11th of April [when Robinson went on leave], and from May 21 to the time they left, to the best of my knowledge he touched not one drop of liquor. The other statement given in the Arizona Citizen has not the slightest foundation in truth.[338]

A second courts-martial was convened on 20 May 1872 and challenged Whitman's administration at Camp Grant. The court acquitted him after General Howard's intercession.

A third court-martial began in September 1872 accused Whitman of "breach of arrest" at Camp Crittenden, "abusive language regarding his commanding officer" and "disgraceful conduct toward a brother officer." He was found guilty, reprimanded, suspended from duty and held in confinement for six months. Whitman retired from the army "for age and disability" in March 1879.[339]

His stormy military career over, Whitman lived for another thirty-four years, designing and manufacturing the Whitman saddle, an officer's model, and writing articles on philosophy.

Roll Call: Lieut. Howard Cushing

On 26 May 1870 some 50 to 60 Apaches ambushed a wagon train of Hugh Kennedy and Newton Israel that was enroute from Tucson to their store just south of Camp Grant. The wagon train party numbered two women, some children and twenty-one men. They had only four guns. They were hit as they came over a rise just twenty-eight miles from Camp Grant. When the garrison learned of the disaster, Sergeants John Mott and Warfield immediately put together a relief force and galloped for the scene. But they were too late. All were dead but Kennedy who would later die from a arrow lodged in his lung. Capt. Bourke described the "ghastly sight."

There were hot embers of the new wagons, the scattered fragments of broken boxes, barrels, and packages of all sorts; copper shells, arrows, bows, one or two broken rifles, torn and burned clothing. There lay all that was mortal of poor Israel, stripped of clothing, a small piece cut from the crown of the head, but thrown back upon the corpse—the Apaches do not care much for scalping—his heart cut out, but also thrown back near the corpse, which had been dragged to the fire of the burning wagons and partly consumed; a lance wound in the back, one or two arrow wounds, a severe contusion under the left eye, where he had been hit perhaps with the stock of a rifle or carbine, and the death wound from ear to ear, through which the brain had oozed. The face was as calm and resolute in death as Israel had been in life.[340]

Command of the pursuit force fell to 1st Lieut. Howard Bass Cushing, F Company, Third Cavalry. A Civil War veteran, Cushing had served the last three years in West Texas where he had many fights with the Mescalero Apaches and had already made a reputation for himself. Capt. Bourke, a fellow Third Cavalry officer, said Cushing "had killed more savages of the Apache tribe than any other officer or troop in the United States Army had done before or since." He described him as "about five feet, seven inches in height, spare, sinewy, active as a cat; slightly stoop-shouldered, sandy complexioned, keen gray or bluish-gray eyes, which looked you through when he spoke and gave a slight hint of the determination, coolness, and energy which had made his name famous all over the southwestern border."[341]

Cushing's force was guided by Joe Felmer, a former First Lieutenant in the California Volunteers and presently the Camp Grant blacksmith, and Manuel Duran, a "tame" Apache. The trail crisscrossed the area, coming within a few miles of the post, in an effort to throw off their trackers. But Felmer and Duran were alert to the doubling back tactics of the Indians and kept to the trail. It eventually led to Signal Peak, the highest elevation in the Pinal Mountains.

During the cold night of 4 June 1870, Cushing led his men up the mountain and surrounded the unsuspecting Apaches. When an Indian sensed their presence and sounded the alarm, the camp exploded into a withering crossfire. Cushing reported thirty Indians killed and a number of women and children captured. Newspaper accounts put the enemy casualties higher and mentioned a few friendly wounded. The Indians had been Pinal Apaches, according to the captives, and had happened upon the Kennedy-Israel train on their way back from a raid into Sonora. Cushing would lead a number of patrols during the remainder of the year.

In an official report for the Department of Arizona, the Cushing patrol is covered in more detail.

> *On the 29th of May, Lieutenant Cushing, 3d Cavalry, with Lieutenant Smith, 3d Cavalry, 14 men of "B," and 20 men of "F," troops, 3d Cavalry, and 30 men of "K" Troop 1st Cavalry. started in pursuit of a band of Indians who had attacked and captured a wagon train, and killed some citizens near Canon del Oro, on the road between Tucson and Camp Grant. Having discovered the trail, it was followed for a distance of about 170 miles, when in the afternoon of the 4th of June, having reached the top of the Apache Mountains, discovering signs of being in their vicinity, the command was withdrawn down the eastern slope of the mountains into camp, without having been discovered. At midnight the command moved towards the point where the camp fires were seen, crossing the summit and moving down the western slope, within about three miles of the rancheria, where the command was divided. Lieutenant Cushing leading the direct track and Lieutenant Smith moving on the flank. At daylight on the morning of the 5th, the attack was made: in thirty minutes the rancheria was struck by Lieutenant Cushing's party; the Indians taken by surprise, ran down a canon where they were met by Lieutenant Smith and his party, and many killed. "The Indian dead laid scattered in every direction, thirty (30) being counted in the immediate vicinity, many more however, were reported as killed by the men and the two guides." "From the rugged nature of the ground where the rancheria was situated, it is more than probable that many Indians were killed which were not seen by the commanding officer." Large quantities of prepared mescal and property taken from the captured train was destroyed, also two mules recaptured, the others having been killed.*
>
> *Lieutenant Cushing reports that the men behaved throughout in a manner worthy of the highest commendation, particularly recommending to the attention of the Department Commander Sergeants Warfield, of the 3d Cavalry, and Whooten, of the 1st Cavalry, and Guides Manuel, and Oscar Hutton.*
>
> *These expeditions were make pursuant to instructions from Colonel Cogswell, commanding Sub-District of southern Arizona, and he represents them as having been in every way entirely satisfactory, and concurs in the several recommendations of the senior officers commanding the expedition.*[342]

Some other significant scouts were taken during April, May and June 1870 and they too were the subject of headquarters general orders:

The following summary of successful operations against the Indians in this Department,

during the last three months, is published for general information. Other scouts have been made creditable alike to officers and men engaged but not having encountered Indians no results other than scouting and acquiring a topographical knowledge of the country having been obtained, special mention of them is not.

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel G. B. Sanford, left Camp McDowell, A. T. in the latter part of April, with an expedition consisting of Troops "E" 1st Cavalry, Lieutenant Sherman; "B" 3d Cavalry, Captain Meinhold and Lieutenant Smith; Company "A", 21st Infantry, Brevet Major Collins,—5 officers and 30 men, and moved to Pinal Creek, where he established a scouting camp. The expedition remained out 77 days, and marched over 500 miles. The following is a brief summary of the principal events:—

The command moved down Tonto Creek and up the Rio Salado and crossed to Pinal Creek, where a large field of wheat was discovered and destroyed. On the 30th of April Brevet Major Collins was detached with a portion of the command, consisting of Second Lieutenant Smith, 3d Cavalry, and 25 men from "E" troop, 1st Cavalry; 25 men from "B" troop, 3d Cavalry, and 3 men of Company "A", 21st Infantry, with citizen Murphy as guide. Moving in an easterly direction and striking a trail, he followed it for 8 miles, and came on a rancheria where large quantities of mescal, seeds, etc. were found and destroyed, the Indians having abandoned it but a few hours before its discovery. Pushing on about 8 miles further, he discovered the Indians, whom he charged, and succeeded in killing 9, capturing 4, destroying large quantities of mescal, baskets, seeds, etc. In returning to where he struck the first rancheria, he discovered three Indians, and succeeded in killing two, and returned to camp (on Pinal Creek) the next day, having been out twenty-four hours, marching 45 miles, and succeeding in killing 11 Indians and capturing 4, besides destroying a large amount of property of great value to the Indians. Major Collins makes special mention of Lieutenant Smith, 3d Cavalry, and Sergeant Samuel Ferguson, Troop "E," 1st Cavalry.

The horses of "B" troop, 3d Cavalry, being in bad condition, and the Infantry having been continually marching, Colonel Sanford replaced "B" troop, with "E" troop, 3d Cavalry. Captain Sutorius, and Company "A," with "G," of the 21st Infantry, Lieutenant J. M. Rose; 110 men in all (including "E" troop, 1st Cavalry, which was not relieved).

On the 24th, near Cannon Creek, for the purpose of moving with greater rapidity, the pack train was placed in a secure position and left in charge of Lieutenant Rose, with a guard of 50 men. Colonel Sanford started at two o'clock A.M. on the 25th with balance of command, and moved in an easterly direction toward the Black Mesa. About daylight on crossing the Arroyo Colorado, evidences were discovered of the Apaches being present in large numbers; also corn fields, etc. Just before sunrise the command entered a large fertile valley, bordering a beautiful stream of water, and almost immediately discovered a rancheria, and then others. The command was at once deployed and ordered to charge, "which they did with a will." Rancherias were found in various directions, and the men were scattered in pursuit. About 10 A.M., the command was re-united, when 21 Indians were found to have been killed, and 12 prisoners taken, also three horses and three mules captured; large quantities of articles valuable to the Indians were destroyed. The valley for miles was planted with corn. The command then returned, scouting through Turkey Valley, crossing Sombrero Butte, Salt River,

Rio Pinto, and Tonto Creek. The result of the expedition being as follows:—

Apaches killed,……33 Captured,……16.

Animals captured, Horses….3 Mules,…3.

besides having destroyed large fields of wheat and corn, and numerous stores of value to the Indians. In the rancherias on the Chevicon (?) the scalp of a white man was found, and numerous articles which had been taken from citizens and soldiers.

Colonel Sanford reports that all the men engaged conducted themselves in a highly creditable manner, and mentions the following as having come specially under his notice:

First Sergeant Michael Hawley, "E" Troop, 1st Cavalry
Sergeant Samuel Ferguson " " "
" John Lindsey " " "
" Jeremiah Kane " " "
" John Brown " " "
Corporal Green M. Smith " " "
" William Graves " " "
" Charles Rhodes " " "
Trumpeter George Webber " " "
Private Timothy Sullivan " " "
George Smith " " "

First Sergeant Charles Brown "E" Troop, 3d Cavalry
Sergeant Jeremiah Foley " " "
" George W. Beekman " " "
" William Roberts " " "
" Hugh McEwen " " "
Corporal Martin Hart " " "
" Henry Bowers " " "
" John McNalley " " "
" Isaac Stephenson " " "
And Private Michael Shehan, Company "A," 21st Infantry

On the 3d of June, Lieutenant Graham, with 14 men of "M" Troop, 3d Cavalry, started in pursuit of a band of Indians, who had driven off a herd of 59 cattle, from the immediate vicinity of Fort Whipple. Lieutenant Graham started without waiting to saddle, and pushed them to such as extent that they abandoned the herd (except three which they had killed), which he recovered, and killed two Indians.

An expedition under the command of Captain Wm. Hawley, 3d Cavalry, consisting of Lieutenant Cradlebaugh, 3d Cavalry, Acting Assistant Surgeon Soule, and (55) fifty-five enlisted men of Troops "A," "C," "L," and "M," 3d Cavalry, left Camp Verde on the 27th of May, 1870, under instructions to locate a practicable wagon road from Camp Verde to the new post in the White Mountains, and to the mouth of Cottonwood Fork, on the Colorado Chiquito. Captain Hawley, returned on the 27th of June, having been successful in finding a practicable road and to both points indicated. In one of several engagements with the Indians, the command killed one (1) and captured (7) seven Indians, having (1) one Sergeant and (2) two

privates wounded in the attack.

The Department Commander conveys his thanks to the officers and men engaged in the above operations for the energy and perseverance displayed. By such exertion they not only reflect credit upon themselves, but on the regiments to which they belong.[343]

Timeline

On 15 May **1870**, Camp Apache was established on the south bank of the White River in Arizona Territory. It was originally called Camp Ord, then Camp Mogollon, and later in 1879, became Fort Apache. In 1923 it was turned over to the Indian Service. The French were defeated in the Franco-Prussian War. There are 39,818,000 Americans according to the census; 9,658 of these lived in Arizona Territory. Dr. Hitchcock's Kickapoo Indian Oil is advertised as "Good for Man or Beast." Dr. William's Pink Pills were "Pink Pills for Pale People." It was reported that in 1870 there were 930 women office workers in the entire country. Frederic Remington wrote to Arizona army wife Martha Summerhayes: "Read your book.... It has a bully note of the old army—it was all worth while—they had color, those days. ...Now suppose you had married a man who kept a drug store—see what you would have had and see what you would have missed."[344] The 15th Amendment giving African Americans the vote was ratified. The Paraguayan War still raged. The Army's Signal Corps established the nation's first weather service and would operate it until 1891 when the task was transferred to the Department of Agriculture. Emory Upton, the champion of a modernized U.S. Army, committed suicide. Maj. Gen. George H. Thomas died. He was a distinguished veteran of the Florida, Mexican, Indian and Civil Wars, and the 1854 commander of Fort Yuma. Louis Pasteur, the discoverer of the germ, searched the beaten columns of the French Army for his son and eventually found him. Sculptor Auguste Rodin served with the National Guard during the siege of Paris. Philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche served on ambulance duty during the Franco-Prussian War.

Apache Campaigns: The Cushing Massacre

In the spring of 1871, Lieut. Howard B. Cushing was reassigned to Fort Lowell in Tucson and conducted his forays from there. His last scout against the Apaches occured in May 1871 in the Whetstone Mountains. It became known as the "Cushing Massacre."

John Mott was a sergeant in Company F, 3rd U.S. Cavalry, and distinguished himself in the action at Bear Springs, Whetstone Mountains, Arizona Territory, on May 5, 1871. In this fight the troop commander, Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing was killed, and had it not been for the cool appraisal of the desperate situation by Sergeant Mott and his subsequent action, it is likely that the entire command might have been annihilated. According to a contemporary, Captain John G. Bourke, "had it not been for the courage and good judgment displayed by Sergeant John Mott, who had seen a great amount of service against the Apaches, not one of the command would have escaped alive out of the canon."[345] Led by Mott, the survivors fought a running retrograde action back into Camp Crittenden. For his part in the Bear Springs action, Mott was awarded the Medal of Honor. Here is Sergeant Mott's own account of the fight at Bear Springs.

...Lieut. H. B. Cushing left...April 27, 1871, with (1) Sergeant, (myself one (1) citizen packer, and sixteen (16) privates for the purpose of scouting the Sonorita and Santa Cruz

Valleys, and that portion of the country bordering on the Sonora Line.

* * *

May 5th. Left camp at 7 A.M., marching northwest, arrived at old Camp Wallen, A. T., at which place Lieut. Cushing intended to camp, but finding the grass all burned off and still burning, concluded to march to Bear Springs, Whetstone Mountains, about two miles north of Wallen struck a trail (one squaw and pony track) going towards the spring; the Lieut. directed me to take three men and follow the track while he followed the main trail with the detachment.

I followed the track about three-fourths of a mile until it entered a canon which was simply a deep arroya, seeing that the squaw in walking along the sand had taken great pains to make a clear print of her foot at each step, and that she even avoided all stones and rocks in order to do this more effectually, I became convinced that we were being led into a trap and immediately determined to leave the canon. Scarcely had I reached the top of the left wall, when I found my suspicions had been correct as a party of Indians about fifteen (15) in number were hid in a side canon joining the one I had just left, and would have intercepted my retreat had I continued following the track. Being at the time well posted I thought I could with two men hold them check while the third man went off to signal Lt. Cushing back; as we dismounted to be ready for them, I saw a second and much larger party on my left running towards my rear; I then decided it expedient to fall back, but while in the act of mounting, the Indians fired a volley disabling the horse of Private Green and severely wounding Private Pierce. These men started on foot for the rear, closely followed by the enemy, who ran so close on Green as to snatch the hat from his head. The third man who had signaled Lt. Cushing, looking back saw how matters stood and fired into the Indians, who no doubt thought that the main body had come up, as they paused, giving us time to escape. The front line of Apaches (they advanced in two lines) having fired off their rifles did not stop to reload, but kept following us thinking to capture us alive. They could easily have killed us being all around us with breach-loaders and revolvers. Some of the Indians in the second line kept up a brisk but harmless fire.

Lieut. Cushing now coming up having with him Mr. Simpson (a citizen friend) and Pvt. Chapman, I stated to the Lieut. that I thought the Indians would capture Green if we did not go to his assistance, but managed to escape by himself.

Moving up at once we attacked them, the rest of the men coming up. Now [we] had about eleven men in line, when a brisk fight ensued, in which we succeeded in driving the Indians to the hills, they leaving at this point five dead in our hands. We had three horses killed. Sending back three men to the pack train, Lt. Cushing gave the command "Forward." I seeing the disadvantage as we stood advancing over open ground to attack an enemy under cover, outnumbering us 15 to 1, said to the Lieut.—"Lieut., do you think it prudent to go farther?" Mr. Simpson, a gentleman of much experience, also counseled him to return, but the Lieut. seemed to think that the Indians were completely routed. Counting our party, he said, "Eight. That ought to be enough"; that was the Lieut., Mr. Simpson, myself and five privates. We advanced about twenty yards when the Indians opened fire, striking Mr. Simpson in the face, the ball passing out back of the head. The Lieut. sent one man to help him out thus reducing our number to six; the Indians seeing our party so small, rushed down from all sides (it seemed as if every rock and bush became an Indian). I was at that time about five yards in advance of Lieut. Cushing, and hearing the words, "Sergeant, Sergt., I am killed, take me out, take me out," turned and saw Lieut. Cushing face towards the horses, clasp his hands across

his breast, and fall to the ground; calling to Fichter to assist me, I seized the Lieut. by the right arm, Fichter taking the left, and started for the rear followed by Green who I noticed was very lame. The other two men started to get out the horses. We carried the Lieut. about ten or twelve paces, when he was again shot through the head and fell dead in our arms; we continued to drag the body until we caught up with Yount and Mr. Simpson, when the latter was again shot through the body, killing him instantly. Looking behind me I saw the enemy within thirty or forty yards of me firing as he advanced. Dropping the body of Lieut. Cushing, Fichter and myself turned to sell our lives as dearly as possible, causing the Indians to pause, thus enabling Privates Green and Yount to mount. Acting Corporal Kilmartin now opened fire with his party, thus enabling Fichter and myself to mount, but scarcely had we done so when both horses were shot, two balls striking Fichter's horse in the flank, a third mine in the fore leg, and a fourth killing Private Green. Immediately mounting Lieut. Cushing's horse I detached part of my command (now reduced to fourteen effective men) to move out with the pack train. I keeping the remainder with me to cover the retreat, then commenced a running fight for about a mile until finding I had drawn the enemy from under cover I halted to offer him battle (hoping I could flank him and recover the bodies.) He halted also but declined the gage, evidently having had enough of that kind of fighting, preferring to cut off and ambush me on the trail to Crittenden, which passed the foothills within one and one-half miles of his position. I, having to go around the mountains, could strike it in about four miles. Seeing through their design, I crossed the Rio Barbacoma [Babocomari] four miles above old Camp Wallen, and continued my retreat over the mesas thus placing the swampy head of the Barbacoma and a half mile of ground between me and the place of ambush and the trail; I had scarcely arrived opposite this place when the Indians uttered yells of savage rage and disappointment, but were powerless to molest me. It was becoming dark, or about 7 o'clock P.M. I continued my route to Camp Crittenden at which place I arrived about one o'clock A.M. on the 6th of May. Four of the pack mules being very weak and poor owing to the scarcity of grass…I had to abandon in my retreat. I succeeded however in carrying off Lieut. Cushing's pistols and Mr. Simpson's Henry rifle.

The Indians were well handled by their chief, a thick, heavy set man, who never dismounted from a small brown horse during the fight. They were not noisy or boisterous as Indians generally are, but paid great attention to their chief, whose designs I could guess as he delivered his instructions by gestures.

I believe I am stating truth when I set down the number of the enemy killed at thirteen (13); it may be more, but that number was seen to fall.

Our casualties were Lieutenant Cushing, Mr. Simpson and Private Green killed, and Private Pierce wounded.

I had four horses killed and two wounded.

The men all behaved well, especially Privates Kilmartin, Fichter, Yount and Miller.

Distance marched on scout—240 miles.[346]

Roll Call: Maj. Gen. George Crook

Geronimo's chief adversary and perhaps the best Indian fighter the U.S. Army produced was Brig. Gen. George Crook (1828-90). An Ohioan and 1852 graduate of the U.S. Military

Academy, he began his career in northern California and Oregon and had earned a reputation for success in western service by the outbreak of the Civil War. During that conflict, Crook earned a regular army rank of Lieutenant Colonel and received for gallantry a brevet Major Generalcy. At war's end he was back in the West, fighting the Paiutes. His penultimate challenge came in 1871 when he was assigned as Department of Arizona commander and presented with the inflammatory Apache problem. While Gen. Oliver Otis Howard, a personal emissary of President Grant, negotiated peace with Cochise in the south, Crook scourged the Tonto Basin in the north of Yavapais and Apache hostiles and brought a tentative peace to the territory. For his efforts Crook was awarded a promotion to Brigadier General and a reassignment to the Sioux Wars in March 1875 where his talents were desperately needed. He would return to Arizona in 1882 to take on the Chiricahua Apaches.

Called "Grey Wolf" or "Captain-With-The-Brown-Clothes" by the Apaches, Crook was an avid outdoorsman, hunter, and horseman (although he often preferred his sturdier mule named "Apache"). But there was nothing like "the ferocity of the wolf about Crook," journalist Lummis said.

> *As kindly as he is reticent, he is not even bluff. But it is the same unwhimpering grit, the same deathless hold. In appearance the head of the Department of Arizona is a tall, well-knit man without one ounce of superflous flesh. Though straight, he does not convey that impression, for his well-turned head has the peculiar droop of the habitual thinker. It is as though the weight of care and thought behind the seamed forehead carried it forward from its poise. The deep, clean lines that mark his face are further tokens of the hard brainwork he has put into his campaign. He is an indefatigable worker and keeps at the problem of the day well into the night. His heavy brown beard is again usurping his chin, which a few weeks ago was shaven. His forehead is high and broad; his eyes clear and penetrating; his nose large and very strongly aquiline. He wears nothing to denote his rank or even his profession, but paces thoughtfully up and down the porch in a plain neatly-kept civilian suit and big bluff slouch hat.*
>
> *No, he is no bullion-lace, Sunday soldier, this Brigadier General George Crook. The furrows that seam his thoughtful face today show that his brain has not been vacationing these direful years. They have been earned. Running up against the physical impossibility of*

corraling the hostiles, he has done the next best thing—kept them always on the jump.[347]

Brig. Gen. George Crook seated at his roll-top desk talking with an unknown man. The photo was taken about 1871. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo SC 82458.

The unassuming Crook was not only unaffected in his dress; he was bizarre, wearing a canvas coat and Japanese sun hat in one photo, Arizona cowboy garb in another. So undistinguished was his appearance that, once while overseeing the loading of the pack train, he was offered a job by a new chief packer who didn't know him. Crook responded to the offer by allowing that he already had a job. "What is the job?" the packer asked. "Well, my friend," replied the expressionless Crook, "I am at present commanding this Department."

Another packer who had been with him for thirteen years said of his general, "[He] was one of the finest men, soldier or civilian, I ever knew. He was brave, fearless, cool headed under all circumstances and always showed good judgment."

The wife of an Army surgeon at Fort Whipple in 1874, Mrs. Corbusier, remarked upon Crook's taciturnity while attending a soiree at her home. While everyone was "Very jolly," Crook "said very little, as was his habit, but his eyes would twinkle with merriment."[348]

The Prescott *Miner* newspaper reported on 6 March 1874 that Crook showed up at a studio to have his portrait taken with his brigadier's frock wrapped up in a bundle. He put it on only for the picture, changing back into his civilian clothes later.

His aide, Captain John G. Bourke, later felt compelled to write a book about Crook because he was afraid that the general's achievements might be otherwise lost to posterity. He was convinced that "Crook's modesty was so great, and his aversion to pomp and circumstance so painfully prominent a feature of his character and disposition, that much which has been here related would never be known from other sources."

General Crook's success in controlling the Apaches was attributed to both his tactics and his administration. As a soldier he was a practitioner of incessant pursuit and an innovator. He

personally reconnoitered the terrain over which his command would operate. He was a participatory manager, and often rode at the head of his troops during their hard campaigns. He negotiated with Mexican authorities so that U.S. troops might cross the border when in hot pursuit of the renegades.

Recognizing that only an Apache could track an Apache, he organized companies of Apache Scouts. And he improved the mobility of his cavalry columns by supplying them with pack trains rather than the troublesome wagon. As an administrator he was a just man who understood the Indians and their problems. He was respected by the Apaches as a worthy military opponent and, more importantly, as a white man who would look out for their interests. When he left Arizona in April 1886, he was embraced by his Apache scouts.

On 5 October 1882, Crook published in the form of a General Order a statement of his philosophy on how a U.S. Army officer should conduct his dealings with Apaches.

> *The commanding general, after making a thorough and exhaustive examination among the Indians…regrets to say that he finds among them a general feeling of distrust and want of confidence in the whites, especially the soldiery; and also that much dissatisfaction…exists among them. Officers and soldiers serving this department are reminded that one of the fundamental principles of the military character is justice to all—Indians as well as white men—and that a disregard of this principle is likely to bring about hostilities, and cause the death of the very persons they are sent here to protect. In all their dealings with the Indians, officers must be careful not only to observe the strictest fidelity, but to make no promises not in their power to carry out…*
>
> *Grievances, however petty, if permitted to accumulate, will be embers that smoulder and eventually break into flame. When officers are applied to for the employment of force against Indians, they should thoroughly satisfy themselves of the neceswsity for the application, and of the legality of compliance therewith, in order that they may not, through the inexperience of others, or through their own hastiness, allow the troops under them to become the instruments of oppression.… Each officer will be held to a strict accountability that his actions have been fully authorized by law and justice, and that Indians evincing a desire to enter upon a career of peace shall have no cause for complaint through hasty or injudicious acts of the military.*[349]

Crook met with Geronimo in the Sierra Madre Mountains in March of 1886 and negotiated a surrender that brought in all but Geronimo and a few followers who backed out at the last moment. When Washington failed to back the field commander in the conditions on which he had negotiated the surrender, Crook asked to be relieved.

Upon his departure from the department in 1886, one correspondent, Charles Lummis, summed up his admiration for him: "In all the line of Indian fighters from Daniel Boone to date, one figure will easily rank all others—a wise, large-hearted, large-minded, strong handed, broad gauge man—General Crook."

General Crook, already in 1886 one of the most prominent American military leaders, was promoted to Major General in 1888 and appointed commander of the Division of the Missouri, headquartered in Chicago. He died in office there in 1890 near his thirty-eighth year of active duty. He spent the last years of his life petitioning Congress for the redress of injustices to the Apaches and pleading for their return to their ancestral lands. Those that wished were relocated to Mescalero reservations in New Mexico in 1913.

Roll Call: Brig. Gen. Oliver O. Howard

Brig. Gen. Crook received orders in November 1871 from Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield, who had been commanding the Division of the Pacific since April 1870, to resume operations to punish hostiles who had not settled on the designated reservations by February 1872. Crook's plans for a campaign to accomplish that end was put on the shelf after the arrival in April 1872 of Brigadier General Oliver O. Howard, who had been head of the Freedman's Bureau since 1866 and was now a special peace commissioner appointed by President Grant.

Howard had lost his arm in the Civil War and had done much humanitarian work on behalf of the freed slaves. Howard University, which he helped found, is named for him. His deep religious convictions caused him to viewed by some as an eccentric. Approaching a conference with Apaches at Camp Grant, he fell to his knees and began to pray out loud. Lieut. Whitman said, "In two minutes there wasn't an Indian to be seen. They scattered just like partridges when they see a hawk. After awhile I caught sight of the old chief [Eskiminzin] peeking 'round the corner of a building and beckoning to me. I went to see what he wanted, and his eyes were fairly blazing. He wanted to know if I'd turned traitor, too! What did I mean by bringing that man there, to make bad medicine against them? …I burst out laughing in his his face. Then I said, "Why, that doesn't mean anything. He always does that when he begins any sort of undertaking—just as you spit on your hands when you go to draw your bow!"[350]

His work in negotiating peace treaties between Apaches and the Pimas and Papagos, establishing an agency on the Gila called San Carlos, and treating with the Chiricahua leader Cochise were all accomplishments that testify to his more realistic and energetic approach to Indian Affairs.

The San Carlos agency, established in 1872, replaced Camp Grant and was located south of the Fort Apache agency and both were on what was known as the White Mountain reservation which had been delineated by General Stoneman in April 1871. Other reservations brought about as the result of the work of Indian Agent Colyer and Howard were the reservation at Tularosa, New Mexico, for the Warm Springs, Mimbres, Mogollon, and Copper Mine Apaches; and reservations at Camp Verde and Date Creek for the Yavapais. By 1874 John P. Clum was the agent at San Carlos and there 1,800 Aravaipas, Pinals, and some Coyoteros on the rolls. It was the scene of continuous unrest, rebellions and outbreaks, especially after an 1875 policy of concentration saw the movement of Apaches from Forts Verde and Apache, and the transfer of 325 more Chiricahuas from their disbanded reservation in June 1876.

Peace with Cochise was negotiated in October 1872 by General Howard, and Thomas Jeffords, a trusted friend of the Apache leader. Cochise, who for the last year had been living peaceably with his people on the Canada Alamosa Reservation in New Mexico, dictated the terms of the peace demanding the land surrounding Apache Pass as his own. As a result, the Chiricahua reservation, encompassing all that part of southeastern Arizona lying east of the Dragoon Mountains, the traditional homeland of the Chiricahua, was laid out. Jeffords was to act as Indian agent, feeding a reported 1,000 Indians.

Brig. Gen. Oliver Otis Howard. Following the Camp Grant massacre on 30 April 1871, he visited the theater as President U.S. Grant's personal representative to the hostile Apaches of New Mexico and Arizona.

Timeline

In **1871** at the Louvre in Paris, James McNeill Whistler showed his portrait of his mother. It was the year of the Chicago fire. Mark Twain called this period of national Reconstruction the "Gilded Age." After the surrender of Paris to Prussian forces on 28 January, the armies of Europe adopted the practice of conscription, having been converted to Moltke's dictum that "lasting success can only be achieved when one enters the war from the outset with superior numbers."

In **1872** epaulets were abolished from the line officers' uniforms, calling for a way to identify a major who heretofore had worn a blank epaulet. A gold leaf was adopted. In Tucson the *Weekly Arizonan* for 12 February noted: "ON EXHIBITION: The Scalp of the Indian killed by Col. Barnard upon whom was found Col. Stone's gold bar, is on exhibition at Charley Brown's saloon. The hair is glossy and beautiful and the ears are decorated by pendant brass buttons." President Grant was reelected. Camp Grant was moved from confluence of San Pedro and Arivaipa Creek to west side of Mt. Graham. Mark Twain (1835-1910) publishes *The Private History of a Campaign That Failed*; Samuel L. Clemens had served for a short time in the Confederate Army until his entire division deserted at which time he went West.

Apache Campaigns: The Tonto Basin Campaign

The battles of Skull Cave [or Salt River Cave] and Turret Peak were the opening and closing volleys in the Tonto Basin campaign, an operation unprecedented in the West for the demands the enemy and topography placed upon the U.S. Army, and a excellent example of how decisive counter-guerilla warfare could be waged given innovative leadership. General Crook, in his annual report for 1873, said of the 1872-3 offensive:

> *The officers and men worked day and night, and with our Indian allies would crawl upon their hands and knees for long distances over terrible canyons and precipices where the slightest mishap would have resulted in instant death, on order that when daylight came they might attack their enemy and secure the advantage of surprise…. There is hardly a space of 10 miles square in the country operated over that has not some terrible lava bed or precipitous canyon with fortified caves, which the Indians could have held against all odds and with terrible loss of life, had the enemy been approached in daylight and assailed when they were on the alert…. The examples of personal exertions & daring among the officers and men if all told would fill a volume.*[351]

The wisdom of Crook's unrelenting winter campaign is verified by Yavapai Chief Chalipun [called Charley Pan by the Americans] who spoke for his 2,300 people when he surrendered on 6 April 1873 at Camp Verde. In a meeting with Crook, the chief conceded:

> *…General Crook had too many cartridges of copper…. They had never been afraid of the Americans alone, but now that their own people were fighting against them they did not know what to do; they could not go to sleep at night, because they feared to be surrounded before daybreak; they could not hunt—the noise of their guns would attract the troops; they could not cook mescal or anything else, because the flame and smoke would draw down the soldiers; they could not live in the valley—there were too many soldiers; they had retreated to the mountain tops, thinking to hide in the snow until the soldiers went home, but the scouts found them out and the soldiers followed them. They wanted to make peace, and to be at terms of good-will with the whites.*[352]

Then it was Crook's turn to speak. Bourke recorded his commander's words—words that tell much about the man who was given the job of bringing the Apache wars to an end.

> *Crook took "Cha-lipun" by the hand, and told him that, if he would promose to live at peace and stop killing people, he would be the best friend he ever had. Not one of the Apaches had been killed except through his own folly; they had refused to listen to the messengers sent out asking them to come in; and consequently there had been nothing else to do but to go out and kill them until they changed their minds. It was of no use to talk about who began this war; there were bad men among all peoples; there were bad Mexicans, as there were bad Americans and bad Apaches; our duty was to end wars and establish peace, and not to talk about what was past and gone. The Apaches must make this peace not for a day or a week, but for all time; not with the Americans alone, but with the Mexicans as well; and not alone with the Americans and Mexicans, but with all the other Indian tribes. They must not take upon themselves the redress of grievances, but report to the military officer upon their reservation, who would see that their wrongs were righted. They should remain upon the reservation, and not leave without written passes; whenever the commanding officer wished to ascertain the*

presence of themselves or any of the bands upon the reservation, they should appear at the place appointed to be counted. So long as any bad Indians remained out in the mountains, the reservation Indians should wear tags attached to the neck, or in some other conspicuous place, upon which tags should be inscribed their number, letter of band, and other means of identification. They should not cut off the noses of their wives when they became jealous of them. They should not be told anything that was not exactly true. They should be fully protected in all respects while on the reservation. They should be treated exactly as white men were treated; there should be no unjust punishments. They must work like white men; a market would be found for all they could raise, and the money should be paid to themselves and not to middlemen. They should begin work immediately; idleness was the source of all evils, and work was the only cure. They should preserve order among themselves; for this purpose a number would be enlisted as scouts, and made to do duty in keeping the peace; they should arrest and confine all drunkards, thieves, and other offenders.[353]

Apache Indian Scouts (Tonto). U.S. Army photo.

With most of the Tontos, Walapais and Yavapais on the reservations (Camp Verde, Fort Apache, Fort Bowie, San Carlos, and Tularosa) by autumn, there would be a precarious peace in this part of Arizona over the next several years.

His skillful Tonto Basin campaign of 1872-3 earned Crook a promotion to Brigadier, one that was deserved but angered all those officers who were senior to him at that time, and the ill-will toward him would linger. The announcement of his promotion was made by an October 1873 telegraph, the first message to come over the newly operational military wire from Fort Yuma to Fort Whipple. The Department of Arizona was now in telegraphic communication with its higher headquarters on the Pacific coast.

The credit for the success of the offensive was characteristically shared by Crook, who

issued General Orders on 9 April 1873 which read in part:

[The work of the troops] entitle them to a reputation second to none in the annals of Indian warfare. In the face of obstacles heretofore considered insurmountable, encountering rigorous cold in the mountains, followed in quick succession by dire extremities for want of water to quench their prolonged thirst; and when their animals were stricken by pestilence or the country became too rough to be traversed by them, they left them and carrying on their own backs such meagre supplies as they might, they persistently followed on, and plunging unexpectedly into chosen positions in lava beds, caves and canyons, they have outwitted and beaten the wiliest of foes with slight loss, comparatively, to themselves, and finally closed an Indian war that has been waged since the days of Cortez.

Crook's contributions to the Arizona Department did not end with the pacification of the Apaches. As an accomplished military administrator, he brought a number of advances which are talked about by John Bourke.

…He broke up every one of the old sickly posts, which had been hotbeds of fever and pestilence, and transferred the garrisons to be elevated situations like Camp Grant…. He connected every post in the department with every other post by first-class roads over which wagons and ambulances of all kinds could journey without being dashed to pieces. In several cases, roads were already in existence, but he devoted so much care to reducing the length and to perfecting the carriage-way that they became entirely new pathways, as in the case of the new road between Camps Whipple and Verde. The quarters occupied by officers and men were made habitable by repairs or replaced by new and convenient houses. The best possible attention was given to the important matter of providing good, pure, cool water at every camp. The military telegraph line was built from San Diego, California, to Fort Yuma, California, thence to Maricopa Wells, Arizona, where it bifurcated, one line going on to Prescott and Fort Whipple, the other continuing eastward to Tucson, and thence to San Carlos and Camp Apache, or rather to the crossing of the Gila river, fifteen miles from San Carlos.[354]

* * *

General Crook held that it was the height of folly for the troops of the United States to attempt to carry on an offensive campaign against an enemy whose habits and usages were a mystery to them, and whose territory was a sealed book. Therefore, he directed that each scouting party should map out its own trail, and send the result on to the headquarters, to be incorporated in the general map of the territory which was to be made by the engineer officers in San Francisco. Arizona was previously unknown, and much of its area had never been mapped. He encouraged his officers by every means in his power to acquire a knowledge of the rites and ceremonies, the ideas and feelings, of the Indians under their charge; he believed, as did the late General P. H. Sheridan, that the greater part of our troubles with the aborigines arose from our ignorance of their character and wants, their aspirations, doubts, and fears.[355]

Roll Call: Apache Medal of Honor Winners—Alchesay

Probably the most famous of Apache scouts, Alchesay, or "the Little One," (@1853-1928), was born between Globe and Showlow, Arizona. He enlisted in 1872 and became First Sergeant of A Company, Indian Scouts, commanded by Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, 6th U.

S. Cavalry. He participated in major campaigns in the Tonto Basin area in 1872 and 1873. Captain Bourke described him as "a perfect Adonis in figure, a mass of muscle and sinew of wonderful courage, great sagacity, and as faithful as an Irish hound."[356]

His gallant conduct on several occasions earned for him the Medal of Honor. General Crook gave a large share of the credit for his success in these fights to Apache scouts. Alchesay, who was considered the chief of the White Mountain clan, was also involved in the 1886 Geronimo campaign. He visited President Grover Cleveland in Washington and acted as a counselor to Indian Agents in Arizona Territory. Alchesay died in 1928, a chief to his own people and to the U. S. Army which depended so much on his abilities.

Following the Tonto Basin campaign during the winter of 1872 and ending April 9, 1873, Bvt. Maj. Gen. George Crook recommended Alchesay and nine other Apache Scouts for award of the Medal of Honor, which were granted a few years later. "For conspicuous gallantry in a charge upon the Tonto Apaches in Sycamore Canyon, A. T., when the valuable [horse] herd belonging to Bashford and Stevens were recaptured," said General Crook in recommending the following scouts: Sergeant Alchesay, Private Machol, Private Blanquet, and Private Chiquito of the Sierra Blanca [White Mountain] Apaches; and Sergeant Jim, Private Kelsay, Private Kasoha, Private Nantaje, Private Nannasaddi, and Corporal Elsatsoosu, all of the Aravaipa Apaches.

It is interesting to note that at the same time he was putting the Apache scouts in for the Medal of Honor, General Crook, unaware that the award was for military personnel only, was recommending the civilians who acted as Chiefs of Scouts and interpreters. These men were: "Guides Archie McIntosh, Al Sieber, Edward Clark, Dan O'Leary, Mason McCoy, Lewis Elliot, A. A. Spears, and Joseph Felmer; interpreter Antonio Besias, and Citizen Blacksmith Frank Cahill.

Alchesay

Apache Campaigns: In the Field in 1872 and 1873

In the northwestern part of the Department of Arizona, north of the Gila and west of the Verde Rivers, Tontos and Apache-Mohaves were busy in 1872, the year of Colyer's peace negotiations. After cattle raids by Indians in Williamson Valley, Sgt. Rudolph Stauffer led a detachment of Company K, Fifth Cavalry, along with scouts Ed Clark and Dan O'Leary, on a punitive expedition out of Camp Walapais on 19 May. After a 110-mile chase, the hostiles were forced into a fight which cost them four killed and the soldiers had two wounded. One cow was recovered. General Crook thanked them in general orders, dated 30 May. "The Department Commander considers Sergeant *Stauffer's* conduct deserving of the highest praise, and worthy of the brilliant reputation of the Company and Regiment to which he belongs. First Sergeant *Stauffer*, Guide *Dan O'Leary*, and the members of Company "K," Fifth Cavalry, are hereby complimented and thanked for their services."

On 19 May, Capt. Robert P. Wilson and Jose de Leon, a civilian tracker, lit out after a band of Indians that had driven off the beef herd from Camp Verde. They caught up with them and

recovered the herd, killing one Indian in the process.

A raid on 22 May netted Tontos or Apache-Mohaves 2,000 head of sheep within a mile and a half of Fort Whipple. Lieut. Azor H. Nickerson, as Officer of the Day, led a hastily organized detachment out in pursuit, with Archie McIntosh as guide. In a rare night pursuit, made possible by a bugler with night vision sufficient to follow the evident trail left by the sheep, the command overtook the raiders eighty miles east of Whipple and drove them off, recovering the abandoned herd.

Another stock raid in early June near Prescott brought the Army into action once again. Second Lieut. Thomas Garvey, and guides Archie McIntosh and Bill McCloud, led a patrol to the base of Bill Williams Mountain, and after several skirmishes, caught up with the herd of stolen mules which had been slaughtered. The Indians escaped.

In September General Crook mounted an operation to corral Date Creek renegades. Captain Julius Wilmot was in overall command. Company B, Fifth Cavalry, was commanded by Capt. Robert H. Montgomery; Company C by Captain Emil Adam; Company K under Lieut. Frank Michler; and eighty-six Walapai scouts led by civilian Al Sieber. A young second lieutenant from New York, Walter Scribner Schuyler, was also along and in a letter home on 29 September he gave a lively account of the campaign to his father.

Last Sunday "B," "C," and "K" Companies of our regiment with about 80 Hualpai Indian scouts left this place to make an attack on a war party of Apache-Mohaves who had organized on Burro Creek intending to attack Camp Colorado. We marched 20 miles the first day to a spring in the mountains south of here. Next morning we marched 6 miles to a canyon where we lay hidden until 1 o'clock the next morning when we hid the command in a hollow and sent out Indian scouts. Just at dusk some of these returned and told us they had found the Apaches. So we left the pack-trains and all baggage in camp, and mounted, followed the Indian guides over a very tortuous and rough trail for about 10 miles, where we dismounted and left the horses with a strong guard. From this point we could just see the camp fires of the Indians about 8 miles off. The Indian scouts then went ahead on the trail and we followed in single file as silent as could be, and very slowly as the country was very rough and we had to climb either up or down steep rocks all the time. In the dim moonlight the column presented a very weird appearance, looking like an immense snake slowly dragging itself along. If you want to see the superlative in sneaking, you ought to see one Indian hunt another. They crawled ahead of us like cats, and every little while when they saw something suspicious, we had to lie down flat until they had reconnoitered the ground. Their signals were very pretty being perfect imitations of the calls of the whip-poor-will or a cricket. We crawled along in this way for 7 miles when the Indians told us we were very near the camps of which there were four. Indians told us we were very near the camps of which there were four. "K" Company with most of the Indians were sent across the Burro Creek canon to attack on that side and we ("B" & "C" Co's) moved about a mile further, crawling some times on all fours until we were within 150 yards of the first "Rancheria" (camp) where we lay down to await until the day should break. We lay there on the cold ground shivering with cold, but making no sound for over an hour, and just at daybreak deployed as skirmishers along the crest of a hill, making a large angle between the two companies. In this angle and opposite to the 1" Rancheria were placed a party of Indians. In front of my companies' right wing was the second Rancheria. We had just completed the deployment when the firing commenced on the other side of the canon We jumped up and poured in a withering cross fire on the astonished hostiles, and then

charged, firing rapidly. The few warriors who were not knocked over made for the canon, where Michler's men picked them off from the opposite side. We skirmished the canon thoroughly capturing 4 ponies, and returned to the rendezvous where the command separated, with the trumpets sounding the "Recall."

We killed in all about 40 Indians, captured a large number of children and 8 squaws. Most of the papooses we left to be picked up by their friends, but the squaws and their papooses (10) we took along. The Apaches were so completely surprised that they fired but few shots, most all too high. Only one man on our side was wounded, he being shot in the chin and neck by an Apache who had concealed himself behind a rock, but the latter was killed as soon as he had fired. After the fight everyone was so fatigued that we just dropped down on the rocks and waited for the horses to come up, which they did in about 2 hours. We then returned to camp and got something to eat. We burned the Rancherias with all their supplies, bows, arrows, blankets, etc.

We thus whipped one of the worst bands of Apaches in the country and performed the unparalleled feat of "jumping" four rancherias simultaneously. We arrived back here on Friday, and just as we came into camp one of the men killed an immense black bear, upon which we have been feasting ever since.[357]

General Orders congratulated their efforts:

It is with great pleasure the announcement is made of the complete success of the expedition under the command of Captain J. W. Mason, Fifth Cavalry, against the Apache-Mojaves who had concentrated on Muchos Canons, near the head-waters of the north fork of the Big Sandy.

They surprised the camp at daylight on the morning of the 25th instant, killed forty warriors and captured four rancherias, with a number of women and children.

This brilliant success was owing in great measure, to the energy displayed by the command in climbing on foot over almost impassable canons, and the efficient aid of our Hualpai allies. Captain Mason and the officers and men of his command are hereby complimented and thanked for their brilliant success, and our Indian allies assured, that their efforts to aid in bringing about a permanent peace to a much suffering people, will not be forgotten.

The year 1872 was a busy one for the Apache raiders in the southeastern part of the territory as well. On 27 August a detachment out of Fort Crittenden making for Tucson was ambushed in Davidson Canyon. Second Lieut. Reid T. Stewart, a 22-year-old who had just arrived in the territory, and Corporal Joseph P. G. Black had outdistanced the rest of their escort and entered the canyon against the objections of Black who counseled they wait for nightfall and the rest of their party. When the remainder of the detachment, Corporal James Brown, six other soldiers, two of them invalids, and civilian Albert Banta suffering from dysentery, caught up they found the lieutenant's nude body with six bullet holes, the fatal one probably being the one in the forehead. Corporal Black had been run down some distance from the overturned wagon and had been tortured. He was tied to a dead tree which had been torched and was still burning. But before Brown could reach his fellow corporal, fifteen Indians came at them from one direction and three from another. They loaded Lieut. Stewart into the wagon and fought their way out.

On the same day seven Mexicans had been killed by Apaches in two separate incidents in the Santa Cruz and Sonoita Valleys. The Tucson Citizen reported that thirteen inhabitants of the Sonoita Valley had been "brutally murdered" in the last month and that the wounded "are to be seen in almost every cabin, and destitute women and orphan children fill the land with

their lamentations."[358]

When the commander of Fort Crittenden, Second Lieut. William Preble Hall, learned on the morning of 30 September that Apaches were attacking a ranch two miles away, he rode to the place with twelve mens from Troop F, 5th Cavalry. Finding he was badly outnumbered by between sixty and seventy Indians in a strong position, he sent Sergeant George Stewart with five men to ride to the other ranches in the area and sound the alarm. When the sergeant was returning to the fort, he was ambushed by some fifty Indians lying in a ravine just off the road. Their first volley killed Stewart and Privates Andrew Carr, William Nation, and John Walsh. Bugler Kershaw made a dash straight ahead and after a quarter of a mile lost his pursuers. Private Larkin raced off in the opposite direction and he too survived.

An account of the action was narrated by Private John Nihill.

The trail was found within 600 yards from the post, and, as it had been raining the day before, the ground was soft, so that there was little difficulty in following it while in the open country.

It headed towards the Whetstone Mountains, which were distant about fifteen miles, southeast of the post. We traveled as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, hoping to overhaul them before they reached the mountains. As we approached the mountains our progress was necessarily slow. The Indians had in several places split up their band, so as to throw us off the trail, which invariably came together again at some given point.

Late in the afternoon we passed some cattle that the Indians abandoned in a deep ravine, as they were thoroughly exhausted and unable to travel any farther. This caused us to make as much haste as possible, for we knew that they would strike into some of the deep canyons in the mountains, where it would be almost impossible to follow them.

About two miles from where we passed the cattle the trail led into a deep canyon, where we had the greatest difficulty in following it, and them could only do so by dismounting and leading our horses.

We had advanced in this manner about a mile when we were suddenly attacked by some forty Indians, who were concealed behind rocks 800 feet above us. The side of the ravine where the Indians had taken up their position was nearly vertical, so that it was almost impossible to get a shot at them. At the time the Indians made the attack I was following the trail of some who had gone up the opposite side of the canyon, and had taken a position behind a small tree, which had a fork about five feet from the ground; in this fork I rested my carbine to steady it. I watched for every opportunity to fire at an Indian, but they were so well concealed behind rocks that it was almost impossible to catch more than a fleeting glance of them. During this time some of our party were wounded, and to make matters worse the Indians commenced to roll rocks down from the top of the cliffs with such force and noise that the horses became unmanageable.

It was then that Lieutenant Hall made up his mind to retreat and gave the men orders to do so, he and First Sergeant Newman taking the post of danger, in the rear, assisted by Private Michael Glynn, who displayed great courage and bravery throughout the fight, thus giving the wounded men a chance to get out first. Glynn alone drove off eight of the hostiles, killing and wounding five. I was watching a chance to get a shot at an Indian who was dodging behind the rocks on the opposite side of the canyon, and did not notice that I was being left behind until our detail had got a considerable distance ahead of me. However, I started to catch up. I was dismounted, with the bridle-rein over my arm, and my carbine in readiness for whatever might

turn up. After I had gone about 300 yards I was fired at by an Indian, but the gun missed fire, and before he could make a second attempt I fired and dropped him. In the meantime, three others rushed down the side of the canyon, with the intention of cutting me off from the remainder of the detail. One of them stopped long enough to shoot at me, but missed. I returned his fire, and was fortunate enough to bring him down also. The other two concealed themselves behind rocks, directly in front of me. I turned my horse loose and drove it ahead to draw the fire of the Indians. Then I moved about thirty or forty yards to the right of my horse, making as little noise as possible. When within about thirty yards of the redskins they came crawling around the rocks to the side where they were exposed to me, and just as soon as they discovered me I fired, killing one; the other jumped into a ravine and I saw him no more. I kept on and rejoined the detail, which was waiting at the mouth of the canyon.[359]

In his report, Lieut. Hall called Nihill's actions "gallant and praiseworthy."[360] Lieut. Hall pointed to a host of similiar attacks over the recent months and concluded: "these Indians are as well armed as the soldiers, and are getting bolder all the time, and gaining confidence in themselves every day."[361]

In this action, Sergeant Newman and Privates Nihill and Glynn were awarded the Medal of Honor.

While the Howard-Cochise peace talks taking place, Crook was able to concentrate his efforts in the Mohave-Walapais area to bring to account the Date Creek Indians who were learned to be responsible for the Loring Massacre and in the Tonto Basin area where Yavapais had long been a scourge. Crook would later say in his annual report for 1872, "I think I am justified in saying that I have fully carried out that portion of my instructions which required me to cooperate with the agents referred to, and believe that humanity demands that I should now proceed to carry out the remainder of my instructions, which require me to punish the incorrigibly hostile."[362]

Settlers on the lower Agua Fria complained in September that Apaches were harvesting their corn crop and the commander at Fort Whipple sent out a patrol of men from Troop A, First Cavalry, under First Lieutenant Max Wesendorff. Their success was recorded in general orders on 3 October 1872.

Under the guidance of citizen John B. Townsend and Willard Rice, the command traced the Indians to their rancheria, on Squaw Peak, Verde Mountains, where, on the morning of the 30th ultimo, they surprised and attacked them, killed seventeen warriors, captured one squaw, and a large quantity of corn, mescal, and other provisions. Tickets found upon some these Indians showed that they had drawn rations at the Verde Reservation, to include the 26th ultimo, only four days previous to the attack.

No higher compliment can be paid Lieutenant Wesendorff and the men of his command, than to remind them of the high honor that they have won by inscribing another brilliant success upon the records of a regiment, conspicuous for so many, and gained the thanks of a people, who, so long, have sown for the Apaches to reap.

Apache Campaigns: The Battle of Skull Cave

On 16 November 1872 General George Crook began a winter campaign that intended to encircle and kill Apache and Yavapai marauders in the Tonto Basin, and in the Sierra Ancha and Superstition Mountains which bordered it. He would use approximately nine troops from the

First and Fifth Cavalry operating out of Camps Verde, McDowell, Grant and Apache, with Indian Scout detachments, including Paiutes, to guide them. Crook instructed his commanders, "The trail must be stuck to and never lost." It was this tenacity instilled in his men that was to make this campaign different than earlier attempts to hunt the Apaches down. Lieut. John G. Bourke, the general's aide, remembered his bosses instructions.

…The Indians should be induced to surrender in all cases where possible; where they preferred to fight, they were to get all the fighting they wanted, and in one good dose instead of in a number of petty engagements, but in either case were to be hunted down until the last one in hostility had been killed or captured. Every effort should be made to avoid the killing of women and children. Prisoners of either sex should be guarded from ill-treatment of any kind. When prisoners could be induced to enlist as scouts, they should be so enlisted, because the wilder the Apache was, the more he was likely to know the wiles and stratagems of those still out in the mountains, their hiding-places and intentions. No excuse was to be accepted for leaving a trail; if horses played out, the enemy must be followed on foot, and no sacrifice should be left untried to make the campaign short, sharp, and decisive.[363]

The strategy had devastating effect on the Indians, kept on the run and always short of food during the winter months, they were surprised or cornered some 20 times during this campaign and 200 of their number killed. At the Battle of Skull Cave on 28 December 1872, troops out of Camp Grant led by Captains William H. Brown and James Burns jumped a camp of almost 100 Yavapais, trapping them in a cave where the concentrated firepower and ricochets killed 76 of them.

Capt. Bourke recorded the action in his diary:

All singing, & c is strictly forbidden and indeed no precaution os omitted tending to secure the secrecy of our movements. Every preparation is being made for a night march on foot. Each man looks to his weapons, sees that his cartridge belt is full—inspects his clothing—rejecting all that is not absolutely essential to protect him from the cold—provides himself with rations to do for a day or two, and a few matches…. The sky has become overcast with clouds—Maj Brown has accordingly allowed the Indians to stew the mule which died today and whose remains the noble red men brought along. We are to start when a certain star, known to the Indian [the scout, Nantje, who had been a member of the party in the hidden redoubt], rises to its position in our meridian.

8 P.M. our Indians moved out in front, then Burns' Co, then [Lieut. Jacob] Almy, [Capt. Alfred B.] Taylor and finally the Pimas, under their old chief, Antonio; after marching nearly due W about 3 miles, passing two prominent sandstone buttes of considerable altitude on our R…our general direction becomes S…. About 12:15 the next morning we were at the summit…. We now rested for nearly an hour every man closing up to his proper position in the ranks and then lying prone to the ground. Apache scouts were soon sent ahead, who soon returned with the information of fires being discovered in the canon below. We now advanced one man at a time until we reached the edge of a gloomy abyss, how deep it was I could not then discover, and upon this edge we waited in the cold piercing night air without blankets or overcoats until the morning rays beamed upon the surrounding hills. [No evidence of the enemy was seen, a bitter disappointment, wrote Bourke.]

Most of the command being fatigued sat down to rest but Joe Felmer and a few others started down the trail towards the Rio Salado [Salt River] not with any expectation of finding hostile Indians but rather from a disposition to examine into the nature of the country. About

300 yes from where they left us, in a secluded spot, was found a recently abandoned rancheria of (3) or (4) huts. Passing on rapidly, upon descending the mountain somewhat farther, a drove of fifteen horses and mules was encountered and almost immediately afterwards a rancheria was seen in an almost impregnable position. …This handful of our comrades, with a gallantry that cannot be too highly extolled, at once charged the Indians, killing (6) six and driving the remainder into the cave at whose entrance the rancheria was situated. Word having meantime reached Maj Brown, the main body was pushed forward as fast as our tired legs would permit, the enthusiasm of the men rising again at the prospect of a fight…. The rancheria was situated in a small, elliptical nook. Upon the crest of the bluffs which here enclose the Rio Salado was a small cave or depression in the rocks which overhung this nook by at least 500', the bluffs first mentioned being 1000 or 1200' above the Rio Salado. In front of the cave, a natural rampart of sandstone 10' high afforded ample protection to the Indians altho the great number of boulders scattered in every direction screened our men in turn from the fire of the besieged.

Our policy was obvious—the incorrigible Apaches, at least a portion of them, were now entrapped beyond possibility of escape…. Orders were given to make no charge upon the works, to pick off every Indian showing his head, to spare every woman & child, but to kill every man. Twice the besieged were asked to surrender their families, promises being given that no harm should befall them but, confident in their ability to repel us, their only answers were yells of defiance. These shouts of scorn were soon changed into groans of despair as our shots began to fall with deadly accuracy about them, reckless attempts at escape being made but in each case resulting in the death of those who tried to run our gauntlet of fire. One splendid looking Indian over 6 feet, most beautifully proportioned but with a very savage countenance, did indeed succeed in breaking through our front line and making his way down the arroyo, full of large rocks, upon one of which he sprang with a yell of defiance, bravado or joy, I cannot say which. Twelve of us, concealed at this point, levelled our rifles and fired. Every shot must have hit him as he fell dead, riddled from head to foot…. A volley was now directed upon the mouth of the cave, & for (3) minutes, every man in the command opened and closed the breech-block of his carbine as rapidly as his hands could move. Never have I seen such a hellish spot as was the narrow little space in which the hostile Indians were now crowded…. The bullets striking against the mouth of the cave seemed like drops of rain pattering upon the surface of a lake.

I must not omit to state that Capt Burns' Co G, 5th Cav had succeeded in gaining a position upon the crest of the overhanging bluffs, whence they discharged deadly volleys upon the wretches fighting below. Not content with the deadly efficacy of bullets, they resorted to projecting large masses of rock which thundered down the precipice mangling and destroying whatsoever they encountered.

A charge was now ordered and the men rushed forward; upon entering the enclosure a horrible spectacle was disclosed to view—in one corner (11) eleven dead bodies were huddled, in another four and in different crevices they were piled to the extent of the little cave and to the total number of (57) fifty-seven [seventy-six altogether were killed in the fight] and (20) women and children were taken prisoners. The spoils, very considerable in quantity, were destroyed. We found mescal, baskets, seeds, hides, skins and the material usually composing the outfit of these savage nomads. Our captives were nearly all wounded, more or less severely, but by good fortune we succeeded in bringing them off in safety. One of our Pima allies was killed,

but with this exception, no losses occurred.… Nanni-Chaddi, the chief, had been in to McDowell last year talking with that spawn of hell, Vincent Colyer, from whom he received presents of blankets and other necessaries, promising in return to comply with the demand of the lawful government and obey its orders. He had also visited Grant where in conversation with Col [William B.] Royall, he boasted that no troops ever had found his retreat and none ever would.[364]

A soldier of the 5th Cavalry, signing himself "An Old Noncom," wrote this account of the fight to the *Winners of the West* newspaper:

The horses, together with the pack train, were left under guard. Each man had a blanket roll and in it plenty of cartridges to supplement those in his thimble belt. Also a very little food, and of course, a canteen of water. It was bitterly cold, and all night we marched in Indian file, along the narrow rocky trail. Shortly before daybreak, a light was seen in front and two scouts were sent forward. They soon returned with the information that the light was made by a party of Apaches returning to their stronghold from a raid on the Pima Indians, and the few white families living in the Gila Valley, and that they had left a number of weary mules and horses stolen from thence, in a little canyon, and gone on. Major Brown ordered Capt. Burns with his troop to stay where the stolen horses were, so that if any more Apaches came up, he could hold them and prevent the command being caught between two fires. The main body was halted and Lieut. Ross with the Indian guide and 15 men, followed the trail of the returning Apaches toward the stronghold, and in less than one half a mile the guide signalled halt, and whispered Apache. Then he together with Lieut. Ross and two scouts crept along to a turn in the trail, and looking around saw the Apache stronghold about 35 yards in front. It was a long wide open cave, and a few yards in front of it was a rampart of huge blocks of stone, a natural fortification, but probably added to by the Apaches. Just at the outside of the cavern a fire was burning, and a band of Indians were dancing and singing around it, evidently celebrating their bloody raid through the Gila settlements. A few of the women were cooking a meal, and a number of Indians could be seen sitting in the cave, and watching the dance. The men were whispered forward by Lieut. Ross, and sent a volley into the dancers, several falling dead. The others at once rushed to the cave or manned the rampart, and in less than three minutes, opened fire upon the soldiers, whom they could just get a glimpse of in the early dawn. At this moment, Lieut. Burke with between 40 or 50 men, came at the double, down the rocky trail, just in time to save Ross and his handful of men from a counter attack, Major Brown having rushed them forward the moment the first volley was fired. Lieuts Burke and Ross hastily posted their men so as to cut off retreat of the Apaches by either flank, and when Major Brown came up with the rest of the men, they surrounded the Indians, the cave being under an unclimbable cliff. For about two hours an interminable fight was maintained, until broad daylight showed that the roof of the cave was all rock and would deflect bullets all over the cave.

The men therefore fired volley after volley at the roof, and the effects were soon seen. A number of Indians then made a determined charge, one party at the front, the other at the right flank, while still another party mounted the rampart and fired rapidly, evidently trying to help out the charges, which however were repulsed, with much loss to the Indians, and several of those on the rampart were also killed. The troops then commenced firing volleys into the cave, and at this time Capt. Burns with his troop came up on the cliff, above the cave. It was impossible to get down to attack the Apaches below, so they started rolling rocks down upon

them. The Indians however still continued defiant, singing and yelling. After some little time, it was plainly seen that the end was near. The death song had died away, and Major Brown, after signalling Capt. Burns to hold up rolling rocks, ordered a charge, and after it was over, not a warrior was left alive, except some mortally wounded. In this charge however, one Apache did get away. He must have thrown himself flat upon the ground, in the midst of the charge and wormed his way through, but when he considered himself safe, he could not resist leaping upon a high rock, and giving a yell of defiance, which brought a shot from Blacksmith Cahill of the pack train, which killed the Indian, an 800 yard shot. Between 80 and 90 Indians were killed in this fight. The boots of most of the men were well ventilated by this night march over this trail of sharp rocks, many had bleeding feet, and some could not wear their boots, but rode bare-footed for several days. …I may add that our Pima allies all quit temporarily and departed to fast and mourn for their comrades killed in this fight.

A view of this fight more sympathetic to the Indians came from Mike Burns, a Tonto Apache boy captured and eventually adopted by Capt. Burns. Burns account was recorded and edited by surgeon William T. Corbusier and his son and published in *Verde to San Carlos: Recollections of a Famous Army Surgeon and His Observant Family on the Western Frontier, 1869-86.*

Shortly after supper [Christmas night or the next day] Capt. Burns and Lt. Thomas took me with some soldiers to Maj. Brown's tent, nearly a mile away, where I met the scouts and we had a consultation about where my people were. It was now nearly a week since my capture and I thought my people would know the danger they were in and had left the old camp. They ought to suspect that if I was taken alive I would surely lead the enemies back the road I had come, being silly and not knowing the horrible fate awaiting them.…

* * *

I told…where I came from, how I was taken, how many days ago my uncle escaped and left me alone. I couldn't name the places of the camps but there were two mescal pits close together not far from the main camp. I told them the best way I could.…

After hearing about Del-che and what I told them, the soldiers went to their camps and the next morning followed the south side of the Salt River below where is now the great dam (Roosevelt) for about 25 miles where they crossed and made camp opposite ["Enemy's Big Wash], the mouth of a big tributary of the Salt River.…

The next morning [Dec 27?] the soldiers broke camp and marched over our trail and about noon halted on a creek which was covered with walnut, willow, and cottonwood trees. No one told me what was going on or anything worth knowing, but I notices at a distance an Indian woman among the Apache scouts across the creek. Long afterwards an aunt of mine told me that this woman was on her way from the main camp before dawn that morning, taking some horsemeat to some relatives on the south side of the Four Peaks Range, when the scouts captured her. All the better for the soldiers for she would take them right back the way she came.

Before the sun was up over the hills every man in camp was ready for marching—with packages supposed to be rations, and canteens strapped to their backs; belts filled with ammunition around their waists and shoulders, and bundles of what might have been blankets. The army of all classes of people must have been a mile long, the Apache scouts ahead with the woman in the lead.

Before the whole command got to the high hill, the darkness was over it and some of the companies strayed off the path and misled those following, when one of the officers whistled

and those ahead answered. When halfway up, those ahead spied a camp which they surrounded and searched, but it was an old one from which my family had moved and they found nothing. I was not in touch to tell them and I would not have been able to make them understand anyway. They were in a narrow gap, which I knew well, when they halted, as the Pimas were afraid to climb up into it without soldiers with them, as Del-che might be on top and could shoot everyone down. And if the Apache scouts should take a notion to join him there would be a massacre among them, as had often happened.

** * **

Capt. George F. Price in command of Troop "F, with probably 100 men [70, with about 30 scouts] was ordered around the mountain to look for the trail of the hostiles. No living man could have followed the dark trail that night if there had not been that woman who knew the road and showed them step by step in the rocky slippery places. The chief of scouts, Al Sieber, had one of her arms, and a scout the other. They at length came to a steep rocky cliff, on the side of which there was a little crevice through which the Indians used to climb one by one, up and down on flat stones placed one above another like steps.

When the sun came up, sounds of gun reports were heard towards the caves and the officers rushed their men down from the rocky hill and a party went after Capt. Price to come on double time, as the Apache scouts must have come upon the hostile camp and it was time to help them. The two captains reached the cliff at the east wing of the cave, about 300 feet away from it, but could see no Indians.

I am kind of ashamed to tell what happened to the inhabitants of the cave. It brings tears to my eyes to mention it, because this is the place where my father with his two children, my aunt and uncle with their five children and poor grandma, were slaughtered with over 200 men, women and children. [Mike includes the deaths of several other engagements.] Our people were behind some very big rocks that stood in front of the caves where they thought no one could see them, but they did not count on the cunning of their own people and their enemies. The soldiers were ordered to pour continuously buckets of lead against the walls of the caves behind those big boulders so as to scatter the glancing bullets. Such falls of lead just shattered them so that there were no more war cries or songs. Some were partly alive when the Pimas and Maricopas rushed in and pounded their heads and then announced that they were all killed.

The Apache scouts rushed in, too, and finding some women and children were alive, took them by their arms to the officers, whose men kept watch over them, fearing that the Pimas and Maricopas would kill them too, because they were in a rage that one of them got killed, and were not satisfied with having killed so many. [According to official reports, 76 were killed and 18 women and children were made captives. W.H.C.] About 30 women and children, who had gotten under rocks, were gathered and almost all of them were wounded. Only one man was still alive and he had one shot left. He had killed one Pima at noon and might have killed more, but as he reached out with his long gun to get a bag of powder, a bullet or two struck it and bent it nearly double. He was my brother-in-law, and he died like a man.[365]

Apache Campaigns: The Battle of Turret Peak

Patrols and skirmishes continued throughout January and February 1873, with Maj. Brown, Lieut. Frank Michler, Lieut. Albert E. Woodson, Capt. Thomas McGregor, among others, involved in clearing the Superstition Mountains. Bourke told of one engagement.

> *All through the Superstition Mountains, we worked as carefully as we had worked in the more northern portion on our trip to MacDowell, but we met with less success than we had anticipated; on the morning of the 15th of January, after a toilsome night-climb over rough mesas and mountains, we succeeded in crawling upon a small rancheria ere the first rays of the sun had surmounted the eastern horizon; but the occupants were too smart for us and escaped, leaving three dead in our hands and thirteen captives—women and children; we also captured the old chief of the band, who, like his people, seemed to be extremely poor.*[366]

On 11 March a band of Tonto-Apache Indians attacked a party of three men, killing them all. One of the men was taken alive and tortured. According to Maj. Azor H. Nickerson, "They…took him up to a sheltered spot among the rocks, stripped him of his clothing, tied his hands behind him, fastened his feet together and commenced to torture him by shooting arrows into his naked body, taking care not to hit a vital spot."[367] The atrocity spurred a punitive expedition which tracked the hostiles to Turret Mountain. Here the Indians suffered another crushing defeat on 27 March 1873 when Capt. George M. Randall, 23d Infantry, led a charge into a unsuspecting rancheria on Turret Peak, killing twenty-six Indians.

According to Bourke,

> *Randall made his men crawl up the face of the mountain on hands and feet, to avoid all danger of making noise by the rattling of stones, and shortly after midnight had the satisfaction of seeing the glimmer of fires amid the rocks scattered about on the summit. He waited patiently until dawn, and then led the charge, the Apaches being so panic-stricken that numbers of the warriors jumped down the precipice and were dashed to death. This and the action in the cave in the Salt River Canon were the two affairs which broke the spirit of the Apache nation; they resembled each other in catching raiders just in from attacks upon the white settlements or those of friendly tribes, in surprising bands in strongholds which for generations had been invested with the attribute of impregnability, and in inflicting great loss with comparatively small waste of blood to ourselves.*[368]
>
> *One further item needed to be cleared up for the operation to be a complete success. That was the defeat of the Tonto chief Delshay and his band. Delshay was variously known as* Wah-poo-eta *or Big Rump. Crook called him "The Liar" and Bourke knew him as the "Red Ant." The chief was described as being "An exceptionally large Indian with broad shoulders set high, which gave the impression that he stooped. In spite of his weight he was very agile and swift of foot. He seldom walked but 'lumbered' along at a slow trot and was reputed to tire out even his swiftest runners. While many of the Indians wore ornaments, I do not recall any but Del-che who wore only a single pearl button in the lobe of the* left *ear. Asked why he wore only one in the left ear, he replied that one in the right ear would interfere with his bow or gun while shooting."*[369] *The heavy-shouldered Delshay was one of the most feared leaders in the Tonto Basin, so much hated by the whites that he was once shot by the post surgeon at Old Camp Reno for no apparent reason other than his presence presented the opportunity. His favored*

tactic, to avoid casualties, was to surrender to any American forces that threatened him, and then to return to the Mogollon Basin when he had the chance.

Capt. George M. Randall, thanks to his Indian Scouts, surrounded Delshay's camp on upper Canyon Creek on 25 April. As his command fired their first volley, Delshay waved a white truce flag, and with some misgiving, Randall accepted his surrender and took him into the White Mountain reservation. Delshay would flee that place, citing abuses by other Indians, and eventually wind up living at Camp Verde. General Crook, in his *Autobiography*, conveyed Delshay's reasons for surrendering this last time.

Delshay commenced crying and said he would do anything he would be ordered to do. He wanted to save his people, as they were starving. Every rock had turned into a soldier, and his people were hunted down as they never had been before. He had nothing to ask for but his life. He would accept any terms. He said he had had one hundred and twenty-five warriors last fall, and if anybody had told him he couldn't whip the world, he would have laughed at them, but now he had only twenty left. He said they used to have no difficulty in eluding the troops, but now the very rocks had gotten soft, they couldn't put their foot anywhere without leaving an impression by which we could follow, that they could get no sleep at nights, for should a coyote or a fox start a rock rolling during the night, they would get up and dig out, thinking it was we who were after them.[370]

Apache Campaigns: Crook's 1873-74 Campaign

At San Carlos, corrupt agents like Dr. R. A. Wilbur of Tucson, caused unrest among the Indians and they were dividing up into factions. Leading the Aravaipas were Eskiminzin and Chiquito; heading up the Tontos were Chunz, a noted outlaw, Cochinay, and To-mas, or Ba-coon. During a confrontation on the reservation on 27 May 1873, Lieut. Almy, a Civil War veteran in the Massachussets Infantry, was gunned down when he stepped in to stop the disturbance. All the Indians then bolted the reservation. Some would return, but the renegades, Chan-deisi, who had started the trouble, Chunz, and Cochinay remained at large for the remainder of the year. These Indians would be the target of Crook's campaign of 1874.

There was an action on 16 June 1873 with a large band of Tontos in the Diamond Butte area. Several miles northeast of the fork of Tonto Creek, First Lieut. John B. Babcock's patrol hit a large number of Tontos, killing 14 and capturing 5. Babcock himself was wounded, as was an Apache scout.

In September 1873 Crook ordered Lieut. Schuyler, in charge of the Camp Verde reservation, to arrest Delshay, who was suspected of being behind much of the trouble. When the lieutenant tried to do so, he was thwarted, his carbine having been unloaded by an unfaithful Indian scout, and many of the Tontos bolted the reserve. Lieut. Schuyler organized fifteen soldiers and twenty-three Indian scouts to search for them in the area of Turret Mountain. They stayed in the field until early January 1874. The tenacious lieutenant wrote in a Christmas card to his father:

I have only 15 men but they are picked shots, and with two scouts we can make it lively for [Delshay] if I can catch him. His death will settle the business, as he is the king chief of

them all.

I hope that you will enjoy a merrier Christmas and happier New Year's than I, for I am doing hard work now, the hardest ever done here, on account of the weather. I have been marching and camping on snow from one to three feet deep, and sometimes suffering terribly from cold, sometimes sleeping on the ground without even a coat on my back. But, I have succeeded.[371]

The officers at Fort Whipple in the fall of 1873 were Bvt. Maj. Gen. George Crook, Lieut. Col., 23d Infantry, commanding the Department of Arizona; Lieut. John G. Bourke, 3rd Cavalry, aide to Crook; Col. David L. Magruder, Medical director; Bvt. Brig. Gen. Michael P. Small, major, Subsistence Department; Capt. and Asst. Surgeon Henry Lippincott [later Asst. Surgeon General]; Lieut. Col. John D. Wilkins, 8th Infantry; Capt. Charles Porter, 8th Infantry; Capt. Azor H. Nickerson, Acting Adj. Gen.; Maj. James H. Nelson, paymaster; and Lieut. Greenleaf Goodale, 23d Infantry.[372]

In January 1874, Chunz and Cochinay returned to the reservation and professed their contrition. At the end of the month, drunk on the fermented corn drink *tiswin*, they attacked a party of freighters camped nearby and killed two of them. Their raids did not slacken in intensity. A band of some fifty renegades ranged as far as Tempe, torturing and killing a family of six there. They were aided in their escape by rain and snow, weather General Crook called "the most inclement and rigorous ever experienced in Arizona since the American occupation."[373]

Four expeditions were organized to intercept the Indians. The first three were launched from Camp Verde, Fort Whipple, and Camp Lowell and would comb the Mogollon Basin and the Superstition Mountains. A fourth was sent from Camp Grant with the Pinal Mountains as its objective. It was led by Capt. George M. Randall with men from six companies of the Fifth Cavalry and White Mountain Apache Scouts from Camp Apache. They approached the mountains indirectly and made use of night marches. An account of the battle was given in an 1890 *Harper's* article, by General Wesley Merritt who was not present but had received reports of the fight.

All night long they stumbled, struggled, scrambled forward.... The briefest of halts for rest were made; for should daylight come before the crest was reached, discovery, repulse and death to many must follow. Before the glimmer of the dawn appeared it was apparent that they were climbing up the side of the last and highest ascent.... From the almost precipitous face of the ridge sharp rocky spurs ran out at intervals in the direction from which the troops advanced. The attack was made in three parties, each ascending by one of these natural scaling ladders. So well timed was the operation that when, just at the first streak of dawn, the White Mountain scouts on the right opened fire, and with shouts charged the startled hostiles, the troops had gained the top of their rocky spurs, and the fortified camp which, warned of the attack, could have repulsed a brigade, was carried in three places.[374]

The American force did not take any losses in the assault. They killed 12 and captured 25, but the leaders Chunz, Cochinay and Chan-deisi escaped. For his success, Randall received a brevet colonelcy.

Again, on 2 April 1874, the Army struck the hostiles. A scout led by Lieut. Alfred B. Bache, with the help of a captured squaw, discovered two rancherias on Pinal Creek. He divided his force, sending Lieut. Ben Reilly with 24 men and 15 White Mountain Scouts, to hit the larger camp while he took the other. In a dawn attack they killed 31 and captured 50. The three leaders were not among them.

Meanwhile, Lieut. Walter Scribner Schuyler and Indian Scouts under Al Sieber, spent three months scouting as far as the Aravaipa Mountains. During this time they had several skirmishes with hostiles, killing 83 and capturing 26.

The first of the elusive Apache trio to be killed was Cochinay who was tracked to a place just three miles outside of Tucson. He was decapitated by a small band of Indian Scouts who brought his head back to San Carlos. Likewise, Chan-deisi's head was brought back to Camp Apache.

An Indian named Desalin, either a White Mountain or Tonto Apache, with a detachment of scouts tracked Chunz to the Santa Catalina Mountains near Tucson. There they trapped Chunz in a canyon and brought his head, and six skulls of his followers, to San Carlos where the grisly evidence was arrayed on the parade field on 25 July 1874.

Crook offered a reward for the head of the only remaining outlaw, Delshay, and two scouting parties, one from Verde and one from San Carlos, undertook to collect the bounty. Both are said to have succeeded. The first band, three Tontos from Verde, brought in a scalp and an ear which they said were unmistakably Delshay's. They said they killed the chief near Turret Mountain on 29 July. Desalin returned to San Carlos with a head he too claimed was that of Delshay. General Crook said he was satisfied that "both parties were in earnest in their beliefs, and the bringing in of an extra head was not amiss, I paid both parties."[375]

In October 1874 Capt. Julius W. Mason commanding Camp Verde received word that Tonto Indians had killed a cowboy and run off some cattle near the post. Mason sent First Lieuts. Charles King and George O. Eaton with forty men, including Indian Scouts, to pursue the Apaches. King was the son of General Rufus King who led Wisconsin militia in the Civil War and had served his father in that war as a mounted orderly. They caught up with them at Snow Lake on Black Mesa on the night of 31 October recovering the stock and exchanging fire with the fleeing band. King and Eaton sent half their force back with the cattle and with the other half kept up the chase. With the lieutenants themselves reconnoitering the tangled heights of Sunset Mountain, they had the main body sent up under Sergeant Bernard Taylor. In one of King's many novels of military life on the frontier, *Starlight Ranch*, he described what followed:

> *Fifteen minutes more, and [I] found [myself] standing on the edge of a broad shelf of the mountain.… East and west it seemed to stretch, forbidding and inaccessible. Turning to the sergeant [I] directed him to make his way off to the right and see if there were any possibility of finding a path to the summit; then looking back down the side, and marking [the] Indians cowering under the trees some fifty yards away, [I] signalled "come up," and was about moving farther to [my] left to explore the shelf, when something went whizzing past [my] head, and embedding itself in a stunted oak behind [me], shook and quivered with the shock, —a Tonto arrow. Only an instant did [I] see it, photographed as by electricity upon the retina, when with a sharp stinging pang and a whirring "whist" and a thud a second arrow, better aimed, tore through the flesh and muscles just at the outer corner of [my] left eye, and glanced away down the hill. With one spring [I] gained the edge of the shelf, and shouted to the scouts to come on. Even as [I] did so, bang! bang! went the reports of two rifles among the rocks, and, as with one accord, the Apache Yumas turned tail and rushed back down the hill, leaving [me] along in the midst of hidden foes. Stung by the arrow, bleeding, but not seriously hurt, [I] crouched behind a rock, with carbine at ready, eagerly looking for the first sign of an enemy. The whiz of another arrow from the left drew [my] eyes thither, and quick as a flash [the] weapon leaped to [my] shoulder, the rocks rang with its report, and one of the two*

swarthy forms {I} saw among the boulders tumbled over out of sight; but even as [I] threw back my piece to reload, a rattling volley greeted [me], the carbine dropped to the ground, a strange, numbed sensation had seized [my] shoulder, and [my] right arm, shattered by a rifle-bullet, hung dangling by the flesh, while the blood gushed forth in a torrent.[376]

King, with his useless arm hanging by his side, a Colt revolver in the other hand, tried to withdraw and tumbled eight or ten feet down a drop off. Sergeant Taylor, who had been making his way up the mountain, came to the aid of the fallen King and carried the lieutenant on his back down the mountain, dropping along the way to return the fire of the Indians. Taylor finally reached the advancing line led by Lieut. Eaton and the Apaches broke off the attack. For "superb courage in remaining with Lieutenant King (who was severely wounded), refusing to save himself when ordered to do so, and holding the Apaches in check until reinforcements arrived, thus saving the life of Lieutenant King," Sergeant Taylor received the Medal of Honor.

The Acting Assistant Surgeon at Camp Verde, Warren E. Day, dressed King's wounds in the field and evacuated him to Verde, where he said, "Under ordinary circumstances it was an injury that required the arm to be amputated, but I told him if he would do as I told him I would try and save the arm, and my instructions were to drink a gallon of whiskey a day and remain in my quarters. And he did both."[377] It took eight years for King's arm to heal. His career ended in 1879 when he was retired as a Captain on the disability list.

Timeline

In **1873** the Coinage Act made gold the only monetary standard. A military telegraph from Prescott to Yuma opened on 11 November and from Yuma to San Diego on 18 November. The English translation of Clausewitz's *On War* first became available in the U.S. The Panic of 1873 set off a five-year economic depression. A record number of immigrants, 459,803, landed in the U.S. General Philip H. Sheridan wrote to Colonel Ranald S. MacKenzie in 1873 giving him instructions for a campaign across the Mexican border against the Kickapoos. "I want you to be bold, enterprising, and at all times full of energy, when you begin, let it be a campaign of annihilation, obliteration and complete destruction…." This became the post-Civil War strategy for dealing with hostile Indians, the U.S. Army' annihilation of the Indian nations military power.[378] The first piece of business for the seventh territorial legislature meeting in Tucson was to give Governor P. K. Safford a divorce. Camp Lowell moved from Tucson to its outskirts on the Rillito River, became known as Fort Lowell until its abandonment in 1891. On the Klamath Indian Reservation, Oregon, the Modoc Indians murder Gen. E. R. S. Canby and peace commissioners. Long-time Army guide Oscar Hutton died after a mule kicked him in the face in Tucson. Moltke completed his reformation of the Prussian general staff system which was noted for being flexible and encouraging individual initiative at the local level within a framework of common operational doctrine. He stressed the use of military history to educate officers in the multitude of contingencies with which they would be faced.

In **1874** Disraeli was the British Prime Minister. Grasshoppers overran the midwest necessitating a food relief program initiated by the U.S. Army. Lt. Col. George Custer came back from a scout in the Black Hills and reported the area was rich with gold. Capt. Adna R. Chaffee, 6th Cavalry, led his troop into the Kiowa-Comanche Campaign with the words, "Forward! If any man is killed, I'll make him a corporal!" Commanding General of the Army William T. Sherman

bemoaned that he had "no authority, control or influence over anything but the cavalry, artillery, and infantry, and such staff officers as are assigned by their respective chiefs, approved by the Secretary of War, and attached to these various bodies for actual service." Russian Minister of War Dmitrii Miliutin reformed the army, improving the quality of military education, streamlining the administrative structure, and reducing the standing army in favor of a smaller army with a larger reserve force. He was remembered for his emphasis on morale. "An army is not only a physical power, a mass consisting of weapons of military operations, but it is a well a union of humans endowed with intelligence and heart. Spiritual force plays an important part in all considerations and calculations of the military leader, and consequently for the latter it is insufficient to rule armies as a machine. He must be able to rule the human being to fasten the army to himself, and with his spiritual power over the army acquire conditional authority."
In **1875** the stagecoach between Phoenix and Tucson was held up and $1,400 taken. The Sioux Wars ended with the defeat of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. Porfirio Diaz began a 35-year reign as Mexican dictator.

In **1876** General Sherman sent Upton and two other commissioners to Asia to study British tactics in India and to Europe to look at the successful German Army which had beaten Austria and France. The National Baseball League was founded. Mark Twain published *Tom Sawyer*. At the Little Bighorn in Montana, Custer and his 265 men were wiped out. The Centennial Exhibition opened in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Lt. Col. Thomas L. Casey resumed work on the Washington Monument, one of several structures in the nation's capitol built by U.S. Army engineers. Secretary of War William W. Belknap resigned after being charged with selling a post trader's concession. Guy V. Henry received a disfiguring wound in the face during June campaigning against the Sioux. He remarked, "It is nothing. For this we are soldiers!" Boston immigrants traveling West stop in Arizona to celebrate the 4th of July at a place they called "Flagstaff." The quartermaster general was given responsibility for national cemeteries. Rutherford B. Hayes was elected in a disputed election over Samuel Tilden. On 8 March Alphonso Taft replaced Belknap as Secretary of War. On 22 May James Donald Cameron replaced Taft as Secretary of War.

Notes

47 Woodward, *Sidelights*…, p. 9.
48 Cruse, pp. 185-7.
49 Quoted in King, *George Crook*…, p. 342.
50 Bourke, *Border*…, p. 225.
51 Bourke, *Border*…, p. 437.
52 Ball, *Victorio*, p. 30.
53 Utley, *Frontier Regulars*…, pp. 184-5.
54 Bourke, AACISM, p. 88.
55 Bourke, p. 87.
56 Bourke, AACSM, p. 30.
57 Opler, *Apache Lifeway*, p. 337.
58 Opler, *Apache Lifeway*, p. 332.
59 Quoted in Utley, *FIB*, p. 20.

60 Quoted in Utley, *FIB*, p. 55.
61 Utley, p. 56.
62 Utley, *FIB*, p. 238.
63 Quoted in Weigley, *AWOW*, pp. 500-1.
64 Carter, Robert G., *On the Border With MacKenzie, Or Winning West Texas from the Commanche*, Antiquarian Press, New York, 1959, pp. 399-406.
65 Bourke, *AACSM*, pp. 35-6.
66 Quoted in Utley, *FR*, p. 48.
67 Betinez, p. 37.
68 Bourke, *On the Border…*, p. 150.
69 Lummis, p. 17.
70 Quoted in Utley, *Intro*, p. 5.
71 Parker, p. 23.
72 AR 1886.
73 Cremony, pp. 176-8.
74 Quoted in Thrapp, *Victorio*, p. 32.
75 Quoted in Utley, *FIB*, p. 153.
76 Quoted in Farish, II, pp. 151-2.
77 Hamlin, pp. 82-3.
78 Quoted in Utley, *FIB*, p. 156.
79 AR 1857, pp. 55-6.
80 Dubois.
81 Dubois.
82 Dubois.
83 Quoted in Sacks, Buchanan, p. 222.
84 Quoted in Utley, *FIB*, p. 160.
85 Hutchins, "'Bald Head,' Frontier Dragoon."
86 Quoted in Bailey, *The Long Walk*, p. 75.
87 Quoted in Utley, *FIB*, p. 170.
88 Elliot, "The Great Western…," p. 2.
89 Quoted in Elliott, "The Great…," p. 6.
90 Quoted in Elliot, "The Great…," p. 8.
91 Quoted in Elliot, "The Great…," p. 12.
92 Quoted in Elliot, "The Great…," p. 19.
93 Quoted in Elliott, "The Great…," p. 20.
94 Pettis.
95 Quoted in Elliot, "The Great…," p. 21.
96 Quoted in Elliot, "The Great…," p. 21-2.
97 Cruse, p. 179.
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