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Fort Huachuca and the Geronimo Campaign 1886

Roll Call: Lieut. Gen. Adna Romanza Chaffee

As a captain, 6th U.S. Cavalry, Adna Romanza Chaffee was the post commander of Fort Huachuca from October 1883 to June 1884, and was the first occupant of the Huachuca post commander's quarters.

With three understrength cavalry troops and one infantry company, Captain Chaffee had the mission of patrolling and pursuing the Indians and the task of planning, engineering, and constructing Fort Huachuca as a permanent post. The officers' line on Grierson Avenue was completed in 1884 during his term as post commander, as was the barracks row.

His 45 years in the U.S. Army began as a 5'7" enlisted man during the Civil War. After being promoted to First Sergeant, he received a commission in the 6th Cavalry in 1863. His service included gallant service in the Battle of Gettysburg, citations for gallantry in leading an 1874 cavalry charge against the Indians on the Texas Red River, and gallantry in Arizona's last great Indian battle at Big Dry Wash in 1882, a year before he came to Fort Huachuca. At Big Dry Wash, near Winslow, Chaffee with only 50 cavalrymen encountered and defeated 350 Apache Indians entrenched in the hills.

Under Brig. Gen. George Crook, he led Troop I, 6th U.S. Cavalry, on the famous Apache campaign of 1883 into the Sierra Madre mountains of Mexico. He returned to post, after four months in the field and a 1,000-mile march, bringing in the chiefs and some 400 Apache warriors. At the battle of Staked Plains against 200 Cheyennes, Chaffee exhorted his troop: "Forward! If any man is killed I will make him a corporal."

He was known as the "Hero of El Caney" in the Spanish-American War as he was commended for special distinction in planning and attacking the stone fort at El Caney, Cuba, July 1, 1898, where a button was shot off his coat.

In 1900 he commanded the China Relief Expedition during the Boxer rebellion, relieving the threatened U.S. legation in Peking.

He became lieutenant general, January 9, 1904, and was Chief of Staff, U.S. Army, from 1904 to 1906.

Chaffee served on the Los Angeles Board of Public Works after his retirement and was instrumental in founding the Southwest Museum. Both his daughters married Army officers. His son, of the same name, was commissioned in the 7th Cavalry and would become the leading force behind the development of an armored force in the U.S. Army. The elder Chaffee was born in 1842 at Orwell, Ohio, and died on November 1, 1914, in Los Angeles, California.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: "The Less an Enlisted Man Comes in Contact With an Officer, the Better Off He Is."

The life of an enlisted man during the 1885-6 Geronimo campaign was a trying one and not all of the men found themselves at home in the Army. One of these men was William B. Jett, who as a private at Fort Huachuca in 1885 penned an illuminating diary of his experiences, many of which involved his conflicts with military authority. While making the lonely rounds of guard duty, he would "count the stars to keep from thinking so much about the folks back home and what a fool I had been to put myself in virtual slavery for five years."

Jett was promoted unwillingly to Corporal, a responsibility he tried to turn down "because a non-commissioned officer is brought in such close contact with officers and the less an enlisted man comes in contact with an officer the better off he is…" Apparently he was right in his assessment for it wasn't long before he was reduced to the ranks by the regimental commander for failing to meet his duties as an NCO.

Commanding the regiment and Fort Huachuca was Colonel William Bedford Royall. As a young lieutenant in the 2d Missouri Rifles, Royall had followed Brig. Gen. Stephen W. Kearny and his Army of the West into the Southwest in 1846. The veteran of both the Mexican and Civil Wars was a survivor of a desperate saber battle, and was a scarred and irascible warrior who began each day with a tumbler of straight whiskey at the Post Trader's. He had fought Arapahos with the 5th Cavalry as a major in 1868 and the Sioux in 1876 as a Lieutenant Colonel with the 3d Cavalry. Crook considered him the best judge of horses in the U.S. Cavalry. The tyranny of command at a remote Arizona post is made evident by Royall's declaration that "This post is mine, this reservation is mine, these officers are mine, this trumpeter is mine. And when my trumpeter sounds a call, those are my orders and they must be obeyed."

Jett took his discharge in April 1886. A civilian now, he didn't feel he belonged any longer to Colonel Royall and passed him without saluting. The colonel called him back and said, "You are the first man discharged from my regiment that did not salute me as he met me." Jett answered, "If I had thought you wanted to be saluted very badly I would have done so." Royall told him to get off the reservation.

Col. William Bedford Royall. Commanded Fort Huachuca from 1885-86, while commanding the 4th Cavalry.

Feeling "like a man let out of prison," Jett left Fort Huachuca, but he would return to work as a civilian teamster. He eventually gave up his ranching venture near the post, went back east to college, and became a Methodist minister.

Another future minister and corporal, William R. Fitzgerald had quite different feelings when he took his discharge at Huachuca seven years earlier.

Jett, William B., with beard, wearing his checked suit.

Voices from the Canyon: Corporal Fitzgerald Takes His Discharge

Corporal William R. Fitzgerald was a five-year veteran of B Company, 6th Cavalry, on November 28, 1878, when he was called to report to Captain Whitside at headquarters. Fitzgerald

was one of the troopers who helped to establish Camp Huachuca and now his enlistment was up. He was being discharged. He described the interview he had with his commander:

> *Capt. S.M. Whiteside [sic] bid me good morning, and took me by the hand and said, "Corporal, you have been in my troop for five years. You have made a good soldier. Your time is up. I wish you would reenlist in my Troop, but that is for you to decide. Here is your discharge, and I have given you a good one. You deserve all that I have written on it and more too. Your character is excellent in every respect." And then the dear old commander said, "Now you stay in camp until tomorrow and I will send you to Tucson with an escort."*
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> *The next day I bid farewell to a trop of as splendid men as ever wore the uniform of Uncle Sam, and my troop officers, fine big hearted men. As I rode away I could not keep the tears from flowing.*[1]

Fitzgerald became a minister and settled in Arkansas.

Roll Call: Patch—A Fort Huachuca Family

Many renowned military families have called Fort Huachuca home. One of these was that of Lt. Alexander M. Patch (1854-1924), who was quartermaster of the post and the 4th Cavalry from 1885 to 1889. Retiring from the Army in 1891 with a disability as a result of a wound received in a fight with outlaws in 1879, Lieutenant Patch remained on the fort as manager of the post trader's store. When he left Huachuca, he returned to his native Pennsylvania where he eventually became president of the Cornwall Railroad.

His two sons, both born at Fort Huachuca, rose to general ranks. Lt. Gen. Alexander M. Patch, Jr., born in 1889, was commander of U.S. forces at Guadalcanal and commanding general of the Seventh Army in Europe. Maj. Gen. Joseph Dorst Patch, born in 1885, won a Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in the fighting in France in World War I, and commanded the 80th Division during World War II.

Major General Joseph Dorst Patch wrote his "Reminiscences of Fort Huachuca" in later years and they give a sweeping picture of the post at the time of the close of the Apache campaigns.

> *My earliest recollection was the mounted parade between the Officers' Quarters and the Enlisted Men's Barracks. The band and troops all wore helmets with yellow plumes and dark blue blouses and light blue trousers with yellow stripes down the sides. The Infantry wore white stripes on their trousers. The only thing that could interfere with this ceremony was an expedition against the Indians. It was considered most important for morale, which it was.*
>
> *I have been told that my family lived in Quarters No. 4 in the old post, now Quarters No. 1072 [bldg. 22116]. All five Patch children were born in these quarters or in the post hospital, I am not sure which. My twin sister, Elsie, and I were born in December 1885; Wm. Moore Patch in July 1886; Lida Wint Patch (she was named for Mrs. Wint) in October 1888; and Alexander McCarroll Patch November 1889. Elsie died in July 1886 and is buried in the post cemetery alongside of the Lawton and Hatfield children, who also died at Fort Huachuca.*
>
> *I know that Doctor [Leonard] Wood attended my mother when Billy was born, but I am not sure who was present when the rest of us were born.*

Due to his wound, my father was forced to retire and was given the job of running the post trader's store, under Mrs. Porter, who was manager. The post trader's store and the two-story hotel were located further up the canyon than the post and in those days a fairly good road ran between the to places. . . .

Patch, Maj. Gen. Joseph Dorst, 1885-).

Patch, Lt. Gen. Alexander M., (1889-1945). Born at Fort Huachuca, he commanded U.S. Forces in Guadacanal in 1942, then the Seventh Army in Europe in 1944.

Patch, 1st Lieutenant Alexander McCarrell, 4th Cavalry, Regimental Quartermaster at Fort Huachuca in 1880s.

Illustration: Letter from 1st Lt. A. M. Patch, 4th Cavalry, Fort Huachuca, to Captain Theodore J. Wint, 4th Cavalry, at Fort Whipple, Arizona, announcing the birth at Fort Huachuca on 8 October 1888 of Lida Wint Patch. Patch was on leave awaiting disability retirement and was working as the manager of the Fort Huachuca Post Trader's Store. Letter courtesy Maj. Gen. Joseph Dorst Patch, his son.

Apache Campaigns: On the Trail of Geronimo

1885 and 86 were busy years for the soldiers of the Department of Arizona, as they scoured the trails of southern Arizona, New Mexico and neighboring Mexico. They were looking for Goyakla—"The Man Who Yawns." History remembers him as Geronimo. He was a man as hard as the granitic outcroppings under which he was nurtured and he had learned well the art of Apache warfare in the schools of such warriors as Mangas Colorado, Cochise and Victorio. His body bore the scars of eight wounds received in battles with Mexicans.

When he was 29, his mother, wife, and children were killed by Mexican soldiers, instilling in him a rare capacity for hatred and vengeance. In 1883 he was 54 years old and the uncontested leader of the footloose Chiricahuas on the San Carlos Reservation. A cavalry officer who knew him well described him as "thoroughly vicious, intractable, and treacherous," while a cousin and follower saw him as "vigorous and farsighted" and "in times of danger…a man to be relied upon." As did many of his contemporaries, Geronimo had an incurable fondness for tizwin (an Apache home brew) and white man's whiskey. His stature among the Apache war chiefs is exaggerated by the historical quirk that he was the last to terrorize the Southwest and the most lionized by the press. However, notwithstanding press hyperbole, terrorize he did with fervor and unmitigated cruelty.

When renegade Chiricahua Apaches under Juh and Geronimo bolted from the San Carlos reservation to the fastness of the Sierra Madres, the territory was racked with new fear. The best man to deal with the Apache was recalled to Arizona in 1882 and began immediately to assume an unflagging offensive. Brig. Gen. George Crook first talked with Mexican officials to assure that the recent treaty allowing "hot pursuit" into Mexico would be honored and to elicit their cooperation in his planned operations.

General George Crook and his staff in 1886. Standing: Seventh from left, Charles M. Strauss, mayor of Tucson; tenth from left, Lieut. William Ewen Shipp; eleventh from left, behind Crook, Lieut. Samson Lane Faison; twelfth from left, Captain John G. Bourke; fourteenth from left, with large white hat, dark shirt, and suspenders, Al Sieber. Sitting: Fifth from left, in white shirt, Tom Horn; sixth from left, Lieut. Marion P. Maus; seventh from left, Capt. Cyrus Swan Roberts; eighth from left, Charles D. Roberts, son of Captain Roberts; ninth from left, General Crook; tenth from left, "Interpreter," possibly Corydon E. Cooley. Identified in Dan Thrapp's Conquest of Apacheria. *A C. S. Fly photo.*

Personally leading a column of 193 newly recruited Apache Scouts and a troop of regular

cavalry, Crook, Capt. Emmet Crawford, and Lt. Charles B. Gatewood probed far into Mexico. A defector from an earlier raid into Arizona, called Peaches, guided the force into the enemy's sanctuary. In actuality Crook and his men were at the mercy of the hostile Apaches, but he depended upon boldness and the psychological factor induced by having mobilized other Apaches against the renegades. The Chiefs came into Crook's camp to talk. They were men like Chihuahua, Nana, Loco, Nachez, Kaytenne, and Geronimo. All were apparently persuaded to surrender and return to the reservation. The Warm Springs Apaches under Nana and Loco returned at once, but the Chiricahuas tarried and continued to cause unrest until their eventual return to San Carlos in 1883 and 1884.

Their reservation domicility was short lived however. Balking at a Crook-imposed ban on tizwin and wife-beating, they longed for an old way of life in the Sierra Madres. In May of 1885, 42 braves and 92 women and children slipped off during the night and made for old haunts in Mexico. They were led by Geronimo.

Samuel Kenoi, a Southern Chiricahua whose father was a member of Juh's band, was 10 years old in 1885. He gave his account of the Geronimo Campaign to anthropologist Morris Opler in 1932. He explained the Apache's attitude toward the whites who had corralled them on the San Carlos Indian Agency.

> *What they didn't like was so much ruling; that's what they didn't like. They didn't have all the Indians at the agency in those days. It was the people who lived around the agency, who saw white people all the time, who were controlled. The people out away from the agency were wild. That's why some thought the white men had queer ways and hated them. After they got to know the white man's way, they liked it. The white men gave them new things, new food, for instance. But it was the new-comers like Ho [Juh] and Geronimo who didn't like the white man. If there was any ruling to do, they wanted to do it. [Opler, 364]*
>
> *The Indians on the reservation stayed around the agency buildings when the bandits were out, because the bandits would capture anyone who could carry a gun and make him go with them. And they took women too. If you wanted a horse from pasture, you would have to send a little boy for it to be safe. [Opler, 366]*

In an attempt to prevent the Apaches from using their Mexican stronghold as a base for raids into the United States, Crook cordoned off the border, placing patrols at "every water hole along the border from the Patagonia mountains to the Rio Grande." At the same time he sent the commands of Capts. Wirt Davis and Emmet Crawford into Mexico to scout the Sierra Madres. Their force consisted primarily of Apache scouts, the wisdom of which was challenged by Gen. Phillip H. Sheridan when he visited Crook's headquarters at Fort Bowie.

Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory, 1885.

As Crawford closed in on Geronimo, he was killed in a firefight with Mexican militia who claimed they had mistaken the American column for renegades, a claim which few could believe.

However, the stage was set for a second dramatic conference between Geronimo and Crook. Their meeting took place in Canyon de los Embudos on March 25, 1886. Demanding unconditional surrender, Crook promised that the only alternative to surrender open to the Apaches was to be hunted down no matter how long that might take. He then offered a more palatable way out for Geronimo, promising them confinement in the East for two years after which they would be free to return to San Carlos. The Apaches agreed to the terms, but before they could be escorted safely back to the reservation, Geronimo, drunk on whiskey smuggled to him by a white trader named Tribolett, changed his mind and dashed back to the mountains with Nachez, 20 men and 13 women.

Geronimo and Nachez in 1886. A C.S. Fly photo.

The famous Crook-Geronimo meeting at Canyon de los Embudos, 25 March 1886. From left to right: Lt. William F. Shipp, Capt. C.S. Roberts, Geronimo, Concepcion, Nana, Noche, Lt. Marion P. Maus, Jose Maria, Antonio Besias, Jose Montoyo, Capt. John Gregory Bourke, General Crook, Charlie Roberts.

This had a devastating effect on the general, who was already under heavy criticism by a panicky populace for being too fair to the Apache. His surrender terms were not accepted by Washington, which called for unconditional surrender. In view of these reversals, Crook re-signed, leaving the field to Gen. Nelson A. Miles, a Civil War hero and Western campaigner.

Miles' job was made more difficult because the did not have the respect of the Indian that Crook enjoyed and because he discounted the value of Apache Scouts.

But, undaunted, Miles organized an expedition of his own of hand-picked, hardened regulars under the command of Capt. Henry W. Lawton at Fort Huachuca. Lawton's second in command was an assistant contract surgeon named Leonard Wood, who would make a name for himself as a line officer in Cuba and become Army Chief of Staff. On May 5, 1886, with the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Lawton and his seasoned troopers embarked from Fort Huachuca on what was to be one of the most grueling pursuits of the Apache campaigns.

Sgt. Hannikin, civilian scout Tribolett, and Indian scouts. The Apache Kid is on the left; Slim Jim is in the center. Taken at Mudsprings, 18 miles north of Douglas, Arizona.

Miles' eventual success was attributable to several factors, not the least of which was the bravery of Lt. Charles B. Gatewood who, with two Apache Scouts, located Geronimo's camp and entered it to talk with the unpredictable war-chief. Gatewood spoke the Apache language and was well known to Geronimo from the Crook operations. He was able to convince Geronimo and his followers of the futility of continued resistance. The arguments carrying the most weight had to be Miles' removal of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches to Florida, a move that cut the renegades off from family and reinforcements. And, although Lawton's column had failed to make contact during four sweltering months in the field, the Apaches could not fail to be awed by this most persistent of American efforts. Escorted by Lawton and Wood, the Chiricahuas trekked north to Skeleton Canyon where, on 4 September 1886, they surrendered officially to General Miles.

The bloody and unparalleled Apache campaigns were at a close. In the years to come a few Apache desperadoes would undertake a fugitive existence, but never again to the extent witnessed up until 1886.

The 4th Cavalry Band at Fort Bowie, 8 September 1886. When Geronimo and his renegades boarded the train to Florida, they played "Auld Lang Syne."

Geronimo was 57 years old when he and the Chiricahua Apaches were sent to captivity in Florida, where they "put me to sawing up large logs." In 1894 he was relocated to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he lived as a watermelon farmer and tourist sideshow. He was converted to Christianity. Lummis versified:

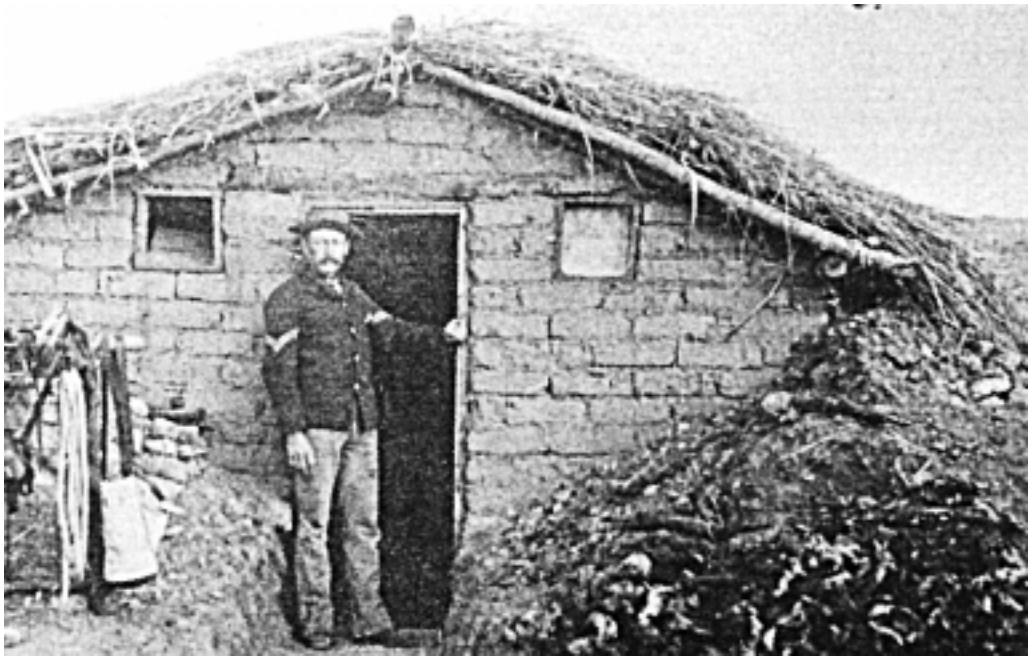
The Corsican, whose million men
bowed Europe to the dust,
Was whipped—and ate his heart away
in St. Helena's rust.
But Goyathlay, whose breechclout score
two nations mocked at will—
Serenely yawned himself to death
in Sunday school at Sill.

He appeared at expositions around the country at the turn of the century, including the St. Louis World's Fair. He was billed as "The Hostile Savage Apache Chief Geronimo." In 1905 he attended the inauguration of President Theodore Roosevelt. Back at Fort Sill officers recalled his shambling Saturday night drunks. He died in 1909 from pneumonia contracted while lying outdoors all night after a drunken spree. The scourge of the Southwest ended his years as a curiosity and a manic alcoholic.

Apache leaders Chihuahua, Nachez, Loco, Nana, and Geronimo in captivity.

Geronimo in the watermelon patch at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. U.S. Army photo.

Roll Call: First Sergeant Neil Erickson



Neil Erickson (1859-), a native of Sweden, served his entire enlistment in E Troop of the 4th Cavalry. Despite his poor command of English, he made First Sergeant of his troop within eight months after his enlistment in 1881. Sergeant Erickson served first at the Ojo Caliente agency in New Mexico, at Fort Craig, New Mexico, in 1882, and along the Gila River in 1883. Eventually he would wind up at Fort Huachuca. With the Geronimo Campaign at an end, the 27-year-old First Sergeant Erickson took his discharge on 10 October 1886. Like so many other veterans, he took up ranching in Arizona. His ranch, near the Chiricahua National Monument and Fort Bowie, was the scene of an interview in 1935 during which Sgt. Erickson related his experiences in the Indian-fighting army at and around Fort Huachuca. The interviewer, Colonel C. B. Benton, published the story in *The Westerners' Brand Book*, Los Angeles Corral, in 1948.

Most of Erickson's service was spent in the field and his recollection of the active campaigns of the cavalry in the early 1880s give a vivid picture of the lifestyle an NCO might expect to encounter in the mountains and deserts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Chihuahua. His first scout was as part of the command of Colonel George Forsyth which was scouring the countryside for the Apache Chief Loco and his warriors.

The rations were a subject that every veteran remembered well. Before setting off on a march, Erickson recalled that "the captain gave each of us two horseshoes, sixteen nails and a nose bag of hard tack. We had coffee and sugar in canvas sacks, salt and pepper mixed together in another sack, and carried sow belly in our saddle bags." If a soldier was lucky enough to have any money, he could supplement his rations when the opportunity presented itself. On one occasion when they came across a store and saloon at a town called Guthrie on the Gila River, Erickson blew his entire bankroll, fifty cents, on some cheese and crackers. At other times the Indian scouts would find some deer and antelope for their dinner. Erickson told the story of

running out of rations during the last two days of the march and coming into a station on the railroad half starved. There was a boxcar full of rations waiting for them but they were too hungry to wait for their meals to be prepared.

…We were supposed to draw corn and flour, corn for the horses and flour for ourselves, but the mess sergeant got the orders mixed and brought in beans and flour and the animals refused to eat beans. All of us boys were so hungry that we couldn't wait for the cooks to get a regular meal. We each got a cup of flour and some bacon, we mixed the flour and water in the crowns of our hats, fried the bacon in our mess kit, then fried the bread in the grease and made coffee in our pint tin cups and we kept cooking and eating until the cooks got organized, which was around midnight. They fixed up a batch of biscuits and pork but by that time we were all pretty well filled up.

It was the custom to share your blankets with another man, called your "bunkie," to take advantage of body warmth in the bitter cold of the high elevations. Erickson's bunkmate was a blacksmith named Boyle. After a long day in the saddle, the men were often too exhausted to even picket their horses. The sergeant remembered one such evening when "Boyle was so tired that I had to stake out both horses and Boyle flopped on the ground, laid his head on his saddle and went sound asleep. I lay down beside him, pulled a blanket over both of us and slept soundly until morning, when before daylight the scouts found water and brought it into camp. We all had a good breakfast and felt better."

Sometimes the animals fared worse than the soldiers. Erickson related:

Troop E lost thirteen horses on that trip before we got back to the station Separ on the S.P. (Southern Pacific Railroad) between Lordsburg and Deming. Some of the horses just played out, others died or were shot by the soldiers when too weak to travel farther. I don't know how many the other troops lost. When a trooper was put on foot, he walked and packed his saddle. Those were the days of hardships.

The hardships of campaigning in the southwest often took its toll of men as well. Erickson was stricken with typhoid while scouting along the Gila. "Usually I carried a piece of gum camphor in my saddlebag which I used for stomach aches. It was fine for cramps but it didn't help me in this case. I think it was about April that I contracted the fever. It was brought on by exposure and poor water. I was doctored by two contract doctors."

When the first sergeant was well enough to ride again with the troop, he returned to camp with "a sore spot" in his groin "about the size of a small egg." Erickson said, "My experience with the doctors when I had been sick with typhoid had made me lose confidence in them, so I didn't report on sick call. Instead, I held my tongue, and the next day, being off duty after the scout, I went down to the river. It was in the month of June and the water was warm. I undressed and lay flat on my back in the shallow warm water and by nightfall that lump was gone and I've never been bothered by a rupture from that day to this. In fact, I was so well by July 4 that I acted as anchor man on a tug-of-war team."

"A dollar a day is damn poor pay/but thirteen dollars a month is less," was a refrain in an Army song of the Indian wars. For all their suffering and risk, the soldier's pay was a pittance. Sergeant Erickson explained the pay scale.

In those days we weren't paid as well as the army is today [1935]. Privates risked their lives fighting Apaches for $13 per month during the first and second years of their enlistment. The pay was increased after the second year to $14, then $15, and finally $16, but all during this time the soldier never drew any more than $13. The balance was called retained pay and

was handed over to him when he was discharged. This was pretty good because most of the fellows would gamble or drink away their pay and if they didn't have the retained pay when discharged they would have been broke. A common sergeant drew $17 per month.

L. Lawrence and Emil Pauly. Photo courtesy Sgt. Emil Pauly, Troop I, 4th Cavalry, Fort Huachuca in 1886.

Private William Kane, seated, and a comrade from the 4th Cavalry at Fort Huachuca in 1886.

Apache Campaigns: An Apache View of Geronimo

Samuel Kenoi, a Southern Chiricahua whose father was a member of Juh's band, was 10 years old in 1885. He gave his account of the Geronimo Campaign to anthropologist Morris Opler in 1932.

"…[Geronimo] was always suspicious of living on the reservation as other Indians did. He was always afraid. …He thought the white people were going to kill him or send him to jail somewhere. Then he would hold his ceremony and see some vision and it would say, "Go out on the war-path."

"Geronimo was nothing but…an old trouble maker. …He was as cowardly as a coyote. You can ask men like Perico what he was like. …Perico will tell you how he and others did all the fighting while Geronimo stayed behind like a woman. …Now some of the young people try to make him out a hero. They say he was a fine man and stood up and fought for his country, and things like that. …I know that he and a few others like him were the cause of the death of my mother and many of my relatives who have been pushed around the country as prisoners of war. I know we would not be in our present trouble if it was not for men like him.… …Most of the Indians were peaceful. They were attending to business. They were raising crops. They had their sheep and cattle and were getting along very well. Then somebody would say, 'Geronimo is out again,' and there he would be with a small band of about forty men up in the mountains. Pretty soon he would raid a settlement here, or kill a person, and the whole tribe would be blamed for it. Instead of coming and getting his rations and settling down and trying to be civilized, he would be out there like a wild animal, killing and raiding."

Once Geronimo's men were caught in a cave by the Mexican soldiers in Old Mexico. The women and children of the party were in there too. The Mexicans set fire to the grass all around and tried to smoke and burn them out, and they kept up a steady fire into the entrance of that cave. The Apache were falling right and left. Instead of standing up and fighting, Geronimo got behind the women and children. Women and children were dying right on top of him, with their blood running down over him, and he was under them, burrowing in the sand. One of his soldiers caught him by the feet and pulled him up and said to him, "Where are you going? You were man enough at the start. Why don't you stand up now and fight like a man?"[2]

Illustration: "Geronimo and His Band Returning from a Raid into Mexico," Frederic Remington.

Apache Campaigns: The Battle at Devil's Creek

Captain Allen Smith, a man with an artistic soul and two troops of the 4th Cavalry and Indian Scouts, was the first to make contact with parties of Geronimo's renegades. He had been pressing the Indians hard since he set out from Fort Apache on May 17, 1885. Following a trail of murdered ranchers and worn out Apache ponies, he was attacked on Devil's Creek in the Mogollon Mountains of New Mexico on May 22. The Apaches fired from well concealed positions on top of a bluff, wounding three men and killing two horses before withdrawing. Smith officially reported:

> *…As no one with me knew anything about the country we were in; and as this was the first water we had found since leaving camp, I determined to go into camp. The creek was between two mountains about 600 feet high and very steep. About an hour after going into camp I sent some Scouts up the Mt. on the South side to look up the trail. When they got near the top they were fired on by the Chiricahuas. The Scouts came down on the run but rallied and went up the Mt. with the men, who immediately charged up. The Indians had selected a good point to receive us, but we got to the top so well, and so rapidly under the circumstances that they broke and ran soon before we got to the top. About 600 yds further on we found their main camp. I believe this to be the first camp they had made from the time they left Turkey Creek. In the camp we got a large quantity of meat drying, one saddled horse and two other horses. There were nineteen fires in this camp. The fight lasted about half an hour, and the Indians fired very rapidly and a great many shots. Two men, Pvt Haag, Troop "A," shot in right thigh, and Pvt Williams, Troop "K," slightly wounded in arm, and one scout shot, quite badly—through left arm—one horse killed and another wounded, belonging to Troop "A"—were the casualties on our side. From the indications, blood near the rifle pits, etc., I am of the opinion that we wounded some of the Indians. The officers, Lts. Parker, Gatewood, Lockett & Finley, 10th Cavy, men and Scouts all behaved remarkably well. Lt. Parker who was closest to the front of the attack, was the first officer on top of the Mt. After the fight (I had some men saddle up all the horses while the fight was going on) I advanced three or four miles, beyond where the fight took place, but as the trail was scattered in every direction & the Scouts could tell me nothing about water beyond I returned to my camp, leaving a guard on the Mt. I attended to the wounded the best I could. The wounded Scout says Geronimo shot him. The Indians were evidently laying for us, as they had made their trail so they could have had a cross fire on the command as we climbed the Mt. It was fortunate I went into camp & disappointed them, as they undoubtedly would have hurt us more with less chance for us to retaliate than we had.*
>
> *When we got on top of the Mt. every sign of the Indians themselves has disappeared. The top of Mt. for several miles was heavily timbered.*

A trooper in a later account of the skirmish related that several men had been bathing in the stream when the Indians opened up and they carried on the fight in their birthday uniforms.

Lieutenant Leighton Finley was a young 10th Cavalry officer who, in his pocket notebook recorded genealogical research, tracing his family back to South Carolinian revolutionary war officers, noted distances that could be marched between water holes, and developed a system for rating women he had known. During the Geronimo campaign he was detached to command

Indian Scouts with the 4th Cavalry. At the request of Lieutenant (later Major General) James Parker who seems to have felt slighted by Smith's official report, Finley wrote this account of the action at Devil's Creek.

After Captain Smith and Lieut. Lockett had left and at about 2 o'clock, the herd still being driven, slowly, on account of the steepness, up the side of the easterly hill, and not yet, as I remember, having quite arrived at the summit, a shot was fired, followed quickly by other shots, and almost immediately firing began sharp and rapid—this fire, as subsequently discovered, being drawn from the hostiles by the scouts whom Lieut. Gatewood in obedience to Capt. Smith's orders had sent to the summit of the easterly hill to act as videttes.

You [James Parker], Lieut. Gatewood and myself were seated, under a tree, on the easterly bank of the creek. All of the enlisted men, except those of the pack train, were in camp in the west bank of the creek. Troop K nearest to us and Troop A lower down. I do not believe the canyon was fifty yards wide. You, Lieut. Gatewood and I got on our feet at the first shot, and the quick subsequent firing immediately indicated what was up. Sergeant Warren of Troop K called to the men "Get to the herd." I heard you say "Never mind the herd, get your guns!" I repeated that order, and when I looked around, not three seconds later I saw you with your four or five men starting up the easterly hill. I called to the rest of the men, "Come on!" and ran after you. The first line which reached the top of the hill consisted of about seventeen men all told, officers and enlisted men; most of the enlisted men being of Troop K.… You took us up by rushes, taking advantage of various ledges of rock to rest us. The hill was particularly steep and I cannot believe it was less than 500 feet high.

Lieutenant Gatewood came up the hill immediately behind this first line. When we got about half way up, as I remember, we met the herd being driven down; the members of the herd guard doing their duty splendidly. After we passed the herd some little distance, we met the Indian scouts running down. I heard Lieutenant Gatewood shout to them and rally them, and he brought them up to the summit immediately after we arrived there.

The hostiles continued their fire until we were nearly to the top. On reaching the summit we discovered that the hostiles had run from the crest, scattering in every direction. In a few minutes some of the men pushed forward and discovered the hostile camp on the plateau, about 500 yards from the summit. Seventeen fires were still either burning or filled with live or hot coals. The hostiles left behind them in their haste several articles of clothing and equipment and a lot of beef. One of the scouts captured a pony saddle and bridle. Between five and ten minutes, as I remember, after we reached the summit, Lieutenant Lockett got up and about five minutes later Captain Smith arrived.

On 1 June the Department Commander was telegraphing to the Division of the Pacific at the Presidio of San Francisco, "Captain Smith reports that he has the best of the main body of Indians. Will send a detachment to vicinity of Steven's Ranch on Eagle Creek with a view to picking up any who may try to skulk back to the Reservation." But they were not skulking. The main body was heading into Mexico, having easily slipped past the troops stationed at Stein's Pass and Lawton's forces along the Arizona-New Mexico line. A small splinter party under Chief Mangus was still in New Mexico heading south, being pursued by Sixth Cavalry troops under Captains Chaffee and Wallace.

Apache Campaigns: Crook's Strategy in the Final Geronimo Campaign

In early July 1885, General George Crook outlined his strategy to cordon off the border and constrict the movements of the raiding Chiricahuas led by Geronimo.

I started this morning an expedition of one hundred scouts under command of Lieutenants Day and Walsh, and Troop F, 4th Cavalry, forty men, …the whole under command of Captain Wirt Davis, 4th Cavalry….

The four troops 4th Cavalry from Fort Huachuca left on the fifth [of July] for their stations on the border and will be placed at Copper Canyon, Song Mountain, Solomon's Springs and Mud Springs. I expect on the ninth to send four more troops of the 4th Cavalry from here, to be stationed at Willow Springs, San Bernardino, Skeleton Canyon and Guadalupe Canyon. Two companies of the 10th Infantry are enroute to San Luis Pass. Three troops 6th Cavalry left Separ to-day for the line in New Mexico. The stations have been selected with the greatest care so as to not only cover all known watering places, but also to give open country between these stations and the line. With each detachment of troops there will be stationed (five) Indian scouts who are to be used exclusively in watching and scouting in advance of line to prevent as nearly as possible the approach of any hostiles without the troops being notified. These dispositions will cover the line as thoroughly as possible from Rio Grande as far west as it is though probable the Indians will attempt to recross into the United States.

In rear of the advance line I shall place the troops of the 10th Cavalry…to intercept parties should they succeed in sneaking through the first line…. General Bradley will make the same dispositions in New Mexico. These dispositions are the best that can be made, in my judgment…. I have given orders for the search in the Sierra Madre to be most vigorous and to pursue any party which may attempt to return so closely as to endeavor to drive them towards the troops and force them to cross in daylight….

Crook, Brig. Gen. George, in 1886.

A key to these dispositions was Fort Huachuca, a post near the Mexican border that had been established in 1877. It would serve as a staging point for operations into Mexico. The post was described by a visiting 10th Cavalry lieutenant, the observant John Bigelow.

> *Fort Huachuca lies in what is called Huachuca Canon, on the east side of the north point of the Huachuca range. We entered the post at its upper, or higher end, and passed through the outskirts of tents, huts, shanties and houses—the quarters of a few privileged soldiers, of certain civil employees, and of laundresses and other hangers-on, or camp followers—past the guard house to the parade ground, where in accordance with custom, the*

officers' quarters were ranged on one side, and the men's on the other.

As sound as Crook's reconnaissance in three well-defined echelons may appear on paper, finding these Indians, who had broken into at least two groups, in the vastness of this theater proved to be difficult.

Since bolting from the reservation they had traveled 120 miles without rest or food. They were hungry and as nettlesome as tghe cactus thistle. Chihuahua and his brother Josanie, upon learning that Geronimo had lied about the aborted murder of Lieutenant Davis and scout Chato in order to make their situation seem desperate, plotted to kill Geronimo. Geronimo with Mangus fled toward Mexico where Mangus and his band split off to Chihuahua and Geronimo continued into the Sierra Madres. After being pressed by troops of Lieutenant Davis north of the Gila, Chihuahua also made for Mexico and realigned with Geronimo.

These knew the hidden water-hole,
they knew the pathless peak,
And each could carry at his belt,
his commissary-week—
Nor needed jingling trains of mules
with coffee-pots and cans,
And hard-tack, bacon, flour and beans,
and cups and frying pans.
—C. F. Lummis

To pin them down, three separate columns were operating in the field. An expedition under Captain Allen Smith, 4th Cavalry, with Lieutenants Charles Gatewood, 6th Cavalry, and James Parker, 4th Cavalry, headed into New Mexico to scour the Mogollon Mountains. General Crook had Captain Emmet Crawford with ninety-two Scouts and Troop A of the 6th Cavalry. He made for Mexico. Captain Wirt Davis with a troop of the 4th Cavalry and sixty days rations also set out for Mexico from Fort Bowie.

"Chihuahua and Geronimo," 1987, James P. Finley.

"Chato," 1987, James P. Finley.

Natchez and wife

Natchez, War Chief of the Chiricahuas for whom Geronimo was Medicine Man. He was the son of Cochise and grandson of Mangas Coloradas. Along with Geronimo, he surrendered to General Miles at Skeleton Canyon, 4 September 1886. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo 87759.

Parker, Lieut. James.

General Crook aboard his mule, White Mountain scout Alchesay on the right, and an unknown Apache scout on the left. Taken in Apache Pass near Fort Bowie. U.S. Army photo.

Roll Call: Leonard Wood—Surgeon Soldier

On the 4th of July, 1885, an ambulance wagon drew up in front of the hotel across from the Post Trader's store at Huachuca and delivered the new assistant contract surgeon. He was 26-year-old Leonard Wood (1860-1927) and he had come west to fight Apaches as well as to doctor. He found Huachuca "the largest and pleasantest post in the department." He thought he was lucky as Geronimo and his Apaches were on the warpath and he would "Probably get a good deal of active service." He wrote to his brother, "Think I shall have an immense time."

His expectations were fulfilled. Wood's experience during the Geronimo campaign had an immense impact on the course of his life. He vividly recalled the situation in Arizona and at Fort Huachuca many years later when he was a general officer.

. . . the post was garrisoned by four troops of the 4th Cavalry and one company of the 1st Infantry. Brevet Brig. Gen. George A. Forsyth, a former aide to General Sheridan, an officer of distinguished record during the Civil War and in the Indian campaigns, was in command. A month or so later Col. William B. Royall, colonel of the 4th Cavalry, also a veteran of the Civil War and of the Mexican War, arrived and assumed command.

The four troops of Cavalry were commanded by Wirt Davis, A. E. Wood, Henry W. Lawton, and C. A. P. Hatfield. The Infantry was commanded by Capt. William N. Tisdall. They were a rugged, sturdy lot. All of them had Civil War experience and long experience in the Indian campaigns in different part of the western country.

Gen. George Crook was in command of the department. We were in the midst of the Apache campaign . . . in that phase of it which was commonly spoken of as the "Water Hole Campaign." The troops were stretched all along the frontier from the Whetstone Mountains east well into Mexico, guarding water holes and passes. Communication was principally by telegraph or courier, with a certain number of heliograph stations.

The post was new and consisted of the old row of officers' quarters, which ran down to about the tip of the canyon on the east side. Opposite were the old Cavalry barracks and stables. Enclosing the parade below was the post hospital, with its outbuildings. The trees were only a few feet high. The water all came from the springs up to the post canyon. We had plenty of it in rainy weather' often times it was short during the summer. There was a snug little hotel just across the creek up near where Sam the Chinaman (who was there at that time) now has his laundry.

The 10th and the 4th were in close cooperation during this campaign. The troops of the 10th, under Lebo, Bill Davis, Carter, Johnson, Ward, Grierson, and others , were holding stations at Mescal Springs in the Whetstones; at Calabasas, under the Santa Ritas; at Crittenden; at Tempest Mine, just over the line in Sonora, and at La Noria [Lochiel]. The 4th had stations on the south side of the Huachucas, at Bisbee, at Skeleton Canyon and to the east, with a few troops at Camp Bowie.

The Infantry was generally held in garrison, to take care of the post, although when the hard drive after Geronimo came in '86 about the hardest work of the whole campaign was done by organizations made up of selected officers and men from the 8th Infantry.

Transportation was pack. The mounts in those days were better than any we have had since; and there was a knowledge of how to handle horses on the march which is lacking

in our Cavalry service, as a whole, today. Most of the officers then had seen service in the Civil War. They know how to get mounted commands over great stretches of country, and to bring in their animals in good condition.

The country was full of alarms, and troops were scurrying hither and thither in an attempt to pick up the trail of small raiding groups of Apaches. It was a hard-working wholesome and interesting life. There was an excellent regimental esprit and pride in the service. It was the beginning of the end of our hard Indian work in the Southwest.

The relations between the 10th Cavalry and the 4th were excellent and were characterized by a friendly rivalry. The permanent station of most of the 10th at that time was Camp Grant, with a troop or two at Camp Thomas. Transportation was via the old Guaymas railroad, and everything came up from what was known as The Siding. . . . The post gardens were principally in Garden Canyon, from which most of the water now comes.

The service at Huachuca and in the field in the old days was a good school for officers and men. It was a healthy, vigorous life. . . .

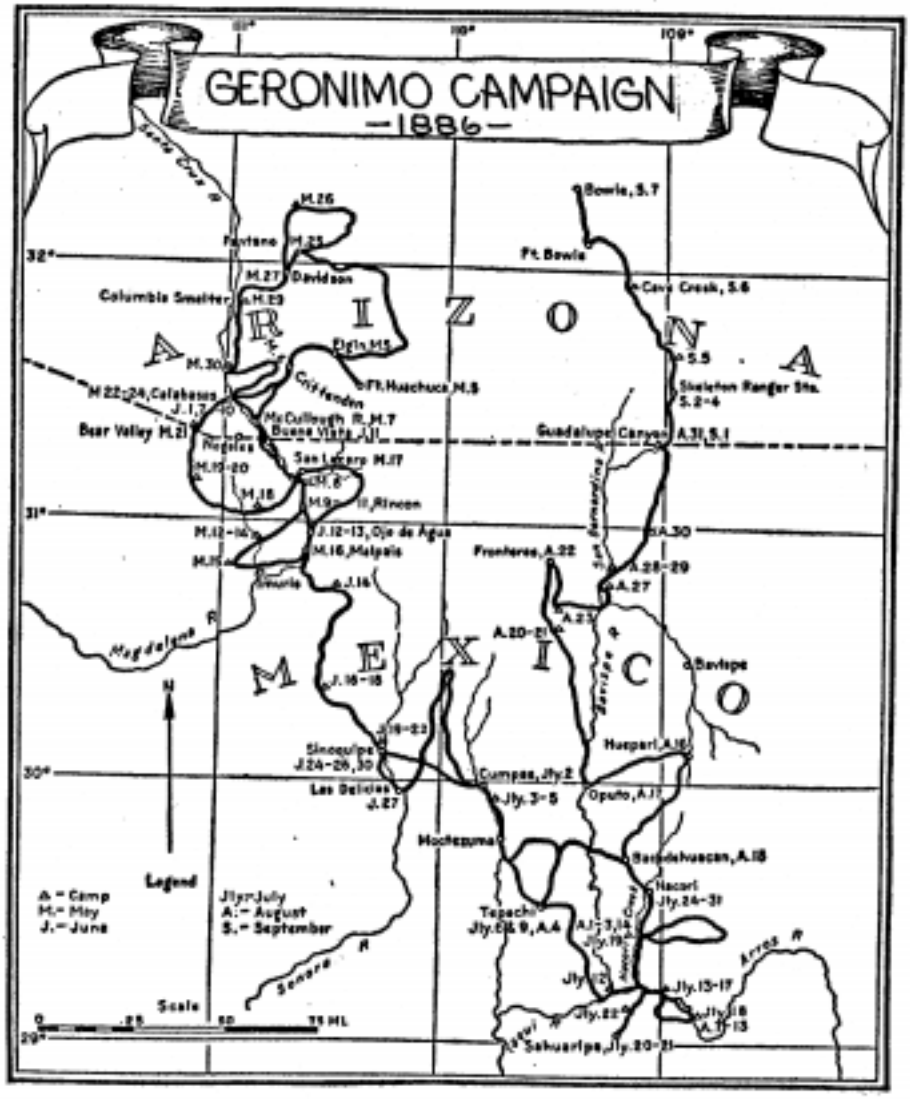
The Geronimo campaign was the turning point in the eventful life of Leonard Wood. He was awarded a Medal of Honor in 1898, at a time when he was surgeon and friend to President William McKinley. The citation reads: "Voluntarily carried dispatches through a region infested with hostile Indians, making a journey of 70 miles in one night and walking 30 miles the next day. Also for several weeks, while in close pursuit of Geronimo's band and constantly expecting an encounter, commanded a detachment of Infantry, which was then without an officer, and to the command of which he was assigned upon his own request."

Many regular army officers were critical of the award, men like Colonel H. C. Benson, a lieutenant during the campaign, who claimed: "…Doctor Wood never saw a hostile Indian from the time he started until Geronimo came into Lawton's camp to talk surrender, and he never heard a shot fired at any hostile Indians…." To Lawton, however, with who he had shared the rigors of the Geronimo trail, he was like a brother. "I don't know what I would do if it was not for Dr. Wood. He is the best officer I ever had with me. If I had three or four, or rather if *all* my officers were like him, I would catch Geronimo in short order." Nevertheless, Wood, with the help of friend Theodore Roosevelt, then Secretary of Navy, moved on to charge up San Juan Hill in Cuba, serve as military governor of Cuba, and, as a Major General, be appointed Army Chief of Staff. He had his portrait painted by John Singer Sargent and unsuccessfully campaigned in 1920 for the Republican nomination for the presidency. He died on the operating table in 1927 while serving as the governor of the Philippines.

In later years Leonard Wood, by now a former Chief of Staff of the Army and an unsuccessful presidential candidate, remembered that "the service at Huachuca and in the field in the old days was a good school for officers and men. It was a healthy, vigorous life…."

Looking east towards the Chiricahua Mountains. Photo taken by contract Surgeon Leonard F. Wood on Geronimo Campaign, April 1886. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo SC 82319.

Wood, Dr. Leonard, at Huachuca, 1886, on his mule "Shafter." Dissatisfied with the tranquility of his small medical practice in the east, Dr. Leonard Wood, a graduate of Harvard Medical School, entered the Army as a contract surgeon and arrived at Fort Huachuca in 1885. Finding the rugged Apache Indian campaigns more to his liking, he joined Captain Henry Lawton and the 4th Cavalry in the final pursuit of the renegade Geronimo. In the 4-month campaign, his endurance and sustained courage earned for him the Medal of Honor. He is remarkable for his rise as a professional soldier as well as a medical doctor. Commanding the Rough Riders in Cuba and serving in the Philippines, this combat officer became Army Chief of Staff in 1910.



Map: "Geronimo Campaign—1886—"

Voices: Leonard Wood's First Patrol—"I Am Feeling a Little Stiff

After the commanding generals, two of the most remembered names of the Geronimo campaign were those of Capt. Henry W. Lawton and Asst. Contract Surg. Leonard Wood. These two remarkable men, the captain a seasoned Civil War veteran and Regular Army professional, and the doctor, a Harvard-educated adventurer, met at Fort Huachuca in 1885. They

recognized in one another the qualities of leadership and tenacity of purpose, and became lifelong friends.

According to Henry Creelman, who wrote a biography of Leonard Wood, the meeting between Wood and Lawton went like this:

"What in hell do you want to come out here for?" Lawton asked.

"I'm in the service to be transferred to the line. I hope to be a fighting man," answered the doctor.

Lawton laughed, nodded his head and slapped the doctor approvingly on the shoulder. He was a good judge of fighting men and liked the Yankee's strong, lean figure, the determined cock of his head, and the look in his gray eyes.

At daybreak on July 5, the morning after he had arrived, Wood collected what gear he could and joined Lawton and four troop of Cavalry on a scout for the always elusive Geronimo, leaving to the surgeon he was supposed to assist, Dr. P. R. Brown, the job of caring for the sick and supervising the construction of the new hospital at Fort Huachuca, "undoubtedly the finest in the territory." In letters to his brother he described the experience.

We are out in the field, and what's more we're out for all summer. We left [Fort] Huachuca yesterday morning and came directly over the mountains by a trail which I do not believe you would think a horse could crawl. . . . I rode second in line and the captain whooped her up a little in some tough places to see how I took them. My horse is a young horse, just brought into the Army and this was his first trip and also mine but he did first rate and is one of the best horses in the company. . . . I am feeling a little stiff . . . having rode about 45 miles in the last 30 hours.

. . . after a band of Apaches who have killed about twelve people in the last few days. Have Apache Scouts with whom follow trail. . . . Made 35 miles right over mountain yesterday and have done same today. Had to walk about one-third distance, so steep that horse could hardly crawl.

Nothing to eat since 9:30 a.m. when had raw bacon and ham with water out of a cow puddle, awful. You would not drink for $1 a drop—no idea how it tastes. . . . I am near starved. Bread and bacon and so on until we catch up or give up.

First Indian fight today. Captured twenty-seven horses but had a hell of a climb. This morning were on trail at 4:30. At 2:00 struck two dead men killed by Indians at the same time. Ran across Mexicans, scared to death, who told us many Indians on mountain top. This mountain peak rises solitary above the range and is the highest mountain in this part of the country. Not a tree of shrub but almost straight up without the least cover. You can have no idea what, but when I tell you that men gave out and that it was three hours before we reached the top, you will get some idea. On two sides it goes straight up, so steep that nothing can go up.

Well, it is a place which 3 determined men could hold against 500 for an hour. You have just plain shooting. . . . Well, to draw it short, they cut out without giving fight, leaving everything, and we shall have a hot trail tomorrow. We found the rifle, slugs, bridles, etc. of some soldier killed out of this company over a couple of months ago. They are killing lively, or have been. All ranches deserted. . . .

We ran those Indians . . . for about 200 miles. During the run they changed horses four times and managed to keep a good lead. . . . A pretty hard ride . . . in the saddle 15 hours per day . . . over the roughest mountains . . . much of the distance on foot.

This was only the first patrol of an extended field campaign that Wood and Lawton would undertake in an effort to keep on the heels of Geronimo. The hardest part of their trial was yet to come.

Apache Campaigns: Crook Deploys His Forces

Arizonans and New Mexicans were in an uproar. "The Apaches are out!" was the cry in May and June and the list of renegade depredations mounted in the newspapers. A news story from Tombstone early in June allowed, "this city is wild to-night with rumors of all kinds. …A.J. Emanuel, who has a ranch at the south end of the Huachuca Mountains…reports that at about 7 o'clock this morning he saw with a glass, apparently a large party of Indians between a body of soldiers and citizens, being pursued toward the Line." Leading Apache campaigns historian Dan Thrapp said, "Mr. Emanuel's instrument must have been a whiskey glass; there were no hostiles at this time in the area at all.

On June 2, General Crook reported how the situation stood to Maj. Gen. John Pope, commanding the Division of the Pacific. The "Indians shortly after crossing New Mexican line evidently divided into small parties which raided in widely separated localities, while the women and children were hid away in the mountains. Troops have been following around the different raiding parties without result other than to break down their stock. It is impossible with troops to catch the raiding parties or afford citizens so scattered among the mountains protection from such parties."

Crook explained how his approximately twenty troops of cavalry and over 100 Indian Scouts were deployed to meet the threat. He had Lieutenant Britton Davis with sixty scouts operating in the mountains on the upper Gila River east of Duck Creek. Then:

Maj. Van Vliet with five troops of 10th Cavalry and thirty Apache scouts, is moving north of Bayard towards Datil Range. Capt. Chaffee with one troop 6th is in vicinity of Cuchillo Negro. Maj. Van Horn with Cavalry from Fort Stanton and Mescalero Scouts is scouting each bank of Rio Grande to prevent Indians crossing. Capt. Madden with two troops 6th Cav'y is west of Burro Mtns. Capt. Lee with three troops 10th Cav'y is moving across Black Range between Smith and Van Vliet. Maj. Biddle followed trail of ten or fifteen Indians which crossed railroad near Florida Pass beyond Lake Paloma, Mexico. …Troops are not moving into positions near all known water holes between railroad and Mexico to intercept Indians going south. Capt. Lawton with three troops 4th Cav'y and Lt. Roach's scouts is in Guadalupe Canyon near boundary line. Maj. Beaumont with two troops 4th Cav'y is in Stein's Pass.

On June 3 Crook's superior, Major General John Pope telegramed to Washington:

Everything possible is being done to put a stop to Indian troubles in Arizona and New Mexico. Only thirty-four men of the Apaches have gone off with their women and children and are trying to get into Mexico, killing and taking everything that come their way. The difficulty is to overtake or head them off, but there is a large force of cavalry after them from various directions and it would seem that they must be caught. General Crook, who knows more about these Indians than any man, is in the field himself and says he needs no more troops.

Of course the newspaper reports are sensational and exaggerated, and create unneces-

sary alarm.

The disposition of forces were the best that could be made given the dual responsibility of protecting settlers and finding the renegades. But when the Apache does not want to be found, it not likely he will be. The recon patrols were largely unsuccessful. On June 20, 1995, Captain Adna R. Chaffee, who commanded a troop of the 6th Cavalry at Fort Cummings, New Mexico, was writing to headquarters, "The only reports I have of the whereabouts of the hostiles I obtain from the *Tucson Star* of yesterday and the *El Paso Times* of the same date."

Lieutenant Gatewood, patrolling without finding Apache sign in New Mexico, did run into some excited citizens. He describes them in a letter to his wife dated June 30.

> *Some of the settlers are wild with alarm & raise all kinds of stories to induce us to camp near their places, to protect them and buy grain & hay at high prices. Others are quiet & sensible & laugh at the fears of the timid.*
>
> *The whole thing has turned out just as I put it up before leaving the post—no truth in any of it. The other day a prospector was fishing near our camp, and having discovered some tracks made by our scouts, lit out for parts unknown. He is probably now spreading dismay through the country. Another one was going to make it his chief business in life to kill scouts, but he changed his mind when they appeared at his place. Few are friendly toward the troops, unless they can sell things.*

Brig. Gen. Crook, with Lieut. Gen. Sheridan's help, was strengthening his command substantially. Washington authorized Crook on June 9 to enlist an additional 200 Indian scouts which would bring the authorized force to 349. On the same day Sheridan ordered a pack train under Chief Packer Tom Moore rushed to the Department of Arizona from Cheyenne in the Department of Missouri. Permission was granted to hire any additional packers as may be needed. Crook was bringing into Arizona five troops of the Sixth Cavalry from the District of New Mexico. To replace these soldiers in New Mexico, four troops of the Eighth Cavalry were deployed from Texas.

"A Packer and Mules," Frederic Remington, Arizona, '88.

Crook was almost ready to take the offensive into Mexico. He wired his superiors:

Gatewood left Apache sixteenth [June] with seventy-nine scouts to hunt thoroughly the mountains on the Upper Gila and destroy or drive out any hostiles lurking there. As soon as he reports, the troops will be distributed along the border. In the meanwhile the companies of the 4th Cavalry are refitting and have been ordered to this point [Bowie] and Huachuca. The pack train from Cheyenne is here. One hundred and twenty-five scouts from San Carlos will arrive tomorrow. It is of course understood that time is required to concentrate troops and supplies, particularly in this country of magnificent distances. I shall start a contract train in a few days with thirty days supplies for the line and will report fully and in detail when expedition starts and when the troops are put in position along the border.

Voices: The Ambush of the Supply Camp in Guadalupe Canyon

But it was not healthy for all the soldiers at Fort Huachuca. In early June 1885, the beginning months of the final Geronimo campaign, an alarming report was received at departmental headquarters from Fort Huachuca.

Courier just in from Lawton's camp. He reports while he [Lawton], Wood, and Hatfield were scouting in vicinity of Guadalupe Canyon, his camp was attacked by Indians about noon, the eighth. Five of his men killed and two mules and five horses taken and some company equipage and stores burned. Camp was in charge of one non-com officer and seven men. Lawton and Wood are hot on their trail.

The raid was led by Chihuahua, in whose camp was later found some of the stolen equipment. A witness said the Indians on the hillside were laughing as they fired upon the hapless detachment. They were probably in an elated mood after finding the camp so lightly defended and the resistance so spiritless.

In a diary kept by a young corporal, William B. Jett, who served at Fort Huachuca in Troop D, 4th Cavalry, in 1885 and 1886, and who would leave the Army to become a Virginia preacher, a first-hand account of the raid is given.

Well, one day while we were eating dinner, and when the sentry on lookout and watching the grazing animals had left his post and had come to the camp contrary to order, we were surprised by a thundering volley from the nearby hills. None of us had our guns with us, as we had left them with the wagons a few yards away, except the sentry spoken of, who was armed only with a pistol. At the first volley, Neihause, right by my side, was killed with a bullet in his forehead. He fell with a biscuit and a piece of meat in his mouth and did not move again. The sentry referred to above, who. being a recruit, and said he wanted to see an Indian fight, immediately ran, but was shot down before he could reach the opposite hills across the little open valley. A man named Roberts, who had deserted from the British Army three times before coming to America, ran into his tent and, falling on his knees, began praying. This made me angry, and I called on the sergeant to make him come out. This the sergeant did. But when he came out with his gun, he did not stop but made for the hills across the valley and, though in full view of the Indians, made his escape. Another man also made his escape just as quickly and safely.

This left four of us who sought some protection behind the wagons and fired about an hour at the point from where the smoke from the guns of the Indians came from behind the rocks and bushes on the bluff above our camp. 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." In some way the wagons caught fire, and we knew the ammunition in them would begin to explode. We four then made across the opposite hills already referred to. A German, whose name I cannot recall . . . put his arm under the sergeant's arms and helped him across; but as they were climbing the mountain the sergeant . . . was shot a fourth time and killed in the German's arms. This German U.S. soldier afterward received a reward medal for bravery.

We three, the German, a soldier named Sprankle, and myself, fired for some time behind rocks at the smoke spots across the vale on the opposite mountains (I should have said we had hardly reached the mountain side before the ammunition in the wagons began to explode with a mighty roar, as from many Gatling guns), but we could not see an Indian. We did see, however, from the change in the source of the smoke from their guns that they were slowly surrounding us. Late in the afternoon we started down the mountain and went up the canyon in the only direction there seemed a way of escape.

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. When we four were left alone and firing from behind the wagons I thought of the fact that besides the danger from the Indians the ammunition in the wagons would begin to explode as soon as the fire reached it, I was very much scared and 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. As the firing continued, and I had not been shot, the physical fear gave way to a greater fear; and that was the thought that were my body killed, my soul would go straight to hell.

A sergeant with Troop I, 4th Cavalry, Emil Pauly later at Fort Bowie interviewed a Private Schnitzer, probably the German whose name Private Jett could not recall, and set down his account from memory.

It was about noontime when Cook, Oscar Niehouse, Troop D, 4 Cav., called out, "Come and get it."

Everyone got their mess kits and started for the cook tent to get their dinner, including the man on picket duty on the North wall of the canyon, leaving no one on guard.

I was about half way to the cook tent when the firing started and of course we all rushed back to our tents to get our guns.

The only protection we had were the covered Army wagons, from behind which we fired, and they soon caught fire when some one evidently fired too close to the wagon cover of one of the wagons.

About this time I thought of Sergt. Peter Munich, Troop G, 4 Cav., who was very sick with Pneumonia. I called Pvt. Jett to help me get the sick Sergt. up the North side of the canyon as he had already been wounded and was unable to walk. We got him nearly to the top when a bullet struck him in the back and he expired in my arms.

Pvt. Jett, Schillinger, and I then got behind some rocks and started firing at the Indians,

when the ammunition wagons exploded with terrific force.

We held our position till late in the evening and then decided to take a chance and get into Cloverdale, which we reached late that night, pretty well exhausted.[3]

A trooper of K Trp, 4th Cav, guarding the herd. Frederic Remington.

Jett, William B., in uniform

Apache Campaigns: Captain Crawford Leads His Last Scout

Captain Emmet Crawford was 41 years old in 1885. A California Volunteer in the Civil War, he was commissioned as a regular following the war and was an experienced fighter. One of his troop commanders said he had participated in almost continuous service on the frontier, "taking part in most of our great Indians wars, and making for himself a reputation for bravery and devotion to duty not surpassed by that of any officer of the army." He had scouted into Sonora in the Apache campaigns of 1883 and was subsequently the military commander at the reservation at San Carlos. The Apaches called him "Tall Captain" and "Captain Coffee" after his favorite beverage.

One of his subordinates, Lieutenant Britton Davis, said about him:

Crawford was born a thousand years too late…. Mentally, morally and physically he would have been an ideal knight of King Arthur's Court. Six feet one, gray-eyed, untiring, he

was an ideal cavalryman and devoted to his troop, as were the men of it to him. He had a keen sense of humor but something had saddened his early life and I never knew him to laugh aloud.… Modest, self-effacing, kindly, he delighted in assigning to his subordinates opportunities and credit he might well have taken himself—a very rare trait in an officer of any army. His expressed wish was that he might die in the act of saving others.

Crawford set out on his last expedition on November 18,1885. With him were First Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, 1st Infantry, and Second Lieutenant William E. Shipp, 10th Cavalry, who commanded the scout companies, which combined numbered 100 White Mountain and Chiricahua Apaches. Second Lieutenant S.L. Faison, 1st Infantry, was the Adjutant, Quartermaster and Commissary Officer. Dr. T.B. Davis was the surgeon. Tom Horn was one of the civilian chiefs of scouts and an interpreter. William Harrison was the other.

They crossed the border on December 6th heading for Fronteras and ate their Christmas dinner near Huasabas in the valley of the Bavispe River. Their Army rations were supplemented with oranges and lemons from the Mexican groves nearby. By January 3rd they were camped on the Haros River, a tributary of the Yaqui.

Lieutenant Shipp wrote an account of the scout which was published in the *Cavalry Journal* in 1892. He admired his leader profoundly and said to know him was to love him. Shipp picks up the narrative:

On this and the following marches the advance guard marched far ahead, thoroughly reconnoitering the country; immediately preceding the main body were a few good scouts; Captain Crawford always led the main body, and allowed none of the scouts in it to get in front of him. Fording the river in the morning, we were toiling up and down the steep hills beyond when, about six miles from the river, a small trail of Indians was struck, and soon after, the trail of a big band traveling east. Many tracks of ponies and cattle showed how successfully they had been marauding. From some slight sign the scouts declared that Natchez was with the band, which meant that Geronimo was there also. Cautiously as we had been advancing before, it was now necessary to be still more careful, for we were on the trail of Indians whose vigilance never relaxed, even here where they had never been followed. The extreme caution of these Indians was shown by the location of their camps, which were always high up on some well guarded point, whence all the approaches could be watched.

…Wearing moccasins whose thin soles allowed the feet to feel every stone of the million that lay in the path, we had to keep up with our Indians, who had been climbing mountains since they were babies, and whose ancestors had for ages been mountaineers. The days were fairly warm, but the high altitude made the nights bitterly cold. Without shelter and limited to one blanket each, and with no fires allowed, sleep was almost impossible to all except the scouts, who slept in long rows, with one's head at his neighbor's feet, and seemed tolerably comfortable. We could not start till the advanced scouts had thoroughly reconnoitered the country, so that it was always late in the day when we broke camp. The marches did not end till late at night, when camp, cheerless as it was, was at least better than the endless climbing of mountains or falling over rocks. Often we had to follow some canon in which lay immovable boulders, made slippery by the water which had once flowed over them. Going through them in the dark, it seemed as if we would surely break our necks or dash out our brains, so often did we fall.

The winter rains began to plague them and river crossings became hazardous. Chief Packer Daly described the terrain. "On the other side rose a steep, rugged mountain, so high that

its top was lost in the clouds, while at its base was a narrow ledge, with scarcely standing room for the animals, and between it and our camp the waters rushed down over rocks and boulders, a maddening river, that bespoke an ugly crossing in the morning." Shipp again:

Deer were plentiful, but none could be killed for fear of betraying our presence. The blouses were turned so as to expose the gray lining, which was less conspicuous that the blue side, and all prominent marks about the person were discarded. When it was necessary to make fires for cooking, the scouts took charge; in the day time small smokeless fires were made from very dry wood; at night the fires were hid away in some gully or depression, so that they could not be seen a few yards away. In crossing ridges, care was taken never to expose the body against the sky line. Whether in camp or on the march the scouts exercised a constant watchfulness, and no precaution that could possibly be taken was ever neglected. Long habit had made these things come naturally to them. Watching the scouts, one could not help thinking how hopeless was the attempt to catch people like them with men trained and equipped in the manner of our own soldiers. The Apache seems to see everything and to know everything when in the field; no matter how dim a trail may be, it may be made by a few moccasined feet passing over rocks, he follows it by sight as easily as the good hound follows his prey by scent. Soldiers, I mean officers as well, nearly always scorn the precautions that Indians never neglect.

…On the 7th the trail crossed the Haros, and we found ourselves in that terrible country between the Haros and the Satochi, so appropriately called by the Mexicans "Espinosa del diablo," or "Backbone of the Devil."

On the 9th of January the start was made about noon, and we had already made a good day's march when at dusk, Noche reported that the hostile camp had been located. Fearing that we would be discovered if we delayed, it was decided to march all night and attack at daylight. The mules were far to the rear and had to be left behind; so, with empty stomachs, we began this toilsome march that was to test the strength of the scouts no less than that of the white men. The doctor remained with the packs, as did also the old interpreter, Concepcion, who was worn out and unable to keep up. His absence was afterwards a source of much trouble. During all this dark night we climbed steep mountains covered with loose stones, or struggled through gloomy canons, following our Chiricahua guides, who seemed perfectly at home. Sometimes we almost despaired, and felt like succumbing to the fatigue that nearly overpowered us; but as such moments the thought of what dawn should bring buoyed us up and revived our drooping spirits.

At length, just before daylight, we drew near the high, rocky point where the camp was said to be, and the command was divided so as, if possible, to surround it. After some delay we crept forward, scarcely breathing as we moved; and, to some of us there came strange sensations, as in the dark, still night, we thought of the isolation of our position, for, in this wild and unknown region, we were led on by allies who had often proved how crafty and blood-thirsty they could be. But success seemed almost assured, and exultation was taking the place of these feelings, when some burros in the herd of the hostiles began braying and, like the geese of ancient Rome, aroused the camp to a sense of its danger. Some of the "broncos," running out to try to carry off their stock, were fired upon by the scouts, who then rushed into the rocks near by and opened a heavy fusillade, accompanying it with their shrill cries of defiance. Answering shots came from the camp, close at hand in a cluster of large rocks, that we afterward saw formed a stronghold capable of defense by a very few men. The behavior of

the scouts at this juncture was very disappointing. A rush into the camp would have insured the capture of the squaws and children at least, probably after a bloody fight. But they scattered through the rocks and, deaf to all appeals, allowed themselves to be held in check by the fire of the hostiles, who finally escaped in the darkness, leaving behind all their stock, provisions and blankets. The officers could do nothing, for Apaches always fight in their own way, and instead of following one who tries to lead them to a charge, they look upon him as a fool and unworthy of confidence. In this case it was impossible for us to tell friends from foes; every time I myself attempted to shoot I was stopped, because I was about to shoot a scout; at last, in desperation, I fired two shots at some figure dimly seen. Who he was I never knew, for I missed him.

In this affair one "bronco" was slightly wounded. We suffered no casualties whatever. Soldiers in the place of the scouts would have behaved much better, but then a sufficient number of soldiers could never have been gotten so close without being discovered. Daylight before the end of the skirmish might have changed matters somewhat, but when there was light enough to see, the band had all escaped and were scattered through the mountains, and the scouts, worn out by eighteen hours continuous marching, were no longer able to follow. It would have been useless to do so anyway, for once aware of our presence there would have been no chance of catching the hostiles until they had again settled down.

From what I saw of the Chiricahua scouts on this occasion, and subsequently when we had talks with the Indians, I am satisfied that, though they fired a good many shots, yet they had little desire to kill, in spite of their wish to see the war ended by surrender of the renegades. These men worked too hard and were too faithful under temptation to give any reason to suspect them of treachery. But it does not seem unreasonable to believe that they did not strongly desire the death of people belonging to their own tribe. They had not only been their friends, but some were relatives. Moreover, in their eyes, the hostiles had committed no crime, for they themselves had likewise been on the warpath. They wanted peace, but not at the expense of much bloodshed. The White Mountain scouts were too much afraid of their Chiricahua brethren to oppose them, so they have not been considered in the above statement. It was one of the many difficulties of General Crook's task that, at that time, there seemed to be no one except these Chiricahua scouts who could follow the hostiles to their retreats in this unknown region.

Disappointment at the result of the fight was, however, soon forgotten in the search for food. Supplies were not lacking, but the white men, exhausted by their long march without food, found little to tempt them in the lean horse meat without salt, and the roasted heads of mescal which lay around the abandoned camp. The meat, toasted on ramrods, was about as satisfactory as pieces of gunny sack, while the sweetness of the mescal soon produced nausea. The exhaustion of the command was shown by the way the men threw themselves anywhere on the ground to sleep. Some scouts were sent back to bring up the party with the pack mules, but they went to sleep on the road and nothing was heard of the train. In the afternoon an old squaw came in with a message, saying that Natchez and Geronimo wanted to have a talk outside the camp. From what she told him, Captain Crawford believed that they were ready to surrender; the correctness of his belief was shown by statements made by these chiefs to an officer eight months later, in on the surrender to General Miles. The absence of the interpreter, however, compelled a delay, and the meeting was appointed for the next morning. The squaw reported that her people were without food, begged some for herself and departed,

leaving us very hopeful for the morrow. Having now nothing to fear from the hostiles, and being worn out, the scouts relaxed their usual vigilance, and all lay down to sleep by the side of the fires, which had been built to keep off the bitter cold of the night, which caused much suffering. All the white men and most of the scouts were without blankets of any kind.[4]

The renegades, as they had done so many time before, scattered in the mountains like, in the words of one officer, "quail when the hawk dives." The soldiers did capture their herd and supplies.[5]

At daybreak on the following fog-shrouded morning, the command was attacked by Mexican militia who claimed they had mistaken the American column for renegades, a claim which few could believe. Crawford was mortally wounded in the assault and Tom Horn and three others were wounded. Lieutenant Maus wrote:

A party of them then approached and Captain Crawford and I went out about fifty yards from our position in the open and talked to them. …I told them in Spanish we were American soldiers, called attention to our dress and said we would not fire…. Captain Crawford then ordered me to go back and ensure no more firing. I started back, when again a volley was fired…. When I turned again I saw the Captain lying on the rocks with a wound in his head, and some of his brains upon the rocks. This had all occurred in two minutes. He was said to be waving his handkerchief when shot. Mr. Horn was also wounded at the same time in the left arm…. There can be no mistake; these men knew they were firing at American soldiers at this time. I took command….[6]

For his considerable part in these trying weeks, Maus, or "Porky" to his West Point classmates, was awarded the Medal of Honor.

Another West Pointer, Second Lieutenant W.E. Shipp, 10th Cavalry, witnessed the affray.

When I first saw Captain Crawford, he was standing on top of a big rock about five feet high, where everyone could see his whole body. This was after the first firing had ceased. None of our white people had their weapons. There were about ten Mexicans close in front of us. Lieutenant Maus and Mr. Horn kept calling to them in Spanish: "Don't shoot! We are American soldiers!" They kept answering "Si! Si!"; but were all the time edging around till they got behind a tree. Then they opened fire without warning. Mr. Horn jumped down off his rock and grabbed his left arm. I asked him if he was hurt. He said yes.

The Mexicans who shot at him were about twenty-five yards away. We were both in full view. I had on a brown hunting-coat, with the blue army trousers; Mr. Horn a civilian's suit. As soon as we had sheltered ourselves in the rocks, after Horn was shot, the scouts called out that Captain Crawford was killed. I went over to where he lay, about twenty yards away. He was on his back behind the rock upon which he had been standing. A silk handkerchief lay on the wound which was an inch above his left eyebrow. A piece of his brain as big as my two fingers lay on the rock. His hat was on the ground—a brown government field hat. He had on a full uniform. It was impossible to mistake him for an Indian.

…the Captain had a brown beard and wore his uniform, so that he looked altogether unlike an Indian. The experiences of Lieutenant Maus, Chiefs of Scouts Horn and Harrison, and of Hospital Steward Nemeck, likewise confirmed us in our belief. But all lingering doubts were dispelled by the conduct of the Mexicans on the 12th, when they treacherously captured Lieutenant and Concepcion, and compelled them to ransom themselves with six mules. That plunder was their object in attacking us is certain. They saw only a few white men, and the

fire of the scouts was so weak at first that they had no reason to believe us a large party.

Captain Crawford lived seven days and four hours after he was shot. We carried him on a litter for two days, eight scouts bearing the litter at a time, all over terribly rough country. It was raining all the time, but we kept him dry. After we met Daly's pack-train from Nacori we fixed one end of the litter to a mule, six scouts carrying the other end. The country was horrible. There was no level ground there, and the utmost we could make was six or seven miles a day. Crawford died on the eighteenth, on the road, about thirty miles from Nacori. On the seventeenth he appeared somewhat conscious, and nodded his head when we came up to him. But he never spoke a word after he was shot. We carried him to Nacori and buried him there with great difficulty. There were only four boards to be found in town for a coffin.

Apache Campaigns: Lieutenant Day and "a Nervy Piece of Work"

In the soggy rainy season of 1885, the U.S. Army made one of the rare contacts with elements of Geronimo's renegades in Mexico. On 28 July first Lieutenant Matthias W. Day's scouting party numbering seventy-eight hit upon a camp in the Sierra Madre Mountains near the town of Nacori, Mexico. They killed a squaw and a youth.

Apparently the action involved just a few scouts led by Apache First Sergeant Bauerlisch (sometimes Bi-er-leg). Column commander, Captain Davis, reported the skirmish:

On the 28th of July when the scouts were sent into the Hoya Mts. as reported in my last letter, Bauerlisch with some of his men was gone some time [about 24 hours] from the other scouts. he ambushed four Chiricahuas, killed two of them, got the four horses, five blankets and the saddles reported in my last letter. Neither Lieut. Day, nor Lieut. Walsh, nor Mr. Roberts, nor Leslie, knew anything about it. There is no doubt in my mind about the truth of Bauerlisch's statement. He has behaved with great zeal and bravery during the whole time. It was a puzzle to se how he got the blankets, unless he had surprised the camp. The two hostiles were certainly killed in the Hoya Mts on July 28.

Fresh on the trail of those who fled, they struck again on August 7th, routing the camp, killing five and capturing fifteen. Many horses, mules, and provisions were taken. But Geronimo and the bulk of his force made good their escape.

Lieutenant Britton Davis came across Day and his men after their fight.

About nine o'clock I rode into a little glade beside a small stream and saw two Americans seated on the ground with their feet on a log in front of them. They were in their undershirts and torn overalls; hatless, dirty, unshaven for weeks, their feet swathed in bandages made from their flannel shirts. Around them were some thirty armed Apache with whom my scouts began at once to fraternize.

"Hi there!" called one of the scarecrows, "Are you Davis?"

"Yes," I replied, "but who the hell are you?"

"I'm Day. Got anything to smoke and eat?"

I had, and a small flask of mescal as well. While they were eating my lunch I got from them a tale of the nerviest piece of work of which I have ever had personal knowledge.

Three days before, their command had struck the trail of Geronimo's band. Realizing that it would be folly to attempt to catch the hostiles with the pack train and soldiers, Major

[brevet rank] Davis had sent Day and the scouts ahead on the chance of locating them and holding them until the troop of cavalry could come up. But the hostiles were farther away than Major Davis calculated, and Day and his scouts kept going.

They had started with just a lunch, which they had eaten the first day. In order to travel better with the scouts, Day and his chief of scouts…discarded their shoes for moccasins. Almost immediately after leaving the command rain set in and the moccasins, soaked with water, became useless. They took them off and for three days had gone barefoot over the sharp rocks and through the cactus-infested slopes of the mountains. Their feet swelled to almost twice their normal size, but they kept up with the scouts by tearing their shirts to pieces and using them for bandages. When our surgeon removed the bandages their toes were hardly distinguishable. A good example of "elephantitus of the feet" he pronounced it.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, …they had overtaken Geronimo and his band, but with no better luck than our scouts had had. They had killed a woman and a boy about fifteen years of age and captured fifteen women and children. The men and the rest of the women and children had escaped up the mountain ridge on which they had been in camp. This was the usual result in fights with the Apache. Whenever they camped in fear of possible pursuit they always chose a place where it was practically impossible to surprise them, and where in case of attack they had an easy line of escape in the rear.

The scouts had had better luck a couple of weeks earlier when they had ambushed and killed two of the hostiles in the Sierra La Hoya (Mountain of the Hole) some miles farther north. The scouts were operating alone and away from the command at the time.[7]

In a letter to General Crook dated August 14, Captain Wirt Davis touches upon some of the hardships encountered during his scout and describes his approach to Mexican-American relations.

Please, General, if possible order the Coms'y Dept. to transfer to me $200.00 to buy beef. Leslie, who carries this, can bring it. The Indians have worn out their moccasins and as I am striving to keep on good terms with the people of this country I have not permitted any illegal killing of beef. One more request and I shall ask for no more. I ask for a copy of the treaty between the U.S. and Mexico in regard to reciprocal crossing into each other's territory after hostile Indians. I do not doubt my ability to convince the most cynical and skeptical Mexican General of my perfect right to be here, but a copy of the treaty would, with skillful verbal manipulation, convince him that I have an inalienable right to spend a year or two scouting in the Sierra Madre. I have told you all except that the rainy season has set in and it rains once or twice each day, not in gentle showers, but as if all the rain clouds of Mexico had congregated over the Sierra Madre. I am writing this on my knees and soaked to the skin. We are all in good spirits and satisfied that we are earning our pay.[8]

Apache Campaigns: Stripped for Battle in the Teres Mountains

On September 1, Crook was in Benson to confer with Governor Torres of Sonora, who came from Hermosillo in a special car for a conference on the Indian question. The Mexicans had their hands full at this time with the Yaqui war; 3,000 Yaquis were under arms and 1,500 Mexican soldiers were reported killed to date. And a yellow fever epidemic was raging through-

out northern Mexico. The next day Crook would travel to Huachuca to inspect operations there.

Captain Wirt Davis ran across some of the enemy on September 22. He had been following a trail of some two dozen Indians day and night and began to close in around noon, high in the Teres Mountains. Twenty picked scouts of his command under Sergeant Cooley, an Apache, took the van, cautiously probing the trail ahead with field glasses. Davis was following about three hours behind with the rest of the command when he heard shots ahead. Cooley had overtaken the rearguard of the enemy and captured their horses. But two of his men walked into an ambush in the dense chaparral and one of them, Cooley's brother, was shot from a distance of ten feet. Davis hurried up and, with his scouts stripped for battle, routed the broncos just before sunset. His men killed one and wounded two, themselves suffering one wounded. Geronimo was not among the hostiles in this engagement. He was near Fort Apache where he retook his wife, child and another squaw who were being held carelessly there by the Army. Captain Davis made his report:

Taking the trail (which was made by a party of twenty or twenty-five hostiles) the command, following it by day and night in a northeasterly direction arrived at noon, September 22nd, in a rugged canyon on the summit of the Teres Mountains. It was evident that the hostiles, although travelling rapidly, were using due caution, and that there was in rear of the main party a guard on the lookout for pursuers. Frequent smoldering fires showed this. At noon I sent Cooley, 1st Sergeant of Lieut. Day's company, with nineteen picked scouts, furnished with several field glasses, to reconnoiter, and directed him to keep two or three men well ahead, travel slowly and cautiously keep off the trail, and locate the hostiles, who I was satisfied, were not far ahead. I informed him that I would start on the trail with the balance of the command about two or three o'clock that afternoon. Leaving camp about three o'clock with the balance of the scouts, and directing Patrick, in charge of the pack train, to follow at about one and one-half miles from camp when I heard four or five rifle shots, three or four miles ahead and apparently on the trail. I hurried forward the scouts with their officers to the point where the firing was. Just before sunset the scouts attacked and speedily routed the hostiles, who fled over the mountains. It appeared that Cooley had struck the rear guard, captured their horses, and indiscreetly had hurried two Sergeants forward on the trail. These sergeants followed the trail and at a ridge covered with dense undergrowth, about a mile from where they got the horses, literally walked into an ambuscade prepared for them. One (Cooley's brother) was killed not ten feet from the man who shot him—the other Sergeant escaped. In the fight which ensued, the scouts stripping and showing much spirit one of my scouts, a Chiricahua, was slightly wounded in the thigh. One of the hostiles was killed, and one or two, it is believed, wounded, as considerable blood and bloody bandages were found on the trail the next day. The command camped after dark on the ground where the fight had occurred. The next morning, September 23rd, after burying the Sergeant, the command resumed the pursuit through the Teres Mountains, across the Bavispe River, and in a northeasterly direction towards Chihuahua.

Davis' scout lasted from May 17 to October 31, 1885, and covered about 1,000 miles. The final paragraph of his report credits his men.

Lieut. M.W. Day, 9th Cavalry, deserves commendation for soldierly conduct in surprising Geronimo's camp in the Sierra Madre Mountains, August 7th, 1885, and for gallant conduct in the fight in Teres Mountains, Sonora, September 22nd, 1885. Lieut. R.D. Walsh[9], 4th Cavalry, and Asst Surg. H.P. Birmingham, U.S.A., behaved in a zealous and gallant

manner…. 2nd Lieut. J.B. Erwin, 4th Cavalry, one pack train, and eighteen scouts, and marched them through Lang's Ranch, N.M., performed his duties during the whole campaign in a highly satisfactory manner. Mr. Roberts, Chief of Scouts, and Bi-er-leg, 1st Sergt. of Lieut. Walsh's company of scouts, behaved very gallantly, so reported to my by Lieut. Day and others, in the field on the 7th of August. The scouts, generally, worked zealously and did well through the whole campaign.

An earlier report written by General Crook in August called attention to the "excessive hardships and difficulties which both commands in the Sierra Madres have endured."

In the first place the whole country is of indescribable roughness. The Indians act differently than ever before, are split up in small bands and are constantly on the watch. Their trails are so scattered that it is almost impossible to follow them, particularly over rocks, which often delays the party following trails for several hours, even if the trail isn't entirely lost, while the party being pursued loses no time….

Owing to the rains which reports show to have been of more than usual severity, the troops have been almost continually drenched to the skin for the last month…. Mr. Leslie, who brought in Captain Davis' report, states that he swam the Bavispe River eleven times in one day, a stream that is usually easily forded. It should be understood that the Indians are so split up in small parties and are so constantly on the watch that our scouts are practically compelled to cover the entire region, and cannot even venture to follow trails where they pass over prominent points for fear of their pursuit being discovered…. In daylight they frequently have been obliged to conceal themselves in canyons where not only no rest was to be obtained, but where the extremely heavy mountain rains made their position one of great danger. At these time they have of course been separated from the pack trains for a period of from three to fifteen days…have been compelled to live for several days at a time on a half allowance of bacon, supplemented by acorns and roots.

Troops of the 10th Cavalry and the 4th were in hot pursuit in the mazes of the Chiricahua Mountains and forced the Apaches to race down the Dragoons and Mule Mountains, and into Mexico. Killing settlers, stealing stock and arousing the countryside along the way. On October 5, 1885, the Cochise County Board of Supervisors passed this resolution: "Whereas, the Chiricahua Apaches chief known as Geronimo, with his renegade Indians have been committing numerous murders of citizens of Cochise county, to-wit: W.A. Daniels in the Mule Mountains, Mike Noonan in the Dragoons, and others, therefore, be it Resolved That the Sheriff of Cochise County be and he is hereby authorized to offer a reward of $500 for the apprehension, dead or alive, of said Geronimo and $250 for the apprehension, dead or alive, of any one of said Geronimo's band…." The reward did not apply to soldiers.

The Albuquerque Morning Journal carried a story on October 3 that the regular Army has been "vanquished by these marauders" and that the militia has been called out in both Arizona and New Mexico territories. Governor Tritle of Arizona Territory was said to "be on the warpath."

In October American forces returned to their stations to resupply and reenlist Apache scouts. The broncos too were laying low. There was a short lull in the action.

Apache Campaigns: Josanie's Raid

The brief respite in the action during October 1885 was short-lived. On November 5 a

telegram was received from Colonel Bradley's headquarters in New Mexico. "A party of nine Indians reported moving south from Animas Peak. Capt. Sprole, Eighth Cavalry, struck the trail on the third and is in pursuit with part of his troops and Lieut. Gaston of Fechet's troop." Two days later Bradley brought Crook up to date. "Captain Sprole, Eighth Cavalry, followed party of hostile Indians from the Black range north of Lake Valley to the Goodsight mountains without overtaking them. A part of Kendall's troop, Sixth Cavalry, had a fight with hostiles this morning at South end of Florida Mountains, one Navaho scout reported killed and one of Kendall's men wounded. No further information."

This small raiding party with ten warriors was led by Josanie (sometimes called Ulzanna), the brother of Chihuahua, and during November and December they crisscrossed the Florida Mountains in New Mexico, killing, stealing, spreading havoc, and completely balking all American efforts to pin them down.

They took everyone by surprise when the hit the White Mountain reservation near Fort Apache late in the month, stole horses belonging to Bonito, and indiscriminately killed five men and boys, eleven women and four children. According to Lieutenant Lockett at the reservation, "they are killing all the White Mountain Indians they can find scattered over the reservation." They kidnapped six squaws and a child. The Chiricahuas had heretofore been friendly with the White Mountain Apaches. Crook believed that the raid was made to punish those who had not taken the warpath and to frighten others into joining them. The only Chiricahua battle casualty suffered during the Geronimo campaign came during this raid. A White Mountain Indian named Sanchez brought in the head of a renegade named Azariquelch on November 23.

Lieutenant Sam Fountain with ten Navaho scouts and Troop C of the 8th Cavalry came to grips with him twice in December, on the 9th near Lillie's Ranch on Clear Creek and on the 19th on Little Dry Creek. Staying hidden during the day and traveling at night, he ran upon the hostiles on the evening of the ninth.

The command report said Fountain "captured fourteen horses and one mule, and all their supplies and blankets. He thinks he killed two, and wounded others." But he had not. The lieutenant said:

…that the Indians scattered in the dark, and from signs left thinks they intend to come together on their back trail, and endeavor to get south by their old trail by Mule Springs. Lieut. Fountain is now west of Mogollons, and Lieut. Gaston with troops of Eighth Cavalry is near old Fort West on the Gila. All troops have been notified. Lieut. Fountain counted sixteen in the party. This agrees with last report from Apache, received yesterday, that the hostiles carried off six White Mountain women and on child. there are only ten bucks, or possibly nine, as one was believed to have been badly wounded at the time the one was killed.

Following a familiar pattern in the campaign, the broncos decamped, leaving their fifteen horses or mules and supplies behind, giving the Americans the feeling they had achieved some degree of success. Obtaining remounts posed little problem for Josanie and his warriors who raided Lillie's Ranch the following day. They killed its owner, a hand, and took fresh horses.

"Three Men…Full of Arrows." Frederic Remington.

There was no trace of them for the next nine days until Fountain's column rode into a carefully laid ambush. The surgeon, Dr. T.J.C. Maddox, was hit immediately. He climbed from his horse and said to a trooper who came to his aid, "Babcock, save yourself. I shall be dead in a minute." And he was. A second shot struck him in the head. A total of five Americans were killed in the fight. One of them, Blacksmith Collins, died soon after Lieutenant Fountain kneeled over him. The officer recalled, "He asked me to pray for him. I had my little prayer book with me and read to him the prayer for the dying. He realized his condition, was calm and followed the prayers with appreciation. Two men were wounded, an enlisted man and Lieutenant De Rosey C. Cabell. Josanie's guerrillas skipped away without casualties.

Here is Lieutenant Fountain's 21 December report:

I have the honor to report that I left camp on Dec 18th, 1885, with 19 men, Troop C, 8th Cavalry, 1 citizen guide, 10 Navaho scouts, Ass't Surg Maddox, U.S. Army, and Lieutenant Cabell, 8th Cavalry, carrying ten days rations in a six-mule team. I went to Siggins Ranch on Dry Creek, 20 miles, and camped there that night. Here I re-arranged my party. Took five days rations on such pack animals as I had, using my forge cart mules and captured ponies.

Dec 19th. I left camp at 8.05 a.m. leaving one sergeant and two men in camp in charge of the wagon.

At about 8.30 a.m., while the command was moving up the hill that divides Big Dry Creek from Little-Dry, we were fired into by the hostiles; the fire came from the crest of the hill on our right (west) and from the left front (all within forty yards), the latter I did not notice till a few minutes after.

At the time of the first volley, I was riding just in rear of the column, having been detained in camp a few minutes after the command had started. The bank made by cutting the road in the side hill was sufficient protection to cover a dismounted man. I dismounted and rallied some of the men there and opened fire on the hostiles. I soon discovered that we were subject to a fire from our left front and that we could not remain there. I moved my men to the rear until we came to a little ravine leading up the hill to our former right. Here I was joined by Lieut. Cabell and two more men. I moved my men as rapidly as possible along the ravine

and up the hill in time to finish up the work that the Navahos had already commenced.

In starting from camp that morning we had too much confidence in ourselves. Lt. Cabell and Dr. Maddox had fresh horses and rode at the head of the column and they moved at a rapid walk. The result was that the Navahos were left behind. I always look over my camp before leaving and then move to the head of the column. I did this as usual this morning. I saw all of the Navahos out on the road, passed up in front of them and was moving at a rapid walk to gain the head of the column, to halt it and move the Navahos to the front and flanks. I had just gained the rear of the column, with the Navahos a little behind me, when the first shot was fired and there followed volleys. The Navahos evidently took in the situation at the first shot, turned out of danger, ran up the first ravine, tied their horses, and moved up the hill, the top of which they reached before I did; they immediately opened fire on the hostiles, my men joined in and the hostiles were driven away. I had sent one man mounted back to the camp to tell the men there to come out. Mr. Elliot, who works at the ranch, and my four men mounted and rode rapidly up a trail to the west of the road, which would bring him on the rear of the hostiles, or if they had retreated in that direction would bring him on their line of retreat. The hostiles did retreat in that direction and Mr. Elliot's party just missed catching the last of their men as they disappeared down a steep, rocky canyon, all on foot. In the meantime I had explored the ground where the fighting had taken place.

Asst. Surgeon T.J.C. Maddox, U.S. Army, Privates Gibson, Hutton and McMillan, Troop C, 8th Cavalry, were dead. Blacksmith Collins, Troop C, 8th Cavalry, was mortally wounded and died an hour and a half afterwards. Lt. Cabell, 8th Cavalry, Corp'l McFarland and Trumpeter Hirchfeld, Troop C, 8th Cavalry, were slightly wounded. Three horses were killed, four horses and one mule wounded; one horse has since died.

I moved the dead and the wounded back to camp at the ranch. This took time. At 1.30 p.m. I sent Mr. Elliot and four men to Mules Springs to warn that place….

My men behaved in the most satisfactory manner. The Navaho scouts did remarkably well. I have again to speak in highest praise of citizen guide McKinney. He was riding at the head of the column, his horse was shot dead under him; he got away from the horse under most terrific fire and joined me at once and continued always to the front.

On Christmas day, 1885, Josanie and his warriors were making good their escape, moving hard for Mexico with fresh horses taken near Carlisle. Lieutenant Dave McDonald with M Troop, 4th Cavalry, and fifty Navaho scouts, were in hot pursuit but to no avail.

In two months of raising riot and replenishing their stock, Josanie's band of eleven killed thirty-eight Americans. They had traveled about 1,200 miles, stolen some 250 head of stock, and fired thousands of dollars worth of property. The people of New Mexico were living in constant fear. The editorial criticism in the New Mexico press of General Crook's lack of success was uncomprehending, almost hysterical. One paper called the raiders "Crook's Pet Murderers."

Civilian criticism of the army was widespread and it made the soldiers who were being pushed on the trail to the limits of their endurance, angry. A young Sixth Cavalry officer wrote to his mother:

We do our best—ride night and day, and the damned harpies in these territories call us cowards for not killing off the Indians. You bet the citizens lay low. Two of our officers have been branded as cowards, Both officers fought thro' the war, and both received commissions in the 6th Cav. One followed the suggestion of a band of cits who turned around and called him a coward for doing it. The other with one small troop of cavalry took up a hot Indian trail

that a battalion of cits didn't dare follow any further and is on it yet. Its all right to say as they do down here "Damn Crook and his policy." Any policy that is not one of extermination is not the right one, but when anyone goes to damning the Cavalry after the amount of work they do, I say Damn him.

An enlisted man remembered how Lieut. Fountain's command had lost five men in an Apache ambush and said, "But these things were all in a day's work for the men who made it possible for the…ranch herds to graze in peace and grow fat, while the owners grew rich by virtue of the protection afforded them by the men who wore the blue."

Talking about Josanie's raid, Henry Daly said:

He slipped through all the snares laid for him by the scouts of Captain Wirt Davis's and Captain Crawford's commands. The troops guarding every water hole along the line could offer no resistance to his whirlwind dashes through their lines. He slipped into Fort Apache, in November 1885 and killed twelve of the friendlies and carried off six of their women. He stole a bunch of horses out of a corral at White's Ranch when there were a lot of cow-boys guarding them who had remarked that they would like to see the color of a redskin that could get away with their horses. His party dashed into the various hamlets across the Mexican line and purchased what supplies of ammunition, mescal, etc., that they wanted, and made love to the Mexican women of those villages. When occasion demanded, they could ride one hundred miles in twenty-four hours and could nearly do the same on foot with as much ease.

The Josanie crisis was enough to bring General Phil Sheridan to Bowie for an official visit on November 29, which coincided with the issuance of his Annual Report. The report, published in the Arizona papers, was supportive of the local commander.

[The renegades] should all be exterminated or captured, and I have the greatest confidence in General Crook's ability to accomplish this purpose, though the difficulties are very great, I beg people in that section to bear in mind that Gen. Crook is the best man we have to deal with these hostile Indians and will accomplish more than any man in the army. He is familiar with the Indians and the country, and as unfortunate as the people of Arizona and New Mexico have, there is no other man in the army that could do any better or who is more wrapt up in the welfare of the people in that section.… I take great pleasure in commending Gen. Crook for the admirable disposition of his troops and his steady perseverance under disheartening circumstances.

Privately, too, Sheridan was cognizant of the complexity of the situation and he said to Secretary of War William C. Endicott in his trip report:

An expedition under Captain Wirt Davis of the 4th Cavalry, a good officer, is now in Mexico with a force of friendly Apache Scouts endeavoring to locate the camp of the hostiles, steal upon them unawares and accomplish their destruction. He is possessed of information which leads to the belief that his efforts will be successful. Another force of scouts started November 29th from Fort Bowie under Captain Crawford, to intercept the ten raiders recently in the vicinity of the San Carlos reservation and now on their way back to Mexico. He has seventy days rations with him and will operate similarly to Captain Davis and in conjunction with him. The obstacles to be overcome in the Sierra Madres are beyond the comprehension of persons unacquainted with that rugged region, but I have confidence the best results may be looked for.

In the same area north of the Mexican line which has been subjected to disturbances there are and have been for sometime nearly 3,000 troops—three-fourths cavalry. They are

stationed at nearly all the known springs and water holes and cover by scouting, patrolling and observation, a region of 40,000 square miles in every direction practicable for the operations of white men.

…No more troops can, in the opinion of General Crook, be successfully utilized and no better dispositions can be made. All are on the alert and each detachment takes up the trail on the first information, but owing to the character of the country it is often found that their best efforts are futile against an enemy so familiar with the mountains, so wily in his instincts and so small in numbers that this warfare partakes more nearly of those characteristics belonging to the bushwacker or bandit than those of any other species of outlaw to whom he can be likened. General Crook knows them well, and his familiarity with all that pertains to the situation is such that I feel confident he will work out a solution of the troubles. It will take time, however, and there may be more innocent lives lost, but it should be remembered that almost all of our frontier settlements have been compelled to pass through similar ordeals whenever advanced to the immediate vicinity of the wild Indians.

The fact that the murders and depredations have occurred within the geographic limits of two different Military Departments has made operations a little embarrassing to each military commander, neither having full control. To remedy this defect, I recommended the temporary transfer of the District of New Mexico to the Department of Arizona. This you have directed, and as General Crook has now undivided authority, I have reason to hope the responsibility it involves will be met and assumed with that energy, fearlessness and tack which he has always shown and will bring good results.

While death was everywhere on the minds of settlers in the borderlands, there were the rare occasions of life-giving and celebration. On December 8, 1885, Elsie Patch gave birth to twins at Fort Huachuca. Her husband, now the Post Trader, had been 4th Cavalry quartermaster until his peg leg, a reminder of a fight on the Cimarron River, forced his retirement. One of the babies, christened Joseph Dorst Patch, would become a major general in World War II.

Colonel W. A. Royall returned to Fort Huachuca with his wife and daughter on December 13, after spending the past months visiting the east. There were serenaded by the 4th Cavalry band.

Sgt. John Wipfield from Baltimore and presently with Company D, 4th Cavalry, at Fort Huachuca wrote to his wife-to-be about how the troops at Huachuca spent Christmas Eve. "The boys had gotten 12 kegs of beer, and plenty of whiskey, wine, brandy and egg nog until further orders. Everyone got drunk of course, but everything passed off quietly. There was no trouble and I must say we had a good time for 24 hours. There are only 50 of us in the camp, such singing and noise that was made is hard to relate. Everyone happy."

The effects of his hangover must still have been with him the following week, for he resolved for the New Year to give up drinking. He told his girlfriend, "I have given up making a fool of myself drinking and running around. No one else shall see me under the influence of liquor again. The year has come at last that I have been looking for for some time. I have changed my tactics and I hope I can hold on to my resolution. I am tired of throwing my money away for nothing. I have nothing for it. Spent $25 or $30 dollars in one night and wake up the next morning with a big head and empty pockets."[10]

General Crook, too, had to be cheered somewhat over the Christmas holidays. He was given the go ahead to enlist 100 more Indian Scouts and he was reinforced by two troops of the 2d Cavalry and seven companies of the 8th Infantry.

Apache Campaigns: "The Apaches Baffle Pursuit Completely"

"*Return of a Scouting Party*," Frederic Remington

In his January report to the Division of the Pacific, General Crook gives his boss an idea of the tactical difficulties involved in ensnaring these Apaches:

> *…the soldiers in pursuit have each but one horse. When, any of their horses or pack mules give out from any cause, the command is not only weakened by such loss, but extra work is imposed upon the poor beasts which are still able to stagger on their feet.*
>
> *The Chiricahuas secure a remount at ranches on their route and at the end of a march of one hundred miles, are possibly in possession of fresher and better animals than when they started.*
>
> *They push across the valleys by night and remain hidden by day in the rocky places and high points of the mountains from which they can watch the surrounding country, not the approach of pursuers, and lie in ambush for them, or scatter like coyotes to come together again at a place known only to themselves. No human wisdom or foresight can predict exactly where that is to be; it may be in the original direction of their line of march, on one or both flanks or, they may whip around and appear far in the rear of their pursuers.*

To follow them only one thing can be done. The trail must be stuck to and never lost, if possible. The Apaches may retard pursuit or baffle it completely in either one of the ways indicated and it has happened during the present campaign that our faithful Apache scouts have slowly and patiently led the troops for twenty miles over rocky stretches where a white man could not detect the faintest indication of a trail until upon reaching more favorable ground the unerring sagacity of the scouts was attested.

The country contains many rough places where a dozen men armed as the Chiricahuas are with breech-loading guns, could hold a brigade in check. In approaching these the commander of a detachment of troops has to choose between taking the precautions necessary to guard against the surprise and probable destruction of his men which will make his own progress slow and give the hostiles so much greater advantage in time and distance, or he must assume the risk with all its consequences.

When night comes the command must halt and wait for the coming of dawn to enable it to resume the pursuit in the meantime, the raiders have put miles between themselves and the soldiers.

This was the state of the case with the band of raiders here spoken of. They succeeded in eluding our troops and in passing the Line; but word of their incoming was telegraphed to all points and detachments were pushed to intercept or to follow them. They were very closely pressed, but having no impedimenta of any kind, scattered and made their way over into New Mexico where they remained hidden in the Mountains for nearly three weeks, without committing fresh depredations. Suddenly, they made their appearance among the friendly Apaches living in small villages close to Fort Apache of whom they killed twelve and captured six, losing one of their own number.

From this on, they had a bloody career, changing from their usual route of exit between the Whetstone and Dragoon Mountains to one which led up the Gila and into New Mexico.

Their very feebleness of numbers made them all the more dangerous as it rendered it so much the more difficult for people to know they were in any particular vicinity until they had surrounded a ranch or ambushed some unwary traveller and in their next flight had left no more trail than so many birds.

Many of the persons killed were found on roads or trails at a distance from points of communication. Every possible means were taken to give warning and afford protection, but even had the whole army been employed for the purpose, it would have been impossible to get word to every prospector, farmer and teamster near their course.

The Chiricahuas dashed through comparatively well-settled districts, murdering and plundering with grim impartiality citizens, soldiers, and friendly Indians with no loss that can be positively stated beyond the one whom the friendly Apaches killed near Fort Apache.

The pursuit was never relaxed and at all times parties were on their trail, first from Apache, San Carlos, Thomas, Grant and Bowie, and latterly from New Mexico.

Every effort was made to capture or destroy them, but being without impedimenta of any kind, as already explained, they escaped back into Mexico; altho they have been so closely pressed that twice they have been compelled to abandon their horses and plunder and take to the rocks on foot.

Four companies of the 10th Cavalry and one of the 4th Cavalry were in ambuscade at points in the Chiricahua and Peloncillo ranges where the hostiles usually cross. Unfortunately a detachment of Navajo scouts with Lieutenant Scott's command, which was directly upon the

heels of the enemy, refused to go further and pursuit had to be abandoned. I had great hopes that if this pursuit had been pushed vigorously the hostiles would have been forced into the traps set for them. But they were enabled to choose their own route, and a violent storm coming on, their trail was obliterated and their escape made without further damage by the Mule Pass into Sonora. It is my intention now with the additional scouts allowed me to organize a force of one troop of cavalry and at least fifty scouts to keep them at some point on the Rail Road whence they can be transported by rail to intercept any other raiding party that may in future come from Mexico, or, failing in that, not to leave the trail until they are either destroyed or forced back.[11]

He concluded his report with a tally of those killed in Arizona and New Mexico since the beginning of the outbreak. Thirty-nine were killed in New Mexico and thirty-four in Arizona for a total of seventy-three.

Apache Campaigns: The Canyon of the Tricksters

General Crook's strategy of incessant pursuit was beginning to take a psychological toll on the hunted Apaches. Around the middle of January 1886, Geronimo sent two women to a Mexican town to arrange for a meeting with Lieutenant Maus who, since the death of Captain Crawford, was in command of the 100 Army scouts in the area. At an initial meeting Maus took prisoner some Apaches who agreed to give themselves up among them the aging Nana and the families of Geronimo and Natchez. On January 15 Maus had a meeting with Geronimo who asked him, "Why did you come down here?" Maus answered honestly, "I came to capture or destroy your band." The answer seemed to please the Apache and he recited a litany of his grievances which Maus called "purely imaginary or assumed." Geronimo promised to meet Crook in "two moons to talk about surrendering." Maus believed that "all the hostiles intend to come in."

A news item in the Tucson newspaper remarked, "Geronimo wants to return peaceably to the reservation. Well, no one objects, provided the pieces are small enough."

The stage was set for a second dramatic conference between Geronimo and Crook. Their meeting took place in Canyon de los Embudos which translates, ironically, as the Canyon of the Tricksters. Crook realized that he was placing himself and those around him in a position fraught with danger.

I was conscious that in agreeing to meet them I was placing myself in a position similar to that in which Gen. Canby lost his life [Canby was killed by Modoc Indians in 1873 while attending a peace conference. He was the only regular general killed by Indians.], and that any incident which might—with or without cause—excite their suspicions, would result in my death and probably that of some of the officers with me. I therefore endeavored to induce the hostiles to meet me within the United States, urging that the presence of white soldiers would prevent any attempt of the Mexicans to attack them. But no arguments would move them. Into their hands I must trust myself, or back they would go to their mountain fastness.

James B. Glover, a 44-year-old civilian who had been a government packer with Crook since 1873, was there the day before the meeting. He recalled the preparations for the meeting and the tenseness.

Crook started from Bowie. We packers went ahead and had things ready for him at the

San Bernardino Ranch. Geronimo was suspicious of the soldiers and would not consent to Crook bringing any with him. He did not want us packers but Crook said he had to have provisions, etc., so thirteen of us and three officers were all there were in the party. We went in under a white flag and could see signal fires all around in the mountains for various chiefs were off scouting with their bands. One of these officers in the party was Bourke, his aide. We found the Indians in a pretty little canyon, some 350 feet deep and filled with cottonwood and sycamore trees but their camp was on the steep area mesa above. We unloaded our trappings on the rim of the mesa and then packed the cook outfit down to the water. The Indians were scattered all up and down the canyon. Just as we seated ourselves around on the ground to eat, Natches, one of the chiefs, came riding into camp and right across the table. With that all the Indians lying around the water hole jumped to their feet and ran to the top of the hill for their guns.

Crook turned pale at this sign of impudence but was perfectly calm. There were sixteen of us and from 400 to 500 Indians [?], and no troops within miles. Crook said "Boys, you had better take your dinner and get to the top of the hill and fortify yourselves as best you can. No telling what these Indians intend doing." We needed no second invitation but we ate little dinner. We piled up the sacks of grain for a barricade and brought in our horses. We ran up a flag as a signal we wanted the horses and the herders brought them in. Crook stayed down in the canyon to help the cook pack up his outfit. That afternoon he took his gun and went up the canyon hunting as if nothing had happened.

The Indians were very restless. They were afraid that the soldiers would come. All day they stayed by their guns and we could see messengers going and coming. At night we could hear their war songs and see them dancing. We lay behind our barricade but we had no need of a watch for none of us slept. We camped on top of the hill after that, and packed the water up from down below.

On the next morning, March 25, 1886, at 9:00 a.m., a historic meeting took place between the man who commanded the U.S. Army forces in the Southwest and the most feared war chief of the Chiricahua Apaches. Geronimo came into General Crook's small camp to talk about the terms of surrender. John Bourke, Crook's loyal aide and a professional observer, described the setting and the dramatis personae.

…The whole ravine was romantically beautiful: shading the rippling water were smooth, white-trunked, long, and slender sycamores, dark gnarly ash, rough-barked cottonwoods, pliant willows, briery buckthorn, and much of the more tropical vegetation already enumerated. After General Crook had lunched, Geronimo and most of the Chiricahua warriors approached our camp; not all came in at once; only a few, and these not all armed. The others were here, there, and everywhere, but all on the qui vive, apprehensive of treachery, and ready to meet it. Not more than half a dozen would enter camp at the same time. Geronimo said that he was anxious for a talk, which soon took place in the shade of large cottonwood and sycamore trees. Those present were General Crook, Dr. Davis, Mr. Moore, Mr. Strauss, Lieutenants Maus, Shipp, and Faison; Captain Roberts and his young son Charlie, a bright lad of ten [The experience of riding into Mexico to meet Geronimo left a strong impression with young Charlie and it would not be the last time he would be exposed to life-threatening danger. He chose a military career, graduated from West Point, won a Medal of Honor at El Caney, Cuba, the following year, and a Distinguished Service Medal in World War I. He was a brigadier general when he retired.]; Mr. Daily and Mr. Carlisle, of the

pack-trains; Mr. Fly, the photographer, and his assistant, Mr. Chase; packers Shaw and Foster; a little boy, named Howell, who had followed us over from the San Bernardino ranch, thirty miles; and Antonio Bseias, Montoya, Concepcion, Jose Maria, Alchise, Kaetenna, Mike, and others as interpreters.

Captain Bourke hailed Chief Packer Henry Daly who was sitting on the cargo and invited him over. "Come down here and hear the old man give Geronimo hell." Daly thought that he had better warn Bourke that Geronimo and his men were in a bad humor and that "it would be well to go slow in giving them hell." Daly figured that the General had come a week too late if he "hoped to have [Geronimo] surrender, as he and his people had been on a continuous drunk ever since they came."

General Crook described the renegades at the meeting as "fierce as so many tigers—knowing what pitiless brutes they are themselves, they mistrust everyone else. We found them in camp…in such a position that a thousand men could not have surrounded them with any possibility of capturing them. They were able upon the approach of any enemy…to scatter and escape through the dozens of ravines and canyons which would shelter them from pursuit.… So suspicious were they that never more than from five to eight of the men came into our camp at one time, and to have attempted the arrest of those would have stampeded the others to the mountains."

Geronimo thought he was unjustly hounded.

…I was living peacefully with my family, having plenty to eat, sleeping well, taking care of my people, and perfectly contented. …I was behaving well. I hadn't killed a horse or man, American or Indian. I don't know what was the matter with the people in charge of us. They knew this to be so, and yet they said I was a bad man and the worst man there; but what had I done? I was living peacefully there with my family under the shade of the trees, doing just what General Crook had told me I must do and trying to follow his advice. …I was praying to the light and to the darkness, to God and to the sun, to let me live quietly there with my family. I don't know what the reason was that people should speak badly of me. …There are very few men left now. They have done some bad things but I want them all rubbed out now and let us never speak of them again. There are very few of us left.

He blamed his exodus from the reservation on three of his enemies there: Chato, Mickey Free and Lieutenant Britton Davis. Daly recorded his version of Geronimo's complaint.

He said that in accordance with the promise made two years before (1883) in the mountains, he had gathered his people and taken them to Camp Apache, where he was glad to be, and to have the General as a "Father," as he had promised he would be to them; that he gave them the Long Nosed Captain (Lieutenant Gatewood), who was their friend, to care for them, and that there they were happy; that he then took our friend, the Long Nosed Captain, away from them and gave another [Lieutenant Britton Davis], who created trouble among them in many ways. That this new officer in charge of them gave the people of Chats' [Chato's] village all they wanted and them what was left; that he decided against us in all games and races, and punished our people for slight offenses, while Chats' people went free under like circumstances.

He said that they had asked to have the Long Nosed Captain sent back to them; that his people had prayed with their "medicine man" at night to the moon and the stars, and in the day to the sun and "Good spirit" to keep the darkness and evil spirits away from them, and to have their friend sent back to them, but he never came; that troubles and quarrels grew among

his people like grass after the rain, until they felt that they had been forgotten by their promised Father, and that their young men felt that they were becoming old women.

When he closed his long harangue he was covered with perspiration; he brought his legs close under him, straightened his back and throwing his head forward with a jerk, his whole body quivering with emotion, he fairly hissed, with all the venom of his wild nature, "I want no more of this!"

It was a critical moment, and the excitement was tense among the Chiricahuas, and Natchez, who was watching his people, waved his hand to keep them quiet.

During all this time, the General had kept his eyes fixed on the ground, although Geronimo asked through the interpreters, why he did not look at him; why he did not say he was glad to see him; why he did not smile and talk to him as he did formerly.

General Crook, at this time, wore a light brown canvas coat and overalls, a pair of Apache moccasins, and a low, double-crowned cork hat, and on his hands a pair of buckskin gauntlets. His long whiskers were braided in two plaits, as he always wore them when in the field.

Crook wasn't buying it. Bourke recorded the conversation.

Geronimo said, "I am a man of my word. I am telling the truth and why I left the reservation."

The general replied, "You told me the same thing in the Sierra Madres [in 1883], but you lied."

Geronimo was not used to being called a liar. "Then how do you want me to talk to you? I have but one mouth. I can't talk with my ears."

"Your mouth talks too many ways, Crook answered. And then:

I have heard what you have said. It seems very strange that more than forty men should be afraid of three; but if you left the reservation for that reason, why did you kill innocent people, sneaking all over the country to do it? What did those innocent people do to you that you should kill them, steal their horses, and slip around in the rocks like coyotes? There is not a week passes that you don't hear foolish stories in your own camp; but you are no child—you don't have to believe them. You promised me in the Sierra Madre that that peace should last, but you have lied about it. When a man has lied to me once, I want some better proof than his own word before I can believe him again. Your story about being afraid of arrest is all bosh; there were no orders to arrest. You sent up some of your people to kill Chato and Lieutenant Davis, and then you started the story that they had killed them, and thus you got a great many of your people to go out. Everything that you did on the reservation is known; there is no use for you to try to talk nonsense. I am no child. You must make up your minds whether you will stay out on the war-path or surrender unconditionally. If you stay out I'll keep after you and kill the last one if it takes fifty years. …What evidence have I of your sincerity? How do I know whether or not you are lying to me? Have I ever lied to you? I have said all I have to say; you had better think it over to-night and let me know in the morning.

Geronimo fidgeted, perspiring heavily, perhaps suffering from a hangover. Tombstone photographer Fly kept busy with his camera, posing his Apache models with a nerve "that would have reflected undying glory on a Chicago drummer." He "coolly asked Geronimo and the warriors with him to change positions, and turn their heads or faces, to improve the negative. None of them seemed to mind him in the least except Chihuahua, who kept dodging behind a tree,

but at last caught by the dropping of the slide." Fly would later become a Cochise County Sheriff.

Remembering how the Apaches at an earlier meeting with Lieutenant Maus had concealed arms nearby, Daly took a stroll around the meeting site. "I walked back behind them in the edge of the timber near the stream and there, not fifteen yards away, were their guns stacked against the trees in a similar manner, ready for any emergency."

The Chiricahua Apaches were divided into bands of fighting units which at this time consisted of Natchez and Geronimo, chief and war chief, of the main band; Chihuahua and his brother Josanie leading the second band; and the third band, which had remained loyal and served as scouts, under Chato and Martine.

Daly thought that Chihuahua and Josanie by far accounted for most of the raiding during this campaign. "I believe that it is not overstating the facts when I say that ninety-five percent of the men, women and children killed during the Geronimo campaign was done by Chihuahua and his about twenty "Cossacks of the Sierra Madres."

Two days later, on the 27th, Chief Chihuahua made a long and eloquent surrender speech and shook hands with General Crook saying, "I surrender myself to you because I believe in you and you do not deceive us." Natchez was next, "What Chihuahua says I say. I surrender…" And finally Geronimo walked up to Crook and took him by the hand. "I surrender myself to you. We are all comrades, all one family, all one band. What the others say I say also. I give myself up to you. Do with me what you please. I surrender. Once I moved about like the wind. Now I surrender to you and that is all." He shook hands with Crook once again.

After the March 25, 1886, conference at which Geronimo had surrendered to General George Crook, expectations were high among American troops that the bloody and exhausting Geronimo campaign was at an end. But they were to encounter a tragic and, for General Crook, embarrassing reversal.

A white trader named Tribolet [historian Dan Thrapp says it was probably Robert; Chief Packer Daly's account refers to him as Charles] had set up a shanty on the Mexican side of the line and had been doing a profitable business selling whiskey and mescal to the Apaches during the past week. Tribolet at this time had a beef contract with the Army, even though he had earlier been tried for stealing barley from Fort Huachuca. He had gotten off on those charges, but a U.S. District Court Judge Barnes called him "one of the worst scoundrels that ever went unhung."

That night was a drunken debauch in the Apache camp. Tribolet's liquor flowed freely. There was indiscriminate shooting and Natchez shot his wife in the leg. Daly described the scene. "Later, these shots became more frequent, and were directed over the officers' tents and in the direction of the packers' tents, so that my men became nervous. I soon became convinced that all this rumpus was but another big drunk and, possibly, with the intention of letting the General know that they, or some of them, were not satisfied, and that they were in an ugly humor."

Daly had a theory that Geronimo was humiliated at the first conference and Nachez and Geronimo were jealous of the attention received at the second surrender conference by Chihuahua, thinking that they were entitled to more consideration, and intended to show General Crook that "Chihuahua was not the whole push."

When interviewed many years later, Geronimo explained his last minute change of heart this way:

We started with all our tribe to go with General Crook back to the United States, but I feared treachery and decided to remain in Mexico. We were not under any guard at this time.

The United States troops marched in front and the Indians followed, and when we became suspicious, we turned back. I do not know how far the United States Army went after myself, and some warriors turned back before we were missed, and I do not care.

In any case, Geronimo, drunk on Tribolet's whiskey, changed his mind and swayed back to the mountains with Natchez, twenty men and thirteen women, most of them "drunk as lords." Daly says that "Geronimo and all of his band mounted their ponies and rode off yelling and howling like so many devils. They shot at everything in sight and were literally in a drunken frenzy." Daly says he encountered Geronimo on the trail four miles from the conference site.

…I halted the train and followed the Chiricahua to where Geronimo lay on the ground in a drunken stupor. I shook him and tried to rouse him, and finally he rolled over and recognized me. He spoke to me in a mixture of Apache, Spanish and English, and said, "Nantan, mescal heap no good; mucho sick; give me agua." I gave him a drink of water, and finally got him up and on his pony, and then he wanted a drink of whiskey or mescal, which I, of course, refused to give him. I, however, promised him that I would give him a drink and a good supper when we got to camp, and told him he would feel all right then. His eyes were bloodshot and bulging, and generally he was a pitiable spectacle. I left him in care of the Chiricahua who had come for me….

Lieutenant Shipp took a detachment to Tribolet's ranch, smashed up the whiskey, and recovered some Army blankets, probably traded for the whiskey. They were about a week too late.

Chihuahua kept his word and his band stayed in camp. Crook explained their disposition in his final report.

…the prisoners arrived at Fort Bowie on April 2d, and on the 7th, in compliance with telegraphic instructions of the Secretary of War, left Bowie Station by train, under charge of First Lieut. J. R. Richards, Jr., Fourth Cavalry, under escort of a company of the Eighth Infantry, for Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida. They numbered 77—15 bucks, 33 women and 29 children.

Among the warriors sent to Fort Marion are Chihuahua and his brother Ulzanna [Josanie] (who led the raid in November and December) and several others of almost equal prominence—the Indians say, the bravest and ablest of the hostiles. With the prisoners are two wives and three children of Geronimo; the family of Natchez, and families or relatives of all the hostiles who remain out. By this surrender the entering wedge has been well driven; and it is believed that there will be but little difficulty in obtaining the surrender of those who are still out. These are Geronimo and Natchez, with 18 men. Mangus and three men are also out; but where, is not known, he having separated from the other renegades in August last, since which time nothing has been heard of him. There is no evidence to show that his band has had any part in the outrages committed by the other renegades, and he will doubtless surrender when he can be communicated with.

There were 34 men and 8 well-grown boys who left the Reservation in May last, and two small boys have since grown big enough to carry arms, making 44 in all. There are not 20 with Geronimo, and 4 with Mangus, total 24.

Cochise County Sheriff Bob Hatch showed up at Bowie with a warrant for the arrest of Geronimo and forty-one "John Does." Crook told him the Indians were prisoners of war and in the custody of the War Department.

The question as to what would be the status of the renegades once they were in the hands

of Crook was one that he had anticipated several months earlier. Knowing Geronimo and his people would never be inclined to give themselves up if they knew that they would be turned over to civil authorities for trial and undoubted hanging, Crook sought assurances from superiors in Washington that any captured Apaches would be treated as prisoners of war. Commanding General of the Army, Philip Sheridan, was a well known hard-liner on the question of the treatment of hostile Indians. He made his feelings clear. "The hostile Chiricahuas have forfeited their lives by their outbreak and savage acts of butchery, and deserve no consideration whatever." But he saw the logic of Crook's position and relented in his recommendation to the Secretary of War. "As a matter of policy, however, and to terminate an already prolonged and wearying struggle which, if pursued to the end, may yet involve the sacrifice of many innocent lives and much property, I recommend that General Crook be authorized to secure, if possible, the surrender of those now at large upon the terms of their being regarded as prisoners of war, to be transported to some distant point, as were the criminal Cheyennes, Kiowas and Commanches, from the Indian Territory to Fort Marion, Florida, in 1875. They should never be allowed to return to Arizona or New Mexico." The suggestion was approved by Secretary of War Endicott on October 6, 1885.

At eight p.m. on April 13, 1885, Chihuahua and seventy-six other Apaches arrived at their new home, St. Francis Barracks, Florida.

Back east, Thomas Eakins was painting a picture of his wife and setter dog, almost everybody was reading the *Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant*, Gustav Mahler was working on his first symphony, and flinty Phil Sheridan was getting his Irish up. The Civil-War-hardened Army of the great country of the United States of America could not crush a couple of Apache renegades with forty-six companies of infantry and forty troops of cavalry in the Department of Arizona. Crook had let Geronimo slip out of his grasp.

Sheridan was livid. He wrote, "I feel ashamed of the whole business," thought better of it, crossed out the line and began a new letter to Crook, telling him instead that his news of Geronimo's escape "has occasioned great disappointment." He ordered Crook "to take every precaution against the escape of the hostiles, which must not be allowed under any circumstances. You must make at once such disposition of your troops as will insure against further hostilities by completing the destruction of the hostiles" if necessary.

This had a devastating effect on General Crook. He tried to explain the impossibilities of the situation.

> *In reply to your dispatch of March thirtieth, to enable you to clearly understand the situation, it should be remembered that the hostiles had an agreement with Lieut. Maus that they were to be met by me twenty-five miles below the line, that no regular troops were to be present. While I was very averse to such an agreement, I had to abide by it.... They were armed to the teeth, having the most improved guns and all the ammunition they could carry. The clothing and other supplies lost in the fight with Crawford had been replaced by new blankets and shirts obtained in Mexico. Lieutenant Maus with Apache scouts was camped at the nearest point the hostiles would agree to his approaching. Even had I been disposed to do this the whole band would have been stampeded back to the mountains.... Even after the march to Bowie began we were compelled to allow them to scatter. They would not march in a body, and had any efforts been made to keep them together they would have broken for the mountains. My only hope was to get their confidence on the march through Ka-ya-ten-nae*

and other confidential Indians, and finally put them on the cars; and until this was done it was impossible even to disarm them.

Sheridan responded by asking Crook what he intended to do now, recommending a defensive course. "…Concentrate your troops at the best points and give protection to the people…. As the offensive campaign…with scouts has failed, would it not be best to take up defensive and give protection to the people and business interests of Arizona and New Mexico…. Please send me a statement of what you contemplate for the future."

Again Crook defended his strategy and, realizing that he had lost the confidence of the Commanding General, sought the only way out that his integrity would allow.

It has been my aim throughout present operations to afford the greatest amount of protection to life and property interests and troops have been stationed accordingly. Troops cannot protect property beyond a radius of one-half mile from their camp. If offensive movements against the Indians are not resumed they may remain quietly in the mountains for an indefinite time without crossing the line, and yet their very presence there will be a constant menace and require the troops in this Department to be at all times in position to repel sudden raids; and so long as any remain out they will form a nucleus for disaffected Indians from the different agencies in Arizona and New Mexico, to join…I believe that the plan upon which I have conducted operations is the one most likely to prove successful in the end. It may be, however, that I am too much wedded to my own views in this matter, and as I have spent nearly eight years of the hardest work of my life in this Department, I respectfully request that I may now be relieved from its command.

Sheridan granted his wish, transferring him to command the Department of the Platte. Crook packed his bags, issued General Field Orders on April 11 paying tribute and extending his sincere thanks to his troops for their "zeal, intelligence, energy, and courage," embraced his scouts, and departed. The field was left to General Nelson A. Miles.

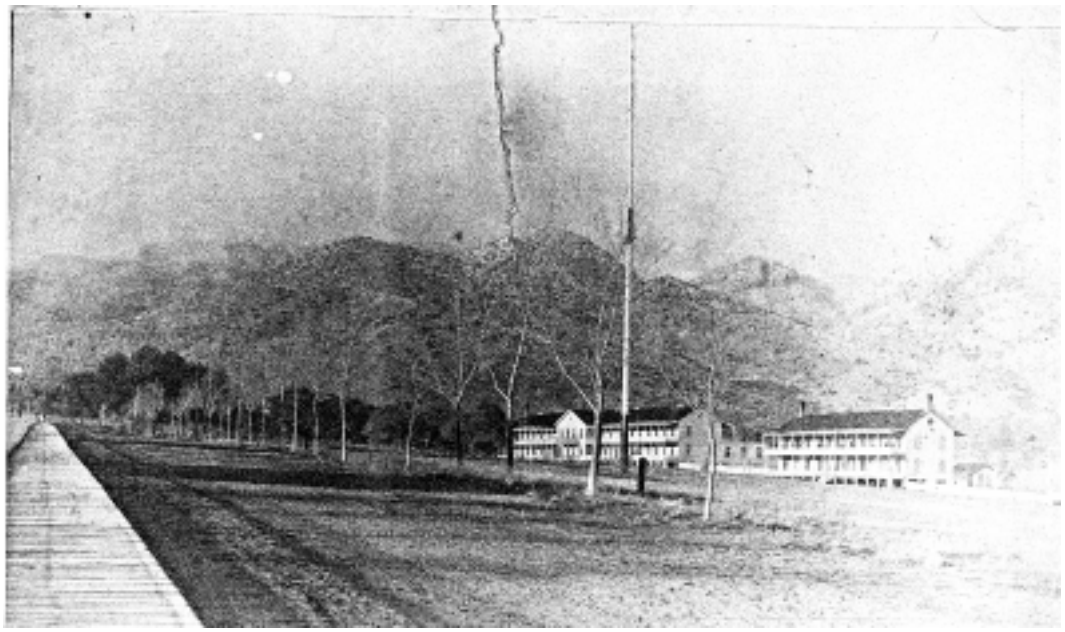
Roll Call: C. S. Fly—Pioneer Photojournalist

In March 1886, Tombstone photographer C. S. Fly accompanied Department of Arizona commander Gen. George Crook into the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico. Crook and his men were chasing Geronimo, the last of the Apache renegades, and held a peace conference with the war leader and his followers. Consequently, Fly became famous for these rare and historic photos he brought back.

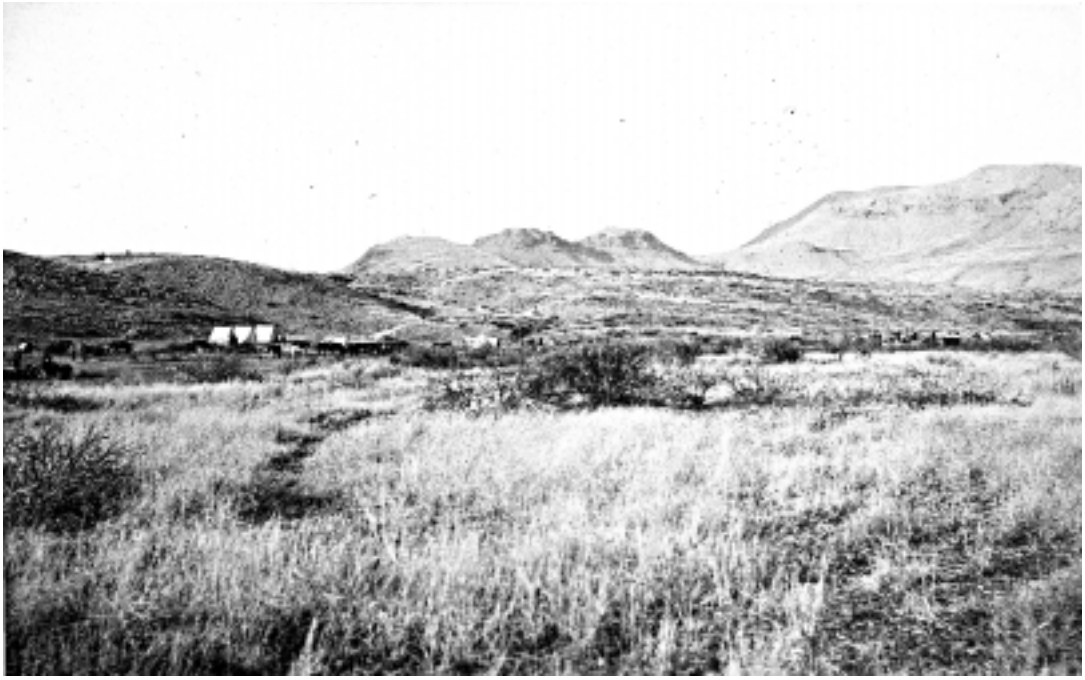
Tucson Mayor C.M. Strauss, who was present at the conference, said of him: "Fly is an excellent artist and he was not a respector of persons or circumstances, and even in the midst of the most serious interviews with the Indians, he would step up to an officer and say, 'just put your hat a little more on this side, General. No Geronimo, your right foot must rest on that stone,' etc., so wrapped was he in the artistic effect of his views."

Apaches with troopers standing on the crest of the hill. A C.S. Fly photo.

A Fly photo of Fort Huachuca in the 1880s.



A Fly photo of the flagpole at Fort Huachuca around the turn of the century.



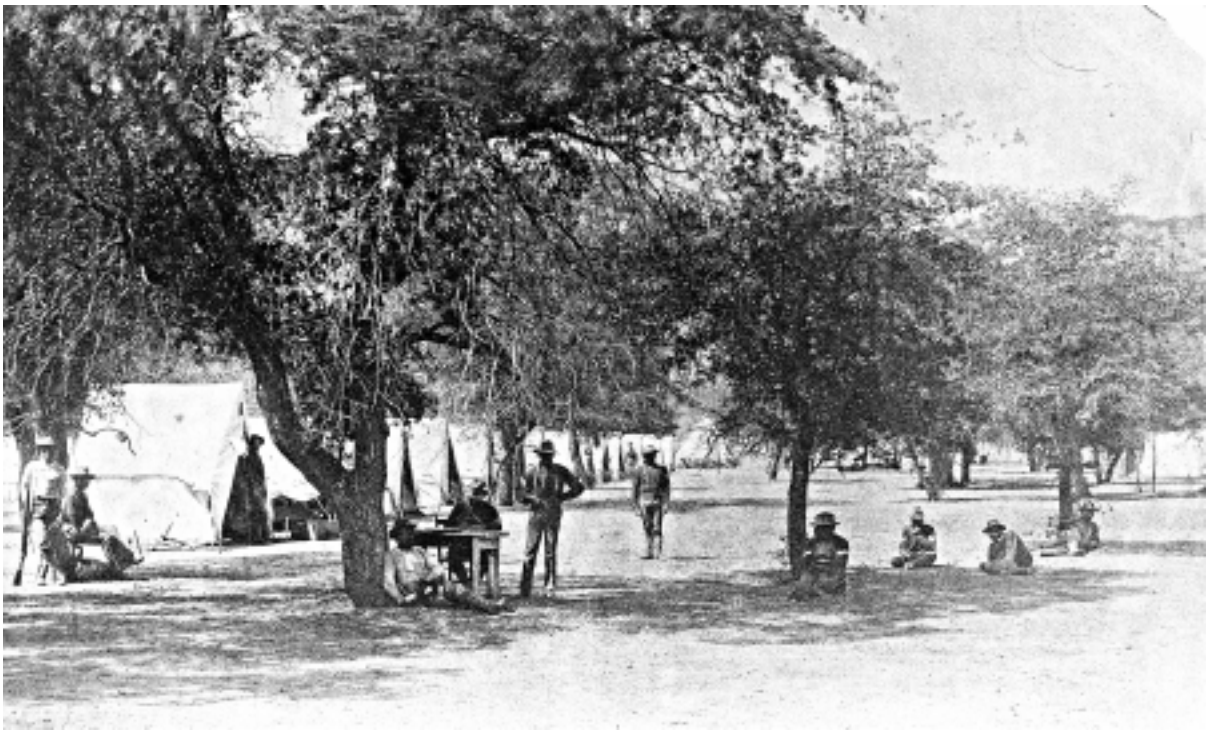
A cavalry camp in the Huachucas. C.S. Fly photo.

Geronimo with three of his warriors in 1886. A C.S. Fly photo.

Apache children, along with Charlie McComas, a captive, in 1886. A C.S. Fly photo.

A group of Apaches. A C.S. Fly photo.

Apache renegades; Geronimo is in the center. A C.S. Fly photo.



A cavalry camp during the Geronimo campaigns. Photo courtesy Tombstone Courthouse Museum, Tombstone, Arizona.

"Geronimo's Camp with sentinel," a C.S. Fly photo. Photo courtesy Tombstone Courthouse Museum, Tombstone, Arizona.

Geronimo surrender conference at San Bernardino Springs, 25 March 1886. A C.S. Fly photo.

[1] *Winners*.

[2] Opler, 367-8.

[3] *Winners*.

[4]

[5]

[6]

[7]

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[9] A private in the troop of 2d Lieut. Robert D. "Rosy" Walsh described him in 1890 as "a nice little fella, but he'd get drunk. He was a West Pointer." Walsh had received a brevet first lieutenancy for his "gallant service in action against Indians in the Patagonia Mountains" on 6 June 1886. During the Spanish-American War he became a lieutenant colonel of volunteers. [Rickey, interview with Reginald A. Bradley.]

[10] John Wipfield, enlisted at Baltimore, MD, on 13 March 1881 for five years. Served in Troop D, 4th U.S. Cavalry; promoted to corporal on Christmas Eve in 1884. Discharged as a Sergeant on 29 March 1886. Letter on file in the Fort Huachuca Museum archives.

[11] AR 1886.

Voices: General Miles Climbs the Huachucas

There were several famous visitors to Fort Huachuca during the Geronimo campaign of 1886. One of these was the newly-appointed department commander, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, known as "Old Bear Coat" to the Kiowa, Sioux, and Cheyenne that he had fought so successfully. A young lieutenant, James Parker, was detailed to escort the general while he was at Fort Huachuca. Parker, in his memoirs written after his retirement as a major general and Medal of Honor winner in the Philippines, described General Miles' stamina during his visit to Fort Huachuca.

> *. . . On his arrival he told Colonel Royall, the regimental commander, that he wanted the next morning to climb up the mountains to get a view of the country; I was detailed to guide and escort him.*
>
> *We started at 9 a.m. Leaving the post I pointed to a long incline leading to a high peak in the west and proposed we go up that. "Pshaw! That is not the highest mountain; let us go up this one," said Miles, pointing to El Moro, which towered above us.*
>
> *Up El Moro we rode until the mountainside was so steep our horses almost fell backwards. Then dismounting we neared the top. Here we found an outcropping of black rock over fifty feet high. To scale it I at first thought impossible, but I found a crevice, climbed half way up, with great difficulty, and called to the general to come that way. I laughed to myself for I never thought at his age and with his bulk he could accomplish it. I was amazed when he came puffing up to the top and still more amazed when he looked around the horizon and said, "There's a mountain higher than this; we'll go over there!"*

Following his visit to Fort Huachuca, General Miles organized an expedition of his own hand-picked, hardened Regulars under the command of Capt. Henry W. Lawton at Fort Huachuca. Rangy Lawton, a 6-foot-4, 230 pound former law student was the best choice to command an expedition which would rely mainly on endurance. He was 43, a Civil War veteran who had won a Medal of Honor for leading a charge against entrenched Confederates at Atlanta, and known as a "soldier's soldier."

Miles explained his choice of Lawton in his annual report for 1886.

> *I selected Capt. H. W. Lawton, 4th Cavalry, an officer who had a brilliant record during the war, whose splendid physique, character, and high attainments as an officer and commander peculiarly fitted him for one of the most difficult undertakings to which an officer could be assigned. He also possessed another element of success in believing that the Indians could be outmaneuvered, worn down, and subjugated.*

Lawton's second in command was a Harvard alumni. He was Leonard Wood, a surgeon who would make a name for himself as a line officer in Cuba and become Army Chief of Staff. They would be the only white men to complete the entire trek. On May 5, 1886, with the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Lawton and his seasoned troopers embarked from Fort Huachuca on what was to be one of the most grueling pursuits of the Apache campaign.

The Indians had set fire to the countryside to confound pursuit. Wood wrote:

> *The whole mountains are on fire. . . . Fires are all about us . . . evidently set by the Indians . . . to cover the trail and to delay us as much as possible. We put out the fires and set back-fires on all sides near our camp . . . and we have a few acres about us free. . . . Animals are badly frightened. The air is full of immense swarms of insects flying from the flames. . . .*

Dense heavy clouds of smoke in camp. . . . The heat has been tremendous.[12]

They were looking for Apaches who had murdered five Mexicans just a few days earlier. They were thought to be carrying a kidnap victim, the ten-year-old sister-in-law of a rancher named Peck. Peck had been driven insane by the heartless murder of his wife and daughter. The young girl, named Trinidad Berdine, was later recovered by a Mexican force which had surprised the hostiles and turned over to the Americans.

At the beginning of June, Wood described the forced marches.

Long, hot chase. Temperature of 100-105. …Since leaving the Post, May 5th, we have made 500 and some miles and nearly 400 of it have been foot-work. I am in first-rate health and can run with the Indian scouts all day and be fresh as ever next morning. It is hard work to get broken in but when you do you are all right. The hardest kind of work is in the mountains where the Indians are expecting a fight. Then they skim over the peaks at a rate which only long practice enables you to equal…. I am up to 4,000 miles on foot and horseback since coming out and ahead of almost all the officers out here, if not all…. Out of 25 who left with us as Infantry, only 14 remain. The rest have broken down…. You would like the deer and quail shooting in Mexico…16 deer in one afternoon…. Deer hunting is not such damn fun when you expect a hostile to pop up any minute.

One deer-hunting incident took place while Captain Lawton was bathing in the Aros River. His troopers began firing at two deer and the cracks of the rifles resounded off the encircling cliffs, sounding like the reports of a hundred guns. Wood recorded his friend's reaction in his diary.

Lawton could not tell from the echoes where the shots were coming from and came dashing up into camp as naked as when he was born, with his clothes under his arm. Pretty much everywhere were what we call "baby cactus," which stuck up only half an inch above the ground. He filled his feet with this and when he reached us he was ripping mad. His language will not bear repeating.

As he lay on a blanket, still cursing, I, assisted by others, tried to get the cactus burrs out of his feet…. It was very painful to him, but extremely ridiculous.

Lawton was learning a lot in the field and in dispatches back to headquarters at Huachuca, he described the kind of officers he wants.

…I am in no way discouraged, the command is tired having marched nearly 500 miles since May 5. Believe we can yet come up with hostiles and meet them successfully, but I must have good strong men who believe in the possibility of success and officers willing to sustain a few hardships and set cheerful example. Want officers willing to sustain a few hardships and set cheerful example. Want officers who can walk. I have respect only for absolute authority, endurance and strength. I must have an officer to command scouts who can climb a mountain or run on a trail with them, who is not dependent upon a mule to carry him over rough ground. With the Infty the example of the officer in command riding while his men are marching is absolutely damaging and I would prefer no officer at all. In writing the above I do not in any way mean to reflect on any officer now with me. They have all done their duty cheerfully and well. If the hostile Indians are to be overcome, it must be by hard and continued labor content with much hardship and self-denial, and only men of character and

physical strength are fit for such work.…

…I will send in the dead beats, sick, lame and lazy by the wagons.

Some of his "picked" infantry were the worst men in the regiment and delivered out of the guard house. At least one sergeant he said was worthless. And they had no officer. Lawton put Dr. Wood in charge of the infantry detachment. "Dr. Wood has volunteered to take charge, thinks out of the 24 sent, can pick 15 good. I am more indebted to Dr. Wood for good loyal support, encouraging example to men and officers, and hard earnest work than I can express. He is an unusual man."

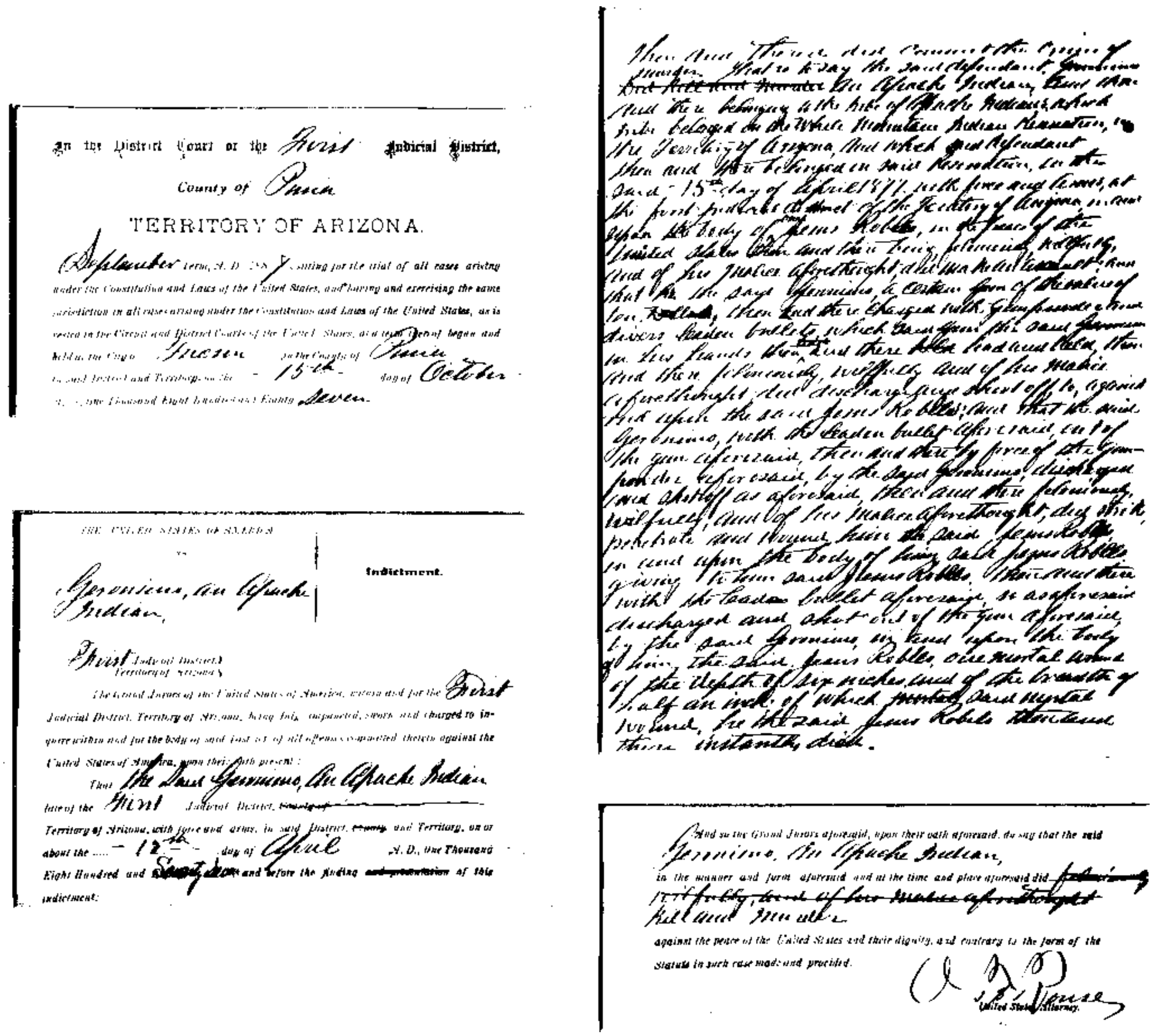
He also wrote to headquarters asking that they not send him any more guides and scouts. "Have more now than I know what to do with; they make trouble and I don't want them." Lawton had other complaints. He did not get the officers and supplies that he expected. "You wrote, and Gen'l promised and Chief Q.M., I should have anything I wanted and Gen'l named officers I was to have, but not yet gotten one. Was informed 60 days supplies sent, but on arrival wagons found no baking powder, and only 6 days salt meat. I sent for horse and mule shoes and unfitted shoes sent—as I have neither forge, coal or tools, so many stones might as well have been sent."

He discussed the possibility of using bloodhounds.

I thought of hounds and of making an official report but was afraid I would be laughed at. If I had had hounds at that time I would have gotten every Indian. It is the only way they can be followed successfully when they are on foot, the trailing is so slow with Indians they can run right away from us and our work is harder than in an ordinary trail.

Lawton's hard work was beginning to pay off, however, and the trail was going to get warmer in the days to come.

Although Lawton's column failed to make contact during four sweltering months in the field, the Apaches could not fail to be awed by this most persistent of Army efforts. At the same time Lt. Charles B. Gatewood, with two Apache scouts, located Geronimo's camp and entered it to talk with the unpredictable war chief. He was able to convince Geronimo and his followers of the futility of continued resistance. The arguments carrying the most weight had to be Miles' removal of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches to Florida, a move that cut the renegades off from family and reinforcements. Escorted by Lawton and Wood, the Chiricahuas trekked north to Skeleton Canyon where, on September 4, 1886, they surrendered officially to General Miles.



In the District Court of the First Judicial District,

County of Pima

TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

September term, A. D. 188[illegible] sitting for the trial of all cases arising under the Constitution and Laws of the United States, and having and exercising the same jurisdiction in all cases arising under the Constitution and Laws of the United States, as is vested in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, as a term thereof begun and held in the City of Tucson in the County of Pima in said District and Territory, on the 15th day of October A. D. one thousand Eight hundred and Eighty seven.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

vs.

Geronimo, an Apache Indian,

Indictment.

First Judicial District, Territory of Arizona, ss.

The Grand Jurors of the United States of America, within and for the First Judicial District, Territory of Arizona, being duly impaneled, sworn and charged to inquire within and for the body of said District of all offenses committed therein against the United States of America, upon their oath present:

That the said Geronimo, an Apache Indian late of the First Judicial District, ~~County of~~ Territory of Arizona, with force and arms, in said District, ~~County~~ and Territory, on or about the 12th day of April A. D., One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy seven and before the finding ~~and presentation~~ of this indictment:

then and there did commit the crime of murder, that is to say the said defendant, Geronimo ~~[illegible]~~ an Apache Indian, then and there belonging to the tribe of Apache Indians, which tribe belonged on the White Mountain Indian Reservation, in the Territory of Arizona, and which said defendant then and there belonged on said Reservation, on the said 12th day of April 1877, with force and arms, at the First Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona in and upon the body of one Jesus Robles, in the peace of the United States then and there being, feloniously, willfully and of his malice aforethought did make an assault; and that he the said Geronimo a certain gun of the value of ten dollars, then and there charged with gunpowder and divers leaden bullets, which said gun, he the said Geronimo in his hands then and there had and held, then and there feloniously, willfully and of his malice aforethought did discharge and shoot off to, against and upon the said Jesus Robles; and that the said Geronimo, with the leaden bullet aforesaid, out of the gun aforesaid, then and there by force of the gunpowder aforesaid, by the said Geronimo discharged and shot off as aforesaid, then and there feloniously, willfully and of his malice aforethought, did strike, penetrate and wound him the said Jesus Robles in and upon the body of him the said Jesus Robles giving to him said Jesus Robles, then and there with the leaden bullet aforesaid, so as aforesaid discharged and shot out of the gun aforesaid, by the said Geronimo, in and upon the body of him, the said Jesus Robles, one mortal wound of the depth of six inches and of the breadth of half an inch, of which ~~mortal~~ said mortal wound, he the said Jesus Robles then and there instantly died.

And so the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oath aforesaid, do say that the said Geronimo, an Apache Indian, in the manner and form aforesaid and at the time and place aforesaid did ~~feloniously~~ ~~willfully and of his malice aforethought~~ kill and murder

against the peace of the United States and their dignity, and contrary to the form of the Statute in such case made and provided.

[illegible]
United States Attorney.

A copy of the indictment of Geronimo for murder issued in 1887.

Geronimo's band seated before boarding train taking them to captivity in Florida, 1886.

Geronimo and Natchez as prisoners at Fort Bowie in September 1886. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo SC 87375.

Roll Call: The Army's Top Man—Phil Sheridan

The friendship that dated from school days at West Point between Generals Crook and Sheridan, both Ohioans, now became strained. Crook opposed Sheridan's plan to resettle the Apaches far away from their traditional fortress-like homelands because it would make no distinction between his faithful Chiricahua scouts and the unreconstructed renegades.

In fact, Sheridan disapproved of Crook's use of Apache Scouts. He doubted they possessed "stability or tenacity of purpose." He also viewed Indians as "a race so distinctive from that governing this country." The employment of Apache mercenaries would establish a dangerous precedent in times when the Army was fighting cuts in the regular Army strength.

In an earlier campaign against the Kickapoos, Sheridan had instructed his field commander: "When you begin, let it be a campaign of annihilation, obliteration and complete destruction…." In 1885, referring to Geronimo's Apaches, he said they "should all be exterminated or captured." His policy during the Indian campaigns was one of annihilation, although in Arizona he would find that it was almost impossible to find the renegade Apaches, much less destroy them, so ultimately he would settle for exile and imprisonment.

In pursuing a strategy of annihilation, he was simply following the course set during the Civil War by his comrades, Grant and Sherman, to whom war meant the utter destruction of the enemy's armies, a strategy that would become synonymous with the American way of war over the following century.

However, to show his support, when he visited Crook at Fort Bowie, he transferred the District of New Mexico from the Department of Missouri to the Department of Arizona. He also gave in on the question of using Apache scouts for the time being.

Roll Call: Frederick Remington—Campaigning with the Cavalry in Arizona

Frederick Remington (1861-1909) is unique in the annals of American art as he was both artist and pictorial historian. His graphic records of the American frontier fascinated the readers of magazines during the last part of the 19th century as they captivate today's students of western Americana. On 9 January 1886, he began his rapid rise to success when he made the cover of *Harper's Weekly*.

"The heart of a cavalryman and the behind of a nursemaid," was how Remington described himself to a 10th Cavalry officer. Born and educated in New York, he developed a fascination for the hard-riding troopers who garrisoned the Arizona outback in the 1880s and 90s. His powers of observation and artistic control have enabled successive generations to unbridle their imaginations and step with him into the vistas of a hardier time. Sharing the life of a frontier soldier, he was able to inject into his pen and ink washes and studio canvases a detailed realism which gave his work its historic drama. Not only are the visages of the Irish recruit and the "old sarge" engraved with a forcefulness born out of familiarity, but the jaunty cock of a kepi denoting its wearer as a beau sabre, the pioneer's fear of the Apache raider, and the sting of an Arizona sandstorm are conveyed with the unerring feel of the artist's heart and head. Remington soon

became a premier illustrator and reporter of the American scene, sought after by *Harper's* and *Century* magazines to bring their eastern audiences the sweep and adventure of the Indian-fighting Army that they scarcely knew.

Mrs. Corbusier, the wife of the surgeon at Fort Grant, wrote about Remington's visit to that post in 1885. "Frederick Remington at one time carried on his work at Grant, staying with Lt. Powhatan Clarke. He made many of his watercolors in the shade of our quarters and Claude rode Fan and other horses for him while he took snapshots. He frequently sat on our front gallery at sunset to absorb the surpassing colors of earth and sky at that hour…."[13]

Writing in *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, Jane Tompkins says of Remington: "The idealization of the cavalrymen in their dusty uniforms on their gallant horses has nothing to do with patriotism; it is pure love. …In these paintings Remington plays the part of the preserver, as if by catching the figures in color and line he could save their lives, and absorb some of that life into himself."[14]

Self-portrait with cigar, Frederic Remington.

A Cavalry charge, Frederic Remington. (1880.15.00.044)

"Method of Sketching at San Carlos," Frederic Remington.

Roll Call: Major General Henry W. Lawton—"He Was Essentially a Soldier"

A key figure in the campaign against Geronimo's Apaches was Captain Henry Ware Lawton (1843-1899). Commanding B Troop, 4th Cavalry, at Fort Huachuca in 1885, he was considered by many to be the best troop commander in the U.S. Army. Lawton had been studying law at Methodist College in Fort Wayne, Indiana when the Civil War broke out and he enlisted. The 18-year-old sergeant was commissioned in 1861. As the captain of Company A, 30th Indiana Infantry, he earned the Medal of Honor at Atlanta, Georgia, on when he led a charge of skirmishers against the enemy's rifle pits, overran them, and held off two determined attacks by the enemy to retake them. By the time the war was over, he had seen so much action he was a brevet Lieutenant Colonel at the age of 22.

Later, in the winter of 1885, he commanded Troop B, 4th U.S. Cavalry, and Fort Huachuca. He is best remembered as the field commander in the Geronimo Campaign of 1886. With hand-picked men from his own troop, the 8th Infantry, and Apache scouts, he set out on a 2,000-mile expedition in search of Geronimo and his band. For four months his column fought heat and exhaustion but never engaged the elusive Apaches. It is fair to say, however, that his relentless pursuit was a factor influencing Geronimo's decision to surrender to Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood on September 4, 1886.

Chief Packer Henry Daly, who had known Lawton since 1866, described the man responsible for the military bearing of B Troop.

He was of athletic build, tall and large of frame; his hair at that time was raven black, and when close cut, as he usually wore it, stood straight up like bristles; his eyes were jet black, and when he was excited they had a nervous twitch; his nose was rather large and inclined to aquiline; forehead low and narrow; he had a delicate mouth which hid a remarkably fine set of teeth; his ears were large and prominent and he always wore a mustache, of which he affected great pride. He was always physically aggressive towards enlisted men and civilian employees, sometimes harshly so, but in later years his disposition underwent a radical change in this respect, apparently to me as his hair changed from a coal black to perfect white, from a rough rudeness to the manners of a Chesterfield. He was always outspoken, even to superiors in rank; strong in his friendships and the reverse to those he disliked. As a quartermaster he had few, if any, superiors in the art of handling field transportation, and he had rendered invaluable service to General McKenzie throughout his many Indian campaigns in the Southwest ever since the close of the Civil War. [Lawton] was essentially a soldier, and delighted in his profession.

A correspondent to the *Army & Navy Journal* described him in 1899. "He is not a pretty man. His hair stands up like the bristles on a bursh. His forehead is high and narrow, his cheekbone prominent, his jaw square and his lips thin. His mustache droops."[15]

After the ordeal of the Geronimo Campaign, promotion came quickly for Henry Ware Lawton, a respected field commander. Lawton went on to serve with the Inspector General's Department. He fought in 1898 as a brigadier general of volunteers with the 2nd Division in Cuba and as a Major General in 1899 he commanded the 1st Division in Luzon, Philippines. On December 19 he was shot through the heart while leading an attack on the city of San Mateo. An account of his death is quoted here from *Deeds of Valor*, W. E. Beyer and O. F. Keydel.

…The general [Lawton] had left Manila the night before with Troop I, 4th U.S. Cavalry, under Captain Lockett, and two battalions of the 27th and 29th Infantry, under Lieut. Col. Sargent, for the purpose of capturing San Mateo, where General Geronimo was known to have 300 insurgents. The night was one of the worst of the season, heavy rain having set in.

With a small escort he led the way through an almost pathless country, a distance of 15 miles over hills and through cane-brakes and deep mud, the horses climbing the rocks and sliding down the hills. Before day break the command had reached the head of the valley, and San Mateo was attacked at eight o'clock, a three-hour fight ensuing. This resulted in but few casualties on the American side, but the attack was difficult because of the natural defenses of the town.

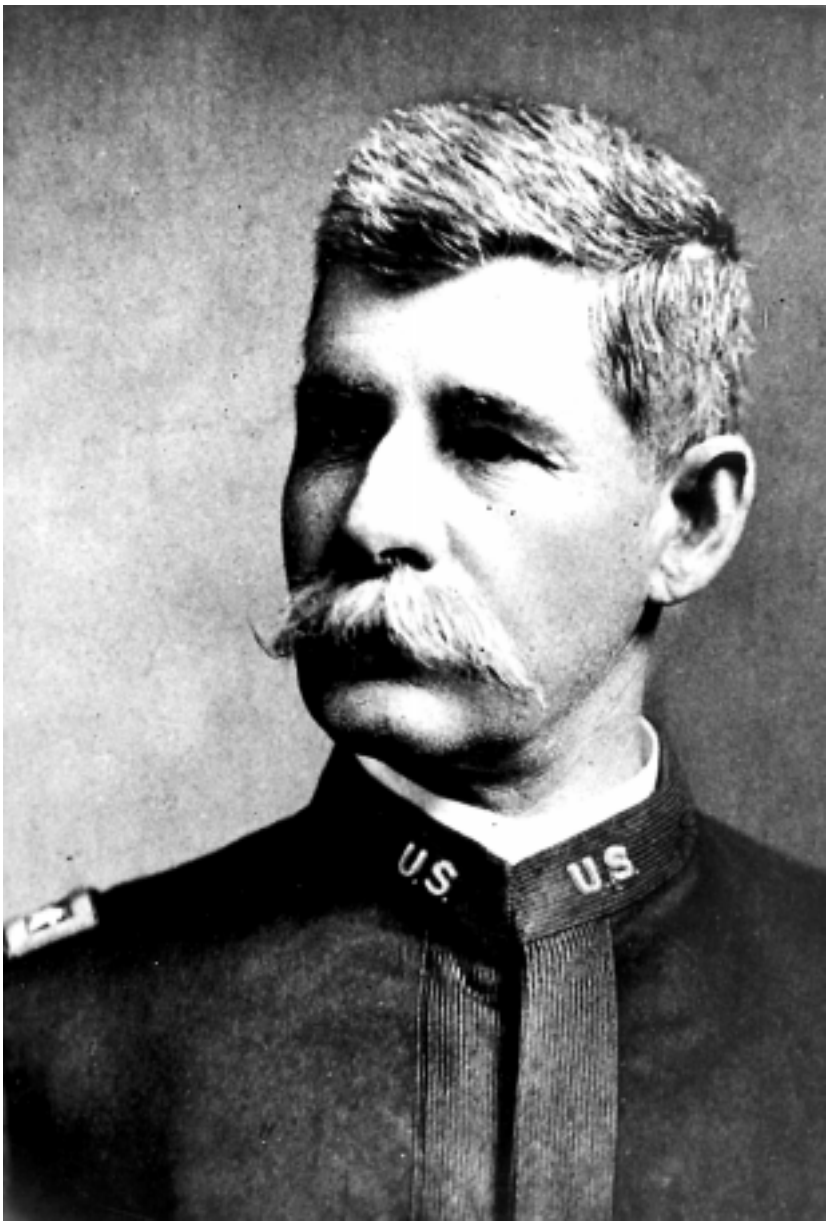
General Lawton was walking along the firing line within 300 yards of a small sharpshooters' trench, conspicuous in the big white helmet he always wore. He was easily distinguishable because of his commanding stature.

The sharpshooters directed several close shots which clipped the grass near by. Staff officers called General Lawton's attention to his dangerous position, but he only laughed with his usual contempt for bullets.

Suddenly, he exclaimed: "I am shot," and clenching his hands in a desperate effort to stand erect, fell into the arms of a staff officer.

Orderlies rushed across the field for surgeons, who dashed up immediately, but their efforts were useless, for the bullet had struck him in a vital spot. The body was taken to a

clump of bushes and laid upon a stretcher, the familiar white helmet covering the face of the dead general. Almost at this moment the cheers of the American troops rushing into San Mateo were mingling with rifle volleys. After the fight six stalwart cavalrymen forded the river to the town, carrying the litter on their shoulders, the staff preceding with the colors, and a cavalry escort following.



Captain Henry Ware Lawton

When Geronimo was shipped out of Arizona to Florida in September 1886, this picture was taken at Bowie, Arizona. Reclining in the foreground is Lt. Leonard Wood. The man in the stove pipe hat (row 2, left) is Capt. Henry W. Lawton who provided escort out of Mexico for Geronimo after his surrender. Natchez, son of the Chief of the Chiricahuas, Cochise, is third from the left in front of the white-coated porter. U.S. Army photo.

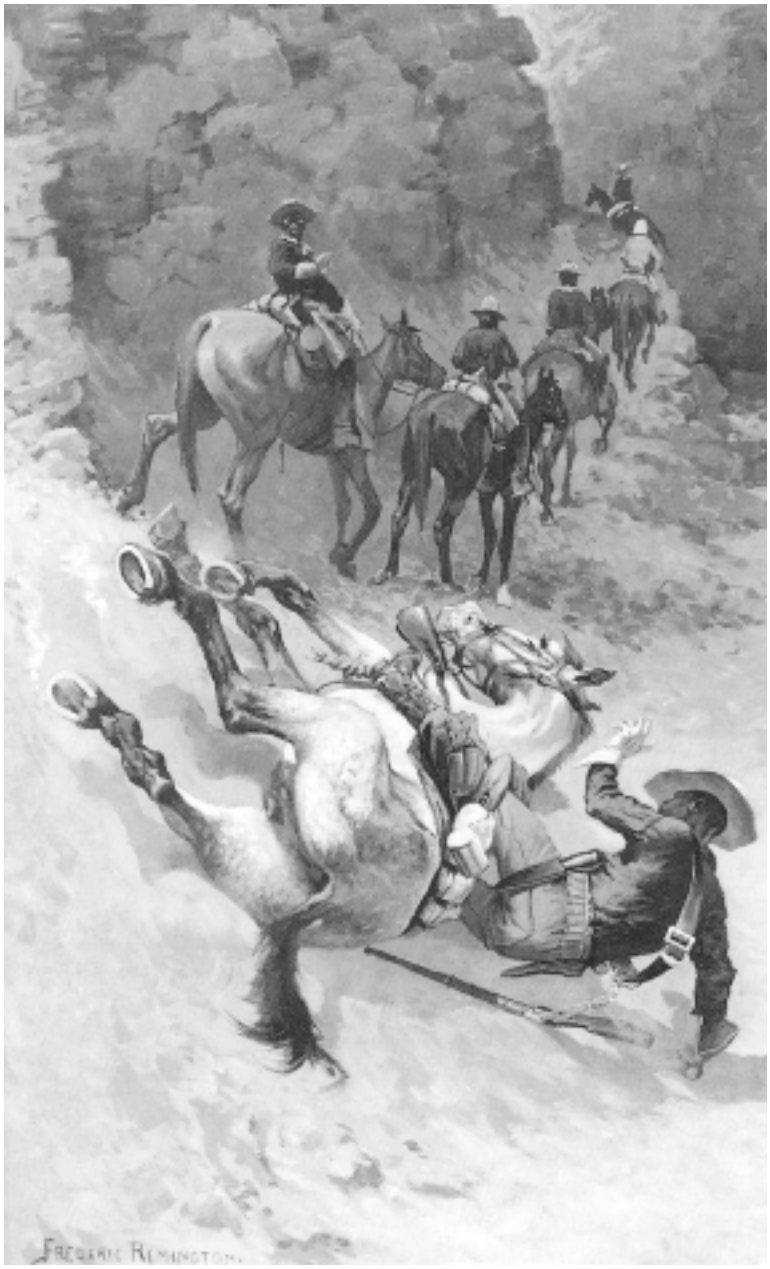
Apache Campaigns: The Rescue of Corporal Scott

On 3 May 1886 near the Pinito Mountains in Sonora, Lieutenant Thomas C. Lebo, commanding Troop K, 10th Cavalry engaged some raiders and lost one of his men and had another wounded. The fight was marked by the heroism of the 10th Cavalry "Buffalo Soldiers," men like blacksmith J.H. Giles who low-crawled 100 yards to rescue his fallen friend, Private Joseph Follis. It was too late, Follis was dead. Corporal Edward Scott led a line of skirmishers under a hail of enemy fire and was cut down in the advance. Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke charged into the midst of the enemy to rescue Scott "who was severely wounded and lay disabled, exposed to the enemy's fire, and carried him to a place of safety." For his courage he was awarded the Medal of Honor and immortalized in a Frederic Remington painting entitled "The Rescue of Corporal Scott."

About the Lebo fight and the actions of Lieutenant Clarke, Remington quoted a sergeant, "Dat 'ar Lieutenant Clarke is a ___-___ fighting man, you'd better believe," and interviewed Corporal Scott.

My information of the lieutenant's exploit is from a vivid explanation of Corporal Scott himself, as he lay on his cot in the Fort Huachuca hospital, convalescing from an amputation of the leg. The corporal added—in the soft rippling of his native dialect, "dat when he jumped fo' me as I lay dar in de open, dem Inguns, dey jus' done plowed de ground dar, and mister, ef dat lieutenant weren't a right brave man, he'd a done dusted out and lef' me as I tole him to."

Lieutenant Harry Coupland Benson took up the trail of the hostiles in early May and, hearing of the Lebo fight, struck out to relieve the Buffalo Soldiers. Following Geronimo over treacherous terrain designed to throw off the pursuers, Benson "lost three of my sixteen mules over the side of the mountain, as we were often obliged to slide down slopes composed of rock only, and there was not sufficient footing at the bottom to enable the animals to recover their footing, and they pitched over the cliffs." He also had trouble with his indian scouts who refused to go any further. He sent four of them to the rear. Another, Chimney, deserted. Now without an interpreter he took up the trail, evading back fires started by the Indians, and kept after them for the next four months without success. He was operating as part of Lawton's command and on May 13 Lawton wrote, "Lt. Benson seems to have acted with poor judgement when sent to Lebo's assistance." He had found Benson's men "somewhat discouraged."



“A Tumble From the Trail,” Frederic Remington.

Apache Campaigns: Uncle Billy Sets a Trap

In May 1886, Captain J.T. Morrison, known to his African-American troopers from Troop

A, 10th Cavalry, as "Uncle Billy," thought he had gotten lucky. With his troop and a detachment of Apache scouts under Lieutenant Frank B. Jones of the 22nd Infantry, he had just left Fort Apache when he came across the trail of some renegades. Following the signs of seven bucks and four squaws, one of whom had the large footprint known to belong to chief Natchez, they came into a secluded canyon and found in a little meadow the deserted camp of the Apaches.

These Indians had been visiting relatives and friends in the peaceful Apache camp hard by the fort. It was more than a social visit. From this kind of reconnaissance they could learn about U.S. troop movements and try to discover what plans were being put into effect by General Miles. They had left their horses, saddles, tack, blankets and stores concealed a short distance away. The equipment was arranged in such a way, some of it in trees, that upon returning they could tell from a distance if it had been disturbed or moved even slightly.

Morrison's men and the scouts were careful not to touch the gear. They held their horses out of sight across the canyon and returned to take up ambush positions on both sides of the trail leading to the bronco camp. Scouts were placed to warn of the approach of the hostiles. The scouts, as only they could, took painstaking measures to sweep away their tracks with brush. They settled into position in the morning.

The day passed with excruciating slowness. The men waited with paralyzed muscles in the sun-blaze. Night fell and so did the Arizona temperature. The cold was numbing and by morning most of the men thought the hostiles had discovered their trap and would not return. The scouts were more patient and confident that they had not been found out.

But now a head appeared on the trail. The Indian stood for a long time surveying the terrain before him and was eventually joined by another. A second motionless appraisal was made of the situation. The discipline of the 10th cavalrymen paid off. Finally the Indians came up the trail led by no less than Natchez. Slowly, alertly they came until almost within the crossfire of the waiting troops. But then Natchez let out a warning cry and they scattered like deer back down the trail, zig-zagging back across the valley, a harmless volley loosed at their backs.

The troopers went for their horses some distance away but a twenty-hour pursuit failed to turn up a single Apache. Another command took up the chase and Morrison returned to the scene in the ravine to examine the ground to see what had given them away.

At the point where Natchez had been alarmed, was a cavalry boot print which had inexplicably escaped all of the careful attempts at obliterating their tracks. A certain victory had been snatched from their grasp by the uncanny savvy of Natchez and the quickness of his band's retreat. It would not be the last time carefully laid plans would fail to ensnare a foe that was matchless in hit and run tactics.

Voices: "I Have Met With Great Disaster With My Troop

Capt. Charles A. P. Hatfield, with his white horse troop, captured some enemy horses and camp equipage south of the border but was ambushed coming out of the Santa Cruz Mountains on May 15. In a letter dated the same day to a comrade, Lt. James Parker, he wrote, " I have met with great disaster with my troop." In a later report, dated June 13, 1886, at Fort Huachuca, Hatfield gave the details.

Sir:

I have the honor to make this additional report of the engagements of Troop "D," 4th Cavalry in the Santa Cruz Mountains, Mexico with the Apaches on the 15th of May last, for the reason that I find certain wrong impressions were gained from my previous report, also that certain statements of my own need correcting. I had been told several times to hurry up with my report at a time when I had no facilities for writing and had no suitable occasion for a suitable investigation. Some of the principal men (my two wounded sergeants) being absent, consequently my report was written more from my own observations, and as I know at present has done a number of worthy men injustice, whose operations, an account of the rough nature of the locality, were concealed from me, but the importance of which I now know and fully appreciate.

It was about 9 a.m. when leading our horses up a steep ascent, on the Indian trail, we suddenly came in sight of the Indian camp, about 300 yards from us on same level. I had thirty-six men . . . naming several as horse holders, who immediately took charge of all of the horses and mules, we deployed and began the attack on the Indians. I had thirty-two men of the thirty-six in the fight. Before we could fire, however, the Indians had discovered us and were beginning to climb, rapidly, a steep hill, 200 feet high, commencing its rise at their camp. We crowded into the Indians as fast as we could, but were unable to reduce the distance of 300 yards. They were much exposed in their ascent of the hill, and particularly in a gulch where they collected in numbers, and where they left several traces of their blood—one Indian being distinctly seen to fall from his horse which was captured, he himself being taken away by two other Indians. After passing through the camp without stopping, we climbed the hill in pursuit of the Indians from which we routed them. I saw about thirty Indians. They made their principal resistance after gaining the top of the hill but did not remain long when they saw that we would soon be amongst them. After returning to gather the contents of the camp which contained 21 horses and mules, about 15 fine saddles and blankets, cooking utensils, etc., we started for Santa Cruz 10 miles distant. At first three-fourths of my men were dismounted with me, and ahead as skirmishers. After proceeding 3 miles, I changed the dispositions and was marching with 12 as mounted men ahead as skirmishers, 3 mounted men as advance and flankers, 15 men riding in column with me, leading horses, 6 men driving Indian horses and pack mules and acting as rear guard.

At about 11:45 a.m. and 5 miles from Santa Cruz, we stopped to water the animals. This caused a delay and the sergeant in charge of the advance guard, not knowing that we had stopped, continued to advance being hid from us by the many turns of the canyon, and thus gained 3/4 of a mile, but at the time of attack had halted and was waiting for our arrival. This sergeant had been instructed several times during the march to keep this advance a short distance from us. These men had either passed within a few feet of some of the Indians near the waterholes, or else the Indians had taken this position after the advance guard had passed. When the volley came from the left and rear, I dismounted and gave the order to the men to do the same, the following men dismounted and began the fight: Corporal Minick, Trumpeter Kolb, Privates Cooney, Shellenberger, Reich, Steil, Kelly, Old, Humble, Buck, Henderson, and Blume. …At first on dismounting I saw only about five men as originally reported, the others from the extreme roughness of the locality escaped my notice by taking positions in some of the numerous ravines leading up from one side of the canyon. Afterwards in the fight I saw these men, but then and when I made my report I had no idea

where they came from. The horses of Corporal Minick and Private Henderson were both wounded, and throwing their riders escaped with their carbines. The rear guard was composed of Sergeant Schillinger, Private Shaw, Saddler Sklozack, Blacksmith Konradi, Trumpeter Simner, and Private Chandler. These men were cut off and only joined me after a very hard fight of a half hour, with a part of Indians who were extremely bold and aggressive, frequently exposing themselves. I have no doubt at all from everything I can learn that several Indians were wounded by the rear guard. These men were good shots and had many opportunities of showing it.

First Sergeant Adams, on hearing the firing, started at a run to my assistance with all of his advanced guard. On meeting the horses and pack mules, with Sergeant Craig and Private Garman, about five of his men found employment holding the horses and mules. Sergeant Adams himself, without any delay, came up into the fight, and was followed at short intervals by Sergeant Pease, Corporal Zollinger, Privates Breslin, Coughlan, Stone, Roberts, Champion, Walbridge, and Todd. In my former report when I state that at no time could I get but eleven or twelve men, I meant under my immediate command, for purpose of advancing on the position of the Indians. At the same time I recollect that presence of all the thirty men mentioned at some time during the fight. Where they were at all times I do not know. I myself was constantly shifting my position, always with about the same number of men. At the time I was aware that I did not have the same men with me always. They were continually changing, except a few, where they would go I do not know.

From the network of ravines cutting up our portion of the field, there were parties of men . . . holding good positions and entirely out of sight of me. As an instance of this I can mention a case of Sergeant Schillinger, with a party of men passing in close proximity to my position and being under the impression that I had left but finally joining me. My horses, except the few tied to trees, were being held on a high hill about 1,000 yards from the fight, in the direction of Santa Cruz. When I finally left the place as I stated, I had about twelve men directly with me. After having moved away I was joined by other men. On reaching my horses I found them in the possession of about six men. I mounted and marched on towards Santa Cruz and camped 1/2 mile from town, the first place I found. The reason I have been so explicit in the report is on account of certain points not understood by you in my former report: One, that my horses had stampeded and gone to Santa Cruz, the other that some of my men ran and went to Santa Cruz, and because, as I have said, I was so poorly prepared to make any report at the time you called on me first. Also, from certain malicious, false statements made subsequent to my fight by my Mexican guides Ramon Moreno and Mendez, which at first I thought nothing of, as contemptible, but since their statements have reached some of the respectable papers of the country, I can only, in justice to my men, make this full report. The case of the guides is this. At the first shot they put spurs to their horses and going at a run did not stop for an instant, until they arrived at Santa Cruz, and knew nothing whatever of the fight. None of my men ran to Santa Cruz or anywhere else. When Sergeants Adams and Craig were wounded, they after a long time and the loss of much blood, went to Santa Cruz seeking medical aid, assisted by Privates Garman and Jantzen. Garman also was leading four pack mules.

These Mexican guides were discharged by me for cowardice, and since they were accused of it at San Pedro, from which place they came to excuse themselves made the entirely false statements regarding my men. When it is considered that none of my men had been

under fire before that day, that some had never fired a gun, that one position was one of an extremely desperate character, for 2 hours or more, that after my sergeants were wounded, we fought on for at least 1 hour and a half with two sergeants and two corporals, I must say that my men behaved remarkably well. If not we would certainly have been massacred. Since my original report and finding out about these different men in the field and unknown to me at the time, I can account for the apparent timidity of the Indians and their little execution not withstanding their strong position and numbers. Besides endeavoring to save Conradi as I reported, I had two definite objects for holding on long after it seemed suicide to do so. I had ordered Lieutenant Brown with "I" Troop to get on my trail and be sure to overtake me on that day, as I told (wrote) him I was going to have a fight. I fully expected him all day. Also I fully expected aid from Santa Cruz. . . .

With two troops I could have given the Indians a sound beating, one was entirely too small. The positions made by the Indians were skillfully taken, and prevented anything but my holding my own awaiting assistance.

I would recommend Sergeant Craig for great gallantry during the morning's fight. Also in the afternoon fight, he was met by the advanced guard returning to me and lifted from his horse after fainting. On recovering from that condition he remained where he was and did most valuable service, in arranging further safety of my horses, only going to Santa Cruz when joined by Sergeant Adams, also wounded. I recommend First Sergeant Adams for great bravery, after being wounded he accompanied my for some considerable time and would not leave until I ordered him to do so. I also recommend for bravery, and men who could be relied on in any emergency, the following: Sergeant Schillinger, Corporal Zollinger, Trumpeter Koch, Saddler Sklozack, Private (now Corporal) Shaw, Private Chandler, Private Cooney, Private Reith, Private Breslin, Private Coughlan, and Privates Todd and Old. In the thirty men out of the thirty-six that I have were in the fight. I include First Sergeant Adams, Sergeant Craig, and Private Lieberman, to show that six of my men had charge of my horses and mules which number could not have been well reduced.

Very respectfully, Your Obedient Servant, Charles A. P. Hatfield, Captain, 4th Cavalry, commanding Troop

In his earlier report, Captain Hatfield told in more detail about the attempt to rescue the wounded Conradi.

After about 1/2 hour my First Sergeant and a few of the men came to my aid. Just at this time, Blacksmith Conradi, one of my men in the rear, was severely wounded, and to enable us to get him out, I collected my men and made a rush and took a position very nearly under where the Indians were, who were keeping up a tremendous fire but without much aim. At this point my First Sergeant was near me and endeavoring to get Conradi away (who was lying on his back, wounded, but firing all the time) was wounded. We then changed our position and took a hill in an effort to suppress the Indian fire, but no use. As soon as we located the fire, they would commence in our rear of flank.

At this time and for some time before, all our efforts were to save Conradi and the final attempt was made by securing a position to cover two volunteers (citizen packer Bowman and Private Coughlan) who were to go in and bring out Conradi's body. After the men had their hands on Conradi, he was killed in the volley following. On seeing this, and having nothing else to do, after being engaged for 2 hours in this queerest of all fights, I called to the men to begin to deploy and fall back, which was done with great leisure, continually keeping

up our fire. I then had no more than eleven of twelve men.

My losses: Private Liebenow killed and Sergeant Craig wounded in the first volley. Blacksmith Conradi killed and Sergeant Adams wounded in the fighting afterward.

Samuel Craig was later awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroic efforts to rescue his fallen comrades. In his reminiscences, Nelson Miles also mentions the heroism of First Sergeant Samuel Adams and citizen packer George Bowman, who both risked their lives to bring their wounded comrade to safety. The wounded soldiers were returned to Fort Huachuca in two four-horse ambulance wagons with a surgeon and an escort.

When Geronimo surrendered in September, he was wearing Hatfield's blouse which had been tied to the captain's saddle.

Hatfield, Col. Charles Albert Phelps (1850-1931). As a captain, 4th Cavalry, served at Huachuca from 1884 to 1888 and participated in the final Geronimo campaign. He was breveted Major for gallantry in action in the fight with Geronimo in the Santa Cruz Mountains on 16 May 1886. From 1912 to 1914, he commanded the 13th Cavalry and the 2d Cavalry Brigade at Naco, Arizona.

Scene at Guardhouse, Fort Bowie, after arrival of Geronimo on 5 September 1886.

Geronimo and Natchez at Fort Bowie in September 1886. Geronimo purchased a new pair of boots and a coat at the post Sutler's store nearby, and wore them on his train trip to Florida.

Roll Call: General Nelson A. Miles

Nelson A. Miles was a seventeen-year-old clerk in a Boston crockery store when the Civil War broke out. After learning all he could about Napoleonic tactics from a French veteran, he raised a company of infantry, using borrowed money, and was actually commissioned a captain of the company before it was decided he was too young at twenty-two to command and his commission was revoked. The experience is said to have taught him the importance of having influential friends. Instead he became a lieutenant with the 22nd Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and amassed such an impressive Civil War record that by 1864 he was a brigadier general at the age of 25.

With the war over, he married the niece of General Sherman and accepted a regular army commission as a colonel in the 40th Infantry. Moving to the western theater with the 5th Infantry, Miles quickly earned a reputation as an able Indian fighter, credited with capturing Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce in 1877, and in 1880 was appointed Brigadier General, a promotion resented by his contemporaries because of its political taint. He commanded successively the Department of Columbia, the Missouri, and Arizona.

A bear fur hat and trim on his uniform led to the nickname "Old Bear Coat." Now Old Bear Coat would try his iron hand against the Apache.

Illustration: Watercolor sketch of Brig. Gen. Nelson A. Miles in fur cap. James P. Finley, 1984.

Andre A. Beaumont in 1886 was an impressionable teenager, the son of Major E.B. Beaumont commanding Fort Bowie. He said of Miles, "I frankly did not like Gen. Miles, for although he was a guest in our house for several months he rarely if ever spoke to my brother or me and then only if he could not get out of it. The contrast between him and Gen. Crook was so great that to impressionable kids of 15 and 17 it did not set well. Gen. Crook was so kindly and pleasant, and Gen. Miles, to us, so 'snooty.'" By way of contrast, General Crook's aide, Major Roberts, had a three-year-old daughter named Laura with whom the general would play. She called him "Crookie."

General Miles and artist Frederic Remington met at Fort Bowie and began a lifelong friendship. Remington describes the general in one of his articles for *Century* magazine.

> *The tall gentleman in civilian clothes who talks with every old rancher as familiarly as though he were not a major general, is Miles. From his calm, thoughtful face one might think all this concern rested on some other person's shoulders; but do not attempt to follow his jinni flights, or you will miss many hours of sleep. Here today and miles away tomorrow, with his headquarters in his grip sack. Organizing an expedition, directing there and encouraging here, he knows all that goes on over a vast territory. The people all know him, like him personally and have his confidence. Miles is a fighting Army officer, and that always commands respect. But the tall general, with all his democracy, has little levity in his mental make-up; and should you desire to occupy his time, guard well your speech or with pointed remarks, he may make you regret an indiscretion.*

Another person who knew Miles while he was in Arizona was Charles F. Lummis, a correspondent for a Los Angeles newspaper.

> *General Miles is a tall, straight, fine-looking man, of two hundred ten pounds weight, and apparently in the early fifties. He has a well-modeled head, high brow, strong eye, clean-cut aquiline nose and firm mouth—an imposing and soldierly figure, all around. "We shall*

keep up the pursuit already inaugurated," he told me, "always following the hostiles and never giving them a respite. Thus we shall serve the double purpose of the campaign—to protect the settlements and to get hold of the hostiles. The pursuit will be maintained till we get them, dead or alive."

He arrived at Fort Bowie in a six-mule ambulance on April 12, conferred with the outgoing Crook, and formulated plans. He began to get a feel for the difficulty of the terrain and the nature of the guerrilla warfare with which he was faced. He related some of his first impressions in a letter to his wife.

I arrived today after a long, hot and very dusty trip. I think this is the most barren region I have ever seen. From what I can see and hear of the troops, they are very much discouraged by being kept in the field so long and by the prospect that the campaign must be continued for some time to come. General Crook leaves tomorrow. He appears to feel very much disappointed but does not say much. He tells me that only two of the Apache warriors have been killed since they broke out. In many respects this is the most difficult task I have ever undertaken, on account of the extensive country, the natural difficulties and the fact that the hostiles are so few in number and so active. Still I can only make the best effort possible.

He had his instructions from the Commanding General in Washington. A telegram dated April 3 told him:

The Lieut. General directs that on assuming command of the Department of Arizona, you fix your headquarters temporarily at or near some point on the Southern Pacific RR. He directs that the greatest care be taken to prevent the spread of hostilities among the friendly Indians in your command, and that the most vigorous operations looking to the destruction or capture of the hostiles be ceaselessly carried on. He does not wish to embarrass you by undertaking at this distance to give specific instructions in relation to operations against the hostiles, but it is deemed advisable to suggest the necessity of making active and prominent use of the regular troops of your command. It's desired that you proceed to Arizona as soon as practicable.

Miles' paramount objective was to "capture or destroy any band of hostile Apache Indians found in this section of the country, and to this end," his field order stated, "the most vigorous and persistent efforts will be required of all officers and soldiers until the object is accomplished." He also called for signal detachments to be "placed upon the highest peaks and prominent lookouts to discover the movement of Indians, and to transmit messages between the different camps." Miles emphasized the need for "vigorous forced marches" and surprise. "…Every effort will be made at all times by the troops to discover hostile Indians before being seen by them."

Soon after coming to Bowie, Miles remarked that he thought the Apaches could be whipped as easily as the Indians he had "downed" in the north, if one only went at it in the right way. His job was made more difficult because he did not have the respect of the Indian that Crook enjoyed and because he discounted the value of Apache Scouts.

During April, May and June General Miles visited Fort Huachuca on several occasions to get closer to the operations and discuss his plans with officers of the 4th Cavalry and the 8th Infantry who would lead his spearhead into Mexico. He was accompanied in May and June by artist Frederic Remington and the son of the Secretary of the Interior, L.Q.C. Lamar. On one visit an eyewitness reported that he wore out his escorts climbing from peak to peak in the Huachuca Mountains to get a better view of the country. On April 30 he went to Nogales to confer with Prefect Rivero, commander of Mexican forces of the district of Magdalena. They agreed to keep

each other informed by telegraph of Apache sightings.

As Department of Arizona Commander in 1886, he became a hero to Arizonans after Geronimo's final surrender and deportation to Florida in that same year. General Miles is also credited with introducing the heliograph into Arizona.

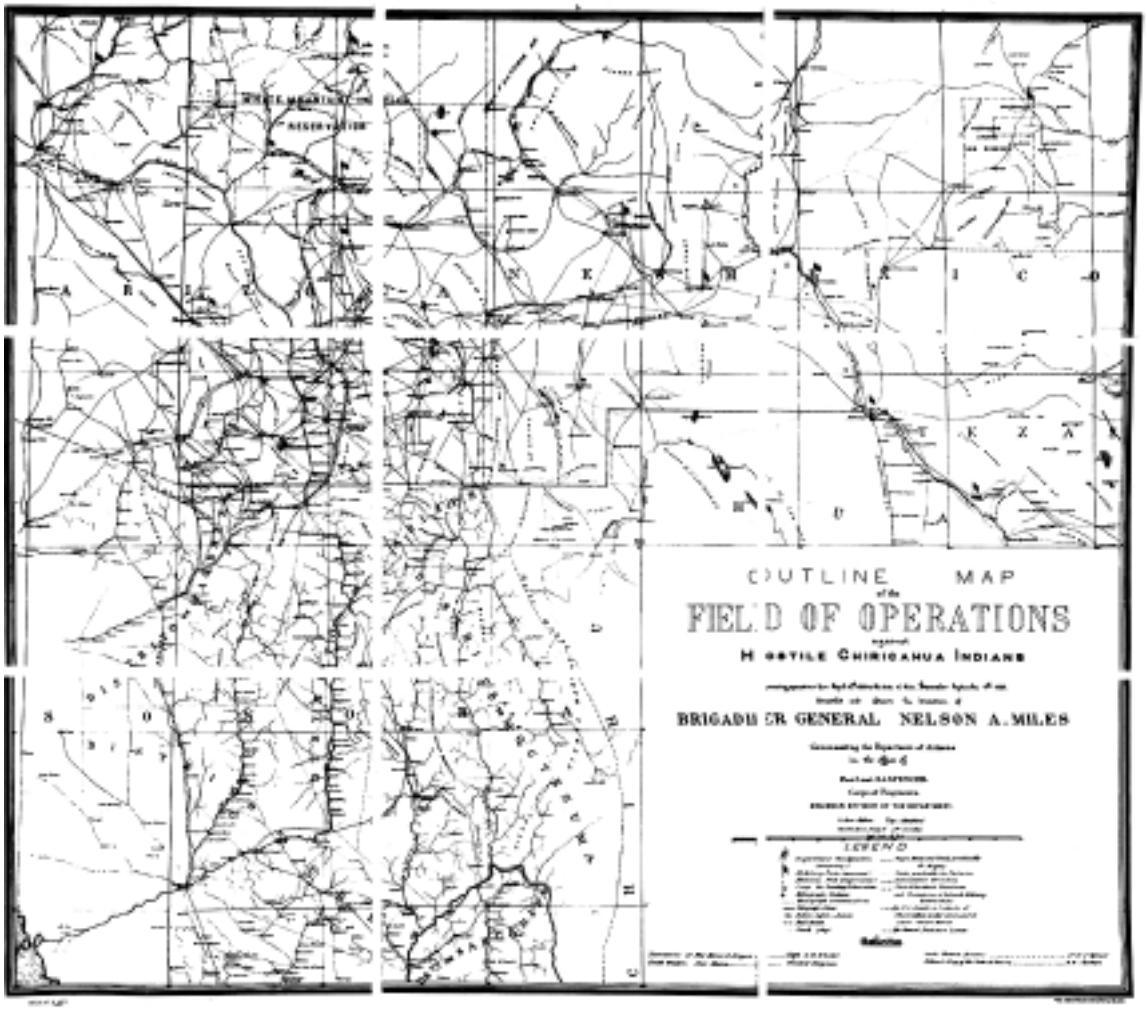
Miles commanded the Department of the Missouri in the Sioux Winter campaign of 1890-1, and the U.S. Army during the Spanish-American War.

Miles, a capable if vain commander, became commanding general of the Army in 1895 with the rank of Lieutenant General. His consuming political ambitions were dashed by his penchant for ill-timed controversy. Always critical of his superiors in the government, he accused the War Department of supplying poisoned beef to the Army during the Spanish-American War and of mistreating Filipino prisoners. It was his public posing and brashness that led President Theodore Roosevelt to tersely announce Mile's retirement in 1903 without the usual accompanying fanfare. Roosevelt called him a "strutting peacock."[16]

Humorist Ambrose Bierce, a contemporary of Miles, tells this story but won't vouch for its truth.

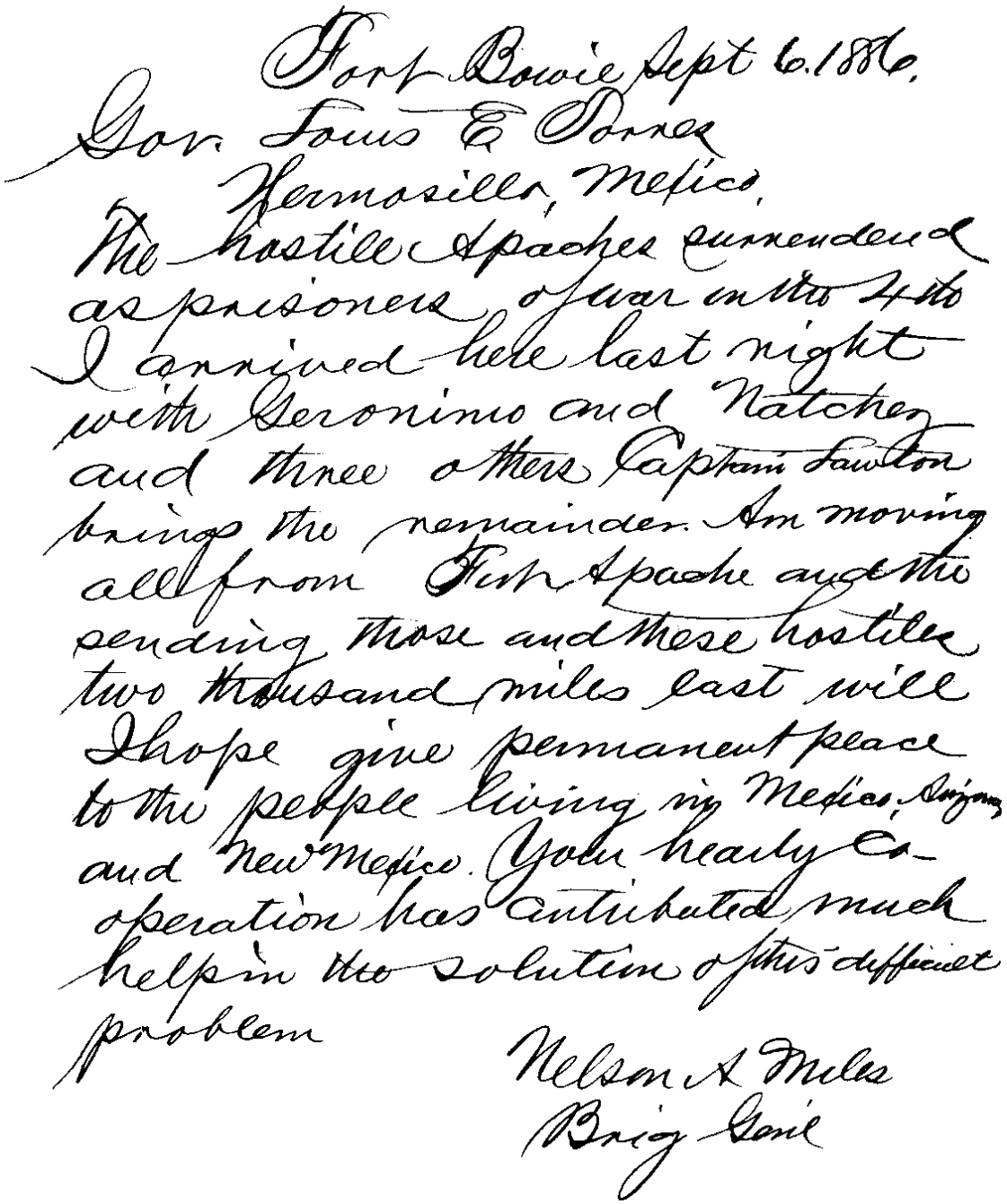
> *Rear Admiral Schley and Representative Charles F. Joy were standing near the Peace Monument in Washington, discussing the question, Is success a failure? Mr. Joy suddenly broke off in the middle of an eloquent sentence, exclaiming: "Hello! I've heard that band before. Santlemann's, I think."*
>
> *"I don't hear any band," said Schley.*
>
> *"Come to think, I don't either," said Joy; "but I see General Miles coming down the avenue, and that pageant always affects me in the same way as a brass band. One has to scrutinize one's impressions pretty closely, or one will mistake their origin."*
>
> *While the Admiral was digesting this hasty meal of philosophy General Miles passed in view, a spectacle of impressive dignity. When the tail of the seeming procession had passed and the two observers had recovered from the transient blindness caused by its effulgence—*
>
> *"He seems to be enjoying himself," said the Admiral.*
>
> *"There is nothing," assented Joy, thoughtfully, "that he enjoys one-half so well."*

Miles, despite the drawbacks of his personality, contributed markedly to his nation both in the field and as a policy maker. He died in Washington, D.C. of a heart attack while attending the circus in 1925.



"Outline Map of the field of Operations against Hostile Chiricahua Indians…, Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles, Commanding the Department of Arizona."

"General Miles," Frederic Remington.


Fort Bowie Sept 6. 1886.
Gov. Louis E Torres
Hermosillo, Mexico.
The hostile Apaches surrendered as prisoners of war on the 4th
I arrived here last night with Geronimo and Natches and three others Captain Lawton brings the remainder. Am moving all from Fort Apache and the sending those and these hostiles two thousand miles east will I hope give permanent peace to the people living in Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico. Your hearty co-operation has contributed much help in the solution of this difficult problem
Nelson A Miles
Brig Genl

Letter from Brig. Gen. Nelson A. Miles to Governor Louis E. Torres, Hermosillo, Mexico.

General Nelson A. Miles and staff at Fort Bowie, Arizona, 1886. Left to right: Dr. Leonard Wood, 1st Lieut., Medical Corps; Lt. R. F. Ames, 2d Infantry; Lt. William E. Wilder, 4th Cavalry; Capt. Henry Ware Lawton, 4th Cavalry; Brig. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Department Commander; Capt. William A. Thompson, 4th Cavalry, AAAG; Major A. S. Kimball, Q.M. Dept.; Lt. J. A. DePray, aide de camp; Lt. Thomas J. Clay, 10th Infantry. Photo courtesy Mrs. Claire M. Vix, daughter of Sgt. Emil Pauley, 4th Cavalry, later Sgt. Major, 8th Infantry.

Apache Campaigns: "We Are at the Beginning of the End"

The chase by Captain Lawton's force was wearing Geronimo's Apaches down and the area of operations was constricting. On June 6, B Troop of the 4th Cavalry exchanged fire with some of Geronimo's band in the Patagonia Mountains.

On the following day General Miles reported to General Otis O. Howard, commanding the Division of the Pacific.

> *For thirty-six days the hostile Apaches have been pursued by the troops, in scattered bands and together, eight hundred miles over the most mountainous region of this country. After three engagements with ours and two with Mexican troops, a part endeavored to reach the Agency. Lieut. Colonel Wade and Capt. Pierce held the Indians on the reservation under close control. Instead of getting assistance, what horses they had were captured and the band escaped on foot in the mountains; were driven out by troops under Captain Lebo, and followed by Lieutenant Bigelow through the Whetstone, Santa Rita and Patagonia Mountains.*
>
> *Last night before dark, Lieut. Walsh, Fourth Cavalry, with thirty-nine soldiers and Indian scouts, intercepted the hostile band in the Patagonia Mountains, captured their horses, saddles and supplies. He was joined last night by Captain Lawton, and renewed the pursuit at day-break.*
>
> *Since they entered the U.S. territory, they have killed thirteen persons, whom they found unarmed in remote places. They have been given no rest, and if not captured today, they will driven into Sonora, Mexico.*

Second Lieutenant Robert A. Brown, who three weeks earlier stood with his graduating class on the parade field at West Point, came closer on July 13 when he and his scouts captured the camp and ponies of some more Indians near the Yaqui River in Sonora.

Brown reported to Lawton the next day.

I have the honor to report as follows the operation of my command of Ind. Scouts for July 6-14, incl. On July 6 I investigated with my Scouts the reported presence of hostiles at Tonibabi, 12 miles east of Moctezuma (Oposura). I found the trail of three ridden animals coming from the north and going in the general direction of southwest by south. Rain on 6 and 7 made the trail very difficult and entirely erased it in places so that it was followed with the utmost difficulty during the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th. According to verbal orders from yourself, I took two days rations, on afternoon of 10th, no animals, and kept the trail, worked 5 or 10 miles ahead of the main command (Inf. and pack train). On the morning of July 12, I found the trail of the animals joined by a trail of about 20 animals coming from the east, at a point 15 or 20 miles southeast of the Lampazas and about 3 miles from the Yaqui River. The trail led to the latter river and then turned sharply north along its banks. Taking a fresh supply of rations on the 12th, I set out with the Scouts on the trail then about three days old and still going north. I soon found the signs growing fresher and the Scouts worked the trail with the greatest care, keeping two of their number a quarter to half a mile in advance, going very slowly and watching every height and mountain with the closest vigilance before advancing. On the morning of the 13th at 10:30 o'clock from a point where the trail crossed a high mountain and descended again to the banks of the river, the scouts in advance discerned the hostile camp by the presence of animals seen on the river banks 3 miles distant. I at once sent back word to the main command of this discovery and proceeded with the Scouts by a detour of 6 or 7 miles to the low commanding peaks west and north of the hostile camp. In so moving the Scouts kept concealed behind the crests of the mountains, marched very slowly and quietly and took every possible precaution to keep the hostiles in ignorance of their presence. The Scouts finally reached the desired position only to find that the hostiles had abandoned everything and fled. It is impossible to tell how or where the hostiles obtained the alarm. The Scouts say that when they first discerned the camp three shots were fired, one a mile or so down the river from the camp and the other two shots in the camp itself or vicinity. These shots were probable alarm signals and the hostiles fled at once without taking any of their animals or property, because if they had attempted the latter the Scouts would have known that the hostiles had discovered their danger and were leaving the camp. It is highly probable that the hostiles had a picket on one of the high peaks overlooking the whole country. In the camp thus captured were 19 riding animals, 7 saddles and blankets, several hundred pounds of jerked meat, cooking utensils and whole camp outfit. Every hostile left afoot and this morning the Scouts are unable to find any trail for more than a few hundred yards from camp. From the camp and trail the Scouts judge the number of hostiles to be about 30, probably the whole band, men, women and boys. The camp thus captured is on the Yaqui River about 6 miles below the junction of the Bavispe and Arros Rivers. At different points along the river there were evidences of at least part of the hostiles having been here nearly two weeks ago. During the past three days the country passed over is excessively rough and the heat has been almost beyond endurance.

In forwarding the report to the District of Huachuca, Lawton added that "Lt. Brown's plan for attack was good." Brown had detoured so as to come upon the enemy camp from above. The "camp was on west bank of river on narrow rocky flat with river unfordable in front and mts. in rear. The Infty coming up, guided by two of Scouts, took position behind the mt. and below. Scouts were to attack and drive hostiles on to Infty." But the plan was never to be put into action as the Apaches fled hurriedly when they discovered the presence of the scouts. Lawton wrote,

"the devil seems to care for his own."

Captain Lawton's cavalry, by this time in the campaign dismounted because horses could not follow the mountain trails, and infantry came up after the fight was long over. His disappointment at missing the spooked Geronimo was fathomless. In a letter to his wife he said, "I was so disappointed as to be almost sick, for here was the chance we had been looking for so long, and it slipped from me without my being able to do anything to prevent it.... I could cry, Mame, if it would do any good.... We have worked so hard and under such trying circumstances, it seems too bad to fail and now it is all to do over again, only a hundred times more difficult.... Well, I will start again and do my best."

And start again he did.

> *Their trail was again discovered and followed up the Aros River, thence northwest until the twenty-third of July. My supplies were nearly exhausted and the heavy rains threatened a rise of the Aros River in my rear, so I moved back across the stream to meet the fresh supplies which were on the way from the supply camp under escort of the cavalry. During this short campaign the suffering was intense. The country was indescribably rough and the weather swelteringly hot, with heavy rains day and night. The endurance of the men was tried to the utmost limit. Disabilities resulting from the excessive fatigue reduced the infantry to fourteen men, and they were worn out and without shoes.*

Author Davis remembered the same conditions patrolling with Crawford one year before and he concluded, "to wear the hostiles down with regular troops was impossible. Without Apache scouts they could not follow the trails; nor had they the endurance to keep up with the scouts in these mountains where the scouts had been born and bred. They [regulars] were only a hindrance...."

Lieutenant Colonel George A. Forsyth, commanding the 4th Cavalry and Fort Huachuca, himself took to the field in August 1886 with four officers, 100 men and a pack train. He did not find Geronimo but he did locate two drunken squaws who were interviewed by Lieutenant Wilbur E. Wilder. They indicated that Geronimo might be willing to come to terms. Forsyth returned with his command to Fort Huachuca in order "that I might not in any way interfere with Lts. Wilder and Gatewood, who have the personal instructions of the Dept. Comd'r; and I thought Capt. Lawton abundantly qualified to settle the matter, and entitled to any credit ensuing therefrom." He thought that "we are at the beginning of the end," and that if Geronimo did not surrender, he would surely be captured by Lawton.

Roll Call: Lieut. Charles B. Gatewood—Big Nose Captain

So called by the Apaches, Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood (1853-1896) was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the 6th Cavalry in 1877 and served for 10 years in Arizona and New Mexico. In command of Indian Scouts and for some years the acting Indian Agent at Fort Apache, Gatewood enjoyed the respect of the Apaches and was the clear choice to negotiate Geronimo's surrender in 1886. War Department Orders cited him for bravery in boldly and alone riding into Geronimo's camp of hostile Apache Indians and demanding their surrender. His singular achievement in the Geronimo episode went largely unnoticed in the clamor for recognition which followed among other participants in the campaign.

Charles B. Gatewood was probably the only officer participating in the Geronimo Campaign

whose career was not appreciably enhanced in the ensuing years. Of the officers participating, nine rose to become general officers. He was assigned as an aide-de-camp to General Miles until 1890. As a commander of Indian Scouts, he believed with General Crook in the worth of loyal Apaches as dependable allies and as an inescapable solution to the Apache problem. This faith in Indians was not shared in the Army officer corps starting at the top with General Phillip Sheridan. A fellow lieutenant in 1886 later wrote, "I have even known some officers, detached for Indian scout duty, and thus obliged to spend long periods alone with Indians, to become for a time almost Indian-like in habit and thought, such was the influence of their environment. Gatewood was an example."

A sergeant in Lawton's troop later said, "Lieutenant Gatewood did the duty and Captain Lawton got the credit." General Thomas Cruse, who had campaigned as a young officer in many Indian campaigns, said of him, "Gatewood, in my opinion, was one of the greatest Indian men, and this in comparison with General Crook, General Miles, General Frank D. Baldwin, General Anson Mills, General Jake Randall—Oh, well, I knew and met them all and note how the above list ultimately got the reward in rank and acclaim whereas Gatewood played in bad luck."

In 1892 Gatewood was severely crippled in a dynamite explosion at Fort McKinney, Wyoming. He had volunteered to enter a burning building and blow it up to prevent the spread of the fire. A falling rafter prematurely detonated the dynamite. He never fully recovered and died of cancer at Fort Monroe, Va., in 1896 at the age of 43. He was still a First Lieutenant, the rank he had held since 1885. His wife, with her two children received a pension of $17 a month. A West Point classmate wrote in his obituary, "His life was simple and unassuming. He suffered many hardships, but his kind heart, genial humor and gentle manners always gave evidence that nature had created him a true gentleman."

1st Lt. Charles B. Gatewood, 6th Cavalry, he was commended by War Department General Orders for "bravery in boldly and alone riding into Geronimo's camp of hostile Apache Indians in Arizona, and demanding their surrender." Photo courtesy Arizona Historical Society.

Apache Campaigns: The "Big-Nosed Captain" and His Peace Commission

General Nelson A. Miles' eventual success in bringing the Geronimo campaign to a close was attributable to several factors, not the least of which was the bravery of Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood who, with two Apache Scouts, Kieta and Martine, located Geronimo's camp and entered it August 24 to talk with the unpredictable war chief.

Gatewood, commissioned in the 6th Cavalry after graduating from West Point in 1877, was the son of a Confederate soldier and a Virginian. He was thirty-three years old when he went out to talk with Geronimo and had behind him "more active duty in the field with Indian Scouts than any other officer of his length of service in the Army." He had been along on Crooks' 1883

expedition into Sonora after Chato and was commended for his work in the field during the 1879-80 Victorio campaign. In charge of the Fort Apache (White Mountain) Indian agency, he had won the respect of the Indians. They called this silent-mannered man the "Big Nosed Captain." He was used to enduring comments about this prominent facial feature. At West Point classmates thought his nose Roman enough to call him Scipio Africanus, after a general with the same profile.

Gatewood had received his instructions from General Miles to find Geronimo's camp with two friendly Chiricahuas as guides and negotiate for his peaceful surrender. He had authority to draw aid from any U.S. commander he might find along the way. He was ordered not to go near the hostiles with less than twenty-five American troops as an escort, an order he ignored as he thought, in his own words, "a peace commissioner would be hampered with a fighting escort in this case, and besides, that number of men deducted from the garrison [at Fort Bowie] at that time, would spoil the appearance of the battalion at drills and parade."

The original party consisted of Martine and Kieta, the scouts, George Wratten as interpreter, Frank Huston as packer with three pack mules, and Gatewood. He regretted not having taken the escort from Bowie as the commands he met along the way were understrength. After crossing the border, he was escorted for a time by Lieutenant James Parker, 4th Cavalry, and within a few days he arrived at Captain Henry W. Lawton's camp. "I put myself under Lawton's orders, with the understanding that whenever he approached the hostiles, and circumstances permitted, I should be allowed to execute my mission."

Lieutenant Gatewood learned around the middle of August that Geronimo was somewhere around Fronteras and that he was sounding out the Mexicans about surrender. Most involved in the campaign felt that these negotiations with the Mexicans were only a ruse to obtain supplies and that Geronimo would never consider actually surrendering to the Mexicans whom he hated so intensely and at whose hands he could expect no mercy. In the vicinity of Fronteras, Gatewood picked up an escort of six or eight men from Lieutenant Wilbur E. Wilder's 4th Cavalry troop, Tom Horn and a Mexican as interpreters and struck into the mountains about dark in order to escape notice by the Mexicans who were determined that they would capture Geronimo.

Upon approaching foreboding canyons that were aptly suited for ambush, Gatewood sent Martine and Kieta out ahead. Although a sound practice, he told it as a joke on himself in his account. "Artemus Ward's magnanimity in sacrificing his relations in the war was nothing to my desire to give Kateah and Martine a chance to reap glory several hundred yards ahead." At one point they found a pair of old canvas pants hanging on a bush. "Everybody gave his opinion, but nobody knew how to interpret what the pants had to say." This time the Indians "said that they were not greedy, but willing to divide the glory. Then everybody volunteered to go ahead with the Indians." The canyon ahead was empty of humans.[17]

Marching carefully along with a flour sack as a flag of truce suspended high from a century plant stalk, was nerve wracking. Gatewood said, "this peace commission business was getting decidedly tiresome."[18]

"As it turned out, Geronimo saw us all the time, but never noticed the flag, although he had good field glasses, and he wondered what fool small party that was dogging his footsteps."[19]

Interviewed later, the scouts told their story.

> *Lieut. Gatewood told us two scouts that he wished us to go on alone, try to locate Geronimo and have a talk with him. We therefore left Lieut. Gatewood and his soldiers in the camp by the river, and we two, Kayaitah and Martine, climbed another mountain in which we*

were sure that Geronimo was camped. We realized the danger of thus proceeding but we had promised General Miles that we would try our best to bring back Geronimo, and we intended to do it.

At two o'clock that afternoon we came near to the place where his camp was pitched. Between his camp and us, Geronimo had his men stationed out among the rocks with their guns guarding the camp against attack. We proceeded as carefully as we could but they saw us coming. We knew that they might shoot at us any moment. In fact there was much danger of their doing this. We learned later that they were doubtful about what they should do as we came up. However, Kayaitah had a cousin in Geronimo's camp who recognized him and did not want to see him killed. He therefore jumped up on a rock without permission from Geronimo and called to us and asked why we were coming. We replied that we were messengers from General Miles and Lieut. Gatewood and that we wished to discuss peace with Geronimo.

He then told us that we might come into the camp. We did this and he and his warriors joined us and together we all filed back to where his real camp was pitched.

We talked over the reasons for which we had come. Geronimo told us that while he had in the past broken faith with the American soldiers, he was now really willing to surrender and make peace.

Geronimo then had cooked some mescal and from this he took in his two hands enough of this mescal to make a lump about the size of a man's heart. This he squeezed together, wrapped it up and told us to take this to Lieut. Gatewood. He said that this was a token of his surrender and that when the mescal had been sent there would be no reason for Gatewood to doubt his earnestness in planning to give up.

Kayitah stayed with Geronimo. Martine was sent back to Gatewood with the mescal. That same evening Martine arrived back at the river camp and handed the mescal to Gatewood. He took it, sliced it up and handed it to his soldiers who ate it between bread, and they were all very happy for they realized that Geronimo was now in earnest in his plans to end the Indian wars. The soldiers all lay down around the fire that night feeling that there was no danger of an attack.[20]

The next day Gatewood and his small party would ride into Geronimo's stronghold and put their lives on the line.

Apache Campaigns: "Do You Have Anything to Drink...I Feel a Little Shaky"

It was at sundown on August 23, 1886, that Martine, one of two Apache scouts with Lieut. Charles A. Gatewood, came in with the information that he had located Geronimo's camp about four miles away. They were in a rocky stronghold high in the Torres Mountains. The following account is taken from an interview conducted in later years with the two scouts.

The following morning, Gatewood called Martine very early and told him that they would go again for a conference with Geronimo. This time Gatewood, Wratten the interpreter, and some other soldiers went along, but the larger body of soldiers were left behind in

a canyon near the river.

When we had gotten about half way to the Indian camp of the day before we saw Indians coming down the mountain to meet us. We were very anxious for a few minutes thinking that maybe Geronimo had changed his mind and meant trouble for us. We said however that the only thing to do is to go on to meet him, and when we came nearer we saw that he had Kayitah leading his party, as Martine was leading the soldier band. We drew nearer to the Indians coming down the mountains, and when we met, Geronimo came up and shook hands with the soldiers. We then sat down on the ground together and talked for a long time about the plans for surrender. We then all returned down the mountain to the soldier's camp.

Gatewood spoke the Apache language and was well known to Geronimo from the Crook operations. The 33-year-old West Pointer had for some years been Crook's choice as Indian agent at Fort Apache. Gatewood picks up the narrative:

Geronimo laid his Winchester rifle down and came and shook hands. He remarked on my thinness and asked what was the matter with me. Imagine him looking me square in the eyes, and watching my every movement, 24 bucks sitting around fully armed, my small party scattered in their various duties—and say if you can blame me for feeling chilly twitching movements.

Tobacco had been passed around, and everyone was puffing at his cigarette. Geronimo announced that the whole party was there to listen to General Miles' message. It took but a few minutes to say, "Surrender, and you will be sent to join the rest of your people in Florida, there to await the decision of the President as to your final disposition. Accept these terms or fight it out to the bitter end."

They all listened attentively and a silence of several weeks fell on the party, at least so it seemed to me. Then Geronimo passed a hand across his eyes and, extending both arms forward and making his hands tremble, asked if I had anything to drink.

"We have been on a three day's drunk," said he, "on the mescal the Mexicans sent us by the squaws who went to Fronteras. The Mexicans expected to play their usual trick of getting us drunk and killing us, but we have had the fun; and now I feel a little shaky."

It was explained to him that we had left the town in such a hurry that we had neglected to provide ourselves with desirable drinkables. Then he proceeded to talk business….

"Take us to the reservation or fight," was his ultimatum, as he looked me square in the eye. I couldn't take them to the reservation, and I couldn't fight, neither could I run nor yet feel comfortable. Natchez, who had taken little part in the proceedings, here said that whether they continued the war or not, my party would be safe so long as they not begin hostilities.

They were then informed that the rest of their people who remained on the reservation, between 400 and 500 in number, had been removed to Florida to join Chihuahua's band, and their going back to the reservation meant living among their enemies, the other Apaches….

After considerable smoking and conversation, Geronimo asked what kind of man the new general was. He wanted to know Miles' age, size, color of his hair and eyes, whether his voice was harsh or agreeable to listen to, whether he talked much or little, and if he meant

more than he said or less. Does he look you in the eyes or down on the ground when he talks?

They all listened to the answers I gave. Then Geronimo said, "He must be a good man since the Great Father sent him from Washington, and he sent you all this distance to us."

Towards sunset, I suggested my party repair about four miles down the river. That night, they could discuss the matter further, and their medicine men might take a few glances into the future. To this they agreed, and Geronimo said, "We want your advice. Consider yourself one of us and not a white man. As an Apache, what would you advise us to do?" It didn't take long to reply, "I would trust General Miles and take him at his word." They all stood around looking very solemn, and no further reference was made to the matter.

After shaking hands all around, we bade them a solemn good-bye and rode to Lawton's camp.

The next morning Gatewood wrote to his wife of five years, Georgia McCullock of Cumberland, Maryland, telling her about the events of the previous twenty-four hours.

I am now in camp on the Bavispe River about 30 miles south of San Bernardino. Well, I've had a talk with Geronimo in person. It took all day yesterday & made me very tired. He and I are grown to be great friends. He laid his arms down and gave me a hearty shake of the hand. My escort was present & so was his. [There were] about 20 bucks all around, but my escort stayed at one side under arms. So you see I ran no risk.

George Wratten, the interpreter with Gatewood and later the Superintendent of the Apaches in captivity, said, "old Chief [Geronimo] told Gatewood, 'I am your friend, and I'll go with you.' He always had great faith in Lieutenant Gatewood. He was the only man that could have safely gotten within gunshot of the old savage."

Gatewood was able to convince the faithless Geronimo and his followers of the futility of continued resistance. The arguments carrying the most weight had to be Miles' removal of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches to Florida, a move that cut the renegades off from family and reinforcements. And, although Lawton's column had failed to make contact during four sweltering months in the field, the Apaches could not fail to be awed by this most persistent of American efforts. In his report Gatewood made the point:

The only thing that an Apache respects is force, and as the word Apache indicates that he regards himself as the man, another who gets the better of him commands his profoundest respect. This is why he tortures a cowardly enemy but never a brave one.

It was characteristic that the surrender should take place under the circumstances. They could have no rest and they feared no treachery; hence delivered themselves to a foe they knew superior to themselves.[21]

Later in the day they encountered the Mexican commander and about 200 soldiers. Gatewood and his wards made a "run for it," with Natchez and some bucks making up the rear guard. They halted about a mile away where a courier rode up to inform them that "the Mexican would not be satisfied until he had heard from Geronimo himself that he intended to surrender to the United States." An interview was arranged between the Mexican prefect and seven of his men and Geronimo with a like number of Apaches. They all showed up armed and the confrontation was tense.

…The Mexican party arrive first. Then Geronimo, at the head of his party, came through the bushes, dragging his Winchester rifle by the muzzle and his six-shooter handy in front of

his left hip. The suspicious old rascal would take no chances.

After shaking hands, the Mexican shoved his revolver around to his front, and Geronimo drew his half way out of the holster, the whites of his eyes turning red and a most fiendish expression on his face. The former put his hands behind him, and the latter dropped his right hand by his side. The Prefect asked why he had not surrendered at Fronteras. Geronimo replied that he did not want to be murdered. Prefect: "Are you going to surrender to the Americans?" Geronimo: "I am because I can trust them. Whatever happens, they will not murder me or my people." Prefect: "Then I shall go along, and see that you do surrender." Geronimo: "No, you are going South and I am going North. I'll have nothing to do with you or any of your people." And so it was.[22]

Both sides were nervous, as Lieutenant Walsh later noted. "I was standing to one side a few feet from the Indians and what impressed me was the scowls on the Indians' faces and the hatred they showed towards the Mexicans…. The Mexicans were decidedly nervous and I have no doubt were very glad when the interview was over. They would have stood no chance."

Lieutenant James Parker later wrote that General Miles at first refused to come to Skeleton Canyon to treat with Geronimo and instead hinted to Lawton that he should assassinate the Apache prisoners.

The incident with the Mexican forces and General Miles' reluctance to meet with Geronimo did not make Captain Lawton feel any more confident. He was in a tight spot. He was responsible for the safe passage of the hostiles until they were officially surrendered to Miles. On the other hand, if they were to bolt as they had before on General Crook, his career in the Army was in serious jeopardy. He was anxious to get them off his hands. On September 2 he wrote to General Miles.

We moved to this point [Skeleton Canyon], and I feel now that you should see them at once, and secure them as I believe you will, or give me some positive and definite order what to do. The responsibility at the present time is too great for me to assume. They are suspicious and timid, and the gathering of troops has made them suspicious of me. Today they said they did not like to give up their guns when soldiers were all around, but when you came if you said so they would lay them down, and I believe they will. They have kept every promise so far.

I am aware now that I assumed a great responsibility when I allowed them to come to my camp and promised them safety until they could see you, and have regretted a thousand times that Lt. Gatewood ever found my command, but I sincerely believed and do yet they wished to surrender, and that I was furthering your plans. I have followed them for four months and know how hard it is to surprise them, and believe that they should not now be driven out again.

At the most a little diplomacy will bring them all in our hands as prisoners. I think Lt. Gatewood will be in to confer with you, but send this at once as I think you should know of the change of camp as soon as possible. I would be glad to have an officer directly from yourself come out and take command.[23]

General Miles' party would ride from Bowie a few days later to formally accept the surrender of the unpredictable Geronimo.

Apache Campaigns: "It is the Last Time You Will Ever Have Occasion to Surrender."

Escorted by Captain Lawton and Surgeon Wood, the Chiricahuas trekked north from Mexico to Skeleton Canyon where, on September 4, 1886, they surrendered officially to General Miles. The conference was anticlimactic. Only the bleached bones of Mexicans ambushed by Tombstone outlaw Curly Bill, which lay strewn about the site, offered grisly reminders of the deadly events of the past seventeen months.

Geronimo was wearing a U.S. Army officers jacket that had belonged to Captain Hatfield, 4th Cavalry. The blouse had been tied to Hatfield's saddle on the day he was ambushed and some of his horses taken.

Geronimo was in good humor. When the interpreter told him, "General Miles is your friend," Geronimo broke up his American audience. "I never saw him but I have been in need of a friend. Why has he not been with me?"

Miles gave his impressions of Geronimo in his *Personal Recollections*:

> *Soon after my reaching Lawton's command, Geronimo rode into our camp and dismounted. He was one of the brightest, most resolute, determined looking men that I have ever encountered. He had the clearest, sharpest, dark eye I think I have ever seen, unless it was that of General Sherman when he was at the prime of life and just at the close of the great war. Every movement indicated power, energy and determination. In everything he did he had a purpose.*

The next morning at about ten o'clock Miles loaded Geronimo, Natchez, and three others into his wagon and started for Fort Bowie at a fast clip. They were escorted by Lieutenants Charles Clay and Wilber E. Wilder. Riding back to Fort Bowie, Geronimo, gazing at the Chiricahua Mountains which had for so long sheltered him, said to Miles, "This is the fourth time I have surrendered." Miles answered, "And I think it is the last time you will ever have occasion to surrender."

Miles was not taking any unnecessary risks. He ordered the teamster not to "let the sun go down on you" as he intended to reach his destination by nightfall.

Emma S. Erickson was the wife of a 4th Cavalry sergeant stationed at Fort Huachuca and later Fort Bowie. She recorded this anecdote.

> *Geronimo was a perfect gentleman.... After the surrender they brought Geronimo and some other Indians up through San Simon Valley—the Indians rode in an ambulance. They stopped at Mrs. Chenoworth's ranch and asked for dinner. She got together a hurried meal and then gave the Indians some watermelon. When Gen. Miles went to pay the bill she said it would be 50 cents each for the meal and the watermelon extra. He said it was a mighty poor meal but he would pay the 50 cents but he would not pay for the watermelon. With that Geronimo took out his purse and paid the difference.*

A few days later, Natchez's brother, Jose Maria Elias, two other men, three women and a boy slipped away in the dead of night from Lawton's camp. For the next thirty years they would be blamed for every theft and killing in Sonora and some believe that their descendants still live in the labyrinths of the Sierra Madres. At least one account, however, says they were all killed in a fight with Mexican Rurales under the command of Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky.

In early October, when the brass were putting the final touches on their congratulatory reports,

an almost forgotten fragmentary band of Apaches who had ridden out with Geronimo more than sixteen months earlier hit the Corralitos Rancho in Chihuahua, Mexico. The three men, three women and two half-grown boys were led by Mangus, son of Mangas Coloradas. They had parted company with Geronimo early on to forage on their own. At the Corralitos Ranch they had driven off fifty-three mules. The manager of the ranch was an experienced campaigner, Lieutenant, now retired, Britton Davis. With a few of his men he tracked the Indians, who were traveling back into the United States, and wired ahead to General Miles. Miles mobilized Captain Charles L. Cooper with a 22-man detachment mounted on bay horses, part of Troop H, 10th Cavalry. Mangus' men were headed off in the open before they could reach the Black Mountains in New Mexico and were ridden down by Cooper. This footnote action to the campaign marked the only actual capture of armed Apache braves during the Geronimo campaign.

Civil authorities were clamoring for Geronimo's blood. President Cleveland too was calling for his trial by civil authorities. But Miles had promised to get the Chiricahuas out of the state—to captivity in Florida. With Lawton's men from the 4th Cavalry as escort, the Apaches left Fort Bowie, with the band playing "Auld Lang Syne" amidst general and relieved smiles, and were loaded on a train for Florida. They left on September 8. A telegram from the president of the United States ordering them to be turned over to civil authorities for trial was delayed in the pocket of Miles' adjutant, Captain William A. Thompson, until the train had departed.

Sheridan had telegrammed Miles on September 7:

> *Your telegram informing me you hope to start Geronimo, Natchez and prisoners of the hostile band east to-morrow, is received. As the disposition of Geronimo and his hostile band is yet to be decided by the President, and as they are prisoners without conditions, you are hereby directed to hold them in confinement at Fort Bowie until the decision of the President is communicated to you. It is believed his decision will soon be made. This must not delay the removal of the balance of the Chiricahua and Warm spring Indians east by Colonel Wade.*

On the 8th the president's instructions were relayed:

> *I am much pleased with your last dispatch. All the hostiles should be very safely kept as prisoners until they can be tried for their crimes or otherwise disposed of and those to be sent to Florida should be started immediately. Grover Cleveland*

But the Chiricahuas were already on their way. Miles received a mild reprimand from his superior, Maj. Gen. Otis O. Howard, commanding the Division of the Pacific.

> *It seems plain, according to the official reports received here, that without waiting to hear the decision of the President or of the War Department, upon your telegraphic request of September 8, and in direct contravention of the telegraphic order of the Lieutenant-General of September 7, "to hold them at Fort Bowie," you determined to start them for Florida, where they would arrive "in four days."*
>
> *Doubtless you had a strong motive to hurry these Indians east beyond the limits of your command, before the orders of your superiors regarding their disposition could be communicated to you, but in the absence of any evidence that the Lieutenant-General's order of September 7 was not received by you, the division commander is at a loss to account for the course you pursued.*

The train was halted at San Antonio by the authority of the President who wanted to investigate the surrender terms. While Geronimo was getting a tour of the Lone Star Brewery, Secretary of War William Endicott ordered on October 19 that they be interned at Fort Pickens, Florida, saying, "These Indians have been guilty of the worst crimes known to law, committed under the

circumstances of great atrocity. Public safety requires that they be removed far from the scene of their depredation, and guarded with the strictest vigilance."

That Lawton and Miles did not have more to say about Gatewood's part bothered a number of Crook and Gatewood partisans in the years to follow; however, historians have been quick to underscore the quiet heroism of Gatewood since the clamor for recognition has died down.

Some accused Miles of acts of petty jealousy, like refusing to allow Gatewood, now his aide, to attend a victory celebration in Tucson in 1887. It was at this affair that the general was given a special presentation dress sword from Tiffany's of New York. The effort to raise funds among grateful Arizonans for the purchase of the expensive blade fell short of expectations and Miles made up the difference.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Life in the Field in the Geronimo Campaign

The hardships of the trail during the final Geronimo campaign were grueling and the tenacity of the Irish, German, Black and other American campaigners has become the stuff upon which U.S. Army traditions are founded. In addition to the always ominous threat of a hail of Apache bullets fired from ambush, the soldiers had to contend with the withering mid-summer sun, brackish water holes, and a crippling uphill terrain. Leonard Wood reported heat stroke, varicose veins, and inflamed joints as a result of the constant climbing.

They were clutched at by desert thorn and devil's claw, torn by manzanita and mesquite, and pierced by Spanish bayonet and prickly pear. In the rainy season they were waterlogged and malarial. They shared their pallets with rattlesnake, scorpion, tarantula, centipede and body louse.

As for taking care of the vermin that were constant companions of the troopers on the march, one soldier described the method used to rid clothing of unwanted lice.

> *When we happened to rest at a place where shade was available, so that the sun would not blister the bare body, the soldier would strip off his underwear and shirt, go to a nearby ant hill, stir up the pile so as to get the ants excited, and then put his belongings on the ant hill. The ants, especially the large red kind, riled up over the disturbance, would attack the cooties,*

brood and all, and in a short while the pest had been exterminated.[24]

"Marching in the Desert," Arizona Territory, 1888, Frederic Remington.

"A Trooper's Fate in Apache Land," Frederic Remington.

Troop G, 8th Cavalry, in Box Canyon near Hillsboro, New Mexico, September 1886. Lieut. Enoch H. Crowder in front. Photo courtesy Col. Samuel A. Merrit, USA Retired.

U.S. Army Lifestyles in the Apache Campaigns: Infantry in the Geronimo Campaign

In Leonard Wood's written report on the Geronimo campaign, he talks about the value of using infantry in the mountains where horses cannot go.

The Apaches naturally select the rougher sections in avoiding troops, as their thorough knowledge of it and long training in mountain work render it less difficult to them than to troops equipped and dressed as are our soldiers.

This section is thinly peopled. In fact, in many portions devoid of inhabitants. It produces nothing save a few wild fruits, cactus fruit, etc., game, deer.

Troops are dependent for all supplies on pack trains. Such is the roughness in some portions that even these cannot pass through. Water is scanty and often of poor quality. The heat is intense, reaching 120 so far. There is hardly a valley which is not malarial.

The object of the command was to capture or destroy a band of 40 Apaches, who up to that time had successfully eluded all pursuit and done an immense amount of injury both in Sonora and Arizona. Thoroughly acquainted with the country, capable of great exertion,

stimulated by the fear of death, their capture became an affair of the greatest difficulty.

* * *

During the early days of the expedition a good deal of work was done by the cavalry in Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora. Now and then forage could be obtained and the command remained in fair condition and did excellent work, but on reaching the high mountain country in Eastern Sonora, it went rapidly to pieces and was sent into camp at Opsura to recuperate.

Cavalry cannot serve for any length of time in the rougher portion of Sonora, that is do any work for want of grain and water, and especially the mountain climbing rapidly uses up the horses.

The infantry did more excellent work from first to last, marching for a greater portion of the time with the scouts.

During the latter part of June and July it was my good fortune to command the infantry. During this time we were constantly on the trail and above these (Yaqui) rivers, and eventually jumped the hostile camp, capturing everything except the hostiles.

Some idea of the heat may be gained from these facts. Men could not bear their hands on the iron work of their guns or on rocks. Pack trains had to be stopped after 5 or 6 miles on account of animals being overheated and played out. This temperature and the roughness of the country combined made traveling work of the most severe nature. I kept one man mounted in the rear of the line to bring along any men overcome by the heat and fatigue. These infantry men were supposed to be selected on account of their fitness for their work, but even then only about one-third proved fit for the duty and many were sent back.

An infantryman described his first uphill climb.

For a while there was some joking and talking, but soon it ceased, and the only sounds to be heard were the creaking of the wagon wheels of the supply train, and the cracking of an occasional whip and the shuffle of our feet as we toiled wearily up this steep incline. the day was hot, and the sun caught us fairly on that side of the mountain, and by the time we had reached a level place on the top of that immense plateau, it seemed as though we had traveled a thousand miles.

The way down was not any easier. "…Every step on that steep declivity, weighted as we were with rifles and ammunition, seemed to drive our knee joints right up into our hips."

An 8th Infantry soldier wrote:

The Indian scouts were very efficient and hard working and were constantly in the advance, always willing and ready, and physically the equal of the hostiles, but of course lacking the incentive which urged the latter on. Compared with troops, I should say that on the whole they are physically equal if not superior.

There is no doubt in my mind that picked soldiers with a month or so of mountain work will march with scouts on ordinary, if not all, occasions. The greatest good feeling existed between our scouts and soldiers, and I can say from my own experience that they are obedient, kind to their officers.

Apache Campaigns: The American Soldier in the Apache Campaigns

Capt. Charles King, Fifth Cavalry, who had been seriously wounded at Sunset Pass, Arizona, in 1874, became a widely read novelist and penned this tribute to the men who fought in the Apache campaigns in the Southwest.

> *"A more thankless task, a more perilous service, a more exacting test of leadership, soldiership, morale and discipline no army in Christendom has ever been called upon to undertake than that which for eighty years was the lot of the little fighting force of regulars who cleared the way across the continent for the emigrant and settler, who in summer and winter stood guard over a wide frontier, whose lives were spent in almost utter isolation, whose lonely death was marked and mourned only by sorrowing comrades, or mayhap grief-stricken widow and children left destitute and despairing. There never was a warfare on the face of the earth in which the soldier, officer or man, had so little to gain, so very much to lose. There never was a warfare which, like this, had absolutely nothing to hold the soldier stern and steadfast to the bitter end, but the solemn sense of Soldier Duty."*

Title unknown, trooper mounted, c.1890, Frederic Remington.

Members of Troop G, 8th Cavalry, at Camp Boyd, New mexico, in September 1886. From left to right: Lieut. E.H. Crowder, Lieut. Flynn, Tim Stanley, and Dr. Muhl. Photo courtesy Col. Samuel A. Merritt.

Apache Campaigns: Numbers in the Geronimo Campaign

There were no fewer than sixteen skirmishes from the time Geronimo bolted in May 1885 until his surrender in September 1886. They involved Indian Scouts, the 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th Cavalry, and the 8th Infantry. Two of these units, the 4th Cav and the 8th Infantry, were based at Fort Huachuca in the first echelon.

The geography of the theater encompassed some 80,000 square miles, larger than Korea or Vietnam, or both combined.

In September 1885 there were 328 Indian scouts in the Department of Arizona and 200 in the District of New Mexico.

In late June 1886, there were 3,979 men serving in the theater. According to the Adjutant's report, it broke down this way:

Present for duty in the Department of Arizona: General officers, 1; general staff officers, 21, with 2 attached; general staff enlisted, 43. Cavalry: 65 officers, 1,389 men. Infantry: 22 officers, 413 men attached to 2nd Cavalry; 4 officers and 120 men with 8th Infantry; and 10 officers, 239 men unassigned. Totals: 125 officers, 2,204 enlisted men.

Present for duty in District of New Mexico: Officers, 119; enlisted men, 1,350; Indian Scouts, 26 Mescaleros, 155 Navahos.

Grand Total: 244 officers, 3,554 men, and 181 Indian Scouts.

The American forces, including Indian Scouts, lost 15 men killed and 14 wounded. Geronimo

lost perhaps a dozen. On January 11, Crook reported that since May 1885, 39 civilians were killed in New Mexico and 34 in Arizona, for a total of 73.

There were other casualties for the American soldiers besides those suffered on the battlefield. The physical demands of this theater and campaign had taken their toll. Eighty-nine soldiers from Fort Huachuca were discharged for disability during 1886, the third highest rate for any post in the United States Army.

For virtually all the men who played a major part in the Geronimo Campaign, that singular experience stands apart as a demarcation point in their lives. For the old, it was a capstone of a lifetime of achievement, the "hardest work in their lives." For the younger, it was un undeniable impetus for their military careers, or, for the less fortunate, a highlight of an abbreviated Army vocation. No fewer than nine officers who chased Geronimo would wear general officer's stars. Almost all who survived to retirement, did so with the rank of Colonel or higher.

Military Intelligence in the American Southwest: Apache Scouts

The use of Indian Scouts by U.S. Army commanders on the frontier was a prominent example of how military intelligence can be employed with ingenuity and effectiveness. Their use in Arizona, as both spies on the reservation and as reconnaissance patrols in the field, was given credit for bringing the renegade Apaches to bay and significantly shortening the Apache campaigns.

The American Army had used Indians as guides ever since its inception, but they were employed as civilians. It was not until an Act of Congress in July 1866 that Indians were actually enlisted and became an official unit of the U.S. Army. Brig. Gen. George Crook made extensive use of Apache scouts in Arizona territory to track down Apache renegades. Crook would emphasize their worth in his official report: "I cannot too strongly assert that there has never been any success in operations against these Indians, unless Indian scouts were used. These Chiricahua scouts…were of more value in hunting down and compelling the surrender of the renegades than all other troops…combined. The use of Indian scouts was dictated by the soundest of military policy."

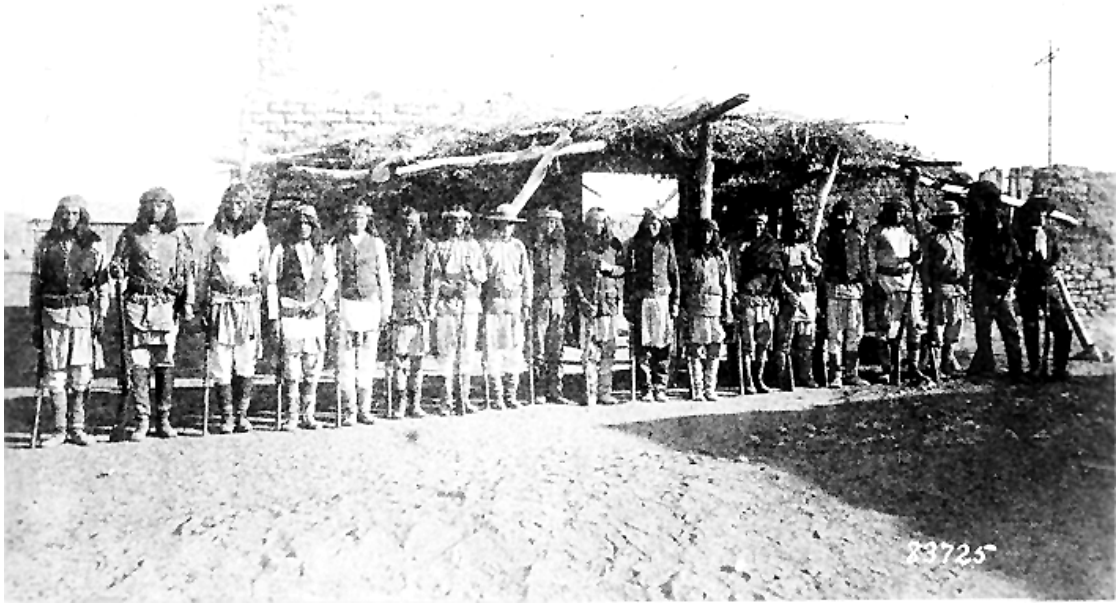
On the reservation where many Indian factions intrigued against each other and the U.S. Army, a network of "Confidential Indians" would report to the military any plans or disatisfaction. This proved useful in 1882 when informants alerted the Army to the intentions of renegades to attack the reservation at Camp Goodwin and breakout Loco and his Warm Springs people to join them in raiding. A Chiricahua named Sam Kenoi explained:

At Fort Apache they said Geronimo was always suspicious. There were two women and three men who were secret service agents for Lieutenant Davis. They were Western Apache. These are a different tribe. That is what caused many of the stories that were going around. The two women who were secret service agents would go after midnight to these army officials and tell them what had been said, what the Indians intended to do. Most of the trouble came through the Western Apache. They told stories, mostly false. We don't know who the secret service people were. But I don't think the government officials can deny that they had secret agents, men and women.[25]

However, this information received from spys did not prevent the renegades from spurring

Loco and his people from the reservation.

In 1891 the Army experimented with enlisting scouts in units of the regular army. The number of scouts authorized Army-wide was reduced to 150, fifty being allocated for Arizona. The General Orders, dated March 9, allowed for L Troop of each cavalry regiment and I Company of each regiment of infantry to be converted to 55-man Indian units. The 9th and 10th regiments of black cavalry were excepted as were the 6th, 11th, 15th, 19th, 24th and 25th infantry regiments. In 1897 the provision was dropped and the Indian companies and troops were disbanded. The Indian scout units were distinct however, and were not affected. But they were reduced so far in numbers that they were no longer functional as companies and were redesignated as detachments.



Company F, Indian Scouts, San Carlos Agency in 1885.

Indian Scouts with civilian scout.

Group of White Mountain Apache scouts. U.S. Army photo.

Indian trading stores at San Carlos, Arizona.

Military Intelligence in the American Southwest: The Geronimo Code

Just as it is important for commanders to be able to communicate to their troops, so is it important to intercept enemy communications so that their tactical intentions will become known. Cryptology, the science of codes, has been part of the human need for keeping secrets since the time of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Cryptology and the art of breaking codes, cryptanalysis, have played a major part in military operations throughout history. One well known example is the success in breaking Japanese codes during World War II, enabling Naval intelligence to prepare for the Battle of Midway, a decisive U.S. victory in the battle for the Pacific.

A coded message was sent from the Mexican government to the governor of Sonora in 1886. It warned the governor not to trust the Apache renegade Geronimo in any negotiations with that Apache leader. A U.S. Army cryptanalyst decoded the message in 1977 in under 30 minutes without using any mechanical or computer aids. He had an important clue. He knew the name "Geronimo" appeared in the message.

The Geronimo Campaign: Lessons Learned

The bloody and unparalleled Apache campaigns were at a close. Army leaders learned that guerilla warfare is one of the most difficult to counter. The overriding lesson of the Indian Wars was one of adaptability; adaptability to the physical demands of the terrain, adaptability to the new

tactics required for a totally different kind of warfare, and an adaptability of technology matched to needs. Faced with a deceptive and highly mobile foe, Brig. Gen. George Crook solved some of the problems of intelligence by employing Indian Scouts as reconnaissance units. Attention to discipline, strategic outposts and the tactic of relentless pursuit attacked the other problems of understrength garrisons and blind patrolling. General Crook was able to extend his mobility by employing mule trains rather than wagons to pack supplies for long arduous treks over impossible terrain.

The troopers learned the importance of physical fitness, an element that was essential in a campaign, like so many others, that depended wholly upon endurance in coming to grips with the enemy. The heat and hardships of the campaign broke down many men. One enlisted man wrote that after returning to Fort Huachuca in 1886, "E Troop lost 17 men who were discharged because they had broken down in health after that terrible ride [chasing Geronimo]." At Fort Bowie 27 out of 32 men "were on sick report with lumbago, pleurisy and rheumatism." Official records bear out these claims, showing that eighty-nine soldiers were discharged for disability in 1886 at Fort Huachuca alone.

The modern military art embraces such ideas as quick reaction force, enclave theory, flexible response, cavalry mobility, search and destroy, open arms [surrender] program, body count, low-intensity conflict, and small unit actions—all concepts which were born during the Apache campaigns.

Pack mules of the 8th Cavalry at Camp E. S. Otis.
Geronimo, photo taken at Slaughter Ranch

Military Intelligence in the Southwest: The Heliograph Network as Observation Posts

Invented by the British, the heliograph was used with success in India, Afghanistan, and South Africa. The mirror device flashes the sun's rays using a modified Morse code. The U.S. Army, believing they might be effective in the cloudless southwest, began testing the instrument in 1877.

During the Geronimo campaign of 1886, Brig. Gen. Nelson A. Miles ordered that signal detachments be put on the highest peaks of southern Arizona and New Mexico to detect the movements of the renegades and report their movements by heliograph. Twelve men were sent to the theater to operate the signalling devices, and other cavalrymen, like Fort Huachuca's Private Bluste of Troop K, 4th Cavalry, were detailed as signalmen. At Miles' request, the Army's Chief Signal Officer, Brig. Gen. William B. Hazen, rounded up all the heliograph devices he could find within the Army. He provided the Arizona commander 34 heliographs, ten telescopes, and 30 marine glasses.

Miles put Sergeant Alvarado M. Fuller, later to be commissioned in the 2d Cavalry, in charge of the network in Arizona, and Lieut. E. E. Dravo in New Mexico. These men had orders to place their signal detachments "upon the highest peaks and prominent lookouts to discover any movements of Indians and to transmit messages between the different camps." The first station opened on 26 April 1886 and the last became operational on 14 July. Records show that during the campaign 2,264 messages were sent in Arizona alone.

Private William W. Neifert, later a major in the Signal Reserve, was one of the first six men selected by competitive examination at the Signal Corps school of instruction at Fort Myers, Va., to be sent to Arizona to man the heliograph network. The others in the squad were Privates Charles C. Capwell, Henry Goucher, William A. Whitney, and James I. Wildmeyer. A sixth man, Richard O'Dowd, would join them later.

Neifert later wrote an account of his experiences, beginning with his journey west.

> *In those days privates did not ride in Pullman cars, and there was "Y.M." representative at the station to give us a supply of fresh fruit, and chewing gum. The outstanding bright spot was a check signed by "Wells Willard, Captain and C.S." in the amount of $9.00 for commutation of rations, 6 days, at $1.50 per day. We started from the old B. & O., Washington depot on June 12 and six days railroad travel us to Bowie Station, on the "S.P." during the forenoon of the 18th. On the surrounding prairie we found a lively scene with much noise and loud profanity from the troops, packers, mechanics, with their horses, mules and all sorts of impedimenta, making up supply trains for the various military posts in the section. The stage agent got out a special coach to take our party to Fort Bowie, while the hazardous undertaking upon which we had embarked became more and more apparent, though we were "game" as we were in quest of laurels growing along the Indian trails. The driver of course saw that we were "Tenderfeet, Oh! so Tender" and some of the blood curdling yarns that he related for our benefit added to our gloom. He particularly emphasized his remarks as we were passing the Post cemetery that nestles on the mountain side in the canyon a short distance below the Post. Pointing out that at least half of the headstones gave*

a single line, "Unknown, killed by Apache Indians."

We reported at Headquarters and were at once turned over to Lieut. A.M. Fuller, 2nd Cav, the Signal Officer for the Districts of Bowie and Huachuca, for general instructions and station assignments. We remained several days, when we separated, for specially designated permanent stations in the line of communication that had just been established. In this arrangement, Fort Bowie, was Station No. 1, and Bowie Peak…was No. 2. The writer was ordered to station No. 8, on Mount Baldy [Wrightson], in the Santa Rita Mountains. This station was reputed to be one of the hardest of the system, not altogether because of the great amount of signally, but because of its elevation above sea level (approximately 7000 feet) and the arduous climb several times each day, from our camp in the Canyon, to the station on the peak.

Six other Signal Corps men selected from western city weather stations were already in the field, though mostly in New Mexico District, under Lieut. Dravo, 6th Cavalry.

My start for Mount Baldy was made with my going on the first lap of the journey to Fort Huachuca were I was to pick up Private Bluste of troop K, 4th Cavalry who had been detailed as an extra signalist.

Here I was to receive my "weapons of war," grub, and further details as to the duty on the mountain station. Lieut. Fuller had been at the mountain during the previous week, setting up the posts for the signalling apparatus, arranging camping details, etc. He was accompanied by Corporal Crowley of Troop K, 4th Cav. (who had been a telegrapher in his native Ireland prior to coming to America) and three men of the 8th Infantry. In the chain Fort Huachuca was No. 7, where Private Von Herrmann, Signal Corps, was already on duty. Anticipating my arrival he was on hand to greet men when the mail stage rolled in from the railroad. He was an old frontiersman, so besides instructions in the work before us, he was in a position to assist me in other ways.

To reach Mount Baldy we went by train to Crittenden, where a troop of the 10th Cavalry was encamped. The Commandant, Capt. Keyes, had been instructed to furnish an escort, mounts, and pack train to take us to the station, with our food, clothing, and camp equipment. In addition he furnished three men from his force, for our Camp guard, cooks, etc. The detail was Corporal Scott, Privates Belden and Johnston. The Guide to lead us was Mike Grace, an Old-Timer, reputed to be a member of the prominent New York family of the name. We started early the next morning on the 20-mile trip, especially long to a tenderfoot unaccustomed to horseback riding. We went up and up over a trail that at many points was hard to follow, and as we ascended breathing became more difficult, requiring frequent stops for rest. We cleared the summit late in the afternoon, and settled down to its occupation. After a meal, the escort and pack train started their return trip, taking with them the three Infantrymen, who were to go to another state. We at once began our actual work, both on the station routine, and making the camp as comfortable as possible. We made "dugouts" between the rocks, that furnished protection against attack, and used Sibley tents for coverings-roofs so to speak. We used the mule, (Balaam") by name with an apparajo for bringing it to camp, over a circuitous train of more than a mile. We also used the mule as transportation to make weekly trips to Crittenden for mail and such few supplies that we would bring the saddle bags.

From the peak in that clear atmosphere we had an interesting view that covered many miles, even beyond the International Border. Nogales 50 miles away, was plainly visible, and

away to the eastward one could see a surprisingly distance. The heliograph, or "sun-telegraph" as it was often spoken of on the frontier, is an instrument for signalling by sunlight reflected from a mirror. Metallic mirrors were originally used, but in service, they were hard to keep bright, and hard to replace if broken in the field. Consequently glass mirrors were adopted and much successful work was accomplished by using this method of signalling. We used two 5-inch mirrors, mounted on heavy wooden posts, that were firmly set between the rocks. Vertical and horizontal tangent screws are attached to the mirrors by which they can be turned to face any desired direction and keep the mirrors in correct position with the sun's movement. As the flash increases about 45 times to a mile, it could be read with the naked eye for at least fifty miles.

Equipped with a powerful telescope and field glasses, we made frequent observations of the surrounding country so that any moving body of troops, or other men, as well as any unusual smoke or dust, might be detected and at once reported by flashing to Headquarters. Troops in the field carried portable heliograph sets that were operated by specially trained and detailed soldiers, by this means communicating through the mountain stations with Headquarters.

From our station we worked occasionally with Nogales, 50 miles, and regularly with Fort Huachuca, 37 miles distant. Then troops located at Calabassas and Tubac required some attention, and in addition a station, No. 18, was later established at Crittenden, with an Infantryman, named Lovejoy in charge.

We alternated in the weekly trips to Crittenden, going down usually on a Saturday, and returning on Sunday. This gave each one an opportunity to procure several "square" meals at a dining room table. Furthermore, there was usually a Mexican baile each Saturday evening. Those were nice dances with plenty of refreshments, though the ladies did not smoke, each man was required to "park his personal artillery' during the dancing.

Considering the situation we lived well. "Joe" Johnston was an excellent cook, and furnished "well balanced menus." We had a goodly supply of dried fruits and canned vegetables, besides the regular ration of flour, bacon and other staples, all from the Huachuca Commissary, and occasionally some game that our hunting parties brought in from the lower levels.

For the regular daily station work but two men were required, so by this arrangement, each operator could take advantage of every third day for rest or recreation. On such days we usually made hunting trips in which I selected Scott for my associate. He joined the Army shortly after the Civil War and he had the faculty of imparting the knowledge gained by his long service. He frequently related experiences of the early service in western Arkansas and eastern Indian Territory. We did not encounter any of the hostiles during the summer, though we had evidences that some parties crossed from one valley to the other, over the "hog-back" below our camp. We managed to keep well occupied—yet it was a long and tedious season—relieved by an occasional Crittenden journey or by scouting trips on the days that we were not on regular station duty.

* * *

About the end of September we were ordered to close the station and report to Col. Forsyth, at Fort Huachuca. The order from District Headquarters prescribing this movement was the first official intimation that we had received of the close of the campaign, although we were not unprepared for it, having heard of the occurrences at Skeleton Canyon. The guard

was at once ordered in by Capt. Keyes though the three operators remained several days longer to salvage the property. Our rations were practically exhausted, though we had some flour and water was plentiful. We killed and ate some squirrels, and the small birds that we had fed all summer, until finally we waved "adios" to Mount Baldy, and started on our last trek down the mountain and to civilization. Crowley and myself went by rail to Fort Huachuca, and Bluste rode "Balaam" back to the post.

At Station No. 8, we handled many hundreds of messages, containing many thousands of words, and in a final personal communication, Lieut. Fuller wrote, "I was perfectly satisfied with your work, and considered that you had one of the hardest stations on the line, on account of the cold weather, (owing to its altitude) and the difficult ascent to the station from the camp, each morning.

In his report on the campaign, General Miles made the following reference to the system; "It was the most interesting and valuable heliograph system that has ever been established. These officers, (Lts. Fuller and Dravo) and the intelligent men under them, have made good use of the modern scientific appliance, and are entitled to much credit for their important service.

Awaiting assignments to permanent Signal Service stations, Von Herrmann, Whitney and Neifert, were at Fort Huachuca for several weeks, enjoying a real rest after their arduous summer's work.[26]

The only time the heliograph is known to have played a role in furnishing significant intelligence about the enemy's movements occurred on 5 June when a station at Antelope Springs reported a band of Indians heading south. This information was relayed to Forts Bowie and Huachuca. By the 6th the information reached Capt. Henry W. Lawton who was in the field near Calabasas with his task force made up of men from B Troop, 4th Cavalry, and the 8th Infantry. Lawton dispatched patrols in pursuit of the reported Indians. One of them, led by Lieut. Robert D. Walsh, jumped the Apaches camp in the Patagonia Mountains, scattering the renegades and capturing their livestock and supplies. After this incident there were no more sightings by heliograph stations but that was explained by Sergeant Fuller who wrote: "From the time that the heliograph was put into a particular section of the country it was noticed as a fact that the Indians were never again seen in that vicinity during the campaign."

Fort Huachuca was Station No. 7 in the network and manned by Private Von Herrmann. With the Geronimo campaign ended, the stations were abandoned at the end of September 1886 and the men reassigned to other departments. General Miles reported that "it was the most interesting and valuable heliograph system that has ever been established. These officers [Lts. Fuller and Dravo] and the intelligent men under them, have made good use of the modern scientific appliance, and are entitled to much credit for their important service."

The importance of the heliograph in tracking down Geronimo and his band was exaggerated by Miles and others. A signal officer, Major George W. Baird, wrote in 1891 in the *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*:

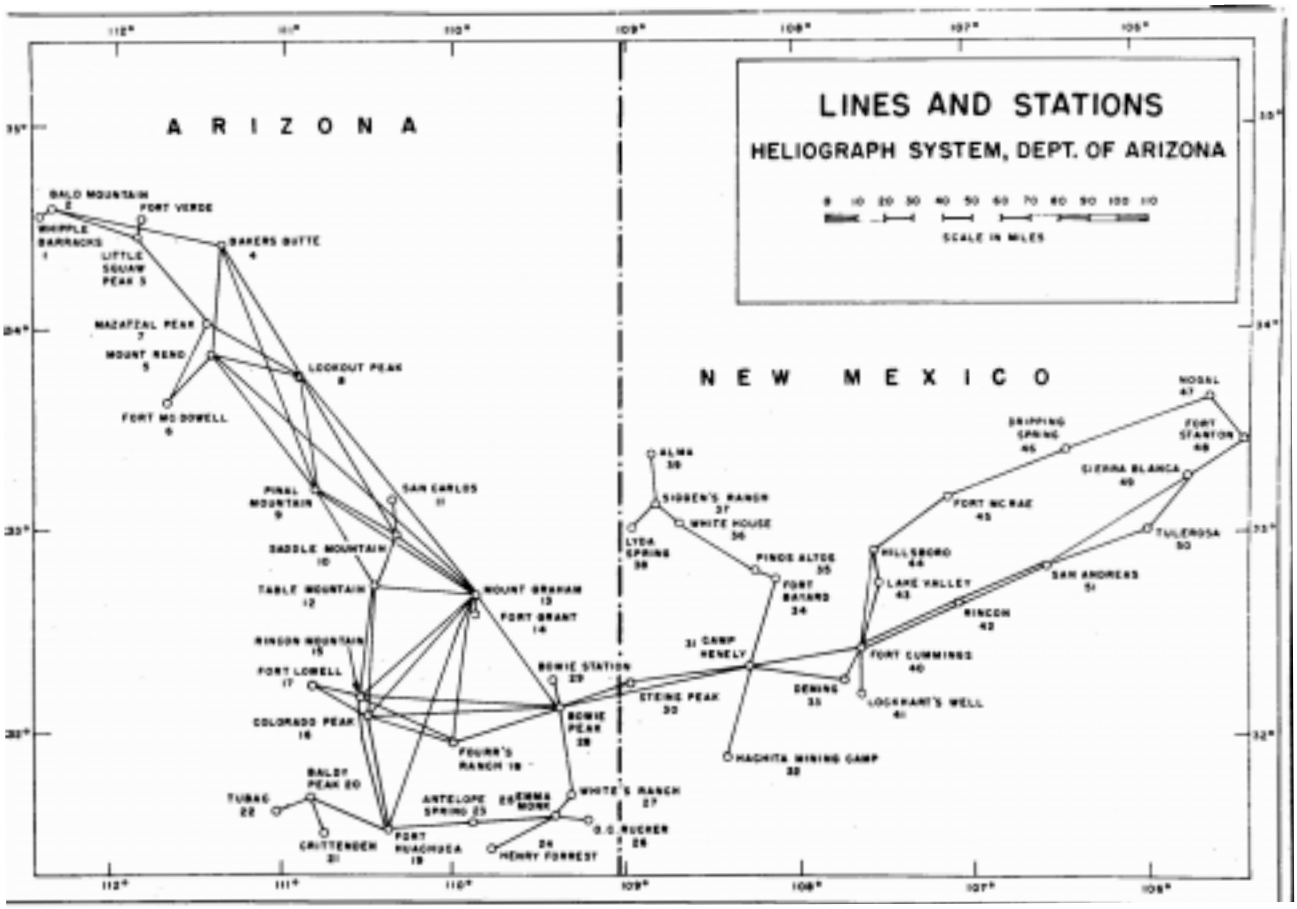
The messages, flashed by mirrors from peak to peak of the mountains, disheartened the Indians as they crept stealthily or rode swiftly through the valleys, assuring them that all their arts and craft had not availed to conceal their trails, that troops were pursuing them and others awaiting them. The telescopes of the vigilant members of the Signal Corps, who garrisoned the rudely built but impregnable works on the mountains, permitted no movement by day, no cloud of dust even in the valleys below, to escape attention. Little wonder that the

Indians thought that the powers of the unseen world were confederated against them.

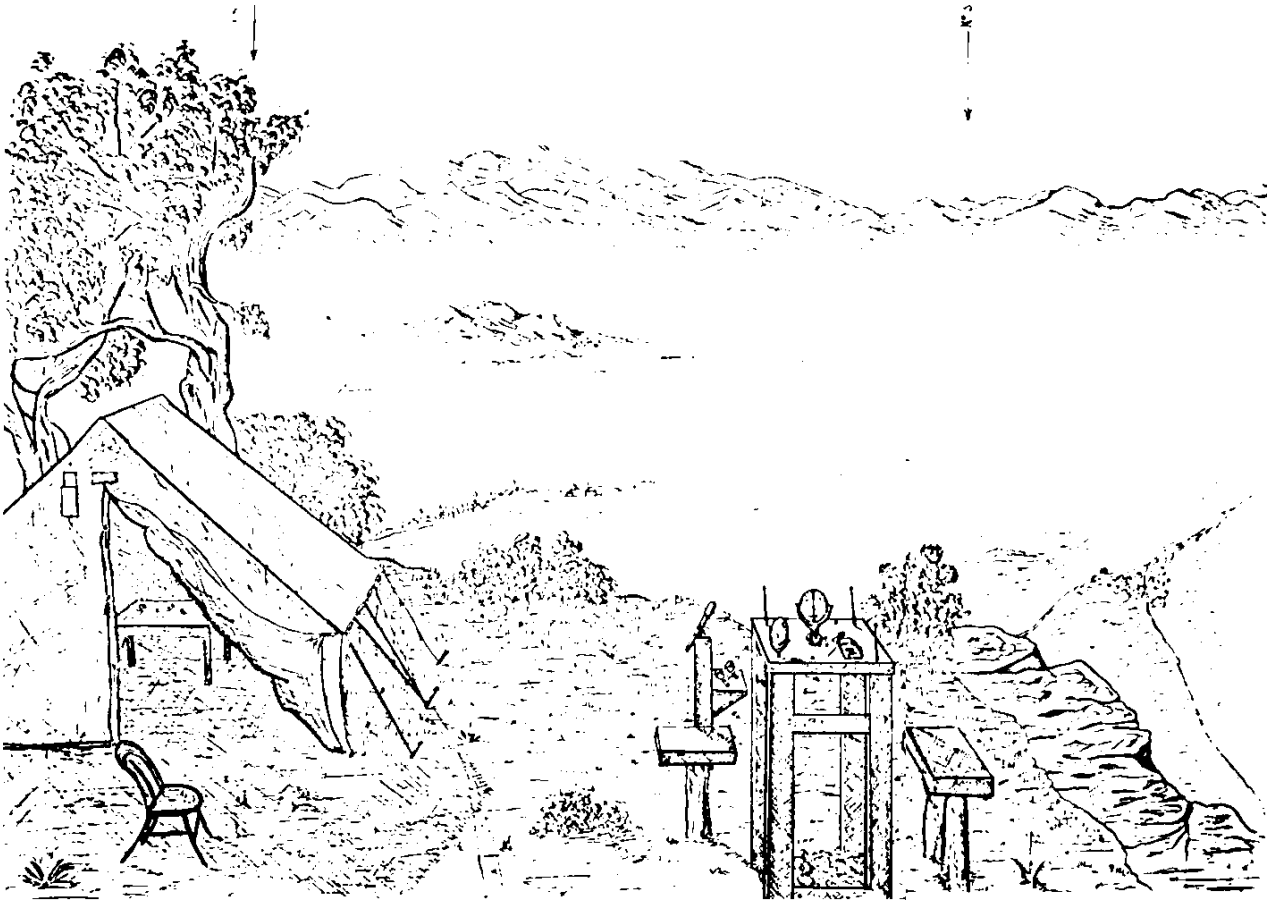
The heliograph experiment was an innovative combination of aerial reconnaisance, with the mountain tops of the Southwest serving as the platforms, and signal intelligence, with the sun's rays substituting for electronic signals. It had allowed the commander to have a better chance in sighting the hostiles and provided a communications system that could relay intelligence in near-real time to posts scattered over a theater 200 miles wide by 300 miles long.

A heliograph station in New Mexico during the Geronimo Campaign. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo 85746.

Members of Troop G, 8th Cavalry, at Camp Boyd, Hillsboro, New Mexico, September 1886. A telescope and heliograph are at the left. Photo courtesy Col. Samuel A. Merritt.



"Lines and Stations, Heliograph System, Dept. of Arizona."



Lieut. Fuller's drawing of the heliograph station he constructed at the Fort Huachuca Station. It communicated with the Antelope Springs and Cochise Stations to the East. Fort Huachuca Museum photo.

William W. Neifert, Private, Signal Corps, circa 1886. He was a heliograph operator who was assigned to Fort Huachuca in 1886.

Lt. Edward E. Dravo. One of the officers responsible for establishing the heliograph stations for the 1886 Apache campaigns.

Heliograph Station No. 3, Bowie District, Arizona, 1890. Left to right: Lt. A.M. Fuller, A.S.O., 2d Cavalry; Cpl. Charles Swope, Company H, 8th Infantry; Pvt. Thomas Harvey, Company H, 8th Infantry; Pvt. W. H. Bowker, Company B, 8th Infantry; Sgt. Wm. S. Wade, Company I, 1st Infantry; Pvt. Charles Laing, Company H, 8th Infantry; Pvt. F. W. Allen, Company H, 8th Infantry; Pvt. Thomas Persee, Company H, 8th Infantry; Adolph Miller, Company D, 10th Infantry. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo (SC87359).

Members of Troop G, 8th Cavalry, at Camp Boyd, Hillsboro, New Mexico, September 1886. A telescope and heliograph are at the left. Photo courtesy Col. Samuel A. Merritt.

Heliograph training. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo.

General Nelson A. Miles in Field Orders No. 12, 7 October 1886

"It is gratifying to the Commanding General to announce to the troops serving in this Department the close of the Indian campaign, and the establishment of permanent peace and security against future depredations of the hostile Apaches, as the result of the fortitude and endurance of the troops in the field."

"You have effected the subjugation of the hostiles under Geronimo and Natchez, and…all have been removed to a place of safe custody. …The entire tribe of Chiricahua and Warm Spring Indians, whose presence has been a menace to the settlements and whose camps have for years been the rendezvous, the source of supplies, and the safe refuge of the hostile element, have been entirely removed from these territories."

"…To the noble men who have laid down their lives in this enterprise the highest mood of praise should be given. …but you will regard higher than all praise, the deep and lasting gratitude which comes from the thousands of homes scattered over this vast area to which you

have given security and happiness."

Apache prisoners leaving Fort Bowie, Arizona, for Bowie Station, thence to Fort Pickens, Florida, after the Geronimo Campaign of 1886. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo.

Fort Bowie was established by soldiers of the "California Column" in 1862 near Apache Pass.

Scene at Fort Bowie guardhouse after arrival of Geronimo on 4 September 1886. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo SC 85745.

The Medal of Honor was first conceived in 1861 to recognize the valor of the military men fighting the Civil War. Separate congressional resolutions for the Navy and Marine Corps, and the Army medals were approved by President Lincoln in 1861 and 1862 respectively. The first medals were awarded in March 1863, "in the name of the Congress of the United States." It was at this time the nation's only military medal and, as such, covered a broad range of valor or service. In 1918 it was decreed the highest award a military person could receive and reserved for those who "in action involving actual conflict with an enemy, distinguish himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty." The same 1918 legislation created lesser awards for valor, like the Distinguished Service Cross and Silver Star. Assistant Surgeon Bernard J.D. Irwin's action in February 1861 was the first

instance to earn a Medal of Honor. The last Indian Campaigns Medal of Honor was awarded to Private Oscar Burkhard on October 5, 1898. All other Indian Wars awards were made for actions between 25 March 1865 and 30 December 1891. There were 418 medals awarded during the Indian Wars, 181, or 43 percent, of them for service in the Arizona-New Mexico theater. The medal underwent several design changes, there being a distinct medal for both the Army and Navy. The Army medal had four versions, the first being worn from 1862-1896, the second from 1896-1904, the third from 1904-44, and the last from 1944 to present.

The Indian Wars Campaign Medal was authorized on 11 January 1905 for service between 1865 and 1891, and issued to over 1,900 soldiers. A 1908 Army board recommended the Indian Campaign "badges" to be issued to "officers and enlisted men who have served in the field in any of the [Indian] campaigns…or have been engaged in any serious action with hostile Indians in which there have been killed or wounded upon the side of the troops…."

Apache Campaigns: Sequelae

Geronimo was 57 years old when he and the Chiricahua Apaches were sent to captivity in Florida, where they "put me to sawing up large logs." In 1894 he was relocated to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he lived as a watermelon farmer and tourist side-show. He was converted to Christianity. Again Lummis' verse:

The Corsican, whose million men
bowed Europe to the dust,
Was whipped—and ate his heart away
in St. Helena's rust.
But Goyathlay, whose breechclout score
two nations mocked at will—
Serenely yawned himself to death
in Sunday school at Sill.

He appeared at expositions around the country at the turn of the century, including the St. Louis World's Fair. He was billed as "The Hostile Savage Apache Chief Geronimo." In 1905 he rode in the inauguration parade of President Theodore Roosevelt. John Clum was with the press on this occasion and he wrote:

> *The grand climax of the comedy came on March 4, 1905…. Westward, down Pennsylvania Avenue, between a phalanx of half a million cheering citizens, came the Inaugural Parade. In the lead "Teddy" himself, doffing his silk topper, smiling broadly this way and that. Next, the Guard of Honor, then an Army band. Geronimo in that parade was Public Hero Number Two.*
>
> *It was my privilege, as a newspaper correspondent, to sit near President Roosevelt in the stand in front of the White House while he reviewed his own parade. To him I said, "Why did you select Geronimo to march in your own parade, Mr. President? He is the greatest single-handed murderer in American history." To which he characteristically replied, "I wanted to give the people a good show." Well he gave it to them.*
>
> *Eskiminzin, Tauelclyee, Goodah, Sneezer—red men who always had been loyal to the whiteman's government, who had risked their lives to protect their white brothers, who had striven to the limits of their understanding, for peace and justice, who had ever heard of them?*[27]

At Fort Sill officers recalled his shambling Saturday night drunks. He died in 1909 from pneumonia contracted while lying outdoors all night after a drunken spree. The scourge of the southwest ended his years as a curiosity and manic alcoholic.

For virtually all the men who played a major part in the Geronimo Campaign, that singular experience stands apart as a demarcation point in their lives. For the old, it was a capstone of a lifetime of achievement, the "hardest work in their lives." For the younger, it was an undeniable impetus for their military careers, or, for the less fortunate, a highlight of an abbreviated Army vocation. No fewer that nine officers who chased Geronimo would wear general officer's stars. Almost all who survived to retirement, did so with the rank of Colonel or higher.

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 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. Upon Crook's departure from Fort Bowie in 1886, Charles F. Lummis wrote:

> *…When the doings of this decade have been refined from prejudice into history, when the mongrel pack which has barked at the heels of this patient commander has rotted a hundred years forgotten—then, if not before, Crook will get his due. 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—George Crook.*

Following the Geronimo campaign, the fortunes of some of its lesser known participants would be directly affected by their experience in the field against the Apaches.

Marion Maus would become aide-do-camp to commanding general of the Army Nelson Miles, tour Europe with him, and wind up an action-filled career as a Brigadier General commanding the Department of Columbia at Vancouver Barracks.

Leighton Finley was singled out by Nelson A. Miles in his personal reminiscences as a gallant officer who had distinguished himself in the Devil's Crook affair and had "rendered efficient service" during the campaign. He had been the hero of the day several years earlier when he rode to the rescue of Colonel Benjamin Grierson whose 10th Cavalry troopers were in a desperate fight with Victorio's Mimbres Apaches. Finley was a 38-year-old first lieutenant in 1894 when his horse fell on him, crushing his leg. He died during the surgery to amputate it.

Miles also mentioned Lieutenant R. A. Brown, the newly graduated second lieutenant who commanded the scouts with Lawton and jumped Geronimo's camp on July 13, 1886. Brown became a Brigadier General.

In his final report as outgoing commander, Crook expressed his appreciation to several officers who "have been engaged in this discouraging and well nigh hopeless task." He mentions the names of: "Capt. Wirt Davis, Fourth Cavalry; the lamented Crawford, who sleeps in a soldier's grave [in Kearny, Nebraska]; First Lieut. M.W. Day, Ninth Cavalry; First Lieut. M.P. Maus, First Infantry; Lieuts. Britton Davis, Third Cavalry; C.P. Elliott, R.D. Walsh, and H.C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry; Leighton Finley and W.E. Shipp, Tenth Cavalry; and S.L. Faison, First Infantry, who commanded expeditions or scout companies in Mexico and bore uncomplainingly the almost incredible fatigues and privations as well as the dangers incident to their operations."

Wirt Davis, a Richmond, Virginian who fought for the Union in the Civil War, would become a Brigadier General. He was thought to be "the best pistol shot and carbine shot in the Army."

Lieutenant Britton Davis resigned from the Army in 1886 to manage the Corralitos Mining and Cattle Company which was headquartered in familiar territory for Davis, on the eastern side of the Sierra Madre mountain range in Mexico. He interrupted his superintendent duties during the Spanish-American War, serving as a major. In World War I he served as "a dollar a year man" in Washington. Retiring in 1924 in San Diego, he wrote his fascinating and vivid account of the Geronimo campaign. He dedicated the book to the "late Emmet Crawford, Captain, Third U.S. Cavalry; Charles B. Gatewood, First Lieutenant, Sixth U.S. Cavalry; and those others of the Army of the West who 'carried on' with no thought of reward for performance of duty."

James Parker, who thought he had been slighted by Captain Allen Smith in his report of the fight at Devil's Creek on May 22, 1885, corrected that oversight by publishing *The Old Army: Memories 1872-1918* in which he quotes letters that he solicited from fellow officers attesting to

the fact that he led the charge up the rocks. There is no question that he was a courageous officer. In 1902 he won the Medal of Honor for beating back "a savage night attack" in the Philippines while he was a garrison commander. He retired as a Major General in 1918.

Lieutenant William Ewen Shipp, 10th Cavalry, while serving with Colonel Leonard Wood in Cuba, was killed in the charge up San Juan Hill, during the Battle of Santiago, on July 1, 1898. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt said of him, "It was Shipp who brought me word to advance with my regiment. I did not see him again. He had been riding to and fro with absolute coolness and fearlessness, paying no more heed to the bullets than if they were hailstones, though men were dropping on every hand." On his tombstone the inscription reads "I have kept the faith."

H.C. Benson served with his regiment in the Philippines at the turn of the century and then managed the Sequoia, Yosemite and Yellowstone National Parks. He reached the rank of Colonel in 1914 and retired a year later. He was recalled from the retired list during World War I to serve as Department Adjutant of the Western Department. He gained some repute as a mathematician and ornithologist. The Smithsonian named the Benson quail after him.

Lieutenants Samuel Fountain and DeRosey C. Cabell survived the December 19, 1885, ambush by Josanie's raiders in New Mexico to become, respectively, a Brigadier General in 1905 after service with his regiment in Cuba and the Philippines, and Pershing's Chief of Staff during the 1916 punitive expedition into Mexico and subsequently commander of the Southern Department along the Mexican border as a Major General until 1920.

Second Lieutenant S.L. Faison rose to the rank of Brigadier General. He was mentioned in General Orders in 1891 for "bearing uncomplainingly the almost incredible fatigues and privations as well as the dangers incident to operations against hostile Apaches in Arizona and Sonora during May 1885 and eleven months following." As a brigade commander, he won the Distinguished Service Medal in World War I. "He commanded with great credit the 60th Infantry Brigade, 30th Division, in the breaking of the enemy's Hindenburg Line at Bellincourt, France, …a military commander of great energy and determination."

The Chiricahua Apache Scouts like Martine, Kieta and Peaches who had played such an important part in the hunt and without whom the finale would have been long delayed, were also sent to captivity in Florida, no distinction being made between them and the outlaws. They were exposed for the rest of their lives to the undisguised hostility of the renegades.

Tom Horn, the civilian interpreter who was wounded in the fight in which Crawford was killed, went on to become a rodeo cowboy, Pinkerton man, and range detective in Wyoming. He wrote an autobiography that was largely fantasy and vain boasting. He gave himself credit for Geronimo's surrender. Convicted of shooting to death the 14-year-old son of a sheep rancher, he went to the gallows singing on November 19, 1909.

Al Sieber, Crook's Chief of Scouts during several campaigns against Apaches, worked on the San Carlos reservation until his criticism of the agent's high-handed treatment of the Apaches caused his eventual dismissal in 1890. In charge of an Indian labor crew working on a mountain road, he was killed by a falling boulder on February 19, 1907, at the age of 63. It is not known whether he was the victim of an Apache harboring an age-old grudge or just incredibly unlucky.

The 4th Cavalry regiment, the spearhead of the Army's thrust into Mexico after Geronimo, was reassigned the next year to Fort Myers, Virginia, a plush assignment that was a reward for the unit's exemplary service. The men of the 4th were the first cavalrymen since the Civil War to travel east of the Mississippi.

Uniforms: The U.S. Soldier in Apacheria

Following the Civil War, the dark blue blouse and light blue trousers of the Union Army continued as the standard uniform. With uniform stocks dwindling by the 1870s and incessant complaints from soldiers about the ill-fitting and impractical Civil War leftovers, the Army changed the uniform style in 1872, although some Civil War uniform items continued to be issued until at least 1880. The new uniform style of 1872 lasted throughout the Indian campaigns and it was not until after the turn of the century that it was replaced by khakis and olive drabs that are familiar to current generations. Especially striking were the dress uniforms heavily influenced by British, French, and Prussian embellishments, such as plumes, breast cords, tassels, and colorful pipings. Each branch of service had a distinctive color which trimmed the dark blue uniform. Military uniforms are the constant subject of criticism by the rank and file and it was ultimately those complainers and improvisors who prompted modifications in the Indian War uniform.

A soldier's often heard criticism was having to bear the expense of tailoring the ill-fitting Civil War uniforms. One enlisted man complained that "They had 2 or 3 sizes and just threw you out a suit of clothes.... As soon as I had money enough I had the tailor make me up a uniform of non-commissioned officer's cloth."[28]

Between 1872 and 1899, several uniform regulations successively brought improvements in the uniform. The running quarrel was not with the dashing dress uniform so much as the undress or field uniform. Soldiers found it unsuited to extreme conditions found in the field chasing Indians and often adopted individual expedients like neckerchiefs to keep out the Arizona dust. These were purchased at the sutler's store and could be of almost any color or pattern. They were not a uniform item nor were they always yellow, as the traditional western movies would have us believe. An excellent example of field soldiers ignoring the unrealistic dictums of rear echelon quartermasters is the Geronimo pursuit of 1886 when Capt. Henry Lawton's troop out of Fort Huachuca tracked in the Sierra Madre mountains dressed only in wide-brimmed campaign hats and long underwear.

Lieutenant Frederick Phelps told of visiting Fort Bowie and being invited to dine at the home of the commander, Lieut. Col. Edwin Vose Sumner whose wife was known for her cuisinary way with a can of potatoes. A cavalryman, the seat of his only trousers were worn out and being unable to borrow a pair of pants, he bought the only pair available in the sutler's store for seven dollars. They were cherry red. Twenty-five years later he met another guest at that dinner party who asked him, "Say, old man, what has become of your sanguinary breeches?"[29]

The boots were the subject of widespread grievance. The uppers were attached to the shoes with brass screws, causing much painful blistering. One commander, Colonel Richard I. Dodge, wrote, "Many a man is discharged...a cripple for life, from having been forced to wear the things called shoes now furnished by the government." The Quartermaster General, Montgomery C. Meigs, noted in his 1880 report that the durability of the brass screw as opposed to sewn boots outweighed the discomfort caused the soldier and issued metal files so that "the difficulty can be remedied by the soldier himself." But the soldiers were already taking advantage of another solution offered by an 1879 General Order which authorized the men to purchase and wear civilian shoes and boots. In one artillery unit, only one man in twenty-six was found to be wearing the Army-issued boot. A new Quartermaster General, Samuel B. Holabird, in 1884

fielded a new sewn boot and a shoe for garrison use.

Soldiers found the field uniform unsuited to the extreme conditions found in the field chasing Indians and often adopted individual expedients like neckerchiefs to keep out the Arizona dust. These were purchased at the sutlers's store and could be of almost any color or pattern. They were not a uniform item, nor were they always yellow as traditional western movies would have us believe. An excellent example of field soldiers ignoring the unrealistic dictums of rear echelon quartermasters is the Geronimo pursuit of 1886 when Captain Henry Lawton's troop out of Fort Huachuca tracked in the Sierra Madre mountains dressed only in wide-brimmed campaign hats and long underwear. The cavalry breeches, usually reinforced in the seat with buckskin, were "worn to a state of impropriety," according to observer Remington.

During the Geronimo Campaign of 1886, when Wood and Lawton met with the Prefect of Arispe, the Mexican official refused to believe they were American officers. Wood "had nothing on but a pair of cotton flannel drawers, an old blue blouse, a pair of moccasins and a hat without any crown." Lawton was dressed in a pair of overalls, an undershirt and just the brim of a felt hat.

Wood reported on the inadequacy of the clothing after the campaign:

> *The uniform is totally unfit for service in Sonora, or along our southern border, and troops on expeditions where hard work is to be done have got to have something lighter and cooler. Of course a man can work under great disadvantage but the wisdom of putting him in such a position is not evident, as soldiers with heavy clothing, clumsy boots, are unable to do more than a portion of the work he can do properly dressed. In the first place, he is carrying about twice the weight of clothing required.*
>
> *Infantry on the expedition marched in drawers and undershirts, and found that they were much more comfortable and could do more work and do it with much less exertion. I do not remember seeing a pair of blue pants put on after once wearing the lighter article mentioned above.*
>
> *As an indication of what men prefer to walk in, a number of the men paid as high as $6 for a pair of moccasins. The sewed shoe is totally unfit for field service, at least all we had were, and they were the cause of much suffering, wearing out usually in 6 or 7 days and in some cases the second. The stitching seems to have been very poorly done resulting in the whole sole falling off after a short time. The uppers appear to be of good quality. The old brass screwed shoe turned out a little better, but nothing like what it should be.*
>
> *If a soldier were on hard duty in a rough country and was forced to wear the sewed shoe, I think his pay would be alone enough to keep him shod. The shoe which gave the best results was a shoe similar to the Mexican shoe or (one) made of American leather.*

Private Reginald Bradley, a private in the 4th Cavalry at Fort Bowie in 1890 [he would make sergeant in 1894], was able to save some of his clothing allowance by not drawing blankets or new uniforms. He would buy blankets at a dollar each from potential deserters or men about to be discharged. This was a savings of three or four dollars over the cost of having one issued and deducted from his clothing account. And he bought a full dress tunic second hand, "wore it for five years and then sold it." The dress uniform was worn by the troopers only on Sunday morning parade and, Bradley said, "then they'd only have it on for an hour or two."

And there was the matter of style. According to Bradley, "when a person joined he was issued a suit of clothes; later he threw it to one side and purchased non-commissioned officers

18 XXXIII 88

Lieutenant General, Staff & Line Officers [Full Dress]

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

18 XXXV 88

Brigadier General, Staff & Line Officers [Full Dress]

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

18 XXXVII 88

Brigadier General, Line Officers, Enlisted Men [Campaign Dress]

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

18 XXXVIII 88

Officers, Cavalry & Artillery, Cadets U.S.M.A., Etc [Full Dress]

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

18 XXXIX 88

Staff & Line Officers, [Full Dress], Chaplain &c.

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

18 XLI 88

Non-Commissioned Officers, Staff Corps, Etc. [Full Dress]

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

18 XLII 88

Enlisted Men, Staff Corps & Artillery [Full Dress]

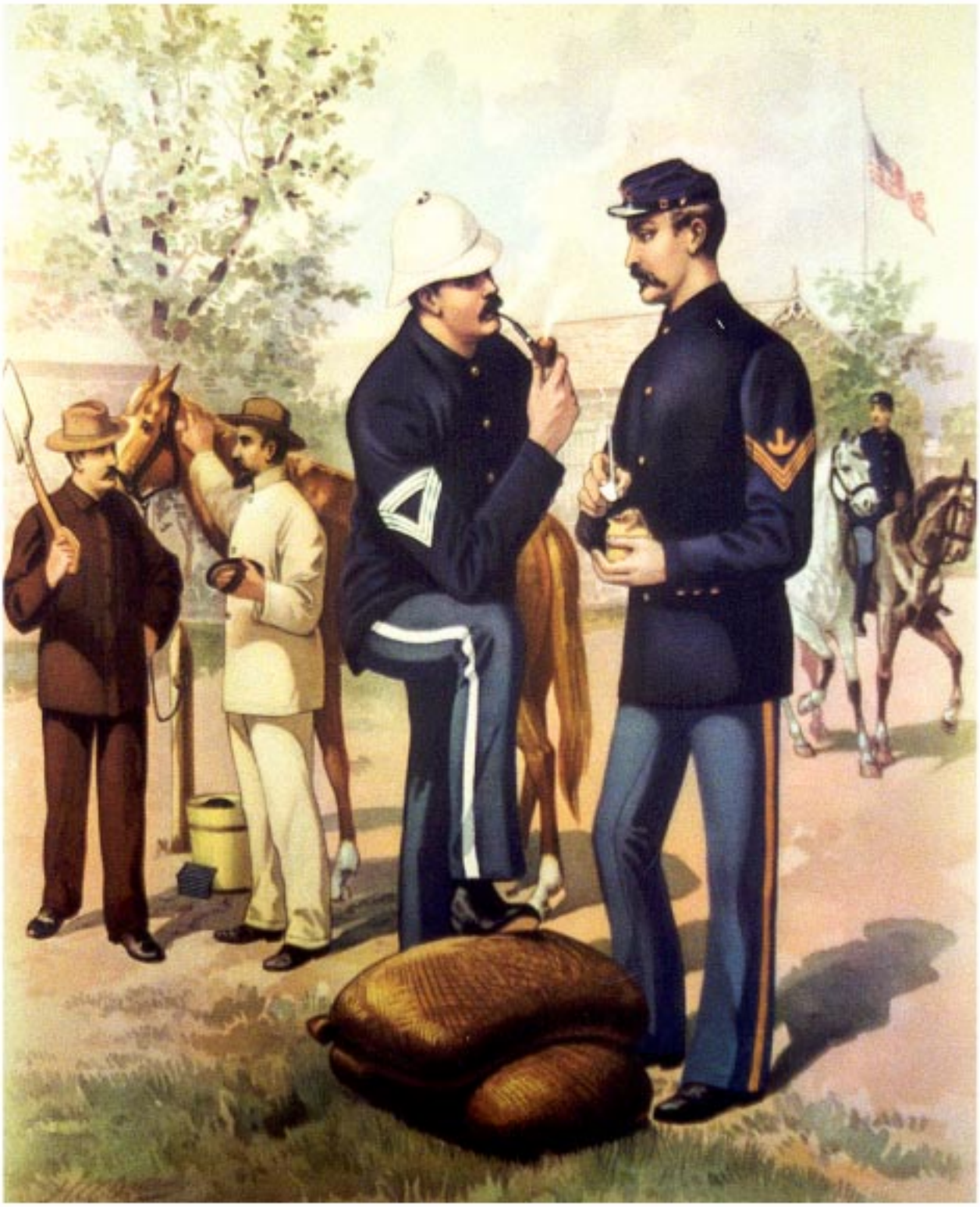
From paintings by H. A. Ogden, published by the Quartermaster General in 1890 and in succeeding editions.

18 XLIII 88

Enlisted Men, Cavalry & Infantry [Full Dress]

1. Trumpeter of Cavalry 4. Sergeant of Cavalry
2. Corporal of Infantry 5. Private of Infantry
3. Private of Cavalry 6. Musician of Infantry

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



18 XLIV 88

Enlisted Men, [General Wear Fatigue & c.]

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

cloth, which was better, and had the troop tailor make a suit of clothes. Nearly all the men had this kind of suit of clothes, except for someone who just joined. The issue clothes were pretty tough looking." Remembering the first Army clothes he was issued, Bradley complained "they had two or three sizes and just threw you out a suit of clothes."[30]

Title unknown, a bugler, 1890, Frederic Remington.

"Lieutenant Johnson and the Tenth United States Cavalry in Arizona," Harper's Weekly, 22 December 1888, Frederic Remington.

Noncommissioned officers of the 13th Infantry. National Archives photo.

Unidentified soldiers with Indian at Camp Apache, Arizona, 1875. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo 83143.

Private Harry Hanson, Troop D, 5th Cavalry, and Indian girl.

Troop A, 6th Cavalry, San Carlos.

"The American Soldier, 1880: Signal Corps Sergeant, Cavalry Officer. New Mexico. Cavalrymen on Parade." H. Charles McBarron.

"The American Soldier, 1886: 'Necessary details of troops,' Yellowstone National Park." H. Charles McBarron.

Weapons: The U.S. Soldier in Apacheria

The chief development in firearms during the Indian Wars was the conversion from the muzzle-loaded .58 caliber rifle/muskets of the Civil War. The last of these "mini-ball" weapons were retired from standard service by 1869. The large stocks from the Civil War were converted by Erskine S. Allins, Master Armorer at the U.S. Armory in Springfield, Massachusetts, to load a metallic cartridge at the breech. The metallic cartridge greatly improved accuracy and ease of loading. This series of "Allin Conversion" weapons culminated in the 1873 model, .45 caliber, 70 grains of powder, Springfield rifle and carbine, a standard issue until replaced in 1892 by the Krag rifle. Also achieving unanimous approval in the same year was the Colt .45 six-shooter, a metallic cartridge pistol which replaced the cap and ball handguns of the Civil War. After its adoption by the Army in 1873, the "Peacemaker" became the most popular sidearm in the West and was the Army's standard issue for the next twenty-five years.

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."[31]

Private Bradley explained about his weapons: "you had to sign up for sabers and guns and cartridge belts." The young trooper had qualified as a marksman and sharpshooter. He said, "I had the same carbine all the time—one did, except if the bore is not right. When you got a gun you knew, you wanted to keep it, because you could shoot better with that one than any other." The NCO in charge of the barracks would padlock the carbines in a round rack each evening and "it was his duty to see that all the guns were in there, or accounted for."[32]

Equipment: The U.S. Soldier in Apacheria

Like the uniform, equipment for the early Indian War was drawn from Civil War stocks, some items of which saw service even after 1900. Improvements and innovations came exclusively from the experiences of the soldier on the western frontier. Various models of each piece of equipment were in use during the Apache campaigns. A Fort Huachuca cavalryman preparing to campaign against Geronimo in 1886 would have departed with a full saddle pack and typically would have been carrying his Springfield carbine in a boot attached to the off-side of his saddle; a carbine sling on his shoulder to which to fasten the weapon when dismounted; forty-five rounds of ammunition in his cartridge belt; a blanket with a change of clothing inside, rolled in a shelter tent and strapped on the rear of the McClellan saddle; a nose bag slipped over the roll outside of the shelter tent; sidelines spread out over the blanket roll and under the straps; a lariat rolled around a picket pin and snapped to the left rear ring and pulled up under the blanket roll; a tin plate, knife, fork, and spoon in the off saddle bag; a curry comb, brush, and watering bridle in the near saddle bag; and four days rations distributed evenly in both saddle bags. The rations would include hardtack, salt bacon, dried beans, and green coffee. Extra ammunition might also be carried in both saddle bags. He would also carry on his person a haversack, saber belt, holster, .45 Colt, and spurs. Unless ordered to do otherwise, he probably left his saber behind, it having little use in Apache warfare. A full field pack could amount to as much as 50 pounds, although one commander at Fort Huachuca is known to have forbidden more than 30 pounds.

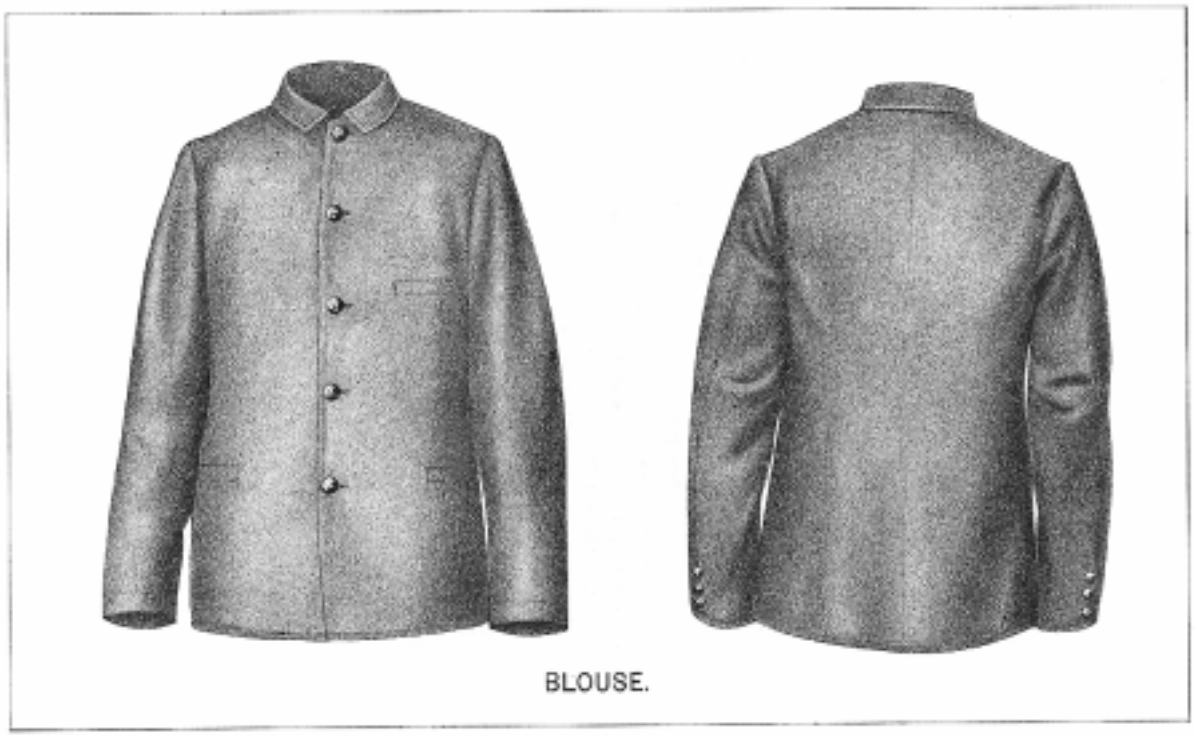
Lieut. Col. George Forsyth, who would command Fort Huachuca during and after the final Geronimo Campaign, described the cavalryman's equipment while in the field:

> *Our equipment was simple: A blanket apiece, saddle and bridle, a lariat and picket-pin, a canteen, a haversack, butcher-knife, tin plate and tin cup. A Spencer repeating rifle (carrying six shots in the magazine, besides the one in the barrel), a Colt's revolver, army size, and 140 rounds of rifle and 30 rounds of revolver ammunition per man—this carried on the person. In addition, we had a pack-train of four mules, carrying camp-kettles and picks and shovels, in case it became necessary to dig for water, together with 4000 extra rounds of ammunition, some medical supplies, and extra rations of salt and coffee. Each man, officers included, carried seven days' cooked rations in his haversack.*[33]

UNIFORM DRESS COAT,
MOUNTED (MUSICIANS).

UNIFORM DRESS COAT.

MOUNTED (EXCEPT MUSICIANS)



BLOUSE.

CHEVRONS.

GOLD LACE.

REGIMENTAL AND BATTALION COLOR SERGEANT

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT.

CHEVRONS.

GOLD LACE.

SERGEANT MAJOR.

FIRST SERGEANT.

ORNAMENTS,
METALLIC, FOR HELMETS.
(EAGLES).

CAVALRY.

ARTILLERY.

CHEVRONS.

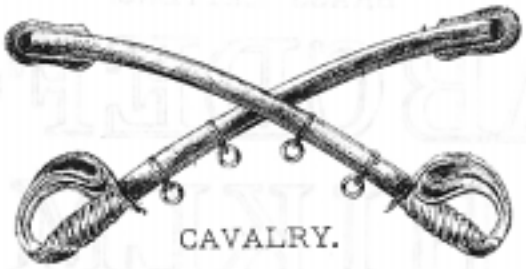
GOLD LACE.

ORDNANCE SERGEANT.

CORPORAL.


CHEVRONS.
GOLD LACE.
PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN.
SERGEANT.

ORNAMENTS,
METALLIC, FOR FORAGE CAPS.



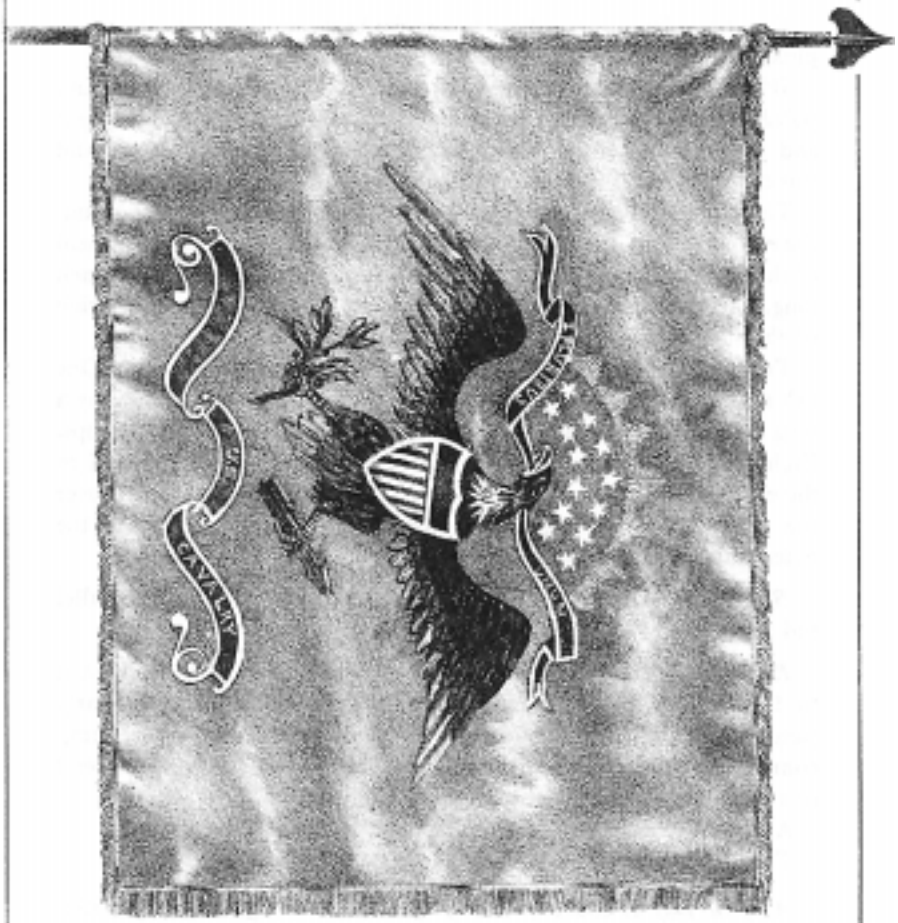
CAVALRY.

ARTILLERY.

INFANTRY.


ORNAMENTS,
METALLIC, FOR FORAGE CAPS.
BRASS LETTERS.
ABCDEFG
HIKLM
BRASS NUMBERS.
1234567890

CAVALRY STANDARD.



BUTTONS,

UNIFORM COAT.

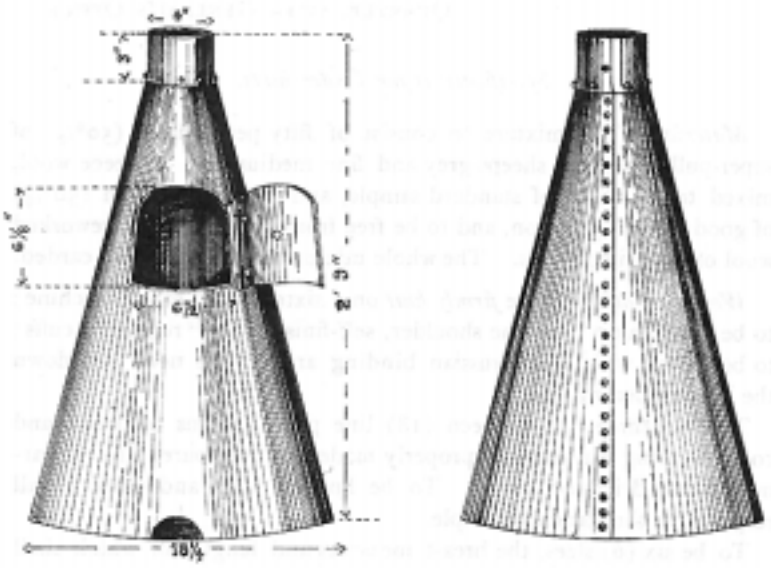
EXCEPT FOR NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF OFFICERS.

SMALL.

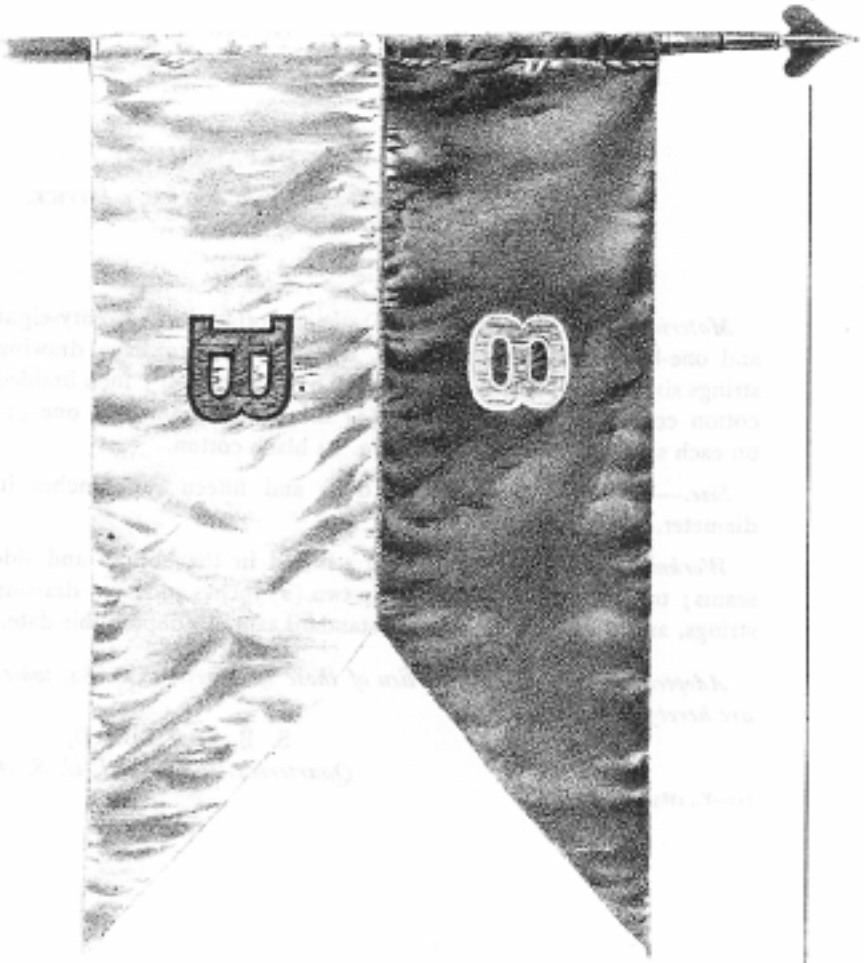
LARGE.

STOVE.

FOR SIBLEY & CONICAL WALL TENT.



CAVALRY GUIDON.



"Government Spring Wagon (Ambulance)."

Timeline

In **1885** Major Beaumont, commander of Fort Bowie, took a trip to Fort Huachuca for his

health in September. The Serbo-Bulgarian War was underway. The British were engaged in the Sudan. Sir Hiram Maxim built a machine gun that loaded, fired and ejected spent cartridges using the force of its recoil. The Canadians put down Riel's revolt. C. Meyer Zulick became the first Democratic governor of the territory. U.S. Grant died in his bed in Mount McGregor, New York, four days after he completed his memoirs. One of his pallbearers was long-time friend Simon D. Buckner who as a Confederate general surrendered Fort Donelson to Grant. The University of Arizona was created; it would open its doors for class in the fall of 1891. The U.S. Marines landed in Panama. The Washington Monument was dedicated. The Home Insurance Building in Chicago occasioned the word "skyscraper." The Army organized its first formal intelligence-collecting body, the Military Information Division of the Miscellaneous Branch of the Adjutant General's Office. The Army's Ordnance Board commended Russell Thayer who invented a "dirigible balloon" from which dynamite could be dropped. Daimler developed the internal combustion engine. On 5 March William C. Endicott replaced Lincoln as Secretary of War. The opponents of Grover Clevland's bid for the presidency use the chant, "Ma, Ma, where's my Pa?" a reference to Clevland's fathering of an illegitimate child. When the democrats won the election, they added the refrain, "Gone to the White House, Ha, ha, ha."

In **1886** the American Federation of Labor was organized. On 4 July the nation's first rodeo was held in Prescott, Arizona. Demonstrations took place for an eight-hour day. To respond to the lesson learned during the Civil War that steam-powered warships could maneuver and elude fire from coastal forts, the Board on Fortifications or Other Defenses completed its two-year job of redesigning America's coastal fortifications. The U.S. Naval War College was opened at Newport, Rhode Island.

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Notes

1 *Winners*.
2 Opler, 367-8.
3 *Winners*.
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9 A private in the troop of 2d Lieut. Robert D. "Rosy" Walsh described him in 1890 as "a nice little fella, but he'd get drunk. He was a West Pointer." Walsh had received a brevet first lieutenancy for his "gallant service in action against Indians in the Patagonia Mountains" on 6 June 1886. During the Spanish-American War he became a lieutenant colonel of volunteers. [Rickey, interview with Reginald A. Bradley.]

10 John Wipfield, enlisted at Baltimore, MD, on 13 March 1881 for five years. Served in Troop D, 4th U.S. Cavalry; promoted to corporal on Christmas Eve in 1884. Discharged as a Sergeant on 29 March 1886. Letter on file in the Fort Huachuca Museum archives.

11 AR 1886.

12 Wood's diary, 10 May.

13 Corbusier, 217.

14 Quoted in Oates, Joyce C., ed., *The Best American Essays*, Tompkins, Jane, "At the Buffalo Bill Museum—June 1988," Ticknor and Fields, NY, 1991.

15 Altshuler, *Cavalry Yellow…*, 199.

16 Miles was not the only officer from Arizona to earn the emnity of the volunteer soldier and president. Roosevelt pointedly refused to promote Col. Joseph H. Dorst to brigadier general, remembering Dorst's criticism of the role played by Teddy's Rough Riders in the charge of San Juan Hill in 1898. Dorst had been a 4th Cavalry captain and troop commander at Fort Huachuca in 1886, during the Geronimo campaign.

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25 Opler, 369-70.
26 *Winners*.
27 Quoted in Wratten, Albert E., 119.
28 Quoted in Coffman, 343.
29 Reeve.
30 Rickey, interview with Bradley.
31 Bourke, *An Apache Campaign…*, 88.
32 Rickey, interview with Bradley.
33 Forsyth, *A Frontier Fight*, 11.