

band. And yet the police not only met the exigencies of the occasion with promptness, but they acted entirely upon their own initiative and responsibility. Visualize the absolute peacefulness of that lovely afternoon. All were relaxed, until Disalin fired his first shot. The policeman who witnessed that shot, and noted the look of desperation on Disalin's face, ran at top speed for his gun, meantime shouting to his comrades that Disalin was killing the white men in the office. No one hesitated. In an instant all were armed, alert, active. They did not need to be told what to do. The police did not know whether they were defending Sweeney and me, or avenging our deaths. They only knew they were performing their highest duty; that nothing should stop them until Disalin was captured or killed.

'While I was viewing Disalin's body, Taelclyee came over, shook my hand, and said "Enju"--it is well. Then, alternately stroking his gun and his chest, he said in a most serious and earnest manner:

"I have killed my own chief and my own brother. But he was trying to kill you, and I am a policeman. It was my duty."

'With equal earnestness, I told him that he had proven himself a brave officer and a good friend, that I would be his chief, his brother, and his good friend always. We sealed that pledge of mutual friendship with another clasping of the hands. We kept that pledge inviolate to the day of Taelclyee's death, in 1930.

'With the Disalin escapade a matter of history, the rest of us proceeded to enjoy the Christmas holidays. Our happy family consisted of three white men, one Negro, and forty-two hundred Apaches. The troops had gone; consequently the morale was excellent. Men were kept busy at various agency and camp jobs. At one of our friendly powwows, I was made a full brother of the Apache Nation and given the name, "Nantan-betunny-kahyeh," which, translated into modern English, means, "Boss-with-the-high-forehead." I