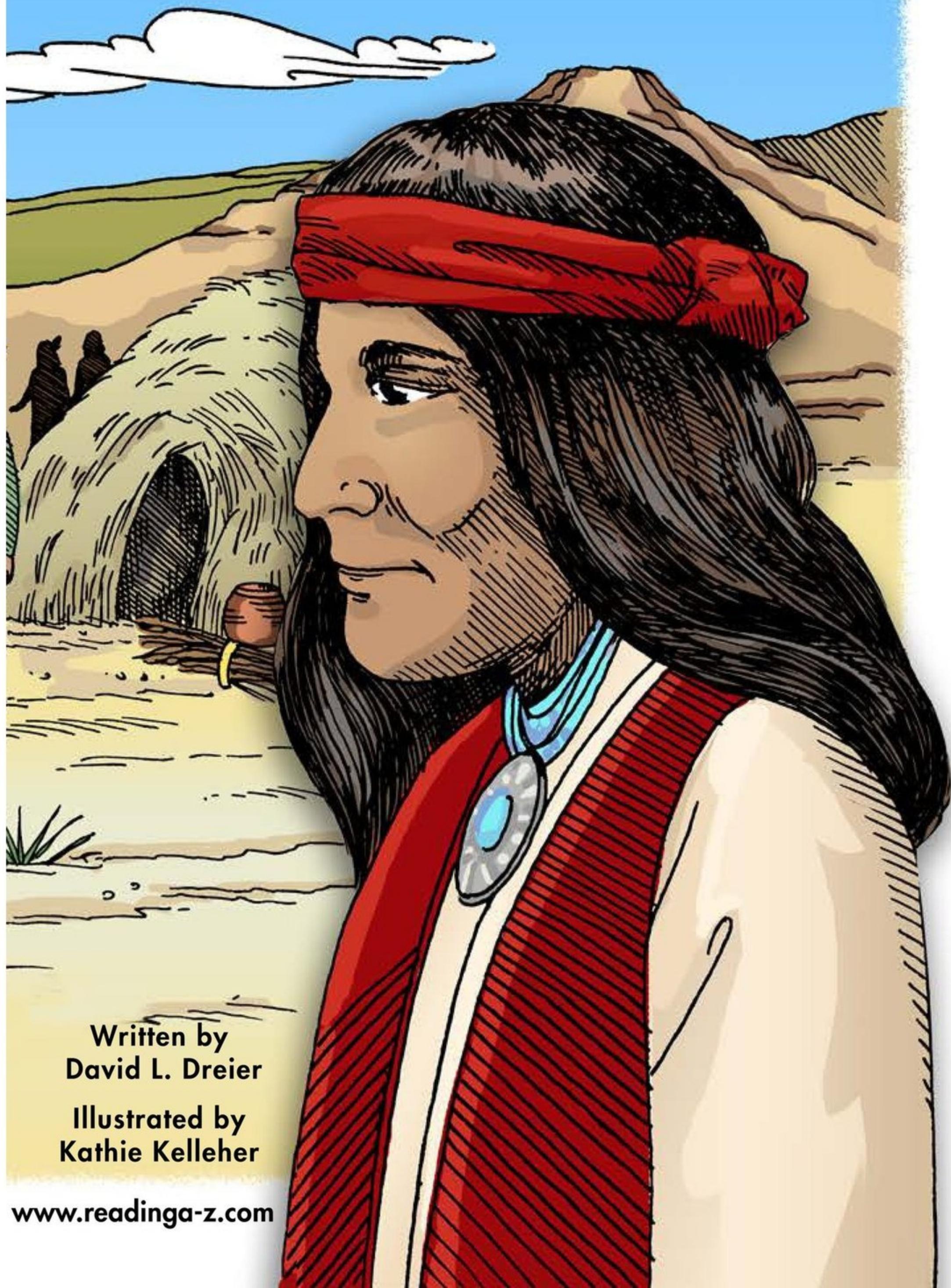


LEVELED BOOK • Z

THE APACHES



Written by
David L. Dreier

Illustrated by
Kathie Kelleher

THE APACHES



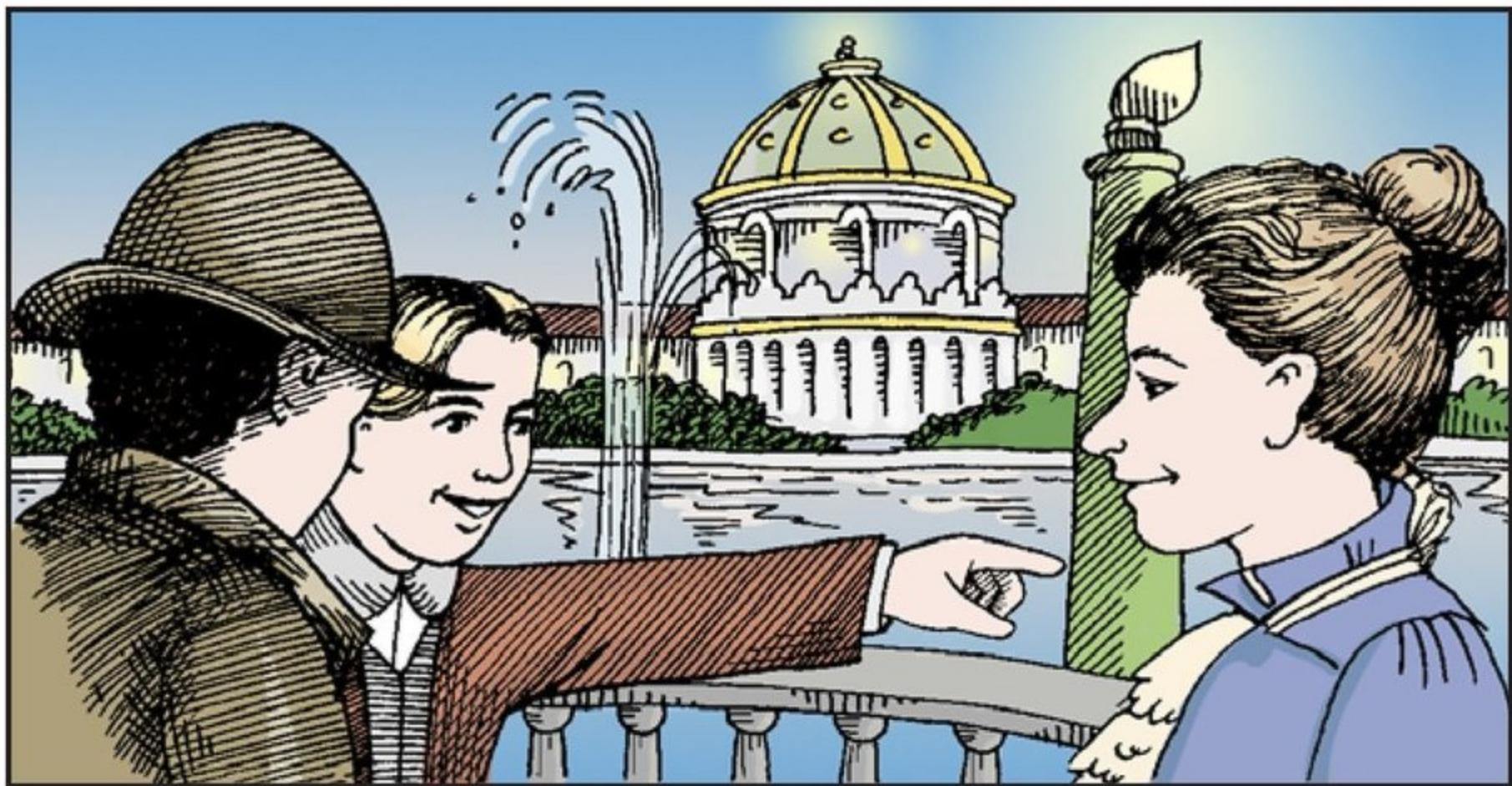
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Table of Contents

The Apache Village	4
The Early Days of the Apaches	8
Goyathlay Becomes Geronimo.....	11
Cochise's War	14
Geronimo's Desperate Resistance	16
Prisoners of War	19
An Honorary Apache	20
Afterword	23
Glossary.....	24



The Apache Village

To a twelve-year-old boy from rural Missouri, the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair was a **spectacle** almost beyond belief. As he passed through the entryway with his parents, young Tom Richards gazed above him. "The Louisiana Purchase Exposition," he said, reading the official name of the fair. It had been 101 years since the United States had obtained the huge territory of Louisiana from France. The fair celebrated a century of progress since that time—a century in which the entire American continent had been settled.

It was a warm September evening. As the sky darkened, the fair glowed with electric light. On a huge lagoon at the center of the fairground, boats glided by, filled with laughing people. Tom felt as though he was in an earthly paradise. Never had he seen so many beckoning **attractions**.

"Well," said Mr. Richards, as they walked along a crowded **promenade**, "what should we see first? How about the Palace of Machinery?"

His wife consulted a map of the fair. "Well, we're closer to the Palace of Education." Mr. Richards shrugged. Mrs. Richards looked down at Tom. "What do you think, Tom?"

The boy wasn't particularly interested in either of those suggestions. He wanted to see something exciting. As he looked around, he spied an attraction that caused his eyes to widen.

"There, that's where I want to go!" he said, pointing to a colorful entrance on the Pike where cultures from around the world could be seen. "The Apache Village!"

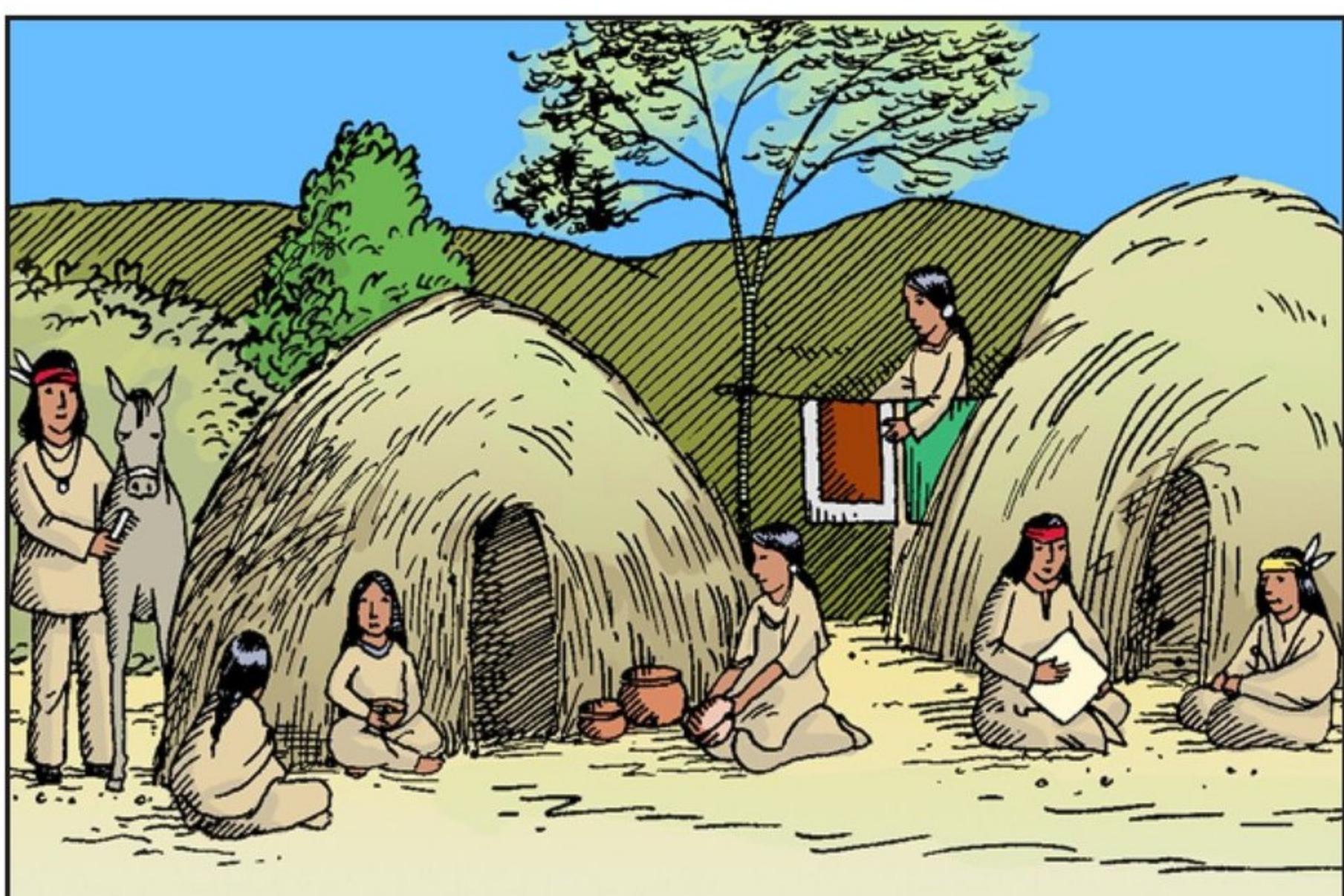
A banner above the entrance promised, "WILD INDIANS! Have your picture taken with the **infamous** CHIEF GERONIMO—25 cents! Autographs just 10 cents!"

Tom's mother was not enthused. "I think we should see something more . . . educational," she said. Tom's face dropped with disappointment.

Tom's father stepped in to settle the disagreement. "Listen, your mother and I will visit the uplifting Palace of Education, and you

will go see the Apaches." Ignoring his wife's disapproving glare, he handed Tom some money. "We'll meet you back here in an hour—eight o'clock sharp." Tom nodded happily, and before there could be any further discussion on the matter, Tom was off to the Apache Village.

At the building's entrance, Tom bought a 25-cent ticket and passed through the admission gate. Inside, there was a re-creation of an Apache settlement. Apache men and women in full tribal dress went about village life. In front of dome-shaped dwellings called *wickiups*, the women sewed buckskins or tended to pots of food simmering over small fires. A few men sat on buffalo robes making arrows, while others groomed their horses.



Tom's attention was drawn to one of the wickiups on the far side of the village exhibit. There, several dozen people were lined up at a small table. At the table, an old Apache man sat writing with a pencil. Two armed guards stood nearby.

"Wow!" Tom exclaimed. "That must be Geronimo!"

"It is indeed," said a man's voice.

Tom looked around. A well-dressed gentleman about forty years old smiled down at the boy. On his lapel was a badge that said, "Official Guide." He extended his hand to Tom. "John Collins," he said.

Tom took the man's hand and shook it. "I'm Tom Richards."

"Glad to meet you, Tom. Welcome to the fair. How would you like to learn about Geronimo and the history of the Apaches?"

"Sure!" said Tom. "But I have to meet my parents in less than an hour."

"Well, then," said Mr. Collins, "I guess we'd better get started."

The Early Days of the Apaches

Tom couldn't take his eyes off Geronimo.
"How come he has those guards standing near him?" he asked.

"Because he's a **prisoner of war**," said the guide.
"Has been for close to twenty years now. But we'll get to his story in a minute. First, let's talk about his ancestors—the early Apaches." Mr. Collins led Tom to a wall of illustrations and photographs.

Mr. Collins stopped at a map of North America.
"The Apache people originally lived up in Canada. Then, sometime after the year 1000, they started moving south along the east side of the Rocky Mountains." He ran his finger down the map.
"By the 1400s, they were living in what is now Texas and eastern New Mexico. They numbered about 5,000.

"The Apaches called themselves the Inday—the People. The name *Apache* comes from a Zuni Indian word, *apachu*, which meant *enemy*. Obviously, the Zunis didn't care much for them, eh?"

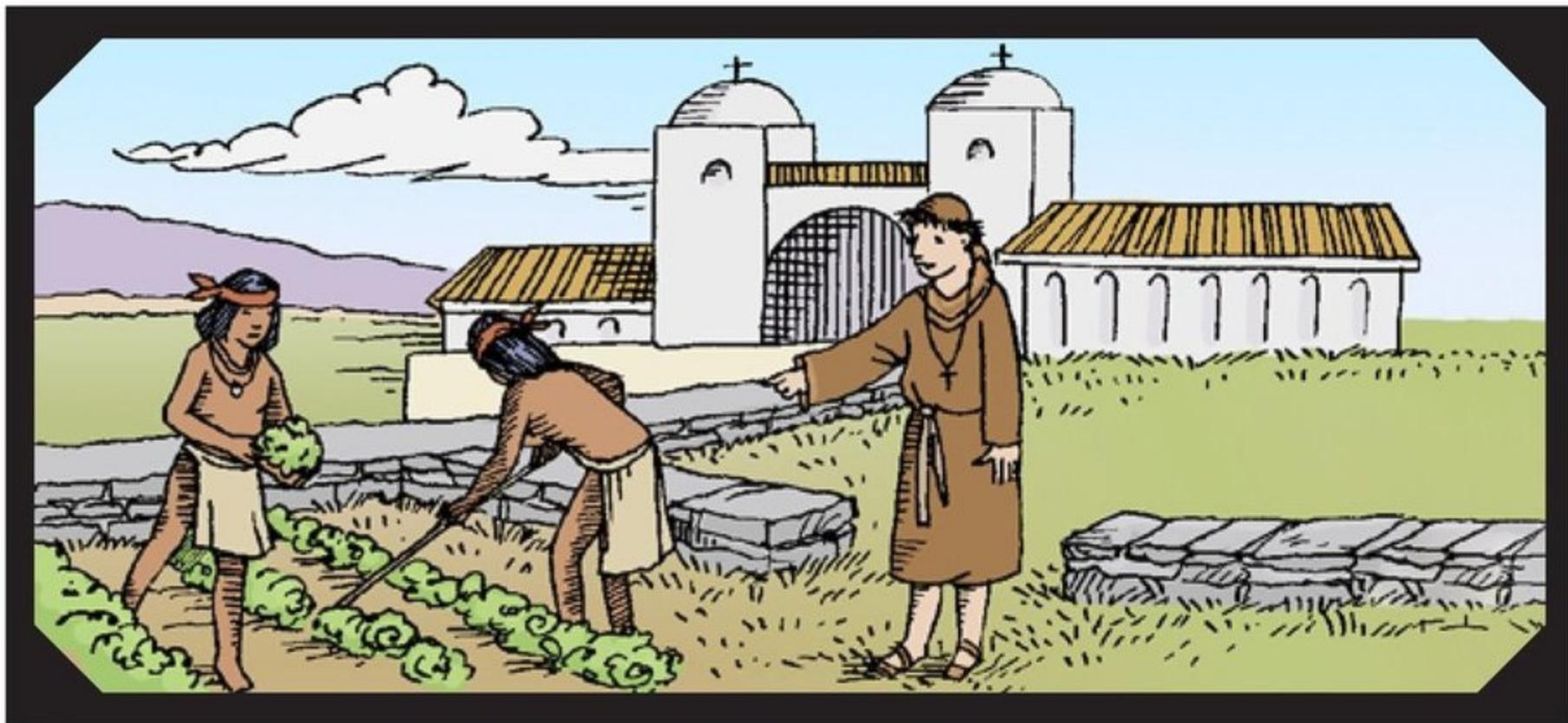
Mr. Collins took Tom to the next illustration. It was a painting of some men on horseback wearing strange-looking metal helmets and armor.

"These are Spanish soldiers," the guide said.

"Life started changing in a major way for the Apaches and other native peoples when the Spanish began settling in the Americas in the 1500s. The Spanish brought horses with them. Indians had never seen horses before. They were afraid of them at first, but they soon obtained horses from the Spaniards and became expert riders. The Apaches were among the first native people to use horses.

"The horse transformed the lives of Indians throughout central North America. It enabled them to become nomads. They began to move far and wide hunting buffaloes and other animals. Some Apaches did a bit of farming, but most of them were strictly hunters."





The next illustration showed a Spanish **mission**. “Life changed in other ways, too,” Mr. Collins said. “Spanish settlers began moving into the Southwest in the 1600s and establishing towns and Catholic missions. The Apaches didn’t want the Spanish taking their land, and they didn’t want to become ‘mission Indians.’ This was the beginning of nearly 300 years of almost continual warfare between the Apaches and people they considered invaders. First it was the Spanish, then the Mexicans, and finally the Americans.”

“Did they fight other Indians, too?” Tom asked.

“Oh, yes,” the guide answered with a sad smile. “I don’t think there was ever a tribe that didn’t fight other tribes. One of the Apaches’ main enemies was the Comanches. In the 1700s, the Comanches in Texas pushed many of the Apaches farther west. Those Apaches began settling in western New Mexico and in Arizona.”

Goyathlay Becomes Geronimo

There was a bright flash of light from the opposite side of the room. Tom looked around, startled. He saw Geronimo standing next to a young man in front of a large camera on a tripod. A photographer was holding a smoking tray mounted on a handle.

"Flash powder," the guide said. "Lights everything up so you can take a picture inside."

"I want to have my picture taken with Geronimo," Tom said. "I have the money." He pulled a quarter from his pocket and held it up.

"Well, there's still a line. But while you're waiting, let's talk about Geronimo. We're coming to his part of the story now."

Mr. Collins led Tom to another picture. "This shows how Geronimo might have looked as a young man," he said. "He was called Goyathlay, which means 'He Who Yawns.' Funny name, huh? Not too scary. This shows him in 1858, when he was about twenty-nine."

"By 1858, the Spanish were long gone," Mr. Collins said. "Mexico was an independent nation, and the Southwest was made up of states and territories of the United States. Goyathlay was a

member of the Chiricahuas (chir-ih-KAH-wuz), a group of Apaches that lived mostly in the territory that would become Arizona.

"The Chiricahuas were pretty much at peace with everyone at that time. They sometimes made trips into Mexico to trade with the Mexicans. On one of those trips, Goyathlay came back to his camp and found that Mexican soldiers had murdered his mother, wife, and three children.

"From that moment on, Goyathlay had a vicious hatred of Mexicans. He wanted revenge. But he was a religious man, so he went up into the mountains to pray and meditate.

"As he stared up at the starry sky, Goyathlay



Apache Religion

The Apaches believed in a god of the universe, whom they called Usen—the One Who Knows. They also believed in spirits that dwelled in the mountains. They thought those spirits had taught their ancestors how to live. The Apaches believed in life after death, but Geronimo said he had no idea what the afterlife would be like.

heard a message: *No gun can ever kill you. I will take the bullets from the guns of the Mexicans . . .*"

"That message from the Apache god, Usen, gave Goyathlay unlimited courage," said Mr. Collins. "He led bands of Apaches in frequent raids across the Mexican border. He absolutely terrorized the Mexican soldiers . . ."

Tom pictured the scene in his mind:

Seeing the implacable hatred in the eyes of the attacking Apaches, the Mexican troops dropped to their knees and wailed, "San Geronimo! San Geronimo!" But their cries did them no good. The Apaches killed them without mercy.

"San Geronimo—that's Spanish for Saint Jerome, their **patron saint**. Goyathlay took the name for himself. He became Geronimo."

Cochise's War

Mr. Collins showed Tom a picture of another Apache leader. "This is Cochise," he said. "Although Geronimo was making a name for himself, it was Cochise who was the chief of the Chiricahuas. And he was keeping the peace with the Americans.



"Then in 1861, a young army lieutenant named George Bascom did a really stupid thing. He accused Cochise of a crime he didn't commit and tried to arrest him. Cochise escaped but was wounded. Three of Cochise's male relatives who were being held by the army as **hostages** were hanged.

Mr. Collins shook his head in dismay. "As a result of that tragic incident, Cochise went on the warpath against the Americans. For the next ten years, his Chiricahuas attacked settlers and wagon trains and fought battles with the United States army."

“The army was determined to end the Apache uprising,” the guide related. “In 1871, the army sent General George Crook to capture Cochise and his warriors. General Crook was an experienced Indian fighter, and he was determined to capture Cochise. But another army officer, General Oliver Otis Howard, beat him to it.

“In September 1871, Cochise met Howard in the mountains of Arizona. Cochise was now sixty years old, and he was tired of fighting. He said he would surrender if the Chiricahuas could have a reservation in their homeland in southeastern Arizona. General Howard consented to that request, and Cochise agreed to settle his people on the reservation. So that ended Cochise’s war.”





Geronimo's Desperate Resistance

"Well, back to Geronimo," said Mr. Collins. He took Tom to another picture, this one of Geronimo kneeling with his rifle. "This is the Geronimo who made Americans and Mexicans shake with fear. This photo was taken later in his life, after he had been captured for the last time. But he still looked fierce, didn't he?"

"He sure did," Tom agreed.

"When Cochise surrendered to Howard, all the Chiricahuas—including Geronimo—went to live on the Apache reservation. It had been established exactly where Cochise had requested. But that was valuable land, and lots of white people wanted it. So what do you suppose happened?"

Tom took a guess. “The Chiricahuas got moved someplace else.”

“You are correct,” said the guide. “Yes, after Cochise died in 1874, the government forced the Chiricahuas to move to the San Carlos Reservation. It was a terrible place out in the desert.”



Mr. Collins took out a pocket watch. “When do you have to meet your parents?”

“At eight o’clock,” Tom said.

“Good, you have another fifteen minutes to spend, and we’re already nearing the end of the story.” He put the watch back in his pocket.

“So—where were we? —San Carlos. Several tribes of Apaches had been sent to that god-forsaken reservation. Most of them no longer had any fight left in them. But the Chiricahuas still had plenty of fight. They decided they would rather die in battle than waste away on a dry, scorching reservation. So Geronimo and some other Chiricahua leaders escaped with their followers and returned to the mountains. That was the start of a new round of warfare and terror.

“The army pursued the Apaches relentlessly. Geronimo was taken back twice to the San Carlos Reservation, but each time he escaped.”

“So how did it finally end?” Tom asked.

“Quietly,” said Mr. Collins. “Both the U.S. and Mexican armies were looking for Geronimo. In September 1886, an American general named Nelson A. Miles cornered Geronimo and his small band of Chiricahuas. They found them in a place called Skeleton Canyon in southern Arizona. Geronimo met with one of the general’s junior officers, Lieutenant Charles Gatewood.”

Tom again pictured the scene in his mind:

Worn out from years of fighting, Geronimo laid down his rifle and shook Lieutenant Gatewood’s hand. He asked the lieutenant about his fellow Chiricahuas in other renegade bands—how were they faring?

“The ones who have surrendered have been sent to Florida,” said Gatewood. “And that is where you will be sent as well. I’m sorry.”

Geronimo nodded. He knew that this was the end.

“Geronimo and his people had fought desperately to preserve their way of life. But they had lost. It was his final surrender.”

Prisoners of War

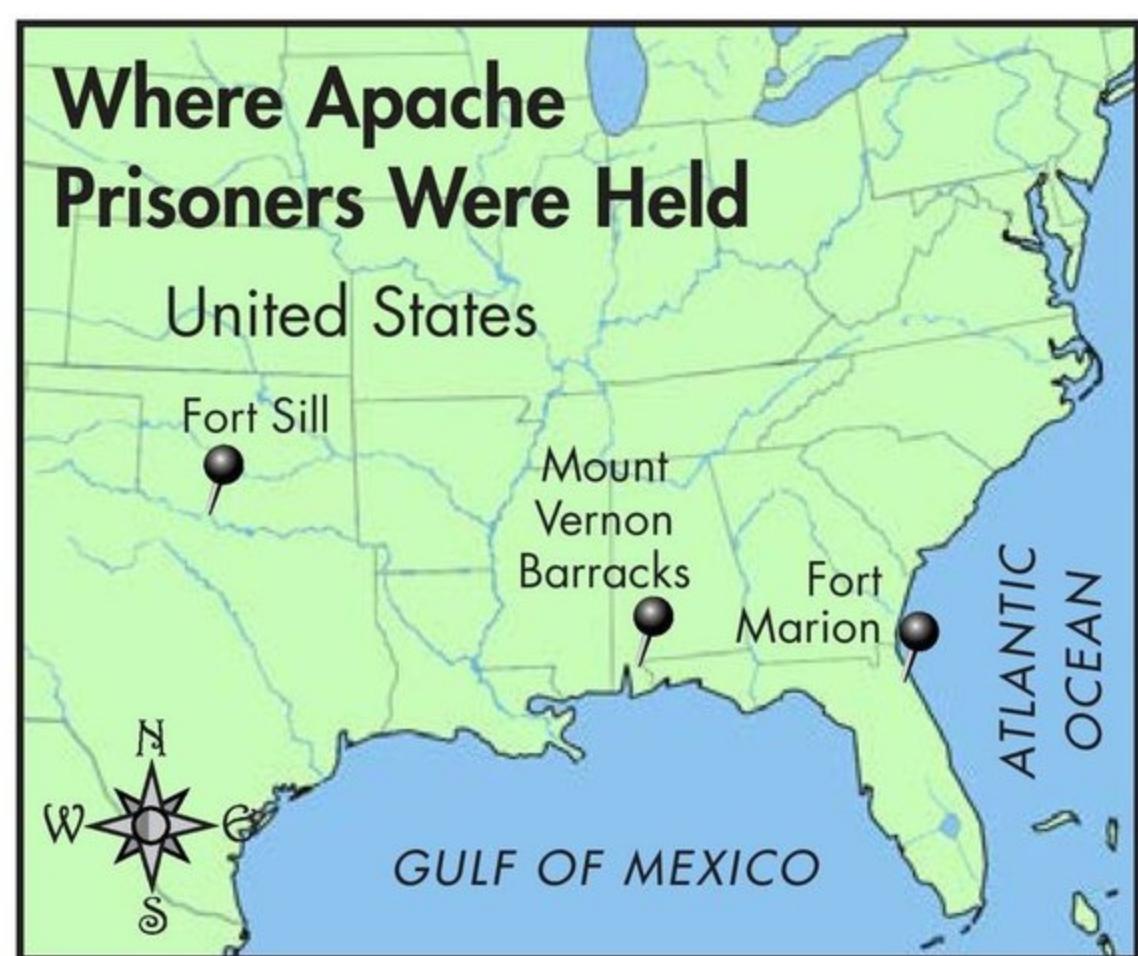
"Well," said Mr. Collins, "with Geronimo's surrender, the Indian Wars were finally over."

"What happened next to Geronimo and his people?" Tom asked.

"The Chiricahuas became prisoners of war. Geronimo and about 350 of his fellow Chiricahuas were sent by train to an army post in Florida." The guide pointed to a picture of Geronimo and other Chiricahuas sitting on the ground next to the prison train.

"Later, they were transferred to another post, in Alabama. The climate there was so bad that many of the Apaches died of tuberculosis and other diseases.

"Finally, in 1894, the remaining Chiricahuas were sent to Fort Sill in Oklahoma, and that's where they are today. And they're still prisoners of war. Geronimo can't go anywhere outside the reservation without being accompanied by armed guards."



An Honorary Apache

Tom looked over at Geronimo. The crowd of people was gone. And to Tom's dismay, the photographer was taking his camera down. "Oh, no!" he cried.

"You'd better run," Mr. Collins said.

Tom thanked the guide for his history lesson, and then he dashed across the room. "Hey, wait!" he said. "I want to have a picture taken!"

The photographer continued to **dismantle** his equipment. "Sorry, kid. Gotta go. Come back some other time."

Tom wouldn't budge. "No! I may not be able to come back! Come on!"

The photographer rolled his eyes. "All right, all right."

A minute later, Tom was standing with Geronimo in front of a dark curtain. There was a blinding flash of light as the photographer ignited a load of flash powder.

The photographer took Tom's quarter and wrote down his name and address. "I'll mail you a print," he said.



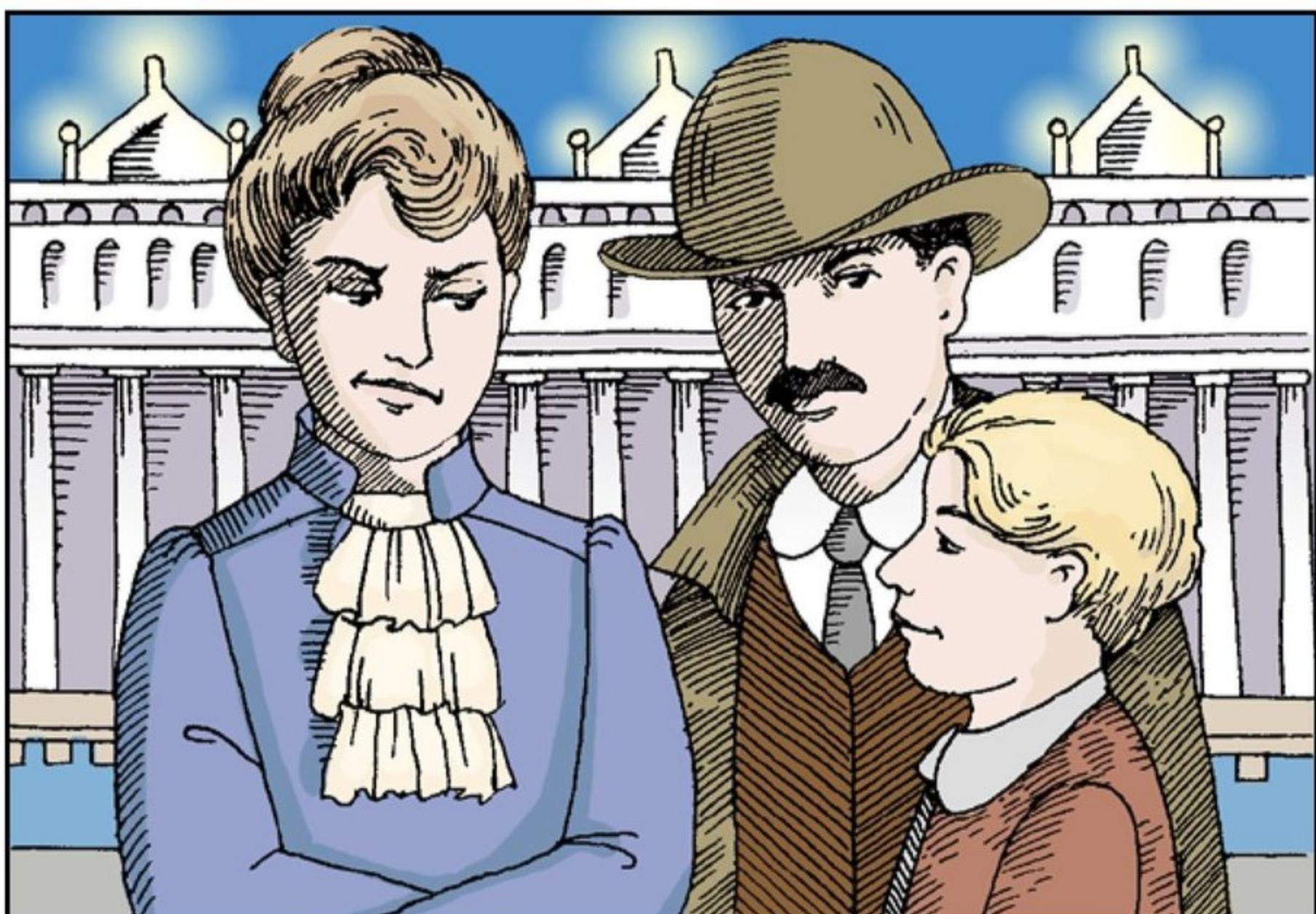
Geronimo patted Tom on the back. "You might have been a great warrior," he said with a smile. "I will make you an honorary Apache, huh? I will call you Stands His Ground."

Tom was wowed. "Thank you, Mister Geronimo!"

As Tom was leaving, he passed some posters with quotes from Geronimo. One, referring to the Apache people, read, *"I cannot think that we are useless, or God would not have created us. There is one God looking down on us all. We are all children of the one God."*

When Tom met his parents and told them about becoming an honorary Apache, Mrs. Richards rattled on about the Pike being nothing but sideshow spectacles. "I won't hear another word about it. We're only going to exhibits where you can really learn something."

Tom made no reply. He knew from Geronimo's story that there are times when standing your ground brings nothing but grief.



Afterword

Once a valiant war leader, Geronimo was in his old age a popular novelty. He appeared at a number of fairs and Wild West shows. In 1905, he rode in the **inaugural** parade of President Theodore Roosevelt. He died of pneumonia at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1909 at the age of 79 or 80.

The Chiricahua Apaches remained prisoners of war at Fort Sill until 1913. They were then allowed to either move to a reservation in New Mexico or stay in Oklahoma. Those who remained in Oklahoma received small plots of land from the federal government.

Today, there are more than 50,000 Apaches in the United States, representing the Chiricahuas and several other groups. Nearly a third of them live on reservations in New Mexico and Arizona, where they have preserved a number of tribal traditions. Many Apaches work for lumber or cattle companies owned by the tribe.



Wildland firefighters from the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona clean up a fireline in a mountainous area of the Apache reservation.

Glossary

attractions (<i>n.</i>)	people, things, or types of entertainment that people like (p. 4)
dismantle (<i>v.</i>)	to take apart piece by piece so that something stops working (p. 20)
hostages (<i>n.</i>)	people held prisoner until certain terms are met (p. 14)
implacable (<i>adj.</i>)	incapable of being soothed or softened (often refers to violent or angry feelings) (p. 13)
inaugural (<i>adj.</i>)	marking the beginning of something (in the United States, often refers to the start of a president's term) (p. 23)
infamous (<i>adj.</i>)	famous for being evil, bad, or dangerous (p. 5)
mission (<i>n.</i>)	a center built by the Spanish in the New World to convert Native Americans to Christianity (p. 10)
patron saint (<i>n.</i>)	a holy person recognized as the special protector of a person or group (p. 13)
prisoner of war (<i>n.</i>)	somebody taken and held by an enemy during a war (p. 8)
promenade (<i>n.</i>)	a public place for walking that is for pleasure or to be seen by others (p. 5)
renegade (<i>n.</i>)	a person who rejects the laws of a group (p. 18)
spectacle (<i>n.</i>)	an unusual or impressive object or event seen in public (p. 4)

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Editor's Note:

During the time this story is set, many people, including Native Americans, called Native Americans "Indians." Today, the terms Native Americans, American Indians, or First Nations refers more generally to the many different people indigenous to North America.

Title page:

Nearly 20 million people attended the 1904 World's Fair in St. Louis, Missouri, with about 100,000 visiting each day. This photograph shows the fair's midway, called The Pike.

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