Grandparents would often speak of the place called White Mountain, or Sierra Blanca. It was there that the Creator, Ussen, gave the Apaches life and it was there that during a rainstorm when thunder and lightning ripped through the heavens that Child of the Water was born. Sierra Blanca also provided bounty and special spiritual strength for the ancient Jornada Mogollon.

Whispers of the ancients, the drums, the chants, and the dances of the Mountain Spirits will also continue forever according to the Apache because even today their special ceremonies prevail and are conducted annually much as they were when they were living throughout the borderlands.
Part 1

Who was Eve Ball?

Knowing Eve was an adventure in itself and as I worked with her day by day, month by month, I was allowed a sneak preview into her decades on this earth. She was funny, generous beyond measure, independent, gutsy and always ready to help a fellow author or individual who cared about history. Little did I know when I first met her that I needed to put on my seat belt for I would be in for quite a ride!

We met at a Lincoln County Historical Society meeting in Capitan, New Mexico. It was show and tell night and in addition to a ‘downhome’ potluck meal there was excitement in the air and finally I figured out why. The elderly woman sitting at my table with the sparkling and mischievous gray eyes was the featured guest. When she began speaking the audience was in the palm of her hand. I later found this to be true on every occasion when she spoke. She did not need props, slides, or music. She simply spoke from the heart.

That evening she held in her hand a war club that belonged to Asa “Ace” Daklugie (son of Chief Juh of the Nednhi Apache and nephew of Geronimo). She explained that as a young warrior, Daklugie and several Apache finally surrendered to the military that had hounded them for many months. Eventually 5,000 Mexican and U.S. cavalry and Apache scouts versus their handful of warriors and family made them realize if they wished to survive, surrender was the only option. They finally did so in September of 1886.

Knowing he might never see his beloved homeland again, Daklugie decided on his final act of defiance. His enemies would not strip him of all of his weapons. It was a heart-wrenching time, yet in that one act of defiance, Daklugie exemplified Apache disdain for the enemy. The Blue Coats had already taken their knives, cartridge belts, rifles, spears, extra moccasins, bows and arrows. Walking up a nearby canyon, he located a large boulder, dug a hole and placed his war club at its base. He tamped the sacred earth around and over this symbol of lost freedom and then walked back down the arroyo and into history.

Twenty-seven years later (1913) he returned to that rugged canyon, relocated the boulder and retrieved his war club. It consisted of a good-sized rock large enough to fit in one’s hand, with leather sewn around it along with a loop attached to a strong handle of wood. Most of the wood had rotted as had the leather, but he reworked the leather and replaced the handle. It was as good as new. That treasured symbol of his freedom had finally come home. He stated that he felt truly liberated and no longer a POW once he had reclaimed this memento of his days of freedom as a youth and free Apache. He kept it from that moment in 1913 until 1955 when he presented it to Eve as a gift and indication of his respect for her.

I got chills up my spine when I heard that story. Many in the audience also realized what an amazing account Eve was telling everyone. There were no bored listeners that evening. There were also folks of all ages in the group, and she was at least 50 years my senior but with Eve Ball there was no generation gap.
Later that week I learned she needed someone to assist her and from that time until her death in 1984 we worked on innumerable projects together. Fate had intervened in a good way. The Apaches would say “Enjuh” (Good!).

We drove all over New Mexico and western Texas visiting her Apache and Anglo friends or I took her to various writer conferences and talks! I drove a 1977 International Scout with “noisy” dual mufflers. She loved it and referred to the Scout as my “war wagon.”

One time upon returning from the Holloman Air Force Base in Alamogordo, where she had wowed the officer’s wives (at age 90), I was speeding through Tularosa trying to get her home before dark. Well, we got a ticket, but she gladly paid for it. She often referred to me as Lead-foot Lynda. And always as we drove the highways and even the back roads, she would point out places where certain historical events took place. She was literally a walking geography lesson.

“My father was a good man – He killed lots of White Eyes!”

With the above quote by Asa Daklugie, the opening shot had been fired, and for five tumultuous and fascinating years (1950-1955) he and author/historian Eve Ball sparred, discussed, traveled, and created a narrative of fascinating oral history accounts that shattered the usual historical records written by the Apaches’ enemies, mostly in Mexican or American military or newspaper reports.

Getting Asa Daklugie to open up and talk to her was a major step forward in the challenging journey upon which she found herself. Once he agreed to tell her his side of things then a floodgate of others came as well. Not everyone agreed, of course, and their accounts did not always mesh with those of the white eye. But it was a beginning. The old warriors, actual participants in the Apache Wars, or those who were POWs for 27 years, were beginning to pass on to the land of Ussen and their side of the coin was an important phase of history that was being lost with each passing death.

Daklugie understood that better than anyone. He was already in his 80s.

His excellent English also came through, although he often pretended not to speak much English in the beginning. However, more than twelve years at Carlisle Indian School won out and he began to give her his clear and precise version of incidents. His comments were often stinging rebukes of the White Man peppered with sarcasm and sometimes humor and many details.

He described how his family was shipped to the hell holes of prisoner of war camps in Florida and Alabama. That was more than a century ago, yet today the memory is still a powerful one. The Chiricahua Apaches remained POWs for 27 miserable and degrading years. Ace was one of the “lucky” ones because he was eventually chosen to attend Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania; therefore, he did not have to endure the terrible conditions for such long periods of time.
Eve recalled how Daklugie would often test her desire to really learn about the Apache side of issues. He would say things like, “My father, Chief Juh, was a good man, he killed lots of White Eyes!” Or “No Apache was ever cruel enough to imprison anyone. Only a White Eye was capable of that!” Of course, he usually forgot or did not mention the horrendous cruelties the Apaches imposed upon their enemies from the death-by-fire demise of Juan Mata Ortiz to the cruel treatment of slaves and captives or those who were unfortunate to be at a lonely ranch when they raided for horses and supplies.

Eve would only reply to such comments by reaffirming the importance of having the material in a form that can be preserved. She told him on many occasions, “This material may bring about a better understanding between our peoples. I would like to have mine know, not only what happened, but what motivated your people. Then the reader will have to make up his own mind about what was right or wrong.”

Eve often encouraged the Apaches to write their own version of history, but that was not their way. Oral tradition was the main style in terms of preserving their history and legends. She understood and respected that tradition and decided if they would just tell her their stories, she could record them. She often explained her hope by using the example of a saddle maker. The Apache had the parts that would make the saddle special, i.e., the leather, the wooden tree, the stirrups, the cantle, etc. She would craft those parts (their oral versions of history and folklore) into a usable and well-made saddle (book). Her sources understood that example, and thus their oral history became part of her repertoire of research that is so invaluable today, for all the old ones who experienced that history are in Usen’s heaven or the “happy place” as they called it.

Regarding Daklugie, the individual, in May of 1980, she told me that Daklugie was a most interesting man to her. “I seemed to know what a white man would do, often before he would do it, but not with Ace. He was always full of surprises. I would ask about the war trail or Geronimo and he said, “Well, you wouldn’t want to hear about that, and then proceed to tell me about it in great detail.”

He would come to the house accompanied by two women, usually a daughter and granddaughter. One would clean her house; the other would sit by them and patiently bead buckskin. Later, they both prepared the meal and washed dishes. Eve was elderly (over 60) herself during these interviews so the help given to her in this way greatly assisted her own infirmities and relieved Daklugie of having to sit with a woman alone.

Until his death it was well understood that Daklugie hated all white people. However, about two months before he died, he told Eve one afternoon as he was leaving, “I like for my friends to call me Ace.” That and the gifts of the war club and spruce tree were the closest gestures of friendship she ever received from him.

His brother-in-law, Eugene Chihuahua, exclaimed one day with a wicked gleam in his eye, “If he hates all White Eyes, he sure is spending a lot of time with you!”

Coming from Eugene, it was a compliment.
The Old White Lady with Many Stories

The Apaches called her “the old white lady” with many stories of survival during difficult times and especially when the winds of war swept over the region. Although some of the families had ridden the outlaw or war trail or participated in violent conflicts, they believed she would give their side a fair shake and so they confided in this woman who dared to meet them on their own terms and on their own turf.

After the publication of In the Days of Victorio (1970) and Indeh: An Apache Odyssey (1980), many of Eve Ball’s Apache friends would come by her home in Ruidoso, New Mexico, and leaf through the books, pointing with pride to a grandfather’s or aunt’s photograph or name. The books were as well received by most Apaches as they were by others who were knowledgeable about southwestern history. They were considered another remarkable achievement by the woman who many referred to as “Grandmother” or the “Old White Lady with Many Stories” [From Silas Cochise’s statement at her memorial service, December 1984].

Dispelling traditional myths of aging and women’s roles in a male-dominated society, Eve set out in her determined way to write history the way the people would understand it. She always emphasized that most individuals dislike history because too many teachers and authors present it in a stilted, academic manner. Not so with Eve! Perhaps that was because her own life was rich and exciting beyond what most people ever experience.

She came from a family background that provided her with a fascinating and adventuresome history. Born in Kentucky, her roots also encompassed the plains of Kansas, western Texas, and eventually New Mexico... At sixteen she was employed by Kansas schools to teach. She even coached junior high boys’ basketball and enjoyed every minute!

At the turn of the century in rural Kansas there was no “feminist movement,” yet this spunky young woman seemed to rebel at every turn. First, she preferred to earn her own living, and that was almost unheard of in those days for a woman. She received university degrees in English and education and taught several grades in her hometown. Learning shorthand served her well in her later years.

She always enjoyed the company of men and was a tomboy at heart. Her brother, John, and his friends often took her with them on various hunting adventures as long as “she would keep quiet and keep up.” When he enlisted in the military during World War I it almost broke her heart, for she worried about him continually until he finally returned. One of her most cherished gifts was an elegantly beaded purse he brought her from Paris, France.

World War II also loomed upon the horizon and her older half-brother, Dan Furse, suggested she might try working at the oil refineries in New Mexico during those years (1939-45), as they needed chemists. Eve was definitely not a chemist, yet as with many during war time, she ran tests and did her duty in the oil town of Hobbs, New Mexico.

The Ruidoso Highlands

At the age when most were facing retirement, Eve was just beginning her new career. Though she was fast approaching sixty, the early years of her life had prepared her well for what was to come.

Eve Ball seated in antique Mexican chair known as the “interview chair” since both Daklugie and Eugene Chihuahua sat there during sessions with Eve
Generally, people do not have such a grand opportunity to learn firsthand about the history as lived by the people. Because of her background, Eve understood the land, the ranching community and soon after her arrival in the Ruidoso Highlands near the Mescalero Apache Reservation she became part of their world too. It was not always easy but she was determined to obtain and to preserve as much history as possible.

Eve had always loved reading and speaking with “old timers.” She had a special knack for reaching out to them. She acquired a profound respect for history, and knew well that those who did not respect their history had no future, and were often doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past. A simple lesson, perhaps, but one our world never seems to learn very well. This nagging truth always bothered her.

Undoubtedly her years as an English teacher refined the writing skill that was to blossom very soon near the land of the Mescalero Apaches and the ranch people, whom she grew to admire. Eve was literally surrounded by tradition in Ruidoso, and the makings of terrific and heretofore unpublished materials were to be found throughout the southeastern and southwestern parts of New Mexico.

After the ending of World War II, things began to change everywhere and she felt obligated to obtain the legends and stories before all the old timers were gone. She finally purchased property on the outskirts of Ruidoso. During this time an adobe home was constructed for her by Hispanic residents of the region. It was in this manner that she grew close to several of the Hispanic pioneer families who became her friends for the next 40 years. It was a simple and small casita, however, she soon added many rooms with carved wooden vigas, portals, spacious gardens, and flagstone walkways.

Eve was also an avid gardener and so she searched for a special site that would allow her to be creative, yet one with her surroundings. Wild Castilian roses cascaded blossoms of creamy gold during the spring, and purple-hued irises, apricot trees, peonies of all colors, and fragrant lilacs also added their subtle beauty. Beyond that, she allowed the natural environment to remain intact. It was a sanctuary for wildlife, and of course, for Eve and her guests and friends, many of whom were Apaches.

Making ends meet, Eve continued to research, write articles and gather information. Included were amazing tales of people’s strength and survival in a rough and rebellious country. She was often overwhelmed by the power and tragedy of their accounts and realized she must incorporate them into viable narratives of their world, their time, and their place. Oral history was her way of doing so.

The Importance of Oral History

Long before the television miniseries Roots became popular and genealogy a pastime of many, Eve insisted in her quiet manner on learning the history, the legends, and the folktales of Anglo, Hispanic and Native Americans. She became, over many years, respected and trusted by all three groups impressing upon each the importance of preserving their unique heritage. Her sincerity and determination led many reticent pioneers and Apaches to give her their papers, family photographs, and other treasured mementos that fleshed out their versions of history. Most important, they gave her their accounts of life during a time of which most of us have no understanding.

She often told me that she made no judgment calls – It was a different era and time in historical context and one had to view things from that frame of reference, not our own. At least that was her philosophy and, ultimately, it was a successful one. The old ones confided in her as they had no other person. She did not break that trust.
In order to secure the Jones family history for *Ma’am Jones of the Pecos*, Eve braved rough roads and the skepticism of the elder Joneses. Some in their family had ridden the outlaw trail; and others had lived a rough life at Seven Rivers. Nevertheless, Eve was so determined to obtain their fascinating story that she took shorthand notes while riding and building fence! She acknowledged with a wry grin that it was a difficult task at best, but it proved her sincerity to old Sam Jones. Sam was one tough hombre, yet he became convinced of Eve’s interest in the Jones’ story of life in a rough and rebellious country. He became one of her most important sources revealing how his family lived, ranched, and also enjoyed the company of Apache friends.

This same tenacity was used when she was tested by her Apache neighbors. The Apache side did not always correspond with the White man’s view. How could it, if one were to describe the Apache version by using their words, their world views?

There were a few who were disgruntled because Eve did not include their families or the stories that they considered to be the “truth.” I asked Eve about this on at least two occasions. She would nod her head in agreement and explain that when she was interviewing Apaches once the doors opened to her and many began to trust her, she had tried to get others to speak to her about their view or their side of things. Many refused! That was their choice, of course. Consequently, now, as the new generation is becoming aware of their history, their family’s point of view may not be included in *Indeh: An Apache Odyssey* or other writings.

“How did not wish to force my beliefs or ways upon any who did not wish to speak to me,” she said. Eve described how she had hoped that their oral histories, their letters and photos, or thoughts would eventually find their way into her articles and books. Unfortunately, some were not forthcoming, and now, the only real solution is for them to write their own history. Of course, the older generation of venerable el-

*Four warriors (left to right) Yanosha, Chappo (Geronimo’s son), Fun (or his brother, Tsisnah or some suggest Tissnolhtos), and Geronimo; each man fought bravely and often regretted surrendering to the Blue Coats (Photo by C. S. Fly)*
ders has been gone for many decades. And that is a travesty, for Eve welcomed all sides. She also understood conflicts existed among various factions or families. She accepted that as well.

It was a painstaking process. Did she get everything 100 percent? No, but she came close.

Perhaps the late Ruey Darrow, former Chairwoman of the Fort Still Apaches and a frequent visitor in Eve’s home, said it best in a letter she wrote in December of 1981: “. . . [D]o take care of yourself; you have become the repository of Apache/Fort Sill/life. I feel from you the same gentleness, kindness that my mother has always exhibited . . . .”

Ruey and another valued tribal elder and relative, Mildred Cleghorn, who was also Tribal Chairwoman, made many trips to Mescalero over the years to visit and renew family ties. They always came to visit their special friend, Eve, bringing with them information on the genealogy of tribal members, especially those of Mangas Coloradas and Mahko. I had the pleasure of visiting with and knowing those two venerable Apaches who were born as POWs but lived as strong and influential Apache women whose hearts were not filled with so much anger that they could not reach out to others and present their side of things and accept other historical events that influenced their own history.

Eve Ball’s friendship with the Apaches is also a dramatic and heart-warming story that grew out of her hospitality, with which so many individuals became familiar over the years. When I asked her one day how this happened, she shifted into her story mode and began:

Apache women would often trudge into Ruidoso, with their young babies carried in tsaches (cradle boards) strapped to their backs. It was a long, dusty walk from Mescalero in those years. A few began to stop at my home and shyly ask for water. The word was soon passed along that a friendly white woman would give them water and a place to rest.

Left: Mildred Cleghorn, Chairwoman, Fort Sill Apache Tribe
Right: Mangas, son of Mangas Coloradas and relative of many of the captured Chiricahua
while en route to and from the Mescalero reservation. At first it was only water, but eventually I decided to set up a table and iced tea or lemonade and sometimes cookies, replaced the water. I began to recognize them and I learned their names and some of their family history. The women were the key and eventually they urged their brothers, fathers and uncles to come visit and tell that lady about our history.

And so, by patience and an honest desire to learn from the Apaches, they eventually came to her with their narratives, their anecdotes, and their trust. She sometimes helped when a legal question or confusing business transactions made no sense to them. When a family needed clothing or food, or if a fire devastated a home, Eve’s house became a collection center for the needy. Those who were not in that category confided to Eve in other ways.

One individual even brought her a couple of gold bars to keep for him! The gold bars came from a hidden and secret place. She never asked where, but a few months later he returned, collected the bars and she never saw him again. She often wondered if they had come from the mysterious treasure of Victorio Peak.

Her shorthand notes, and papers (now at Brigham Young University in Utah), are being used by others sifting for stories that she had to leave out of her own books. Although shorthand is now an all but forgotten art, Eve found that using her shorthand skills allowed her to take notes and not intimidate her guests with a tape recorder or video. She also read them back to her major sources at the beginning of each interview session to double-check for errors, or to allow additional questions or information to be added.

Those valiant old warriors’ accuracy and memory were amazing. Eve verified by other means such as military reports, newspaper articles, and interviews the accounts given to her. The Apache side did not always correspond. How could it, if one were to describe the Apache version by using their words, their world views? Eve also acknowledged that “Many of my reference books written about the Apaches and the military conflicts are now, as a result of my hearing their reactions to the reports in those books, filled with additional margin notes in which those who had been present at some of the events differed with the authors.”

To obtain the Apache story took much longer than most writers wish to devote to a project. In fact, it was two decades worth of research and getting to know the participants of the Apache wars before she was ready to write about the Mescalero, Lipan, and Chiricahua. The Apaches also well remembered the lost freedom, broken promises, and bitter years of exile from their beloved southwestern homelands.

She wrote in 1974 to historian and former journalist for the Los Angeles Times Dan L. Thrapp of Tucson, that after “years of almost daily contact, I realize that I may still not be adequate for the task I have undertaken. I still do not understand them as one should who attempts to re-create their experiences and their injustices at the hands of their enemies.”
Dan Thrapp wrote in his forward to *Indeh: An Apache Odyssey* a response to her concerns about knowing and understanding the Apaches:

She is more than a repository of the history and legends of the region, she is part of them, as she has come to share with the Apaches in their own saga. This you will understand long before you finish this book, *Indeh*. It will bring to you, as it has brought to all of us, gladness that she came this way, and in our time.

Eve Ball had proved the naysayers all wrong. Dr. Paul Hutton, University of New Mexico professor and author of *The Apache Wars*, said, “I think Eve Ball was a superior historian of immense importance, but totally underappreciated in her own time. Today she is universally praised.”

As for Eve’s thoughts about oral history, she often stated, “If nothing else is said about me, I want people to understand and know about my long struggle to get my books published.” Oral history was laughed at then. Most PhD’s never fully acknowledged the intrinsic value of oral accounts until the past few years. But it was now almost too late, for those who actually experienced that history are gone. She wrote:

Why do historians resent having anyone come up with facts that they have ignored or overlooked? And why isn’t the testimony of an Apache as valid as that of the young officer ambitious for promotion or some agent or newspaper man with his center of interest purely selfish? Now that only two of my Apaches sources are still living, historians are conceding that their testimonies are of value and that the people who made history sometimes know something about it. Sadly, they are coming to the reservation for information no longer obtainable.

However, not too late before Eve Ball recorded many of their accounts. Eve had grit, and she was stubborn because she knew that these narratives must be preserved for generations yet unborn. Her legacy has become legend, and will endure as long as there is “history.”
Part 2

Apaches Interviewed by Eve Ball
or by Ball and Sánchez

I have been asked numerous times how many tribal elders and/or survivors of the Apache Wars did Eve interview. In *Indeh: An Apache Odyssey* and also *In the Days of Victorio* the author listed most of her sources. Naturally some were more informative and unique in their knowledge of the wars, culture, and present living conditions or needs.

Too many “researchers” go to tribal people or reservations and interview a handful of those willing to speak to them. They think that perhaps a dozen or so is adequate. It took Eve Ball at least 20 years to be known and trusted by the Apache. She became part of their lives and some of her friendships endured for decades. Along the way she also included Anglo and Hispanic people in her interviewing process to give perspective.

The Apaches noted below are some of the primary sources who have made Eve’s books classics in oral history. These books have been used as college and high school texts. They are read and owned by the Apaches, and they are still in print today, which is amazing after 50 years in some cases.

Native Americans of all tribes were trained to listen and repeat messages or accounts just the way they were told to them. No additions or deletions – just the actual and complete renderings. Some reject the old ones' memories and in some situations that is probably valid. However, by cross-referencing and including information from other sources, time after time Eve noted that the detail and suggested Apache side of things were more than accurate and, of course, often differing from the accounts of their enemies.

Some stand out as major legendary and/or heroic figures, while others help flesh out the overall cultural and historical context. There are conflicting accounts as one would expect from different bands, ages, and what the participants knew at the time. There was no such thing as “instant” communication.

Below is a sampling of individuals from several bands and backgrounds who were included in her interviews. They spoke eloquently about their side of the coin – their Trapp side as only they could tell her.

Asa Daklugie, Son of Chief Juh and Nephew of Geronimo. Major source who arrived well prepared and with dynamic discussions, his interviews were some of the most dramatic and tragic. His dislike of the White people was understandable. He insisted that many misconceptions and downright lies existed when describing Indian people of any tribe, such as about being a chief, or physical appearance (beady eyes, for example, or being lazy) or what happened during certain battles, or wrong information when it came to some of the hated Indian Scouts who were considered traitors to their people.

One day he was so agitated even his daughter, at the end of the interview session, told Eve, “It is not you Ms. Ball, but my father hates all White Eyes.”

Because Daklugie was educated at Carlisle, he truly did understand about the politics of the military
and that a few of the officers were good men led by boastful, arrogant individuals like General Nelson Miles. He and Chief Naiche indicated many atrocities occurred on both sides but it was war and “we were fighting for survival.” They also described in excruciating detail the death of Victorio and the few warriors he had with him during the massacre at Tres Castillos.

Daklugie decried the glory heaped upon Mauricio Corredor, who claimed he killed the great Cheyenne chief. Instead, those Apaches who returned to Tres Castillos to bury their men found that the chief had fallen on his own knife. Others disagree with those accounts but Daklugie had known many who survived the battle and the aftermath. It was overwhelming both emotionally and physically. Those venerable warriors would not lie. (Also see information under James Kaywaykla.)

**Eugene Chihuahua, Son of Chief Chihuahua and Brother-in-Law to Daklugie.** Eugene did not go to Carlisle; in fact, he begged his father not to send him. Eugene had been friends with Eve for decades and was helpful in getting Ace to speak with her.

He recalled many incidents before the surrender but usually did not wish to discuss them. He also had his own group of dancers who were trained under his watchful eye.

When he was ready to go to “the Happy Place,” he asked two favors of his friend Eve. “First, make a writing for me telling about my life and I know you will get it right. Also, bake for me a pumpkin pie and place it in my coffin so that I may have food along the way.” And that is what Eve did. She stayed with his wife, Jennie, and invited her to come stay with her whenever she needed to do so. Another old one had gone.

**Ramona Chihuahua Daklugie, Sister-in-Law of Daklugie and Daughter of Chief Chihuahua.** Eve’s version of how she finally, after years, gained Daklugie’s trust could never have happened without the help of her dear friend Ramona Chihuahua. She was one of the most important non-Mescaleros who resided on the reservation.

Ramona was friendly, and she and Eve worked together to get the old warrior to talk. These determined women gradually chipped away at Daklugie’s unwillingness to talk and finally, after four long years, he came to her home accompanied by a
“chaperone,” for he did not wish to talk to a white woman or any woman alone! It just wasn’t proper.

He would come to her house every Thursday early in the morning to allow Eve time to take dictation and to review notes from the previous session. Eve would read back the dictation she had taken the preceding week and make changes as he wished. Ramona was a bridge to many families at Mescalero. She had also been very popular with her teachers at Carlisle. She left school in 1895 and married Daklugie in 1896. They had several children.

**Edwin Yanosha.** Known as one of the bravest of Geronimo’s warriors, he was also a sharpshooter who never wasted a bullet. Geronimo’s nephew, Jasper Kanseah, was an apprentice warrior under Yanosha. Yanosha’s sister, Shegah, was Geronimo’s fourth wife. According to Kanseah, Yanosha

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*Above: Ramona Chihuahua Daklugie taken in her Apache wedding dress; she and Eve were good friends for many years

*Below: Crown dancers taken about 1887 (Photo courtesy of Dr. Alden Ritch)*

*Geronimo (left) and Naiche at Fort Sill – note the signatures of both men on this image; ironically, whereas once they raided for cattle, when this picture was taken they were raising fine herds of registered stock; Eve interviewed many relatives of Geronimo and the daughter and grandson of Chief Naiche; they were grateful to be back in the West but were still bitter about being POWs for 27 long years (National Archives photo)*
was a scout under Chato in 1883 but, not wanting to scout against his own people, he joined Geronimo when he fled the reservation in May 1885.

Yanosha also joined a scout company at Mount Vernon Barracks in Alabama. In an 1892 competition with white soldiers, Yanosha took second place.

On another occasion, an officer in charge of Yanosha’s company took them out on a maneuver and, when two deer took flight, sent the Apaches after them. After a pursuit of several miles, they cornered their prey. One of the bucks, desperate to escape, charged at the Apaches. Yanosha hamstrung the buck with his knife. “Not a word was spoken,” the amazed young lieutenant noted, “but the Apaches knew how to bring down a deer in quick fashion!”

Unlike many, Yanosha did not fear Geronimo and would often counter or speak up against him even though he sat to the right of Geronimo in council. One event toward the end of the war also showed his willingness to speak truth to power. As scouts Martine and Kayitah came close to their Sierra Madre hideout, Jasper identified their approach. Geronimo had ordered that they be shot if they continued.

“They are our brothers,” Yanosha said. “Let’s find why they came. They are brave men to risk this.”

“They do not take the risk for us, but for the money promised by the White Eyes,” Geronimo said.

“When they get close enough, shoot!”

“We will not shoot,” Yanosha said. “The first man who lifts a rifle I will kill.” Warrior Fun backed Yanosha and said he would also shoot. Geronimo backed down that day and said, “Let them come.” The surrender of 1886 was not far away.

Yanosha returned to Mexico with some friends in 1928 looking for a rumored cache of gold, and in 1937, he helped guide Dr. Helge Ingstad’s expedition in search of a “lost” band of remnant Apaches. Ingstad wanted an older Apache to help guide them, one who had actually traversed the rugged barrancas and immense mountains known as the Sierra Madre. He died in 1954 a very old man but not before Eve interviewed him several times at his Mescalero home. His daughter, Wynona Magoosh, translated for them both.

He was one of the more intriguing of Apaches and Eve was grateful to have his story as part of her materials.
James Kaywaykla and Many Members of the Kaywaykla Family.

James was the youngest survivor of Tres Castillos. His information and that of many of his contemporaries can be found in the book *In the Days of Victorio*. He was very young (about 9 or 10) when he enrolled at the Carlisle Indian Industrial School. His mother, Gouyen, died in 1903 and that was a blow to the young man who had been through so much. He was assigned to print the school newspaper and went on work detail with residents of Pennsylvania. He returned to Fort Sill in 1898.

During the early 1960s James Kaywaykla, then a tribal elder, came from Oklahoma to visit Eve. He knew about her interest in telling the Apache side of things from friends and relatives at Mescalero. He had visited New Mexico several times and had come that particular year for the ceremonial. Best of all, he was willing to share his memories and from his narrative Eve assembled *In the Days of Victorio*. In this classic he revealed the tragic demise of the great Victorio and many of their people at Tres Castillos in Mexico.

This disastrous event occurred in October of 1880 and continues to be clouded with mystery and disagreement as to what took place there. The Apache version definitely clashes with what the Mexican cavalry revealed. He was but a young boy at the time; however, his exceptional memory of certain events came through each time they had an interview session. And, too, he well remembered the oral versions of events over many decades spoken by tribal elders including his mother, the famed woman warrior Gouyen, and her husband, his stepfather, the formidable warrior Kaytennae.

Kaywaykla told Eve on numerous occasions that until he was about ten years old:

I did not know that people died except by violence. That is because I am an Apache, a Warm Springs Apache, whose first vivid memories are of being driven from our reservation near Ojo Caliente with fire and sword. As I tell this story, I am the sole survivor of the Massacre of Tres Castillos in which our great leader, Chief Victorio, fired his last bullet before taking his own life, and in which his band was nearly exterminated. [*In the Days of Victorio*, pp. xiii-xv]

Throughout his narrative he also reveals the daily life of Apaches during the quiet times, the ceremonials, the affectionate families, the strict discipline that led to warriors’ ways, his admiration for Victorio’s sister, Lozen, also one of the few women warriors among the Apache.

With regard to Eve Ball, Kaywaykla stated that he “has given Mrs. Ball what information I have concerning my people so that our descendants may know of the courage and resourcefulness of their ancestors. I hope, also, that this account may bring about a better understanding of the Apache among white Americans.”

Mr. Kaywaykla passed away on June 27, 1963, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He was more than 90 at that time.
Amelia Naiche, Daughter of Naiche and Granddaughter of Chief Cochise. I also had the privilege of speaking with Amelia as Eve and I visited her at the Mescalero hospital in 1977 on one of our trips to the reservation. She was a steadfast friend and she taught Eve many aspects of Apache culture. Silas Cochise (son of Amelia Naiche, grandson of Naiche and great grandson of Cochise) spoke reverently at Eve’s funeral about the “old white lady with many stories.”

Alberta Begay, Daughter of Massai. Massai was the “bronco” Apache who escaped the long winding train taking the POWs to Florida. He watched, waited, and acted. Finding his way back into the Apaches’ southwestern homeland he became basically an outcast, living alone but from time-to-time rumors of his raids or confusion between his identity and that of the Apache Kid made for conflicting accounts, as both men were considered to be outlaws and on the run. He eventually had a family with Zanagoliche, a good partner and wise woman. They had several children. Alberta was the fourth child and she related the violent death of her father in New Mexico. It was a brutal, cruel way for a brave man to be killed by enemy White Eyes. They basically decapitated the man and burned his body, and his wife saw all of this from a hidden part of the canyon where they ambushed him. How she endured one will never know. After the ranchers took his head and scattered the bones and other personal belongings, they headed home but Zanagoliche crept over to the now cool ashes, gathered up his bones and took them with her for appropriate burial.

This heart-breaking story was emotionally related to Eve by Alberta. She also gave Eve the burnt belt buckle that she said was the only thing she had from her father. She asked Eve to keep it safe for her. I saw that buckle several times and felt for the family of this proud warrior who remained an outcast most of his life.

Old Scout Bigmouth. His father was Mescalero, his mother a Lipan Apache. He was a wonderful source of information about life at Mescalero and at the hated Bosque Redondo where 500 Apaches were incarcerated during the 1860s. As a young boy of six or seven he well recalled that harrowing experience. It was a terrible time for his people.
Old Scout lived to be 108 and Eve had his son, Percy, translate the words of his father about those years. He described starvation, worms (maggots), and disease that he witnessed at the Bosque. He told about how the “God Damns” (troopers) polluted their water coming from the Sacred Mountain.

Yet in his heart he also knew that the White Eyes like Eve and others who came to visit his humble home were sincere in their desire to understand what happened during those harrowing days. He passed away in 1958.

**Percy Bigmouth, Son of Old Scout Bigmouth.** Percy was one of the few Apaches who wrote things down as told to him by his father and other tribal elders. He never married but devoted his time to taking care of Old Dad and sharing his knowledge of the culture, history and legends of his people.

He lamented the fact that so many of their own young people were “too much of a white people’s way.” He saw the loss of their history and “kept it in his sleeves” (the history of the Apaches as he had learned it from Old Scout and his mother). He translated for Eve when she came to visit and they had a longstanding relationship knowing that history must be preserved.

Writing out all of the legends and lore on dozens of “Big Chief” tablets was the beginning. Percy Big Mouth had come to know Eve during some of her interview sessions with his father, old Scout Big Mouth. He often recited some of the popular folk tales about the trickster, Coyote, or the creation legend, the cradleboard ceremony, and other beloved stories that the Apaches used to tell around campfires.

Percy was a Lipan/Mescalero and his family had a grand tradition of appreciating their own culture and trying to ease the way for the White Man to understand and therefore respect their ways. He acted as a guide for visiting
tourists and showed Boy Scouts how to make fires without matches, use the bow and arrow, and learn the way of his people. His family helped Eve over many years and guided her to better comprehend some of the important nonviolent history of the Apache.

Percy’s narrative and that of his father can be found in *Apache Legends and Lore of Southern New Mexico, from the Sacred Mountain* by author Sánchez.

**Mildred Cleghorn and Ruey Darrow.** Mildred (see photo on page 8) and Ruey represented the generation of Apaches born as POWs. They held strong feelings about their unique place in the world and were proud of their history.

**Ishtee (Charles), Son of Victorio, with his Son, Evans, Translating.** Ishtee was always fearful that if people knew Victorio was his father that harm would come to his family. Today there are numerous descendants of Victorio in residence at Mescalero. I had several in my classes at Ruidoso.

**Jasper Kanseah, Warrior Apprentice to Yanosha and Youngest to Surrender in 1886.** He and his wife Lucy became very good friends of Eve Ball. He presented her with interesting artifacts like a handmade hide scraper made during the early years at Mescalero. He was about 15 when the end of the Apache wars came.

He told Eve he had been at war since he was about 11 or 12 serving as Yanosha’s aide de camp. His commentary validated much of what others had described but his memories of those early years revealed details as seen through the eyes of a teen trained for war. It was a most unusual perspective. He passed away in 1959.

**Other Informants.** Many members of the Magoosh family; May Peso Second, daughter of Mescalero Chief Peso; the Kline-koles; Bernard Second, Mescalero medicine man; and dozens more over the years were interviewed. They gave the information freely, and welcomed the interest. Eve still insisted that they write their own history and she was always willing to assist.

(Quotes above regarding the warriors in interview mode can be found in *Indeh: An Apache Odyssey*. Also review Thrapp’s *Conquest of Apacheria* or *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches*).
Hundreds of Indigenous children were removed from their families and homelands and taken to Carlisle Indian Industrial School in Pennsylvania. Carlisle opened in 1879 as the first of several government-run boarding schools for Native American children, the goals of which were to force American Indians to assimilate into white American society.

Right: Photograph of Apache newcomers at Carlisle, taken in 1886 right after the Apache campaigns ended

Younger children soon adapted but there were older children, too, like Ramona Chihuahua and Ace Daklugie.

Daklugie told Eve Ball the only thing the Apaches seemed to like was Physical Education. “We did not have to wear those awful pants of the white man. We could run and we enjoyed every moment of that class.”

Daklugie also hid a knife in his long hair, but “that soon came to an end when all boys got their hair cut!”

Eve interviewed many of the Carlisle graduates when they were elders of the tribe.
Apache Religion

Apache religion was another item that Eve wished to understand. According to many of her sources, they preferred not to discuss it, especially with white people for it was the only thing the white man had not stolen from them! She understood that and very patiently came to appreciate the importance of White Painted Woman and Child of the Waters. She was also invited to attend many coming-of-age or puberty ceremonials and dances of the sacred Mountain Spirits or crown dancers. That was an honor in itself and she was very grateful for being included, especially in those very early years.

Father Albert Braun, OFM, was one of Eve’s closest friends, confidants, and guides when it came to understanding the Apaches, their religion, and their ways. They became close friends during her many treks back and forth to visit the Shantas and other Apaches who turned to Father Albert for his assistance in whatever way they needed, for he was much more than a spiritual guide. If necessary, he would get out in his shirt sleeves and help with a special project, much as he did when he was inspired to build the now famed World War I and II Veterans’ Memorial Cathedral (St. Joseph’s Apache Mission). He had been a chaplain in both World Wars and a POW of the Japanese after the fall of the Philippines.

Braun had served for years at Mescalero and knew it like the back of his hand. He turned to Eve for help when a family had need, or a special ceremony was to take place. Even after his final departure from the place that had won his heart for life, he and Eve corresponded. I well remember reading to her his cards and letters from the Assisted Living Center in Phoenix. He was still giving Mass well into his 90s, but finally his great heart gave out and Eve had lost yet another friend.

Part of learning about the Apaches and their religion, which was often a mixture of the old ways and Christianity, was to understand their concept of “Power” and their view of what we would refer to as mystical beliefs. Both Dakluigie and Eugene promised Eve that they would be watching and protecting her home and her person so she need not worry about safety.
Despite Daklugie’s frustration and sometimes hidden anger against the White Eyes, both he and Eugene Chihuahua had a hand in “protecting” Eve and her home from thieves or fire. I once asked Eve if she ever felt endangered living alone or with people, knowing she had valuable antiques in her house. She was also getting up in years and Ruidoso was growing and many strangers were out and about. However, for many years her home had remained safe, an island of the past amidst a swirling, noisy Ruidoso. Needless to say, I was still concerned.

She responded quite abruptly, “No, not at all! Eugene and Ace both assured me they would always watch over me and this house, even after they had gone to the ‘Happy Place.’ So, I just never worried. More than 20 years have passed since Eugene died, and Ace left this world five years earlier, in 1955.”

I never brought that topic up again and admit I was relieved that she had such good guardians.

Fond Memories

During the years I was Eve’s assistant, visitors’ requests for guest appearances, and calls and correspondence from almost every state in the union and abroad arrived weekly at her home. Inquiries for information also came from scholars writing their own books. Other contacts came from those who enjoyed reading her material, or from folks she had encouraged and inspired to write for themselves. She nurtured these hidden talents until they blossomed into successful authors in their own right.

Eve always welcomed her Apache friends as well as others to visit and talk about the old ways. And she and the author had at least two projects in mind as the decade of the 80s began.

Finally, on Christmas Eve, 1984, Eve’s boundless spirit gave way and my mentor, and a great historian of the Southwest, left behind for each of us a wonderful body of work that includes several books and hundreds of articles. Many publications were graced with her humor, her dead-on appreciation for the Apaches’ point of view, and even the more contentious ranchers and outlaws trusted her to “tell it true.”

When Eve passed on to the land beyond the shining mountains in 1984, she received one last honor. In a moving service at St. Joseph Apache Mission, the magnificent stone church and Veterans’ memorial in the heartland of Mescalero Apache country, old friends presented music and eulogies in Apache and English. Ann Buffington, guitar, Cleis Jordan, organ, and Tannis Jordan, flute, played non-traditional music or songs enjoyed by Eve. Donalyn Torrez and Silas Cochise read special Apache prayers or translated English words into their beloved language.
Father Larry, newly arrived Franciscan priest at Mescalero, presented a wonderful tribute and service too, for he had gone among her many friends and inquired about her. He spoke eloquently describing how the Apaches he interviewed felt about her. El Paso author Leon Metz and New Mexico State University’s Dr. Dave Townsend also spoke about her legacy beyond these moments of grief. Though it was a cold and dreary December, the warmth of her memory kept many from feeling the icy fingers of winter that sad day.

Although Eve Ball’s adobe home, once surrounded by wild Castilian roses and many native flowers, is no longer a meeting place where people gather to recite their legends, or speak about “history” and “the old ways,” a lone, stately fir tree still stands as a symbol of this talented and dedicated woman. Like that magnificent tree, Eve Ball of ten stood alone throughout her 94 years. The tree was planted more than 30 years before her death by Ace Daklugie. He had brought it to her as a surprise for one of the few white people he had ever respected.

New Mexico has honored Eve Ball with her very own classic Pueblo-style historic marker. It is located along US Highway 380 in a wide valley with the Sacred Mountain as the backdrop. These special markers can be observed throughout the state. Thanks to the New Mexico Women’s Forum, Eve, along with over 30 other women significant to the culture and heritage of New Mexico, have been honored for their contributions. Author Sánchez wrote the nomination when requested to do so by the Lincoln County Commission.

Chihenne, Apache woman warrior and sister of Chief Victorio also has one of her own historic markers on the outskirts of Ruidoso headed toward Mescalero along US Highway 70 in Otero County.

In her day, Eve Ball easily ranked as the First Lady of New Mexican Letters. Her books on the pioneering folk of Lincoln County and southeastern New Mexico and on the Apaches are each one a gem that any Southwestern reader will cherish.

Marc Simmons
New Mexico Historian

Eve fought for the efficacy of oral history as a viable method in historical research when that was not the “accepted” view. And she won. Dr. Dave Townsend told Eve,

Your views on history are a breath of fresh air. At some point in time, ‘history’ becomes so esoteric that only traveling troupes of Ph.D.’s could understand it. That is hurtful and dangerous. Hurtful in that the beauty and symmetry of history gets buried by endless minutiae.

Dangerous in that many people, especially young people, turn away from their gloriously instructive past.

Dr. David Townsend
New Mexico State University
Suggested Reading

Basso, Keith H., editor: *Western Apache Raiding and Warfare from the Notes of Grenville Goodwin* (1971, University of Arizona Press)
Bourke, John Gregory: *On the Border with Crook* (1891, Charles Scribner’s Sons)

About the Author

Lynda A. Sánchez, historian and educator, has written about southwestern history for over 40 years. Authoring six books and over 400 articles, Lynda has also received the L. Bradford Prince Preservation award from the Historical Society of New Mexico and the 2007 Best Preservation project in the nation award (Western Publications) for her work on preserving Fort Stanton.

Acknowledgments. I especially wish to thank Eve Ball for being there to record the Apaches’ important oral histories from their point of view. Those implacable warriors and venerable women who shared their experiences should be recognized as well. Additionally, I believe that the exceptional work of the Old Pueblo Archaeology Center is to be commended and acknowledged. As a former educator, I know that this public outreach to our young people is even more important than ever. A respect for our past is exemplified by Old Pueblo’s work and kudos go to Al Dart and Old Pueblo’s Board of Directors for the diversity and excitement of their programming as well as special tours and lectures.

Editor’s Notes. Except where noted otherwise, all figures in this article are from the Lynda A. Sánchez collection, which includes the Eve Ball collection that Sánchez inherited.

Lynda Sánchez gave a presentation with the same title as this article on December 16, 2021, for Old Pueblo Archaeology Center’s “Third Thursday Food for Thought” online guest-speaker series. The video of her presentation can be viewed on Old Pueblo’s Youtube channel: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCDgPTetfOL9FHuAW49TrSs.
Some Upcoming Activities

**Saturday March 5, 2022, 9 to 11 a.m. Arizona/Mountain Standard Time:**
*Vista del Rio Archaeological Site Free Tour* guided by archaeologist Allen Dart at the Vista del Rio Cultural Resource Park, 7575 E. Desert Arbors St. (at Dos Hombres Road), Tucson.

Interpretive panel in Tucson’s Vista del Rio Cultural Resource Park


**Tuesday March 8, 2022, 7 to 8:30 p.m. Arizona/Mountain Standard Time:**
*The Tribal Archaeologist’s Duties with a Focus on Ancestral Territories and Traditional Cultural Places* free Zoom online presentation by Dr. Martina Dawley (Hualapai/Diné) for Old Pueblo’s Indigenous Interests series.

Archaeologist Martina Dawley, PhD


**Thursday March 17, 2022, 7 to 8:30 p.m. Arizona/Mtn. Standard Time:**
*The Sinagua: Fact or Fiction?* free Zoom online presentation by archaeologist Peter J. Pilles, Jr., for Old Pueblo’s Third Thursday Food for Thought series.

Honanki cliffdwelling and pictographs near Sedona, Arizona, photograph by Allen Dart


**Sunday March 20, 2022, 8 a.m. to noon Arizona/Mtn. Standard Time:**
*Spring Equinox Tour to Los Morteros and Picture Rocks Petroglyphs Archaeological Sites* with archaeologist Allen Dart, Marana and Tucson areas, Arizona; $35 donation ($28 for Old Pueblo Archaeology Center and Friends of Pueblo Grande Museum members).

Photo of equinox “sun dagger” on spiral petroglyph at Picture Rocks site, Pima County, Arizona, by Tom Herrick


**Thursday April 21, 2022, 7 to 8:30 p.m. Arizona/Mountain Standard Time:**
*The Mimbres Twins and the Rabbit in the Moon* free Zoom online presentation by archaeologist Marc Thompson, PhD, for Old Pueblo’s Third Thursday Food for Thought series.

Mimbres lunar jackrabbit with a crescent moon, image courtesy of Marc Thompson

Some Upcoming Activities, Continued

**Thursday May 19, 2022, 7 to 8:30 p.m. Arizona/Mountain Standard Time:**
The Elk Ridge Community in the Mimbres Pueblo World free Zoom online presentation by archaeologist Barbara J. Roth, PhD, for Old Pueblo’s Third Thursday Food for Thought series.

*Some excavated rooms at the Elk Ridge site, photo courtesy of Barbara Roth*

https://us06web.zoom.us/webinar/register/WN_1tPSIzRPQjO30CZ5u-0sYw.

**Wednesdays June 8-Aug. 24, 2022, 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. AZ/Mtn. Std. Time:**
Archaeology of the Southwest 12-session adult education class online via Zoom, taught by archaeologist Allen Dart; $99 donation ($80 for Old Pueblo Archaeology Center, Arizona Archaeological Society, and Friends of Pueblo Grande Museum members).

*Photo by Jeffrey S. Dean of Kiet Siel Pueblo, one of the sites discussed in the Archaeology of the Southwest class*


**Thursday June 16, 2022, 7 to 8:30 p.m. Arizona/Mtn. Standard Time:**
Diné History’s Impact on Jewelry free Zoom online presentation by second-generation Navajo jeweler Nanibaa Beck for Old Pueblo’s Third Thursday Food for Thought series, cosponsored by Arizona Humanities.

*June 16 Third Thursday presenter Nanibaa Beck*

https://us02web.zoom.us/webinar/register/WN_8QpCuw1XQ6O09j5IeJVwDQ.

**Wednesdays September 21-December 14, 2022, 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. Arizona/Mtn. Standard Time:**
The Hohokam Culture of Southern Arizona 12-session adult education class online via Zoom, taught by archaeologist Allen Dart; $99 donation ($80 for Old Pueblo Archaeology Center, Friends of Pueblo Grande Museum, and Arizona Archaeological Society members).

*“Norton Family” Hohokam cut-shell figurines, Norton Allen Collection, Arizona State Museum, University of Arizona, photo by Arthur W. Vokes*


* Southern Arizona does not switch to Daylight Saving Time each year, so when the rest of the US does, Mountain Standard Time is the same as Pacific Daylight Time.
Old Pueblo Archaeology Center’s *Archaeology Opportunities* Membership and Discounts Program

*Archaeology Opportunities* is a membership program for persons who wish to support Old Pueblo Archaeology Center’s education efforts and perhaps even to experience for themselves the thrill of discovery by participating in research. Membership is also a means of getting discounts on the fees Old Pueblo normally charges for publications, education programs, and tours. Members of *Archaeology Opportunities* at the Individual membership level and above are allowed to participate in certain of Old Pueblo’s archaeological excavation, survey, and other field research projects, and can assist with studies and reconstruction of pottery and other artifacts in the archaeology laboratory. Membership benefits include a 1-year subscription to the Old Pueblo Archaeology electronic quarterly bulletin, opportunities to participate in Old Pueblo’s member-assisted field research programs, discounts on publications and archaeology-related items, and invitations and discounts for field trips and other events.