

Western Apache Oral Histories and Traditions of the Camp Grant Massacre

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In 1928 John P. Clum published the first half of a two-part article that signaled an important shift in Western Apache historiography.¹ In the essay titled simply “Es-kin-in-zin,” Clum fashioned a life history of the legendary Western Apache leader *haské bahnzin* (Anger Stands Beside Him).² Clum’s article was written with great empathy and a genuine desire to understand past events from the viewpoint of someone whose life was irreversibly altered by the incursion of Euroamericans into the Apache homelands. However, when Clum described one of the most pivotal episodes in *haské bahnzin*’s life, the so-called “Camp Grant Massacre” of 1871, surprisingly, he turned to non-Apache sources rather than depicting it from the perspective of his subject. Lamentably, nearly every author who has written on this topic has followed in Clum’s footsteps.³ Of the scores of articles, books, and Web pages that portray the Camp Grant Massacre, practically all of the texts recycle the incident from the recollections of the American participants.⁴ Curiously, even those expositions sensitive to the Apache experience have tended to rely on these partial and incomplete sources.⁵

The Camp Grant Massacre remains a salient moment for contemporary Western Apache peoples.⁶ Although a difficult part of their history, it continues to instruct Apaches and non-Apaches about the sacrifices of those who have gone before and the circumstances that have shaped our modern world (figure 1; figure 2). The story of the massacre was first preserved by personal histories and has since been maintained in part through Western Apache oral traditions.⁷ Apache narratives are vital for better understanding the massacre, not so much because they necessarily constitute a more factual version, but because they afford alternative, even



Figure 1. The site of the Camp Grant Massacre on Arivaipa Creek, still recalled as *gashla'á cho o'aa* (Big Sycamore Stands There). Photograph by Chip Colwell-Chanthaphonh, February 18, 2002.

complementary, accounts. Furthermore oral narratives reinvigorate the stories of the disenfranchised and dispossessed, shedding light on those lives that have long been excluded from this historical record.⁸ As many scholars have increasingly valued the historicity in oral traditions, another set of academics have concurrently critiqued Western-based textual histories for failing to render an unbiased gaze back through time.⁹ Given that written *and* verbal historical accounts are similarly the product of a complex process that entwines the past with the social and political present, theorists have progressively given consideration to how “the data of history and the data of tradition taken together form a congruous and more believable whole.”¹⁰ While some fret about the contested nature of the past, other researchers more optimistically embrace the multiplicities of history.¹¹ Sally Engle Merry, for instance, sanguinely argues that divergences are themselves an avenue for understanding people and the past, for varying accounts are “neither true nor invented but are cultural interpretations of events made within particular historical contexts.”¹²

To write about the Camp Grant Massacre from the perspective of the

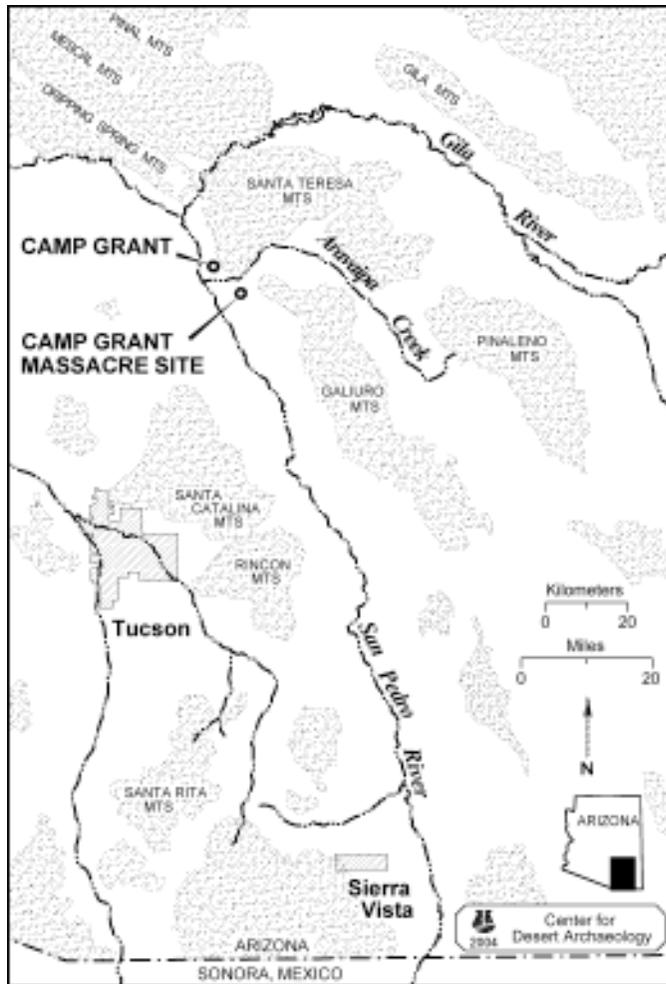


Figure 2. Old Camp Grant and the Camp Grant Massacre site in geographical relation.

Apache people empowers those voices that have previously been quieted and offers a much more intricate knowledge of the event because it spins another strand in the web of histories. In this paper, six Western Apache versions of the Camp Grant Massacre will be considered not to deduce one “true” account, but rather to extend an alternative viewpoint of the events preceding and following the terrible morning of April 30, 1871. While the murder and captivity of Western Apache men, women, and children in this instance does not discount the violence various Apache

groups perpetrated throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it does help us better apprehend the broader context in which these mutual hostilities occurred.¹³ Apaches were not the nomadic brigands represented in dime novels, but longtime residents of the desert Southwest who experienced a deep and complex affinity to the landscape that American colonialism radically threatened.¹⁴ The narratives that follow are distinct from non-Indian accounts in the same way that William Kessel, in analyzing oral traditions of the Battle of Cibecue, discerned that, “White and Apache accounts differ significantly with regard to specific details and with respect to the interpretation of the meaning of these events.”¹⁵ I argue that it is precisely these discrepancies that bring new insight.

Jan Vansina’s seminal work *Oral Tradition as History* furnishes a strong methodological and theoretical foundation for this project. According to his typology, what follows below are three oral histories (“eyewitness accounts . . . which occurred during the lifetime of the informants”) and three oral traditions (“passed from mouth to mouth, for a period beyond the lifetime of the informants”).¹⁶ The oral histories all come from the unpublished notebooks of Grenville Goodwin stored at the Arizona State Museum, and the oral traditions come from a discontinued magazine, a recent interview, and an obituary. Jeanette Cassa, a San Carlos Apache elder helped translate and make sense of the texts. These narratives are presented with minimal editing and commentary, so that each speaker’s telling comes through without glaring mediation. This is history through the words of Apache elders—testaments that encourage contemplation of the Western Apache experience from their own standpoint and consideration of the ways in which history is an experience lived, and re-lived, each time it is told.

LAHN

In 1948, Richard Van Valkenburgh published an oral tradition of the massacre, given to him by an Apache man only identified as “Old Lahn.”¹⁷ Valkenburgh met Lahn at an “acorn harvest camp” near Oracle, Arizona, on the north side of the Santa Catalina Mountains. This was possibly at *dah nagolgái* (White Spots Up There), a flat grassy area just north of the small town.¹⁸ Valkenburgh stands out from his contemporaries because he specifically sought out someone who could provide him with a version of the event from the Apache’s viewpoint. Based on the publication,

it is quite clear that Valkenburgh kindled Lahn's story with poetic flares, and possibly even supplemented the tale with his own knowledge of the assault. This is typical, Vansina writes, for, "Any interview has two authors: the performer and the researcher."¹⁹ However, because the core of the story is highly consistent with other Apache versions and there are numerous cultural references Valkenburgh could not have found in written documents, it seems likely much of this account comes directly from Lahn.

The Apache elder begins his story by using the landscape to show Valkenburgh the origin of the conflicts between Apache groups and Euroamericans. As Keith Basso has written, Western Apache's "sense of place, their sense of their tribal past, and their vibrant sense of themselves are inseparably intertwined."²⁰ Standing on a rocky knoll just above the town of Mammoth, Lahn says, "My story begins at the base of that shaggy red ridge which drops off toward the river bottom." At this place, the troubles began when Mexicans killed three women of the Arivaipa band—*tcéjiné* (Dark Rocks People). Although the *tcéjiné* were peaceful prior to these unprovoked murders, they fled to the hills and planned their revenge. The Arivaipa and Pinal bands eventually made peace treaties with Mexicans and Anglo-Americans, but somehow troubles and violence continued unabated.

Then came a time when Santo and *haské bahnzin* stopped their people from coming down here to the Little Running Water [Arivaipa Creek] to plant crops. For years the Aravaipa lived like hunted beasts in the Santa Teresa and Galiuro ranges.²¹ And—against *haské bahnzin's* wishes—some young men did accompany the Pinal on raids, lest they starve.

Then came news that there was a new white *nant'an* [headman] at Camp Grant. It was four moons before the chiefs agreed to ask for peace. *Haské bahnzin* won because he said, "It makes no difference where we die. I'd rather we be killed down by the Little Running Water than have death sit beside here in the mountains!" With suspicion deep in their hearts the Aravaipa sent five old women, one of whom was *haské bahnzin's* mother to Camp Grant to ask for peace. The old women were treated kindly. In two days they returned with the news that the *nant'an* would hold council [. . .] at the rising of the fourth sun.

On the rising of the fourth sun, Santo, *haské bahnzin* and the sub-chiefs walked into Camp Grant. After a long *yoshidii*, or council, it was agreed that the Aravaipa would surrender their weapons and be placed under the protection of Captain Whitman and his soldiers. When they had finished, *haské bahnzin* laid a large rock on the ground before the *nant'an* and said: "We have faith in you. You have spoken to us like men and not dogs. I shall bring my people to you. And so long as this stone shall last the Aravaipa Apache will keep peace with the Americans."

Smoke signals puffed into the sky. In a few days over 500 Aravaipa straggled in from the mountains. After surrendering their weapons and placing their names on the census roll, the *nant'an* told them that they could return here to their old homes by the Little Running Water. Then came the day when the *nant'an* called *haské bahnzin* to Camp Grant and said, "Your people have been home for two months and have kept the peace. They have worked hard and their crops are growing. In two suns from now, which will be the white man's first of May, we will have a fiesta and barbecue."

But even with this good news *haské bahnzin's* heart was heavy. Maria Jilda Grijalva, his good friend and the *nant'an's* interpreter, had whispered bad news into his ear. Just a few days before, some Pinal Apache who had passed through the Aravaipa camp, had raided and killed an American near Mission San Xavier. The young people, unaware of the bad news, began to dance—right on this flat that spreads before us. As the voices of the singers echoed up and down the canyon the Aravaipa, young and old, came to watch the dancers as they moved back and forth in the glow of great fires. *Haské bahnzin* was still uneasy at the news from Santa Cruz and did not join the dancers. Going through the crowd he tried to make the watchers return to their camps, on those high bluffs above us, and be alert. But believing that they were protected by the *nant'an* at the nearby fort they paid no attention.

Only when the moon had passed across the southern sky to drop into the west did the exhausted dancers lie down on the ground and go to sleep—the men on this side and the women on the other as

was custom. Slowly the fires burned down, flickered and then died in the darkness that follows the moon. From out of the east came the first light of Blue Dawn Boy. Not a leaf fluttered in the mesquite. Then way down the canyon there was the warning twitter of the vermilion flycatcher. Creeping through the shadows toward this place were the *saikine*, or Sand House People, whom the Americans call the Papago [Tohono O'odham]. Silently they crept up the bluff—over the very trail we just climbed. Like jaguars they crouched to spring. Then from those rims above flickered the signal. Moving swiftly with their mesquite war clubs loosened they surrounded the sleeping dancers. Striking in every direction they began to smash the skulls of the sleeping Aravaipa.

The screams of the dying ripped open the clear morning air. Roused from his sleep, *haské bahnzin* ran from his *kowa* or wickiup, toward the dance ground. And as he yelled for his warriors to stand and fight, a Papago club crushed his head. Crumbling, he fell to the ground amidst the slaughtered bodies of his people.

After finishing those on the dance ground the Papago began to hunt out those in the *kowas*. That's why I avoided those stone rings over there—for they are places of death. And from that rim above Americans and Mexicans shot down those who tried to flee up-canyon. Yes! There were Americans from Tucson there. We found out later that they were the ones who planned the whole thing! And when those human wolves with black and white skins got through with their killing they set fire to every *kowa* they could find before starting back toward Tucson. They circled Camp Grant so that the *nant'an* and his soldiers would not know what they had done. They carried into captivity 29 Aravaipa children!

The buzzards were beginning to circle when something stirred under a pile of the dead. Pulling himself loose, *haské bahnzin* tried to shake the dizziness from his bloody head as he staggered across the dance ground toward his *kowa* that stood under the cottonwoods which we passed before starting to climb the bluff. His *kowa* had not been burned. But before him on the ground lay the bodies of his young wives and their five children! Then from under a bundle of

grass he heard the whimper of a baby. Bending over he pulled back the grass and picked up his only living child—the tiny Chita!

With the baby in his arms he avoided the dance ground and followed the rims until he reached that high point which noses so sharply down into the canyon. Turning back to look down on the scene of the massacre of the Little Running Water, *haské bahnzin*, the last of the Aravaipa chiefs, breathed a curse of vengeance against all white men!

SHERMAN CURLEY

On March 12, 1932, Grenville Goodwin interviewed Sherman Curley, otherwise known as “*m-ba-lše-slā*.”²² Mr. Curley, like his mother before him, was of the *tcéjîné* band, a group with a long history in the San Pedro Valley and Arivaipa Canyon.²³ This is an oral history, the story of a survivor of the massacre as Mr. Curley recalled it sixty-one years later. The themes and details that emerge in Mr. Curley’s chronicle correspond with other narratives and the documentary record, including moving the camp eastward four to five miles prior to the carnage, the dance that led warriors to relax their guard, and the mutilation of women and children. Mr. Curley’s account is important because it shows the humanity of the victims, the panic of the battle itself, and the horror of witnessing one’s family and friends killed.

Bob Macintosh’s father and his wife, went down to *tû dû-tlÿ si-hun* [Blue Water Pool, Old Camp Grant]. They stayed there two days, and then came back and told about it. They brought some big sacks of tobacco back with them. The new Indian agent had given them those. (The Arivaipa agency was set up just about that time.) The agent had told this man when he went back to tell all the Apaches living in the mountains nearby, to gather together, and come down and camp near the agency on Arivaipa Creek. The Apaches were still wild then. About one day after this man got back with the tobacco, they had gathered together, and the whole band moved down, and made their camp on Arivaipa Creek, about four miles above the agency. In those days there was lots more Apaches than there are now. They stayed at this camp on the Arivaipa for four or five months.

They used to gather all kinds of wild fruit on the mountains, and they gathered *tl-o-na-di-tise* [wild hay], and took it down to the agency, and to Camp Grant to sell.

Now some men said that they would give a dance to celebrate their coming into the agency. The dance was to be tomorrow night, and notice was sent out to the different camps along both sides of the Arivaipa. They started in the next evening to give their *tl-e gû-chi-tasł* [night dance]. They danced all through the night and almost till sunrise

There was a big ridge above their camps, and one on the other side too. During the night a big bunch of Mexicans and Papagoes had got up on these ridges, and surrounded the camp completely. The Mexicans and Papagoes [. . .] fired on them while they were still dancing. They killed a lot of people this way. They all scattered. The scouts and soldiers down at Camp Grant didn't know what was going on. I ran into an arroyo. I had my bow and arrows, and I pointed at them as if I was going to shoot. This scared some Mexicans and Papagoes back, who were after me. I ran on, trying to get away, but four of them followed me, but they did not kill me or hit me. In those days we Apaches could run fast, but we cannot do this now. I ran in behind some rocks, below an overhanging bluff finally, and hid there. They shot at me, but could not hit me those four enemies. They four were afraid to come close. I shot arrows at them. Finally they ran away, and left me. I ran on up the side of the mountain, to the top, and stayed there. Some others who had gotten away were on top of this mountain also. It is called *m-ba ma-guśł î-he* [place unknown]. The sun was getting really low now. We stayed on top of this mountain all night. The next day one man went back to place where we had been dancing. He found lots of dead Apaches there.

Some of the women and girls who had long, nice hair, they had cut a round place right out of the scalp, leaving the hair on, and taken it away with them. I don't know why they did this. This man came back, and told about it.

Next day, the people who had gotten away, and were hidden in dif-

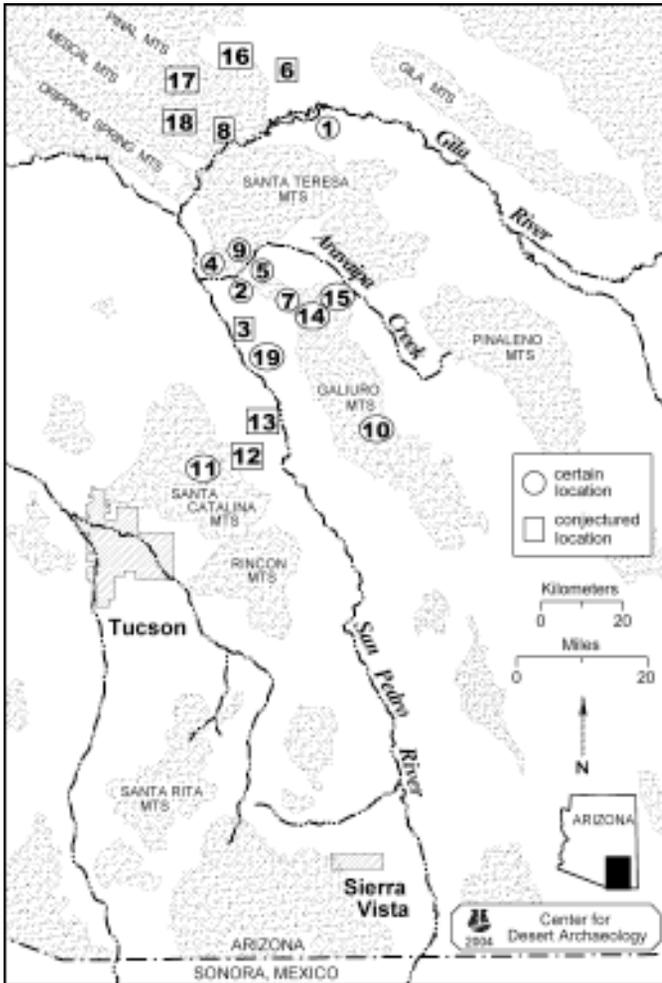


Figure 3. Map of places Walter Hooke traveled to before and after the Camp Grant Massacre.

ferent places over the mountains, started to call one another together. When they had all gathered, they sent that same man who had been back to the dance ground and 15 others, down towards Camp Grant. When they were near the camp, they stopped, and rested on some level ground. Then their two head men, Captain Chiquito and *haské bahnzin*, went and talked with the agent, telling him all that had happened. The agent said he didn't know that this massacre had taken place at all. The Officer said that those Mexicans and Papagoes would never come back, and that even if they did, the soldiers there at Camp

TABLE 1.

Places Walter Hooks Traveled to Before and After the Camp Grant Massacre

NO ⁺	NAME FROM GOODWIN NOTES	NAME FROM PLACE NAME PROJECT	TRANSLATION	TOPOGRAPHIC LOCATION
1	sai-dašl-kai	sai dalgaí	White Sand Up There	Downriver from Coolidge Dam
2	gosh-tla-a-chú-hā-ah	gashdla'á cho o'aa	Big Sycamore Stands There	Near the massacre site, on Arivaipa Creek
3	túšl-tso-ha-des-lin	túšog hadaslin	Yellow Water Flowing Doan	Near San Pedro River*
4	tu dn tl ij si kun	túdot'ish sikán	Blue Water Pool	Old Camp Grant
5	gosh-tla-a-cho-hō-a	gashdla'á cho o'aa	Big Sycamore Stands There	Near the massacre site, on Arivaipa Creek
6	tsešl-chí-nadn-t-í	tseř chí nadnt'a'	Red Rock Point So That You See Alone In The Distance	By Pinal Mountains*
7	tse-da-iz-kun	tse da'iskán	Rock With Flat Top	Table Mountain, near Arivaipa Canyon
8 [±]	gush-tlish-ha-des-jí	goshtf'ish hadesjij	Dark Mud Up There	By Pinal Mountains*
9	q-i-da-zil-len	kìh datsil gai	A White House Up There	Old Painted Cave Ruin, above Arivaipa Creek
10	zišl-na-zen-yis	dziř nazāyú	Mountain Sits Here and There	Bassett Peak, Galiuro Mountains
11	ya-ga-si-un	idagé sian	Sits Up There	Mount Lemon, Santa Catalina Mountains
12	í-che-jí-ā-a	tsezhi ha'áh	Pumice Rock Up There	Near Santa Catalina Mountains, to the east*
13	gosh-tl-bišl-na-gal-kai	gashdla'á biñálgogái	White With Sycamores	On San Pedro River*
14	tsi-da-iz-kun	tse da'iskán	Rock With Flat Top	Table Mountain, near Arivaipa Canyon
15	gash-tla-tse-e-chí	gashdla'á tse hechi	Sycamores Going Out Red	East foot of Table Mountain
16	gash-tla-chí	gashdla'á edichi	Sycamores Meet	By Pinal Mountains*
17	gush-tlish-ha-des-jí	goshtf'ish hadesjij	Dark Mud Up There	By Pinal Mountains*
18	tešl-chí-nadn-t-í	teeř chí' nadnt'i	Reddened Cattail Alone In The Distance	By Pinal Mountains*
19	i-ya-pas-si-kasí	iyah nasbaş sikaad	Mesquite Circle In A Clump	San Pedro Agency (near Mammoth)

+Numbers given represent the order in which places were visited and correspond with figure 3

*Exact location is conjectured on map

±Massacre occurred while at this place

Source: Grenville Goodwin, *The Social Organization of the Western Apache*, Arizona State Museum Files (Tucson: Grenville Goodwin Papers).

Grant would know about it first. The Officer said that up till this time they had been good friends, and had gotten along all right. This was why he had sent out for them to come in and talk. He sent me up to bury the dead for the Apaches, and he gave out rations to those who had survived. He told them to come back, and settle down again. The band did so, and made their camp on the Arivaipa River, about one mile from the soldiers, so that they would be near them, and have protection.

WALTER HOOKE

Sometime in June of 1932 Goodwin interviewed Walter Hooke, “*hosh-ke nes-tz-oot*,” and recorded his experiences of the massacre as a young boy.²⁴ Like Mr. Curley, Mr. Hooke was born into the *tcéjìné* band, but like his mother, he was of the *tsédè sgàidn* (Horizontally White Rock People) clan, a group that first settled near Prescott but long ago migrated southward, becoming concentrated in the Pinal and Arivaipa bands.²⁵ While Mr. Hooke’s account does not dwell on the massacre itself, it lends an important view to where people traveled and what they did, before and following the massacre (figure 3; table 1). This chronicle turns on the use of places and place names, an important element in Western Apache traditional histories.²⁶ “Sensing places,” Basso writes, “men and women become sharply aware of the complex attachments that link them to features of the physical world.”²⁷ Consequently, Mr. Hooke’s account offers not merely an alternative chain of events, but also a different way of understanding history altogether.

I was born near *t-îs cho o-des ch-il* [Mescal Canyon], about 70 years ago I think. I heard later that there was no agency at San Pedro when I was born. Later on, when I was about four years old, we all moved to *sai-dasł-kai* [White Sand Up There] there down the river a ways from where Coolidge Dam now is. From this place some of our people went to San Pedro. We had heard that an agency had been set up then. At *na-dah-cho-das-un* [Mescal Big Resting, confluence of Dripping Springs Valley and Gila River] was *haské bahnzin*, the chief. He and some others went down to see this agent at San Pedro who wanted all our people to come in to his agency. When they came back from there, they brought a big sack of tobacco that the agent had given them.

Now after this some of the people went in to San Pedro agency, and from day to day more and more of us went in. Our family moved to *gosh-tla-a-chû hā-ah* [Big Sycamore Stands There, near the massacre site on Arivaipa Creek], and then on to *tûsl-tso ha-des-lin* [Yellow Water Flowing Down, near San Pedro River]. From this last place, we went straight on to the agency, *tu dn tl ij si kun* [Blue Water Pool, Old Camp Grant].

At the agency they gave us rations of flour, coffee, sugar, meat, and corn. We lived by there for two or three years, moving up into Arivaipa Canyon, above the agency, from *gosh-tla-a cho-hō-a* [Big Sycamore Stands There] clear up to *tseš-chî-nadn-t-î* [Red Rock Point So That You See Alone In The Distance, by Pinal Mountains].

When I was older we moved to *tse-da-iz-kun* [Rock With Flat Top, Table Mountain near Arivaipa Canyon], right at *gush-tlish ha-des-jî* [Dark Mud Up There, by Pinal Mountains]. At this place there were lots of us. It was during this time that the Pimas came and attacked our people, in their camps above the agency. The Pimas killed lots of men, women, and children, more than 100, all up the canyon. One man who got away from there, came to where we were living and told us about it. Now all of our people gathered together at *q-î da-zil-len* [A White House Up There, Old Painted Cave Ruin above Arivaipa Creek]. From here some of them fled to the Pinal Mountains. Our bunch moved to *ziš-na-zen-yis* [Mountain Sits Here and There, Bassett Peak in Galiuro Mountains], and from there to *ya-ga-si-un* [Sits Up There, Mount Lemon in Santa Catalina Mountains]. We lived at *ya-ga-si-un* [Sits Up There] for quite awhile, and then moved to *î-che-ĵi-ā-a* [Pumice Rock Up There, near Santa Catalina Mountains] and lived there for a while. We had no horses then, but had to pack everything on our backs. For this reason we would have to stop and rest for a couple of days at every spring. The next place we went to was *gosh-tla-biš-na-gal-kai* [White With Sycamores, on San Pedro River], where we stayed for about one month. From here we went to *tsi-da-iz-kun* [Rock With Flat Top], right above *gash-tla-tse-e-chî* [Sycamores Going Out Red, east foot of Table Mountain]. While we were at this last place we heard that our chief, called *da-nash-chĵi* had been back into the agency, and talked with

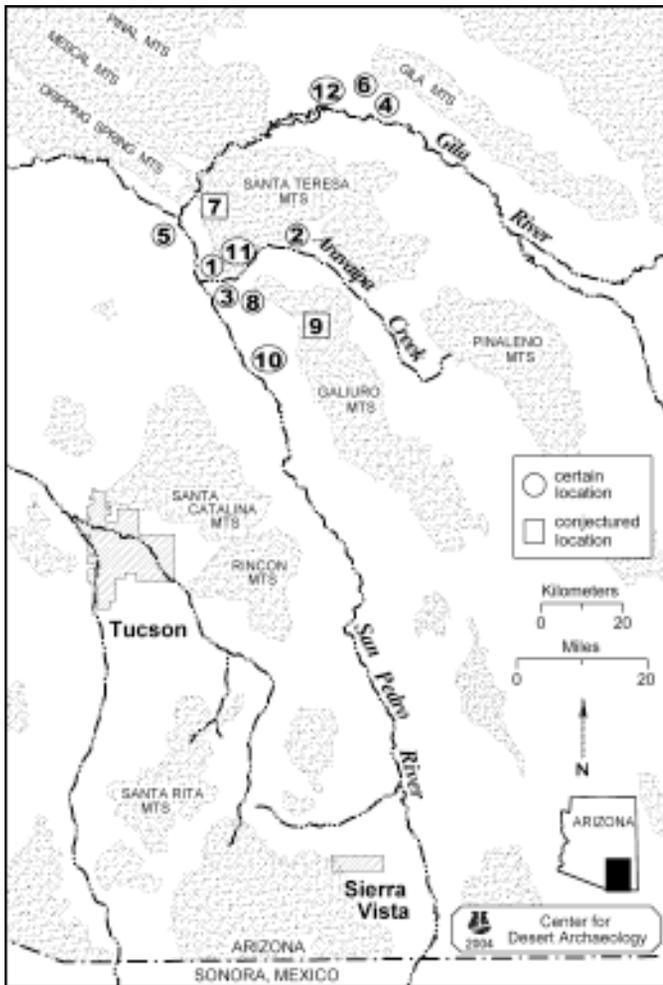


Figure 4. Places *bi ja gush kai ye* traveled to before and after the Camp Grant Massacre.

the agent. The agent told him he wanted him to look for all the other people, and find where they were living. So *da-nash-chji* set out riding a mule, to try and find us all. He went to *na-da-des-das-un* [possibly Mescal Grows Thickly, first hill northeast of Arivaipa], and tracked us down to *ya-ga-si-un* [Sits Up There], and looked for us on the top of this mountain, all over he looked. Finally he found us at *gash-tla-chi* [Sycamores Meet, by Pinal Mountains]. He got there about mid-afternoon, and at our camp talked to us, telling us that the agent said for him to send back all the people he could find to the San

TABLE 2.

Places *Bi ja gush kai ye* Traveled to Before and After the Camp Grant Massacre

NO ⁺	NAME FROM GOODWIN NOTES	NAME FROM PLACE NAME PROJECT	TRANSLATION	TOPOGRAPHIC LOCATION
1	tu dn tl ij si kun	túdotł'ish sikán	Blue Water Pool	Old Camp Grant
2	tse na di tin	tsé yinaditin	Rocky Crossing	In Arivaipa Canyon
3	tu dn tl ij si kun	túdotł'ish sikán	Blue Water Pool	Old Camp Grant
4	tseł tsut da des dzuc	tseł tsug dades dzuk	Yellow Rocks Coming Down Jagged	Southeast of (new) San Carlos
5	nadn lit choh	nadnlid cho	Big Sunflower Hill	Malpais Hill, on San Pedro River
6	tseł tsut da des dzuc	tseł tsug dades dzuk	Yellow Rocks Coming Down Jagged	Southeast of (new) San Carlos
7	ha ke da dzil kai	hakida dził kai	Come Up The Mountain	Near San Pedro River*
8 [±]	gash tla a cho o a	gashdla'á cho o'aa	Big Sycamore Stands There	Near the massacre site, on Arivaipa Creek
9	—	—	—	"Away, up on the mountains"*
10	i-y-nas-pas-si-kasī	iyah nasbās sikaad	Mesquite Circle In A Clump	San Pedro Agency (near Mammoth)
11	q i da s il kai	kīh datsil gai	A White House Up There	Old Painted Cave Ruin, above Arivaipa Creek
12	—	—	—	Old San Carlos

+Numbers given represent the order in which places were visited and correspond with figure 4

*Exact location is conjectured on map

±Massacre occurred while at this place

Source: Grenville Goodwin, *The Social Organization of the Western Apache*, Arizona State Museum Files (Tucson: Grenville Goodwin Papers)

Pedro agency. That mule he was riding died, but he had another mule to ride back. We will go back in two days he said. So in two days we all started out for the San Pedro agency again. We camped at *gush-tlish-ha-des-jî* [Dark Mud Up There, by Pinal Mountains], and at that place heard that some of our people had already been in to the agency and drawn rations. So we moved back below *tesl-chî-nadn-t-î* [Reddened Cattail Alone In The Distance, by Pinal Mountains], the same place where the fight with the Pimas had been. From here we went down to the agency, at *i-ya-nas-pas-si-kasî* [Mesquite Circle In A Clump, San Pedro agency], and drew rations.

BI JA GUSH KAI YE

Goodwin recorded this interview with *bi ja gush kai ye* in June 1932.²⁸ *Bi ja gush kai ye* was of the Pinal band and married to a “chief,” although it is unclear which chief this might have been. This interview is unique because it provides an oral history from a woman’s viewpoint. Unlike the other narratives, *bi ja gush kai ye* focuses more on rations, food, and survival strategies like cutting grass to sell to the soldiers at Camp Grant, activities also acknowledged in the documentary record (figure 4; table 2). *Bi ja gush kai ye*, it seems, escaped the massacre itself because on the eve of the bloodshed she went some distance from the camp on the Arivaipa to attend a medicine ceremony. She suggests that “about one thousand” Apaches were killed, surely not a literal estimate, but a phrase to express that almost an unthinkable number were killed.

Now my husband and *haské bahnzin* and that White man—he was an agent of some kind—talked over being friends together at *tu dn tl ij si kun* [Blue Water Pool, Old Camp Grant]. That White man said he wanted to treat our people well. He gave out no rations, though. Now the five of us started back to *tse na di tin* [Rocky Crossing, in Arivaipa Canyon]. *Haské bahnzin* had two or three wives at that time.

After a while *haské bahnzin* came back to our camp and said to my husband, “Let’s go down and see the White people again at *tu dn tl ij si kun* [Blue Water Pool] and make good friends with them this time. I will take my wife that was down there before, and you take this—

your wife” (me). “All right,” my husband said. So the four of us went down there again to *tu dn tl ij si kun* [Blue Water Pool]. There were lots of soldiers there. When we got there my husband and *haské bahnzin* talked with the White men and made good friends with them. The agent there they talked with. Now it was fixed so there would be no more trouble between us and the White people.

Then we went back home and separated: *haské bahnzin* and his wife going to *gosh tla a na chi* [place unclear], and we going back to *tsestsut da des dzuc* [Yellow Rocks Coming Down Jagged, southeast of (new) San Carlos] in the Gila River canyon (below the dam). We stayed there a long time and then heard there were lots of Indians living down close to *tu dn tl ij si kun* [Blue Water Pool] and drawing rations there. So we went down there again and camped at *nadn lit choh* [Big Sunflower Hill, Malpais Hill on San Pedro River] where the rations were being issued. That was the first time I ever saw flour, sugar, or coffee. After we got rations, we moved away again this way to *tsestsut ya de dzuc* [Yellow Rocks Coming Down Jagged]. Two other camps moved back with us. We had lots of rations, flour, sugar, coffee, meat. We had no bags to put them in, so had to dump all into our burden baskets. They gave us corn also. Later on we went back for rations again, and this time when we moved away a lot of people came with us. We camped at *ha ke da dzil kai* [Come Up The Mountain, near San Pedro River]. Later we went back to *gash tla a cho o a* [Big Sycamore Stands There, near the massacre site on Arivaipa Creek], near *tu dn tl ij si kun* [Blue Water Pool]. Some *sli na ba ja* [Some Who Hunt on the Horse, a White Mountain Apache band] had heard that there were rations being given over here, and so had come over also.

Now we lived close to San Pedro. The woman used to go out and cut hay and sell it to the soldiers for their horses. For this, they would get a red ticket on which they could draw rations or get calico and other things. While we were there, the uncle of my husband got sick in our camp. So my husband said, “Let’s take him about a mile down the valley and sing over him there at the camp of a big medicine man called *ni ba bi je yi*.” So they did, and down there they sang over him all night, till almost dawn.

Just about dawn, some Mexican men came out over a hill above our camps. Now we heard a shot. Then there were lots of Mexicans, *se kine* [Tohono O'odham], and Americans all round us. They started to shoot into us. Men, women, and children they killed. They must have killed about one thousand of us, I guess. Only a few of us got away, up on the mountains. Later on the agent at San Pedro said that the people who had attacked us didn't belong to him and he never told him to do this. So those who were left of us went back down to San Pedro again and started drawing rations again and made friends again with the White people there. It was *chu gero* who had come out to our different camps to tell us to come in again. We went to *i yah nas pas si kaat* [Mesquite Circle In A Clump, the San Pedro agency], and big rations were issued to us there. There were lots of soldiers also. We all camped at *q i da s il kai* [A White House Up There, Old Painted Cave Ruin above Arivaipa Creek], up high, because we were scared of being attacked again. The women started again to cut hay, and sell it to the soldiers. *Non t an bi tane kaidn* was down there now. He gave out red tickets to the women who brought in hay, and told them to buy burros with them, so they could pack the hay in on the burro instead of on their backs.

Now everything was all right again, so *non t on bi tane kaidn* made up some scouts. . . . My brother who was sergeant of scouts—his name was *isl ki nas kizn*—was sent up with this scout to the Tonto Country to bring in the Tonto. There they killed some Tontos, caught some, boys, girls, men, women, and got them all together. Now the agent said we would all move to San Carlos and that he wanted all the Indians to come to that place. So we came on over the mountains in a big bunch and got to San Carlos. The White men with their teams and wagons had to go way round by Bowie, and up to Fort Thomas through, and then down the river to where we were.

SALLY EWING DOSELA

This narrative is an oral tradition told by Sally Ewing Dosela to Paul R. Machula before her death on Christmas Day in 1996.²⁹ This account is brief but powerful. The story was difficult for her to tell according to Mr. Machula, for she “obviously felt deeply the horrible injustice her family

had experienced.” Yet Ms. Dosela also asserted that this story reflects the profound connections her people made and continue to make to their homeland, and testifies to the survival of a people who have suffered from such inequities. Mr. Machula writes how he realized that “Mrs. Dosela was not just ‘telling me a story’ that day. In her quiet, respectful way she was teaching me a powerful lesson . . . that life is sacred. It is holy and beautiful. It should not be taken because of hatred. As human beings we are prone to sometimes ugly passions. Tragically, at times we become victims of those passions.”

Men from Tucson killed many people, some of them members of my family, at *al waipa* [Old Camp Grant]. . . . The sister of Uzbah was there. She was visiting her aunt. The people wanted to have a ‘sing,’ and so almost all the men had left their families to hunt for meat in the mountains. About four in the morning Uzbah’s sister heard some people come into the camp. She believed they were bringing water into the camp. But, ‘Why so many?’ she thought.

Then, she heard the guns. She also heard the people start crying, and the children began howling. It went on a long time. Uzbah’s sister ran away from there. She found a horse. She held on to that horse with one of her legs over its neck, so she couldn’t be seen. Then, she went up a trail into a hollow area [box canyon on Arivaipa Creek]. She hid there. Later she came down and found her cousins and aunt lying all around. All were dead. Blankets were wrapped around the people, and they buried them there.

JEANETTE CASSA

One early morning in February 2002 Jeanette Cassa spoke about the Apache experience in the Arivaipa to T. J. Ferguson, Vernelda Grant, and myself. She had lived along the San Pedro for a time in the 1950s, but mostly she learned these things from her elders. As far as she knew, the Apache name for the confluence of the San Pedro River and Arivaipa Creek was *lednłıı* (Flows Together), and Camp Grant used to sit just north of this spot. After a pause, Mrs. Cassa began to talk, softly but steadily, about the massacre that happened upstream. Like Ms. Dosela, this version is more compacted and concise than the accounts recorded by

Goodwin in the 1930s. However, Vansina has suggested that this process of compression is expected, for group accounts are “constantly and slowly reshaped and streamlined.”³⁰ Still, numerous features of this story correspond with other versions such as the advanced warning, the dance, use of war clubs, and the captives taken. Mrs. Cassa’s recital provides an example of continuity through oral tradition, as well as the way in which events of long ago continue to have deep meaning today.

As the men from Tucson were coming, an Apache scout saw them heading towards Camp Grant. He found a little Apache boy and told him to run back to where the Apache were camped near Camp Grant, and warn them to run away. The boy did so, but when he told the people, they did not believe him because he was so young, and so stayed where they were. That night [April 29, 1871], however, a medicine man had a dream, a vision, about what was going to happen. He warned the people and told them to gather near some cliff where they were camped. They had gathered for a dance to celebrate something. Some stayed and danced, while others left for the safety of the mountains. After the dance by the cliffs on the floodplain, the people just collapsed where they were. The next morning, the events happened. Manuel Jackson saw his mother get knocked down with a piece of wood and killed. He hid in the branches of a wickiup. It was the Anglos and Papagoes who did this, but afterwards, the Mexicans came and took children and women—and anyone else alive—captive.

A FUSION OF NARRATIVES

These Western Apache narratives converge and diverge in important and interesting ways. Concerning details, several compelling congruencies can be found, such as the detailed listing of rations (flour, sugar, coffee, meat, and corn) offered by both Walter Hooke and *bi ja gush kai ye*.³¹ Goodwin also recorded references to gathering hay in all three oral histories.³² Several important correspondences are also seen between the oral histories and the later oral traditions, like the celebration held the night before the massacre (discussed by Lahn, Sherman Curley, Jeanette Cassa, and Sally Ewing Dosela) and fleeing into the mountains after the attack (discussed by Sherman Curley, Walter Hooke, *bi ja gush kai ye*, and Sally Ewing

Dosela).³³ It is similarly significant how nearly all the narrators weave their story through geography, structuring the events around specific locales. These narratives taken as a body provide general convergences, painting a picture of the massacre involving several key narrative landmarks—that is, the coming into Camp Grant, the celebration, the brutality of the attack at Big Sycamore Stands There, and the resulting flight deep into the sanctuary of the mountains.

Paralleling these convergences are several divergences. One example is how Lahn and Jeanette Cassa were the only storytellers to include an element of foreshadowing, an unheeded warning. Another variation is the time of the attack, which ranges from “during the night” (Sherman Curley), “about four in the morning” (Sally Ewing Dosela), “just about dawn” (*bi ja gush kai ye*), “first light” (Lahn), and “morning” (Jeanette Cassa). Such discrepancies could be due to numerous effects, including faulty memories, evolving plots, the context in which the stories were told, and just plain different experiences.³⁴ The last possibility seems reasonable for many of the minute inconsistencies, especially given that upwards of 500 Apaches were in the area of Camp Grant at the time of the massacre.³⁵ Surely each person experienced something different during the holocaust, and consequently not just one single oral history would have emerged, but rather an array. In this light we can see that Walter Hooke, for instance, may not have told Goodwin about the warning simply because his family was not at Big Sycamore Stands There when the attack finally came. This is a reminder that no solitary experience, and certainly no one story, can capture the entire intricacy of an event like the Camp Grant Massacre.

These stories from the Apache experience do not undermine previous writings so much as expand on them, compelling us to rethink the event from new angles. The effect of these Apache narratives is particularly highlighted when we juxtapose the general patterns that emerge in them against some of the central themes that are invariably highlighted in the current literature. In the extant corpus, nearly every account begins with an investigation of sundry depredations that occurred in the months before the massacre. For some authors these raids and murders upon non-Apaches serve as explicit justification for the “retaliation”—murder for murder, rape for rape—perpetrated against the dozens of sleeping Apache families at Camp Grant.³⁶ In turn, other writers suggest that these depredations were in fact committed by different Apache bands that had not

yet surrendered to the United States Army and consequently underscore the injustice of the attack.³⁷ Regardless of the merit of these arguments, it is striking that such discussions are generally lacking in the Western Apache accounts (only briefly mentioned in Lahn's chronicle). The Indian narratives tacitly refute their links to the raids, for the lack of discussion suggests that they did not have a notion of why the massacre came to pass—they were not aware these raids existed for which they could be blamed.

Another motif repeatedly stressed in the non-Apache literature is the meeting of the attacking party at the Rillito River. At a prearranged spot, a gathering of Tohono O'odham, Mexican American, and Anglo-American combatants met, geared up with provisions, and selected a leader. Many narratives emphasize the number of the participants, highlighting the larger proportion of Tohono O'odham and Mexican American participants.³⁸ These accounts do not mention that while this group prepared for war, the Apaches were preparing for a celebration. Consequently, with the current literature, by the time the reader mentally arrives a day before the massacre, she or he feels the story swelling to a crescendo, whereas in the Apache stories, the reader feels relaxed as the settled and peaceful people get ready to feast. The double treachery of being attacked during a time of celebration and peace is thus not adequately conveyed in the current literature. The attack itself is similarly one-sided when we only read Anglo-American writings. During the attack, the current writings report that the Anglo-Americans and Mexican Americans sit on a nearby hill shooting at fleeing Apaches, while the Tohono O'odham do the sordid work of mauling women and children with mesquite clubs. Only in the accounts authored years later, long after the attackers have passed away, do we hear about the rapes of young girls—which, like the clubbings, are also consistently attributed to the Tohono O'odham.³⁹ However, with the accounts like those of Sherman Curley we see hints at a greater culpability of the entire attacking party, as we also learn about how disturbed the Apaches were to hear of the brutal treatment of their loved ones.

Most writers in the current corpus end their tale with the trial that charged 100 men with the murder of 108 Apache men, women, and children. Dramatically, the authors conclude with the verdict—pronounced after a mere nineteen minutes—of “not guilty.” However, in the Apache versions, the trial is not even mentioned. If the survivors of the massacre were ever aware of the tribunal, they either recognized it for the farce of

justice that it was or did not consider it an adequate vehicle of retribution. But for the Western Apache people who called the San Pedro River and Arivaipa Creek home, the massacre was just one part of a larger saga that concerned not just the loss of life one spring morning, but also the loss of one's land, one's entire way of life. Thus, these Apache narratives do not finish with an unequivocal verdict, but nearly in contrary terms, remain ambiguous and uncertain. The massacre constitutes not an isolated story, but an unfolding and still unfinished tale that connects people today to the lives of their ancestors—to the people and places that are the foundations for our modern world. These Apache stories, first experienced and then retold through the generations, consequently remind us that history is not only multivocal and multifaceted, but also a living part of who we are today.

NOTES

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1. John P. Clum, "Es-kin-in-zin," *New Mexico Historical Review* 3:4 (1928): 399–420; John P. Clum, "Es-kin-in-zin," *New Mexico Historical Review* 4:1 (1929): 1–27.

2. Writers have differently recorded *haské bahnzin's* name—Eskiminzin, Hackíbanzin, Eskiminzine, and so forth—but all refer to the same person. For the sake of consistency in this paper I use the spelling provided to me by San Carlos Apache elder Jeanette Cassa, which is notably similar to Grenville Goodwin's spelling (*hàckí bánzín*). Grenville Goodwin, *The Social Organization of the Western Apache* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1942).

3. For example, see J. C. Alexander, "Massacre at Camp Grant," *Mankind* 1:11 (1969): 34–40; Elliott Arnold, *The Camp Grant Massacre* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1976); Evaline Jones Auerbach, "Preemptive Strike Targeted Aravaipa Canyon," *The Oracle* 5:3 (2003): 16; Leo W. Banks, "Unfriendly Fire," *Arizona Highways* (June 2002): 20–23; James M. Barney, "The Camp Grant Massacre," *The Sheriff* (March 1946): 89–101; George P. Hammond, *The Camp Grant Massacre: A Chap-*

ter in *Apache History* (Berkeley CA: Proceedings of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association, 1929); James E. Hastings, "The Tragedy at Camp Grant in 1871," *Arizona and the West* 1:2 (1959): 146–60; Chelley Kitzmiller, *Embrace the Wind* (New York: Topaz, 1997); J. Phillip Langellier, "Camp Grant Affair, 1871: Milestone in Federal Indian Policy?" *Military History of Texas and the Southwest* 15:2 (1979): 17–30; Jerry E. O'Neil, "The Camp Grant Massacre," in *Where the Waters Meet: A 13,000-Year Adventure Along the Aravaipa*, ed. E. Dean Prichard (Winkelman AZ: Central Arizona College, 1985), 21–25; Don Schellie, *Vast Domain of Blood* (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1968); Jerome Wilson Stone, *The History of Fort Grant* (Unpublished Master's Thesis, Department of History, University of Arizona, 1941); Peter Vokac, "The Camp Grant Massacre as Tucson Residents Saw it in 1871," *Arizona Daily Star*, June 24, 1996; Richard T. Waterfall, "Vengeance at Sunrise: The Camp Grant Massacre, 30 April 1871," *Journal of the West* 21:3 (1992): 110–18.

4. For example, see Andrew Hays Cargill, "The Camp Grant Massacre: Reminiscences of Andrew Hays Cargill, 1907," *Arizona Historical Review* 7:3 (1936): 73–79. William S. Oury, "Article on Camp Grant Massacre," (Manuscript on file, Arizona Historical Society, Tucson, 1885); William S. Oury, "Historical Truth: The So-Called 'Camp Grant Massacre' of 1871," *Arizona Weekly Star*, July 3, 1897; John Wasson, "Bloody Retaliation," *Arizona Citizen* May 6, 1871; Royal E. Whitman, "Appendix A b, No. 2," in *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior for the Year 1871* (Washington DC: Government Printing Office, 1872), 69–71; Charles M. Wood, "Reminiscences of an Arizona Pioneer," *Tucson Magazine* (November 1953): 22–23, 36.

5. Of note, Tohono O'odham narratives have similarly been ignored despite several informative accounts recorded in the early part of the twentieth century. See Ruth M. Underhill, "A Papago Calendar Record," *University of New Mexico Bulletin Anthropological Series* 2:5 (1938): 36–38; Robert K. Thomas, "Papago Land Use: West of the Papago Indian Reservation, South of the Gila River, and the Problem of the Sand Papago Identity," (Manuscript on File, Western Archaeological and Conservation Center Library, Tucson, 1963): 13–15. For information on the use of partial and incomplete sources see, Sinclair Browning, *Enju: The Life and Struggles of an Apache Chief from the Little Running Water* (Lincoln: iUniverse, 2000); Sherry Robinson, *Apache Voices: Their Stories of Survival as Told to Eva Ball* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2000); Roscoe G. Wilson, "Camp Grant Massacre Called Early State's Most Brutal Tragedy," *Arizona Republic*, July 9, 1950.

6. Paul L. Allen, "Kin Want Death Site Marked," *Tucson Citizen*, April 3, 1995; Charles Bowden, "Apaches Honor the Memory of Massacre Victims," *Tucson Citizen*, April 30, 1984; Ric Volante, "Massacred Apaches Commemorated," *Arizona Daily Star*, May 1, 1982.

7. Grenville Goodwin was the chief proponent of the term “Western Apache,” which he used to label “all those Apache peoples who have lived within the present boundaries of the state of Arizona during historic times, with the exception of the Chiricahua, Warm Springs, and allied Apache, and a small band of Apaches known as the Apaches Mansos, who lived in the vicinity of Tucson.” Grenville Goodwin, “The Social Divisions and Economic Life of the Western Apache,” *American Anthropologist* 37:1 (1935): 55–64.

8. See John R. Welch and Ramon Riley, “Reclaiming Land and Spirit in the Western Apache Homeland,” *American Indian Quarterly* 25:1 (2001): 5–12; Ivan Jaksic, “Oral History in the Americas,” *Journal of American History* 79:2 (1992): 590–600.

9. For work on historicity in oral traditions, see Jennifer S. H. Brown and Elizabeth Vibert, eds., *Reading Beyond Words: Contexts for Native History* (Peterborough: Broadview Press, 1996); Julie Cruikshank, *The Social Life of Stories: Narrative and Knowledge in the Yukon Territory* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1998); T. J. Ferguson, Chip Colwell-Chanthaphonh, and Roger Anyon, “One Valley, Many Histories: Tohono O’odham, Hopi, Zuni, and Western Apache History in the San Pedro Valley,” *Archaeology Southwest* 18:1 (2004): 1–15; Patrick D. Lyons, *Ancestral Hopi Migrations* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2003); Devon A. Mihesuah, ed., *Natives and Academics: Researching and Writing about American Indians* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1998). For a critique on Western-based histories failing to render an unbiased view, see Chip Colwell-Chanthaphonh, “The Camp Grant Massacre in the Historical Imagination,” *Journal of the Southwest* 45:3 (2003): 349–69; and see John Camaroff and Hean Camaroff, *Ethnography and the Historical Imagination* (Boulder: Westview Press, 1992); Barbara Kruger and Phil Mariani, eds., *Remaking History* (Seattle: Bay Press, 1989); David J. Weber, *Myth and the History of the Hispanic Southwest* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1988); Hayden White, *Metahistory: The Historical Imagination in Nineteenth-Century Europe* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1973).

10. Gordon M. Day, “Oral Tradition as Complement,” *Ethnohistory* 19:2 (1972): 99–108.

11. Ronald J. Mason, “Archaeology and Native North American Oral Tradition,” *American Antiquity* 65:2 (2000): 239–66.

12. Sally Engle Merry, “Kapi’olani at the Brink: Dilemmas of Historical Ethnography in 19th Century Hawai’i,” *American Ethnologist* 30:1 (2003): 44–60.

13. Keith H. Basso, ed., *Western Apache Raiding and Warfare: From the Notes of Grenville Goodwin* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1993); Dan L. Thrapp, *The Conquest of Apacheria* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1967); Donald E. Worcester, *The Apaches: Eagles of the Southwest* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1979).

14. Keith H. Basso, “Western Apache,” in *Handbook of North American Indians*,

ed. Alfonso Ortiz (Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution, 1983), 462–88; John R. Welch, “White Eyes’ Lies and the Battle for Dzil Nchaa Si’an,” *American Indian Quarterly* 21:1 (1997): 75–109.

15. William B. Kessel, “The Battle of Cibecue and Its Aftermath: A White Mountain Apache’s Account,” *Ethnohistory* 21:2 (1974): 123–34.

16. Jan Vansina, *Oral Tradition as History* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1985), 12–13.

17. Richard Van Valkenburgh, “Apache Ghosts Guard the Aravaipa,” *Desert Magazine* 11 (1948): 16–20. According to Jeanette Cassa this could possibly be Lonnie Bullis, a descendent of Captain Chiquito, an Arivaipa Apache leader who resided along Arivaipa Creek for generations.

18. Western Apache place names used in this article were derived from Goodwin, *The Social Organization of the Western Apache*; Arizona State Museum Files, Tucson, Grenville Goodwin Papers; or fieldwork Dr. T. J. Ferguson and I conducted with Western Apache consultants between 2001 and 2003 in collaboration with the San Carlos Apache Tribe and the White Mountain Apache Tribe. When place names are quoted from an extant text, the original orthography was kept intact; otherwise spellings were provided by Jeanette Cassa. Jeanette said that she thought it was important to keep the original orthography as often as possible so future scholars and Apache speakers can derive their own meanings from the word given.

19. Vansina, *Oral Tradition as History*, 61.

20. Keith H. Basso, *Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscape and Language Among the Western Apache* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996), 35.

21. The word “Arivaipa” has been variously spelled over the years—Aravaypa, Arivapa, Aravaipa, and so on. No significance is given to these alternative spellings here.

22. Arizona State Museum Files, Grenville Goodwin Papers, MS 17, Box 2, Folder 32.

23. Goodwin, *The Social Organization of the Western Apache*, 27.

24. Arizona State Museum Files, Grenville Goodwin Papers, MS 17, Box 3, Folder 34.

25. Goodwin, *The Social Organization of the Western Apache*, 607.

26. See Thomas F. Thornton, “Anthropological Studies of Native American Place Naming,” *American Indian Quarterly* 21:2 (1997): 209–28.

27. Basso, *Wisdom Sits in Places*, 107.

28. Arizona State Museum Files, Grenville Goodwin Papers, MS 17, Box 3, Folder 34.

29. Jeanette Cassa explained to me that, “*bija gush kaiyé* is a pet name for a light-complected girl.”

29. Paul R. Machula, “Tribute to Mrs. Sally Ewing Dosela,” *San Carlos Apache Moccasin*, January 14, 1997; also reprinted as Paul R. Machula, “Tribute to Mrs. Sally Ewing Dosela,” <http://www.geocities.com/~zybt/dosela.htm> (retrieved June 2000).

30. Vansina, *Oral Tradition as History*, 21.

31. In a letter written by Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman to the Acting Assistant Adjutant General on February 28, 1871, Whitman reported that, "I rationed them while here, corn or flour, beans and meat, and encouraged them to come in . . ." (National Archives and Records Administration, RG 393, Entry 1, Volume 1, Old Camp Grant, Arizona, Letters Sent, Vol. 34, March 1869–August 1871). Additionally, a report of "articles issued to Indians" at Camp Grant between July and November of 1872 includes flour (99,504 lbs.), brown sugar (7,384 lbs.), coffee (1,826 lbs.), meat (55,703 lbs.), and corn (12,021 lbs.)—as well as corn meal (2,620 lbs.), soap (913 lbs.), and fine salt (913 lbs.). National Archives and Record Administration, M234, Roll 5, Letters Received by the Office of Indian Affairs 1824-1880, Arizona Superintendency 1863–1880, 1872.

32. The inclusion of gathering hay also concurs with Anglo-American accounts. A Major General wrote in regards to the Apaches at Camp Grant: "It is worthy of remark that these Indians paid for a large part of the rations issued to them by supplying hay and wood to the military posts, that the wood and hay thus furnished cost the government much less than before paid to contractors, and that the contractors they employed and customers thus lost the profits theretofore realized. It has been suggested that this may explain the Camp Grant massacre hereafter referred to" (National Archives and Record Administration, M666, Roll 44, Letters Received by the Office of the Adjutant General, Main Series 1871–1880, 1871 Annual Reports). Lt. Royal Whitman noted that prior to the massacre Apache women, children, and men collected almost 300,000 pounds of hay in two months time. Whitman, "Appendix A b, No. 2," 69.

33. The best indication in Anglo-American writings of a planned celebration the night before the massacre comes from a letter written by Vincent Colyer to Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior. Colyer writes in a conversation with *haské bahnzin* that "he was making tiswin (a drink) in peace when one morning he was attacked." It seems reasonable to posit that *haské bahnzin* was making the fermented corn drink in preparation for said celebration. National Archives and Records Administration, M234, Roll 4, Letters Received by the Office of Indian Affairs 1824-1880, Arizona Superintendency 1863–1880, 1870–1871. A local resident named William Hopkins Tonge writing to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs a week after the massacre, noted that "The Indians at the time of the massacre being so taken by surprise and considering themselves perfectly safe with scarcely any arms, those that could get away ran for the mountains." National Archives and Record Administration, M234, Roll 4, Letters Received by the Office of Indian Affairs 1824–1880, Arizona Superintendency 1863–1880, 1870–1871.

34. See Vansina, *Oral Tradition as History*, 53–54.

35. Captain Frank Stanwood counted 493 Apache Indians present on the Camp Grant Reservation on April 22, 1871. National Archives and Record Administra-

tion, RG 393, Entry 1, Vol. 1 of 1, Old Camp Grant, Arizona, Letters Sent, Vol. 34, March 1869–August 1871.

36. For example, John Wasson wrote, “The policy of feeding and supplying hostile Indians with arms and ammunition has brought its bloody fruits. . . . The murder of four citizens in San Pedro Valley, is quite certainly the work of these ‘friendlies,’ and so abundant had the evidence become that they were guilty of more atrocities under this assumed peace arrangement than ever before, the patient endurance of citizens was exhausted, and so they resolved retaliation.” Wasson, “Bloody Retaliation.”

37. Captain Frank Stanwood wrote on May 19, 1871: “I can say, and in this my reputation as an officer is at stake, that these Indians from the they [sic] first came to Camp Grant up to the time I left have to go on scout did not engage in any depredations upon the people of this territory.” National Archives and Record Administration, RG 393, Entry 1, Vol. 1 of 1, Old Camp Grant, Arizona, Letters Sent, Vol. 34, March 1869–August 1871.

38. See Colwell-Chanthaphonh, “The Camp Grant Massacre in the Historical Imagination,” 359–63.

39. For example, see Elliott Arnold, *The Camp Grant Massacre*, 413–14; and Don Schellie, *Vast Domain of Blood*, 149.