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Friedrich Wilhelm Koenig

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM KOENIG

A Study in Biography and Background
Based on Documentary Evidence
and Family Tradition

being

A Thesis presented to the Graduate Faculty in
partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Degree of Master of Science

by

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Approved

Major Department.

Acting

Chairman Graduate Council.

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After reading the first draft of this thesis Dr. McGinnis remarked that there were several things which should be explained or changed. Those were mainly: that the story of Sutter in Chapter I, she felt, was too long and detailed for a story concerning my grandfather; that there was too much emphasis on the Santa Fe and Oregon trails and the conditions of the Indians in the first part of Chapter IV; and that my grandfather became lost at several places in the story, especially in Chapter V in the relating of Crook's Winter Campaign.

Aside from these suggestions of Dr. McGinnis, I would like to point out several things which might help in understanding my choice of material and the method I used in writing the thesis.

It was my first intention to write a biography of my grandfather. This was to be an entirely creative piece of work, based on his Army discharge, an account of his death and burial in the local paper, and the traditions of the family.

Because his life after 1875—when he left the 5th Cavalry—was so closely connected with the history of Hays, the biography was to stop short, twenty-three years before his death. Hays City from 1875 to 1898, the people, the colorful English colonists east in Victoria, the Russian-Germans, the change of troops at the fort, the fort itself—in fact the whole local frontier history during those years—was too involved and interesting to be presented with the earlier part of Wilhelm Koenig’s life.
With the help of my father, who recalled various incidents which his father—my grandfather—had related to him while still a boy, I sketched the journey of Wilhelm Koenig from his home in Prussia to Hays City. I found too in questioning my three uncles that their stories of the incidents and locations connected with Wilhelm Koenig's travels differed, and so I have gone entirely upon the "say-so" of my father, whose tales I have listed at the chapter ends as "family tradition."

I learned after a short time that I really knew very little about my grandfather, and that it would be necessary to develop a background for him. His discharge slip from the 5th was a copy and did not list the engagements, as did the original which had been destroyed by fire. It did list though his rank and company, as well as the dates of entering and leaving the service.

After writing to the Historical Societies of Arizona, Nebraska, and Kansas—these three states representing the ones in which he served in the 5th—I learned exactly nothing about the history of the 5th, the movements of the 5th, or about my grandfather.

I did learn, however, from Miss Elizabeth Toohey, the State Historian of Arizona, that Mr. Don Russell—a member of the staff of the Chicago Daily News—had been working on a biography of General Charles King of the 5th, and that Mr. Russell might be able to furnish me with some information.

My grandfather had served under Charles King while in Arizona, and in a series of letters from Mr. Russell, I learned of
several source books and pamphlets, and in one letter he furnished me with information concerning the battles of Company A of the 5th.

I checked these battles with the source books and questioned my father about particular events connected with them. Some he recalled; others he did not.

Mr. Russell in a letter of December 28, 1935, enclosed some manuscript sheets of his biography of General King. My grandfather, my father retold, was the first to reach "Captain" King after a fight with Apaches at Sunset Pass. These sheets dealt with that particular fight, and in Chapter VIII I have used this material almost without change just as Mr. Russell had it.

It soon became evident that the story of Wilhelm Koenig would be lost in the background, and other, more colorful persons and events, would come to the fore. His story, the intended biography which was to be purely creative, became instead a thread on which to string a series of related events in frontier history.

I believe I have accomplished a good, skeleton brief which I can use sometime in the future as the basis for a complete work. All the events which are dated, all the persons who are named have some documentary backing. Because some of the material has been retold it will necessarily differ with some historians, and I am sure that there are even members of our own family who will be revolted at some of the things I have had Billy do.
About Sutter's story I would like to say this. By reading "between the lines" one may see that gold, or the search for enough gold to insure comfortable living, was connected in some manner with all the incidents in my grandfather's life.

Years before, his father, my great-grandfather, had almost gone to South America and he undoubtedly wanted to go to California when gold was discovered there.

It is true that my grandfather left Prussia in order to escape military service, but he came to what he believed was a land of opportunity—made so by the wealth of her two coast regions.

Later he ran away from the plantation "near" New Orleans because he could not collect his wages, and he went to Mexico, because the search for gold had lured men from other countries there and in doing so had opened the country for their fellowmen.

Later he left Mexico because of revolutions, but back of the revolutions were the peons and Indians seeking to regain their rightful holdings which money-mad French and Spanish exploiters had seized.

Back in the United States, Wilhelm Koenig went to work as an apprentice because he needed money to buy food and clothing.

The towns like Abilene and Hays City grew up on the prairies not because of the railroads, but because the railroads were making it possible to reach markets quickly. And at those markets the products of the frontier towns, the long-horned beef cattle and the buffalo hides, brought more gold.
By following the events in Chapter V, one can see that Yuma's search for the Apache's gold led—by a round-about way—to the series of misfortunes which sent Wilhelm, now Billy King, to Arizona.

The "harvesting" of buffalo hides on the Plains from 1865 to 1875 led Sitting Bull and the other chiefs and warriors of the Sioux to band together against the money-seeking white men who were destroying their only real means of livelihood, and the massacres and raids which followed brought Billy King back to Kansas.

Finally the loss of his cattle, the wiping-out of the "nest-egg" which represented five years of hard work, is only another incident of man and his search for a decent living.

Dr. McGinnis pointed out that a similar reasoning would—because I had mentioned the Civil War—appear to be the only excuse I might need to bring in a complete resume of the Civil War. Sutter represents, to me, a vivid character whose personal story is so rich and colorful that it represents that one glorious word "Gold." Because of that I do not believe I have used too much space in presenting the events in such detail.

The material on the Santa Fe and Oregon trails, with the additional material on the conditions of the Indians in Chapter IV, was separated from the story of Billy King for one purpose. It merely serves as an introduction to explain the events which led up to the battles at Sand Creek and Cedar Bluffs, which were retold after the "butchering" of the Indians under command of "Buffalo Bill" Cody.

The whole series of events was inserted to give an idea of the ethics of frontier Indian warfare.
In Chapter V, Crook's Winter Campaign received so much attention because it was only in the presentation of that material that I could describe the conditions and customs of his particular type of warfare and list the battles with the Indians. Billy King at the time was not actively in the field because Company A, of the 5th, remained at Camp Verde with the Headquarters troop. His reactions to the post and to the Indians and their customs are dealt with in detail in Chapter VI and VII.

I want to thank Mr. Russell and my father for their help in supplying materials, Dr. Streeter for obtaining several source books which I used, and Dr. McGinnis for her careful reading and suggestions.
CHAPTER I

In The Year 1849

The eyes of the peoples of Germany were turned westward. Years before, in 1817, the union of the Archduchess Leopoldine, daughter of the emperor Francis, with Dom Pedro, emperor of the Brazils, had attracted public attention to South America.

Dom Pedro enlisted Germans in his army. He offered lands free to those who wished to become colonists. The promises of wealth and easy living were such that after the famine of 1816 and 1817, and the increase of political discontent in 1818 and 1819, a yearly average of thirty thousand Germans sailed down the Rhine to the free land of the far west.

Not long afterward Dom Pedro became involved in his own political squabble. Revolutionary disorders and ill-will of the natives towards settlers made it almost impossible for the Germans to remain in safety. Then too, there had been printed in the "Mother-land" several accounts of personal adventures calling attention to the methods of recruiting soldiers. The authors pointed out that a few authorities in Brazil were receiving, for recruits collected in Hamburg, a set price for each man delivered on the shores of that
western world; and that no pains had been taken to insure the
delivery—alive—of these recruits.

Circulation of these books, and the revolution in July
turned the stream of Germans northward in 1827, until in September
of 1837 there were practically one hundred and fifty-seven thousand
of that race in North America.

Other peoples too were coming to the Americas. One of the
strangest, most colorful of these was John A. Sutter; contemporary
and friend of Kit Carson, General Fremont, and John Jacob Astor.

Johan Souter was born in Baden in 1805. Thirty years later
he was falsely accused of murder, and at the insistence of his wife
he ran away. He had resolved to stay and face the charges, but the
circumstantial evidence was strongly against him, and when she point-
ed out that he would be thrown into prison and might possibly die,
he left for America.

From that time on his life is a strange tale of "ups" and
"downs." Somehow he landed at New York, broke, hungry, a stranger in
a strange land. His first job was—unknowingly—to attempt to drive
a horse-car through a group of pickets. He received his pay in
advance, but the car was demolished and Johan spent his first night
in America in a hospital.

In 1857 Johan, now Captain John A. Sutter—late of the Swiss
army—arrived at Westport, in Missouri. He purchased a store and be-
gan outfitting wagons in the great trains which went from Independence
to Sante Fe. He brought quite a bit of the land around his store, and
laid out a townsite. People bought the lots and shares of stock in his new town, but somehow it failed and he lost all their capital.

He made the trip to Santa Fe himself as a trader to regain some of the money, but the enterprise failed. While he was there he heard tales of a wonderful country to the west known as California. Johan knew how to farm and in the back of his mind there grew and developed a dream of an empire of rolling plains and small, productive farms.

He was told that the wagon trains never went beyond Santa Fe. The trails to the west were rough, and no one would guide Johan. He returned to his store, sold it, and joined a party of trappers who had come down from the Rockies to do their annual trading in St. Louis. Several months later he found his way down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver.

Tales were told during the long evenings around the fires of the trappers of the wonderful country southward, down the coast. But Sutter could not find a captain who would send his boat on the perilous coastal journey south to California. The only way to reach the site of his proposed colony was to go to Hawaii or the Sandwich Islands, and then come in from the west, from half way across the Pacific.

He took passage on a Russian vessel by way of Sitka to the Sandwich Islands. A year later he set sail for the coast of California. When the journey was about half-completed the ship ran into a terrible storm. At the same time—because of a mutiny below decks—Sutter learned that the vessel was a slaver, and her cargo was composed of natives.
Evidently he remembered how close he had come to spending his life in chains, for he joined with the Islanders, and when the half-wrecked ship limped into the landing at Monterey Sutter was in command. He offered the natives their freedom, but they decided to stay with him, and several went so far as to obtain credit and additional help for their benefactor.

When he reached the coast he led his band directly to the palace of the Mexican governor, General Juan Baptiste Alvarado. He stated his mission, and after an interview he was granted permission to explore the country and to place his colony. Later he was to receive a land grant, the area to be equal to that of the land enclosed by a seven days' ride.

At what is now San Francisco he secured a small boat, and after exploring the largest river he could find he selected the site where the city of Sacramento now stands. There were flats for the cattle and farms. Hills and water made it perfect for vineyards and Sutter began to build his dream of a New Helvetia.

A year later he was on the verge of giving up and going back east. Crops had failed, and he needed money desperately. But when a party of Russians came down the river and landed and attempted to sell him their holdings, Sutter saw a chance to re-coup his fortunes and brought them out, "lock, stock, and barrel."

The Russians, who were members of the Russian-American Fur Company, had their headquarters at Fort Ross, at Bodega Bay north of San Francisco. This company had a charter from Spain granting permission
to take furs, but not granting them the land. Against the protest of the authorities the company had extended their settlement and they were ordered to vacate. Since furs were no longer profitable the Russians agreed to sell all their personal property, and the few remaining personal land rights.

Sutter mustered his courage and contracted to pay for their entire equipment over a five-year period. He even took the twenty-five ton launch they had come down the river in, and with it he moved cattle and horses, guns, iron, and about forty old cannon to his colony. The fact that he had these cannon frightened the native Californians and they asked that he be refused his grant and be dispossessed. Sutter was not willing to give up his fort—which really was hardly begun—so he set his men to work at top speed. In the meantime he sent a letter, addressed to high officials, stating that he was able not only to defend himself, but to pursue and fight anyone who threatened him, and that he wanted to hear no more of dispossession.

In 1842 about six hundred troops were sent to the new governor, Manuel Micheltorena, and he was ordered to subdue Sutter. Sutter, however, learned of what was to happen and sent a messenger with a lengthy letter to the governor conveying his greetings, and submitting cheerfully and entirely to his authority. Thus the two became fast friends.

Through the years of 1843 and 1844 everyone who reached California tried to visit Sutter's Fort. He became renowned as the personification of "Typical Western hospitality." He met tradespeople
in the same manner he used in receiving others. He bought all that he could buy; he paid all that he could pay; but he failed hopelessly to keep up payments, and fell in debt. At the outset he was indebted to the Russians nearly one hundred thousand dollars. When he promised to pay with wheat, the crops failed. He bought more land and sowed more wheat. He increased the number of his horses and cattle. He kept the launch running up and down the river, carrying skins, wheat, tallow, hides, and hand-sawed lumber from the groves of giant redwoods. His "ranch" was many times larger than the original grant, the area of a seven-days' ride. He employed more men, men he did not need, but who wanted jobs. And all the time his debts increased.

He now had land grants from Mexico for 48,000 acres, north and south of the American River, and another for 93,000 acres which included the "Fort" land. It was said that at various times, depending upon the season, Sutter employed from one to five hundred men. He started every kind of business of which he had heard. He had blacksmiths, weavers, meat-hunters who furnished the colony with game of every sort, tanners, trappers, carpenters, masons, sawyers who sawed the timbers by hand, farmers who cared for his vast fields of wheat, herders to care for the horses and cattle, and even a distiller who tended the more potent juices from his vineyards.

With such a body of men he tried to maintain military discipline. The old cannon were mounted on the walls, and the Indians were drilled by a white officer, marching to fife and drum. Sentries were always at the gate, and a system of bells called the
men from, or sent them to, their work.

In 1847 as a last effort to save his vast holdings, Sutter contracted with James W. Marshall to build a sawmill, combined with a flourmill, in the small valley of Coloma about forty-five miles away from the Fort. Up to that time Marshall had been acting as carpenter. He made wheels for spinning of wools; looms, reeds, and shuttles for the weaving of coarse blankets; chests, chairs, and tables, all formed under his fingers. People thought him crazy. Certainly he was eccentric, but definitely not harebrained.

Sutter had promised to pay $25,000 for the mill, and the materials--other than the native timbers--were hauled by ox-train for thousands of miles to the valley. On paper the mill was beyond compare, but when it was completed the flutter-wheel, which was to propel the upright saw and the burrs for milling the wheat, hung too low in the river. This caused the water to back up and submerge the wheel.

Indians were directed to dig a channel below the mill to conduct the water away and give the wheel full play. These men worked for four months until finally a mill-race and suitable dam were completed. It was Marshall's habit to inspect the work daily. On the afternoon of Monday, the 24th of January, 1848, after water had been turned into the race to clean out the dirt and gravel, he was walking thru the tail-race when on the rotten granite bed-rock he noticed several glittering particles about the size of wheat grains. Heavy, bright, and smooth, they were the color of brass. Marshall
thought that he had found gold and announced to the workers this fact. They laughed at his statement.

The next day after returning to the race, he collected about a spoonful of the metal in the crown of his old felt hat, and proceeded to examine it more carefully and thoroughly. He tried melting it. He hammered it and found it malleable. As a last resort he compared it with gold coins and was confirmed in his knowledge.

He invented an excuse and went to the Fort. There he examined the metal in company with Sutter. The two men found an old encyclopedia, and after using sulphuric acid and weighing the metal in scales, both in water and out of water, they decided that Marshall really had found gold. Sutter's dream of a vast empire seemed destined to come true, but as usual the fates intervened.

A few weeks later one of the meat-hunters of the party detailed to construct the mill discovered traces of the metal outside of the tail-race. He told the workers and soon many of the men who had laughed at Marshall went off short distances into the hills, dug the gravel and were washing out the gold in crude Indian baskets. By March of 1848 the news had drifted into Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) with a drunken worker, and the newspapers learned of the discovery. Little attention was paid to the story.

One man, from the eastern part of the United States, from Georgia, did take heed. He crossed overland to California alone and began "rocking" gold with the first rocker in the Sierra Nevadas. His results convinced others that the metal was there, and that first year
$5,000,000 was taken from the ground. After that the world went completely, cheerfully, mad. Though still alive, Sutter was almost forgotten. He lay buried in campfire stories of his early days and his debts. Some said that he had gone off with a Russian Countess. Others said not; that he had loved the Countess, but that she left him when he lost his great holdings to the hordes of incoming land grabbers, and that he was living with his wife and two children who had come unaided to America to seek him out and tell him that he had been cleared of the old murder charge. Sutter was gone. His time was past. Only his "Fort" and the metal there interested the newcomers.

People from the land of Cyrus and Alexander, of Cortez and Pizzaro flocked and swarmed to the "Gold Coast." They had to eat to live; so they killed Sutter's cattle. They pulled down his sheds and lived in the "Fort." They pulled down the sawmill to get at the gold in the ground. Sutter was a badly beaten old man, but he appealed to the justice of the United States. He had voluntarily struck the flag of California and placed the Stars and Stripes over his Fort years before. But the United States courts held that he had gained his land from a Mexican grant, and that the people now living there had as much right to it as he.

When the citizens of Sacramento and San Francisco—both cities were built on land originally held by Sutter—organized to present him with a commission as General as a "peace offering" for taking his land, word came that the Supreme Court had reversed the
decision of the judges, and that all Sutter's holdings were to go back to him.

Rioting broke out immediately. Sutter's son was killed by the mob. His home was burned, and his wife died in the excitement. Sutter refused to give up and for years fought vainly to regain his vast empire.

In 1846 $25,000,000 was taken from the ground around the old "Fort" and sawmill. In 1850 there was $50,000,000 more in the world, and in 1855, $65,000,000. Single men took out $500 a day, and loafed on the job. Some averaged $700. There were tales of nuggets that were large enough to fill buckets, and gold dust to be shoveled up from the very streets.

Food went up; clothes went up; supplies went up. Even drinking water brought prices unheard of. Every man was a king. Saints and sinners, business men, trappers, sailors off boats bound for the China Seas, harpies with bodies like lilies but with souls as black as hell all gathered to dip into the witch's pot. Men dug from the ground what they needed, and feasted their bodies and quenched their thirsts; threw the rest at cards or women, and then dug more. Everything went up and up until the flame caught the winds and swirled around the world and back again.

March 24, 1849

High on the spires and cornices of Germany grotesque gargoyles in cities like Berlin and Frankfort gazed down with stony
eyes on a country almost as mad as its distant sister and saw the
corruptness and degeneration of the German peoples.

During these last two years a diet, recognized as the
Rhine, was instituted at Frankfort. This soon became a political
tool of the princes, and it was not until the insurrectionary
movements of 1848 that they began to feel their hold weaken. Forced
to stop the advances of republican principles, they consented to the
convocation of a national assembly and elected the Archduke John of
Austria to preside. He failed miserably. Things went from bad to
worse.

The very gargoyles themselves reflected the turn from the
God-given tree-arch-like Gothic architecture to the insipid
imitation of the Roman Style. Their stone and bronze brothers sat
equally unmeaning and forceless on other roofs, or presided in
multitudes over fountains and bridges.

Men reflected the smallness of their natures in their
miniature works of art. The days of conquest and hunting were gone.
They spent endless hours carving toys, or working with definite
skill and care on gold, china, or porcelain. Ancient remains were
studied, not to learn of the old North Gods or Heroes, but to help
painters of pastoral and landscape scenes gain new ideas. Others
actually went to such great lengths that they spent days painting
each single hair in a man's beard or on his head.

In the cultural centers men in wigs, with patches and
frocks and frills, paraded the streets; their wives by their sides
in head-dresses three feet high, with hoops and high heels and their waists pulled in and pinched in diminutive corsets of bone and steel.

The theater was a poor representation, mimicking the French stage. It was a political machine used to divert the attention of the people, by means of indecent love scenes, from the real problems of the times. Criticism superseded real drama.

Even the music of German souls was reduced to expression in imitation of French and Italian styles. The invention of the pianoforte by Schroeder; the glorious drama of Bach and Handel and Braun and Gluck; the perfection of the "not so solemn" music of Mozart were all forgotten. Music had none of the depths which the German had so honestly loved.

Not even the poets—the writers—understood the common people. The literature of the very prose of life, so unbearable, was converted into poetry. The English furnished them with styles for family scenes and ancient idyls. But they forgot that the Germans were a people worthy of their ancestors, and made the heroes modern, foppish, bewigged fools.

Religion too was disputed. The Germans as a whole were rapidly becoming two peoples, Catholic and Protestant.

Only the scientists were making advances. New planets had been discovered. The telescope and microscope were being improved. Studies in natural sciences and history were broadening in field. Commerce on land and sea was being changed by the knowledge of the
properties of steam. Only the scientists and a few common people, those who were too busy to be bothered with petty things, retained their sense of balance.

In the midst of all this crazy stampeding world, on a little house in Elbinger in Danzig, the rain beat down against the slates of the roof, and swirled with wind gusts around the corners to trickle into black pools in the gutters at the feet of the flickering street lights.

Down the street, scurrying and bent by the wind, a man tried to keep pace with an excited youth. With his cape he half protected the bag he was carrying, from the roof-drip. They rounded the corner and trotted and splashed up the steps of the house under the door gable. The man paused to fling the drops from his hat brim with a wide arm sweep before following the boy into the brightness of the oil lamps.

They were greeted silently, and after tossing his cape to one side, the man shoved the bag under his arm, and followed the young man to a room on the upper floor.

He worked swiftly, quietly, like a man whose mind is in his hands. After a time he turned to the youth and said, "Tell Herr Koenig he may come in."

Herr Koenig was short, square, and bristling. He stood in the doorway, half ashamed, half amused, grinning from one mutton-chop whisker to the other, his forehead below the closely cropped hair sweating visibly. "What is it?" he asked. "Is it all well?"
The answer was simply, "Another soldier for the Fatherland. He is the second now. You should be proud." And the doctor and his apprentice left the room.

Shortly Herr Koenig joined the two in the room below. The good news spread rapidly. Others came to join the three. They sat long talking; separately; all at once in the rush and heat of their argument. One had heard a new opera in Frankfort. The others contended that their own local singing clubs with their old, almost pagan songs were better. Some liked the wines of France, others the brew of their own locale. But the Herr Doctor silenced all their conversation and argument when he shouted that "the government was rotten." Many of his countrymen had gone, other army friends and associates. The whole of the German peoples, he said, was rotten. The army was being disbanded. There was no protection. There was no national sense; no common sense. But in spite of it all, even in spite of the fires of hell and the Devil himself, science would go on. Germany's scientists would be the greatest in the world. They would wipe out the pollution of superstition and statesmen and put the country back where it should stand, at the head of the World.

And to prove it, he pointed out, why had Herr Koenig, a fine, upstanding business man, asked him there that night instead of a 'granny' to deliver his son, if people didn't believe in doctors and science?
After they had all gone Herr Koenig sat in the room for a long time; then he rose and went to the bedroom on the upper floor where he stayed, talking quietly to his sleeping wife and son, talking to himself. It was true that times were hard in Elbinger, they were always hard, but he had managed to keep the little factory for tin ware—plates, pans, and the like—open and the retail hardware store in Berlin brought him a fair return.

For a time after he had left the army and married he had been content. Later he had been seized with the wanderlust and only the birth of his first son, Franz, kept him from going to America. Then gold—vast, untold, unbelievable quantities of it—had been discovered in California. Many of his countrymen had gone. Old army friends stopped at his door, or at the factory, and said "good-bye" or asked him to get his pack and come too. It had been hard to stay, but always, as the Herr Doctor had said, the answer had been, "We'll get along."

Now this second son. The lamp-light on his hair turned his head to gold, and his father was glad that he had remained at home. His second son would be a general, a great leader of strong, fine men.

And his name? His name should be William—after the King of Prussia. Friedrich Wilhelm Koenig.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The material for the Germanic background is from Menzel's "Germany from the Earliest Period." Sutter's story was taken from a feature story in Section C of the Kansas City Star for March 22, 1956, and from John S. Hittell's "The Discovery of Gold in California" from the Century Magazine, Vol. XLI, No. 4, February, 1891. The rest is family tradition.
Chapter II

From Prussia to New York
via Sweden, Louisiana, Mexico, and
Philadelphia

1849-1870

At the time when all America was rushing towards the golden wealth of the West coast, the German people were being stirred from the embers of long years of peace to the flames of battle by republican demonstrators.

After the national assembly had failed under the direction of Archduke John of Austria, that body offered the imperial crown to the King of Prussia. When he refused in 1849, a provisional regency was elected to manage affairs of state; and not long after, feelings of ill-will broke the relationships of Prussia and Austria. The two countries were acting, at that time, as joint rulers over the destinies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenberg.

Restoration of the diet stopped their troubles for a time. Later the two countries joined in an armed attack upon Denmark, but Bismarck was resolved that Prussia should be the sole guide of the fate of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenberg, and finally they took arms against
each other in the battle of Sadowa. A few months later Emperor Francis of Austria and King William of Prussia met at Gastwin and signed a treaty giving Schleswig to Prussia, Holstein to Austria, and the port of Kiel to Prussia—but with free entry to all nations.

Naturally this "seizure" startled and aroused the indignation of France, England, and the minor states. England said that the agreement had been forced. French officials said that the whole thing was a reflection of the lowest form of barbarism, and that all principles of decency and national relationships had been violated. Both countries cried out against the refusal to let the duchies rule themselves as they saw fit. In spite of their arguments Prussia took over Schleswig and Austria took over Holstein, and before long the two were included as states within those countries.

But like cattle who always imagine the grass on the other side of the fence is greener, Austria and Prussia began to renew their old hatred. The German Empire had originally consisted of three hundred states. Now there were really only three large legislative divisions, and the two joint-rulers of the disputed duchies were rivals for the leadership in a single, all-powerful Germany.

Finally the Prussians crossed the Eyder, seized Holstein, ejected the Austrian governor, appointed a supreme president over the two duchies, and settled—after a fashion—the question of which was to be the leader.
There were other causes for war. Austria had among her provinces Hungary, and the Italian state, Venetia. The Italians had been resolved for years to break with Austria, and in the early months of 1866 they began to make active preparations against their overlords. Austria quite calmly increased the number of her troops, and Prussia likewise increased the number of her troops, saying that it was fair to do so, for it was the only way she could protect her rights against the rapidly arming Austrians. At the same time Prussia signed a secret treaty with Italy, returning Venetia to her mother-country, if and when Prussia won the war, if it was fought. One incident rapidly led to another, and finally Prussia declared that the Germanic Confederation was broken. Both sides prepared openly for war.

Austria had started early to arm, but the Prussian military system made it easy for that country to mobilize. Every Prussian twenty years old, regardless of his position, was required to serve five years with the colors, five years in the reserve, and then for eleven years more he must be ready to join the army when the call went out. Even during peace everything was kept in readiness for instant mobilization, and in a short time 260,000 men were encamped in the field in Bohemia.

In the third week of June, 1866, Prussia sent messages to Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Saxony, demanding that they reduce their armies and join with Prussia, or their territories would be entered and war declared. No message of reply was given, and in a short time
Prussia seized these states and established a way of communication with the Rhenish provinces. Austria had deserted Holstein, but later the Austrian navy and land forces regained all of Hanover. In all other instances Prussian officers and men were victorious wherever they fought.

It was quite natural that the news of the battles should finally reach Elbinger. The King had declared that the age limit for soldiers was to be lowered from twenty to seventeen years. Friedrich Wilhelm Koenig had just turned seventeen in March.

Oddly enough Herr Koenig's prediction that his second son was to be a famous soldier seemed doomed to die an early death. By all rights Wilhelm should have shouted with mannish joy at the prospect of carrying gun and sword against the Austrians, but the idea sickened him. He had lost all his taste for things military years before when his father had attempted to thrust him into a manner of schooling which would fit him for the ranks. He had attended the school against his will, but the death of Herr Koenig—by the Black Smallpox—released him from the tedious, unbearable bonds, and he turned straightway to the first thing he could find.

He talked with his brothers and sister—for the family had grown. Franz, older by two years, was studying to become a great physician. He suggested that field, but the blood and misery of human suffering were revolting to Wilhelm. His younger brother, George, who thought of nothing but painting, believed that he could make a "fair"
artist of his brother, but Wilhelm had to turn to the youngest of the family—his sister Friedricka—to solve his problems.

She left off her singing—she always sang, whether at work or play, with the happy, gay, but strangely serious face of a thirteen year old—and with shining eyes she unfolded her plan. It was something she had dreamed of, she told him, something that she—if she were a man—would do. And when he asked what she meant, she said, "Run away!"

Where? How? He had to ask that. And she with the seriousness of a child grown up the first year of her teens, told him, "To America. To a free country."

America, he reminded her, was engaged in a war of her own. The people were fighting about slaves or something like that, and one war was as bad as another. But Friedricka riddled him that. America, she said, was too big—her teacher had said so—for people to be fighting all over it. And somewhere, somewhere where they were not fighting, he was to go.

Wilhelm pondered the problem for several weeks. He walked late at night, gazing up at the stars over the North Sea, asking himself—asking anything which could listen without ears, and he was undecided. He found work with an old army friend of his father's. He became apprentice to a harness maker, but though the work was easy, his father and his father's friend had been army men, and he was constantly being reminded of his duty.
In October Franz's doctor joined the colors, and Franz became a collector of taxes for the King. By the next month many of Wilhelm's friends had gone off to fight, and in December his own name was read from the list being "called by the King." He turned to his only friend, Friedricka, again and somehow the two of them, the shy, slight boy, and the motherly child, gathered clothes and money and laid their plans. Franz and George were not to know of what he was to do, or where he was to go. He would try to get into Denmark, or across into Sweden, and from there he would go to America. Then, and only then, he was to write to her and tell her where he was.

And so late one night in the Christmas season of 1866, Friedrich Wilhelm Koenig strapped his light pack on his back, took the money they had managed to save and gather from several rings and trinkets, and slipped out into the streets. He kept to the back ways and alleys. He ran or crept carefully all the night, and morning found him out of the town. A few nights later he tied his shoes and clothes with his pack and slipped into the icy water of the Vistula. Early morning came, and he warmed himself in the hut of a fisherman who was glad to keep a tight mouth in return for a golden watch chain.

Later the same fisherman sailed out on the stormy, mid-winter North Sea, and days later a beggared Wilhelm smelling strongly of nets and fish stood on the warfs of Sweden. From some unknown port there he obtained passage on a boat for the United States, America, a free country for a free man.
Four months later he finished a crazy, haphazard voyage. A half-wrecked ship with a half-drunk crew of leftovers from the ports of the world who had banded together and obtained the ship under conditions most nations would have called piracy, had been "running the blockade" to the South. Now the crew, with a rum-drinking Newport man for captain, a Spanish mate, and a "nigger" bosun, cracked their sails in all the corners of the world and carried what they called "Odds and Ends of Things."

Their cargo from Sweden was made up of cheese and fish, a high-smelling, "crawling" mess, but Wilhelm was satisfied. He cracked on sail with the rest of the men, worked like a dog, and ate their grub. He even got paid at the end of the trip, but he had given more than ten times his wages to come.

They tied up at New Orleans, with its crazy piers, its mosquitoes, and the grassy swamps and drear colorless delta-flats between the curving city and the sea. He walked down the narrow wooden sidewalks, so different from the solid substantial stone ones at home, yet good under foot after the tossing deck.

The days passed swiftly in Orleans. The city had not regained all its pre-War glamor and glory, but its color fascinated Wilhelm. He spent long mornings, and longer afternoons, in the palm-shaded Rue Royale. He listened to the clattering negro dialects, and the smooth local speech of the Quadroons, and Creoles and Cajuns. He tried to understand the mixture of houses and churches, the flat, dusty mud of the Spanish church, and the twisted, ornamental iron grills and window
fences in the French Quarter.

He loved the gay clothes, the linens and beavercloth of the plantation people, the shawls and spangles; the fire and sparkle of the women of the streets and rum-shops; the rum-shops themselves with their queer drinks and queer names; the eating houses and the meals of fish and other sea-food, and red beans and rice. Wine was free and life was young, but before long he realized that he must find work somewhere if he expected to clothe his back and feed his stomach.

He had seen the notices, pasted on public boards, and one day he answered an ad for "Workers." One plantation owner who had spent the hectic days of the War in France had returned to find his slaves—like his crops, his animals, and his personal belongings—gone; and he was desirous of rebuilding the plantation to its former estate. Wilhelm signed as coachman, stableboy, hostler, groom—anything to do with horses, and at length found himself up the Mississippi on one of the great Southern farms.

The stately house, already a century old, with its pillars and sweep of galleries was strange to him. But so were the "quarters" where the slaves had carried on their personal lives, and the vast reaches of shell-roads and the grimy, gray moss which hung like weepy beards from venerable old Live Oak trees. He loved the quiet smoothness of the River itself as it flowed along between the enormous levees, and he lay outstretched for hours gazing thru the grass and clover stems at the reflected face of the moon, while the voices of negroes moaned and whispered thru the night in jubilation, to heathen gods and foreign
spirits. He revolted at the color of the negroes' skins, and their natural strangeness, but he loved their songs, and in the time spared from his work he listened to their music and rhythms, or tramped the farm with some friendly youth of his own age.

Contrary to the usual Southern custom the plantation owner, since he was so near the Delta country, raised rice in preference to cotton. Rice fields bordered the River and they were all divided into little squares with their own levees between. Marshes and swamps buried the out-lying territories under heavy growths of trees and shrubs. Lakes and lagoons dotted the low-lands, and cypress trees stuck their elbows out of the water at their edges. Wilhelm fished in these lakes and lagoons, and in the bayous, the back water streams of the River. They were all sluggish and dirty, but the riot of color of water plants and bank-shrubs made them gorgeous in early morning or late day.

Wilhelm learned other things from the Negroes besides their tunes. For instance; that there was a river in the Cajun country with no beginning and no ending; and that New Orleans was supposed to be the slums of the South. They said that women on Front Street were cheaper than rice, and that all the "hash houses" served rice at every meal—with some sort of tomato sauce.

He learned too that the people were very proud of being Southerners and that the Yankees, the Cajuns—poor white trash, and the "niggers" were the scum of the earth. Every one, though, even the poorest white, had some negroes working for him. One's social standing was judged by the number of servants one had. But even though the
United States was supposed to be cleansed from the stain of slavery, and the black men of the South were legally free, actual relations between master and servants were equally as bad as they had been before the War. Wilhelm had believed that he was a servant, worthy at least of consideration as a human being. He learned though, when he asked for a part of his wages after two or three months at the plantation, that he was merely a slave—nothing more or less.

Young people are apt to be strong-headed or rash at times. Wilhelm asked why he was not being paid, and he was told that his wages had gone into his clothes, his board, and his lodging. He rebelled at such treatment. He had written one letter to Friedricke telling her of his wonderful new "position", and rather than fail his sister, when he was convinced that he could not possibly collect his wages, he started off on foot for the town of Baton Rouge—not far away—to seek a new and kinder employer.

He had gone only a few miles when he was overtaken by a burly white "overseer", a man Wilhelm had never liked, who leveled a fowling-piece at him and suggested that it would be wise to return and finish "serving his time." Then, and only then, Wilhelm remembered signing certain papers when he undertook the job. He was a slave because his master had ordered it so, and also, because he had signified, quite clearly and legally, though unknowingly, that he was willing to be.

Several weeks more passed and Wilhelm, boiling inwardly under the disgrace of being reduced from coachman to a field worker, seemed only too glad to do his duties under the watchful eye of the "overseer."
All the time, though, he plotted and planned, and late one day he did not return to the "quarters" with the rest of the men, but he hid in the shack of a friendly old negro couple who had their home in one of the outlying districts of the plantation. Later that night a friendly negro field worker crept from his bed, and carrying a bundle of clothes and food for the two of them, he and Wilhelm hurried down the road; not to Baton Rouge, not to New Orleans, but to Mexico.

For the four years while America was being torn inwardly by open revolt between the States, the nations of Europe rejoiced.—The apparent thrusting into discard of the Monroe Doctrine meant to them that they might again attempt the establishment of a monarchy in America. Mexico herself set a precedent when her President handed down rulings about certain properties of foreigners. Later the Spaniards were joined by France and Britain at Vera Cruz, but when Napoleon announced that he intended to establish a Mexican empire the French and Spanish forces withdrew.

Napoleon did what he had intended. In 1864 the Archduke Maximilian of Austria was made Emperor of Mexico. French troops patrolled the country, and men from Paris ventured to the land of Cortez to speculate and grow rich as their American neighbors had done in California two decades before. They became greedy as men with sudden wealth are likely to be, and shortly they had dreams of extending the boundary of their new country farther north.

But in the early months of 1865 the surrender of Lee proved the strength of the American army, and the French exploiters were given
their choice of war with the United States, or clearing out of America and Mexico. It was this alternative which kept Napoleon from entering the Prusso-Austrian war in 1866, and the fact that Napoleon could not or would not enter the fray led Bismarck to begin the actual fighting. Two years later (1867) Italy and Prussia were hammering the Austrians; and Napoleon, after a trumped-up argument about finances, withdrew the the French troops from Maximilian's kingdom, and left the Archduke to his fate. By all rules of good sense and intelligence Maximilian should have left the country and lived the rest of his life in comparative ease and splendor as an ex-Emperor in Paris. Instead, he tried to fight for his imagined rights. He was overthrown.

Immediately the Rio Grande became the refuge line for two different and very distinct groups of beaten men. Out of the north came groups of Confederate soldiers, afraid, not trusting their fate to the ruling of Union "Carpet-Baggers", and men who were too proud to return to their ruined homes and beg aid of their conquerors. These men crossed the Rio Grande to seek new footholds in Mexico. From the south, from Mexico and the other Latin American countries, came the henchmen of the fallen Maximilian seeking peace and passage home to Spain or France from the States.

The Emperor took refuge in Queretaro. Tradition said that he took great wagons of gold and silver services as well as clothes and gems from the palace, but when the rabble found him he was living as poorly, as miserably, as the most squalid Indian. He stood trial as any common
man might have stood trial, and was ordered shot to death as a public
murd er, by Benito Juarez, a common Indian peon, who was leading his
people in a battle for their rightful lands. Before he died, he gave
each of the soldiers a small piece of gold—the last of his great
treasures about which Napoleon had quarreled and of which only the
traditional stories remain—and told them to aim true.

Wilhelm and his negro companion fell partly into both groups
of men. He was fleeing from enemies, but his were in the States, not
Mexico; and he was seeking, not gold or fortune, but merely a means
of earning a livelihood. He and his companion traveled for days,
neither always on foot, and weeks passed before they finally stopped at
a ranch-house where they could make it understood that they wanted work.
Of course they had received food and drink, but neither could speak
enough Spanish to make their other wants known.

Wilhelm's new master was a Prussian like himself, who had run
away from home years before and settled, finally, in Mexico. The two
talked long hours at a time, discussing things in their mother-tongue,
talking over the customs of the two lands, or helping Wilhelm with his
spare Spanish.

In the short time he remained at the ranch Wilhelm took part
in two of the most colorful, exciting incidents of his life: a rodeo,
and the wedding of one of the Prussian's friends.

Rodeos were held in connection with the harvests. The harvests,
the Prussian told him, were not what they had been; for the fighting
had taken many of the peons from the ranches. Formerly three or four
hundred Mexicans and Indians, some armed with sickles, some with butcher-knives, had cut the grain. Many merely gathered the dry stalks in their hands, and others used split sticks with sharp edges to break the straws. Sometimes the harvesting took weeks, or a whole month.

When the grain was cut the horses were rounded up, and after the straw had been piled into a huge mound in the middle of the strong, high corral, three or four hundred horses would be turned in to tramp it out. The horses dashed back and forth, plowing up the straw and breaking out the grain from the very bottom of the pile. In an hour it would be all thru. Afterwards the grain, the chaff, and the straw were tossed from baskets over clean clothes and all but the grain was blown away by the wind. This usually took as long as the harvesting by hand.

When the harvesting had been completed, the horses and cattle of the different ranches were driven together into one place and the herds of the different owners were separated. Excitement and danger attended the separation, but afterwards there were games on horseback, roping, dancing, and always a great feast. The ranch owners selected an odd number of judges, "Jueces del Campo", to govern the proceedings and settle disputes.

Sometimes there were bull fights such as those held in Mexico today, and always there was a fight if the rodeo took place on the days of the patron saints. Bull and bear fights had been introduced from California, and the vaqueros searched the hillsides for bears at
rodeo time. If an exceptionally large bear was found or a grizzly bear had been shipped down from California, the "Jueces del Campo" tied a hindfoot of the bear to a forefoot of the bull to make the fight more equal.

But colorful as the rodeo may have been, the wedding was far more interesting to Wilhelm. He and the Prussian rode in a rude wooden native cart. The wheels were without tires and had been made by cutting a cross-section of an oak tree of the proper size until the wheel was about a foot thick at the rim. It was larger where the axle went through. The axle itself was usually a small tree, about eight inches in diameter, and as the hole grew larger and the axle grew smaller the hole was boarded up.

These carts were drawn by oxen; rawhide ropes being fastened to the horns. The bottom of the cart, as well as the sides, was made of woven willow sticks. A large, heavy, bull hide was placed over the bottom as a floor, and some of the better wagons were curtained and covered with calico. Under the bottom of the wagon was a pail, and it was Wilhelm's duty to lubricate the axles with the soapsuds it contained. But the squeaky, moaning complaint of the wheels carried for a half-mile or more.

Before they got to the ranch of the friend where the wedding was to take place, they left the rude cart and obtained horses from a friend of the Prussian. In the old days, the Prussian said, you insulted a man if you passed his ranch. Fresh horses were there for the taking, and for years it had been the custom to leave in the "rest room"
a pile of uncounted silver covered with a cloth. The host made it a point of etiquette not to count the money, and the guests could take all they needed, or if they wished, add to the pile before going on.

The horses of the wedding party were more richly caparisoned than Wilhelm had seen. The bride was carried in front of her father, sitting on the saddle with her white satin shoe in a loop of golden braid, while her father rode on the bear-skin "anquera." The groom and his men mingled with the bride's party, all on their best horses, and all performing incredible stunts.

During the wedding a silk sash, fringed with gold, was wound about the necks of the bride and groom, binding them together as they knelt before the altar for the blessing of the priest. After the wedding, the groom led the party to the feasting; the bride rode behind him on the horse of the groomsman.

It was a custom among all the classes of the Spaniards except the very highest, the Prussian told Wilhelm, for the groom to make the satin shoes for his bride. A few weeks before the ceremony he asked his betrothed for a pattern of her foot, and then he made the shoes with his own hands; the groomsman brought them to her the wedding morning. Some shoes were handed down from mother to daughter, and some were known to have been used through four hundred years.

But soon the wedding was over and the rodeo was past history. As the Prussian had said, times were not as they had been. The men from the North who were coming south had failed to find the gold they dreamed of, and since soldiering seemed to be the only occupation they could find,
they joined the bands of Indians and peons who were trying to seize their old lands. Groups of them, of mixed blood, mixed nationality, mixed purpose, ran thru the country, burning, seizing, sometimes gently—but completely and surely—ejecting the occupants of the ranches. Now sometime after the harvest in 1868 Wilhelm and the Prussian left Mexico, turning northward for America.

Somewhere the two got separated, and in the late months of 1868 Wilhelm, who had been working on a cattle-boat plying between the West Indies and the eastern coast ports, managed to land at Philadelphia. He walked the streets of the City of Brotherly Love, his first Northern city, for several days, and finally with no references but his ability, which he demonstrated, he became again an apprentice harness maker.

He remained at his bench thru the winter and into the next summer. He had not forgotten what his father's army companion had taught him, and he had seen several new things in the trappings of Mexico and the South which he asked to be allowed to incorporate in his work. His new master, who was more of a teacher than a master, allowed him odds and ends with which to try his ideas and that summer he made his first complete saddle after his own fashion.

The harness maker had a customer who was exacting though not unbending, in his demands, and he showed Wilhelm's creation to him. The Doctor—for he was one from New York—liked the design. He liked the saddle, and he even liked Wilhelm when he asked to see the man who had "put the thing together."
Late that afternoon Wilhelm rode out of Philadelphia enroute to New York and a new job. He was to be coachman for the Doctor.

The Doctor was never severe in his demands and the duties were not hard. In fact, the term "Doctor" seemed to be an honorary title, rather than the mark of a medical man. Wilhelm never knew him to drive into the slums or tenement districts. All his patients seemed to be wealthy or elderly ladies who lived in glamorous seclusion with their ills.

One patient in particular interested Wilhelm. It was the custom of the Doctor to drive every Sunday afternoon far up the Hudson and make a call on the wife of one of the officers of an Army post there. During the long afternoon hours Wilhelm dozed at his seat or spent the time watching the soldiers marching, stiffly, cleanly erect with their friends. At times he almost regretted that he had run away from the Army in his "Mother-land."

As time went on it became more and more evident that the Army was what he really wanted to join, and one day after the Doctor had told him to take the coach and return in several hours, he drove past the parade ground where a troop of cavalry were drilling at Sunday Inspection. Wilhelm's mind was made up. It was the cavalry or nothing, but he realized that he owed much to the Doctor and so the two talked it over. The Doctor even went so far as to see whether there were any vacancies in the troop rolls, but it developed that there were none. Then too, there was the question of Wilhelm's height. His five feet, five inches lacked one inch of meeting the Army requirements. But the
cavalry it must be, and if he couldn't join in New York—he remembered what Friedricka had said, that America was so large that somewhere he could find what he wanted. That "somewhere" became his goal, somewhere where he could join the cavalry. Most of the cavalry were in the West, and that was where he would go.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Just when Wilhelm Koenig left Germany, just when and where he landed in America, and where he traveled or spent his first few years in America is still open to considerable discussion even between his own sons. In this chapter I have tried to put together all the incidents which have been recalled by the family in such a manner that the journey would be logical.

There are though many possible errors. In the first place, Wilhelm might easily have moved from Elbinger at some time before he "ran away" to America. Secondly, he might have come to the United States just as well from Denmark as from Sweden. Thirdly, no one in the family knows where he landed or worked at first in the South, so, for the sake of convenience, I have made the plantation "somewhere" near New Orleans.

Family tradition is definitely agreed that he ran away from the plantation, hid in the home of an old negro couple—for sometime though and not just an afternoon as I have it—and that he spent some time in Mexico. The Prussian is purely a creature of mind.

From Mexico he went to Philadelphia and later to New York. The incident concerning the harness—but not the being apprentice to the harness maker—is imaginary. All the incidents concerning the Doctor are traditional in the family, and evidently Wilhelm always thought highly of that one man.

(All the material about German background is from Menzel's, which was used too for Chapter I.)
CHAPTER III

At Topeka, Abilene, and Hays City

1870-1872

In June William left "The Doctor," with his blessings and accumulated wages, and entrained for the West. At first he had no idea where he wanted to go. And then, after crossing the Mississippi at St. Louis, he decided to go on to Topeka and remain there for a time until he could decide.

That first night there he walked down the dusty streets, keeping well in the middle where he would be—safe from any stray bullets which might fly from some drunken frontiersman's gun. Topeka was hardly more than a stopping place for the Legislature. The only sidewalks which didn't sink in the mud or overturn with the gusty winds, were those flagstone ones on Kansas Avenue. Hound dogs chased fleas in listless circles and then lay down under the stolid horses hitched to racks in front of saloons.

Maybe he stopped at the doors of one of those high-pressure, board-sided, false-front saloons. Maybe he went in and asked for beer. But if he did he probably left and hurried back to his room, astonished, a little bit shaken by this strange new country. It was true that
Orleans and the bayou country had their tawdy roughness, but the harshness of the Kansas night sky and the clear, meaningless sweep of the wind lacked the smoothness and quiet of flowing water and moving trees. There was nothing to grasp. The noise and color closed around one, but did not allow him to enter it or feel himself a part.

Late that night he sat up with the hotel keeper, smoking, listening to weird, half-impossible tales of men in that country. Of Custer, and Sheridan, and Forsythe. About a great fight on out farther west at a place called Arickaree Creek, and an Indian called "Roman Nose." His host told him of some mysterious person called "Cimamity Jane," who had come from a good family "back East." But now she had gone completely western, and could hold her own with any man at cards, drinking, shooting, smoking, or all-round cussing. He heard of "Buffalo Bill" Cody, whose wife had stayed right there in Topeka all last winter while "Bill" was out from Hays hunting and fighting Indians.

Strangest and most vivid of all were the stories about a "Wild Bill" Hickok, who was staying there in Topeka. He had come down the winter before after he had been run out of Hays City. He had been in a fight with some soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry. "Killed a whole bunch of men and shot the town up in general until it was as safe as a daisy," the hotel-keeper said. Now he hung around the livery stables and saloons talking with Colonel H.C. Lindsay and his other friends.

"And shoot! Why good God, man, last winter when Buffalo Bill brought his Missus down here from Hays, he and Wild Bill was walking down Kansas Avenue out there when Cody threw his hat up in the air, and
when it came down Wild Bill had shot a whole row of holes around the brim without even looking."

That was his host's story, and Wilhelm tried to sleep on it. There were other, wilder stories in the west he hadn't heard, all as possible, all as unbelievable.

A day or so later he set out for Abilene. Hundreds of cattlemen and tens of thousands of cattle had come up the trail started three years before by Joseph G. McCoy, to the little settlement. As wild and unfriendly as Topeka must have seemed, imagine what Abilene was to a raw youngster from the East.

Half-way mark on the Chisholm trail which led from deep in Texas up to Montana, Abilene was the meeting place of the prairie. Up from the branches of the Red River, across Salt Creek, up Fleetwood Creek, and up Wild Horse Creek to Signal Mountain; across the Washita and up to the Canadian, and then up Kingfisher Creek to the Cimarron, and across the Black Bear Creek and the Arkansas and the Smokey Hill, one hundred and sixty thousand cattle had come from the south into Abilene the year before. Indian raids and rains kept the long horns from coming down from the north, but the branch trails, the Old Shawnee, the Middle trail, and the "Western Chisum", were in use.

Men from the armies of the North and South met with card sharks from the East and vaqueros from the West in the mass of wretched board shanties and canvas houses to eat and drink and make merry. They were rough and tough, and with two guns and a knife for every man, they all smiled when they spoke or grabbed for their guns.
Bear-skin chaps from the west vied with silver mounted saddles from the south, and guns inlaid with gold and set with gems slid out of greased leather as often as did the commoner "plain kind." Every man had his horse, and the boot heels of the men were matched in height by the breadth of their hat brims. Indians, Mexicans, Negroes, and Whites all rubbed hands in their search for "gold on the hoof."

It was with slight misgivings that William got off the train late that night. There seemed to be nothing else to do; though, for the Union Pacific still depended in part upon wood piles to furnish the motivating fuel for these old, funnel-chimneyed engines, and some thoughtful "rancher" had simply removed the sawn cords from a rail-side stack rather than cut his own winter supply.

On the way into the town he had noticed the seeming miles of board corrals, and the thousands of bony, wild-eyed, long-horned cattle which overflowed to all sides of the surrounding prairie. Chuck-wagons, the curling smoke of little fires, and the slouched figures of tired-eyed dusty cowboys were scattered throughout the milling masses. Three years before Abilene had been a collection of low, dirt-floored, cottonwood-log huts. McCoy had decided that that should be the point from which to ship the cattle of the West, and so he brought the whole town site for the magnificent sum of five dollars an acre. He immediately built a hotel which he named the "Drovers' Cottage," and sent to St. Louis for a friend of his, as colorful as his name, Gore and Mr. Gore's wife Lou. Soon other saloons and a few other business
houses were erected, and when the spring drive began the little city flourished like a mushroom.

Ben Thompson, a Texan with a killing for every letter in his name—supposedly—and Phil Coe, professional gambler de luxe, started the "Bull's Head." Ben was at various times on speaking and shooting terms with such eminent gentlemen as "Mister" Luke Short, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, and the Blayton boys. Naturally the town had its theaters and "Sporting Palaces" where those genial, understanding, rather decent, but immoral women of the West helped intensify the red of the town. There were thirty saloons in two blocks, and T.C. Henry, the mayor, appointed Tom Smith marshall to control the five thousand foot-loose people who filed in and out of the swinging doors of these saloons. Smith was an intelligent gentleman; parading the streets, dealing law and order from a position as protected as possible; that is, with his back to the wall and his guns against the law-breaker.

Abilene was well on its way to go down in history as the wildest, woolliest, rottenest town in the West, and it didn't take the newcomer long to find that out. Wilhelm straightway went back from his ambling along Texas Street to his hotel room, and enlisting the help of the proprietor made all haste to leave the town. There were no trains leaving the town until next noon, he was told. Sometimes they stayed in town all night on account of Indians; sometimes they didn't. Usually the conductor ran the schedule to the liking of the passengers, and the passengers wanted to stay all night. There was, though, the proprietor said, a train of freight wagons going out about four o'clock
in the morning along the old Butterfield Trail route as far as Fort Hays, and then they were going down to Fort Dodge and hit the Santa Fe for New Mexico. If he didn't want to go back East it might be arranged to go with them.

Wilhelm pondered the problem and decided in favor of leaving as quickly as possible. He was given directions as to where to find the party, and he set off thru the brightly lighted, roaring streets to their camp on the banks of a little creek south of the town. He asked at several before he found the right one. It was a large group; there were some thirty or forty wagons, and they were agreeable to the idea of taking on an extra man as far as Hays or Fort Dodge—with no pay except "keep."

Early the next morning they were up and off. The scout of the party, an amicable, black-bearded bear of a man bearing the name of "California Joe," explained that the party was taking the old stage road as an experiment. The owner of the wagons had the idea that by taking a course between the Santa Fe trail and the Railroad and sending lighter wagons into the main towns for supplies, they would be able to save time.

"California Joe" was a typical frontier scout. In 1829 he was born, Moses Milner, on his father's plantation in Kentucky. At the age of fourteen he shouldered his rifle and struck off thru the woods to join Jim Bridger and a group of trappers who were hunting furs in the territory about Fort Laramie. Three years later he stopped his wanderings long enough to start his return home, but when he reached
Fort Leavenworth he left the trappers and joined Doniphan's Missouri volunteers, who were mobilized under General Stephen W. Kearny for the war against Mexico.

At Santa Fe Colonel Doniphan was so impressed by the bearing, ability of the tall lad of seventeen that he ordered him from his duty as a teamster and packer and made him a guide. Moses' experience in Wyoming helped him greatly and he accompanied the famous expedition into Mexico. After the war he returned to the new family home in Missouri, but after a few months he took his fourteen-year-old bride and joined a wagon-train of California gold seekers.

He acted as guide for the party and tried mining for a time, but he soon tired and with his child wife, turned northward to Oregon. There he found it only too true that it was impossible for him to settle down and, leaving his wife in charge of his ranch, he set off in search of other adventures. In the years following he fought with Kit Carson at Adobe Walls; he met Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill, and with them scouted for Custer and Crook; he gained his name of "California Joe" in the gold fields of Virginia City, where he panned more than $10,000 of gold dust.

But even gold did not hold his feet. He tramped and rode up and down the plains and mountains all the rest of his life. Men said that for all-around shooting no one in the West could even come close to "Joe." He swore at horses, preferring a large mule, which could—he said—go any place and do anything. He smoked, or chewed the stem of, a short, strong, black briar constantly, and at night
he stood before the fire, the pipe smoldering in his bearded face, under his greasy black felt hat brim. He stood for hours with his back to the fire, the scorched edge of his caped-cavalry coat bearing witness to the fact that sometimes he stood too close. He was perfectly at home when alone, but with others up and moving in the camp he became as fidgety as an old hen with a flock of chicks. He seemed perfectly willing to talk about anything at any time, and when the "wagon boss" wished to talk to someone, "Joe" was there listening, grumbling to himself, or growling in his deep bass his displeasure at the way things were being handled.

He knew every corner of the West, its tribes and their manners, and the customs of the traders and trappers. Wilhelm had no knowledge of the country or the manner in which a freight "train" was handled, and at times he more than had his hands full listening to the rumbling voice of "Joe" and trying to follow instructions at the same time.

The first thing he learned was that no driver ever rode in the wagon, but walked, or perched sideways on the wagon pole behind the "wheel yoke" of oxen, which were hitched next to the wagon. These "wheel" oxen supported the wagon pole, which hung in the ring attached to the center of their yoke. A long chain was attached to the pole, at the far end of which were the "lead yoke", and the space between was filled in by four, or in some cases three other teams, or the "swing yokes." The wooden "harness" yokes were first shoved up over the necks of the oxen; then the bows and their fastening pins were
slipped in and all the chains were fastened. All in all, it took about twenty or thirty minutes to yoke, chain, and swing the oxen into line before the wagons could move.

Most of the oxen were Herfords and Durhams, with a sprinkling of black Galloways and Devons. Farther south the smaller, long horned bulls were used in hitches of ten or twelve yokes. Oxen sold from $40 to $75 apiece. The wagons were either "Murphies", manufactured by J. Murphy of St. Louis, or Conestogas from Westport (Kansas City). The original Conestoga wagons were built in Conestoga, a village in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which was named after a tribe of Iroquoian Indians of the territory. "Conestoga" horses were heavy draft horses developed in Pennsylvania about 1775 from a cross of some English breed with the Flemish Cart Horse. They were used exclusively until the introduction of the wagon into the West, where slower, rougher roads made the oxen necessary. Each wagon, complete with bows and yokes of second growth hickory, white oak, and osage orange, represented a cost of about $500. An average train of thirty wagons, three hundred and sixty oxen, horses and mules and other gear made a piece of property well worth $50,000.

The men received a dollar a day and up, depending upon their experience. Beans, flour, coffee, and sowbelly were furnished—but that was all. Every man brought his own whip. These were indispensable. In capable hands they could cut a man or animal wide open, or they could brush a fly off the tip of a horn. In the hands of a greenhorn, they seemed heavy things, with stocks of hickory two feet long, and
Wilhelm never ceased to marvel at the seeming ease with which the men handled their monster charges. Late in the afternoon the lead wagon would pull from the trail and halt. The second wagon would pull to the opposite side of the trail and halt too; and so on down the line, the even and odd, each stopping just a little behind the other, widening and closing the circle. All the chains were fastened in order to form a corral for the animals after they had been watered. The wagon tongues were hung in bow ropes, thus keeping the canvas covers taut in case of a sudden night wind. Freight was a risky business, and with the advance of the rail road the owners were hard hit when they tried to keep up their old prices of fifteen cents a pound, average, for hauling goods. Upkeep and depreciation of the wagons and gear were high, and native food for the oxen was scarce along the main routes.

The party went along the Butterfield Trail from Abilene up to Solomon River and Owens. They passed the stations at Salina, Spring Creek and Rocky Ranch, Ellsworth, Buffalo Creek, Wilson's Creek and Hicks Station, Bunker Hill, Fossil Creek, Walker's Creek and Forsythe's Creek. At Big Creek they turned northwest up a branch trail to the post at Fort Hays. At the abandoned posts along the route William had noticed numerous depressions quite like cellars. He asked "Joe" their use or meaning and was told that they were dug-outs which had been used in case of an Indian attack.
The stages, California Joe explained, were built by the Abbot-Downing Company of Concord, New Hampshire, the name 'Concord Coach' coming from the name of the town. Each stage carried six passengers, three on one seat facing three on the other seat. The driver's seat, up in front, was just below the level of the roof. Under this seat there was a space for valuable small packages; a large triangular pocket or "boot" at the back of the stage carried the mail and larger cases. The deep, almost round body was enclosed on both sides by canvas curtains which could be rolled up, or pulled down to keep out the rain, or snow, or dust. The whole body was cradled upon heavy straps called the "Throughbrace," rather than being mounted on springs, and the stage rocked forward and back, or from side to side as they went swinging along over the rather uneven roads. At night a pair of large oil lanterns were lighted and mounted on short iron posts at either end of the driver's seat.

Each stage cost $1000. Special harness for the four mules required to pull the stage was made at the same factory in Concord and sold with the coach at $150 a set. Mules cost about $75 a piece. Division agents got $100 a month and their board, drivers $75, station agents $50, and the stablemen who took care of the mules and stations $40. The average fare was about 25 cents a mile, making the fare from Hays to Denver about $100 and about $175 to Salt Lake.

Oddly enough the stages did their best business when the train was just being built thru the country, but the rail-road's lower rates and the Indian scares put them out of business. In '67 all the
Stage stations in Western Kansas were watched by the Cheyennes and Sioux. For a long time during the summer and fall stages ran in pairs, and negro infantrymen were stationed from Harker to Wallace, either in the stations or in dug-outs along the way.

These dug-outs were connected by long tunnels to each other, or to the station-house or stables. At night they looked like low mounds of earth. Anyone approaching was usually shot at and then hailed. The soldiers took this "precaution" of "sprouting" guns and letting bullets fly before challenging, for the simple reason that most of the Indians were attended by renegades who could speak perfect English. The small number of men at any one location made it easy prey for these savages, and the guard was necessary.

Most dug-outs were five feet deep, and fifteen or twenty feet square. About the rim sod was laid until there was sufficient head clearance, and the board roof was laid with more sod, thus making a fire-proof fort. Loop holes were cut in the walls and water and provisions were kept in the rooms at all times. Not all dug-outs were the same. At Fort Lookout just south and west of Hays, there was one at least sixty feet long and about twenty feet wide. Those inhabited by the usual corporal and four other negro soldiers were much smaller.

At Big Creek Station "California Joe" told Wilhelm how the Indians had wiped out the little station there two years before. He pointed out the location of old Fort Fletcher, and after they had turned up the Big Creek road to Hays City he related the story of the
At the close of the Civil War the railroad had pushed out from the Missouri River. To protect the construction gangs who were working on the plains west to Denver, the Government established a series of forts along the proposed right-of-way—Riley, Harker, Fletcher, and Wallace were the more important.

On October 11, 1865, Fort Fletcher was established and named in honor of Governor Fletcher of Missouri. A year later, November 17, 1866, the name was changed to honor General Alexander Hays, who had been killed in the Battle of the Wilderness. On May 5, 1867, General Winfield Scott visited Fort Hays. After his inspection he said that the location of the post was too low and too near the creek, and he suggested that it might be better to move to a point about fourteen miles northwest, at the point where the Kansas Pacific Railroad would cross Big Creek. At that time there was quite a town, by the name of "Rome", on the west bank of the creek, north of the railroad grade.

As the end of the road, "Rome" enjoyed all the glamor and life of the typical frontier "ghost town." It sprang up overnight, and two months later its streets were billowing dust about the ankles of two thousand people of that curious hodge-podge always found in the frontier camp: business men, soldiers, railroad-graders, gamblers, buffalo-hunters, cut-throats, and prostitutes.

"Buffalo Bill" Cody, with a partner, Bill Rose, had started the town, and there were stocks of goods in Rome that would have done credit to any of the largest cities in the state. Numerically the
saloons were in the ascendancy. Familiar names were the "Lone Star," "The Dewdrop Inn," "The Occidental," "Graders' Retreat," and "The Last Chance." One far-seeing individual gave orders for the erection of a two-story building on the banks of Big Creek with the intention of using the water power to operate a seven-hundred barrel distillery.

The saloon business was thriving and continuous all day, all night; no halt, no intermission. The fully-supplied customer was pushed into the streets to make way for the thirsty one. The only bar-keeper who seemed to have any sympathy for his patrons was a gentleman by the name of Joe North. He supplied a back room into which the drunks were thrown to sleep off the effects. Some of his business competitors said Joe received a "cut" of the reaping of a pick-pocket who lived in the room, but they could never prove it.

Things "broke wrong" for Rome all at once. In June, 1867, a flood hit old Fort Hays and the entire post was submerged. Several horses and soldiers were drowned and almost all the supplies were ruined. General Hancock, who was at the Fort, had ordered General Custer and his command to move to the Platte River country in Nebraska in pursuit of Indians as soon as the equipment could be assembled. Mrs. Custer had been left at the post, but she and a guard had been moved to higher ground about a week before the flood came, and so she escaped the worst of the storm.

After the flood General Hancock ordered the post to be moved, and in accordance with orders Major Gibbs, of the Seventh Cavalry,
chose the present location. On June 21, the Fort was established, and on the 4th of July, Lieutenant Charles H. Brewster, of the 7th, hoisted the flag over the new Fort Hays. The railroad company decided upon Hays City as the location of the new depot, because of the closeness of the post, and at almost the same time cholera swept thru Rome.

No one knew what to do. There was not a single doctor or apothecary among the three thousand people of the town, and so over night the "Romans" moved their shanty and canvas city into wagons and on flat cars and streamed into Hays. Old timers used to tell that when the town moved it brought its own saloon on a flat car, but before it stopped, all the movable stock was exhausted. After the first meeting of the newly appointed board of county commissioners, no less than thirty-seven licenses to sell liquor were granted, and so the supply was replenished. In the summer of 1867 Hays City was a town of tents, a few shacks, one grocery store, three dance halls, one clothing store, twenty-two wide open saloons, and a large order of dust and wind.

The Hays City which Wilhelm entered that afternoon had changed much in those three years. In April the division point of the railroad had been moved west from Ellsworth to Ellis and most of the people of Hays followed "up the track" to find jobs. There were only about four hundred people in the town, and these inhabitants had settled down to the more or less "hum-drum" existence of trying to make a living and a livable place.
While the worst characters had taken to their heels and followed the railroad, there were still a few who were established with enough permanency to keep the town alive. North Main Street alone boasted twelve saloons, some of which were combined with gambling houses and dance halls. William's introduction came when a teamster remade the traditional bet with the "wagon boss" and "California Joe" that they couldn't "hist" a drink at every bar on the block and keep on their feet.

"Joe", who had taken a liking to the attentive boy, asked him to go along and "see the fun," for he had no intentions of "going down." It was the custom, he explained, for a party to take all the change from the pockets of those members who were not able to continue, and the last man standing did his duty to the rest by drinking up all their money, or going under the table himself.

Wilhelm, "Joe", the "boss", and the teamster loaded a wheel from one of the freighters onto a lighter wagon, and leaving the train, cut up from the Post stables, across Big Creek, and into Hays City. They left the wheel at the blacksmith shop at the east end of North Main with instructions to fix the "tire" and the order to have it ready at sun up next morning. Then they visited Caples and Ryan's Outfitting Store just across the street, on Peach Tree corner, as it was known, and Wilhelm invested ten dollars in a pair of high-heeled, "cowboy" boots which he felt he must have, while the others made out a list of purchases they intended to pick up in the morning. They stopped to get an honest-to-goodness steak next door west at the "Leavenworth Restaurant," and
in June of 1867, who for a time was the only legally constituted civil tribunal in the western half of Kansas. Mike was one of the original "Romans" and he had ranted and stormed for his home town when the majority of the population was drifting down the track to Hays City.

One night the little Irishman, and two of his friends, went to Hays, and while there engaged in a rather heated argument in one of the saloons. On the way home late that same night Mike and his friends were fired upon from ambush. He was wounded, but the assailant was never found.

Mike, who preferred to be called "Judge," was famed up and down the West for several incidents which took place while he was on the bench, usually in some saloon, dealing his own particular brand of frontier justice. One of his earliest cases had to do with the sentencing of a man, who had come into town, singled out the authorities, and confessed that he had killed his partner, a railroad construction man like himself. No one had seen the murder, and when the case was called "His Honor" rapped on the bench and asked in his best tones, "Guilty, or not guilty?"

The man answered that he was guilty, and Joyce—probably startled at the answer—paused for several moments to catch his breath, and then asked the same question. He received the same answer. Joyce half rose out of his chair, adjusted his glasses, and said, "You're a god damn fool. You're discharged for lack of evidence. Get out!"
Right west of Joyce's office and home were a small jewelry store and the sod shack of Mrs. Gowdy. No one seemed to know where the quiet spoken, rather plain woman had come from, or what she did, but she lived in the little house set back from the street, and had the only lawn, and real home on the street.

No photograph collection of old Hays buildings and characters is complete without one named "The Morning After." It shows the bodies of two of the soldiers from the Fort stretched on the board walk in front of Cy Goddard's saloon cold and stiff. They probably tried to "cut in" on some teamster and his "gal."

Ed Goddard's Saloon and Dance Hall was the first real treat to those saddle and trail worn souls who "went west" on North Main. The teamsters could slouch up to the bar and call for a long one, and then try footing it with the "gals." Rhythms of squeaky fiddles and tin-pan pianos, as wild and coarse as the dancers, sounded through the flimsy sides of the halls at all hours of the day and far into the night. Ed Goddard and his brother Cy, whose saloon and dance hall was at the other end of the block, were two of the Leavenworth people who had moved into Hays.

"California Joe" as an Army man wouldn't have been welcome in the Goddards' saloons; but as a scout and teamster he was. As they left Ed's gaudy hospitality he took Wilhelm to one side and cautioned him: "Of all the saloons in Hays City, Tommy Drumm's is probably better known both in this country and in some foreign ones, than any other one in the country. It's not just an average saloon; so don't
do anything or say anything you shouldn't. We'll leave the teamster
and the 'boss' here at Ed's, and come back for them before we go on
to Kate's."

And true as his words, Tommy's was not an average saloon.
"Uncle Tommy", as he was introduced to William, came to Hays in 1867.
He had finished his term in the Army, having fought in the old
Mexican War as a member of the 6th U.S. Infantry, and after trying
several things he had settled down to run the best saloon in the
West.

Passengers on the old Denver Stage line who stayed at the
Boggs House or the Perry Hotel, said that there wasn't a finer saloon
keeper between St. Louis and the "Silver Dollar" in Leadville. There
were no swinging doors, such as the other dispensaries of Hays had.
A screen served in its place, and later, in the winter, a regular
door would be hung.

The only bar mirror in town hung back of the great long
polished bar, and Tommy valued it at over $500. Cactus Pete, Indian
Joe, Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, and Calamity Jane—all their faces had
been reflected in its great surface. All the glass-ware was of red
and cut crystal; the baskets for the wine bottles and the glass
holders were of sterling silver wire.

Oddly enough the first church services in Hays were held in
Tommy's saloon, and when the hat was passed the crown pulled away from
the brim and spilled the heavy contribution to the floor. Tommy also
had an understanding with the livery stable that at every funeral, no
matter who the deceased might be, the minister was to be furnished with a rig at his expense.

Any bum or tramp could come into the saloon and ask to wash the windows for "something to eat." Tommy was known to have his windows washed as often as fifty times a week, and every time he fed the tramp and sent him on his way with pocket money. The better class of people in town appreciated his method and manner of carrying on his business, and to show their appreciation they would drop in for a game of billiards, or for a chat, and order a Cherry Cobbler or the favorite "Shoo-Fly," before going out of the back door and up the little wooden walk to the Court House.

Tommy went to St. Louis or New Orleans twice a year to replenish his stock, and bring back the newest recipes. The summer before when "Shoo-Fly" was the favorite, he couldn't find the right sort of milk in Hays for the drink; so he had a cow shipped in.

Johnny Hobbs was Tommy's favorite barkeeper, and was truly the barkeeper of the West. He made up all sorts of new drinks and kept the business when Tommy was away.

But with his decency in handling his trade, and the trouble he went to to provide for no unruliness, things in a town like Hays City were sure to go wrong. On September 27, of the year before, "Wild Bill" Hickok, who was Marshall of the town, killed Sam Strawhorn almost on top of Tommy's bar. Bill had arrested Strawhorn at Ellsworth a few weeks before, and the man—who was a teamster—determined to kill him in revenge. Bill knew this, and when Strawhorn walked into the
It was in front of Tommy's saloon too that Bill had his scrap with the soldiers, and by ducking thru the back door and riding his horse madly up the trail north of Hays while the soldiers returned for their horses, he escaped with his life.

Wilhelm learned all those things in a few minutes. In the West one lives an age of stories in a few words, and a man's word is only as good as his story. Later "Joe" went back for the teamster and the "boss." They were, he said, too "happy" to go on, and so he and William went on up the street, "Joe" pointing out all the interesting things along the way.

Tommy's next door neighbor on the west was Kate Coffee. Kate ran her saloon with the free and easy, high-handed style of Calamity Jane, and did quite a remarkable business for such a little woman. Next to Kate was the saloon of Moses Waters and Henry Murray. That was the only one in town to have an upstairs. It was reached by a short flight of stairs on the outside.

Between Waters' and Murray's saloon and that of Paddy Welsh, was the grocery store and Post office of R.W. Evans and Sol Cohen's clothing store. Sol Cohen was his real name, and he was typical of thousands of Hebrews who managed somehow to wander into the wilderness of the West and with nothing but their agile minds make a living and create a business.

Paddy Welsh's Saloon and Gambling House was the average, run-of-the-mill, western type. Soldiers patronized the place; shoot-
ings were frequent, and broken heads and busted pocket books were the style of the day.

One of the most prominent buildings was the J.D. Perry House. "California Joe" told Wilhelm how Mr. Perry had hastily erected the two-story frame building to care for train passengers. Only a few months later there was a severe snow storm, and several patrons awoke in the morning to find their beds blanketed with several inches of cold, damp snow. "Buffalo Bill" Cody had stayed with his wife and daughter at the Perry House, after he returned to find that Rome had fallen. While there he contracted with the Goddard Brothers to furnish meat for the Kansas Pacific workmen: twelve buffalo a day at $500 a month.

Cy Goddard, Ed's brother, ran his Dance Hall and Saloon next door to the Perry House. On the corner of North Main and Fort Street was the barber shop of Nigger White. Across the street there were three buildings. The center one was occupied by Chris Riley and his saloon. The building on the east corner had held the saloon of Jim Curry, and the last building on the block had once carried the name of "The Sporting Palace."

When the worst characters left town, either at the insistence of "Wild Bill" Hickok, or to follow the railroad, Jim Curry and Ida May had been with them. It might be said that Curry was one of the most depraved specimens who ever kept a saloon anywhere on the face of the earth, and he felt that Hays City was just the place for him. His jealousy for Ida May, who ran the "Sporting Palace," drove him to kill
without thought or reason. Ida May got her start in a little dugout on South Fort. It seems that she was color blind. Indian, Negro, Mexican, or White; as long as the gentleman had the money it didn't matter. Jim elevated her and established her in the "Palace," but when he found several Negro troopers in the parlor he killed them, threw their bodies into a dry well for concealment, and told Ida May to change her ways. She didn't.

He cut the throat of a man named Brady, and threw him into an empty freight car where his body was found several days later at Kansas City. The last straw, though, was his killing of a quiet, inoffensive youth named Ested.

Curry told the boy to throw up his hands; when the youth begged him not to kill him, he sent a bullet through the boy's heart, stepped over his body, and nonchalantly walked away. This action aroused the better citizens, several of whom knew the boy's parents in Leavenworth, against Curry; so he packed his grip and left. Later Ida May repented and followed him; where, no one knows.

There at the corner where Jim Curry's saloon had stood just a few months before, Wilhelm and "California Joe" turned south to cross the tracks and "see" the south side of Main Street.

About two years before, "Joe" told Wilhelm, Hays City had been built north and south along Fort Street. The buildings had been mostly board shacks and tents which could be taken down and erected over night, and there had been several dug-outs along the street. There had been even more saloons than the twelve on North Main, but
some careless fool started a fire one morning, and the whole street went up in the smoke. There were still a few stores and blacksmith shops on Fort, but most of the buildings were being used as homes.

South, across the street from Nigger White's Barber Shop, was the Union Pacific House—Boggs and Rannahan, proprietors—the unofficial stopping place of all railroad passengers. It had been erected in October of 1867, and for several months passengers of the stage route over the Denver Trail stayed there and the hotel became as famous as the old "New York House" at Rome.

Across the street west, on the southwest corner of Fort and Main, a man by the name of Benjamin ran a dry goods store. This building had been used as a school, and later was to be taken over by the Kruger Brothers and converted into a theatre. Just east of the Union Pacific Hotel was an empty building, and then a building owned by Mr. Wilder which was used as a semi-drug store and saloon.

"Joe" explained that there were really very few men in the West who knew what medicine was all about when it came to "dosing" but that about every man knew rude surgery. The name "Drug Store" meant that the owner sold pills and patent medicines as well as whiskey. William had noticed the lack of beer and asked about it. It seemed that the better class of people in Hays wanted mixed drinks, such as Tommy Drumm's tenders concocted; and the soldiers, the teamsters, the hide hunters, and the others wanted their whiskey straight. Beer came that far west only in barrels, and before the bottom was reached the brew would be flat, or stale.
Farther east down the block were the grocery store of Mr. Treat and Mrs. Treat's dress-making establishment. The block was not as solidly built as the north side of the street, but the eastern half held Buffer's Butcher Shop, the dry goods store of J.L. Mittlemier, a Negro restaurant, and a general store. There were several small vacant buildings.

Hays City was not the freighting center it had once been but the huge government ware-houses still stood near the tracks, east of North Main. From this ware-house the government freighted all the supplies to Fort Larned and Fort Dodge, to Camp Supply and Fort Sill in the Indian Territory, and to numerous other small posts throughout the west. In its hey-day almost a thousand civilians were employed as "teamsters" or "Mule Skinners" and clerks in the various departments. Long trains of wagons wound out from the fort parade, across the hills southwest, and then dipped down into the horizon to go on farther west. Soldiers rode with the trains, and any one party had all the makings of a small city. The men ranged from frontiersmen who had never thumbed the pages of a book to college graduates. Some browbeaten "Mule Skinner" might turn up in some town like Leadville, or Virginia City to serve as mayor, or judge. There were surgeons and cooks, soldiers and writers. And with the freight forty or fifty wagons carried they needed only the inclination and the ability to remain in one place to start a new "Rome" or Hays City. Luckily, though, the trains went on to their destinations, delivered their goods, and came back for more. After three years the trail to Fort Dodge and Camp
Supply was hub deep in mud and dust.

Late that night Wilhelm retired to the post with "Joe" and his, by now, well "polluted" friends.

It is possible that there are two really glaring faults in this chapter. First, we do not know whether Wilhelm Kussig came to Boys City before joining—see his later Olm—the 9th Cavalry in Nebraska, and second, because of a lack of material I have not been able to check and learn whether "California Joe" was in Central and Eastern Kansas in 1870.

However, it is probable that Wilhelm did come to Boys, and the color and life of the town during 1870, and earlier, are excellent reasons for bringing it into the story. "California Joe's" story is altogether too vivid to omit, and since he did serve under George A. Custer with the Army in and near Boys City at various times I have stopped or advanced—at the same way to—date and incidents so that he and Wilhelm might have been together.

Historically—the journey from New York to Kansas might be, the places, the descriptions, and the color are all correct for the time.

Much of the material on "California Joe" is drawn directly on the editorial page of the Kansas City Daily News, May 18, 1890. The material regarding the stage routes, the post, the stations, and stations, was taken from notes written after interviews with several merchants, of Willis, Kansas, who has walked practically all of the Butterfield roads and Central Route, and has surveyed and mapped several of the stations.

The material on Fort Boys and Boys City is mainly from two sources, interviews with Mrs. Josephine Whitley, of Boys, and from two articles in the Fort Boys R.O.T.C. Journal, "Wilhelm Dpugus", Vol. 1, No. 5, Summer 1965, by Paul King; and "Traveling & Through Justice County", Volume 5, Number 1, Winter 1965, by N.C. Newton.
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It is possible that there are two really glaring faults in this chapter. First, no one knows whether Wilhelm Koenig came to Hays City before joining—as he later did—the 5th Cavalry in Nebraska, and second, because of a lack of material I have not been able to check and learn whether "California Joe" was in Central and Western Kansas in 1870.

However, it is probable that Wilhelm did come to Hays, and the color and life of the town during 1870, and earlier, are excellent reasons for bringing it into the story. "California Joe's" story is altogether too vivid to omit, and since he did serve under George A. Custer with the Army in and near Hays City at various times I have stopped or advanced—as the case may be—the dates and incidents so that he and Wilhelm might have been together.

Distorted— as the journey from New York to Kansas might be, the places, the descriptions, and the color are all correct for the time.

Most of the material on "California Joe" is from a feature on the editorial page of the Kansas City Times, Monday, May 27, 1955. All the material regarding the stage routes, the posts, and stations, was taken from notes written after interviews with Howard Raynesford, of Ellis, Kansas, who has walked practically all of the Butterfield Route and Overland Route, and has surveyed and mapped several of the stations.

The material on Fort Hays and Hays City is mainly from two sources, interviews with Mrs. Josephine Middlekauff, of Hays, and from two articles in the Fort Hays K.S.C. Aerend: "Whiskey Strait" in Vol. 6, No. 3, Summer 1955, by Paul King; and "Tales from a Pioneer Justice Court" Volume 6, Number 1, Winter 1935, by F.B. Streeter.
CHAPTER IV

Enlistment in the 5th Cavalry
The Ethics of Indian Fighting

1870

South and west out of Fort Hays, down thru the American Territory to El Paso and Chihuahua and also west to Tucson, Yuma, and San Francisco, ran the overland route which the traders and trappers had named the Santa Fe Trail. By 1870 parties had been carrying goods by pack trains and caravans of horses or in covered wagons along this trail for over one hundred years.

During the earlier years of trade along the Santa Fe Trail, fur-traders and trappers ranging northward to find a way from the Missouri River through the mountains to the Columbia discovered the South Pass. At first this pass was of interest only to those half-wild trappers and traders, but it, like the Santa Fe Trail, was to become a great doorway to the west.

Missionaries had aroused the interest of the people of the Eastern Coast by their reports of the climate and fertile soil. Sailors and ship captains set about to develop interest in establishing a western base for trade with China and the whaling business. In fact, after the
panic of 1837 over ten thousand Americans had made the dangerous trip through the South Pass into the Oregon Territory and England withdrew her claims to the land.

Almost at the same time the English released their claims, the traders along the Santa Fe Trail had aroused the interest of a large group of people who settled in the Southwest. These, with the people who settled in the Sacramento Valley near Sutter's Fort, were resolved to follow the example of Texas and break from Mexico, and would probably have done so much earlier than they did, if it had not been for the fateful discovery of gold.

East, and midway between Oregon and Southern California, fully sixteen thousand of the Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, settled on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. Their story was one of hardships. Many were too poor to buy wagons or horses, and pushed or pulled all their belongings in carts; and the bones of hundreds dotted the thousand-mile road to their desert oasis. Persecution of the sect in western New York, where they had organized, and a desire to convert the Indians led them westward to Ohio, and then to a place in Missouri on the Oregon Trail. Then they returned to Illinois, and finally thru 1846 and 1847 they pushed along the Oregon Trail, thru the South Pass; and off the trail to California they found their new homes.

During the gold rush to California, and in the years following, thousands of families came over the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails. But despite the fact that the population on both sides of the vast territory called the "Indian Country" was increasing, there was virtually no change
in the location of the "frontier." A few families were settling along the trails, breaking the sod, killing the buffaloes, and fighting with the Indians. Generally the old treaties with the savages were being disregarded and killings were general on both sides.

In 1849 the control of the Indians had been released from the Army and given to the newly-created Department of the Interior. Five years later the whole Indian country was broken up by the Interior Department into the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. A small portion, originally owned by the Five Civilized Tribes, was retained as the Indian Territory, or Oklahoma. This division was created at the order of political "big-wigs" solely to furnish new territories over which the slave and anti-slave factions could quarrel.

The year following the division of the Indian country ten thousand people came into Kansas, not to seize the new lands, but to settle the political argument of the North and South. Five years later there were ten times that many people in the territory.

With the entrance of the "political" settlers into Kansas territory there was developed a series of stage routes. In 1859 nearly one hundred thousand miners rushed along these routes to the new mines in Colorado, and without waiting for the Government to settle with the Indians the question of titles, they immediately began laying out mines and towns, and seizing the lands. This seizure of lands did not anger the Indians as much as the scaring and breaking up of the buffalo herds. Because of their manner of living it was absolutely essential to the Indians that the buffalo should not be disturbed or driven from their
usual haunts. From 1860 to 1865 the "spring" and "fall" herds, composed of the greater mass which joined together in their biennial trek to new feeding grounds, averaged—according to witnesses—sixty miles long and twenty miles wide. There were literally millions of the animals in a single herd; and ten years later, small herds of four and five hundred were to be found only in very isolated spots.

During the War the Interior Department pulled one of the most glaring blunders in the history of the country. They issued rifles and ammunition to the Indians to enable them to hunt the thinning herds of buffaloes. The real remedy to the situation would have been to refuse the whites admittance to the herding grounds, or to have insisted that the Indians hunt with bow and arrow. Bows and arrows, as the Indians knew and as the Interior Department officials did not know, were silent and would not scatter the buffalo as did the noisy guns. They did, then, just exactly what they should not have done to remedy the situation, and the Indians seized the rifles with joy to use in wars with one another and with the whites.

It was this breaking up of the herds, the breaking of the sod, the rumored building of the "Iron Horse," and the gradual dotting of the plains with sod shanties and little herds of cattle and sheep which finally brought about the series of conflicts between the Plains Indians and the whites. At no time during the years of fighting would the Department of the Interior allow the Army to carry on an unceasing war which would eventually crush the Indians, and while they called on the War Department to suppress the tribes, they continued to furnish
rifles and ammunition—for hunting buffaloes—to the Red men. Then too, because of the conflict between the War and Interior departments, the War Department was forced to make peace with the Indians whenever they asked for cessation of their local, petty troubles. It became almost a habit for the Indians to carry on their wars in the fall and spring while there was plenty of grass for their horses, to "lay out" during the hot summer months, and to store up their allotments of cartridges during the winter for the next year.

Wilhelm awoke to the spirited strains of "Reveille." "California Joe," already up, had completed pulling on his boots and hat, and was lighting his pipe. He told him to hurry up, and they would grab a bite to eat and then go down to the parade and watch troop drill and inspection.

By nine o'clock all the officers except the headquarters staff and the officer of the day were summoned with their commands. When the trumpeter blew "Boots and Saddles" the soldiers, clean-shaven and in full-dress now that their field costumes of buckskin and bandannas had been put away, ran to the stables to saddle and bridle their horses. Some of them had done so already, and they stood by the gleaming, curried beasts, adjusting their equipment. Officers came from their quarters by twos and threes, mounted, and trott ed up to join their men.
While Wilhelm watched, the post adjutant came from his
quarters and signaled to the trumpeter, who had stiffened to "Attention".
The trumpeter sounded "To Horse", and the cavalrymen shoved and pushed
their horses out of the stables across the parade to the company lines.

In the meantime the officers had all mounted. The four non-
commissioned officers who served as the standard guard rode into line
and received their orders from the commanding officer. The drums and
bugles of the Infantry companies, which had been sounding, ceased at a
signal, and the band—the baton beating drum-major puffed out in his
self-importance—struck up an air.

Every man stood silently at the head of his horse. On one
side of the parade the infantrymen stood, long Springfield rifles at
their side in "right dress," and on the other the officers' wives sat
stiffly erect in the post ambulances.

After a moment the commanding officer drew his saber, and
shouted, "Prepare to mount!" His commands were repeated by the company
commanders. Every man turned, put his foot in stirrup, and with hands
on saddle and mane waited.

At the command to "Mount!" the lines heaved upward and then
down again into the saddles. Some of the horses started, but they were
soon quieted and backed into line. At the back of the lines the teamsters
and hospital drivers had taken their seats, lines tight, whips ready for
the signal.

The commanding officer signaled to the trumpeter. As he sound-
ed the "Advance," he was answered by the bugles of the other trumpeters,
and then he turned his horse and fell in beside the officer.

The youth who had blown the bugle was so young, so cock-sure of himself, and yet so well poised that Wilhelm saw for the first time what he really wanted to be in the cavalry. He mentioned the fact to "Joe" and that gentleman rather philosophically replied that if he wanted to be something, "Why didn't he do it?" and then he returned to watching the soldiers.

The cavalry in fierce-looking helmets with long white horse-hair plumes, their yellow and gold stripes and facings, and glittering sabres all showing off their horses, were followed by the heavily laden infantry. The foot soldiers, their lone rifles now at a slant over the right shoulder, cartridge belts and equipment slung about their middles, were hard put to keep up with the cavalry and keep ahead of the gun caissons behind them.

The cadenced step continued until finally, at a signal from the adjutant, the band broke into a gay, vivid tune, and troop after troop rode rapidly into line and came to a halt. Then from the far end of the parade they rode at full gallop, sabers flashing in the sunlight, straight down upon the commanding officer and the standard guards, then wheeling lowered the sabers in salute, and then the groups were put thru their inspections and drills, the officers galloping up and down the lines pointing out the defects in the men's dress or equipment.

After the inspection, the lines broke and made their way back to the quarters. The cavalry men took off their dress uniforms, but shortly they returned in the old faded blues, and for several hours
the flat parade was gay with dust and fluttering guidons, while the soldiers galloped and turned to their skirmish calls.

Wilhelm had been stirred by the sight, and even the rather sarcastic remark of "California Joe" seemed to be forgotten in his renewed desire to get into the cavalry. He turned to "Joe" and before long he had told him the whole story of his journey from Prussia and his wanderings and convinced the scout that he was sincere.

Together the two went to the command officer, but there were no recruits being accepted at Fort Hays. There were, though, openings for about one hundred in the 5th Cavalry which was somewhere "up in the Nebraska country." Wilhelm decided once more to cast his fortune with the Goddess of Luck, and when the train went out from the post that afternoon with its soldier guard for Fort Dodge and Santa Fe, Wilhelm had bade "good-bye" to "Joe" and the other men.

For several days Wilhelm remained at the post, sleeping and eating with the teamsters, in the hope that he might get a chance to go to Nebraska with some train. It seemed though that there were no trains going to that part of the country, but, he was told, if he fell in with a group of hide hunters he might be able to go on up to one of the forts. Finally he fell in with a man by the name of George Clarkson, who was looking for some one to drive a "hauling" wagon to the Platte River country, where he intended to meet his brothers for the fall buffalo trek.

George, with his brothers Matt and Charles, came from New York only a few months after Hays City was established in the summer of 1867. Charles homesteaded a quarter-section of land where Rome had once stood,
and the three brothers spent the following years hunting buffaloes for their hides and tongues and hams, and in the intervals between the spring and fall treks they cut hay for the Government. The three brothers, with an equal number of helpers, had shipped as high as 28,000 hides, representing almost two months' work, at one time. There was still a large stone building on the quarter when Charles filed his claim, and this was used as a smoke house in which the tongues and hams of the young cows were treated.

Sometimes the meat was sold "green", that is, fresh, to the soldiers at the post, or in some instances it was shipped to Topeka or Kansas City. Two large pits were dug near the house, and these were filled with the treated meat, after being lined with buffalo hides. Tongues brought an average of twenty-five cents, and hides sold from one and one-half to five dollars. Later prime hides were to bring ten or twenty times as much.

As the two, George Clarkson and Wilhelm Koenig, rode along in their wagons, George explained the method of hunting. Their guns, he said, cost an average of one hundred and fifty dollars each. These were fitted with special sights, but he personally did not like telescope sights, "because the damn things come back and hit you in the eye when the gun kicks." These guns would carry well over a mile, and one well placed shot was usually all it took to bring the buffalo down.

Hide hunters, since hides were worth taking only in quantities, tried to find small herds of animals. Then the hunter would leave his horse or wagon, crawl to some depression or pile of rocks, and after
testing the wind would settle down to his killing. The first shot was
never fatal. The object was to shoot some old cow at the edge of the
herd through the lungs. The cow then would stop and in her struggles
would cough up quite a lot of blood. Buffaloes, Clarkson told Wilhelm,
were quite a lot like cows when it came to blood. It didn't frighten
them; rather, they all crowded around the wounded animal to see what was
the matter.

After that it was a simple job to finish off all the herd. In
case some of the animals started off, or the "cougher" died, the hunter
merely shot another buffalo in a like manner.

Wilhelm had always pictured the hunters as dashing horsemen
who rode down on their victims and finished them with one shot. He
questioned Clarkson about that method of hunting, and Clarkson with the
usual stolidness of a man who hunts for his living rather than for the
mere sport of the game decried the practise.

Wilhelm, he said, must have been hearing some wild tales about
"Buffalo Bill" Cody, but he'd bet ten to one they weren't true.
Personally he had no use for Cody. A year before he and his brother
Charles had intended to join the Army as scouts. When they learned
that they and about thirty other men were to be sent into the mountains
to look for Indians under the guidance of Cody, every man—without
exception—refused to go. Charles had gone on to drive a wagon in the
 quartermaster department, but George himself had taken to hide hunting.

The thirty had refused to go, he pointed out farther, because
it was the common belief of the men in and about Hays that Cody had
actually shot a scout whom he found going for relief, so that he could have the glory himself. He further related an incident about Cody's name as a buffalo hunter, and where he actually received that name.

When Cody and his wife came to Hays City soon after Cody had started Rome, he found that in his absence Rome had been deserted and practically nothing but some frames and one stone building remained. He sent his wife to live with some of her friends, and he started to look for a job. The people of Hays knew him so well they refused to help him, and finally he went out on the prairie and shot and butchered a buffalo. He actually peddled the meat from door to door, Clarkson told Wilhelm, the lowest thing a man on the prairies could do, and so the name "Buffalo Bill" was attached—not as a title, but in scorn.

Later he did manage to land a job with the Goddard Brothers, furnishing twelve buffalo a day to the Kansas Pacific Railroad workers, at five hundred dollars a month, and before long he challenged the real "Buffalo Bill," a hunter from Sublette's old group which worked out of St. Louis. Cody happened to win the "shot-off" for the title, and after that he was known as "Buffalo Bill." But, Clarkson said, all the people who knew him twitched their noses when they said it.

Wilhelm and George had almost reached the place where the other Clarkson brothers were to meet George, when they sighted their first buffalo herd. There may have been five hundred of the animals. At any rate, it didn't take George long to tell Wilhelm, who went into raptures, first of fright and then of wonder, at the massive beasts, that was only a little bunch. And he went on to tell a story that has
come down in traditional western history, to prove just how big some of the herds really were.

It seems that Jim Bridger, or Will Sublette, or Kit Carson, or some old timer, had come into a small town one day. There was a saloon in the town and the bartender had hung a large iron triangle, of the sort they called ranch hands to dinner with, just outside the door of the saloon. It was customary to bet drinks for the whole town on any dog-fight or other interesting subject which happened to be timely, and whether the bar-tender or the better won, the triangle was rung, thus summoning the whole town for their drinks.

It happened that day that a "stranger" got off the bi-weekly train and he had sauntered into the saloon. When the talk had opened up, one of the old-timers mentioned that he had seen about a million head of buffalo over on the brakes the day before, and the "stranger", just a bit dubious of the number, "called" the old-timer. He offered to bet that there wasn't a man in the town who would swear on a Bible that he'd ever seen a million buffalo.

For a time it seemed that the bar-tender would not be able to ring the triangle that day, when one member of the group remembered that Bridger, or Sublette, or Carson, or whoever it was, was in town, and he rushed off. When he returned there were general introductions, and then the "stranger" introduced his proposition. The grizzled old frontiersman "reckoned" that he had seen a million buffalo, but to work up to the point gradually the "stranger" did some questioning.

"How many antelope would you say you'd seen?" he asked.
"Well," the old-timer replied, "I'd say, swearing on a stack of Bibles—oh, say six inches high—that'll take in all of them in this county—that I've seen upwards of one hundred thousand."

"And how many elk?"

(That last question puzzled Wilhelm, but Clarkson pointed out that elk were nearly as plentiful here on the prairies up until 1870 as antelope were).

The old-timer puzzled for a while and then answered, "Oh, reckon about two—maybe three million, counting them I saw in the mountains."

"And now, how many buffalo would you be willing to swear you'd seen?"

"Well, I'd say off-hand about a couple million billion."

The "stranger" was startled, but since the old-timer seemed sincere and perfectly willing to swear to his statement he asked for explanation. It seemed that the old-timer had been on a wagon-train while he was a boy and was going through the very country Clarkson and Wilhelm had been driving through. About the time they reached the Platte River they ran into several hundred head of buffalo, but they kept on going. Two days later the buffalo got so thick they had to stop several times to pull the calves out from between the wheels.

"Finally," the old-timer continued, "about the fifth day the buffalo got so thick we had to circle the wagons, and fifty men were put to work firing rifles with both hands day and night for two days, to keep the buffaloes from crushing the wagons. Then one morning they
sort of broke up, and we were able to hitch up and get across the River.
And it was a dang good thing."

Naturally the "stranger" wanted to know why it was a good thing, and the answer was simply, "We'd no sooner got on the bluffs over there when somebody turned around, and by gosh, here the main herd was coming up!"

Story after story followed one another as the two heavily laden wagons wound deeper into the Nebraska country. The first week in September, 1870, George Clarkson and Wilhelm picked up the other two brothers, and the four continued in the hope of locating somewhere on the Union Pacific Railroad before starting their hunting.

That same week Wilhelm asked at Fort D.A. Russell, where a part of the 5th Cavalry and members of the 9th and 14th Infantry troops were stationed, if there was any possible chance of entering the Army. Colonel J.H. Kling, of the 9th, the command officer, told him that there was no chance of entering there, but he believed that there were a few vacancies in Troop "A" of the 5th Cavalry, which was stationed at Fort Laramie, ninety miles north of Cheyenne City, which was near Fort D.A. Russell.

On September 13, 1870, Frederick Wilhelm Koenig joined Troop "A" of the 5th Cavalry "in the field" near Fort Laramie. At first there seemed to be some question as to his eligibility, but the high-heeled boots which he had purchased at Hays City, gave him a height of five feet, six and one-half inches, one-half inch more than he needed to join, and a full inch more than he actually had. The sergeant who enrolled his name in the records had some trouble too with Wilhelm's name. He repeated it
several times, and finally in disgust he wrote merely "Billy King", and so the name remained for the rest of Wilhelm's life.

Life at Fort Laramie was simple and easy. Members of the 5th and the 4th Infantry and headquarters were stationed under Colonel F.F. Flint of the 4th. The first few months Billy spent in getting used to the equipment, and learning the history of the 5th and of the Indians of the Plains country in which the 5th was stationed.

In 1855, Jefferson Davis, then secretary of War, had secured the adoption of his pet scheme, the organization of two new regiments. At first the politicians were bitterly opposed to the idea, but the army officials—especially the younger officers—were highly interested because of the chance for promotion. The 2nd Cavalry was organized with Albert Sidney Johnston, colonel; R.E. Lee, Lieutenant colonel; W.J. Jardele and George H. Thomas, majors; Earl Van Dorn, E. Kirby Smith, John B. Hood, and J.E.B. Stuart held other rankings. With one exception—Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamauga"—all these men were Confederate generals during the war. In 1861 the number was changed from 2nd to 5th, and during the War it served in the Army of the Potomac and with Sheridan.

The early 2nd was an elaborate, showy article—rather than an instrument of war. The horses were purchased in Kentucky, were blooded stock, and their price averaged one hundred and fifty dollars. Carbines were not used, only revolver and sabers, but the rifle was later adopted. The early full dress uniform consisted of a close fitting jacket trimmed
with yellow braid. A yellow silk sash was tied around the waist, and brass scales were furnished for shoulder wear. These were supposed to turn the saber strokes of the enemy, but were used only on dress-up occasions. The regulation hat was black, looped with an eagle at the side and trailing plumes of ostrich feathers.

The costume Billy wore for some time was adapted to use around the stables, but before long—partly because of his small size—he was allowed to wear the regular blues, and forage cap of the troop trumpeter. After he attained the rank of trumpeter he had very little to do. There were of course short expeditions into the country about the Fort, and on several occasions the troops were called on to act as escort to some party of influential New Yorkers or other Easteners who were hunting buffalo. At one time Troop "A" went up the Niobrara country into South Dakota on an Indian scare. "Buffalo Bill" Cody was chief guide and scout, and an incident which occurred there always remained in Billy's memory.

The command had been following a small party of Indians, evidently a war-party, and they had chased them into a small ravine. The floor of the ravine was carpeted with foot-high dry grass, and weeds, and the Indians were hid in a large clump of small trees and plum bushes. Instead of riding into the ravine, "Buffalo Bill" ordered the soldiers to remain in their places, and he rode around the ravine, to the windward side. Once there he set the grass on fire and in a few minutes later he led the soldiers in firing upon the fleeing Indians. The smoke was so thick that the soldiers did not
notice that some of the Indians were women, and they too were shot and killed. Cody passed the incident off with a shrug of his shoulders and a mere "well, it was just an accident."

Naturally the incident never was reported officially. Billy wondered at the cruelty of Indian warfare as he had seen it, and after he questioned several old veterans he learned that the happening was one likely to be repeated almost any month. He learned too of the incidents leading up to the whole plains Indian outbreak, and of the interesting, though not entertaining, ethical question behind the first fight.

The breaking up of the buffalo herds, in the spring of 1864, which George Clarkson had explained to Billy, led a group of Indians to seize some cattle from a rancher in Colorado. A small military force followed the Indians at once, but the Indians beat them off. In a short time a larger force, led by Major Downing, burned the Indians' village at Cedar Bluffs, and in so doing killed twenty-six and wounded sixty. No prisoners were taken, and the wounded Indians were left without a single horse, lodge, or means of carrying on their life functions.

Two Cheyenne chiefs who ranged thru eastern Colorado and Western Kansas, Black Kettle and White Antelope, wanted peace. On November 29, 1864, they were visited by troops which they believed had come to pave the way for their peace treaty. What actually happened though was a surprise attack on the Cheyenne village, which was at Sand Creek, Colorado.
Black Kettle had a large American flag flying from the highest lodge pole, and when the soldiers commenced firing upon the village, he believed that they were saluting the Indians, and he called for the people to remain in the open. When it was too late he realized what the purpose of the troops really was.

Fourteen white soldiers were killed, and some three hundred Indians lost their lives. The American troops numbered nine hundred men, consisting of the 3rd Colorado Infantry, part of the 1st Colorado Cavalry, and several small groups with howitzers. About six hundred of the soldiers were enlisted solely for the fight, and drew pay for one month only. The command officer, a colonel of the 3rd Infantry, Colonel Chivington, had actually been a Methodist missionary to the Indians, and at the time he was still a preacher—though in arms.

The Indian side of the story, as Billy was to learn, was not so simple. There were in the village over six hundred Indians. Over half of the three hundred killed were women and children. Of the six hundred seven persons only seven were taken prisoner, and the details of the slaughter were so terrible that General Curtis, Chivington's superior—when called to Washington to explain the act—refused to make any comment. He dismissed the whole thing, as Billy had seen "Buffalo Bill" do, by saying that is was a mistake, that he "disliked to do it, but every one from Minnesota to Texas did."

Guerrilla war broke out and for five years Indians and troopers raided, killed, and waylaid each other in spasmodic outbursts.
A peace treaty had been signed in 1864 but the whites disregarded it, and so too did the Indians. Thru the years following the war the 5th Cavalry under Eugene A. Carr, the senior major in western Kansas, chased the Indians from the Canadian River in Texas to the Niobrara in Nebraska. Tall Bull, a Cheyenne chief, and his followers and the Sioux under Pawnee Killer and Whistler were the worst raiders on the Plains.

On July 11, 1869, General E.J. Carr, with a detachment of the 5th Cavalry and Pawnee scouts, struck an Indian camp near Summit Springs, Colorado, after a march of one hundred and fifty miles, which was covered in four days. There were eighty-four lodges in the village. Sixty warriors, Tall Bull—a prominent leader of the hostile Dog Soldier, or outcast Indians—and all the horses were killed. All the lodges and supplies were burned. During the fight a Mrs. Alderdice, a white woman from one of the Kansas settlements which the Dog Soldiers had raided within the year, had her brains beaten out by rocks in the hands of squaws. Her small baby was strangled. Mrs. Weichel, another white woman, was shot through the body, but she lived and finally married the hospital steward of the expedition, who had saved her life.

By 1870 the Apaches, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahos, and Sioux had made peace. With the opening of Grant's term as President a new peace "policy" was adopted and the troops were withdrawn from the field until after personal representatives of the "policy" organizers had failed in their efforts to settle dispute without force.
In the two years that Billy spent in Nebraska he never actually shot at an Indian with the intention of killing him and the army seemed tamer and tamer every month he remained.

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The material for this chapter is from Henry's *Historical Indian Treaties*, *Red Cloud's War on the 10th Cavalry*, and the reports of the State of New. Additional material on "Buffalo Bill" and George Custer are from family tradition.

The fight at Sand Creek, Colorado, was included in this chapter only for the ethical value I believed it has in regard to the treatment of the whites by the Indians, and of the Indians by the whites.
The material for this chapter is from Macleod's American Indian Frontier, Rodenbough and Haskin's notes on the 5th Cavalry, and the reports of the Sec. of War.

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CHAPTER V

Crook's Winter Campaign

1872-1873

The search for gold has led strange men into many strange places; but Billy King could hardly have guessed that the same mad "will-of-the-wisp" of the "Forty-Niners" would cause him and his companion cavalrymen of the 5th suddenly to leave the prairies of Nebraska for the hot, dry, bracing late summer air of Camp Verde in Arizona.

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The search for gold has led strange men into many strange places; but Billy King could hardly have guessed that the same mad "will-of-the-wisp" of the "Forty-Niners" would cause him and his companion cavalrymen of the 5th suddenly to leave the prairies of Nebraska for the hot, dry, bracing late summer air of Camp Verde in Arizona.

Stories have always been told in Arizona; around camp-fires, over ill-lighted poker tables, in the shade of ranch houses, where the men—with typical western horror of perpendicular conversation—squatted on their heels or lounged and spun tales of searches for the wealths of gold and silver. They are tales both strange and terrifying: tales from father to son, down thru generations from the mouths of Spanish padres and conquistadors; tales from tiny fires the Indians kept on their sentinel peaks; tales from soldiers and ladies with shady pasts; all spun to turn the heads of the most conservative.
These ranchers and soldiers told of Felix Aubry, the little man who rode from Santa Fe, to Independence, in Missouri—eight hundred miles—in five days and sixteen hours. He had actually seen Indians on the Gila River who shot bullets of gold.

In one of the old Spanish churches there had been a padre who learned that no salt-cellars were ready when he wished to entertain his bishop. He ordered Indians to dig out ore, and a solid silver basin was made, and placed in all its crudity, before his superior.

There were tales of the "Thorn Mine," and the "Lost Cabin Mine" in the Tonto Basin. People believed the tale that a single lump of virgin silver weighing over a ton had been taken from the "Placha de la Plata," and that Onate, founder of New Mexico, had walled up in a tunnel "somewhere" more than four thousand ingots of gold, with silver and jewels from Aztec treasure houses.

Some persons searched for these treasures. Some are searching still; the bones of the others are scattered on the sands and their bodies have fed the coyotes and the cactus owls. The wisest men did not try to take their gold from the guards with which Nature had surrounded it; they waited and took it from those other stronger, hardier men—men who were strong physically, but weak when the flame of gambling burned near their moth-wing minds.

About sixty miles north-west of Tucson, at the junction of Arivaipa Creek and the San Pedro River, lay the post of Old Camp Grant. The route from the camp south to Tucson and north and west to Phoenix and Prescott was marked by piles of stones, usually guarded by crosses
of stalks of mescal or the leaves of Spanish Dagger. These marked the graves of victims of the Arivaipa Apaches who roamed down from their main camp in the Arivaipa hills, about ten miles from Camp Grant, to avenge their gods who had been displeased that white men should come searching for their golden stores.

Not so many years before Billy's company of the 5th was ordered to Camp Verde a young officer had come out of West Point to be stationed at Yuma. There were no railroads then. Vessels took freight from ocean steamers at the Gulf of California and carried it up to the mouth of the Colorado. Here little river boats plying up the river carried the goods to Yuma, where it was scattered over the southwest in large inland-hauling wagons.

The young officer had the good fortune to be appointed quartermaster, and naturally a large supply of goods passed thru his hands every day. Somehow he fell in with a group of dishonest army contractors, and it was not long until their pressure and the lure of the golden reward caused him to adopt their practises. But he was young and unintelligent, and tried to "go the whole hog," and when investigation revealed what was happening he was court-martialed and discharged from the army.

Too late he realized what he had done. His breeding would not let him associate again with the members of his own race as an equal. At last he took an Indian wife and lived with, and as a member of, the Yuma tribe. Later he was adopted, and taking the name of his new people, was known thereafter only as "Yuma."
He respected his wife and she loved him. The two set out with trade goods on mules and traveled far and wide among the Apaches, bartering, keeping peace with all the various divisions of the tribes, and learning of their myths and practises. Somehow, maybe from his wife, maybe from his sitting around camp fires, maybe from his trading, he learned that "somewhere in the hills," the Arivaipas had a supply of gold large enough to buy the needed scanty supplies of the tribe as long as a single member remained alive.

Only chiefs or medicine men were entrusted with such great secrets as the location of these gold deposits. Yuma knew this, but the lure of wealth still held him in its charm. Thru his own standing, thru the graces of his wife, and naturally thru his trading, he bartered with the chiefs, riding up and down the land until he learned the source of the Arivaipas' gold.

In a short time he forgot his promises never to reveal the hiding place. He went to Tucson and found an old friend, a freighter, whose services he sought. The two returned with shovels and picks and opened the hole which one of the chiefs had shown to Yuma. They worked in the night, startled by the yelps of coyotes, frightened by the fanning wings of bats, fearful lest the Indians find them. In the early morning they buried the tools in the hole and took their ore to Tucson to be examined and analysed.

They learned that they had millions of dollars at their very feet. They did not wish to share it with others, and so they decided not to return at once to the mine for fear that others would follow them.
Yuma took his wife and mules and set out again on his trading as though nothing had happened. His friend returned to freighting.

But Yuma never returned to share the gold as they had planned. Why he went where he did after leaving Tucson is hard to understand. He headed straight into the desert a hundred miles west to trade with the Papagos. This tribe, friendly with the whites, were traditional enemies of the Apaches, and quite probably they killed both Yuma and his wife merely because they were of a hostile tribe. No one knows.

Back at Tucson the freighter friend waited. After weeks passed and he had not heard of Yuma, he set out alone. At Old Camp Grant he spoke freely of his mission, and one morning he set off up the sandy bed of the San Pedro near the mountain range. Days later they found his horse, starving and lean. They never found him.

The Papagos, who were a branch of the Piman tribe, had an extensive trade in Tuscon and Tubac, fifty miles south-east of Tuscon, where they took salt which they gathered at the great inland lagoons, and water-coolers which they manufactured themselves from clay dug at the same places. The whites had been misled from the first by the Pimas and Maricopas who lived in the Gila and Salt River valleys, as to the treachery of the Apaches. They said the Apaches were all mountain tribes who wished only to steal and kill. But the greater number of the tribe actually were at peace. In fact, for some time before Yuma disappeared the Arivaipas had been members of a group of eight hundred Indians who were voluntarily in reservation at Camp Grant. The Yumas had been friendly with the whites ever since they were conquered by General Heintzelman, in 1853.
It was true that several Apache bands, notably the "Coyote" or "Wolf-Men," were continually at war with all peoples except their own. In 1862 and 1865, active campaigns were carried on against them by General Carlton and Colonel Kit Carson. These resulted in the deaths of numbers of the Indians, and the destruction of herds of sheep and horses, but did not succeed in bringing these warring bands to terms.

If the Arizona newspapers of the time are to be believed, the accounts of raids and murders and counter-raids and counter-murders would mean that no man's life was safe for a minute outside of the settlements. Sentinels, and packs of dogs, guarded the ranches and outlying posts day and night. The army was of little, or no actual use. It was a common thing throughout the country for Indians to attack a party of the troops twice as large as a party of miners or settlers which they might have hesitated to attack. The soldiers were poorly commanded, and had little interest in their duty, while the other groups were fighting for their future homes and happiness.

After Lieutenant H.B. Cushing and a command of men of the 3rd Cavalry were killed in a most desperate fight with a whole band of Chiricahua Apaches in the Mustang Mountains, it took only the "Camp Grant Massacre" to call the attention of the people of Arizona to the glaring need for change in the administration of military affairs.

The Papagos were "cocked and primed" for some sort of show-down with their enemies after the death of Yuma and his wife, whom they undoubtedly believed to be spies from a hostile tribe. Led by American renegades, they went to Tucson with more intentions than merely trading
their salt for supplies. There they met other whites, still smarting from raids committed by bands of hostile Apaches, who led the Papagos—they said later they followed the trail of the raiders—to the reservation at Camp Grant. After a surprise attack they literally butchered eighty-five men, women, and children of the Arivaipas in cold blood, and took twenty-eight children prisoners to be reared as slaves.

Members of a group, peaceably disposed, living under the supposed protection of the American flag where they had placed themselves freely, had been murdered and their murderers had gone free—under the maladjusted protection of the same flag.

The mine of Yuma is still in the San Pedro mountains. The secret of its location died with the Apaches, and the desert rats and Indians will tell you that no one will ever find it until the fiery serpent which guards the treasures of Montezuma comes down from his mountain lair to lead his master to his treasure houses. But if Yuma had not learned of its being there, several of the most interesting pages of the history of the Southwest might not have been written. The "Massacre" inflamed the Apaches, as completely as it disgusted some of the whites. Just as the Plains-Indians had done only a few years before, they resolved to drive the white men out, or die in the attempt. When the people of the territory realized that they were in a death struggle, and the Apaches swept down from their mountain retreats leaving blood and fire in their wake, more and more often a general cry of agony begging for relief went up.
In due time, General Grant, as head of military affairs, received a petition from settlers who knew of Crook's success in California, saying that they respected the courage and abilities of the man, and knew he was the one for the job. Grant wasted no time with governmental red tape, but called Crook from the field in California and Nevada—where in the past two years he had subdued the Indians in an area six hundred miles long by three hundred miles wide—and sent him to Arizona to take charge of the command.

Immediately after his arrival, though, Government "red-tape" interfered. Vincent Colyer, head of the Indian Peace Commission, and General O.O. Howard, a special representative of Grant’s, tried to make peace and settle the troubles without the use of the Army. They failed miserably, but for over a year Crook was not allowed to carry on any actual operations against the Apaches. He wasted no time, however, and from June of 1871 until late in 1872, he traveled for miles over the mountains and deserts in the district under his command. On a mule, alone, or with a single soldier friend, he went by back-trails and ridges, acquainting himself with the lay of the land.

He visited the reservations and dickered with the chiefs. He played to their fancies and made them his personal friends, and enlisted their services against the other warring members of their tribes. They said he was more an Indian than they were themselves. Some of the Apaches were in favor of peace with the whites, and did not want to fight against other members of their own tribe. Crook realized though that no matter how brave, or intelligent, his officers and men were,
they were not Indians and were not equal to the task of fighting Apaches. So he had to have, he explained to the chiefs and tribes, young men to act as trailers and guides—men who knew their own country, and their own people. It was fighting fire with fire, and he got his men; not only from the Apache tribe, but from the tribes of the Pi-Utes, the Huala pais, the Pimas and Maricopas, and the Yumas.

He asked for more men of his own race, and Uncle Sam sent them—raw recruits out of the cities and off the farms. Men and boys who were neither too short nor too tall, they weighed just enough and their health was good. Those were the only requirements. These, and some regulars were stationed at Fort McDowell, Camp Date Creek, Camp Wickenburg, Camp Del Rio, Fort Whipple, Camp Verde, Fort Reno, Fort Thomas, Fort Grant, Fort Apache, Camp Cameron, Camp Cullen Beale's Springs, Fort Bowie, Fort Lowell near Tucson, Fort Huachucha, Fort Yuma, and Fort Mohave. There were thousands of soldiers, and almost an equal number of Indians had been hired to find the other Indians.

Despite the fact that Crook was not allowed to carry on any actual mass operations against the Apaches until November of 1872, because Colyer and Howard were still trying their vain efforts to make peace, the 5th Cavalry detachments in Arizona had their share of minor fights.

In the summer all the detachments of the 5th Cavalry had been called from the field and ordered to Arizona. Billy King had been at Fort Laramie in Nebraska; about ninety miles north of Cheyenne City, the nearest station on the Union Pacific Rail-Road. With the 5th at
Fort Laramie had been part of the 4th Infantry, and Headquarters; all under command of Colonel F.F. Flint of the 4th Infantry.

Other units of the 5th were stationed at Fort McPherson and Fort D.A. Russell. Several companies and Headquarters were stationed at Fort McPherson, seven miles south of McPherson station on the U.P. RR, under the command of Colonel William H. Emory of the 5th, and companies of the 5th, 9th Infantry and Headquarters, and 14th Infantry were at Fort D.A. Russell near Cheyenne City under the command of Colonel J.H. Kling, of the 9th Infantry.

By August 31, all seventy-two men of Company "A" of the 5th were in Camp Verde. In addition there were men from the 1st Cavalry and the 25th Infantry. Captain C.C.C. Carr of the 1st Cavalry was commanding officer.

Up to September of 1872 the Department of Arizona listed fifty-four outrages, for the current year. In all, the 5th Cavalry took part in ninety-seven affairs in the years of its service in Arizona. During that time they, and their companion detachments—exclusive of affairs engaged in by other troops—killed 599 Indians and captured and burned many supplies.

The complete command of the 1056 men of the 5th was never assembled as a single unit during the time its members were in Arizona. Throughout 1872 and extending into the spring of 1873, the men of the 5th were stationed with men of the 25th Infantry under officers from both commands as follows: at Camp McDowell, under Captain G.F. Price of the 5th; at Camp Verde, under Captain J.W. Mason of the 5th; at
Fort Whipple, under Captain James Burns of the 5th; at Camp Apache, under Captain G.M. Randall of the 23rd Infantry; at Camp Bowie, under Captain S.S. Summers of the 5th; at Camp Grant, under Major W.B. Royall of the 5th; and at Camp Lowell, under Lieutenant-Colonel E.A. Carr of the 5th. Usually there were four companies, two mounted, two of foot soldiers at each post.

Of course there were some members of other cavalry detachments, notably the 3rd—which had been very active in Arizona since 1870—and several commands of infantry.

The first action in 1872 of enough importance to be listed was engaged in by the 5th, on April 25, when a detachment of "K" recorded a skirmish with Indians in the Juniper Mountains. On May 6, the same detachment scouting from Camp Hualpai met other hostile Apaches.

On July 1, a detachment of "F" of the 5th engaged in action at Gardiner's ranch in Sonora Valley, and on July 15 the same detachment was in a canyon of the Whetstone Mountains. On the 25th, of July they were back in the Sonora Valley fighting at Moore's Ranch.

On the 27th of August, Lieutenant Reid T. Stewart, only a year out of West Point, was in command of an escort of ten men who were seeing two army wagons thru the mountains. At Davidson's Canon Stewart and his buggy driver, Corporal Black, went ahead against the advice of some of the soldiers and the two men were "jumped" by a group of Apaches. Stewart was killed outright; the driver was pursued and captured. With their customary unholy joy in the physical pain of others, the Indians
cut and pricked the driver with lances and knives until they had literally dismembered his skinless body as he hung from the dry tree to which they had tied him. Later a fire was lighted at his feet. Naturally he died, and when his body was cut down over one hundred wounds were found.

On September 8, Company "E" engaged Indians at Camp Date Creek. Later in the month Major J.W. Mason led three companies of the 5th and some Indian scouts from Camp Verde and scouted thru the Santa Maria mountains. Companies "B," "C," and "K" represented the whites in the party, and at Muchos Canons on the 25th of September they struck four rancherias of the Apaches and killed—in all—forty warriors.

Five days later a detachment of "F" had a skirmish at Camp Crittenden.

From October 25, through November 3, companies "B," "C," and "K" were fighting in the Santa Maria Mountains and at Sycamore Creek.

What Mason did at Muchos Canons was the expected thing. What happened to Stewart was the usual, but unwanted, horrible occurrence, which invariably happened when such small parties of people traveled.

Crook, however, did not push Washington officials, or besiege them with telegrams and letters begging them to let him begin. Probably he was a "little leary" of the new soldiers "Uncle Sam" was sending him. They had had no practical experience in the Southwest, and were no match, either physically or mentally, for these savages who had made their homes in these hills and mountains since the time of Cortez. But he had not been riding his mule for miles and sitting
around the camp-fires of the chiefs for nothing.

When word came the middle of November that Colyer and Howard were ready to admit defeat and that operations might begin, Crook at once displayed his ability as a general. Telegraph lines began to hum, and despatch riders swung to and from horses in all the posts in Arizona. Briefly his plan was this: the Tonto Basin was the one area in which he wanted to concentrate his efforts, and when the word went out, all the troops were to swing into the center, crossing and recrossing the trails of each other until the Basin was hemmed by a ring of soldiers.

The "Basin" was probably named in some "wild-eyed" moment. Basins are usually smooth, but the Tonto Basin is almost as rough as the Mongollon, the Mazatzal, and the Sierra Ancha mountains which enclose it. Summer or winter, the "Basin" remains green in the valleys and bottoms, and dusty and dry up on the flats where there is no water, and plants like the oak, mescal, and Spanish bayonet do not grow.

From September on until the early spring the mountains are covered with snow, which drifts and piles among the dense timbers. It is in these months that the Indians go down to the lower grounds, or seek shelter in caves high in the ranges.

On the ninth day of December, all preparations for the campaign had been completed, and word went out for all the columns to "March!" Orders were to bring the Tonto Apaches and the Apache-Mohaves under control. (The Tontos were of true Tinneh, or Apache, blood with occasional infusion of Mohave blood from prisoners of war. The Apache-Mohaves were of the same people as the Mohaves who had been driven from
their homes in the Colorado bottoms. Their language was different from
that of the Mountain Apaches, but their cunning in war and their hatred
of the whites were equal).

It was during the first few weeks that the Indian trailers
proved their worth. Crook had been laughed at when he tried to enlist
peaceful Apaches and members of the other tribes in the fight against
the warlike tribes. Even some of the chiefs refused at first to take
any part in the campaign against their "brothers," but Corydon E. Cooley,
a young, successful rancher who had married an Apache woman interceded
on behalf of Crook. Thru his influence "One-eyed Miguel" (or Skopue,
as he was called by his own people), "Strong Man", Pedro, and Eskitizla
decided to help in every way possible. One of the first young men to
enlist voluntarily was Nocky-do-kluini, or "Bobby-do-klinny" as he was
promptly named by the soldiers. (He later became a great prophet among
his people and created quite a stir after he announced that he could
raise the dead, and threatened to do so). It was men and mere boys,
like "Bobby", who kept one of Arizona's standing jokes about the
inefficiency of the Army from becoming another tragedy. Old-timers
still tell of the trials and hardships of a group of soldiers who were
in one of the columns under Crook. They had gone up onto one of the
ranges surrounding the Tonto Basin, and were struggling in the face of
a biting cold wind. Late in the morning they entered a cedar break.
They tramped along, heads down, collars pulled up to add protection to
drusted ears under scarfs tied over their campaign hats, blinking the
driven snow out of their eyes. Finally one of the trailers approached
the lieutenant in charge of the party, and in a small voice he mentioned the fact that they had just passed a group of Apaches camped about fifteen feet from their trail.

Though word went out on December 9, some of the groups were already in the field, and some necessarily started later. Crook had left Fort Whipple on November 15. From there he and his men joined those from Fort Apache. At this point small groups scattered to the Prieto Canyon, to Black River, to the Apache Range, to the Aravaipa, and to the canyons back of Picacho San Carlos.

On December 7 and 8, company "K" of the 5th, a detachment of company "G", Indian scouts, and members of the 23rd Infantry encountered the Indians in the Red Rock Country. (On November 25, and again on November 26, different groups had attacked the same Indians in the same place). By December 9, Crook had crossed the entire field of his command from Fort Apache in the east to Old Camp Grant in the west, where he was in station. Camp Grant for years was the standard on the frontier for all that was dirty and mean. Old troopers spoke of it as "that rotten hole." Major William Brown, 5th Cavalry, was in charge of the troops moving out of Camp Grant.

Major George F. Price, with another detachment of the 5th from the post at Date Creek, moved in from the west with Brown. From the post at Camp Apache Major George M. Randall, 23rd Infantry, started his men, and a large group of Indian trailers and scouts under the command of C.E. Cooley. Major Thomas MacGregor, 1st Cavalry, was in charge of affairs at Prescott, then a thriving frontier mining and shipping town.
From the south, Majors James Burns and John H. Hamilton, 5th Cavalrymen, moved their men out of Camp McDowell, about forty miles north-east of Phoenix. Captain Thomas Bryne and his men of the 12th Infantry left camp at Beale's Springs. Right on the edge of the Basin, and naturally the last to start were those men of "B", "C", and "K", of the 5th, who were under Colonel J.W. Mason, at Camp Verde. Colonel C.C.C. Carr was ordered to operate from Camp Verde, and Billy King, much to his disgust, was appointed—out of the twenty-four trumpeters of the whole 5th Cavalry—to remain in camp. But he was no more unlucky than his fellows. Throughout all that winter when the most active fighting took place the name of Company "A" never appeared on the skirmish lists. To anyone so young and adventurous it must have proved almost disgusting to sit idle at the post and read the reports of the other troopers.

As has been said it was the intention of Crook to have the various columns cross and recross each others' trails. This they did, weaving so complete and bewildering a net that the Apaches were beaten at their own game. Formerly, they would scatter like quail before the oncoming columns of the soldiers, and after the troopers had passed, the Indians would come out of their caves and back across the flats to their rancherias and the gathering places of the clans. If it had been summer, they still might have followed their old tactics, but now they could do nothing of this kind. Since it was winter they were banded for the natural protection against the elements, and for the feeling of security and friendliness of the group. The soldiers knew
this, and the Indians were in danger at all hours of the day and night. Cavalrymen or foot soldiers struck from every point of the compass, scattering the little family gatherings just as some larger animal scatters a family of field mice. A mass attack by the Indians was impossible, for groups of cavalry were always somewhere within helping distance.

One of the officers under Major Brown was a young lieutenant, John Bourke. He later wrote the incidents of his army life in articles for magazines and in several books, and was such a serious and intelligent student of Indian life that he made several worthy contributions to the knowledge of that field. From his written reports it is therefore easier to trace the movements of Brown's column, than the columns of the other officers.

When Brown left Camp Grant the second week of December, he had with him Bourke, then ranking as a lieutenant in the 3rd Cavalry; three men from the 5th, Lieutenants Jacob M. Almy and Rockwell, and Captain A.B. Taylor; and Lieutenant William J. Ross of the 21st Infantry.

From Old Camp Grant Brown's column ranged southward and east through the Mescal, Pinal, Superstition, and Mazatzal mountains to Camp McDowell. Later they crossed the southern tip of the Bradshaw and the south-western wastes of the Mogollon plateau country. They crossed Raccoon Creek on the south slope of the Sierra Ancha range, always on the look out for any wreathing plume of smoke which might betray the hiding place of an Apache band.
On December 11, detachments from Companies "L" and "M" of the 1st Cavalry, a detachment of Company "I" of the 23rd Infantry, and several Indian scouts fought on Bad Rock Mountain, north of Old Camp Reno. Two days later the same men "jumped" another group of Apaches in the Mazatzal Mountains.

On December 14, Company "E" of the 5th surrounded a small party at Indian Run.

During this time Brown's column had been wintering in the Tonto Basin. On Christmas Day they were joined by Captain James Burns and Lieutenant E. D. Thomas, who with another company of the 5th and one hundred and ten Pima Indian scouts, had left Camp McDowell a week before, and had scouted the Mazatzal range, killing six Apaches and capturing two.

(It is interesting to note that three different groups engaged the Indians in this range within twenty days. In three weeks after Thanksgiving day, four groups met and fought with Indians in the Red Rock Country. It was this continuous refusal to allow the Indians a moment of respite which finally defeated them).

The combined columns of Brown and Burns went on to Salt River and Pinto Creek, and on December 27, they were encamped for the night on Cottonwood Creek where it flows into the Salado at the east base of the Mazatzal Mountains. For over a week they had been on the trail of a band which had just returned from raids on settlements near Florence, on the Gila River, and that night one of the Apache scouts told Brown that there was a large cave "just over the mountain"
where he was sure they could find their men.

That particular scout had not proved to be very useful, and when questioned he admitted that he did not like to fight his "brothers," but—he said—he had been raised in the cave, and having a particular grudge against the chief, he offered to lead them there. Brown decided to take the chance. Several Apaches had escaped from Burns's engagement in the Majatzals the week before and were headed in the general direction in which Nantaje, the scout, said the cave lay.

Commands were given to break camp, and after marching all night the command reached the east side of the range. Nantaje asked for twelve riflemen. Lieutenant William J. Ross of the 21st Infantry picked the dozen from the packers and trailers, as well as from the regular soldiers, and led them after the Indian scout. The command was left at the top of a high cliff overlooking the cave and canyon below to protect the small detachment "just in case things got out of hand."

Ross and his twelve men climbed down the face of the canyon wall opposite the mouth of the cave, and in the early morning light commenced their work of "picking off" the Indians, after one of the Apaches had discovered them and fired. To put it plainly, "all hell broke loose all at once." The Indians beat a hasty retreat to the back of the cave. The soldiers on the high cliff above them resorted to the old Indian trick of dropping boulders down in front of the openings, and from the opposite wall, Ross and his men poured their dangerous fire across the two hundred feet which separated them from their enemies.
In all seventy-six Apaches were killed. Many met their death when bullets glanced from the walls of the cave. Several women were killed in this manner, and many were injured. As soon as the group surrendered the pack-trains were brought up, and the wounded were tended and removed as quickly as possible to Camp McDowell, about fifty miles away. Only one white was killed. The bones of the Indians are still on the floor of the cave, slowly turning to dust. There was no time to bury them then, and later the cave seemed to be "too far away" to warrant going there to bury the remains.

Companies "G", "L", and "M" of the 5th with Indian scouts had reduced the stronghold in the Salt River. There were two others left, one on the summit of Turret Butte, and one in the cliffs of the Superstition Mountains. Orders commending the action of Brown and Burns went out, and with them went orders to seize the other two strongholds.

On December 28, for the fifth time since the operations began, Red Rock Springs and Red Rock Valley echoed with bursts of gunfire. A detachment of Company "H" had scouted back once more on the criss-crossing trail and they discovered several Indians the others had missed. Two days later a detachment of "E" of the 5th engaged in a skirmish at the mouth of Baby Canyon.

On the second day of the new year, 1875, detachments of "K" of the 5th, one man from "G" of the 23rd Infantry, and Indian scouts fought a short, spirited battle at Clear Creek Canyon. That one man from Company "G" was Major Randall. He and his party had crept up on
the Indians at Turret Butte, and forcing them into the open, repeated
the deadly work Ross had begun at the Salt River Cave.

Two weeks later Major Brown, with a command including
one hundred and ten Apaches—the total of the garrison in the strong-
hold of the Superstition Mountains—and the Indians surrendered in
open day without one fatal shot being fired by either group.

The spirit of the Apaches was bent—nothing could break it—and they were soon to appeal for peace and beg to be left alone just
as the whites had done a year before.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The material for the stories of mines, and mainly the story of "Yuma," was taken from Frank J. Dobie's "Coronado's Children." The reference to General Carlton and Kit Carson is from "The History of North America," edited by Guy Carleton Lee. The material on the movements of Brown's column is from Bourke's article "General Crook in the Indian Country," which was printed in the Century Magazine, March, 1891, and from the list of engagements in Heitman. The location of posts throughout is from the Reports of the Sec. of War for the several years, and from "Pioneer Days in Arizona" by F.C. Lockwood. All other background material is from family tradition.
CHAPTER VI

Camp Verde, Verde Agency, and Fighting in the Turrett Mountains
1872-1875

As has been said, Billy King was chosen from the twenty-four trumpeters of the 5th to remain at Camp Verde with his Company and Headquarters. It was customary to select from the company trumpeters one who was always to be on duty at headquarters as the orderly "bugler." When chosen he was relieved from usual line of duty and privileged to move his personal effects to the orderly's room at the headquarters building.

Orders were written by the adjutant and posted on the wall next to the clock. It was the duty of the trumpeter to serve as alarm clock for the post. Only the orderly had the honor of blowing what the drill book calls "Assembly of the Trumpeters", or what is commonly known as "First Call." Afterwards the company trumpeters arrived, and gathered around the flag pole to await the order of the sergeant of the guard to sound "Reveille." At the first note the flag shot up the pole, the men stirred to "Attention," and if the sergeant didn't forget, and the gunner was awake, "Morning Gun" boomed the break of the new day.
Some trumpeters liked their job. Some hated being always at beck and call to perform every little errand, but the privilege of eating at officers' mess usually was ample compensation for any of the disagreeable things one might have to do.

Billy, with the true Germanic love for his stomach and better food, liked his job from the first. His superiors took a liking to him, and most of the time he was allowed to do as he pleased within the bounds of the post. Camp Verde was naturally different from the posts of the plains, but it wasn't half as bad as Billy had expected.

Camp Verde lies in the valley of the Verde River, about fifty miles east of Prescott, and ninety miles, by a rough mountain trail, north of Camp McDowell. Originally the post was established as Camp Lincoln, by Arizona volunteers in 1861 as an outpost of Fort Whipple. Regular troops first came there in 1866, and just the year before—in 1871—it was moved one mile south to its present location, about one half mile south of the confluence of Beaver creek with the Verde.

In the west the mesa and plateaus of the mountains extended down in long reaches from their mother range in the north. Up and down the valley, which though generally narrow is about seven miles in width here, the shadows edged down from the pine-groves on the hilly sides, or shuttles of light flashed and jabbed from the thousand-color rocks and the soft leathery greens of cottonwoods and willow and alder which grew in the deeper reaches of the Verde. To the south the Rock Matayals cut the valley short.

Far to the east hills of shale and sand rose like castle walls guarding the river. Fifty miles out the hills stopped at the edge of
the desert mesa. The shallow stream, about a mile east and eighty feet below, furnished all the watering facilities of the post, and though it never seemed to rain more than six to fourteen inches there in the valley, the melting snows and springs in the surrounding mountains kept its grassy banks full. With irrigation good crops of corn, barley, and vegetables might be produced from the rich soil, and the company gardens about a mile and a half above the post furnished an excellent, varied supply of vegetables. Just beyond the Camp there were strange plants with amazing names which the older, more knowing dwellers at the post said were good for food. There was Bear's Grass, or Palmilla; the Spanish Bayonet, the fig-like tasting fruit of which must be dried before being eaten, for raw or pulpy fruit caused a fever; the Palo Verde; and the Biznagas, whose juice made odd-flavored, chewy candy. There were nameless cacti and the Nopal and Cholla which stuck into everything with which they came in contact.

Strangest of all the plants were two which furnished everything the Indians wished for—the Mesquite and Mescal. They filled his aesthetic need by being beautiful in flowering time. The gum of the Mesquite which was exuded in October was palatable. Mescal, or Agave, the so-called "century plant," was cut and baked in pits much as clams are in the East. Stones, wet grass, mescal, more grass and earth were laid in a hole before the fire was lighted. Then, after three days, the stalks were taken out and the mass, sweet, like old-fashioned molasses candy, devoured with extreme gusto. The juice was fermented, and the drink—very "smooth"—threw even the best records made by traders'
"Rot-Gut" into the shade as a stimulant.
Mescal saplings were used as lance staffs, and sections were strung with gut to make Apache fiddles. Bread made of mesquite beans was molded like cheeses, and like cheeses became better with age.
Thorns of the plants and the adhering filaments made needle and thread, and small shelters were built from the branches. The "Tornillo" or screw mesquite formed the main vegetable food of many of the Indians; the pods of the others were acid, bitter-sweet in taste, and were used only for bread.

The Indian women collected small native potatoes and wild grass seeds. Children were sent to gather the black walnuts and wild cherries which grew above the wild grapes and strawberries. Sunflower seeds were roasted and ground up with corn or mesquite to make cakes for special occasions.

Scrub oak, juniper, sycamore, and pine grew in the higher reaches where the foothills rolled and tumbled like stampeding sheep high up and higher still until they reached the snow caps and the ermine coats of the Sierras. Pine timber was obtained for building the post in the Black mountains, which rose 3,000 feet above the river.
Mule or "Bib Ear" deer, coyotes, badgers, pole-cats, rabbits, antelope, and wild turkeys abounded on the slopes and flats near the Camp.

Oddly though the "Prairie-dog" was missing. Billy asked where this familiar plains animal was and learned that it never was known to cross into the territory from Fort Bowie in the southeast to Tom Keam's
ranch in the Moqui country in the extreme northwest. Why? No one knew. It just didn't.

Half-way between the extremes of the post—which had evidently been marked at one time by a white picket fence—a patch of desolate, hand-watered, carefully tended green marked the only living grass. Up out of it the flag pole shot straight and high, bearing the limp, unbending folds of scarlet and white and blue.

Up and down on both sides of the post stretched the parade and two long lines of buildings. One group, with broad porches and mansard-roofs, were naturally the quarters of the officers and their families. The others housed the command, the bakery, the guard house, the storehouses, the stores, and naturally the adjutant's office with its telegraph. The married men lived in log and adobe huts a short way from the officers' quarters. Near these "homes" the post laundresses, four for each of the four troops, had their houses.

Billy, as orderly and trumpeter, had the good fortune to be quartered near his lieutenant, Eaton, and lived in one of the more pretentious houses. The other men of the 5th never quit cursing their living quarters. Most of these were low, one-storied, dust-colored gray adobe huts which had been built when the post was established "because they were good enough, and the pine timbers would cost too much." Some of these were provided with "ramadas" for protection against the heat. Uprights of scrap lumber or saplings were fitted with cross pieces and a thatch of cottonwood or willow leaves as an almost futile defiance to
the sun which shoved the mercury up to 100 or 110 or 120 in the shade every day in the spring and summer and early fall.

At some time the Indians, or Mexican mule drivers, had built a group of "jacal" sheds and "hogans." These were of upright logs, placed in a circular trench, and then topped and chinked with mud and sticks. Those soldiers in the adobe huts cursed their companions in the "jacals" and "hogans" and vice-versa. But the men who lived in a row of moth-eaten, mildewed, holey tents which had been left over from some quartermaster's supplies and hastily erected for use by those wandering columns which might stop at Verde, cursed them all, and were cursed in return.

Both sides had their advantages. The soldiers in the tents peeled and burned in the glare of the sun and alkali dust, but they preferred the heat and the air and the flies to the "animals" which infested the adobe and wood structures. Centipedes, scorpions, "vinagrones," and tarantulas were always dropping out of boots or the seat of one's pants, but many of the men lived with them, in preference to the heat their "tenting" companions had to suffer.

Both sides too were apt to step out of bed onto a coiled "rattler" or that strangest of all animals, the "Escorpion" or "Gila Monster." Sometimes the brutes reached a length of three feet, black and yellow, venomous and deadly. Some scientists ridiculed the idea that they were harmful on the grounds that they were lizards, and that all lizards are non-poisonous. The Mexicans asserted though that they
were deadly and that they would kill chickens. Since hunting away from the fort was frowned upon because of the danger from Indians—and because a soldier has to have something to do to pass the time—when the coyotes and skunks which came up from their holes to feast upon the garbage heaps in the ravines refused to appear and offer the soldiers "pot shots", many a hen was tied for days at a time in front of an "Escorpion" in the hope that it would "bite." The only thing that ever happened was that the hens were scared to death and then went into the pot.

But whether tent, adobe, or wood, the men soon decorated their rooms with relics of Indian raids. Mesquite lances with tips of obsidian or pieces of blades from old sabres, bows and arrows in cases of coyote or kit-fox or mountain lion skin, shields, and even musical instruments hung on the walls.

Tin-wash basins were discarded for Indian baskets, Pima woven of grasses and roots so tightly that no more water could leak thru them than could thru the Navajo blankets. Newspapers were scanned for pictures and magazines sold at a premium when a trooper found that the illustrations made an acceptable substitute for wallpaper.

If the occupant of the room—in the houses—was fortunate enough to have a desk, he usually decorated it with choice bottled specimens of spiders, scorpions, and tiny, brightly colored but deadly Coral snakes.
Usually the "hogans" and houses had a fireplace in each room. Camp Verde lay at an altitude of 5500 feet above sea level, and in the winter the temperature dropped nearly to zero. There was one unusual thing about the fireplaces at Camp Verde. That was the poker. These were longer and heavier than usual; the post blacksmith made them so in order that the user might be more able to cope with the insects and other animal life.

In the daytime throughout the summer the men slept out of doors on the ground; lounging in the shade, hats protecting their faces from the beams of the sun. Along the "row" the officers pulled their blinds, and sprawled in shirt sleeves. Up in the guard house, the sentry had retired and was pacing his beat up and down the narrow corridor in front of the bars. Only a few weather-beaten, lean dogs seemed to ignore the sun, soaking up all the warmth they might find in sprawling on the parade.

Back of the quartermaster's and commissary storehouses were the stables. Here too were the corral, where the post butcher cut up his steaks and "soup meat", and the smithy. Farther back, where the wind would not carry the dust to the quarters—they didn't mind the odors, no cavalryman does—was a patch of loose, sandy soil where "Broncos" were broken to saddle. Eastern horses were hardly ever used; generally they proved too nervous, or were too slight to bear up under the weight of field maneuvers. After the fashions of the west the horse was snubbed to a post, or thrown, and blindfolded. When the saddle
was cinched on and the rope bridle slipped over the bronco's head, the "buster" would hitch up his pants, spit on his hands, and get into the saddle. Usually someone handed him a heavy handled whip. Then the blindfold was jerked off, the horse was turned loose, and "the fun began." Nine horses out of ten stand for just an instant. There was always the sinking feeling that the quartermaster had found a really gentle horse and that the fun was over. But this doubt was dispelled when the horse arched its back, and "crow-hopped", "sun-fished", and "spread-eagled" all over the lot, until the rider was thrown into space to thump down in the sand, or the horse was raked from head to tail with spurs as big as soup plates and beaten about the head with the butt of the whip until it responded to the slightest touch of the rein. A horse handled in this fashion was properly "broke", sometimes in body as well as spirit.

The quartermaster mentioned just a few lines back was quite an interesting person. After the Civil War, the military board recognized the swiftness and ease with which the cavalry had moved by opening more vacancies in that department than in all the other combined branches of the Army. All new recruits and re-enlisting men were assigned to this new branch. Many of the lesser officers who reenlisted had never mounted a horse before. But now they found themselves not only on horses but in command of other mounted men equally unacquainted with the beasts.

The quartermaster was one of these. By some sheer insight he was able to pick a good horse from a bad, and he had never been thrown—
quite a record for any cavalryman. However, any long trip ended for him at the door of the hospital. A leg wound caused him to walk with a cane, when he walked, but for the most part he rode like some venerable, bearded old man from the East on the hind part of a gentle little "Rocky Mountain Jack-Ass Mule" in the shade of his umbrella. He always managed to escape all the regular duties of the other officers. He never stood inspection but his work was perfect, and with complete indifference to Army regulations, as soon as the thermometer began to rise he shed his blue and wore white ducks and blouse. Eventually this white garb became the "local official" summer costume. Lieutenant Eaton was a close friend of the quartermaster and naturally Billy got to know him very well.

The duties of the orderly demanded that he spend at least part of his time at the Trader's store getting the mail. Usually this came once a week, but newspapers were there to be read all the time. Those from San Francisco were ten or fifteen days old; papers from New York and Boston were a month or two late; but there was always the possibility that some scout or party of soldiers might have picked up some local issue which printed the latest news from the telegraph.

Between April and October, when the thermometer stood at 110 and 120, scouting was almost impossible, and the store offered perfect quiet; it was pleasant, cool, with few flies; there were genial companions, and "almost cold" water in "ollas" swung from the rafters. (The best "ollas", that is, those which cooled water by evaporation most quickly, were manufactured of earthen ware by the Papago Indians living at the
ruined mission of San Xavier, above Tucson). The room was covered by a roof of boards which held a thin layer of soil and a mantle of green grass. The soldiers sat at ease, smoking, playing cards, reading, with cans of lemon-sugar and glasses close at hand. There was a standing order in the camp that whiskey was to be sold at the store only in "pony" glasses, and only for consumption on the spot. None was to be carried away. Some of the troopers, especially those older ones who "just had to have their spirits in the morning"—since coffee was not fit for man or beast in their thinking—were always collecting strange small animals which they "preserved" in alcohol they obtained "for that purpose."

If some one in the camp had been particularly ambitious, he might have wandered down to Prescott or Tucson, or one of the neighboring posts which were more fortunate, and brought back a great bag of lemons and limes. Other than this, fruit was unknown. One or two parties had attempted to pack snow down from the mountains but the mules were usually the only ones who received the benefit of its coolness.

Through all that fall and winter William remained within the limits of the post. After the wiping out of the Apaches at the cave at Salt River, and their surrender at Clear Creek Canyon in the Turret Mountains and at Superstition Mountains, Arizona was reasonably free from Indian attacks. There was a general rumor that the Apaches were going to surrender, but their constant refusal to bow their heads proved a source of displeasure and wonder to some of the superior officers.
Several of the younger officers were sent among the peaceable tribes to determine, if possible, the meaning of the delay, and to learn what they could of their customs and habits in order to be able to cope with them if and when they came to the reservations.

George O. Eaton, second lieutenant of Company "A", was one of these officers. He had almost a speaking acquaintance with all the peaceable Apaches for miles about, and was held in high esteem by them. Eaton insisted that as an officer of Company "A" he was privileged to have a man from Company "A" as his own orderly, and consequently he picked Billy. For the next two months they were a busy pair. Alone, or in the company of others, they rode out over the country, visiting, talking, and noticing all the queer things about these queer people. They learned a wealth of things, some new, some old which they heard from other troopers.

Before the arrival of General Crook the number, and in some cases the location, of the larger bands of hostile tribes were unknown. The names of the tribes caused about as much confusion to writers and historians as was possible. Several group names were taken from natural surroundings, or were given by the early Spanish conquestadors from some temporary habitat. Their natural shifting, since they were a hunting and a hunted race, caused a great difference in names as the years went by.

The Apaches preferred to call themselves the "N'de", the "Dine", "Tinde", or "Inde"—all words meaning "The people." The first use of the word "Apache" was made by Onate in 1598. (Coronado had used the word "Querechos" in describing the tribe). The name probably came from
an old Zuni word for the Navahos, "apachu", meaning "the enemy." Some of the later Spaniards used this term, and called the Navahos the "Apaches de Nabaju."

Within the tribe there are several family, or clan names, all depending upon the location. Being a nomadic people, the tribe as a whole practised no agriculture, but lived on animals, roots, wild fruits, and berries. The constant mingling with foreign elements, chiefly Spanish, Piman and Yuman Indians, resulted in the breaking of these clan ties and the formation of smaller groups which lived in loosely defined areas. The most common of these were the Querechos or Vaqueros, which consisted of the Faranoes, Llaneros, Lipan Jicarillas and Mescaleros; the White Mountain and Pinal divisions, of Chiricahua, Pinalenos, and Coyoteros; the Aravaipas; the Gila Apaches, including the Gilenos, Mimbranos, and Mogollons; and the Tontos.

Though union with other tribes was looked upon with disgust and disrespect the Apaches increased thru marriage with, and taking slaves from, the Pueblo, Pima, Papago, and other tribes. The tribe had possibly

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1A band of Jicarillas known as Apaches de Quartelejo, or Apaches de Cuartelejo, settled and resided in the valley of Beaver Creek, Scott County, Kansas, in the 17th and 18th century.

During the 17th century part of the Taos Indians from New Mexico emigrated there but they were taken back to New Mexico by Spanish soldiers. In 1704 some Picurios fled there on account of some superstition, and stayed there two years.

The district was named "Quartelejo" by Juan Uribarri, who on taking possession in 1706 named it the provence of San Luis, giving the name Santo Domingo to the rancheria.
the strangest courtship and marriage relations of any people in the
world. Children were the property of the father, and with them he could
do what he wished. They were never punished, though, and were allowed
complete freedom in all matters.

When a young man decided that he wanted a wife there were two
things he could do. He could go to the girl's family and talk things
over, never making love to the lady of his heart without their
permission. With the consent of the family gained, he would lead his horse
to the dwelling of the girl. If she fed and watered the horse he went
to his dwelling and returned to present her with a calico skirt, cut
and sewn by his own hands. Then the two mounted the horse, and after
going on a hunt for a honeymoon, they would return to the rancheria and
settle down to a calm uneventful married life.

However, the young man could, without the consent of the girl,
simply kill a horse before her door to signify that the parents had
given her to him to be his wife. The other members of the rancheria
would then cut up the horse and have a grand feast. Youth seemed to be
the only requirement of a bride. Men who could afford it purchased, or
took captive, little girls and kept them until they were old enough to
marry, about eleven or twelve years of age.

Despite the fact that all within the tribe were equal—the
chiefs being elected, or approved by the tribe, in case the title was
handed down from father to son—no married man would think of speaking
of, or to, his mother-in-law, and she, kind lady, returned the favor.
If an Apache failed to care for his aged parents, it was just as great a sin as mal-treating the sick, or being unfaithful to the tribal codes, and he was banished.

After a woman bore a child the husband might take another wife. There seems to have been a limit of five to each man, but some inherited more. When one of the tribe died, the body was wrapped in blankets, and with personal ornaments it was carried out into the desert and buried in a shallow grave, usually in some ravine, and covered with stones. No women were allowed to accompany the body, and no man who had gone out dared look back, or visit the spot. The hut of the deceased was burned and all the village moved, or mourned for "two moons." The widows cut off all their hair, painted their faces black, and at the end of a year of mourning went to live with the wives of their brother-in-law. When anyone fell ill fires were lighted throughout the village. The young men painted their bodies and faces in sacred colors and under the direction of the medicine men, ran thru the village with torches to drive off the evil spirits.

Married women were jealous, but the younger wives were given the easier tasks. Wives who had been faithless were punished by whipping and being cast out of the tribe. Up until Crook arrived it was a common practise for an "apache to cut off the nose of his wife if he thought she had been unfaithful. If it was so proved the name of the person cast out, like those of the dead, was never mentioned. (It was the practise, though, to give children the names of relatives after
those relatives had been dead at least a year).

Being as they were a wandering people, the Apaches had no permanent dwellings as did the Navajos and Hopis. The usual summer home was simply a shelter of sticks and hides which they "threw together" near some tree-shaded stream. In the winter they camped on the heights where they might be nearer the warmth of the sun. Here they built huts of sticks and stones with scooped out earthen floors for greater capacity. When it turned extremely cold they huddled together, since they had no knowledge of weaving and naturally no blankets, or—if the hut were large enough—they built a fire. Throughout the summer the women went about the creek bottoms gathering seeds and fruits which they carried in large baskets, two or three feet long and about half as big across. These were held by a band across the forehead, and were so tightly woven that water could neither get in nor out. The women were highly skilled at making these root and grass fiber baskets, and decorated them in human and animal motifs. Coloring for the fiber, and for the faces was gathered and made; red from the cactus berry or minerals, yellow from the beech and willow bark, and browns and black from mineral earths.

As their wives were good basket makers and the Navajos and Zunis were good weavers, so the Apache men were good sewers. They made the short skirts of buckskin, or shredded and braided inner-bark of the cottonwood which their wives wore, and sewed their long legged, deerskin moccasins. These moccasins had a stout, turned-up-at-the-toe sole, and the legs reached well up the thigh. Usually though, they
were fastened to a belt by long thongs, and turned back, forming a sort of pocket in which to carry face paints and a knife. Extra skins were carried about the waist, or over the shoulder. Sacred sashes and shirts were made and blessed by the medicine men.

Every Apache had his talisman. Cords of buckskin supported shells, amulets of petrified wood, pieces of "medicine" arrows, bits of trees which had been struck by lightning, bits of crystal, rattles from snakes, and bags of sacred meal. This meal, or "Hoddentin," was made of the pollen of the tule or Cat Tail. Small sacks were given to every child and every warrior. It was used in religious ceremonies in appealing to the moon, the sun, the stars, and the winds of the earth. It was believed as a legend that the gods who made the earth scattered "Hoddentin" along the heavens and it formed the Milky Way.

All these charms went thru life with their bearer. If an Indian found that he could conquer the Gods of the Mexicans and Americans, he adopted them too, and many a cross, or rosary and medal was strung onto the buckskin along with the other sacred pieces. Strings of shells were worn as ornaments, and in some districts of Arizona were used between the tribes as a medium of exchange.

Throughout the late months of 1872 and the early months of 1873 William and Lieutenant Eaton made almost daily trips short distances from the post to visit with Indians, or they spent their time in talking to scouts and troopers who had been in the field. Late in March, however, Billy had his first chance to observe the actions of the Apaches while in the field.
After the surrender of the Indians in the Turret and Superstition Mountains, there was the usual "cleaning up". On January 19, 1875, a detachment of Company "E" of the 5th engaged Indians on the East Fork of the Verde River. Three days later Company "K", which had been stationed at Camp Verde, went southeast past Natural Bridge, a great fantastic limestone formation, to the Tonto Creek, where they captured a rancheria of the Tontos. On the 6th of February a detachment of "A" of the 1st Cavalry fought at Hell Canyon. On February 20, Company "I" of the 1st Cavalry was near Fossil Creek. By March 19, Company "K" of the 5th, which was still in the Tonto country, had a brush with a group of Indians in the Mazatzal Mountains.

Company "A" was the only company in residence at Camp Verde, and as they had had no experience in fighting all thru the winter campaign, they were ordered to the field to scout thru the Turret Mountain territory. The command went out in full "trailing" equipment. During the fall of 1872 and extending into the spring of 1873, a horse epidemic, commonly called the "epizootic" catarrh, swept the country and took great toll of the horses, and Billy's first experience as a cavalryman in the field was on foot.

Even before the command left the post the essentials of Crook's system of fighting made themselves known. Intelligent officers had been chosen for each separate detachment and no man was told to go anywhere or do anything; he either followed the lead of his superior or was shown how by that superior. Supplies were cut to a minimum. Officers and men wore the same style of canvas clothing. The usual caps were
discarded in favor of larger brimmed campaign hats, but every man had his own individual style of wearing his "topper." Some draped kerchiefs over their heads under the hats in the hope that the cloth would protect their necks from the rays of the sun. Others pinned the brims up out of the way.

The men were allowed to take only as much luggage as they could carry comfortably on their own backs. Bedding and some other regular equipment was then loaded on pack mules with the food supplies. Officers and men ate together, worked together, and slept together. The only real difference among the men was their choice of footwear. Some preferred moccasins, and carried several extra pairs. Some tried the high, heavy leather riding boots, and others wore shoes, with or without long leggings.

Once in the field the pack train proved its worth. Crook had relied upon the mules and their drivers all his life and his system was almost perfect. The packers who handled the supplies for Crook have come down in history, and their names are as colorful as the men themselves. "Hank 'n' Yank" got his name from his masterful handling of the lead rope; the names of "Long Jim" Cook and "Short Jim" Cook were given to them by their fellows who used their heights in differentiating the two; Henry Dailey, Jim O'Neil, Harry Hawes, Frank Monach, Jack Long, Charlie Hopking, Tom Moore, and Uncle Dick Kloster—all of them knew their trade. Crook knew every man and—some said—every mule in his command.

Billy managed to pick up quite a bit of knowledge about pack trains and drivers, which he had not known from his experience in Kansas
and Nebraska. The train itself was usually called the "atajo," and the drivers stuck to the old Spanish terms by calling the officer in command the pack-master or "patron," while his subordinate, whose duty it was to see that the loads were packed right, was called the "cargador."

There is an old Spanish tradition that mules like white better than any other color," because the Savior was dressed in white, and the donkey he rode was the mule's ancestor;" so the bell-mare was always a white animal. Because the cook rode this stately old "plug" he was called the "cencero."

It was on this expedition that he learned the meaning of two old army terms, "shave-tails" and "bell-sharps." The first term was applied to young officers, who were in spite of their absolutely correct bearing and dress without experience and sense enough "to come in out of the rain." Mules which had never been used in trains before were marked by shaving their tails; the older, wiser mules which plodded along behind the bell-mare and never made any trouble were called, just as were the older, much wiser officers, "bell-sharps." (On the plains the frontiersmen and trappers called the two groups of men "goslings" and "coffee-coolers").

The packers' language was one of their own. The heights of the mountains and the depths of the valleys were not as high or low as their praises and damnations of their little charges. The mules were slapped with the "suadera" or sweat cloth; they had their "aparejos" or pack-cushions thrown on their backs over a large hay-stuffed mattress; and at last the "cargo" was piled on, evenly distributed on both sides,
and the ribs of the mule were kicked and poked while the ropes were thrown in a "diamond" to hold the load. All the time the drivers groaned and barked, thru the words of "Adios de Guaymas," "la Golondrina," and other coarser frontier songs, their curses and feelings for their poor jack-asses.

At night the drivers stretched a rope between two handy trees, or if they were in the lowlands a rope was fastened to two picket pins, and each mule was fastened to this by its halter rope. Details of soldiers were sent after wood and water while others examined the hoofs and backs of the animals and rubbed them down. Still others cut down all clumps of sage or greasewood large enough to shelter Indians, who might creep upon the camp, or piled rocks and branches about the head of their bed roll, to serve as a wind break for the chill midnight breezes, or scratched a ditch "just in case the mist got real heavy and rained."

When the coffee boiled the cook yelled to "Come and get it," or in special cases Billy blew "Soupy, soupy, soupy" on the battered bugle which the quartermaster had sent along. Bacon broiled on sticks or ramrods and hard tack made up their meal, and with pickets out, the men rolled in or sat around the fires talking.

On March 25, the detachment ran—to their own surprise—into a group of Apaches. They were not yet into the Turret Mountains, but the party broke rank and carried on a running, cross fire battle with the Indians. Two Indians were killed and several were captured. The captives were given their choice of joining the detachment as scouts.
or being sent back to the camp prison under guard. (It was usual after
the first few months of Crook's campaign to do this. The Pi-Utes had
proved unfamiliar with the country. The Pimas were of no use, for their
religion demanded that if a single member of an enemy tribe be killed,
the whole of their party must return to their village—or some suitable
place—and spend several days fasting and dancing until they were purged
of their contamination. The Hualpais and Apache Mohaves were the best
scouts and trailers during the years the troops were in Arizona. The
Apache Yumas served well when backed by others but they were deathly
afraid of the Tontos. Young boys and men of tribes which were defeated
throughout the winter of '72-'73 were regularly hired as guides in their
own home grounds, and the other Indians were sent home).

Two days later, on the 27th, a detachment of Company "I" of
the 23rd Infantry and some Indian Scouts had joined the detachment of "A"
and the combined groups fought a sharp, deadly, battle in the Turret
Mountains, not far from the spot where the men under Major Randell had
struck such a decisive blow during the winter Campaign. Thirty six
Apaches were slain, but no captives were taken. During the fight one of
the troopers was struck by an arrow. Luckily the blow was only glancing,
and the point did not stick in his body, for if it had death would have
resulted. Even the slightest scratch caused burning welts to rise on
the skin, and the body tissues would swell and blacken. Some old timers
held that the salt peter in bullet powder was a cure, but it only worked
in the case of the slightest scratches.
Apache arrows were made of sticks or reeds, with three feathers, and points of iron, obsidian, or flint. Much care was taken in their manufacture, and each shaft was cut especially for one man. Some men had long arms, others had short, and the dried reeds and sticks were usually cut the same length as the arm of the warrior for whom they were intended. After the sticks were cut they were taken to the "arrow maker", usually an old man who had inherited his ability, and he smoothed and shaped the shafts. Stones about six inches long and two or three inches thick were grooved to fit the arrows. These stones were heated and by carefully rubbing the shaft between this stone and a larger, flat stone all the knots and other imperfections were erased. Some stones simply had holes drilled through them, and the shaft was worked back and forth until ready.

The warrior was supposed to have everything else in readiness: feathers, sinew, and the arrow point. The feathers were mostly from black hawks, but it was the ambition of every man to have his shafts feathered with eagle plumes. The Apache religion, as did that of the Navajos, Hopis, and Pueblo Indians, forbade causing an eagle to shed blood.

The Indians of the Southwest held the eagle in high regard and believed that if it wished, this bird would take grown-ups as well as children and small animals to its lair in the mountains to feed its young. The eagle, too, commanded the four winds of the earth, and if an eagle was seen coming down from the heights of the mountain in the morning the day was sure to be cold, wet, and black and some human
would die. If the eagle ascended to the mountain tops, though, the day would be clear.

Medicine men held white eagle feathers above all other charms, and prayer sticks decorated with feathers and down, or medicine sticks, were as acceptable as a human sacrifice. Consequently the birds were taken from their nests while very young and hand-raised. Feathers were taken a few at a time, and new feathers were allowed to grow back. The same procedure was taken with the young hawks, and when a man had some of these birds he lavished all his time and energy on them. Many men actually carried on a trade of selling feathers to other members of their tribes. When feathers were required the bird's pardon was asked, the head of the eagle or hawk was washed, and then the feathers were plucked. If it were necessary to kill a bird the rites were the same with the addition that the bird was killed by pressure about the throat, and then the body was buried with special prayers and gestures. Some tribes had special burial places for eagles, and yearly offerings of bows, arrows, and wooden images—either of birds or of bird eggs—were given.

Points were made of flint, chipped and shaped by fire and stone, or of obsidian or iron for which they traded with Útes who came down from Yellowstone by way of Colorado's Úte Pass. These arrow heads were fastened, as were the feathers, with sinews of deer, horses, or cattle.

Arrow poison was made in several ways. "Rattlers" were killed for their poison sacs, and spiders and scorpions were taken from the weeds and dried, or kept in small covered jars. A favorite method of
preparing the poison was to take the gall-bladder, or part of the liver, of a fresh killed deer and inject it with a small amount of venom or place it in the jar and leave it there until the insects had "stung" it.

The mass was tied on the end of a stick, and buried in the ground. A small fire was kept burning over it for three days, and then the stick was removed and tied to the branch of a tree some distance from the camp, and in a direction from which the wind would be sure not to blow. In time the mess would dry and harden. When arrows were being prepared the dried gall or liver was ground, or rubbed, over a rough stone and the powder was dissolved in water. The points were dipped and then were ready for use.

Bows were made with as much care. During certain seasons of the year—because of superstition, and to insure that the wood would be free from knots and cracks—mulberry was cut for short, reflex bows. The staves were buried under a fire in a shallow layer of wet earth to harden and increase the spring. Then, while the wood was still flexible it was shaped between tree trunks or rocks and cut and polished into shape.

Some of the southern Apaches had short bows of ironwood which they obtained in trading. Long bows were made of cottonwood or mountain-ash, wrapped, backed, and strengthened with sinew. All bow stings were of sinew and extra strings were wrapped about the waist of each warrior. On long journeys extra staves were carried too. Most of the bows were weak and would send an arrow only about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, but the Apaches never lost a shot. In
running fights, where it was possible to "run away to live to fight another day," they never lost a man unless some heavily clad trooper managed to get a lucky "pot" shot.

In hunting they covered their heads with the skull and skin of the animal, and imitating their movements crept closer and closer until they could get a good shot. In almost the same manner they went in groups of two or three, disguising themselves with mud and sand and brush or cactus, closing on ranch houses or even army posts. On several occasions footprints were discovered in the wet ground at the horse tanks entirely within the post grounds.

In the field, fighting against the army, the Apaches kept to the heights, signaling with smoke by day and flame by night from fires of cedar or spines of giant cactus. They moved so cautiously, so slowly, that they remained hidden for days behind some rock cliff or hill, until the time was "ripe" to "jump" some sheep-herder, or some small party of soldiers. Then they loosed their arrows. In close fighting, before the advent of the gun into Arizona, they used their lances, and a sling made from the "green" skin of a cow's tail. They never scalped the dead until after the whites introduced the practice; but preferred to mutilate the bodies, leaving the head untouched. If captives were taken, those who were too old and those too young were killed outright by having their brains dashed out. Very few able-bodied persons were allowed to live as slaves, for the enjoyment of torturing them was too great to be resisted.

After an encounter with the soldiers, or after raiding a
village, the Apaches would run off into the hills, and when closely pursued they have been known actually to cover as much as seventy-five miles a day on foot. The mountain Indians refused to ride horses, saying that they could wear them out.

When Billy and his companions from the detachment of "A" tried to follow—on foot—those Indians who got away, they found that it was as hopeless as trying to run down the wind. A government scout with the party told them that once the Indians reached the heights, they would be able to follow the movements of the troopers wherever they went, but that the troopers would be sore pressed to remain within a day's journey of them. In fact, he said, the Apaches would be able to discern their movements ten or fifteen miles off, and if they had been on horses they would have traced their movements twenty-five miles away with their naked eyes.

The officers apparently trusted to the judgement of the scout, for no real attempt was made to follow their "late" enemies. After several days in the field the command was turned northward and in a few weeks Company "A" of the 5th, Billy included, was back at Camp Verde.
The family does not know definitely that Billy ever did go with Lieutenant Eaton to "study" Indian customs. There are in Captain King's books several references to unknown young lieutenants who got on very well with the Apaches. Schuyler has been mentioned specifically by Bourke, and going on the basis that Eaton might just as well have been one of these, and the additional chance that Billy might just as well have accompanied him, I have used the two as a reason for introducing Apache customs and habits.


Basic material for the discussion of Apache customs was taken from Bourke's "Campaigning with Crook," and the "Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico." Other material and the names of plants, "History of Arizona."

All dates of battles, as well as locations and detachments of companies involved, are from Heitman.
CHAPTER VII

The Surrender of Cha-ut-lipun,
Scouting in the Sierra Anchos,
and Life at Verde Agency

1873-1875

While Company "A" was still in the field in April of 1875, Cha-ut-lipun, "Buckskin Hat," head of the Tonto Basin Apaches, came with three hundred representatives of the leading tribes and surrendered to Crook. In May about 5,000 of the Apaches, representing all the tribes in Arizona—except the Chiricahuas, who were not included under Crook's territorial command—were in reservations at Camp Apache and Camp Verde.

Early in 1871 Vincent Colyer had established a temporary reservation at Date Creek. This was on the dividing line between the Apaches proper and the Yavapais; it was central, and the Indians were satisfied with the location. Over two hundred Indians, mostly Apache-Mohaves, who had been raiding, burning, and killing the whites and their stock in the vicinity of Wickenburg, went of their own free wills to the reservation. This served as a center from which they roamed and lived by hunting.
In June, of the same year, the government was so pleased with the success of the experiment that it began to issue rations from this agency. Lieutenant F.H.E. Ebstein had been in charge of the Date Creek Agency, but was superseded in July, 1872, when General O.O. Howard, President Grant's special peace agent, had established the "Feeding Station," as it was sarcastically called.

At the time of the surrender of "Buckskin Hat" all the Indians at Date Creek were transferred to Camp Verde. The agency of the reservation lay about twenty miles up the valley from the post. Something like two thousand Indians were being fed and clothed by the government under the able direction of a Dr. Williams, who became the agent at Verde Agency. But he was not allowed to remain in charge long.

Williams had been appointed by the Indian Bureau. This portion of the Governmental machinery has been accused of more underhanded, mysterious, red-tape political mis-dealing than any other single department. Whether these accusations were true or not, the "Indian ring," a body of Federal officials, contractors, and others tried sincerely during those years to see that the Indians got little of what was appropriated for them. Agents were rather expected to steal, or substitute, goods if they wanted to keep their jobs. No one ever heard of an Indian agent being punished for defrauding the Indians; but if the agent treated them fairly—which meant that his superiors were not able to share in some sort of "rake off"—the agent was removed.

After the surrender of "Buckskin Hat", Crook put the Indians to working hard in their reservations. Major George M. Randell and
Lieutenant Rice of the 23rd Infantry were ordered to supervise those at Camp Apache. Colonel Julius W. Mason and Lieutenant Walter S. Schuyler of the 5th Cavalry were to superintend the work at the Verde Agency. Mason was in charge of those digging an irrigation ditch, and Schuyler set the remaining Indians to laying out streets, and constructing houses. Trial by jury, and other customs of civilization were introduced, and there was some talk of starting a school for the children.

Mason overcame many difficulties in the construction of the ditch. There were very few tools at the agency, but these were placed at intervals along the line of the proposed excavation. A few old tools were found at Fort Whipple, and these with fire-hardened sticks completed a ditch five miles long, with an average width of four feet, and a depth of three feet. About sixty acres of irrigated land were planted to melons and vegetables. Plans were made for planting corn, barley, and other grains.

About this time the "Indian ring" learned that the Apaches would soon become self-supporting, and ordered that they be moved at once to the mouth of the San Carlos river. The "ringsters" did not believe in education for Indians, and evidently some of the officials and contractors reasoned that the Apaches would be treated as the Navahoes had been; that is, when they became self-supporting Government aid of food and clothing would be withdrawn and the Indians would be given nothing. Strange as it might seem, these contractors made more when the United States had to feed and clothe the Indians than when the
Indians furnished these things themselves. Petty graft and misappropriation of goods lined the pockets of many persons who, if not connected directly with the Indian Bureau, were politically or socially important enough to be members of the "ring."

The Apaches were satisfied with their surroundings and treatment and refused to leave. A special agent was sent out from the Indian Bureau, but still the Apaches refused. They did, however, consent to go if Lieutenant Eaton would be sent with them. For several days Billy was afraid that their visits with the Apaches were going to turn out too well and that he would have to remain in Arizona as a guardian of Indian morals or lose Eaton's companionship. He never was able to figure which might be the worse, for the Bureau and the "ring" had not reached the stage of asking the advice of the Indians and Eaton was not considered at all "back East."

In the meantime Dr. Williams had refused to receive a shipment of sugar intended for use by the Indians at the Agency. Orders for the immediate receipt came from Washington. Williams still refused and said that in the shipment there were quantities of large rocks, one of which he labeled as a "sample of sugar received at this agency under contract" and used on his desk as a paperweight. Apparently some contractor had helped himself to his "cut."

The Bureau immediately appealed to the Department of the Interior, and pointed out convincing proofs that Williams was either trying to keep the sugar himself, or intended substituting a poorer
quality. And so he was stamped—without being asked for his side of the story or being allowed to argue in his own behalf—as an unworthy servant, and steps were taken for his removal. The "ring" was so untiring in its efforts that Williams was at last hounded into an insane asylum. Members of the "ring" said that they had not been willing to have him cast out: that the Department of the Interior was all to blame. They later said, too, that when he had shown signs of insanity, he was placed under medical care, and escorted back to his home in Massachusetts, all at the expense of Uncle Sam, because he realized that if he had been discharged openly he would have had to pay his own transportation. This was, they said, only another example of his financial "stinginess," and they wiped their hands of the whole matter.

In August, after the dismissal of Dr. Williams, Lieutenant Schuyler was named acting agent. At that time there were about two thousand Indians at Verde Agency. Schuyler had been second in command to Colonel Mason but, probably because he was younger and more flexible in his dealings with them, the Apaches liked him better. Some of them were not satisfied though, and as a protest against Eaton's not being named as their agent, about nine hundred left and scattered to their former homes in the Basin.

Schuyler tried to keep rigid account of the Apaches under his command, and there was little or no straying out of the limits of the reservation. The campaign ended as suddenly as it had begun. Hard-riding, hard-shooting soldiers had swept from the Aqua Fria to the
Chiquito Colorado, and from the Salado to the very banks of the Grand Canyon. Most of the renegades had run to Mexico or were scattered so that large dangerous bands could never form again. In September four hundred of the Indians who had run away returned to the Agency. A few settlers took courage and began to let their stock out to graze. New "ranches" and farms began to spring up in the valleys, and everything promised to go well.

So well in fact, that the Bureau began to feel uneasy, and Lieutenant Schuyler was relieved of his duties by the arrival of a new "ringster" from the East. Immediately the Indians began to cast off their restraint. On September 23, a detachment of Company "K" of the 5th, and a party of Indian scouts, encountered a warring band of Apaches on Hardscramble Creek in Mescal Range. That was the first recorded fight in over three months. Six days later detachments of Companies "F", "I", and "L" of the 5th, and a detachment of "H" of the 23rd Infantry fought in the Sierra Anchos. A month later, October 28 through 30, the same command fought in the Mazatzal Mountains at Sycamore Springs, or Sunflower Valley. Through the month of December, and into January of 1874, Companies "C", "K", and "B" of the 5th, scouted and fought from San Carlos, at Cave Creek, and in Sunflower Valley, near Old Camp Reno.

After the two fights in March of 1875 in the Turret Mountains Billy and the other men of Company "A" had remained at Camp Verde, inactive for fourteen months, except for their daily drills and "week-end scouts." In the early part of 1874 there were only one thousand Indians made at Camp Verde, and because so many of those Indians were there in
at Verde; less than half of those who had come there in April the year before. Sickness had taken many during the winter, and the new agent had neither funds nor inclination sufficient to maintain good health at the place. All the sanitary measures instigated by Mason and Schuyler had been abandoned. Fever, malaria, and "flu" ran riot. The food was poor and the new agent frowned upon the Indians planting grains and vegetables to supplement their diets. In June, 1874, the soldiers brought about five hundred more Indians in; captives of several battles, and the number was increased to fifteen hundred. By that time the Indians were living on the reservation, not because they wanted to, or at peace as Crook had promised them, but because they were forced to.

(In March of 1875, the Indians were finally removed to San Carlos, where John P. Clum was agent, under charge of Special Commissioner Dudley. This removal was in opposition to the agreement of Crook with the Indians, and consequently had a bad effect on them. They naturally blamed Crook for their treatment, and losing faith in him, lost faith in most of the whites.

In 1877 Clum resigned his office because of the practises of the "ring." The treatment of the Indians by the new agents at San Carlos led to new outbreaks, and after several prisoners—including Geronimo, whom Clum had arrested on charge of murder—broke from the guard house, a general uprising took place and Arizona relived the old bloody days).

Quite naturally, because the peace with the Apaches had been made at Camp Verde, and because so many of those Indians were there in
reservation, various detachments were assembled at the post during the early months of 1875. Listeners at the campfires of the groups might have gained a complete knowledge of the geography, the history and customs of the Indians, and of the wonders of Arizona. Billy used to wander from group to group, sitting in on a story or gathering mental notes for hours at a time. He collected quite a group of tales, impossible and improbable as they might seem, which he delighted in relating years later.

For instance: one comrade had been with a group of scouts who crossed the Natural Bridge over the Piney and later he went on north to the very brink of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The story he told has been retold in various ways and has been accredited to various people, but it is worthy of retelling. It seems, the trooper would say, that he and the Major were riding in the Grand Canyon country when a band of Apaches rode down out of one of the cedar brakes and started chasing them. The Major took the lead and before he could notice what he was doing, he had spurred his horse out into the air, over the muddy water of the great river dashing along a mile below, and was trying to jump across the Canyon.

Here the story teller would pause dramatically—it usually took him a good half-hour to get to that point—and some young, green recruit always obligingly asked, "What happened?"

"Well," the trooper would continue, "he saw that he couldn't make it, so he turned around and came back."
But the story didn't end there. Only the Major's side of the tale had been told. The trooper all that time, he related, was being pursued by another group of Apaches and they finally managed to turn him into a blind canyon. He spurred his horse madly ahead, but at last the horse fell. He jumped from the saddle, grabbed his rifle, and tried vainly to climb the rocky sides of the canyon. All the time he continued to pour out a deadly hail of bullets at the Apaches. At last he ran out of bullets. There was only one Indian remaining, and he too was out of bullets. It had to be a hand-to-hand fight to the death.

And again the trooper came to one of his dramatic pauses, and again the obliging young recruit asked, "What happened then?" The answer invariably was the same. "Nothing. The darn fool killed me and took my scalp."

Wild and impossible as those two tales might be, the possible things, the things Billy had seen, were stranger, more bizarre, seemingly more improbable. He had visited Montezuma's well, a great cup-shaped lake eighty feet below the surrounding ground, which was fed by streams and springs whose depth there was no way of measuring. At one time he and Eaton had gone to Montezuma's Castle, out in the Verde Valley, a strange cliff-dwelling built by a race forgotten even by the Indians themselves, and to the Casa Grande.

The Casa Grande was a strange building—or it had been a building—which stood out on the flats rather than being built up in the canyon sides as the cliff dwellings were. There were four stories in the building and the flats around about were cut and crossed with old
ditches of a once extensive irrigation system. Eaton told Billy he
had heard from one of the Indian scouts that there were great treasures
at Montezuma's Castle, at Montezuma's Well, and at Casa Grande. The
 guardian spirit who guarded all the treasure was the Montezuma. Accor-
ding to legend he once had had all the gold in the world, but when the
Spaniards came he scattered most of it. All the rest, more than any man
could count, was placed about his body in a great hole when he died,
and the Indians filled the hole and swore never to touch it until the
Spaniards left the country.

Somewhere in the mountains of the Tonto Basin, Billy knew from
stories he had heard, there was a large cave. In that cave supposedly a
terrible giant feathered serpent kept a fire constantly burning, await-
ing the arrival of Montezuma. Years before Indian youths and maidens
had been sent to tend the fire annually and the serpent had devoured
t heir bodies. The Mexican mule drivers laughed at the story of
Montezuma's return, and told Billy that Montezuma hid the gold before
the Spaniards came, and when he heard of their landing in Mexico he put
on his winged golden sandals and walked to Mexico City, but the
Spaniards took his sandals and he could never walk back. So naturally,
the gold was there for anyone to take—if he could find it.

Billy and some of his companions tried several times to find
these "possible" store-houses of gold near Camp Verde. Up in the north-
west portion of the Tonto Basin, on the "V" shaped point between the Verde
and Clear Fork Rivers, was a ruined building of limestone laid in adobe,
which had once been two or three stories in height. One corner still
standing thrust itself twenty-five feet above the ground, and portions of the cottonwood rafters, badly rotted, were still in place. Ten years before a group of settlers had used the stones which they found there, already cut to shape, to build an enclosure sixty by forty feet with four-foot thick walls eight feet high. At the four corners cabins were built up higher with walls two feet thick, and the settlers lived there in comparative safety from raiding Apaches.

The Mexicans at the post told Billy that the stones were from an old Spanish fort which had been used as a supply depot for expeditions after Coronado had tried to find Cibola. The Apaches said that they were from the ruins of an old temple hundreds of years older than their own race, and several of the soldiers remarked that it was possible that it might have been the temple of a group similar to the Mayas. All of them though were agreed that there might be gold near the ruins, and a Mexican "brujo" or wizard was called to locate the metal.

Billy watched the proceedings carefully. The "brujo" walked slowly back and forth about the ruins holding a "horqueta", which had been shaped from the scapula of a cow, in his hands. On the "horqueta" was a metal shell or "cartucho" filled with powdered gold. Other shells were filled with silver, iron, and other metals and the "brujo" explained that the separate shells were attached and used according to the metal one expected to find.

While the Mexican walked slowly back and forth others in the party drove long metal rods into the ground, hoping that they might strike some trace of the gold. But no traces of the metal were to be
found.

The days passed quickly at Verde during the winter of 1873 and the spring and summer of 1874 with nothing to do except stand occasional inspection, make occasional week-end "scouts" into the Basin and surrounding territory, and dig for gold or listen to tall tales. But during the Christmas season of 1873, and up into the first half of 1874 several bands of Apaches who had broken from the reservations returned to their old methods and means of obtaining a livelihood. In December there were two outbreaks which had to be stopped: one at Cave Creek, the other at Sunflower Valley near Old Camp Reno.

On the fourth of January, 1874, "B" of the 5th, which had fought at Sunflower Valley, crossed over to Wild Rye Creek and on January 8, they were in Pleasant Valley at the headwaters of Cherry Creek fighting. Two days later Company K, with Indian Scouts, fought in Canyon Creek country and the scare seemed to be over. On February 20 though, to make sure that the Indians were quiet, a group composed of a detachment of "G" of the 5th, and several scouts set out for Bill William's Mountains. They returned on April 21 to report that they had pursued Indians all that time, but they had not engaged in battles and had not seen their enemy.

Through March and April members of "B", "F", "H", "I", "L", and "M" companies of the 5th with white and Indian scouts were in the field. In the early weeks of May Company "A" was ordered into the field and Billy had another chance to observe the actions of the
Apaches in the field.

The command had been ordered to proceed to the Sierra Ancho Mountains. On the higher elevations of the mountains there were plenty of deer and elk. Lower down there were bear and antelope, and on the flats in the sage thickets and mesquite quail were numerous. The troopers lived high, replenishing their larders with these animals and with wild turkeys which flocked in the timbered ranges. On the dry, sandy "desert" they "rounded-up" jack-rabbits after the fashion of the Apaches, or shot them on the run to "improve their aim."

Jack-rabbits had always fascinated Billy. He did not know why, but they did, and he studied their habits closely. He tried the Apache "throwing sticks"—quite like those used in Australia—but he preferred to catch his rabbits as the little boys did, when they lay at the holes of the jacks and field-rats with hooked sticks for hours at a time and then snagged their victims when the little animals stuck up their heads. It seemed to him that it gave the animal a chance that way, and they surely tasted better after lying perfectly quiet for seemingly hours on end, than they did after one happened to get a lucky "pot" shot.

However, the time passed quickly and before the command knew it their scout had been half completed and it was time to turn back. Late on May 27 one of the scouts ran back from his position in advance of the column and reported that there were Apaches ahead. Billy was called to the side of the officer in command and was instructed to be ready to blow the "Charge" any minute. Hurried orders were
given to inspect arms and other equipment to see if all was ready, and the command swung into line in hope to surprise the enemy. The Indians were waiting though, it seemed, and before long shots rang out on all sides.

Luckily the Apaches were, like most of their fellows, poor shots, and the command got off with practically no loss at all. When it was all over the troopers turned their horses' heads again, and trailed on back towards Verde, and "home."

Once there Billy was surprised to learn that in their absence the post commander had been dickering with the Apaches at the reservation, and they had agreed to perform one of their ceremonial dances. Billy wanted very much to see and enjoy the dance, but he didn't understand what it was all to be about, so he sought out Lieutenant Eaton and told him that he wanted to know more about it and would he "please go with him and explain it as it went along?"

Eaton would and did. The Apaches, he told Billy, had no set forms and chants such as the Navahos and Hopis. Neither were there the elaborate costumes. The Navahos were a farming tribe and their continuous struggle with nature had made them intensely aware of their religion. All their gods were therefore connected directly or indirectly with whatever it was that controlled the rain. Rain was necessary to prevent starvation, and the dance costumes, masks, and ceremonials were all after rain patterns centuries old.

The Navahoes had three separate dance forms: the one-day chants, the three or five-day chants, and the nine-day chants. The
nine-day chants were the longest and most intricate and no medicine man attempted to learn more than one of them. If the villagers from one pueblo wanted a certain nine-day ceremonial dance they hired the medicine man from the pueblo which traditionally "owned" the form, and he instructed and led the people in the dance.

There were two forms of chants, other than their length. There were forms for the women and forms for the men. No women ever took an actual part in the dancing but their help was needed. All the costumes were worn by the men, and the masks were worn by special priests, or chiefs.

The Apache dance Billy saw was a common one, but it was weird and awe-inspiring under the conditions. All the post turned out late one afternoon and journeyed up the Valley to the reservation. During the hours between sunset and moonrise when the night was darkest the ceremonies took place. The troopers, the officers and their wives, and the Apaches not in the dance formed themselves in a large square in a natural bowl formed by the cliffs and hillsides.

Almost out of nowhere, it seemed, the first dancers sprang out and formed a large square of bobbing, ghostly white buckskin and naked bodies. The women, who were seated on the ground, commenced a low, rhythmic beat with their hands against the ground, and in the background the high, thin piercing notes of an eagle wingbone whistle repeated a monotonous four-note cadence. Suddenly the rhythm—it couldn't be called music—stopped, and what seemed at first to be a single small spark of fire glowed in the center of the square. Shortly
though it flamed forth and the troopers and their friends made out the form of an Apache medicine man, bearing a brand of cedar bark.

He stood still, invoking the four winds and the heaven and the earth, and then the steady beat of rising and falling hands began again. Later others entered the square. Each Apache man, naked to the waist and wearing beautiful kilts of fringed buckskin and decorated moccasins, carried two cedar bark torches. These were lighted from the brand in the hand of the medicine man, and the whole group inside the square ran madly, almost blindly, it seemed to Billy, about, bathing their hands in the flame, snatching handfuls of the fire and rubbing it on their neighbors' bodies.

This aspect of the thing was unbelievable, but the men continued to run and bathe in the fires, until they had extinguished their torches, or fell exhausted. When the last fire had burned out the whole group remained silent for moments and then a general noise and chatter broke the quiet of the night.

On the way back to the post Eaton explained to Billy, and to several other troopers who pushed close, other of the Apache dances. Fire and four willow branches were important symbols in every dance. The use of the willows could be traced back to a century-old superstition when the Indians worshiped trees; the best example remaining was the sun dance of the Sioux. Head dresses, except those used in the animal dances, were made of Spanish Bayonet, each decorated according to individual taste, or to the dictates of the dance form. In every dance masks of blackened buckskin were worn, and in most of the
dances flannel and sticks, representing protective arrows, were fastened to the elbows or tied to the back of the dancers. Eagle feathers were hardly ever used because they were too scarce to be made up into head dresses. Usen, the Apache's God, was according to their legends the first chief, and he wore eagle's feathers as a sign of justice, wisdom, and power. The Apaches in their prayers and dances asked for strength, health, wisdom, and protection; they did not ask for rain as did the Navajos, and they never prayed singly or together against any person. Usen did not care for the quarrels of men.

The bathing in fire which they had just witnessed was more apparent than real, it seemed. But it was a form of worship signifying the cleansing of the body and soul. The Apaches believed in faith as well as in work. For instance, Eaton told them, in gathering herbs for making medicines, usually eight men went out. Four occupied themselves with chanting incantations and prayers and the other four collected the plants. But, as in the case of the dancers and the chanters, both parties were busy.

These native medicines were used, not in treating the sick Apaches, but as preventatives of evil and danger. Their power seemed though to be more directly due to the mental state of the user, than to the effect of the plant or herb. Every tribe knew the poisonous plants in their neighborhood and the antidotes for those plants, but some tribes intentionally used poisonous plants in their medicine. The Apaches, Eaton said, first used tizwin (or tiswin or tesvino) as a
special tribal medicine. Tizwin was made by burying corn until it sprouted, grinding the sprouts and corn, and then allowing the mash, diluted with water, to ferment. This liquid was treated with bitter herbs and sometimes with Datura, the poisonous plant mentioned, to give it a better taste.

"Hoddetin" (or ha-dn-tin) was used by all the Apache tribes because of its supernatural powers, and ground up spider's eggs were often used as remedies. The usual treatment for snake-bites, exclusive of medicines, was to treat the wound by placing a piece of the snake over the incisions.

Billy asked Eaton to explain the medicine-men, or at least compare them with those of other tribes. The Apaches, he learned, had three distinct types of "doctors." All priests were possessed of certain healing powers, but some Apaches, notably those called "taiyin" or "the wonderful ones," practically ruled the tribes with power of life and death. They were mystery men, who were supposed to have obtained their powers from the gods through dreams. They were given special songs and dances, and most of them were possessed of "magical" powers. They made corn grow from a single grain into a full stalk with ripe ears or made Spanish Bayonets appear before the very eyes of their audiences—with proper lighting and equipment of course. But the average Apache could not understand their slight-of-hand feats of magic and so they were feared and respected.

The other medicine-men were known as "ize". They worked their cures by using herbs and roots, and oddly enough there were among
these tribes special occasions when the medicine men gathered to sing and dance and through their ceremonials and probably, to pass around the latest news about any new cures or methods of treatment. The third group was composed of women, who were usually shaman healers, or sorcerers.

Eaton explained to Billy that the Apache custom of sacrificing, unlike that of the tribes who offered youths and maidens merely to appease an angry god, was the result of long and intelligent search for the one person who had carried some contagious disease; or in some cases, if a medicine-man lost several patients in a row, he was suspected of having lost his powers and usually he was put to death. Before a sacrifice, or when dreams and the effect of "seeing things" was needed to effect a cure, peyote buttons, "raiz diabolica" were eaten. This "dry whiskey" had much the same effect as marihuana had when it was smoked.

The medicine men insisted on several things, though, regardless of their standing in the tribe. Those things were: that the mesquite should always be treated with respect and not abused, for the tree which furnished such good beans during life was the resting place of the soul after death; that if an owl hooted over a "jacal" the hut should be burned, for owls hooting over the "jacal" or in the branches of a tree under which people were sitting meant death; and they insisted that talking about animals or birds before hunting them would scare the game away.

Billy never did forget that ride into the post. He imagined Indians and ghosts on all sides, and he insisted for years afterwards
that an owl hooted in the stable rafters when they got in early that morning.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The material on the surrender of Cha-au-lopau was taken from Farrish's "History of Arizona" because there were so many short references to various details of the surrender and the settling of the Apaches on the reservations in the various volumes I have not tried to make page references, or even to list page references in the Bibliography. Bourke, in his "Cannibal Antics" (see note on Chapter V), speaks of the surrender and the actions of the Apaches, and Capenola King in several of his books makes short references to the agents, but he gives no names.

The story of Dr. Williams is merely a joining of all the short references by Bourke and King with several of the references in Farrish.

The fights listed were taken from Haigten's Register. The material about the Indians is from "The Roadmen of American Indiana North of Mexico."

The reference to the ruins at Camp Verde is based on several lines in Bourke's "Cannibal Antics" and some position in Farrish. Most of the story of gold and the methods of the Mexican "brujos" is taken from Robles's "Carancasola Childress."
The material on the surrender of Cha-ut-lipun was taken from Farrish's "History of Arizona." Because there were so many short references to various details of the surrender and the settling of the Apaches on the reservations in the various volumes I have not tried to make page references, or even to list page references in the Bibliography. Bourke, in his Century Article (see note on Chapter V), speaks of the surrender and the actions of the Apaches, and Captain King in several of his books makes short references to the agents, but he gives no names.

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A short time after coming to Camp Verde, Charles King was ordered to command a detachment of "K" on a two-week scout to Diamond Butte. The detachment was "in the field" from May 23 to June 6, and engaged in battles on the Plit at Diamond Butte and on the 3rd at Black Mesa.

When Lieutenant King left Verde, besides the soldiers there were four scouts, two whites and two Apaches. The whites were Faubus...
CHAPTER VIII

Sunset Pass—Eaton's Scout
and Return to Hays City

1874-1875

During the time that Billy King and the other men of his detachment of "A" were fighting at Sierra Ancho and watching Indian dances at Verde Reservation a young lieutenant by the name of Charles King was gaining distinction for himself.

Charles King had been engaged in Indian warfare on the plains, hunting, fighting, living with such colorful characters as "Buffalo Bill" Cody, during the years of Crook's Campaign. He did join the Arizona soldiers, though, after the peace with Cha-ut-lipun had been signed, and was stationed at Camp Verde as first lieutenant. As usual there were two companies of cavalry at the post, "A" and "K".

A short time after coming to Camp Verde, Charles King was ordered to command a detachment of "K" on a two-week scout to Diamond Butte. The detachment was "in the field" from May 21 to June 6, and engaged in battles on the 21st at Diamond Butte and on the 3rd at Black Mesa.

When Lieutenant King left Verde, besides the soldiers there were four scouts, two whites and two Apaches. The whites were Fanshawe
and Craig, two civilians, and the Apaches were Kwonahelka, an Apache-Mohave chief, and Arahawa, an Apache-Mohave sub-chief and interpreter. Arahawa was known to all the soldiers as "Washington Charley", because of a trip to the capital in his role as interpreter. The four scouts had found traces of three Tonto Apache rancherias, two on the Black Mesa under Deltchay and Eskiminzin, and the third on the Colorado Chiquita in the Mogollon Mountains under 'Skeltetsee.

Black Mesa runs diagonally northwest and southeast between Camp Verde and the Mogollon Mountain. South of the Mogollons is Diamond Butte. King's command set out after the band of 'Skeltetsee, but they learned that he had deserted his village. They turned then to Diamond Butte and the rancheria of Eskiminzin.

Years later Captain King, as an author of many books about his army experiences, was to use the events of the 21st of May as material for several fictional incidents. One of the first novels, "The Colonel's Daughter," used the incident, twisting it to fit the pattern of his story. Through the night the men of "K" climbed the Butte. At last they found their village in a small cleft between two ridges far up the mountainside. Because it was so late the men decided to wait until dawn to attack. The rest of the night was utilized in blocking the entrance to the village.

The soldiers learned though that there was another entrance, far to the other side of the Butte, which served as a "front door" for the Indians. It was impossible to block that passage, but leaving their canteens, sabers, boots, belts—anything which would make the slightest
noise—behind, the soldiers moved to their positions on the cliffs around the village.

They waited throughout the night, and just as the dawn mists were lifting, the signal for action came. An Apache warrior was seen to leave the rancheria, probably to gather firewood, King said, and he walked directly into the ambush. He was quickly seized by several of the soldiers and made prisoner, but he managed to cause quite a scuffle and one soldier discharged his rifle. Immediately the rancheria came to life and a brisk fight took place. Within fifteen minutes two troopers were killed, fifteen Apaches had met their deaths, three women and several children were taken prisoner, and the other Apaches, about one hundred and fifty warriors and their chief Eskiminzin, had escaped.

All the supplies of the rancheria were seized and the huts of brush and leaves were burned. The command pursued Eskiminzin and his men, and two weeks later, June 5, they fell upon the band at Black Mesa and so thoroughly punished them that they were no longer a menace.

Billy King became attached to Lieutenant King when the command returned to Verde, because he genuinely admired the man skillful enough to pursue, and catch, and whip a group of Apaches. The very fact that King had done this earned commendation for himself to the disgust of some of the older officers—in terms of service in Arizona—and a brevet as captain. Because Congress refused to allow the Army the lobby and political power it might have had, recognition for soldiers was almost an impossible thing. Congress had decreed that Indian warfare was not really war in the sense that permitted any honor or reward to
be extended to the participants. Recommendation of the commanding general and the nomination of the President were required, but invariably the paper went into the waste-basket. For several years after the War, the only medal was a copper-bronze one, similar in appearance and presumably equal in value to the old-fashioned cent, and this was granted only to a few enlisted men.

(In 1894 a bill was presented to Congress to grant Charles King a brevet as captain "for gallant and distinguished services in action against Indians near Diamond Butte, Arizona, May 21, 1874."
But the bill and brevet were to rank not from 1874, but from February 27, 1890. At that time King had attained the rank of Captain and he declined the brevet and said that if anything, the Government should have given him the brevet of Major).

Billy's third Indian fight in Arizona—if you count the two engagements at Turret Mountains as one—was also Charles King's third. Lieutenant King had been making a military survey of Camp Verde when he was hailed by several herders who had ridden down from the Agency, twenty miles northward. They told him that a band of Tonto Apaches, probably from Deltchay's rancheria, had ranged far northwest from the Black Mesa and they had swooped down from the Red Rock Country and driven off a herd of cattle which had just arrived at the Agency for use by the Apaches there.

King rode immediately to the post and reported to Colonel Mason, who was in command of Verde. Mason ordered him to gallop to the Agency, learn all the details from Lieutenant Schuyler, who was
in command there, and then if necessary to take twenty Indian scouts and pursue and punish the band. Companies "A" and "K" of the 5th, and two companies of the Eighth Infantry were at Verde. Obviously the Eighth couldn't take the field against the Apaches, and the only cavalry officers present, King and Eaton, decided to go "into the field."

While King, who was acting post adjutant, was galloping to the Agency and returning with his twenty scouts, Lieutenant Eaton, the acting commissary, was picking ten men from "K" and ten from "A". Billy, as trumpeter and Eaton's orderly, was naturally one of the ten from "A".

Early the next morning, October 28, 1874, the little group forded the Verde River and moved up Beaver Creek. By nightfall they were climbing the Mogollon, but the scouts pointed out signal fires which made it evident that their presence had already been discovered. From then on they climbed and traveled at night, hiding during the day. On the fourth day, October 31, they caught up with the Tontos at Snow Lake, high on the divide of the Mogollon. The herd was rounded up, the Indians were driven off, there were numerous shots fired but no casualties were recorded. About five men were sent back to the Agency with the cattle.

About ten o'clock that night the fifteen cavalrmen and the scouts who had not deserted set out in the direction of the Tontos. Most of the Indians, Apache Yumas, were scared to death of their traditional foes, the Tontos, and even while following them in retreat,
the Yuma scouts trailed in the rear of the column, insisting that there were no Indians anywhere in the country, but refusing to come forward to see signs the troopers pointed out to each other.

Two hours after midnight the command had covered twenty miles to Sunset Pass where the Colorado Chiquito flowed between two high peaks, and camp was made until daybreak. Billy and several of the other troopers, too interested now to sleep, scouted up the stream bed, and found tracks leading southward up the side of one of the mountains. They returned to camp, and after a short conversation they left the horses and mules with a guard and the soldiers started to climb the mountain on foot.

Twice Lieutenant King and Eaton halted the troopers and ordered the Yuma Apache scouts ahead to look for signs. They had to be forced, and though they repeated their "No Tonto!" their evident fright showed that the Tontos must be near.

Billy and the other troopers pushed and pulled their way up the mountain side until they reached the timberline; above them was nothing but bare, rough rocks and scrubby bushes. Lieutenant King called a halt, and he and Eaton continued ahead for a short time. The two found that the slope became steeper and steeper until near the top a straight cliff of jagged rocks stretched east and west the length of the mountain.

Eaton was ordered back to command the men. Lieutenant King had the scouts sent up to him, and with Sergeant Bernard Taylor of "A" as his only white companion, he soon clambered out of sight of the
command. Within fifteen minutes the scouts, whom King had intended
to send before him, had tried to drop back to the rear and they were
continually hiding until he had passed. Finally he left them to their
own means of returning to the other soldiers and protection and he and
Taylor pressed on to the ledge. The two found no signs of Indians at
all.

Lieutenant King had just told Taylor to try to find some sort
of passage to the peak of the mountain on their right, and King himself
had just started to the left. He turned to call to the Indian scouts,
and at almost the same moment a Tonto arrow whizzed past his head and
struck a small brushy tree in front of his face. It was followed by a
second, better aimed, which struck him in the face, tearing through
the flesh and muscles at the outer corner of his left eye.

He sprang for the edge of the ledge, and managed to crouch
behind a large rock only a second before two rifle shots sang over
his head. He turned and shouted downward for the Yuma scouts to come
on, but at the first shot they had turned and were running and stumbling
down the mountain in mortal fear.

King had a chance to use his gun when an arrow from his left
disclosed the sender's hiding place. He hit one of two Tontos he saw
between the rocks, but his own firing brought forth a volley of
scattered shots, and before he had time to reload his right arm was
shattered above the elbow. He realized his position and his predic-
ament, and so—holding his arm tightly in his left hand—he started
jumping and running down the mountain side. He had gone only a short
way though, when, he slipped and fell eight or ten feet. He managed to get up, but the blood streaming from his eye and a new gash in his forehead blinded him and after a few staggering steps he fell again.

At the same time Sergeant Taylor followed the feeble answers to his calls, and in minutes he had swung King to his shoulder and had started down the mountain. Twice he had to stop and empty his gun at the Tontos, driving them back and probably killing a few. King's arm was almost killing him with pain, and he begged Taylor to go on alone, but the sergeant refused.

Meanwhile Eaton had spread his men in skirmish line and came dashing up the mountainside at the first shot. He completely ignored the Yumas who went tearing thru the line like frightened rabbits, and soon the troopers were in sight of Taylor and the wounded King.

As soon as Billy saw Taylor and the Lieutenant he seemed to sense that something was wrong, and he literally sprinted ahead, and stopped to see what could be done. A second later Eaton came up, and at King's urging he pushed on. Ten minutes later the Tontos had been driven off or captured, and Eaton returned to help Billy with his commanding officer.

The men made Lieutenant King as comfortable as possible, and a messenger was sent to Camp Verde. Surgeon Warren Day left immediately with nine cavalrymen and an ambulance. The first night he camped at Beaver Creek, and the next morning was hindered by a snowstorm in the Mogollons. The second night he camped at Pine Springs. The snow was three or four feet deep by that time, and it was so cold that the driver
was frozen. Surgeon Day drove the ambulance himself and used the men as outriders.

That night at Pine Springs the animals broke from their stockade and all but one of the horses ran back to the post. In the morning Day took that horse and his instruments and rode the remaining twenty-two miles to King's side. Once there he found that it would be almost absolutely necessary to amputate the arm, but the lieutenant joked with him until they decided to try to save the limb.

Billy and the men were sent out to look for saplings about twenty feet long, and two of these were lashed on the sides of two mules "fore and aft" to form the sides of a litter. Then the space between was braced and padded with robes and blankets, and the Lieutenant was carried—in eight days—back to Verde and the post hospital.

Once there he was under the Surgeon's care for two months. In all that time he had to remain in the quarters, and instructions were given and carried out, that he drink one gallon of whiskey a day. At the end of two months King was given sick leave of ten months, or until September, 1875, but the wound was long in healing, and for eight years it discharged pieces of bone and tissue.

Billy, of course, as did Eaton and the rest of the command, escorted King back to Camp Verde, but less than a week later Eaton and twenty men from "A" and "K" were ordered into the Mongollons again to seek out another Indian band.

The mountain road from Camp Verde to Fort Wingate was seldom traveled but almost always in fair condition. Wagon trains winding
northwest over the range from Camp Verde, were always enticed by the sight of Snow Lake with the gloomy jagged rocks bounding the horizon far beyond. And in the barrier of those rocks was a deep clift—the Sunset Pass of Lieutenant King's fight—which one always noticed just as he came out of the pine woods along the summit of the ridgeroad. The plateau between the lake and Sunset Pass was broken by a low ridge a few miles east of the placid little sheet of water, which was known as Jarvis Pass.

There was a "short cut" from near Snow Lake to the valley of the Verde River, miles to the south of the winding and roundabout way of the wagon road, and there was an old cut to Chevelon Fork, the quickest way from Verde to the Sunset crossing of the Colorado River.

Eaton was detailed to scout this country. (The maps now fail to list a Snow Lake. Possibly Snow Lake is the one known as Hay Lake, and Jarvis Pass seems to be a corruption of Chavez Pass). On November 25, just twenty-four days since he had rushed to Lieutenant King's side, Billy stood with Eaton almost on the banks of Snow Lake firing shot after shot at Tontos from the same marauding band which had wounded the Lieutenant. On December 5, after trailing the remnants of the band for ten days, Billy, with Eaton and the eighteen other men, killed three Tonto warriors, and captured several women and children in Jarvis Pass.

Sergeant Taylor was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his rescue of Lieutenant King. Corporal Bryan Smith and Private Frank Biffar were named in orders for their conduct at Sunset Pass, and Eaton was nominated twice for brevet as first Lieutenant for his
conduct in his "scout" to Snow Lake and Jarvez Pass, but both times his confirmation failed because the senate adjourned. Billy King was never mentioned "back East," but his trooper friends told and retold how he got out in front like a shot from a gun when he saw that King was wounded.

Billy was to spend only a few more months in Verde. In the early part of the spring of 1875 the Sioux under Sitting Bull began their marching thru Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Wyoming. Orders came for the 5th to move and in the summer the command was enroute to Kansas, back over the trail by which they had come three years earlier. Just as they had done before, the officers sent their wives and children on ahead by train and boat, and they themselves joined the men and made the march like case-hardened old veterans.

Somehow Billy was released from the tedious duty of making the long ride. Possibly he was detailed to do some special duty, but he took leave of Eaton, promising faithfully to be at Fort Hays when the command reached there, and went to Phoenix. There he boarded the Sante Fe train, and days later, Billy, with his knapsack strapped to his back, and a man by the name of Wagner, who had been a section hand laying ties in the West, stepped off the train at Topeka, Kansas. Topeka was changed somehow, seemed much tamer to Billy than it had almost five years before.

From the capital city the two men, Billy King and Wagner, entrained for the west. Wagner got off at Victoria, to retire and raise vegetables, he said, and Billy came on west ten more miles to Fort Hays.
By the end of August almost all the 5th was back in Kansas. Headquarters, the non-commissioned staff and band, totaling twenty-two men, forty-five men of "A", forty-one men of "B", fifty-six men of "D", and fifty of "E" were at the post. In all there were 785 men in the regiment, which was scattered over Kansas and into Nebraska, and there were 172 recruits en-route.

In September, his sick leave over, Lieutenant King rejoined his men at Fort Hays. Sergeant Taylor had died before the 5th left Camp Verde, and only a few of the real old timers were left in "A". Billy renewed his old acquaintances, but in the meantime he had made one notable new one. In September of 1875, two years before, a girl had come to Hays City directly from her home in Germany. Anna Margaret Mueller was born September 18, 1845, at Lambertheim, near Worms, Hessen-Darmstadt, Germany. Mrs. Henry Kruger, of Hays, a girlhood friend of Anna at Lambertheim, had written and written and finally persuaded her chum to cast her fortunes in a new and promising land. Mrs. Kruger never told in her letters of her own plight upon arriving in Kansas, and Anna finally came West.

What happened to Mrs. Kruger was not unusual in the earlier days in Kansas, and is of enough interest to bear retelling. German girls were content, and had been for a long time, to marry almost anyone who could furnish them with a respectable home. Mrs. Kruger had come to America, as had Anna, at the insistence of certain of her friends who had found a "nice young man" for her. She arrived on the train. There was little time for courtship, and after going thru the
formalities of marriage they started for the groom's home. Mrs. Kruger had hoped that the house of her new husband's brother, which was in town, was to be her new "castle;" but as it turned out, her home was a plain dug-out, miles from Hays. She actually did, she said years later, spring from the wagon attempt to run back the long miles to civilization when she saw the buffalo hide door and dirt floor of the "cave," and the first night when the coyotes sat on the roof and howled she had hysterics. But later the dug-out was replaced by a sod hut, and later still by an extremely lovely, and modern, stone house, with trees, and vast stretches of lawn and flower gardens.

Anna Mueller got off the train when she arrived at Hays City, and then rather hastily she got back in. She had almost stopped on the bodies of two soldiers in the early dim light, and being a stranger thousands of miles from home and being greeted by two corpses isn't just the nicest reception one would ask for.

She later learned that the depot platform was the "laying out" space for soldiers who crossed the tracks to North Main and got into shooting scrapes. Their bodies were hauled to the platform, and in the morning the post ambulance would drive in and load the corpses, or if there had been no shootings, the drunks, and drive back to the Fort burial ground or guard house.

Before long Anna became used to Hays and its customs. She even went so far as to hand raise a buffalo. The soldiers at the post had shot and killed a cow buffalo, and they loaded the calf, which had
been with the cow, into an ambulance and brought it to the Fort. They intended to barbecue the youngster but Anna begged and finally they gave it to her as a present. She took it home to Henry Kruger's, where she was working until she should find her man, and made a halter and staked the calf out. Henry Kruger, Mrs. C. Kruger's brother-in-law lived in Hays. Mrs. C. Kruger was living southeast of Hays on the farm where she had gone after her marriage.

In a few years the calf had grown up. It was tame enough to have the run of the town, and the soldiers at the Fort used to borrow it for their entertainment. They led it to the post commissary or Suttler's Store and placed a bucket of beer within the calf's reach. Not long after the little bull would stagger all around the place and then finally go over and lie down against some porch or shady building and immediately begin to snore quite loudly. The townspeople knew the animal at sight, and tolerated it too until it signed its own death warrant by being too greedy. Grocers were apt in those days to display green goods outside of the store on a sidewalk platform or in open baskets. The little buffalo liked his green things as well as anyone else did, but several destructive trips thru town culminated a final trip to the slaughter house at Kansas City.

Anna met her Indians must as Billy had, but in quite a different manner. Her first encounter came while she was watering trees. H. Kruger's house stood on West Ninth Street three blocks west of Fort Street. Anna carried water, in pails suspended from a wooden Holland yoke, from the Court House pump to water the trees which she had set
out about the house. One morning she had just completed baking when she decided to water her trees. Indians were supposed to be in the country just west of Fort Hays and the townspeople were on the watch in case of a surprise attack. When Anna was returning with her two pails of water she saw Mrs. Kruger standing about a block from the house, and when she investigated she learned that the Indians were in the house. Anna remembered her fresh bread, and without hesitating, and ignoring completely the clamor of her friend, she rushed into the house, grabbed a rolling pin from under the very noses of the astonished, but stolid Indians, and laying right and left she soon "cleaned house."

"Somehow, somewhere, Billy King and Anna Mueller got acquainted, very well acquainted, and before long Billy asked for his time, and on the thirteenth of September, 1875, he left the 5th. He remained at the Fort though until after the 25th of October, living in the first little house west of the Block House on Officers' Row.

On October 25th, the post chaplain, Lieutenant Eaton, Mrs. Kruger, Billy, and Anna went forward, and they and all the assembled soldier friends and civilian friends heard Carl Zahn, the chaplain, recite the words which made Friedrich Wilhelm Koenig and Anna Margaret Mueller one. After the ceremony, to put it as George Clarkson did, "every body had one hell of a good time."

The young couple "set up housekeeping" in a frame building on North Main Street, only a few doors west from Tommy Drumm's. The old street had changed somewhat. Kate Coffee's old saloon was being
run by a handsome young man from Kentucky, George Bardsley, and Kate—
the gossips said—had been stabbed in the back somewhere in the
"Territory" where she had gone to run another saloon.

Business houses were replacing the saloons and dance halls,
but the town still had its share. Billy and Anna baked bread, carried
a few groceries in stock, and served meals, mostly to the soldiers and
teamsters whom Billy knew. The soldiers at the post liked Anna's pies,
and before long their business had increased to the point where Billy
found it possible to buy a wagon and a team of horses for deliveries.

One day that first winter he had a chance to purchase about
eighty head of cattle at what seemed to be a good price, and he went
to the Fort for Lieutenant Eaton. All during his years in the army
Billy had set aside the major part of his pay with Eaton, who in turn
sent it to his mother for safe keeping. Billy drew out his money,
after asking Eaton's advice, and purchased his cattle.

He arranged for pasturing the cattle east of Hays, and was
driving his herd there, when he was approached by a business man of
Hays who offered Billy a clear profit of two and one-half dollars a head,
cash in hand where the cattle stood. Billy refused and regretted it
ever afterwards. Two days later the cattle were in pasture and the
first severe snow storm of the winter came. At the end of five days
the storm had not blown its strength, but it had driven the snow until
the grass was covered, and starvation and cold killed the entire herd.

Almost coincident with the loss of his cattle, and consequently
his "nest-egg," one of Billy's old army friends died at the post. He
and Anna drove thru the cold to the post. He stood at attention with bared head and heard the services read and helped place the coffin on the caisson prior to bringing the body to Hays and the Railroad for shipment back to the soldier's home in the East. He and Anna drove slowly, oh so very slowly, behind the soldiers as they marched to the band's strains of the Death Music from Saul. He helped load the coffin into the baggage car and stood at attention again as the train drew away from the station, and then he joined Anna in the buggy and turned the horses to the livery stable and then home.

As they went up the street the orders came from the commanding officer, "Dismissed for one hour. Report to the post," and they heard the stillness break up in a gradual talking. The band started playing again, not the Death Music, but a flippant, breezy tune entitled "The Colonel's Wife Ain't What She Used to Be," and the soldiers all turned to the swinging doors of the saloons.

Anna couldn't understand it. It seemed crude and cruel to change one's feelings so suddenly, but Billy knew the answer to that. "When it's over, it's over," he said, "and there's no use crying. There's always someone else, some other time, somewhere else, to start all over."
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Without exception all the material on the activities of the 5th, and Billy, while still in Arizona, is from a manuscript biography of Charles King by Don Russell. I have taken this material, almost without change, from pages 96 to 103 inclusive.

The rest is wholly traditional.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


Well illustrated, and quite readable considering the material with which the author has to deal.


No author's name given. Feature article on editorial page. Illustrated.


Extremely well written book. Not historical, but rather, a collection of Folk-Say, and traditional stories.


I used the material from all eight volumes, but more generally from No. 1, No. 3, and No. 7. Maps and pictures may be useful in Biographical research.
Heitman, Francis B. *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army* from its organization, September 29, 1789, to March 2, 1903. Washington; Government Printing Office, 1905, 2 volumes. 626 pages in vol. 2. Did not use vol. 1. This is probably the best publication of its kind. Lists all officers, and battles during the years given in title.


King, General Charles. An Apache Princess.

The Hobart Co. 1903, about 250 pages, illustrated.

The first pages of this book were missing, and the information—as to the publishers—was furnished by Miss Elizabeth Toohey, State Historian of Arizona, in a letter from her, November 26, 1935.


287 pages, illustrated.


The flypage of the copy of Sunset Pass which I used was signed "Lt. Col. A.M. Clark, 90-9-17." This book was from the William Vaughan Moody Collection of the U. of Chicago Libraries.

The Colonel's Daughter, or Winning His Spurs, New York, B. Lippencott Company, 1890. 250 pages (about).

(All these books of General King's were interesting because he was in command at Camp Verde during part of the time my grandfather was stationed there. He makes no attempt to retain the historical correctness when he describes battles, but weaves several incidents into each story. His descriptions of the post and of the people there are correct and vivid.)


The authors edited the work from various smaller works, pamphlets, newspaper articles, etc. Good for short sketches of various regiments, etc.


Author is from faculty of the University of Arizona. I used only a few lines from page 178, which contained a reference to Colonel C.C.C. Carr, who was operating out of Camp Verde.


Material general; covers Indian Frontier from their origin to date. There is, however, a very complete bibliography at the end of the book which lists almost a thousand authors and sources. Good maps. (I used pages 466-478, 489-504).


The Authors edited the work from various smaller works, pamphlets, newspaper articles, etc. Good for short sketches of various regiments, etc.

Mr. Russell is a member of the staff of the Chicago Daily News, and has done quite a bit of research on events and persons connected with the U.S. Army. He has written and published several books dealing with these military subjects, and his help in finding source materials cannot be estimated. He has written at various dates since November 14, 1955. One letter, dated December 30, 1955, contained sheets from a manuscript biography of General Charles King. Mr. Russell understood that this thesis was not to be published—as it stands—and he consented to let me make use of the material he had enclosed, under condition that it be listed as a manuscript biography.


(I used pages 96-103).

INTERVIEWS

King, George. 111 East 16th, Hays, Kansas, 1927-date.

It was only after I entered High School that I became interested in the tales my father had related concerning the events which took place in Hays in the early days. There have been no interviews—in the usual sense of the word—between us, but rather, I have remembered and tried to write down the incidents which he related while we were hunting, fishing, or merely eating. I have based what I call the "family tradition" entirely upon these relations of my father.

Middlekauff, Mrs. Josephine, 101 East 16th, Hays, Kansas

The "interviews" with Mrs. Middlekauff followed the same pattern as did those of George King. She was one of the first people to live in Hays, coming here in the fall of 1867—and is still (May, 1956) living here. She has been particularly alert to changes in the town, and has a remarkable memory for dates and events, which she had fortified by checking and writing down.

Raynesford, Howard. Ellis, Kansas. March 4, and April 4 and 11, 1956

Mr. Raynesford has walked and mapped parts of the old Butterfield State Route from one end of Kansas to another, and his store of knowledge on that subject is inexhaustible.