

# Dunham Singletary

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## FAMILY CONNECTIONS

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**Issue 1**

**15 January, 2010**

**Volume 7 ©**

### President's Letter

One of my new year's resolutions centers on generosity. A friend challenged me to be more aware of our wealth, and to share it by consciously gifting someone each day for 30 days.

As the scenes and stories of the destruction in Haiti have proliferated in today's media, I am even more strongly aware of all we have, and the many ways and opportunities we have to share. Time, money and emergency services are some gifts, but the intangibles are as important. Respect, patience, a good example, positive energy, compassion, a smile are gifts.

As you start this new year, take a look around you and appreciate what you have. And, when you can, share that wealth with others around you.

One gift we share today is new information about our Dunham roots, in this edition of the DSFC newsletter.

Trudy Dunham,  
President

### Editor's Corner

This issue of the Dunham-Singletary Family Connections newsletter announces a new website. It has been long in the making, and will still take considerable time before it is anywhere near completed. However, the process of getting the research that I and others have done over the past thirty years out where interested parties can view it has begun. The sample of what the home page looks like appears on page 5.

Sam E. Dunnam, former newsletter editor, and friend of Rev. James T. Dunnam has written to tell us of the death of Rev. Dunnam. Rev. Dunnam contributed a tremendous amount of information on the branch of the Dunnam family that originated in St Thomas St Denis Parish, South Carolina.

Finally a most interesting article about the Army experiences of a young bride tell us about her travels with the army in 1874. Martha (Dunham) Summerhayes of Nantucket, Massachusetts, gives insights of her travel to Arizona. The rigors, and the pleasures that she experienced on that long trip, make a delightful read.

Gratia Dunham Mahony,  
Editor

## Member's Corner

Paul C. Dunham and Gratia Dunham Mahony met in Kalispell, Montana in early November to discuss the *Dunham Families in America* website. The opportunity to meet occurred when Gratia went to Kalispell to visit her daughter who had just recently moved there. Paul



Paul C. Dunham and Gratia Dunham Mahony  
in Kalispell, MT in November of 2009

and his wife, Margaret, drove up from Helena so that Paul could discuss the mechanics of getting Gratia's research placed on a new website. This website will be dedicated to *The Dunham Families in America*.

As many of you know, Paul maintains the *Dunham-Singletary Family Connections* website. He is now working hard to get the new website up and running. Paul will do the *html* programming and will upload all of Gratia's research onto the proper pages. Just getting the site set up has taken most of a month, and this project will probably continue for many more months.

Paul has worked many long hours to set up the format for the new web pages. Difficulties with some of the programming, and the 2009 holiday season caused several long delays. *Dunham Families in America* is up and running. It contains a lot of information already, however, only the first two generations of the line of Deacon John Dunham of Plymouth, and the first two generations of the line of Jonathan <sup>2</sup> Dunham/alias Singletary have been posted to the website so far. Paul has some major work to do before we continue to input data, so those of you eager to see all the Dunham lines carried out will have to continue to be patient.

Paul and Gratia have had extensive assistance from Audrey (Shields) Hancock who has done proofreading of the material posted so far. President of DSFC Trudy Dunham has also provided her expertise on the mechanics of getting the web site up and running. Please see the sample of the homepage on page 5 of this issue of the newsletter.

Please include the URL in your browser. Then continue to monitor the website as it grows!

<http://dunham2000.ipower.com/Index.html>

**Rev. James T. Dunnam**



**July 2, 1929 – November 16, 2009**

**The Rev. James T. Dunnam:  
In Memoriam**

*by Sam E. Dunnam*

On November 16, 2009, we lost a prominent member of the southern Dunhams/Dunnams clan, the Rev. James T. Dunnam of State Line, Mississippi. James is best known for his massive Genealogy Page, which is the largest, most comprehensive genealogy of all those families with the surnames Dunham, Dunnam, Donham, Singletary, and related families who descend from John Dunnam of South Carolina (b. 1694, d. 1726/27). James spent at least twenty years working on the histories and relationships of these families, and his Genealogy Page is

without peer for anyone in these families who wishes to trace his or her relationships or compile a briefer history of their own line. In general, James' genealogy starts with John Dunnam of South Carolina. For reasons I shall elaborate in a future article, it has been difficult to go back further than this man for the southern group of Dunham/Dunnam families.

I had the pleasure of meeting James and his wife, Betty Sue, when we visited them in the spring of 2006 in State Line, MS. I had heard of James for years from my father, the late Sam E. Dunnam, Jr., when he worked for a while on our family history. This was in the days before the internet when most genealogical research was done by U.S. mail and long distance telephone. Dad knew he had lots of relatives in eastern Mississippi around Meridian. Somehow he had gotten in touch with James and he told me years later that James knew more about our relatives over there than anyone he'd talked to. I didn't start my own genealogical inquiries until 1989, the first year after I retired. Some time thereafter I ran across James' internet postings. Later I contacted him and we began to exchange emails. His database, which contains more than 30,000 names, was of enormous help to me in tracing out our own line, right back to John Dunnam of South Carolina—something my dad had not been able to do.

Finally, in 2006 my wife and I decided to make a trip to Mississippi to meet James personally. He and Betty Sue were kind enough to put us up for a couple of nights and they devoted an entire day to taking us around to the various hamlets and towns of that area to show us many Dunnam gravesites and to meet some of my more distant relatives living nearby. I was delighted to find and see my great, great grandmother's grave in a small church cemetery at Why Not, Mississippi, my grandfather's birthplace. James and Betty Sue could not have been more hospitable. I saw James a final time in the spring of 2007 when I attended a large Dunnam Family picnic near Meridian.

James graduated from Pascagoula High School, Mississippi, in 1947. In 1950 he graduated from Clarke Memorial College, Mississippi, and in 1952 from Mississippi College in Clinton, Mississippi. Then he attended New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary and in 1955 obtained his B.D. degree. Over his career in the ministry, he served as pastor to a number of Baptist churches in Alabama and Florida, finishing his career as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Fernandina Beach, Florida (for the second time.)

James Dunnam has made an enormous contribution to the genealogies of the Dunham group of families, and he will be sorely missed as an authority and source on them.

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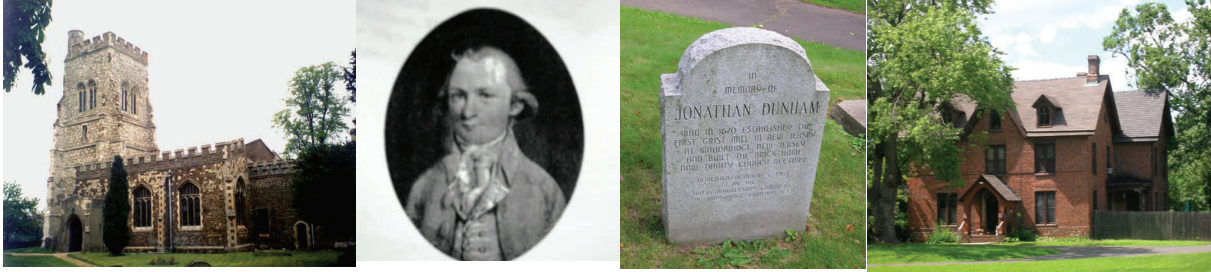
*Extensive research on the line descending from John Dunnam was done by Rev. James Terrell Dunnam. This research can be seen at his web site [www.freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~pastor/](http://www.freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~pastor/) and is under copyright date of 1999.*

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The line of descent of James Terrell Dunnam begins with John <sup>1</sup> Dunnam b. say 1694. It continues with John <sup>2</sup> Dunham b. 26 May 1714 St Thomas St Denis Parish South Carolina. The line goes on to John Peter <sup>3</sup>, Ebenezer McCants <sup>4</sup>, Ebenezer McCants <sup>5</sup>, James Nathaniel <sup>6</sup>, William <sup>7</sup>, James Terrell <sup>8</sup> Dunnam.

Sam E. Dunnam, who wrote the memoriam article is a third cousin once removed. Sam's line beginning with John <sup>1</sup> Dunnam b. say 1694, continues with John <sup>2</sup>, John Peter <sup>3</sup>, Ebenezer McCants <sup>4</sup> Robert Charlie <sup>5</sup>, Samuel Ellis <sup>6</sup> Dunnam I, Samuel Ellis <sup>7</sup> Dunnam II, Samuel Ellis <sup>8</sup> Dunnam III, Samuel Ellis <sup>9</sup> Dunnam IV.

NOTE: This line is believed to descend from Richard Singletary through his son Jonathan Dunham alias Singletary. Please see *Dunham Families in America* under the section about Richard Singletary and his son Jonathan Dunham alias Singletary.



# DUNHAM FAMILIES IN AMERICA

## [About This Site](#)

[Deacon John Dunham of Plymouth, Massachusetts](#)

[Jonathan Dunham/alias Singletary of Woodbridge, New Jersey](#)

[Nathaniel Dunham of Wrentham, Massachusetts and Hebron, Connecticut](#)

[Dunham Families of the American South](#)

[Dunham Families of Tennessee](#)

[Dunham Families Unplaced To Date](#)

[Dunham Families of England](#)

[Archives](#)  
(See individual listings)

*This site is dedicated to the presentation of scholarly research on Dunham families in America; to discovering the origins of these families around the world; and to acknowledging the contributions of these families throughout history.*

## **Dunham, Donham, Dunnam, and Denham**

Spelling variations for the surname Dunham include Dunham, Donham, Dunnam, and Denham. In cases where there is a different or more unusual spelling of the surname, it is so noted in the text.

The Dunham spelling is used most commonly by descendants of Deacon John Dunham of Plymouth. One branch of this line used the Donham spelling, and in one instance the Denham spelling was used.

The descendants of Jonathan Dunham/alias Singletary used both the Dunham and Donham spelling. Jonathan Dunham/alias Singletary of Woodbridge, New Jersey was the son of Richard Singletary, but he and all of his descendants used the surname Dunham or Donham.

The Dunham family who settled in St Thomas St Denis Parish SC used the Dunnam spelling of their surname.

Development of this site began in November 2009 and will continue indefinitely. Comments or suggestions to the editor, Gratia Dunham Mahony, are welcome.

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*Photos at top of this page:*

1. *St. Mary's Church, Henlow, England, site of baptism of John and Susan (Kaino) Dunham's son John.*
2. *Col. Azariah Dunham (1719-1790), probably the earliest known likeness of a member of the Deacon John Dunham line. [photo from *The Mapping of New Jersey*, p. 54]*
3. *Memorial marker to Jonathan Dunham, founder of the Dunham family of Woodbridge, New Jersey.*
4. *Home built by Jonathan Dunham of Woodbridge, now renovated & used as the Episcopal Church rectory.*

## **Excerpts from Martha (Dunham) Summerhayes**

*taken by Gratia Dunham Mahony  
from her book:*

### **VANISHED ARIZONA** **Recollections of the Army Life by a New England Woman** *by Martha (Dunham) Summerhayes*

An interesting story of some events in the life of Martha (Dunham) Summerhayes presents a picture of military life in the American West in 1874-5. Martha Dunham was born in Nantucket, Massachusetts 21 October, 1844. She was the daughter of Harrison G. O. and Sophronia (Edwards) Dunham. Her Dunham ancestral line back is from herself, Martha W.<sup>8</sup>, Harrison G. O.<sup>7</sup>, Joseph<sup>6</sup>, Joseph<sup>5</sup> Stephen<sup>4</sup>, Joseph<sup>3</sup>, Joseph<sup>2</sup> Deacon John<sup>1</sup> Dunham. Martha Dunham married Lieutenant John W. Summerhayes in 1874 and soon thereafter the young couple set out to join his regiment which was stationed at Fort Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

The following excerpts were taken from her book *Vanished Arizona*. John W. and Martha (Dunham) Summerhayes went on two separate tours to Arizona, and experiences from both tours are described in her book. Some of the experiences from their first tour are excerpted in this issue of the Dunham-Singletary Family Connections newsletter.

#### **From the Preface**

“I have not attempted to commemorate my husband’s brave career in the Civil War, as I was not married until some years after the close of that war, nor to describe the many Indian campaigns in which he took part... I have given simply the impressions made upon the mind of a young New England woman who left her comfortable home in the early seventies, to follow a second lieutenant into the wildest encampments of the American army....

Upon alighting from the train in Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory in April of 1874, two gallant officers, in the uniform of the United States infantry, approached and gave us welcome; and to me, the bride, a special ‘welcome to the regiment’ was given by each of them with outstretched hands. Major Wilhelm said, ‘The ambulance is right here; you must come to our house and stay until you get your quarters.’ Such was my introduction to the army--and to the army ambulance, in which I was destined to travel so many miles.

Four lively mules and a soldier driver brought us soon to the post, and Mrs. Wilhelm welcomed us to her pleasant and comfortable-looking quarters....Fort Russell was a large post, and the garrison consisted of many companies of cavalry and infantry. It was all new and strange to me.

## **Army House-Keeping**

Not knowing before I left home just what was needed for house-keeping in the army, and being able to gather only vague ideas on the subject from Jack, who declared that his quarters were furnished admirably, I had taken out with me but few articles...I began to have serious doubts on the subject of my ménage, after inspecting the bachelor furnishings which had seemed so ample to my husband....Jack had placed his furnishings (some lace curtains, camp chairs, and a carpet) in the living-room, and there was a forlorn-looking bedstead in the bedroom. A pine table in the dining-room and a range in the kitchen completed the outfit. A soldier had scrubbed the rough floors with a straw broom: it was absolutely forlorn, and my heart sank within me.

But then I thought of Mrs. Wilhelm's quarters, and resolved to try my best to make ours look as cheerful and pretty as hers. A chaplain was about leaving the post and wished to dispose of his things, so we bought a carpet of him, a few more camp chairs of various designs, and a cheerful looking table-cover. We bought white Holland shades for the windows, and made the three rooms fairly comfortable and then I turned my attention to the kitchen.

Of course, like all New England girls of that period, I know how to make quince jelly and floating island, but of the actual, practical side of cooking, and the management of a range, I knew nothing. Here was a dilemma, indeed!...I related my difficulties to Jack, and told him I thought we should never be able to manage with such huge kitchen utensils as were furnished by the Quarter Master Department. 'Oh, pshaw! You are pampered and spoiled with your New England kitchens,' said he; 'you will have to learn to do as other army women do--cook in cans and such things, be inventive, and learn to do with nothing.' This was my first lesson in army house-keeping.

I ran over to Mrs. Wilhelm's quarters and said, 'Will you let me see your kitchen closet?' She assented, and I saw the most beautiful array of tin-ware, shining and neat, placed in rows upon the shelves and hanging from hooks on the wall. 'So!' I said; 'my military husband does not know anything about these things;' and I availed myself of the first trip of the ambulance over to Cheyenne, bought a stock of tin-ware and had it charged, and made no mention of it--because I feared that tin-ware was to be our bone of contention, and I put off the evil day. The cooking went on better after that.

## **We Left Fort Russell**

In June the regiment was ordered to Arizona, that dreaded and then unknown land, and the uncertain future was before me....Jack had three large army chests brought over and placed before me. 'Now,' he said, 'all our things must go into those chests'--and I supposed they must. I was pitifully ignorant of the details of moving, and I stood despairingly gazing into the depths of those boxes. The jolly and stout wife of Major von Hermann passed by. She comprehended the situation and said 'You do not understand how to pack? Let me help you.' With her kind assistance the chests were packed.

We left Fort Russell about the middle of June, with the first detachment, consisting of head-quarters and band, for San Francisco, over the Union Pacific Railroad. It must be remembered, that in 1874 there were no railroads in Arizona. All troops which were sent to that distant territory either marched over-land through New Mexico, or were transported by steamer from San Francisco down the coast, and up the Gulf of California to Fort Yuma. From that point they marched up the valley of the Gila to the southern posts, or continued up the Colorado River by steamer to other points of disembarkation, whence they marched to the posts in the interior, or the northern part of the territory.

Much to my delight, we were allowed to remain over in San Francisco, and go down with the second detachment. We made the most of the time, which was about a fortnight, and on the sixth of August we embarked with six companies of soldiers, Lieutenant Colonel Wilkins in command, on the old steamship *Newbern*, for Arizona.

### **Down The Pacific Coast**

It was now the middle of August, and the weather had become insufferably hot, but we were out of the long swell of the Pacific Ocean; we had rounded Cape St. Lucas, and were steaming up the Gulf of California, towards the mouth of the Great Colorado. The heat in the Gulf of California was intense.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> of August we anchored off Mazatlan, a picturesque and ancient adobe town in old Mexico. The approach to this port was strikingly beautiful. Great rocks, cut by the surf into arches and caverns, guarded the entrance to the harbor. We anchored two miles out. A customs and a Wells-Fargo boat boarded us, and many natives came along side, bringing fresh cocoanuts, bananas, and limes. Some Mexicans bound for Guaymas came on board, and a troupe of Japanese jugglers.

While we were unloading cargo, some officers and their wives went on shore in one of the ship's boats, and found it a most interesting place. It was garrisoned by Mexican troops, uniformed in white cotton shirts and trousers. We visited the old hotel, the amphitheatre where the bull-fights were held, and the old fort.

### **The Slue**

At last, after a voyage of thirteen days, we came to anchor a mile or so off Port Isabel, at the mouth of the Colorado River. A narrow but deep slue runs up into the desert land, on the east side of the river's mouth, and provides a harbor of refuge for the flat-bottomed stern-wheelers which meet the ocean steamers at this point... The wind now freshened and beat the waves into angry foam, and there we lay for three days on the *Newbern*, off Port Isabel, before the sea was calm enough for the transfer of troops and baggage to the lighters.

Finally, on the fourth day, the wind abated and the transfer was begun. We boarded the river steamboat *Cocopah*, towing a barge loaded with soldiers, and steamed away for the slue... We spent seven days in and out of that slue. Finally, on August the 26<sup>th</sup>, the wind



subsided and we started up river. Towards sunset we arrived at a place called 'Old Soldier's Camp'. There the 'Gila' joined us, and the command was divided between the two river-boats. We were assigned to the *Gila* and I settled myself down with my belongings, for the remainder of the journey up river.

We resigned ourselves to the dreadful heat, and at the end of two more days the river had begun to narrow, and we arrived at Fort Yuma...Of course it was hot; it was August, and we expected it. But the heat of those places can be much alleviated by the surroundings. There were shower baths, and latticed piazzas, and large ollas hanging in the shade of them, containing cool water. Yuma was only twenty days from San Francisco, and they were able to get many things direct by steamer. Of course there was no ice, and butter was kept only by ingenious devices of the Chinese servants; there were but few vegetables, but what was to be had at all in that country, was to be had at Fort Yuma.

We stayed one more day, and left two companies of the regiment there. When we departed, I felt as though we were saying good-bye to the world and civilization, and as our boat clattered and tugged away up river with its great wheel astern, I could not help looking back longingly to old Fort Yuma.

## Up The Rio Colorado

And now began our real journey up the Colorado River, that river unknown to me except in my early geography lessons--that mighty and untamed river, which is to-day unknown except to the explorer, or the few people who have navigated its turbulent waters. Back in memory was the picture of it on the map; here was the reality, and here we were, on the steamer *Gila* with the barge full of soldiers towing on after us, starting for Fort Mojave, some two hundred miles above...

Sometimes the low trees and brushwood on the banks parted, and a young squaw would peer out at us. This was a little diversion, and picturesque besides. They wore very short skirts made of stripped bark, and as they held back the branches of the low willows, and looked at us with curiosity, they made pictures so pretty that I have never forgotten them. We had no kodaks then, but even if we had had them, they could not have reproduced the fine copper color of those bare shoulders and arms, the soft wood colors of the short bark skirts, the gleam of the sun upon their blue-black hair, and the turquoise color of the wide bead-bands which encircled their arms.

North of Ehrenberg...on the third of September the boilers 'foamed' so that we had to tie up for nearly a day. This was caused by the water being so very muddy. The Rio Colorado deserves its name, for its swift-flowing current sweeps by like a mass of seething red liquid, turbulent and thick and treacherous.

From there on up the river, we passed through great canons and the scenery was grand enough; but one cannot enjoy scenery with the mercury ranging from 107 to 122 in the shade. The grandeur was quite lost upon us all, and we were suffocated by the scorching

heat radiating from those massive walls of rocks between which we puffed and clattered along.

I must confess that the history of this great river was quite unknown to me then. I had never read of the early attempts made to explore it, both from above and from its mouth, and the wonders of the 'Grand Canon' were as yet unknown to the world. I did not realize that, as we steamed along between those high perpendicular walls of rock, we were really seeing the lower end of that great chasm which now, thirty years later, has become one of the most famous resorts of this country.

At last, on the 8<sup>th</sup> of September, we arrived at Camp Mojave, on the right bank of the river. It was a low, square enclosure, on the low level of the flat land near the river. It seemed an age since we had left Yuma, and twice an age since we had left the mouth of the river. But it was only eighteen days in all.... We bade good-bye to our gallant river captain and watched the great stern-wheeler as she swung out into the stream. We turned our faces towards the Mojave desert, and I wondered, what next?

### **The Mojave Desert**

The country had grown steadily more unfriendly ever since leaving Fort Yuma, and the surroundings of Camp Mojave were dreary enough.

But we took time to sort out our belongings, and the officers arranged for transportation across the Territory.... A comfortable large carriage, known as a Dougherty wagon, or, in common army parlance, an ambulance, was secured for me to travel in. This vehicle had a large body, with two seats facing each other, and a seat outside for the driver. The inside of the wagon could be closed if desired by canvas sides and back which rolled up and down, and by a curtain which dropped behind the driver's seat. So I was enabled to have some degree of privacy, if I wished....

At last the command moved out for the long journey to Fort Whipple. The wagons and schooners were each drawn by teams of six heavy mules, while a team of six lighter mules was put to each ambulance and carriage. These were quite different from the draught animals I had always seen in the Eastern States. These Government mules being sleek, well-fed and trained to trot as fast as the average carriage-horse... The main body of the troops marched in advance; then came the ambulances and carriages, followed by the baggage-wagons and a small rear-guard. When the troops were halted once an hour for rest, the officers, who marched with the soldiers, would come to the ambulances and chat awhile, until the bugle call for 'Assembly' sounded, and the march began again.

About the middle of September, we arrived at American ranch, some ten miles from Fort Whipple, which was the headquarters station.... Here we learned that K Company was to march on to Camp Apache, in the far eastern part of the Territory.

We were now enabled to get some fresh clothing from our trunks, which were in the depths of the prairie-schooners, and all the officers' wives were glad to go into the post,

where we were most kindly entertained. Fort Whipple was a very gay and hospitable post, near the town of Prescott, which was the capital city of Arizona. The country being mountainous and fertile, the place was very attractive, and I felt sorry that we were not to remain there...At Fort Whipple we met some people we had known at Fort Russell, who had gone down with the first detachment, among them Major and Mrs Wilhelm, who were to remain at headquarters. We bade good-bye to the Colonel and his family, to the officers of F (company), who were to stay behind, and to our kind friends of the Fifth Cavalry. We now made a fresh start, with Captain Ogilby in commend. Two days took us into Camp Verde, which lies on a mesa above the river from which it takes its name.

Still another company left our ranks, and remained at Camp Verde. The command was now getting deplorably small, I thought, to enter an Indian country, for we were now to start for Camp Apache. Several routes were discussed, but, it being quite early in the autumn, and the Apache Indians being just then comparatively quiet, they decided to march the troops over Crook's Trail, which crossed the Mogollon range and was considered to be shorter than any other route.

### **Across The Mogollons**

It was a fine afternoon in the latter part of September, when our small detachment, with Captain Ogilby in commend, marched out of Camp Verde. There were two companies of soldiers, numbering about a hundred men in all, five or six officers, Mrs. Bailey and myself, and a couple of laundresses...The traveling was very difficult and rough, and both men and animals were worn out by night. But we were now in the mountains, the air was cool and pleasant, and the nights so cold that we were glad to have a small stove in our tents to dress by in the mornings. The scenery was wild and grand.

It did not surprise us to learn that ours was the first wagon-train to pass over Crook's Trail. For miles and miles the so-called road was nothing but a clearing, and we were pitched and jerked from side to side of the ambulance, as we struck large rocks or tree-stumps. In some steep places, logs were chained to the rear of the ambulance, to keep it from pitching forward onto the backs of the mules. At such places I got out and picked my way down the rocky declivity.

We now began to hear of the Apache Indians, who were always out, in either large or small bands, doing their murderous work.

One day a party of horsemen tore past us at a gallop. Some of them raised their hats to us as they rushed past, and our officers recognized General Crook. All wore the flannel shirt, handkerchief tied about the neck, and broad campaign hat.

After supper that evening, the conversation turned upon Indians in general, and Apaches in particular. We camped always at a basin, or in some canon by a creek. Our camp that night was in the midst of a primeval grove of tall pine trees, verily, an untrodden land. We had a big camp-fire, and sat around it until very late. There were only five or six officers,

and Mrs. Bailey and myself...Midnight found us still lingering around the dead ashes of the fire. After going to our tent, Jack saw that I was frightened.

He then said, 'Don't worry, Martha, an Apache never was known to attack in the night,' and after hearing many repetitions of this assertion, upon which I made him take his oath, I threw myself upon the bed. After our candle was out, I said, 'When do they attack?' Jack who, with the soldiers' indifference to danger, was already half asleep, replied, 'Just before daylight, usually.' I was taking my first lessons in campaigning, and sleep was not so easy.

Just before dawn, as I had fallen into a light slumber, the flaps of the tent burst open, and began shaking violently to and fro. I sprang to my feet, prepared for the worst. Jack started up, 'What is it?' he cried. 'It must have been the wind, I think, but it frightened me,' I murmured. The Lieutenant fastened the tent-flaps together, and lay down to sleep again, but my heart beat fast, and I listened for every sound.

The day gradually dawned, and with it my fears of the night were allayed. But ever after that, Jack's fatal answer, 'Just before daylight,' kept my eyes wide open for hours before the dawn.

## **Camp Apache**

By the fourth of October we had crossed the range, and began to see something which looked like roads. Our animals were fagged to a state of exhaustion, but the traveling was now much easier and there was good grazing. After three more long day's marches, we arrived at Camp Apache.

At that time (1874) the officers' quarters at Camp Apache were log cabins, built near the edge of the deep canon through which the White Mountain River flows, before its junction with Black River.

We were welcomed by the officers of the Fifth Cavalry, who were stationed there. It was altogether picturesque and attractive. In addition to the row of log cabins, there were enormous stables and Government buildings, and a cutler's store. Quarters were assigned to us. The second lieutenants had rather a poor choice, as the quarters were scarce. We were assigned a half of a log cabin, which gave us one room, a small square hall, and a bare shed, the latter detached from the house, to be used for a kitchen. The room on the other side of the hall was occupied by the Post Surgeon, who was temporarily absent.

A carpet was nailed down over the poor board floor. Two iron cots from the hospital were brought over, and two bed-sacks filled with fresh, sweet straw, were laid upon them. Over these were laid our mattresses. We untied our folding chairs, built a fire on the hearth, captured an old broken-legged wash-stand and a round table from somewhere, and that was our living-room.

There was much that was new and interesting at the post. The Indians who lived on this reservation were the White Mountain Apaches, a fierce and cruel tribe, whose depredations and atrocities had been carried on for years. But this tribe was now under surveillance of the Government, and guarded by a strong garrison of cavalry and infantry at Camp Apache. They were divided into bands, under Chiefs Pedro, Diable, Patone and Cibiano. They came into the post twice a week to be counted, and to receive their rations of beef, sugar, beans, and other staples, which Uncle Sam's commissary officer issued to them.

In the absence of other amusement, the officers' wives walked over to witness this rather solemn ceremony. At least, the serious expression on the faces of the Indians, as they received their rations, gave an air of solemnity to the proceeding.

Large stakes were driven into the ground; and at each stake, sat or stood the leader of a band....Then the rest of them stretched out in several long lines, young bucks and old ones, squaws and papooses, the families together, about seventeen hundred souls in all. I used to walk up and down between the lines, with the other women, and the squaws looked at our clothes and chuckled, and made some of their inarticulate remarks to each other.

This tribe was quiet at that time, only a few renegades escaping into the hills on their wild adventures, but I never felt any confidence in them and was, on the whole, rather afraid of them. The squaws were shy, and seldom came near the officers' quarters. Some of the younger girls were extremely pretty; they had delicate hands, and small feet encased in well-shaped moccasins. They wore short skirts made of stripped bark, which hung gracefully about their bare knees and supple limbs, and usually a sort of low-necked camisa, made neatly of coarse, unbleached muslin, with a band around the neck and arms. In cold weather a pretty blanket was wrapped around their shoulders and fastened at the breast in front. In summer the blanket was replaced by a square of bright calico. Their coarse, black hair hung in long braids in front over each shoulder, and nearly all of them wore an even bang or fringe over the forehead.

### **Life Amongst The Apaches**

I was getting to learn about the indomitable pluck of our soldiers. They did not seem to be afraid of anything. At Camp Apache my opinion of the American soldier was formed, and it has never changed. In the long march across the Territory, they had cared for my wants and performed uncomplainingly for me services usually rendered by women. Those were before the days of lineal promotion. Officers remained with their regiments for many years. A feeling of regimental prestige held officers and men together. I began to share that feeling. I know the names of the men in the company, and not one but was ready to do a service for the 'Lieutenant's wife.' 'K' had long been a bachelor company; and now a young woman had joined it. I was a person to be pampered and cared for, and they know besides that I was not long in the army. During that winter I received many a wild turkey and other nice things for the table, from the men of the company. I learned to know and to thoroughly respect the enlisted man of the American army.

The winter came on apace, but the weather was mild and pleasant. One day some officers came in and said we must go over to the 'Ravine' that evening, where the Indians were going to have a rare sort of a dance. So, after dinner, we joined the others, and sallied forth into the darkness of an Arizona night. We crossed the large parade-ground, and picked our way over a rough and pathless country, lighted only by the stars above.

Arriving at the edge of the ravine, what a scene was before us! We looked down into a natural amphitheatre, in which blazed great fires; hordes of wild Apaches darted about, while others sat on logs beating their tomtoms. I was afraid, and held back, but the rest of the party descended into the ravine, and leaning on a good strong arm, I followed. We all sat down on the great trunk of a fallen tree, and soon the dancers came into the arena.

They were entirely naked, except for the loin-cloth; their bodies were painted and from their elbows and knees stood out bunches of feathers, giving them the appearance of huge flying creatures. Upon their heads were large frames, made to resemble the branching horns of an elk, and as they danced, and bowed their heads, the horns lent them the appearance of some unknown animal, and added greatly to their height. Their feathers waved, their jingles shook, and their painted bodies twisted and turned in the light of the great fire. At one moment they were birds, at another animals, at the next they were demons... Suddenly the shouts became war whoops, the demons brandished their knives madly, and nodded their branching horns, the tomtoms were beaten with a dreadful din, and terror seized my heart. What if they be treacherous, and had lured our small party down into this ravine for an ambush! The thing could well be, I thought. I saw uneasiness in the faces of the other women, and by mutual consent we got up and slowly took our departure.

Scarce three months after that some of the same band of Indians fired into the garrison and fled to the mountains.

### **A New Recruit**

In January our little boy arrived, to share our fate and to gladden our hearts. As he was the first child born to an officer's family in Camp Apache, there was the greatest excitement.

The seventh day after the birth of the baby, a delegation of several squaws, wives of chiefs, came to pay me a formal visit. They brought me some finely woven baskets, and a beautiful papoose-basket or cradle, such as they carry their own babies in. This was made of the lightest wood, and covered with the finest skin of fawn, tanned with birch bark by their own hands, and embroidered in blue beads. It was their best work. I admired it, and tried to express to them my thanks. These squaws took my baby (he was lying beside me on the bed)... They looked about the room, until they found a small pillow, which they laid into the basket-cradle, then put my baby in, drew the flaps together, and laced him into it. Then they stood it up, and laid it down, and laughed again in their gentle manner, and finally soothed him to sleep. I was quite touched by the friendliness of it all. They laid the cradle on the table and departed.

The long-expected promotion to a first lieutenancy came at about this time. Jack was assigned to a company which was stationed at Camp MacDowell, but his departure for the new post was delayed until the spring should be more advanced and I should be able to undertake the long rough trip with our young child. The second week in April, my baby just nine weeks old, we began to pack up...It was arranged for Mrs. Bailey, who was to spend the summer with her parents at Fort Whipple, to make the trip with us. There were provided two ambulances with six mules each, two baggage-wagons, an escort of six cavalymen fully armed, and a guide. Lieutenant Bailey was to accompany his wife on the trip.

I was genuinely sorry to part with Major Worth at Camp Apache, but in the excitement and fatigue of breaking up our home, I had little time to think of my feelings. My young child absorbed all my time. Alas! for the ignorance of young women, thrust by circumstances into such a situation! I had miscalculated my strength, for I had never known illness in my life, and there was no one to tell me any better. I reckoned upon my superbly healthy nature to bring me through. In fact, I did not think much about it; I simply got ready and went, as soldiers do.”

*Excerpts from VANISHED ARIZONA may continue in a future issue.*

*The complete etext version of the book Vanished Arizona may be viewed through Arthur's Classic Novels at <http://arthurwendover.com/arthurs/western/variz10.html>*