STORY.

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SUBJECT:

Chie, or A Young Apache Chief.
The Story of Chie.
A Young Apache Chief Who Was Manly and Grateful.

On my journey to Arizona and New Mexico I made the acquaintance of the son of an Indian chief who was slain by one of our officers. The chief’s name was Mangus Colorado. The story is that he was shot with several other leading Indians in a Sibley tent; that his brother, Cochise, cut his way out but those who remained in the tent were killed and their bodies hung up in Apache Pass where they remained until they became skeletons. Cochise who, at the time of my visit to his stronghold in Arizona, told me this story also said that he had been an enemy to the whites ever since and that he had slain at least ten white men for every Indian they had killed belonging to his tribe.

The young man, the son of Mangus Colorado, was not with Cochise and his band in Arizona, but at a wretched station in New Mexico called Tularosa. He was in 1872 apparently about twenty years of age. He was very neat in his attire, having a picturesque Indian dress of deerskin ornamented with beads and fringes. Very pretty moccasins embroidered in front and covering his ankles gave a handsome appearance to his small feet. His hands, too, were of small size and his features were regular and a choice in structure as you could expect in the Indian race. He was about five feet ten inches tall and straight as an arrow, seldom wore anything on his head. His black hair was in several short braids falling upon his neck which looked as if some
THE STORY OF COPPER

A Young Apache Chief Who Was Wanted and Captured

On a cold December night, the sun had set in New Mexico. I was the son of an Indian chief who had spent my youth in the mountains of Arizona. I was known as a brave warrior, feared by those who opposed me. One day, I was captured by the white men, and my people mourned for the loss of a leader.

I was taken to a town where I was held in a cell. My captors were cruel, and I feared they would never let me go. But I remained strong, and I knew that one day I would return to my people.

I spent many months in prison, but I never lost hope. I practiced my Apache ways, and I studied the white men to learn their ways. I knew that one day I would use this knowledge to save my people.

Finally, the day came when I was released. I was free, and I returned to my people. They were overjoyed to see me, and they celebrated my return. I knew that my people needed me, and I would do my best to help them.

I went to work as a father to my people, and I taught them the ways of the Apache. I showed them how to hunt and gather, and I taught them how to live in peace with each other. I knew that I had much to learn, and I would never stop studying.

I lived many years with my people, and I was happy. I knew that I had done everything I could to help my people, and I was proud of what I had accomplished. I knew that I had fulfilled my destiny, and I was content.

And so, I passed on, leaving a legacy of strength and courage. My people will always remember me as a leader who loved them and fought for their rights. I was a brave Apache chief, and I will always be remembered as such.
one had aided him as mothers do their daughters in mixing up that part of his toilet. He was exceedingly athletic. He would leave his young wife and child to hunt game for the officers and never came back to camp empty handed. The officers of the neighboring garrison said Chie is a good boy, always reliable. Some of the doubtful would say: "he is good for an Indian."

When I came to Tulerosa I found there the famous scout and interpreter, Jeffords, who was the only man that Cochise in his vengeful forays had spared. Cochise once saved his life when his Indians slew a whole stage full of travellers who were being driven along the Tucson road not far from Apache Pass. He had spared him again when he had gone alone into his stronghold in the Dragoon mountains of Arizona. The Scout agreed to accompany me to find the terrible chieftain. After my first interview Jeffords sought out Chie or "Little Chie" as he called him, and asked him if he would not go with me and himself on the long journey from Tulerosa to the Dragoon mountains. Chie replied, "I will be glad to go with you and General Howard, if General Howard will give my wife a horse. As he firmly held to that condition I procured a horse for him and another for his wife. I think his first idea was to let her and her little child ride with our party, but when I agreed to take all the Indians who were there back to their old home near the Rio Grande to a beautiful spot where there was a warm spring and a well watered and fertile country which they called Canada Alamosa, he concluded to let his wife and baby remain with the tribe."
The officers of the Navy, who were at the time engaged in the prosecution of war, were often called upon to make urgent appeals to the President for supplies and reinforcements. One such appeal came from Admiral Dewey, who was then in command of the fleet in the Pacific. He expressed his concern about the shortage of men and matériel, and asked for additional personnel and equipment to reinforce the fleet in the Far East.

In response to this appeal, the President authorized the dispatch of additional ships and personnel to the Pacific. This action was a demonstration of the government's commitment to the war effort and its willingness to provide the necessary resources to support the military operations.

The President's decision was met with widespread approval, and it helped to bolster the morale of the troops and the public. It also served as a reminder of the importance of leadership and the role that the President played in shaping the course of the war.
In a similar way another young Indian of importance was induced to go with us. His name was Ponce. I could not get a horse for Ponce so I let him ride behind me for I had a powerful horse a part of the time and later, by exchange, a good sized mule. Sometimes I would ride and Ponce walk and sometimes it was a relief for me to walk and let Ponce ride. By this method of transportation he and I became very chummy; but Chie seemed to be more affectionate and became strongly attached to me after a few days of companionship together.

We left his Indian people and those of Ponce in the valley of the Rio Grande where I had provided for their proper entertainment near a general merchandise store which were so often found in those days on the frontier. The trader was very glad to supply the Indians and charge the same to our Indian Department. It was a party of nine which started West. We kept on together for hundreds of miles until we came near the Mogollon mountains on the borders of Arizona. We had many adventures where our Indians were exposed to extreme danger, the roughest of white men, prospectors and miners. At these times I was able to give prompt and adequate protection to both Ponce and Chie.

When we were nearing the first mountain range Chie ran out ahead some two hundred yards or more and commenced making fires and smokes. There was a little gum tree growing there which would catch from a lighted match and blaze up quickly with puffs of smoke. Chie made nine of these as near in a circle as
In a similar way another young Indian of importance was

introduced to me with the "He sent me a copy" I could not get a
possible for peace so I left him the following letter for him I had a
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since that time I have not heard from him and have not heard

some time it was a letter to me to work and let peace reign. In
the midst of transportation and the need for very economy I put
the same to some advice and became a very important

to me also a few years of serious work.

To keep the Indian people and those of peace in the

at least to do the right thing. I was praying for their prayers

extracts from the General Tarasевич where the Indian

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9:00 a.m. It was a party of nine which started West. We

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therefore I can only give the words of the words that are

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fame and G"
was practicable. Then he commenced barking precisely like a coyote. He was soon answered by another voice of the same nature from the woods on the mountain side. When I raised my field glass I saw him running up the slope and shortly after another Indian meeting him. While they stopped to talk with each other we pushed on, led by Ponce, to find ourselves in a few minutes near a spring of water, the only one in that neighborhood. Before the expiration of a half hour we were surrounded by a small band of Cochise's Indians and were talking with the sub-chief who was there with his band, on outpost duty; it was over a hundred miles to the stronghold of his chief.

On advice of the Indians we diminished our party to three white men and two Indians, namely to Jeffords, the interpreter, Sladen, my aide, Ponce, Chie and myself. After passing over the Chiracaua range we came to Sulphur Springs on the Tucson road where there was a ranch kept for the stages by a man by the name of Rodgers. It was usually called "Rodgers Ranch". Here there was good grass, and plenty of water. Rodgers had a guard of soldiers from Camp Bowie, twenty-five miles to the eastward near Apache Pass. When Rodgers was without this guard he had the protection of several fierce dogs. When I went into camp that night I was spreading my robe made of the skin of a mountain sheep and looking up I saw that the Indians hesitated to put down their blankets and lie down as usual. I inquired what was the matter. Chie answered that they were afraid of the dogs. These
dogs were trained to keep off Indians and they were ugly to them. I invited Chie to come and share my humble bed. He thought that my robe was a bear skin and so he cried out, "Shosh no bueno!" Shosh means bear in Apache so that he really said, mixing the two languages, "Bear, no good!" I settled the matter by putting away my robe and using only blankets. He slept near me and was thus protected from the dogs while Ponce had like entertainment with Jeffords, the interpreter.

I will not give the incidents of this journey only to say that the next morning Chie was able to leave us in camp on the West side of the Dragoon range close by a beautiful running creek, and proceed into the stronghold of the great chieftain as our forerunner. Before night he had sent word to us to join him; and we found our way, guided by two Indian lads, into the terrible stronghold. There was an inlet and there was an outlet but we were hemmed in with the Indians upon a large grass plot by natural walls almost perpendicular from one to two hundred feet in height, apparently sustained by the natural debris at the base. A stream of water coursed rapidly through this singular plateau. We were doubly at the mercy of the Indians.

The old chieftain did not show himself till the next day. At the first interview after his arrival Chie pleaded my case strongly with his uncle. He showed him what a friend I had been to the Indians and how I had returned Apache children that wicked men had carried off and scattered among families in Arizona and Mexico to their relatives, and he assured him that I would make a
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WILLIAM KOEGERELLE.

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one has to act. He connected some bodies in Athens and

Mexico to taste, imitation may be normal him that I wanted were a
peace for his tribe. I regarded Chie then as an able advocate and a faithful mediator.

At last when it became necessary for me to go to Camp Bowie, leaving the stronghold about five o'clock in the evening, I was obliged to place Jeffords, Sladen and the Indians as hostages for my return and for the fulfilment of my promises. I asked Cochise to let me have one of his Indians as a guide. One after another refused to go. They were afraid and said, "The peace is not made, we shall be killed." My young friend Chie stepped forward and said, "I will go!" On General Howard's return he would let me have his mule. This arrangement was made and we set out together. We were obliged to pass over the top of that rough range. Soon darkness came on and we could only be guided by the stars. No path could be followed that night. Chie would go ahead of me and when the road was bad he would cry out, "Camino no bueno!" That is, "The path not good!" Then I would halt till I would hear his cry again, "Camino bueno!" Then I would follow on. We managed to descend the east side of the mountain by following ravine after ravine, avoiding precipices as best we could. My clothing was sadly rent and my hands and face scratched, but Chie had better material in his deerskin dress to resist the weather but he did not escape the scratches on his forehead and hands. How happy we were when we emerged upon the foot hills that night. We both began to whistle. Chie and I knew so few Spanish words that we could not extend our conversation and the only English that I heard him speak was "Milky-way."
We came again to Rodgers' ranch. We rested our mules and made Rodgers himself harness two little mules that belonged to him to a low wagon which had a floor of poles. Upon this, rolling ourselves in our robes, we slept very comfortably while Rodgers drove us over the twenty-five miles of rough riding.

When we were passing through Apache Pass approaching the post of Camp Bowie Chie and I were awake. He was very sad and I could only take his hand in sympathy. It was there that his father had been slain by my countrymen and left to decay. Once Chie had asked Jeffords, "Why did the white men kill my father?"

Jeffords could only answer, "It was bad white men who killed your father. Good white men would not have done it."

Cochise had said in my first talk with him, "Why not give us Apache Pass? There my brother and other Indians were slain. Apache Pass has never been cleansed since then. Give us Apache Pass and we will purify the place." The Indians had some ceremony by which they believed they could clear out the bad spirits that still hovered around in the pass.

Chie continued my friend during all that wonderful expedition and was always a friend to the interpreter and to the white men till Captain Jeffords, whom I had left as an agent for the whole tribe then located at Sulphur Springs, had been removed and another agent appointed. This other agent brought there a large cavalry force and carried the five hundred Indians away in a body to San Carlos, at least a hundred miles distant, and put them with Indians with whom they had never affiliated.
We came again to Koger's tavern. We rested our horses and made Koger's innkeeper promise to give us a room and enough to eat. We had been on the road for a week and were tired. We had been traveling for a long time.

When we arrived, Koger was very friendly. He gave us a warm welcome and we were very grateful. He gave us a room and we ate. We were very tired and we slept well.

The next morning, we were ready to continue our journey. Koger gave us a warm farewell and we were very grateful. He gave us a letter for a friend of his who was going to be traveling the same way.

We continued our journey, knowing that we were not alone. We knew that we would be helped along the way. We knew that we were on the right path.
Cochise's Indians kept the peace as long as he lived but they broke out and began to ravage the country after that forced removal to San Carlos. Then I have understood that Chie joined the hostiles whom Geronimo commanded and perished in that war with Crook and Miles, which ended in their complete subjugation and transference to the East. It was almost an extermination.

Chie would have made a fine scholar and an able man could he have had the opportunities which fell to his cousin, Antonio Apache, of whom your readers have heard.
Coastal Intake Point is where the water enters the system after being lifted out of the ground.

I have noticed that the water from the intake point goes to San Carlos. Then I have water treatment that takes the water and filters it, which goes into the city's water supply. It was almost an exact process.

Once again, I have made a few changes and see that the city needs to do more to improve the water quality.

According to the reports, the coastal intake point is the area we need to focus on.