

## [Early Days Around Silver City]

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Early days Around Silver City

We used to get quite a few scares in the early days. One morning while I was living on the Washburn Ranche, Fido a small dog of mine kept growling and bristling up his hair .

“Fido what's the trouble?” I asked.

Fido looked at me as if to say stay in the house.

I went around to all of the doors and fastened them for just a day or so before the Apache Indians had been seen.

In about an hour I heard a knock on the front door. I went to the door there stood an Indian brave without any clothes, but a breach cloth and a pair of moccasins.

I asked, “What do you want?”

The brave rubbed his stomach and said “Hungry” and Pointed to his mouth. I understood him to mean he wanted food.

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I gave him all of the bread that I had, a pound of coffee some sugar and milk. I then pointed out to the line where I had some forty or fifty pounds of jerky hanging on the line and handed him a sack.

He went out to the line and took every piece of meat off the line. I was afraid to make a protest as I knew there were Prob bly other braves near the house.

The old brave came to the house and said, "Shake," and stuck out his hand. I replied, "Go on away."

The Indian bowed his head to the ground got up crossed himself and left.

A few hours later on going to the spring my husband and I saw tracks all around the spring as if there might have been twelve or fifteen braves at the spring, who had waited while the old brave came up to the house after food.

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A few days after the old brave was at our house everything seemed so still even the air seemed to be held in suspense. My husband happened to look out the front and saw something moving. He told me to take the baby and crawl through the yard and up the canon. I got some quarter of a mile from the house before I ever stood up to walk.

Geronimos Indians had been causing some trouble and we were so sure that the thing Tom saw was an Indian we didn't think to investigate, when Tom saw that a donkey had only strayed out close to the house he started up the canon after me. In those days people did call as we never know when Indians were around.

When I heard my husband coming up the canon I thought the Indians had discovered me and I started up the canon as fast as I could go. I ran until I felt that I couldn't go any farther, I stumbled, but got up and went on. The last I remembered was a hand grasping

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me by the shoulder. When I came to I was at home in bed. My husband was sitting by the side of the bed.

I asked, "What happened?"

Tom said, "I chased you up that canon for a couple of miles. I overtook you just as you fainted. As soon as I discovered that our Indians were donkeys I started out to overtake you, but was afraid to call you, but it looked as if I was going to be unable to overtake you until you fainted. You sure can run."

"Well anyone can when they think their life is at stake", I returned.

I was in bed two weeks as my feet were so cut, [brused?], and swelled, that I couldn't walk. There wasn't a foot of my body that hadn't been scratched by the brush and rocks in my flight.

Informant: Mrs. Tom Johnson