

Chapter One

I don't remember too much from when I was small. It seems like the family was always traveling, though, I remember that. That's how it was in those days—people traveled all the time, looking for something to eat, looking for something to do. People went where they were needed. Wherever we went, it seems like we had relatives that we stayed with. My grandmother Rose used to tell us, me and my brothers, "You have to know who your relatives are. If something happens, they're the ones that will try and help you out." So wherever we went, I guess that's what we did—we got to know our relatives and learned about them.

Rose Lupe—Captured by an Outlaw—The Death of Tulene—A Catholic Priest near Christmas—All Kinds of Medicines—Frank Case, Storyteller—"Grandpa's Drowning!"—William Lupe—John Lupe—Lupa—Blue House Mountain—"He Chewed It Up Like Crackers!"—Hard Candy—William Goshoney—They Sang All Night—"Use the Rain"—How to Get Up Fast—Ann Beatty—Revolt at San Carlos—Carlisle Indian School—Robert Beatty—School at Cibecue—Wild Horses—Emma Tulene and Willie Stevens—John Langley Tulene—"We Sure Did Travel All Over"—"Don't Let the Sun Step Over You"—Nest'án Yolilé (She Brings Home Fruits And Vegetables)

Rose Lupe

My grandmother was Rose Lupe. Her clan is Tséch'ishjiné [Rocks Protruding Out Darkly People]. She was my father's mother. She was from

Oak Creek.¹ She was the one that raised me, her and my mother. She was always taking care of me. She lived with us a lot of the time, even after she went to San Carlos and started having children over there.

My grandmother Rose said it was real hard when she was a girl. She said, "There's no way you could get clothes or nothing. They used to use those baby deerskins, the ones that have spots on them. They used to tan those and use them to make clothes with." She said, "Everything was hard to get. We used to eat snowbirds, those little tiny ones, in the wintertime." She used to talk about it a lot. She used to cry a lot when she talked about it, too. One time, my oldest brother, Eugene, got mad at her. He said, "How come you want to cry? You're not in that time still. Now you're safe. I don't see why you want to cry." My grandmother said, "I think how we suffered in those times, that's what I'm thinking about."

My mother said that my grandmother got married when she was only a little girl yet. Long years ago, they used to give their daughters away to the mens and families that wanted them. I think that's how she got married. She was very young, probably about twelve or eleven. She never did go to school.

My grandmother Rose was a short one. My mother was tall. I wonder why, in those days, all the ladies were tall. The mens were tall, too. But after that, they started getting shorter and shorter. All in my family were tall, all except Joe and me. Maybe it's because of my grandma, she was a little one, too. My grandma was a nervous lady. She was easy to cry. She used to talk about having a hard life all her life, and that made her that way, she said. When she got excited, you could hear her talking a long ways off.

Captured by an Outlaw

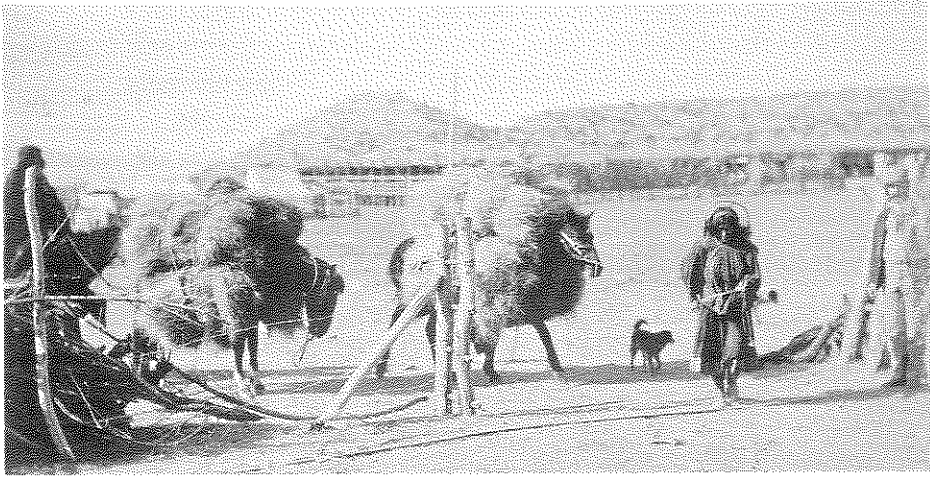
My grandmother Rose used to talk about when she was a young girl. She said it was dangerous to show yourself anywhere. See, Geronimo and those other outlaws were out and you had to be hiding all the time—especially young girls, like she was. She was living in Oak Creek and those outlaws used to come over there. They went all over, everywhere. They went all the way to Camp Verde. They were looking for horses, stealing horses.²



Rose Lupe (left) with her daughter-in-law, Amelia Case, at Rice, San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation, about 1940. This is the sole surviving photograph of Eva Watt's grandmother, a traditional herbalist whose copious knowledge of medicinal plants benefited many people.

My grandmother Rose was captured. That happened before my time. My father told me about it. He was there when it happened.

Up towards Globe there's a little pointed mountain. They were camping there, close to that pointed mountain. They were camping in a deep wash, way down where nobody could see them. They were down

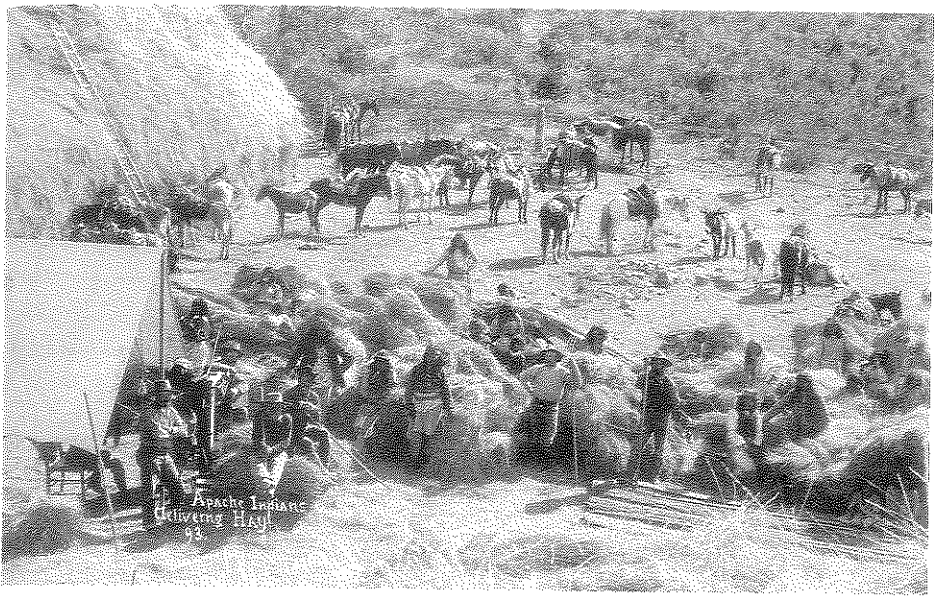


Western Apache woman bringing grass to sell at Fort San Carlos, San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation, date unknown. She is carrying a cradleboard on her back.

there — my grandmother and grandfather and my father and two other boys. They were cutting grass. They used to cut grass for the army.³ They sold it. One bundle cost a quarter. So that's what they were doing, cutting grass to take over there to San Carlos so they could buy themselves something to eat. That's how people made their money.

My grandfather was down there by their camp. It was in a deep place. They couldn't see anything up towards the top 'cause there's lots of mesquite trees up there. My grandfather told my grandmother not to go up there. He said, "There's lots of grass growing right along here. Cut the grass down here. Don't go up there." But she won't listen! She went up. She said, "There's more grass up there. There's lots of grass under those mesquite trees."

So she went up there. My father was with her. He was about twelve or thirteen years old. He was laying down under a mesquite tree, cutting grass, and that's when he seen it! He seen something move! So he just laid low under the tree and started looking. He just quiets down. "Yes," he said, "be quiet." Then he saw that man! My father said he was just *full* of eagle feathers, the soft ones. They were all over him. And he was going real low, stooping down as low as he can. My grandmother



Western Apaches delivering and stacking grass at Fort Apache, Fort Apache Indian Reservation, about 1889. Enormous amounts of wild grass, cut and transported mainly by Apache women, were sold to the garrison at Fort Apache as fodder for horses and mules.

was walking between the trees, going from one tree to another, and that man was getting closer to her, getting closer. My father couldn't do nothing. He started yelling and that's when that man hit my grandmother. He knocked her down. He picked her up and ran with her. And right there, behind some big rocks, he had his horse. He put her on the horse and took off. There's another wash there, close to where they were camping, and they went up that one. I don't know where they went after that.

My father was scared 'cause his mother was taken. He didn't know what to do. He ran down to the camp and told them that she was taken. That's when they all got scared, my grandfather and those three boys. They tried to follow her but they couldn't find her. Then they got the grass they already cut and threw the bundles in the wagon. They took off to the army camp at San Carlos—it's not very far from where they were at—and they told them what happened. They told those

armys [soldiers] that an outlaw captured my grandmother. They went all over everywhere looking for her. They came back. They didn't find her. He was a real tricky man! He took her to that big tall mountain behind Bylas. They went up and up to a rocky place in there. It's hard for horses unless you know what you're doing—the rocks cut their feet—and at that time there's no good trail.

But my grandmother came back. She came back about four days later. She came back to Joseph Hoffman's home. That outlaw man didn't hurt her. All he wanted was his meat cut up in pieces. He killed two deer and he wanted her to make jerkies for him. He said he's not supposed to do it himself. So that's what she did. "Slice it thin and dry it," he told her. "When it's not too dry, pound it on a rock, not too much, just soft enough to roll it." That's what she did and then she packed it all in his bag. She said he's got a big leather bag. She said he's got *everything* in there—material, dishes, even little pots and pans.

She said that he built a fire. Then he put a piece of deer meat on a stick. He just rolled it over the fire. He didn't like his meat well-cooked. It's almost raw, barely warmed up. He tried to give her some of that meat, but she said she didn't want it. He's got little corn cakes—I guess it's cornbread—but they're little tiny ones. He carried those with a string through a hole in the middle. He gave her one. She said that was good. She ate that little corn cake but she wouldn't eat the meat. It wasn't cooked, so she won't eat it.

When she finished making all those jerkies, that man gave her two pieces of material and a blanket out of his bag. This was at night, real early in the morning. He told her, he said, "Go home." Slowly, she went off. She looked back to see if there's anything moving around, and she seen him making a torch out of brush. That's when she really took off! She thought he was gonna come after her again. It scared her so much 'cause that man was *fast*! She ran! She ran all the way down the mountain! She said she got lots of stickers in her feet, but she just didn't care. She left her moccasin shoes behind. I guess he made her take them off so she won't run away.

She ran all the way to Rice, to Joseph Hoffman's home. He was one of my grandpas. She got there just when the sun was coming up. I guess those armys were watching the camp. She hollered at them and two of them came over. They asked her how she got away. She told them.



Joseph Hoffman, medicine man, San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation, about 1940.

Then those armys took her back to where she was. They took her up there. Everything was *gone!* She said that you can't even see that somebody was there! The fire was covered up with dirt. That man threw gravel on top of it. It looked like a natural place. Those armys told her that she was lying. "There's no fire, no ashes, nothing!" So she took a stick and started digging—and there were the ashes again. They were still a little bit warm.

When they brought my grandmother back to San Carlos, she was really feeling bad. She cried and cried, thinking about it. She said, "I thought I was never gonna see my husband and my son again." That's what she told them. My father told her, "It's your own fault for showing yourself. You're not supposed to cut grass up there."

So they left San Carlos and came back to Oak Creek. They stayed over there with my grandmother's brothers, William and John Lupe. She won't go anyplace for a long time, for over a year. She didn't want to go nowhere. She said, "That man *sneaks around!*" She said, "You think he's gone somewhere far away and he might be sitting there close to you. And you don't even know it! He sneaks around! You can't hear him! He's worse than a cat!"

One thing he did before he let her go was cut her hair. In those days, the ladies parted their hair down the middle and tied it back. Well, he untied it, and then he cut off the front part on both sides and tied it back again. She said he did that to all his captives. He marked them that way. So her hair was chopped off. It looked like he did it with a knife, my father said, 'cause it was all uneven. It wasn't done with a scissors.

The Death of Tulene

My grandmother's first husband was Tulene. That was his name. He was from somewhere around Camp Verde. His clan is Biszàhą [Clay Riverbank People]. He was born at a place called Tú Nlį́ [Water Flowing], so that's why they called him Tulene. He got killed on the road to Roosevelt somewhere near Wheatfields.

My grandfather lost his life for curiosity—for curiosity he lost his life. They were all there in a wickiup. My grandmother said somebody was shooting. Somebody was shooting out there and my grandfather

wanted to see why they're fighting. My grandmother told him, she said, "Stay in bed. Leave them alone. Let them go and fight among themselves." She said, "They fight all the time. You don't need to know who they are."

But that man won't listen! He got up and put his boots on and went outside. He was standing right by the wagon and the harness was hanging on the wheel. They were still shooting. A bullet hit him right in the heart. He fell over and that's when they heard the harness fall off the wagon. I guess he was holding onto it and it fell down with him.

My father and Eugene jumped up! They went over there. Eugene said, "My grandpa is killed! Somebody killed him!" Eugene got a gun and my father grabbed a gun. They started shooting real bad. My father said, "I'm gonna kill every one of you *mean* people!" He said, "You *stupid people!* You don't even realize you killed somebody that's not even in your own party." He was *mad!*

There's lots of Mexicans that used to come up there. They were having a party. They were drinking moonshine whiskey. They sold that moonshine or traded it for cooked mescal.⁴ That's why they were up there. Our family had lots of that cooked mescal and those Mexicans wanted to trade whiskey for it. But they got drunk and started shooting.

The family was going to Roosevelt but they never made it. They had to turn back. They came back to Cibecue 'cause of my grandpa. My grandmother Rose took it real hard. They got back to where John Lupe's field was, under Blue House Mountain, and she stayed there a while with her brother. She stayed there over a year after her first husband got killed. She just went back and forth between there and Oak Creek.

A Catholic Priest near Christmas

My family was Catholics. My grandmother Rose was the first one. She said that they were camping somewhere along the river [Gila River] down there near Christmas. She was down there, her and her sister, working on somebody's farm. Long years ago, the Apaches used to have fields along that river and that's what she was doing, helping those people out in their fields.

A Catholic priest used to ride there.⁵ One day, she said, they were

sitting by the roadside when he came. She was sitting there with them. He started talking to those ladies. He wanted to know what they were doing and all that. There was a man with them that understood English, so he interpreted for the priest. Those ladies got interested in it. They just sat there and sat there and listened to it. Finally, the priest left. He said, "I'll come back and see you tomorrow." The next day, they were working in the fields. They were looking for him, waiting for him to come back. And when they seen him coming, they went up to the road to meet him again. Then they were in it—they became his class. After that, he went to the fields and sat under a cottonwood tree, so they went over there and had their meetings with him.

Then, after she married that man from San Carlos [Frank Case], she seen a priest there, too. She knew what they are. She went over to the church, I guess, and that priest gave her some papers to take home with her. Then, every Sunday, that priest came after her. Every Sunday he came over there and took her to the church. And finally she took my father, then my mother, and then all the kids. They followed her up there. So that's how they became Catholics long years ago. My grandmother Rose got interested in it.

All Kinds of Medicines

My grandmother Rose knew all the herbs. She used to gather roots and stuff for *izee* [plant medicines]. She carried all kinds of medicines with her. She cured people. She used to show me which plant is this and which plant is that. She used to give me a leaf. "Go find this one for me," she said. Lots of times she didn't see good 'cause she had only one eye. It's white. She was braiding a basket and they told her to go check on something. She got up to do that. When she got up, I guess one of those frame pieces hit her in the eye, right in the middle. It hurt her real bad. All the water inside her eye drained out. Then that black spot in the middle of her eye turned white. She had only one eye after that. That's the reason she showed me all those things. When she went after medicine plants, I had to go with her to show her where they are. And when I found one for her, while she's digging up that one, I was looking around for another one. I used to help her that way.

There's so many different medicines. She even used old dry bones,

bones that turned white from the sun. They have to be real dry. We used to go out looking for them. All she needs is one piece, one big piece. She cleaned it up. She washed the dust and dirt off. She scrubbed it with a little broom or brush. Then she put it out to dry. When it's dry, she cracks it on a rock, and then she grinds it, makes it into a powder. After that, she mixed it with some kind of root and that was one of her medicines.

She taught me plants and herbs and lots of things to eat, things that grow, teas and medicines and all that stuff. My mother knew all that, too. It's nice to know those things. See, in those days, everything was hard to get. So, if you saw anything like that, you knew it was good, especially in the springtime, 'cause lots of plants come up from the ground—wild spinach and watercress and another one that looks like lettuce. Maybe that's why the people were healthy. They ate all those vegetables from the ground. Berries, too, they ate lots of berries. And yucca—they cooked that and it was just like molasses. It tasted like sorghum syrup.

My grandma showed me how to cook with acorns and piñon nuts and *ch'ildiyé* [walnuts]. And mushrooms. They used to find mushrooms on walnut trees. My grandmother cut them off a little ways from where they're stuck to the tree. She brought them home and soaked them in water. Then she boiled them with meat, some dry jerky that she keeps all the time. She cut those mushrooms in little strips. Then she mixed them with acorn powder and a little water and poured them in with the meat. She made a stew that way. It tastes good.

I lived with my grandmother Rose all over, everywhere. She was even at Mormon Flat. She followed us all the way down there and stayed with us for about two months. Then she went back to San Carlos. My grandpa Frank [Case] got his army pension there—I guess he got some kind of a check—so that's why she went back. She was still making baskets. She could see good enough for that, even after she lost her eye. She used to make bowl baskets, the kind you sew over and over again. She sold them in Globe. And sometimes, when the wagon trains went through the reservation, people came by and bought them from her at home. Some of them paid her money and some gave her lots of food. Her baskets came out good! It seemed to me they were perfect.

Frank Case, Storyteller

My grandmother Rose traveled a lot! She went *everywhere*! After my grandfather [Tulene] got killed, she stayed with her brother, John Lupe. She went down there to Tséetèh Na'áá [Rocks Standing In The Water], down there to his fields. Then she started going back and forth to San Carlos to get rations. That's where she got acquainted with that man, Frank Case. I guess she was thinking about him 'cause one time she went down there and never did come back 'til a year later. That man was a scout for the army.⁶ They got married. She got caught down there at the army camp! Her brothers were mad at her when she brought that man back home. "You should have brought him back a long time ago," they said. "Why didn't you let us know what's going on down there?"

That man's father was Ha'i'áha [Mescalero Apache] and his mother was from here [Western Apache]. I think that's the way it was. He was from Mescalero, somewhere down there, and those Mescaleros captured a lot of [Western Apache] women. I think his mother was one of them. He was born over there and became a scout for the army. He moved to San Carlos to the army camp, and that's where my grandmother found him.

He got shot someplace close to Patagonia. I guess they were looking for Mexicans, chasing them back 'cause they're coming into the United States bringing all kinds of stuff. He was riding a horse and they shot at him. It hit him in his hip, right in the middle, and shattered his bone. He couldn't walk good after that. They tried to give him crutches but he never did use them. It looks like he's got a short leg on the side where he got shot. He walked with a cane. He limped. After he got shot, they took him out of the army. They gave him a pension, and he lived on that down there at San Carlos. My grandpa Frank used to love to dance. He stood in one spot, and he had his cane in front of him, and he danced around it. "That's what the ladies like," he said. That was *funny*!

My grandmother Rose started having children with that man. She had six children with him. The first was Lewis, then Clark, then Freeman, Bessie, George, and Raymond—they're all Cases. My grandmother had two children with her first husband, my father and his sis-

ter, my aunt Emma. She used to say that all together she had fourteen kids. I guess she lost six. They were just babies when they died. She kept losing them. She said that she lost three at one time to TB.⁷

He [Frank Case] was a real kind man. He used to sit there, and we were sitting all around him, and he told us stories about old times. That's why all the kids liked him, 'cause of his stories. Back then, kids used to *listen!* "Sit and be still!" he said. When the sun went down, when it got dark, he started with the stories. He used to tell us all different stories—Fox, Turkey, Bear, Turtle, Rabbit, all the animals. He's got roasted corn. There's an empty can to put your corn in, and every time he tells a story, after it's finished, you put a corn [a single kernel] in your can. And after all the stories are over with, about four o'clock in the morning, you have to eat those corns—'cause if you don't eat them, you never will remember the stories.

"Grandpa's Drowning!"

You know, my grandpa Frank almost drowned. We were at San Carlos and it rained up high towards Hill Top. It's *real dark* up there all morning, like it's really raining hard. And we went to one of my uncles that day 'cause he told us to come and get some vegetables. He gave us all we wanted—corn, squash, beans, potatoes, everything. When we got ready to go, my uncle took the wagon with the vegetables in it across the river [San Carlos River] for us. He said, "I don't want to take these vegetables off and pile them back on, so I guess you're gonna have to walk across." So we started crossing the river. We got about halfway across, and that's when we seen the driftwood coming down. "Hurry! It's gonna get flooded!" We hurried. We got across.

And my grandpa was behind us. He was talking to somebody back there. Then he started walking across on his cane. He almost got across. He almost got to the edge on the other side of the river, and that's when he tumbled over. The water starts rolling him down. I was screaming my head off! "Grandpa's going! Grandpa's drowning!" And his sons, two of them, jumped in the water and went after him. They pulled him out and put him on the shore. They put him on his stomach and they were pressing on him and lots of water was coming out. After a while, he sat up. "You see, we told you to hurry up. You just sat there

and talked too much. You could talk your life away." That's what they told him.

William Lupe

My grandmother Rose had two brothers and one sister. William Lupe, F-1, was the oldest.⁸ He was the leader of the people living at Oak Creek and Chediskai. He had two wives. One of them was a Pima.⁹ They had a fight with the Pimas and captured that girl. I guess she got acquainted with my grandfather right away, coming back this way, and she just stayed with him. She was just a young girl. She had more kids than his other wife. His other wife was Apache. She was from Oak Creek. My grandpa Bill had a *big* family.¹⁰ He had almost twenty-five kids coming from those two wives. I think he had fourteen from one and ten from the other. But lots of them died from TB. From the '20s on back, that TB was *bad!*

John Lupe

John Lupe was the next one born after F-1. Then my grandmother Rose was born, and then her sister, Lupa. John Lupe was F-3, that was his brand. He had a farm below Medicine on the Salt River, way down there. They call that place Tséetèh Na'áá. Now there's nothing but mesquite trees down there. Back then, there was more water in the river. My grandfather made a big irrigation ditch way up above his fields, a big one.

He had lots of people working for him down there. My mother and father used to live with him down there. They kept up his farm for him while he had other things to do. He used to plant lots of corn and wheat, and lots of watermelons, cantaloupes, all those things. And he used to plant beans, little tiny ones, black ones. And sorghum, he grew that, too. If people working for him had kids, he cut some of that sorghum and gave it to them. They're satisfied with that!

They cut the wheat with little sickles. Then they tied it in bundles and set those out in the sun. Then, when the grains start coming out, they put the bundles on a big canvas and beat it with sticks. That's how they took all the grains out. After that, they throwed it up in the air