

OCCGS Civil War Veterans Project

Veteran's Information

Veteran's Name: William Henry YOUNG

Birth Date: 17 January 1844

Location: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Death Date: 28 July 1934

Location: Santa Ana, CA

Buried at (Cemetery): Santa Ana

Plot Location: R (11, 4, 5)

GPS Coordinates: N33° 46' 03.12904" W117° 50' 20.58931"

(DMS) Datum: NAD83. Coordinates are +/- 1.00 feet of the grave location.



Side Served: Union

Rank: Private

Company: I

Unit: 188th Infantry

State: Pennsylvania

Rank: Private

Company: K

Unit: 3rd Regiment, Heavy Artillery (152nd Infantry)

State: Pennsylvania

Family Information

Parents –

Father: John Young

Birth Date/Location: 1814, Wales

Death Date/Location: 1860

Mother: Abigail Bridges Burton

Birth Date/Location: 1824, Wales

Death Date/Location: 1870

Spouse: Micaela Jinzo

Birth Date / Location: 1855

Death Date/Location: 1886, Mexico

Marriage Date / Location: 1872

Children

Name: Isabel Young

Birth Date / Location: unknown

Death Date / Location:

Name: John Young

Birth Date / Location: 26 July 1874, New Mexico

Death Date / Location: 8 July 1952, Los Angeles County, California

Name: Victoria Young (Padilla) Birth Date / Location: 22 March 1879, New Mexico

Death Date / Location: 14 December 1945, Los Angeles, California

Name: Luz Young

Birth Date / Location: 1880, Mexico

Death Date / Location:

Name: Jose Hinzo Young

Birth Date / Location: Feb 1884, Conception, Mexico

Death Date / Location: 1936, Los Angeles, California

Spouse: Juana Lucero

Birth Date / Location: 24 May 1878, New Mexico

Death Date/Location: 8 June 1949, Grant County, New Mexico

Marriage Date / Location: 1896, New Mexico

Children

Name: Frank L. Young

Birth Date / Location: 9 January 1897, New Mexico

Death Date / Location: 15 August 1944, Grant County, New Mexico

Name: Josefa Young

Birth Date / Location: 1898, New Mexico

Death Date / Location: 1970, Lordsburg, Grant County, New Mexico

Name: Roberto L. Young

Birth Date / Location: 1901

Death Date / Location: 1956, Grant County, New Mexico

Name: Henry L. Young

Birth Date / Location: 20 September 1905, New Mexico

Death Date / Location: 10 February 1986, Grant County, New Mexico

Name: William Lucero Young

Birth Date / Location: 13 June 1908, New Mexico

Death Date / Location: 3 July 1978, Ft. Bayard, Grant County, New Mexico

Name: Manuel L. Young

Birth Date / Location: 20 April 1911, New Mexico

Death Date / Location: 26 July 1984, Grant County, New Mexico

Additional Information

Member of Sedgwick Post No 17, GAR

Civil War Pension Index

Name: William H. Young; William H. Burton

State Filed: New Mexico on 6 September 1902

Co I, 188th PA INF, Co K, 3rd PA H.A., Co C, 1st US Cavalry

Pennsylvania State Archives, Civil War Veteran's Card File 1861-1866

Burton, William H.	K - 3 A I - 188 I.	5-274
Enrolled	2-23-63	at Philadelphia, Pa.
M.I.	2-23-63	As Pvt. at "
M.O.	12-14-65	
Discharged:		
Age at enrollment	18	Complexion Fair
Height	5-6	Eyes Brown
Hair	Black	Occup. Laborer
Residence: Philadelphia, Pa.		
Remarks: Trans. from Company K. 3rd. Art. 4-1-64. Pro.		
Corp. 11-1-65 Muster Out with Company.		

U.S. National Homes for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, 1866-1938 about William Young

Name: William Young (Wm H. Burton) born about 1845 in Pennsylvania

Private, Co K, 3rd H.A.

Nearest Relative - Son - John Young - Central, Grant County, New Mexico

Admitted in 1913 to Pacific Branch, Sawtelle, Los Angeles, California

Photograph of tombstone for William H Young, Santa Ana Cemetery, Orange County, California taken by Charles Lewis Beal, 5/17/2013. Used with the permission of Charles Beal.

Family Stories and First Hand Account of William "Apache Bill" Young can be found in the "Comments" section.

Sources

"Pioneers in Blue and Gray", Civil War Veterans in Orange County by Gordon Bricken, First Edition, The Bricken Press, Santa Ana, California, Copyright 2009

Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S. Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc., 2009

Ancestry.com. *U.S. National Homes for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, 1866-1938* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2007

Pennsylvania State Archives, Civil War Veteran's Card File 1861-1866,

<http://www.digitalarchives.state.pa.us/archive.asp?view=ArchiveIndexes&ArchiveID=17>

National Park Service, Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System, searchable database on-line
<http://www.nps.gov/civilwar/search-soldiers.htm>

National Archives and Records Administration. *Civil War Pension Index: General Index to Pension Files, 1861-1934* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2000.

- Record for William H. Burton/William H. Young

“Organization Index to Pension Files of Veterans Who Served Between 1861 and 1900,” digital images, Fold3.com (<http://www.fold3.com> : accessed [date image viewed]); [soldier's name (company, regiment)] index card; imaged from Organization Index to Pension Files of Veterans Who Served Between 1861 and 1900, T289 (Washington, D.C.; National Archives [n.d.]), roll number found in Image Information].

United States of America, Bureau of the Census. *Twelfth Census of the United States, 1900*. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 1900. T623, 1854 rolls.

- Santa Rita, Grant County, New Mexico; Roll T623_1000, Page 22A, Family 495, Line 3, Record for William Young

Fourteenth Census of the United States, 1920. (NARA microfilm publication T625, 2076 rolls). Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29. National Archives, Washington, D.C

- Central, Grant County, New Mexico; roll T625_1076; Page 3B, Family 71, Line 55, Record for Juana Young

United States of America, Bureau of the Census. *Fifteenth Census of the United States, 1930*. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 1930. T626, 2,667 rolls.

- Santa Ana, Orange County, California; Roll T626_182, Page 4A, Family 94, Line 13, Record for William Young

State of California. California Death Index, 1940-1997. Sacramento, CA, USA: State of California Department of Health Services, Center for Health Statistics, Microfilm
Record for Victoria Y Padilla, mother's maiden name Hinso
Record for John Young, mother's maiden name Jinso

Findagrave.com, searchable database of cemeteries with tombstone inscriptions, memorials and photographs

Footnotes

¹ 1900 Census, Santa Rita, Grant County, New Mexico; Roll T623_1000, Page 22A, Family 495, Line 3, Record for William Young

² Central, Grant County, New Mexico; roll T625_1076; Page 3B, Family 71, Line 55, Record for Juana Young

³ Findagrave.com, searchable database of cemeteries with tombstone inscriptions, memorials and photographs

- Memorial 59375085, Created by Tony and Cindy Lloyd, Record for William Henry Young
- Memorial 93120769, Created by Eddie G, Record for Juana Lucero Young
- Memorial 93069432, Created by Stone Seeker; Record for Manual L. Young
- Memorial 93069565, Created by Stone Seeker, Record for Henry L. Young

- Memorial 73204983, Created by Eddie G, Record for Frank L. Young
- Memorial 80542484, Created by Onorio Rico, Record for William L. Young
- Memorial 94331346, Created by Stone Seeker, Record for Robert L. Young

⁴ California Death Index

- Record for Victoria Y. Padilla, mother's maiden name Hinso
- Record for John Young, mother's maiden name Jinso

⁵ United States, Civil War Soldiers Index for Wm. H. Young

Comments

Email from Brianne King, August 4, 2011

Hal,

Sorry for the delay in getting back to you but I wanted to make sure I had all the information to send to you. I have attached a GEDcom file for you. Please note that in the manuscript he names his mother as Bridges Burton but he told his grandchildren her name was Abigail Bridges Burton. He told them that his parents were from Wales but moved to Pennsylvania so John Young could work with the gold mines. But his granddaughter also said that he used to sing Irish songs to them so maybe that's a possibility too.

I have included some stories and information for you below.

He told the story often about when he was a child living with the Apache's. The chief had adopted him but there were many in the tribe that were jealous of him. The chief was forced to allow him to fight another Indian child. He was forced to kill the other child in a fight for his life.

Because of the knowledge of the Apache's that he had, he served as a scout. The Indians considered him a traitor and a turncoat. He also took a 16 yr old Apache girl to wife which made it worse. They accused him of kidnapping her and there was a price put on his head. Luckily (for me) he was never captured by them.

When he served as undersheriff in Silver City he got to know Billy the Kid quite well. Billy the Kid's trouble started in Silver City and I imagine that the two of them had quite a few run-ins. There is word that the Silver City Chamber of Commerce has a picture of the two of them together.

After he retired and was old, he went to the Soldiers Home in California because there was no such place in New Mexico. But when he was about 81 yrs old he left, got married, and bought a cottage in Santa Ana. The house had a grove of Orange and Walnut trees and he used to send out his grandchildren with paper bags to fill up as many as they could.

His grandchildren absolutely adored him. They all considered themselves his favorite. He was a very charismatic man and was very loved.

Hope this information helps

Brianne King

AN EARLY CHAPTER OF THE LIFE OF "APACHE BILL"

By David L. Hughes

March 31, 1926

I met Apache Bill at the soldiers' home in California. After telling me of different episodes of his early life in Arizona, New Mexico, California and Mexico, I asked him to tell me his early life story. This is what Apache Bill told me:

My name is William H. Young, better known throughout Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico in the early days as Apache Bill. I was born in Philadelphia on January 17th, 1844, to John Young and Bridges Burton.

In 1852 I started west with a family by the name of Howard. I was on my way to visit my uncle Silas Young, who at that time lived in Fort Worth, Texas. After a short stay in Fort Worth, I joined a party of immigrants on their way to California. We traveled the old Santa Fe trail through Cow Springs, New Mexico then into Arizona. It was while we were camped at the Vinaterilla Ranch near Tres Alamos on the San Pedro River about 9 miles north of where Benson, Arizona is today that I was captured by Apache Indians.

It was just before sundown when a pack of Apache Indians started to raid our camp. I was playing about two or three hundred feet away from the wagons when I saw the Indians driving off our stock; scared, I started to run as fast as I could to the wagons where the men had opened fire on the Indians. As I ran I could hear horse hoofs beating the ground close behind me, then as I saw a horse almost over me, at that same instant someone grabbed me by the back of the shirt and swung me around and up and sat me astride of his horse right in front of him. A big buck Apache Indian, his horse going a full speed he headed for the brush and foothills. After several days of traveling with them, we came to what appeared to be a permanent Indian camp in the Chiricahue Mountains. There they turned me over to the squaws who made me help them pack wood, carry water and help them with their tanning of hides. I fell into their customs and the squaws named me "Nalapi Enchos", (meaning good friend in Apache).

After I had been under the care of the squaws for about a year and a half, at the age of 10, I could now speak Apache. The bucks began to teach me the use of the bow and arrow and how to ride horses. Shortly afterwards they began to take me on their marauding trips. I would hold their horses while they would plunder the immigrant wagon trains. On several of these expeditions they would kill all the immigrants. Whatever provisions they could not carry off, they would destroy. I made a number of these trips in southern Arizona, New Mexico and northern Mexico. They had very few firearms, mostly of the flintlock variety, that they had taken from the immigrant raids.

I dressed in a G string and a pair of buckskin moccasins that reached to my knees. For those who have not seen one, I will explain how to put on a G string. You first put a buckskin belt or cord around the naked waist. Then you take a piece of cloth 8 to 12 inches wide, and 6 to 7 feet long, (according to your height). Place end No. #1 of cloth under your belt or cord in front, pulling it down till the other end, No.#2 comes to your knee. You bring end of No. #1 between your crotch, up your back, under the belt or cord in the middle of your back and you pull up the cloth snug. To complete the picture, put on a pair of buckskin moccasins that extend to your knees or hips. Trim your hair just below your ears down to your shoulder all the way around, then wrap a cloth around the head parting the hair in the center, place the hair to the right and left of your eyes, the cloth holding the hair in place. You now have the field dress of an Apache Indian.

For saddles, we used two pads made from grass fibers and strapped on our horses with rawhide latigo from cow hide. We applied tallow that made it soft and pliable. We hardly ever used wooden stirrups, generally using a sling we threw over the grass pads, inserting our moccasined feet at either looped ends.

These Indians made their headquarters in the Chiricahua Mountains at what is called the Horse Shoe Bend. Raton, and Miguel Tuerto, (blind in one eye), were the leaders of these outlaws who were called Coyoters. Most of the depredations done were by renegade and outlaw Apaches; breaking away from

their main tribe, they would go on these marauding expeditions killing here and there wherever they found their pray unguarded and taking what plunders they could carry off.

While in the field, we lived on raw beef, venison, jerky and penoli, (parched wheat or corn ground to a flour on rocks called a metate). You take two tablespoons full of penoli and place it in a glass of water or milk, sweeten with panocha or sugar, and you have a drink that is not hard to take. We used a dipper made from a gourd to mix our pinole in.

When we returned from our raiding trips, the squaws would prepare different kinds of dishes. They would take the young tender shoots from the cactus of the tuna variety and fry or boil them in earthen dishes, which makes a palatable dish. I am surprised that they are not used here more. I'm assured that if one of our modern chiefs were given some of these sprouts, he could make a dish that would surpass many of the present vegetable, they are a delicacy. They also make a gruel out of mesquite beans the call Atoli that is also palatable. They make a preserve they call sopichi from the giant cactus, the sahuarro, that resembles and taste like a fig.

Time went on and in the fall of 1858 we were in a marauding expedition in northern Sonora, Mexico. We stole some stock and were driving them north to the Chiricahua Mountains. We made camp about ten or twelve miles east of Fronteras near Pesquerias Ranch. We knew the Mexican were on our trail but thought we had thrown them off our trail. That night they quietly surrounded us while we were asleep and they waited for day break. When the first Indian got up, the shooting started, we were taken completely by surprise. I hide in a clump of cat claws until the shooting was over. A number of Indians escaped through the dense undergrowth. As some Mexicans came close to me, I came out from hiding and walked towards them. They were about to fire on me when they noticed that I was white with light hair, they lowered their rifles, spoke to one another, then walked up to me and spoke Spanish to me which I could not understand. I was close to 15 years and quite husky as I could scuffle with any of the young bucks and ride as well. They saw I was not Indian and they took me to Fronteras where they turned me over to Mexican by the name of Elias. He showed me the greatest of consideration and did everything in his power to make it pleasant for me.

I was thoroughly cleaned, and I certainly needed to be. My hair trimmed and my "G" string was removed and replaced with a pair of pants. In the meantime, seeing that I was white and from Anglo Saxon race, they found a man that spoke English. He spoke to me in English but I could not understand him, I had forgotten hoe to speak English. They later got an Apache interpreter and I told my story from the day I was taken by the Apache's at the Vinaterilla Ranch on the San Pedro River in Arizona a little over six years ago.

After about three weeks with Don Elias, Manual Gallegos and four other Mexican took me to Fort Buchanan, Arizona which took four days travel. I was turned over to the Commander of the post, Major Ewell. After a day's rest, the Mexicans returned to Fronteras, I loathed to see them go. Through an Apache interpreter, I told my story again Major Ewell. I had forgotten my first name but still had a faint recollection of my last name Young and pronounce it Yung. Major Ewell instantly new that I was the missing son of John Young who had served under General Scott in Mexico and who had sent notice to all detachments commanders in New Mexico and Arizona to be on the lookout for me as no trace had been found of my death. He wrote my father who was in Philadelphia and told him I was captured by the Mexicans and turned over to him. In the meantime, the soldiers took an interest in me and started teaching me to speak English, and it all came back to me like a dream.

During the next five to six months, the troops were called out to do scout duty and I was permitted to go along. I felt so different with new cloths, boots, coat, pants, shirt and hat, the first in nearly seven years. They felt clumsy at first, but I was very much taken by my new uniform. The food was also very different, eating bread, beans, bacon, cooked beef, coffee, sugar and vegetables. While I was with the

Apache's, it was straight jerky or raw beef and once in a while penoli. I remember one expedition, we left old Fort Buchanan went through Davidson Springs, then over to Tucson, north through Canada Del Ore, over to the San Pedro River, up to Arivaipa Canyon, (a very picturesque canyon). From there over to the Pinal Mountains, across to the White Mountains, then made a circle south back to Fort Buchanan. The troops rounded up 45 squaws and brought them back to the post.

In the spring of 1859, I was put in the care of Lieutenant Longstreet, who was the paymaster of the district at that time. He brought me as far as Yuma, Arizona and turned me over to troops that were headed to San Francisco, California. Our trip to San Francisco was uneventful. After several days wait for a vessel, I was put on the vessel Tuscorora bound for New York. We sailed around the horn and all that I can recollect of the trip was that we had some very rough weather. After several months sailing, I cannot say how long exactly, we reached New York. My father had been notified about the boat I had taken and was waiting for me and drove me to Philadelphia by buggy. My mother was overcome with joy when she saw me. After several days at home, I was put in school until the year of 1862 when I enlisted in the 95th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Not being of age, my mother secured my discharge. On February 23, 1863, I again enlisted, this time in Company "K", 3rd Pennsylvania heavy artillery under the name W.H. Burton, using my mom's maiden name. In March, 1864, I was transferred to the 188th Pennsylvania and served in this regiment until the end of the war when I was mustered out by general orders.

Understanding the Apache language, I was sent to Carlisle, Pennsylvania and enlisted as an Apache Scout and interpreter and was attached to Troop "C", 1st U.S. Cavalry. I entered into the campaign against the Apache Indians who were committing many depredations to immigrants crossing the plains and mountains and the homesteaders in New Mexico and Arizona. We embarked on a steamer which took us to Panama, there we cross the Isthmus by rail. On the Pacific side, we embarked on the Golden gate which took us to San Francisco. After several days there, we were shipped to Drum's Barrack, Wilmington, California, which at that time was the Government headquarters for distributing material and commissaries to troops doing duty in the Southwest, southern New Mexico, Arizona and southern California.

Lieutenant Chas H. Vail was first in command of our troops and second in command was Lieutenant Winters. We moved southwest through Fort Yuma and on into Tucson, (22 days), where we re-established the military post on the edge of Tucson, Pueblo, where the Santa Rita Hotels now stands, and extended south to where the Carnegie Library is at present.

We were ordered up the Tonto basin Country, the Tonto Apache's had just been on one of their marauding expeditions and had killed a number of settlers. After trailing them for about three weeks, we had a brush with them, killing several of them. That quieted things in these parts for the time being, so we moved south to old Fort Breckenridge on the San Pedro River, which had been renamed Fort Grant. It was when we were here at this time, I believe in the latter part of 66 or early 67, that we got word that Tully and Oshoas teams were being attacked by the Apaches near Canada Del Oro, we made a force march. It was about 25 to 30 miles and we made it in a little over five hours and we didn't arrive to soon. Euligo Lopez and Antonio Grijalva, both from Tucson, were acting as guide for the troops. They, with Sergeant Bill Morgan and myself were in advance of the troops. We first heard some shots very faintly at a distance, that gave us the direction. We advanced as fast as we could, at the same time caution. When we reached a little ridge near where the fighting was going on, looked over the ridge and at about five hundred yards away were seven or eight wagons. The horses had been stampeded during the night and the team was entrenched the best they could near their wagons, firing at the Indians when they would come within range. The Indians, some on foot and others mounted, kept circling around at a distance drawing their fire waiting for the ammunition to become exhausted. The Sergeant took in the situation at a glance, he ordered me to stay there with two other men and he returned to the troop which was now about a half mile in the rear, to report. They came up at a full trot, Lieutenant Chas H. Vail made a hurried survey of the situation, then ordered the troops to dismount to adjust their saddles and tighten up the cinches. We mounted and moved to the right in a Colum of fours, then were given the command of four left, and we

were at a troop front, immediately the command of deploy the right and left, guide center, draw sabers, charge, double time, and the fight was on. The foot of the Catalina Mountains was just about a mile from the wagons and the Indians made a run for them, we overtook several and they were quickly dispatched. The majority of the Indians made for the rough and boulder covered mountain, discarding their horses and going afoot, being able to travel a great deal faster among these boulders afoot, then on horse. A small detachment was sent back to look over the teamsters needs, their horses were rounded up by the next day and the wounded teamsters were given first aid treatment while the major part of the troops trailed the Indians over the north end of the Santa Catalina Mountains. The citizen of Tucson and nearby ranchers formed a posse to come to the aid of the teams. It was here in these trying times where the mettle of these pioneers were put to the supreme test.

The plowman would unhitch his horse and put a saddle on him, the merchant would close his door and saddle his horse, the ranchman would come in with their extra mounts, and in this way the minutemen were organized and would go to the aid of their fellowmen in distress. A messenger had been sent to notify the posse in Tucson that the U.S. Troops had arrived and not any to soon. Another hour and all we would have had to do would have been to dig graves and bury them. Shortly after, some of the citizen of Tucson with a number of Papage Indians surrounded a village of Apache Indians that was located about three miles from Fort Grant on the San Pedro and annihilated the entire village.

The following month we returned to Tucson and learned that Euligo Lopez and Antonio Grijalva both had the same experience as myself with the Apache, they both had been captives when they were mere boys. I met Col. Posten and Pie Allen. These are the men that come most clearly to my recollection that were taking the leading spirit in building up sections of Arizona. I often think of my compadres and the hospitality extended me by them. Once you become their friend, anything in their possession was at your service.

In 1867 we went to Tubac, the Custom House was there. We then moved to Calabasa, the only two white men there were Pete Kitchen and Johnny Ward outside of the troopers. We then moved to Fort Buchanan, the same place where nine years before I had been turned over to Major Ewell by Manuel Gallego and escorted, what a change had come to pass.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Major Ewell took sides with his people who lived in the south and was commissioned a Major General in the Confederacy by Robert E. Lee. He was known throughout Arizona and New Mexico as Buckskin Ewell.

We re-established Fort Buchanan and named it Fort Crittendon after Col. Crittendon on the 32nd inf., Major Norris commanding. It was near here where Tom Hughes, Lieut. Col, of the 1st Kansas Vol. during the Civil War, established his ranch, La Casa Blanca and after words known as the Pennsylvania Ranch. Many a raid was made on this ranch by the Apaches and more than a score of workmen killed.

Most of the next 2.5 years we put in scouting the country and running down these outlaw Indians that would break from their tribes.

In February 1869, I was ordered to Fort Whipple near Prescott, Arizona. On my way I stopped over in Tucson, and they were preparing for a dance at the plaza. The dances were somewhat different in those days. The dance floor consisted of good old mother earth, about 40 feet wide and 60 feet long. The ground was first leveled then went down, the water being carried from the nearby well in an olla, then sprinkled over the ground with a jiccarra made from gourd. After this the ground was thoroughly tamped down with a wooden tamper and then swept with a brush broom. On the outer edge, large pine logs were placed for seats. The gentlemen who had to bring their senioritas from any distance up or down the valley, brought her sitting behind his horse side fashion on a nicely arranged serrape, the mother or chaperon closely following on another horse. Among the Beau Brummela, Frenchy Lazard was the most envied, as

he was the only one who possessed the frock cutaway coat. Just as soon as they could ascertain that Frenchy was not going to attend a dance, the highest bidder would wear the coat. The gentlemen would bring along with them a nicely tanned sheepskin or a goat hide under his arm to put on the logs used as seats so the senorita's dress would not be soiled. The orchestra consisted of two or three violins, guitars, and a drum. At midnight intermission was called and all the dancers adjourned to the nearby Tamaleras and partook in tamales, enchiladas and coffee. In the meantime, the floor manager was busy with his jiccará spraying the now dusty floor with water, and re-tamping it, as all the gentlemen wore high heel boots, it was rather hard on the dirt floor. After intermission, the dance with renewed vigor would dance till early morn. The following day we continued to Fort Whipple, there I was attached to the 8th Cavalry. It was quite cold at Whipple, snow being on the ground most of the time.

In April, I was ordered to Fort Wingate, New Mexico and after a short stay was ordered to Fort Stanton to interpret the peace parley between the Jicarilla Mountain Apache Indians and the Government troops. After this parley and peace had been restored, I left the service in the spring of 1870 and went to Tula Rosa, New Mexico. The next four or five years, I put in around Silver City and along the Rio Grande.

In 1875, a bunch of horses were stolen from the Shedd Ranch on the Rio Grande close to the Organ Mountains. This stock belonged to Wood and Reed Cowmen. I joined the posse and we took the trail and it lead us across New Mexico into Arizona right up into the Chiricahua Mountains. We went to Apache Pass where we met Captain Tom Jefforde who was the Indian agent there and explained to him that all the signs pointed that some Indians had driven this stock over here. He called the chief's, of which Geronimo was one, and in several days they had gathered and returned our stock. It was then that captain Jeffords told me that Cochise, the Apache Chief, had died from a bullet wound received by Mexican troops in Mexico. Cochise did not show any signs of Indian blood in him, he looked to me like a Castillian but very dark tanned and being with Apaches all his life spoke only Apache.

In the fall of 1876, I went into service of the Mexican Government and went to Ascension Custom House. A great number Mormons were coming into Mexico and during this time Colonel O'Campos was the Government land agent who was settling the Mormon's along the Bavispi and Santa Maria River in Chihuahua. I was acting as interpreter. Among the Apostles, I met Brigham Young, Jr., Brother Snow, Teasdale, and Bishops W.D. Johnson and Mc Donald. They were settling near Casas Grande, Ascension, Colonia and Morales.

I put several years in this locality, when in the late seventies, Victorio, Apache Chief of Palomas Hot Springs on the Rio Grande in New Mexico near Sierra De Los Ladrones, who had been taken with all his band consisting of a little over 200 bucks and 300 squaws and papoose to the San Carlos Indian reservation. I believe this was in the year 1876 or 77 that he returned to Palomas Hot Springs. The troops immediately got after him and told him to return to San Carlos, this he refused to do and with the entire band broke out on the war-path and struck out south. For the next two to three years he raided and plundered the entire length of the state of Chihuahua. The Mexican ranchers finally got together and with the aid of Mauricio Corredor, Chief of the Taramari Indians of southwestern corner of Chihuahua and one hundred and fifty Indians.

It was in 1880 or 1881, Mateo Duran, Tiburcio Chacon, and myself were carrying messages between the U.S. Troops along the border of New Mexico, and the Mexican Federal troops in command of Colonel Joaquin Terrazas, Victorio and his band were making for the Sierra Madre Mountains when they ran right into the ranchers, about two hundred and fifty in numbers, who were on their way south to attack Victorio. They met at the foot of the Los Tres Castillos Mountains three peaks about 1000 feet higher than the surrounding land. Victorio lead his men to the summit of these peaks. By coincidence, Mauricio Corredor with his one hundred and fifty Indians were on the other side of the peaks traveling north, also anticipating cutting off Victorio from reaching the Sierra Madre Mountains. Both parties working in conjunction surrounded these peaks. It was too late in the afternoon to close in on them, so we waited until morning. A few scattering shots were fired throughout the night as they tried to break through the

lines. Fourteen bucks who were out foraging tried to get in with the rest but were turned away by the Taramaria. At daylight, orders were given to close in slowly and inside of two hours we were exchanging shots quite rapidly. The squaws and papoose, about forty in number unarmed, were huddled together in a cave in the canyon, we soon took them prisoners and kept closing in on the bucks. Word was sent them to surrender but they answered "No". By noon we had killed of half of the bucks and still the remainder would not surrender. A charge was ordered from all directions and we closed in on them. When Victorio, wounded, and with only seven of his warriors fighting with him was ordered to surrender and he refused, they were finally caught in a shallow cave and all were shot. The only surviving were the fourteen that tried to break through the line the night before. They went back to San Carlos, Arizona. The papoose were distributed among the Mexican ranchers to raise, while the squaws were all taken to the city of Chihuahua and placed in prison to work around the prison. Colonel Joaquin Terrazza was in full view of the engagement but did not take part.

In 1881, in the fall I believe, it was when Naneia, one of the Apache Chief from San Carlos, Arizona, started with 60 odd bucks to avenge the death of Victorio, Apache Chief. He started south along the Gila down by Solomville, passed the San Simon and on down to Mexico. General Garcia was in command of the Mexican troops in this section. He received word from runners that this Apache and his band were headed for the Bavispi River. Having only a small detachment of soldiers for his immediate use, and expecting a large band of Indians, General Garcia enlisted the aid on the ranchers and farmers in the area. About this time the outpost had come in and reported the Indians were headed straight for the Arroyo De Los Alicos. Knowing that they had come forty to fifty miles without water for their stock, General Garcia threw out an ambush at this watering place, it was one of the best plan I had ever witnessed. After all the Indians had dismounted, we allowed their horses to drink their fill knowing that they could not run fast or any distance in that condition. When the signal was given, we opened fire on both sides, some rushed across the arroyo only to meet another fusilade from that direction. A few mounted their horse but were overtaken. None of the Indians made it back to San Carlos to tell their story.

Shortly after this, I came up to Silver City, New Mexico, and I was appointed Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Harvey Whitehill. I also served under Sheriff Andy Liard and Col. Lockhart. I had passports from Mexico and acted as an international ranger along the border of New Mexico and Mexico for a number of years running down outlaws on both sides of the border.

Most of the Apache trouble commenced when the white man began to encroach on his heritage left him by his forefathers. They would then raid and pillage the immigrant as he was coming into the country he thought his. The troops were then called upon to suppress these depredations. They rounded up the different bands living in New Mexico and Arizona and placed them on reservations at San Carlos, Arizona. There, at times, they would become dissatisfied and disagree among themselves, would fight and break out of the reserve. These are the outlaws and they were the ones causing most of the trouble. When I was in Sheriff office in Silver City, I would often meet some Apache Indians scouts whom I knew and were always friendly to the white man. The Indian agent would give them passports to hunt or trade off the reservation.

The last few years, I have put in here at the soldiers home, making one or two trips to New Mexico every year. The changes throughout the country have been marvelous. It was just the other day I was looking out over where once had stood an old Hacienda near Los Angeles, now built up solid with modern building. I as stood there dreaming of how the Don used to cultivate his land with a yoke of oxen and a wooden plow, I could see him coming to the plaza to market, his verdur in a two-wheel careta. I could almost hear his wooden axles dull grind and squeak for the lack of tallow. Just then I was awaked by a soft purring noise above me. I looked up and saw a plane traveling between eighty and ninety miles per hour, just then my grandson ran out and said, "Grandad, I just tuned in with him on my radio and he says he is on the way to Santa Barbara. How we travel, God doeth things well.

Signed;

Wm. H. Young
Apache Bill
Soldier Home
California