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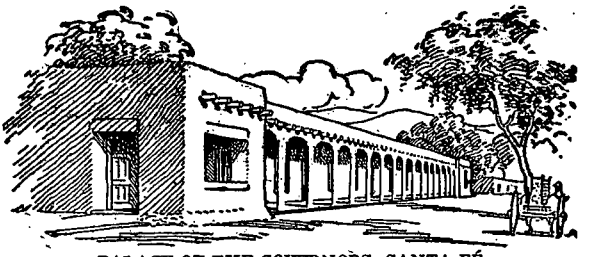

PALACE OF THE GOVERNORS, SANTA FÉ

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NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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SHALAM: FACTS VERSUS FICTION

By JONE HOWLIND

(As the editor responsible for the acceptance of articles for publication, we have been mortified to learn that last year an article which was in considerable part fiction—or shall we say "creative writing"—was accepted by us in the guise of bona fide history. We are glad, therefore, to be able to give our readers a second article on Shalam, sent us by one who was so intimately identified with the founders of that little colony. "Jone Howlind" is a penname, we are informed, which Miss Howland assumed when she joined the newspaper world in El Paso.—L. B. B.)

RECENTLY an article on Shalam was brought to my attention which appeared in the NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW (April 1944), and was titled: "The Land of Shalam: Utopia in New Mexico" by Julia Keleher. As the article was almost completely unrelated to fact, and, so it seemed to me, quite malicious, my first reaction was to ignore it. Then I realized that possibly many fine, sincere people might have read it, believed it true and accepted its wild statements and prevarications. To such people, I address this reply and corrections, and state some simple facts about Shalam; Dr. John B. Newbrough, my father; his wife, my mother; and Andrew M. Howland who later became my step-father.

Newbrough was born on a farm in Ohio, June 5, 1828. He worked his way through medical school by living in the home of a dentist and assisting him. He liked this work and soon combined the two courses so that he was graduated both an M.D. and a D.D.S. When the gold rush of 1849 came, he joined the procession and went to California. Suc-

cessful here, he went to the gold fields of Australia. Between these two ventures he made something like $50,000. After a trip around the world, he settled in New York City, took up the practice of dentistry, and lived there until he went to New Mexico in 1884. He invested his money in New York real estate and built up a large and successful practice.

We can tell a good deal about a man from the books he owned and read. As he marked his books, making copious notations, it is still easier to follow the trend of his mind. Among his many books, history, science, sociology — are Agassiz, Humboldt, Hume, Darwin, and Draper, to mention a few.

While it may cause a raising of eyebrows now to learn that Newbrough became interested in spiritualism, it is only because people today do not realize the tremendous sweep over the whole civilized world spiritualism made during the middle of the last century. In Italy, Germany, France, England, the foremost scientific men not only engaged in investigating it, they openly endorsed it. So in investigating spiritualism, Newbrough was not only swept along with the masses of ordinary folk, he was in the company of the greatest minds of the day. In 1881, he produced by automatic control a book called *Oahspe*. For this work he has been written up by the British and American Psychical Research Societies. *Oahspe* has attracted eminent thinkers and scholars, and it has also attracted people of low mental order and countless so-called cranks. We can say the same thing for the Bible.

The *Oahspe* plan for bettering society is this: that believers shall gather orphan and castaway babies, go to a remote, isolated spot, found a colony and here raise these children. These people are to care for, raise and educate these children, teach them trades or useful occupations, teach them to be co-operative, loving and helpful towards one another, raise them on a strict vegetarian diet and give them strict religious training in the worship of their heavenly Father.

For something so simple as this, would-be writers have heaped vitriol, calumny, and lies upon lies on Newbrough,

his wife and Howland, not only while they lived, but even today after Newbrough has been dead fifty-four years! World renowned swindlers have been more gently dealt with and had greater respect shown them. Indeed, even murderers who have committed atrocities upon the dead bodies of their victims have never come in for the spleen, vituperation, malice, slander, rankling with scorn and hate, that have been heaped upon all of them, and especially Newbrough. When I think of this and then the kind of man Newbrough really was, I am reminded of another who went around doing good. Before they nailed Him to a cross, He said: "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." (St. John, C. 15, vs. 18-19)

There are two things Newbrough did while he was practicing dentistry in New York which show something of his character. At this time Goodyear held the patents on a process used in rubber plates for false teeth. This made the plates expensive and in turn worked a hardship on new dentists or dentists who had a poor practice. Newbrough had a lucrative enough practice so that it didn't hurt him, but he didn't like what it did to others. Being a chemist, he began experimenting and finally produced a plate as good or better than Goodyear's. Goodyear promptly sued him, claiming that Newbrough had infringed the Goodyear patent. Newbrough lost the suit in the lower court and carried it to the higher court where he won the suit. He was therefore entitled to patent his invention, and doubtless he could have made a comfortable sum. The suit had cost him $20,000, and it would seem that at least he could have held the patent long enough to reimburse himself what the suit had cost him. He did neither. Having won the suit, he gave his invention to the dental profession.

He had been impressed by the long, hard struggle a young dentist had to make before he began to make a living. Newbrough worked out a plan, and though it was a small plan, through it he helped dozens of young dentists get

started. He would employ a graduate dentist in his office. Here the young man gained experience. When Newbrough was satisfied that he possessed the right character and ability, he would open an office, furnish and equip it, pay the rent on it and put this young man in at a salary. After he had built up a self-supporting practice, Newbrough turned it all over to him. In this way, he helped dozens of young dentists get started and eased them through the starvation period of the beginner professional man.

But though he was helping people the best he could, though he had a good practice, he saw things which marred his happiness. As he went to and fro on New York streets on winter nights, he saw hundreds of children shivering in thin, scanty clothes, dashing along icy pavements—newsboys selling papers for a few pennies at all hours of the night. The wrongness of it, the pity of it hurt him to the depths of his great heart. I feel quite sure that it was these pitiful little children, the plight of under-privileged children to be seen on every hand in large cities, that finally decided Newbrough to start Shalam colony. He used to say to my mother—"if we could only take ten or twelve children who have no chance at all and give them a real home, our love and care!"

The hocus-pocus yarn that Newbrough was blindfolded to find Shalam is purely a Munchausen fabrication. He searched for fully a year before he found the spot that suited him. Learning that he was hunting for such a place, people from various parts of the United States, some friends, some strangers, wrote him suggesting places, and if they seemed at all suitable, he went to see them. He made many fruitless trips and traveled over much of the country before he finally found the desired spot. This was by accident. His train was taking him to California and passed through the Mesilla Valley. On his return he stopped off, and not knowing anyone personally, he hunted up a brother Mason. This man drove him up and down the valley. As they drove, Newbrough finally saw a place that enchanted him,—a wilderness nestling in a horseshoe bend of the Rio Grande, mountains close behind it, mountains to

the north, the beautiful stately Organ Mountains fifteen miles directly east. It was love at first sight—a love that lasted the rest of his life. There were 1200 acres in this bend—afterwards the river washed some of it away so that in the end there were only 900 acres. He then and there bought the entire 1200 acres paying all cash for it, and it was his own cash, not Howland's, nor contributions from any one else. Whatever he paid for it, it was too much, for none of it was irrigable as the Santa Fé railroad tracks separated this land from the irrigation canal, known as the Las Cruces ditch. The only other irrigation ditch lay still further east.

The gossip about Newbrough getting Howland to buy this land, the reference to the land in such glowing words as "fertile Mesilla Valley" definitely establish that such writers are either under forty years of age, or are newcomers to the Mesilla Valley. Old timers know that land in cultivation, close enough to one of the two ditches of that early day to be subject to irrigation, undependable though it was, was worth at the most about $50 per acre. All other land was worthless. It was not until the Elephant Butte dam was assured (about 1906-7) that the sleeping Mesilla Valley awoke. In the 1880's even Las Cruces was but a village with not too many Americans. Until this dam was built, the Rio Grande was a fickle, treacherous stream — sometimes a raging torrent that flooded the valley, washed out railroad tracks, destroyed crops and brought ruin in its wake, at other times, it was a narrow stream too low to reach the mouth of either of the two ditches (the Las Cruces and Doña Ana) and for many months of the year, it was a dry, sandy road-bed. As no crops will grow in this Mesilla Valley without irrigation, it should not be hard to realize that even land which lay within reach of these ditches, with their undependable water supply, was not worth much, and land beyond these ditches was, from a commercial standpoint, worthless. Such land was Shalam land.

It is doubtful if Newbrough realized all this for it was covered with vegetation. The reason was that surrounded on three sides by the river that overflowed deeply into the land,

there was enough water to cause a heavy growth of cottonwood, scrub willow and tornilla on the fringe adjacent to the river while mesquite and other desert plants flourished on the center and higher portions of the land. It looked very beautiful and green so it is no wonder that Newbrough, an eastern man, little suspected that he was getting land on which no crops would grow without irrigation. However little he paid for it, he paid too much, but he was satisfied and never begrudged the price.

Newbrough was not a poor man except by comparison with Howland. To a man who had spent $20,000 on a law suit and then had given the benefit of this away without even collecting the $20,000, who had bought the dental equipment and set up in business dozens of young dentists, the few hundred dollars he had paid for Shalam was not a matter of great importance. It is quite likely that it cost more to equip one dental office than this land had cost.

In the fall of 1884, when I was eight months old, Newbrough brought my mother and me and some twenty-odd people down to New Mexico to the place which was to become Shalam. Due to the fact that it was not irrigable, the whole tract was a virgin wilderness—very beautiful, but inhabited by everything which terrifies women: skunks, wild-cats, various kinds of snakes, including the rattler, centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, while all through the night the air was filled with the weird, plaintive howl of the coyote. My mother had never lived outside New York City and all the others had come from the well-settled regions of the south and east. This wilderness and its wild life must have been a harrowing experience for all. At first they lived in tents, cooking and eating outdoors. Newbrough built an outdoor oven of adobes in which some of the food was cooked (they baked bread here), while boiled food was cooked in kettles over fires. The men hauled the muddy river water by buckets and the women boiled this, settling it as best they could. This was all the drinking and wash water they had until they could dig a well. Altogether, life for them during these first months was as rugged and primitive as anything faced by any American pioneers. To

add to their discomfort, winter came on fast—winter that was cold enough to freeze water, and brought snow and icy winds.

These people worked. Self-preservation, if nothing else, attended to that. The man who drinks muddy river water will be in a hurry to dig a well. Lugging water from the river wasn't pleasant either. Life in a tent through a New Mexico winter was anything but a pleasant prospect. However, none of them knew how to build anything. So Newbrough hired Mexicans from Doña Ana (a Mexican settlement of about 300 people which lay about a mile and a half east of Shalam), and they came over, made adobes, and working with the colonists, built two two-room houses. Into these when they were finished went the women and children. These houses, poor little huts really, were, compared to the tents, snug and warm and comfortable. Their great drawback was that they swarmed with centipedes, and my mother was terrified that some would fall on me as I lay sleeping in my crib. All bedding had to be shaken at night before getting in to bed just in case a centipede might be lurking within the covers, and in the morning all clothing, including shoes, had to be examined for the same reason. Yet despite these hardships, perhaps because of them, that year seemed to be a happy year. The terrors, privations, the wind and coyotes howling outside, the eagerness to hurry and get a comfortable dwelling, drew them together in spirit as they sat huddled around the blazing fires in these little huts.

As soon as these were finished, work was begun on the big, main building which was to house them all—Fraternum. This was to be an immense house (something like forty rooms, Spanish Mission style built around a patio) and Newbrough knew that the unskilled, inexperienced colonists, regardless of willingness, would never get it done. Consequently he hired a crew of Mexicans and these together with the colonists rushed the building as fast as possible. By 1885 when Howland first came to Shalam, it was nearly completed and everyone had moved in.

Andrew M. Howland came to Shalam from Boston,

Mass., where he had been a successful wool merchant for years. Originally he came from New Bedford, Mass. and belonged to the famous Howland family. He was first cousin to Hetty Howland Robinson Green. The Howlands had made vast fortunes in the whaling business, and the Howland Islands in the Pacific were named after some member of this family. The statement that Howland had been in the coffee business, made by Miss Keleher, is as unrelated to fact as her other statements. No member of the Howland family had ever been in the coffee business. (She also stated that Newbrough came from Boston, another erroneous statement).

The muckrakers may be dismayed to learn that Howland never turned over any of his money to Newbrough! It is really quite amusing how defamers of Shalam and its founders have switched sides over the years. When Newbrough was alive, he was the big, black devil with pitchfork and cloven hoofs—Howland a vague, shadowy echo. But after Newbrough died, critics began to change their allegiance. They got off their old, faded hobby-horse, Hating Newbrough, and climbed on board the bright, shining new one—Hating Howland! Now Newbrough had become a simple prophet and sincere in his efforts to build what he thought was to be a better state of things, but calamity of calamities! This simple good man had died, and a wicked, scheming rich man had seized Newbrough's dream to build it into a monument to himself! However, now that both men are dead, they seem to have gone back to their first love, Hating Newbrough. This hobby-horse is a bit shop-worn, but they have brightened it up with a coat of paint, and seem very happy with it. In case anyone doesn't know, one story is that Newbrough was the schemer, Howland, the dupe. The other story is Newbrough was the victim, Howland the schemer. Take your choice. They can't both be right. These stories circulated by people who never knew either man and probably never knew anyone who knew either man, are a bit absurd to me, the daughter of Newbrough, the stepdaughter of Howland. You see, young though I was, I can still remember what close good friends these two men were.

As to either man tricking the other, I think I have laid that ghost in my "Story of Shalam" (still in manuscript form) by showing chronologically what was each man's contribution in building Shalam.

In the old days, people used to send in clippings or papers containing these vituperative attacks, and believe it or not, Newbrough, Howland and my mother used to laugh over them! I can still see my father as he used to shake his head, smile and say—"let them have their fun." Miss Keleher's article shows no imagination. I think I qualify as an expert in making this statement for I have read attacks in which the imagination of the writer really reached the stratosphere.

Take the yarn, for example, about the little cellar Howland had built after Newbrough died. A reporter came up one day and asked to be shown around. So we showed him around. He was taken everywhere. He asked questions about everything. Seeing the little plot enclosed by a white fence, he asked about that. We told him it was the Shalam burial ground, that Newbrough himself was buried there. Well, he wandered around and finally came upon our cellar. Now Howland had grown up back east where houses had cellars in which food was stored, and he liked the idea. So he had had a small room built of brick, half below ground, half above. To add a touch of architecture to it, the front and back walls came up straight and stood above the roof. The roof was curved, made of cement. I confess it did look a little like a tomb. The reporter asked what it was, and we not only told him, but took him down inside to show him how cool and airy it was. He saw before him bins in which were such things as potatoes, onions, apples, etc. He said it was a very nice cellar and that it certainly was a good way to store such things. Then he went away and wrote the story of Shalam, and among other things he wrote that Howland had built a tomb for Newbrough right behind the kitchen door and that there Newbrough lay!

The next yarn was even more gruesome. Howland built a beautiful stone fountain in the center of our front lawn. This writer said that Howland, with malice aforethought,

had built the ever-spraying fountain above Newbrough's grave! He assured his readers very solemnly that we had buried Newbrough right on our front lawn! There was no excuse for such prevarications. Every visitor to Shalam saw the small cemetery and was told that Newbrough was buried there. I relate these stories to show that even when people knew the truth, they couldn't resist the temptation to distort it.

When Howland arrived in Shalam in 1885, he found the diet restricted in variety, though what they had was plentiful. This was partly due to their vegetarianism, and partly to the condition which prevailed at that date throughout the Southwest. These were no market gardens. Mexicans were poor gardeners and they grew what vegetables there were. If there were refrigerator cars, they didn't unload at Las Cruces. So the colonists lived on canned goods, beans, rice, potatoes, etc. The Mexicans introduced them to Mexican beans and taught them how to make chile and they liked these. About the first thing Howland did was to buy a carload lot of groceries and because he liked them and thought the colonists should have them, he added such things as olives, canned mushrooms, pressed dried fruit, apples, bananas, etc. etc. Then, although he had never done a day's work at manual labor, he rolled up his sleeves, supplied himself with cook books, and became cook! During the years that he cooked, there were all the way from five to forty people to be fed.

While Howland acted as cook, Newbrough busied himself with the carpenter work which still needed to be done in Fraternum. Some of the colonists helped him, others did nothing but sit around waiting for Howland's meals. A change had come over the colony. The driving urge of self-preservation which had sent them hurrying to build shelter in which to shield themselves from the freezing blasts of winter was gone. Each person had a comfortable room, a wood stove, a comfortable hair mattress (which was in those days what an inner spring is in these), good, new bedding, ample though simple bed room furniture and plenty of good food if you exclude the fact that, being strict vegetarians,

there were no milk, cheese, butter, eggs and of course no meat products. But there was something more than a mere lack of incentive at work as events which soon transpired proved. It was now evident that both Newbrough and Howland had money. Hadn't Newbrough before Howland had come upon the scene, bought the land? Bought all materials for building? Provided food and also for their other needs? When they had needed outside help, hadn't Newbrough hired Mexicans and paid them himself? He had not called a general meeting and asked for contributions! Not a soul had been asked to contribute so much as a dime! At the very beginning a few had put in small contributions—perhaps a hundred or two dollars. They could see with their own eyes such sums hadn't gone far. (Try feeding 30 to 40 people for two years!) And now here was Howland—evidently a far richer man than Newbrough. Didn't he buy food in carload lots?

One statement Miss Keleher made that was correct (I think it was the only one!) but it was true in a far different sense than she meant it. She writes: "In its (Shalam's) development, appeared the personal greed and individual selfishness which such societies usually encounter but fail to banish from their organization." (I wonder if she has seen a single place in the civilized world which has banished "personal greed and individual selfishness?" She should tell the world about it if she has, for I am sure everyone would be interested!)

Quoting Miss Keleher, NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, vol. xix, p. 131:

> The one who precipitated crystalization of dissent, which had been growing for some time, however, was none other than Mrs. Sweet, whom Newbrough had married shortly after she became a member of the colony. The lady had ambitious plans, too, other than being the wife of an emissary from on High, and when it began to be noised around the settlement that she too, had her eye on the fortune that Howland had invested in the project, the colonists most concerned demanded either their money back, or clear titles to a fair share of the rich Mesilla Valley land.

This is as libelous and untrue a statement as has ever been made by anyone. Let's take that paragraph step by step. No one, either man or woman, named Sweet ever came to Shalam. Why does Miss Keleher call Mrs. Newbrough "Mrs. Sweet" when she admits she was Newbrough's wife? Then she says, "the lady had ambitious plans, too." Note that "too," and further on, ". . . it began to be noised around the settlement that she too had her eye on the fortune Howland had invested." Again that "too." I think Miss Keleher is saying things unconsciously that she had no intention of saying for this insignificant "too" can mean only one thing! Some of the colonists had their eye on Howland's fortune! What colonists? Why, the plaintiffs who sued Newbrough and Howland to collect $10,000. Why these plaintiffs should sue for "the fortune Howland had invested in the project" she does not make clear except to say vaguely that they demanded their money "back" or—mind this—"clear titles to a fair share of the rich Mesilla Valley land." (I have already explained that this " 'rich' Mesilla Valley land" was at that time worthless.) As Howland did not come to Shalam until 1885 and this suit was filed in 1886, he had not yet invested a "fortune" in Shalam! All he had invested at the time of the suit, they already had! In their stomachs!

As Miss Keleher tacitly admits, it was Howland's fortune they had their eyes on, and as no part of this fortune had been invested in Shalam at this time, this suit has all the earmarks of hijacking. In her next paragraph we are told that they sued Howland and Newbrough for $10,000. At this time the land and improvements were not worth $5000. Here is what the property consisted of at the time of the suit: 1200 acres of arid land separated from the nearest (about a mile) ditch by railroad tracks, an unplastered adobe building containing approximately forty rooms (that couldn't have been used by anyone except the colonists), a one-room adobe building used as a temple, three small adobe two-room houses, a small shed for the four horses (no other livestock), one shallow well with hand-pump, no improved land—not so much as a carrot growing! Miss Keleher calls the $10,000 "their (the plaintiffs') fair share." I don't

know and therefore wouldn't say, how many of the colonists were plaintiffs in this suit. I am sure not more than half a dozen, perhaps not that many. Miss Keleher mentions only one. I also don't know how many colonists were there at this time. There might have been fifteen or twenty, or there might have been thirty. Let's be fair and say there were only fifteen. I am sure there were that many. Grant there were six plaintiffs, and again I am sure there were no more than that. Now if Newbrough and Howland had had to pay six of them $10,000 "as a fair share", what would they have had to pay the other nine? Don't bother to figure it. It would have been all the traffic would bear. The New Mexico Supreme Court denied their claim and declared: "The evidence in support of the Plaintiff's demand is as startling as the declaration is unique." (6 N.M. Supreme Court Reports—1896—p. 182.)

Miss Keleher obviously didn't mean that the plaintiffs in this amazing suit were the ones guilty of "personal greed and individual selfishness" for she tells us that those "sincerely caught in the fog of religious fanaticism" were "disillusioned" by this decision of the court, and left Shalam. I fail to see how any sincere person would be "disillusioned" because someone tried and failed to get $10,000 out of a property that by the wildest stretch of imagination was not worth $5000. It is hard to follow Miss Keleher for she has tacitly admitted in the former paragraph that what they really had their eye on was Howland's fortune!

Newbrough and Howland reacted to this suit as any men would have. They had been there, knew what had gone on. They knew that for a good year few had done any work, that instead (while Newbrough was doing carpenter work finishing Fraternum and Howland was cooking for them, as well as buying all food for them) they had milled around, gossiping not only about the leaders, but about each other, and this suit brought everything to a climax. Those involved had already left Shalam, their sympathizers could hardly stay. Newbrough called the remaining ones together and gave his ultimatum. He and his wife were soon going to New Orleans, he told them, to gather as many infants as

possible. In due time they would return, bringing these babes. All who wanted to stay and help with these babies would be welcome. Those unwilling to help must move on. Now. All of them left, all except the leaders and a man named Grill. So we see it was not "disillusionment" which caused the exodus. It was a plain case of—work or get out!

Newbrough and Howland now determined that never again would they leave themselves open to another such attack. The land, buildings and all to be built or placed thereon, were deeded to "The Children of Shalam." Howland was made trustee. Each man kept his own money and outside investments in his own name. They agreed that hereafter every person who worked in Shalam was to be paid at the prevailing wage rate for his labor. As those who came were in every case unskilled, and the pay at that time for this was $1.00 per day, they were to be paid this, if and when they worked. In addition they were to receive room, board, heat in room, washing and ironing. Women were to be paid the same as men. Newbrough and Howland had to take these steps to protect themselves, the colony and the children they planned to get, from any future attempts at hijacking. Whether this was why some colonists later bitterly resented the wage provisions, I can't say. They charged that Newbrough and Howland had changed the colony into a private business venture. Maybe this was true, but if the founders had been hijacked into paying some designing or disgruntled colonists thousands of dollars, these critics would not have been liable for one dime of it!

The real fault in the way Newbrough and Howland managed the colony was that they were not business-like. They were too easy-going. Working was on a purely voluntary basis! We all know that in any group in the world, there are always some who shirk and a few who do everything. Shalam was no exception. If Newbrough and Howland had done as any man does who owns a store or factory —interview the applicant, outline the work, state the wages, and if he accepts, assign him to his special task and put him to work, I am convinced that few, perhaps none, of the scandals and falsehoods that have been circulated for years

would have been told. Outsiders who came there, and were hired on this basis, liked and respected all of the leaders. None of them, to my knowledge, went away to spread malicious, false tales about them. I can say this: except for yellow journal reporters, all of the tales about Shalam related to certain colonists. And, in a way, this was Newbrough's and Howland's fault. They left work to the colonist's own conscience. They never pointed to a task and said, "go, do that," or "come and help here." Result? The colonists loafed around for a year or so, had a nice warm room, which cost them nothing, were assured regular meals, also gratis. Then when Newbrough or Howland thought that they had had ample time to prove themselves, and had failed to qualify, they would point out to them that they hadn't so far helped with the work, and unless they would help from now on, they would have to ask them to leave. Possibly "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned", but the wrath of the moucher pried loose from "bed and board" can come awfully close! What convinces me I am right in believing that the hate, venom, lies directed at these founders came originally from people frustrated in their attempt to live without working is that the two periods when there were no colonists are the only ones devoid of malicious tales. Take the Keleher article for example. The malicious venom of this article, the law suit, relate specifically to the period in Shalam dating 1884-86. She even mentions the names of people there during this time, and fails to mention the names of people there in any other period! When she tries to tell about Shalam at a later date, she becomes utterly preposterous! Take this sentence for a sample. It is really one of the most amazing things I ever read:

> By 1900, however, Newbrough began to show signs of hurdling such bulwarks against authoritarian power, and his ambitious plans for installing himself as the eventual owner and ruler of a 1400 acre kingdom on the Rio Grande became apparent to such colonists as Bowman and Tanner who had put money into the common fund. (p. 131, N.M.H.R., April 1944)

One of the things which makes this such an astonishing statement is the fact that John B. Newbrough died April 22, 1891! Add to this the fact that Bowman and Tanner left Shalam in 1886,—that Bowman was one of the sympathizers, if not plaintiffs in the $10,000 suit, which the plaintiffs had long since lost, and we see that this sentence really gains momentum as it hurls itself into the depths of asininity! *1900* was the year that Howland's money was gone, and the colony disbanded!

I can't resist adding an aside here regarding "money" that Tanner and Bowman had put "into the common fund." Bowman had a large family of children (which had been supported in Shalam for two years) and when he came to the gathering place in New York, he was so broke, his children so poorly clad, that Newbrough had given my mother some money to go and buy a new outfit of clothing for each child! Tanner was a nice old man whom everybody loved. But when he came to Shalam, he had long since spent his last dime. He had been a country doctor when he undertook his famous fast, and while this brought him nation-wide attention, it reacted badly on his practice. People began to regard him as an infidel and to consider that his forty-day fast was blasphemous. His former patients shunned him, and he had been penniless a long time when he came to Shalam.

> Five years after its inception The Land of Shalam was apparently prospering as an agrarian one. Two hundred acres of the nine hundred original ones were under cultivation, and five hundred additional acres had been acquired through donations and contributions by applicants. Newbrough was an amazing combination of the fanatic and the realist. That he was 'no idle dreamer of an idle lay' is attested to by the fact that in order to provide irrigation independently of ditches, he acquired two steam engines, one six horse-power; and one fifty horse-power, which raised from the Rio Grande about one million gallons of water an hour. The subsequent construction of the Elephant Butte Dam in Sierra County at a cost of seven million dollars, is ample proof that the Bostonian

> was a man of judgment, visualizing the possibilities of irrigation in a desert country. (*ibid.*, p. 128)

Practically every assertion in this paragraph is false. During that first two years they were in Shalam, Newbrough did get a small engine (I suppose that was the six horse-power engine mentioned) and thought he could pump water out of the river. Anyone who knows the Rio Grande as it flows through the Mesilla Valley, knows that the soil along its banks is sandy,—quick-sand when wet. The little engine Newbrough got promptly sank into this quick-sand and was lost—that is, was of no further use. And that ended all attempts to pump water directly from the Rio Grande. Any engineer would know that Miss Keleher's assertion that "a million gallons of water" an hour was raised thus from the Rio Grande would have been an impossible feat. He would also know that no two little engines, one 6 h.p., one 50 h.p., could pump a million gallons an hour. Any old-timer would know that except at flood-time, there were not a million gallons of water in the Rio Grande all told! Months of the year it was bone-dry!

In this paragraph, Miss Keleher persists in her assertion that the original tract consisted of 900 acres and states that 500 acres were added through "donations" of applicants. Thus she claims 1400 acres for Shalam. All of this is false. As stated, and I repeat, the original tract consisted of 1200 acres, and Newbrough bought every acre of it with his own money. NO LAND WAS EVER DONATED TO SHALAM. Subsequently, the river on one of its rampages took away hundreds of acres, as well as through these years there was natural erosion so that when Shalam was sold in 1907 it had but 900 acres. It would seem that somehow Miss Keleher got hold of the figure of 900 acres, and not knowing one thing about Shalam, its history or its founders, got all mixed and transferred the 900 acres to the beginning of Shalam when really the 900 acres belong to the end of the story! In this paragraph she begins by stating that "five years after its inception The Land of Shalam was apparently prospering as an agrarian one", and says two

hundred acres were in cultivation. She is somewhat ambiguous here for after saying two hundred acres were in cultivation, in the same sentence she goes on to say "and five hundred additional acres had been acquired", etc. A careless reader might easily think that there were seven hundred acres in cultivation. It really does not matter for "five years after its inception", or 1889, not an acre was in cultivation! They didn't even have a little kitchen garden. Except for where the few houses stood, no land had been cleared! Later on, I will give a list of the improvements that had been made up to Newbrough's death in 1891. It was Howland, not Newbrough, who had the land cleared, the irrigation system put in and the large fields of alfalfa, orchards and vineyards put in. All this was done during the 1890s after Newbrough's death.

Following this paragraph of misinformation and wild statements, she begins the next with "Andrew Howland's dreams for orphans materialized." It was Newbrough who conceived the idea of founding the colony, it was his dream to gather homeless infants, and when Howland came to Shalam a year after it began, he joined whole-heartedly in all the plans laid down in *Oahspe* for this colony—which first, last and foremost was for the children. Shalam was never, nor was it ever intended to be, a co-operative colony. It was never intended to be a colony-refuge for adults. On page 133, speaking of Howland after the colony had come to an end, Miss Keleher says that Howland saw "the people whom he had sincerely wanted to help, shadows of his dreams." Rhetorical and sophomoric! But quite inaccurate. Of course, Howland had "sincerely" wanted to help people, he had helped practically everyone who had come to Shalam, and there was no one who kept him from these "sincere" efforts, or from being sincere. I can assure Miss Keleher that many of the adults he helped were much more like nightmares than shadowy dreams to him! I can assure any and all that the maudlin sympathy, the crocodile tears shed over Andrew M. Howland for his magnificent contribution to Shalam, and the orphans he raised, are wasted and completely inappropriate.

In another paragraph, p. 133, Miss Keleher has Newbrough discouraged, making his exit from Shalam and dying in El Paso. She leaves this interesting bit of misinformation dateless. Here are the facts of Newbrough's last year of life. Time and place, 1890, Shalam. He and Howland had decided to build the brick house for the children, —babies they were at the time. Together Newbrough and his wife, my mother, had brought thirteen babies from New Orleans during 1888-9. They had converted the library in Fraternum into a nursery, but it was totally unsuited for this as it was at the opposite end of the long building from the kitchen, and except for the kitchen sink, Fraternum, at this time, had no plumbing. The new house was to be constructed so as to make the care of the babies as easy as possible, and it was to have plumbing. Instead of being "discouraged", Newbrough had perhaps never been happier in his life. The brick house was his dream house—a house built just especially for babes and children. Besides this, he and Howland had completed the proof-reading of *Oahspe,* and Howland was to go to Boston to get out the second edition. In the spring of 1891, Newbrough planned to make a trip throughout the east to lecture in the hopes that now at last with all these children, he would find the right kind of people who would come and help with the work of raising them—which was what Shalam was for! In the late summer of 1890, Newbrough, my mother and all the babies moved into the brick house. Howland went to Boston to get out the second edition of *Oahspe,* and this left two men—colonists in Fraternum. They did not work—never had, but one of them had been loyal to Newbrough throughout the trouble that first crowd had made, so Newbrough let him stay. We were, for the time being, free of all impedimenta in human form. We had a mechanic and his wife, who lived on the place. He ran the engine which supplied the brick house with water. My mother had one Mexican woman to help with the babies. That's all there were of us at this time and through that April of 1891. That winter a flu epidemic (they called it "la grippe" then) struck the eastern coast of the United States and swept across the entire

country. It was a very virulent type of flu. It struck Shalam in April. Newbrough felt ill first, but the next day while he was still up and around, all of us—every one of the children, then about three and four years old, my mother and I became sick. We never knew how sick the children were for my mother and I became delirious at once, and by the time she was recovered enough to know, Newbrough was too sick to tell. There he was—ten small children (three had previously died) all sick, I, his seven year old, and his wife. John Tesson came to see Newbrough about something and discovered our plight. He and his wife promptly got Newbrough to bed, sent for the doctor and a practical nurse, and then they came in and took over. What angels of mercy those two people were! All of us got better—all except Newbrough. The work of nursing twelve very sick patients when he himself was so sick had been too much. Pneumonia set in. On April 22, 1891, John Newbrough died. Howland came on from Boston, and in the room in Fraternum we called our parlor, he read the Faithist burial services for his friend. The Masons in Las Cruces had asked permission to conduct Masonic rites which they did following the Faithist services, both in the parlor and at the grave. Newbrough was buried in Shalam, the place he loved so much. When we sold Shalam in 1907, I myself had his remains moved to the Masonic cemetery in Las Cruces.

In the second to last paragraph on page 133 of this article, Keleher says: "Howland, always a follower, never a leader, saw the buildings which his money had made possible fall into ruin . . ." Howland never saw the buildings in Shalam fall into ruins! He did see much of Levitica washed away by a river flood, but as long as we lived in Shalam, and when we sold and left, every house in Shalam was in perfect repair. The people we sold to put in sharecroppers, Mexicans, and I don't know how many kinds of people in those buildings, and they did wreck the place. Howland never went back. He never saw the wreck.

I note this in the foregoing paragraph: "the buildings his money had made possible." She should know! However she is hard to follow because in the second paragraph above

this statement, she tells us how the colonists felt when the court ruled that Ellis should not get $10,000 "as his fair share." She said: "the decision handed down by this court disillusioned those sincerely caught up in a fog of religious fanaticism, or those who were interested in tracing a new pattern of social and economic life." And on page 131 she tells us that Bowman and Tanner had "put money into the common fund." It would almost seem that Miss Keleher was a mental contortionist! As to Howland "always a follower, never a leader," if we look at results, I think we shall see that Miss Keleher was just about as wrong in that statement as she was in all of her other statements.

Before we look at the record, I want to quote a quotation Miss Keleher used from George Baker Anderson, who wrote: "Andrew M. Howland, the chief sufferer through the duplicity of Newbrough, and his wife still reside upon the property . . ." (p. 133, *ibid.*)

Let's keep these things in mind,—"always a follower, never a leader," that Howland was the "chief sufferer" and also about Newbrough's duplicity. We've got that lovely old hobby-horse all decked out in a new coat of paint, and we must never lose it. We have reached Shalam in April 1891. Newbrough is dead, so let's see just how Howland had been "a sufferer" through the "duplicity" of Newbrough. Howland had lived in Shalam six years. He had built the brick house for the children and their caretakers (and he lived in this house himself for years), he had put in cesspools and built a brick studio for Newbrough. Total cost about $20,000. He had helped to feed better than a hundred indigent colonists, and he had cooked for about three years. It was a splendid contribution, and I am not belittling it, but when we consider what he did in the next nine years, we can see "this chief sufferer" of Newbrough's "duplicity"—this man who was "always a follower, never a leader" was not at all as he has been painted—a duped follower, but had a mind of his own, and the will to build as he saw fit.

While Newbrough was alive, Howland did not spend over $20,000 with possibly a couple of thousand for food, etc. After Newbrough died, that is, after April 22, 1891,

and up to 1900, Howland spent somewhere between $300,000, and $350,000 in building Shalam! Seeing that Newbrough was dead, we can hardly say that it was his duplicity which caused Howland to spend this!

Here's what Shalam had that April when Newbrough died: Fraternum, the brick house, a shop (in which was the engine to pump water for household) studio, three original houses, now improved, one adobe building used for temple, a small shed for four horses (no other livestock), one wagon. Not one acre in cultivation. We didn't even have the tiniest vegetable garden for two good reasons,—the many small babies took most of the time and effort, and we had no water supply other than just enough to give us household water. None of this stood in Newbrough's name. When Shalam ended in 1900 because all of Howland's money was gone, the entire property, including all that Newbrough had put in it (he bought the land, you remember) reverted to Howland. No one ever questioned the rightness of this. Not even the gossips!

When Newbrough died, Shalam was reached by a winding wagon road that led through dense tornilla, mesquite, over and around sandhills. After Howland cleared this land, the road was a broad, straight lane edged on either side with fruit trees. There was a dense growth of one kind or another even on the sandhills. Howland cleared the entire tract except a deep edging along the river. He kept this and we got our firewood from here as long as we lived in Shalam. Having cleared the land, he tore down the immense sandhills and made hundreds of acres as level as a living room floor. Perhaps some may wonder, or have wondered, how Howland spent so much on Shalam. Right here is part of the answer. Clear five acres of tornilla, mesquite and level down some sandhills, and it will give you reason to understand. Also in the 1890s, there were none of the modern farm implements which replace man-power and do in one hour what it would take a man days to do. Shalam was cleared by Mexicans with scrapers, plows, axes, shovels and hoes. Then Howland put in orchards: pears, apples, peaches, apricots, plums and prunes. 30 acres were planted

to vineyards—every kind of grape grown in California. Our own house vegetable garden and a truck garden were planted. Howland said that the irrigation system alone cost him $30,000. It was probably the largest and best privately installed irrigation system ever put in by anyone. In addition to all this, there were the dairy and chicken plants. The dairy was stocked with registered Guernsey stock from Gov. Morton's farm in New York, and Hoard's Dairy in Wisconsin. The chicken plant had a thousand hens—all pure-bred. When you picture all these things, and then look over what Shalam was when Newbrough died in 1891, you wonder where anybody got the nerve to say Howland was "always the follower, never the leader", or that he was the "chief sufferer" of anybody's duplicity, or, considering that Newbrough had been dead while all this was taking place, it is a little hard to see how Newbrough was to blame—if blame there was. Besides all this, there was Levitica, built by Howland, later destroyed by flood.

Miss Keleher quotes from the *Evening Citizen*, July 18, 1890. It is impossible for me to believe that she has given the date of this quotation correctly for the improvements listed were not in existence in 1890. They were put in and added beginning in the summer of 1891, after Newbrough's death, and were not in the complete state as they appear in this list until *after* 1894-97. (See Keleher's article, p. 130.) What is spoken of as "Howland's residence" was not his personal residence (he never had one in Shalam), as the article infers, it was Fraternum, the building which housed us all at various times, and where always the colonists lived—except the few who lived in Levitica. The dairy mentioned was not put in until 1897.

On page 129, Miss Keleher describes the little country store Howland had built in this grandiose language:

> One of the most significant accomplishments of these two commonwealth builders, from the viewpoint of those interested in the historical structure of Utopias, was the erection of a coöperative store with its various compartments separated by glass partitions. A department store in Mesilla Valley in this period must have been

> enough to make even the most lukewarm crackpots join up with the Faithists just for the opportunity of buying a package of Arbuckle's coffee.

Let's get our historical structure of Utopia straight first of all by saying that the store wasn't put in until two or three years after Newbrough's death, so it could not have been "a significant accomplishment of these two commonwealth builders." Secondly, it was not a coöperative store. Shalam was not a coöperative venture. Next, all the stores in Las Cruces were better and bigger than the little, unpretentious country store Howland ran for the benefit of the Mexican day laborers who worked in Shalam. He put the store in because when he was clearing the land, putting it in cultivation, building the irrigation system, etc., he was employing from 100 to 150 Mexican men six days per week. There were two store-keepers in Doña Ana (where all the Mexicans came from), and these men, seeing this fine pay roll where before there had been none, put on their own private inflation scheme. It ended with the Mexicans paying these store-keepers all their wages for the bare necessities of life, and even going in debt for these. Howland felt it was an outrage, so he built a one-room store with warehouse. He hired one clerk. Saturday afternoons, my mother and one of the children's teachers helped out. This store was a sort of Lum and Abner country store carrying calico, gingham, muslin, thread, overalls, shirts, work shoes, etc. and groceries. Goods were sold on a cost basis. Cost of goods, freight, clerk hire. Howland never considered it any part of the Shalam plan. It was put in to save the Mexicans who worked there from being exploited as they had been. In order to keep anyone except employees from buying there, Howland sold his men coupon books, and only these coupons were good for trade at the store.

In this paragraph quoted, we find Miss Keleher calling the colonists "crackpots", yet in another page or two we find her shedding crocodile tears when people she has already branded as "crackpots" fail to collect $10,000 as their share of buildings which in another place she says Howland's money built! What interests me is: why should

the colonists want to *buy*—even surrounded by elegance!—Arbuckle's coffee when they had all the Chase and Sanborn's coffee they wanted served them free and already made in the colony?

During the nine years (1891-1900) that Andrew Howland was building Shalam, people continued to drift in and out of Shalam just about as they had during Newbrough's lifetime. Immediately following Newbrough's death, there had been a big influx of people. Howland pursued the same course he and Newbrough had agreed upon: if they would work, he paid them and put them to work. When they proved by continued idleness that they were only seeking a way to live without working, he got rid of them. From the arrival of the babies in 1887 until 1900, I think I am fair in saying that not more than eight people came who were willing to and did work. Besides these, there were several men, superior to the average ones who came, scholarly, intelligent men of some means who, when they found they were unfitted for the work that was to be done;—day labor, gardening, care of infants and children, left, not in a surly, disgruntled way, but in a friendly, cordial, gracious way.

I have answered only a few of the misstatements made by Miss Keleher. Her entire article is malicious slander and a complete distortion of fact. Nowhere in the article, however, does she sink quite so low as when with cheap would-be wit and sly innuendo she attempts to portray my mother to whom she gives the fictitious name of "Mrs. Sweet". (Perhaps she had a libel suit in mind.) My mother was twenty when she married my father, Dr. Newbrough. She was born, brought up in, and had never been outside of, New York City and immediate areas. She had been a kindergarten teacher. She never saw California until 1894 when, after she was married to my step-father, Andrew Howland. she made a short visit to relatives. She never knew, much less was married to the head of some California cult. This man, mentioned by Miss Keleher in her article, is a purely fictitious character.

To give a proper understanding of my mother and her immense contribution to Shalam, I must be personal. When

I was born, she had Bright's Disease. We both nearly died. The complications which followed left her with a bad heart condition which lasted until I was two. Besides this, it left her with a dropsical condition of the feet and legs. Until I was nine years old, every afternoon one foot was so swollen that she had to wear on that foot a shoe that was two sizes larger than the other shoe. She was 5:4 tall, weighed about 115 pounds until 1900 after which she put on weight. Despite these physical handicaps, when I was three years old, she went to New Orleans with my father, Dr. Newbrough, and they gathered together ten babies, most of them new born. The house they lived in was a large two-story frame—real Southern style house. For help in caring for ten babies and one three year old (myself), she had one colored maid and my father. Being of Holland Dutch descent, she could not stand one speck of dirt and the house and babies were kept immaculate. Besides this, she sewed; made clothes for the babies, hemmed diapers, etc. When one considers that one baby takes three dozen diapers, it does not take imagination to see that between sewing, taking care of babies, housework, my mother worked hard. As any mother knows, baby work isn't something you do for eight hours and then go and rest. It is a twenty-four hour job. My mother took care of babies and small children from 1887 until 1900. After a year in New Orleans, yellow fever broke out and Newbrough sent us all back to Shalam. My mother made the trip alone with us. Arriving in Shalam, she converted the library in Fraternum into a nursery as it was the only room large enough. The distance from the library to the kitchen, at opposite ends of the building from each other, would probably have measured a short city block —about twenty-two rooms between. There was no plumbing in Shalam at this time. All baby feedings had to be prepared in the kitchen and carried from there to the nursery. All bath-water for bathing the infants had to be lugged in pails the same distance. Each baby nevertheless received its daily bath. My mother with the aid of one Mexican woman brought all these feedings, hauled all this bath water from end to end of this long building—for two

and a half years! And while she hauled water, bent over and bathed ten babies, lifted and carried them, kept them clean and dry, the colony women who were enjoying free room and board, played games, rested, read, loafed and—of course, gossiped. Two women did come who worked shoulder to shoulder with my mother. Each stayed about one year. They left because they were discouraged with the colony loafers.

Newbrough brought three more babies on from New Orleans when he came. That summer cholera infantum broke out, many were sick. Three died. After Newbrough died, Howland went to Kansas City and got nine more babies, and the next year my mother went to Chicago and got six two-year olds. All of these children were in Shalam by 1897, and remained until 1900. During this time my mother had two women to help her take care of all these babies and small children. When in 1899, the money was running low and they had to let the children's teacher go, my mother became teacher. In addition to all this, she took over the chicken plant with the help of one Mexican youth. As we know, both babies and chickens get you up by five, so for all these years, my mother began her day at this hour, worked all day and was never certain of an unbroken night's rest. In fact, through the years, she did all the night work for the babies. She built fires. She brought in wood. She lugged out ashes. She cooked, invented vegetarian dishes, hemmed sheets, table cloths, napkins, made and mended clothes, darned stockings, took care of the sick, played games and read to us children, canned and preserved fruit, made jams, jellies, chow-chow and the like. I might sum up her work by saying she was the mother of a big family. Howland tried to get all the help he could, but such a big place, so many children, so much to do meant a lot of heavy, hard work for her. She was glad and eager to do it. I can never remember seeing her sit idle. Even after we had left Shalam and she had grown old, when she visited with anyone, she would sit and knit or crochet. As we grew older in Shalam, evenings she and Howland would play

games with us, or my mother would read aloud, or we would read or talk and she would mend.

It was the Christmases she gave us children which were the big event in Shalam. (How strangely silent the scandalmongers and gossips have been about these!) A pine tree from the mountains across the river, so tall it reached the ceiling, was put in the brick house dining room. Then for some three weeks we were barred from this room. Every spare moment my mother could steal from her duties, she would shut herself in here. Every evening, often till twelve o'clock, she worked here. If there were "made" tree decorations then, we didn't have them. She made them. They were simple, perhaps crude, but we thought them beautiful. With the decorations went candles—dozens of them all over the tree. And popcorn. She used to pop quantities, string it and hang it in festoons over the tree. Besides making the decorations and fixing them on the tree, there were dolls' clothes to be made, little sheets for dolls' beds—lots and lots of work, but how she loved it! When the great day arrived, she and Howland would open the big double doors, and we saw what seemed to us a real fairyland! It was practically a toyshop. Wagons, tricycles, hobby-horses, shoe-flies for tiny tots, drums, balls, horns, dolls and their furniture—nothing was lacking, and each child was bountifully supplied with presents and toys. We would scatter and play with our new toys—play there inside the "big room" (30 by 90 feet) for it was cold outside, and such a bedlam of noise we made. She and Howland would sit there side by side, and beam and beam on us.

Success did not come to them in the way they wanted it, but people who had memories like this; who had lived unselfishly for little children; who raised one boy to become a fine man and three girls to become fine, splendid women —besides all those they had brought from babyhood to be ten and twelve years old; who watched and saw what fine people these children grew to be; who were loved by these children as though own parents — can never be called failures.

Perhaps the best part is that their work goes on after

them. The boy they raised to manhood fought for his country in the last war. My mother worked hard to save his life when he was a baby! Today all the sons of all the girls they raised are serving their country in many parts of the world. There is not a slacker or a conscientious objector among them! One is a major, another has the Purple Heart, one is a lieutenant in the air corps, one a lieutenant in the navy. One has had the job of flying above our ground troops and strafing the Germans in front of them. Undoubtedly it helped to save the lives of many American boys. The navy lieutenant for months patrolled our Atlantic shores for submarines, and later helped land our troops in Normandy on D day. There they are, these fine boys! Infantry, air corps, navy, all over the world, serving Uncle Sam. Newbrough's and my mother's blood is there, too, for one of my sons is in the air corps and the other is a paratrooper.

When it is remembered that the aim of Shalam was to take homeless babies, give them a home, a father's and mother's love and care, to raise them to be upright citizens, it seems to me that no one can say that Shalam was a failure. It seems to me that no one can say that such unselfish, noble people whose whole lives were dedicated to caring for little children, were failures.

The people who worked for them, the people of Las Cruces who knew them, loved, admired and respected them. All three of them were held in the highest esteem by those who really knew them. It was only strangers and disgruntled colonists who criticized them.

HISTORY OF THE ALBUQUERQUE INDIAN SCHOOL

By LILLIE G. MCKINNEY

(Concluded)

CHAPTER VI

FRUITION OF THE PERRY ADMINISTRATION (1922-1933)

IN 1922 the much needed sewerage system was constructed costing $1500.[1] It connected with the city system on Twelfth Street, was shorter, and had a greater fall than the old sewer. An addition was built to the shops building to provide space for a farm laboratory and an auto-mechanics shop. A silo of 120 tons capacity was constructed of tile.[2] Mr. Perry was not satisfied with this much accomplished and recommended for the next fiscal year a central heating plant and two dormitories in order to care for 800 or 1000 pupils.[3]

Principal Fred M. Lobdell was transferred in 1922 to Haskell Institute. This was a fortunate transfer [4] since the person best fitted for this position, Mrs. Harrington, was promoted to the vacancy. This new position made it possible for her to carry out many practical plans already formulated by her as a class-room teacher.[5]

Mr. Perry felt that visits from the following administrative officers during the fiscal year, 1921-22, would result in great benefit to the institution: Charles H. Burke, commissioner of Indian affairs; H. B. Peairs, chief supervisor of education; L. A. Dorrington, inspector; John W. Atwater, inspector; Fred C. Morgan, special supervisor; William A. Marschalk, chief of land division; Dr. R. E. Newberne, chief medical supervisor; and Mr. Vincent Mc-

1. *Narrative Report*, p. 7, (1922).
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*
4. Personal interview with Mr. Reuben Perry, June 4, 1934.
5. See Appendix No. 2.

Mullen, private secretary to the commissioner of Indian affairs.[6]

Mr. Perry's disappointment over the burning of the auditorium was offset by the erection of a new structure in 1923. "Dedication of the fine new auditorium was the principal event at the Albuquerque school last month. Mr. Towers, Commissioner Burke's private secretary, was one of the speakers." [7] It was a fine brick structure, larger and better planned than the one destroyed by fire, costing $42,500; but since the concrete work, carpentry, plumbing, heating, and painting were done by the school boys as well as delivering all of the materials for the building, the structure was conservatively valued at $100,000. Curtains costing $2,000 and opera chairs (950) costing $3,800 were paid for out of the appropriation.[8] A cement paint house (twenty feet by forty feet) was erected by pupil labor and cost $474.40, and a two-story brick bathhouse (twenty-four by sixty feet) was connected with the girls dormitory for $908.52.[9]

There were thirty-one graduates from the tenth grade in 1923.[10] A large number of these graduates planned to enter Haskell Institute and enroll for a two years business course, or in those courses offering preparatory work for teachers, or completion of high school.[11] The idea of higher education and of better training in industrial work had spread among the graduates to such an extent that they were anxious to continue in school.

The school was crowded at the beginning of the fiscal year, 1923-1924, for the enrollment had reached 654; [12] but by the middle of the year, two sleeping porches were erected (one to the girls' building, the other to the boys' building) with forty rooms.[13] By spring a second addition was made to the girls' sleeping porch. This furnished quarters for

6. *Narrative Report*, p. 13, (1922).
7. *Indian Leader*, XXVII, No. 8, p. 3, November 16, 1923.
8. *Narrative Report*, p. 6, (1923).
9. *Ibid.*
10. *Ibid.*, p. 10. Unable to find names of graduates.
11. Personal interview with Mrs. Isis L. Harrington, May 14, 1934.
12. *Narrative Report*, p. 2, (1924).
13. *Ibid.*, p. 5.

ninety-five more girls and provided sixteen additional study rooms at a cost of $12,022.08, also, four double-sized classrooms were added to the school building. This brought the capacity to 750.[14] The school plant at this time consisted of forty-four good buildings, and was inspected by Hubert H. Work, secretary of the interior, Charles H. Burke, commissioner of Indian affairs, and Dr. McMullen, public health service.[15]

In 1924, forty-three graduated from the tenth grade.[16] The class presented a dramatization of Hiawatha written by Mrs. Harrington to an audience of about 1000 people from the city of Albuquerque.[17] This class (about one-half the number) continued either their literary or industrial training.[18]

The graduating class of 1924 under the direction of Mrs. Harrington organized thirteen library societies in the pueblos and on the reservations. They were ably assisted by Margaret Mosely Williams who helped in gathering together between 500 and 600 volumes. Harold Bell Wright sent a set of the *Appleton Encyclopedia* and a copy of each of his books. The graduates arranged for these books to be placed in convenient homes (not connected with the government school in any way). This class hoped to make these libraries the actual beginning of municipal libraries run by themselves. About three of these libraries persisted. One is now in the home of Frank Catron,[19] a Navaho, at Tohatchi; and Indians of that community are encouraged to read in his home. Another is in the home of a graduate at San Felipe, and a third is at Isleta.[20] Even though only three of the thirteen societies continued to function the results were worth the effort since many ex-students made use of the books and since community projects were really begun

14. *Ibid.*
15. *Ibid.*, p. 9.
16. *Ibid.* Of the graduates there were ten Navahos, two Zuñis, two Apaches, and twenty-nine Pueblos.
17. See appendix p. 132 of typed thesis; also, *Narrative Report*, p. 10, 1920.
18. Personal interview with Mrs. Isis Harrington, May 14, 1934.
19. Frank Catron built for himself a three-room house with library case on one wall to hold the books.
20. Personal interview with Mrs. Isis L. Harrington, May 17, 1934.

(even if only library societies) that helped to bring those living in the community closer together.

A private library was established in the home of Mr. Porfirio Montoya, lieutenant governor at Santa Ana. For two years he borrowed books from the school, and each time returned [21] them faithfully. Finally, Mrs. Harrington persuaded friends to help him acquire his own library.[22]

Three important features were added to the school during the fiscal year, 1924-1925. First, a trachoma clinic was held in November by a special physician, J. S. Perkins, and the various operations sponsored by Doctor L. Webster Fox of Philadelphia.[23] Second, Supervisor Edna Groves reorganized the home economics department, and placed two graduates of Stout Institute in the department.[24] And, third, the commissioner of Indian affairs authorized the addition of the eleventh and twelfth grades, making a full four-year high school course.[25]

Mr. Perry and Mrs. Harrington were anxious to put into the school, under native teachers, weaving for Navaho girls and pottery making for Pueblo girls, a desire that came from a study of trades that might have a monetary value to Indain girls of the Southwest. The training they were receiving was for domestics in homes, for nurses, or for assistant matrons. The girls needed some training that would enable them to earn money at home.[26] Mr. Perry took the matter up with the Indian office early in 1924, but was unable to secure funds. Next, he wrote the management of the Junior Red Cross, and was successful in securing $900 a year to pay a Navaho woman to teach blanket weaving. By 1925 fourteen looms were installed and the course has grown more and more popular for Navaho girls

21. Personal interview with Miss Hazel Holsenbeck (teacher in the Indian School) May 20, 1934. Mr. Montoya always returned the borrowed books in the same bright cretonne bag (carefully arranged) having a draw string at the top. He preferred geography and history books to all others.

22. Personal interview with Mrs. Isis L. Harrington, May 17, 1934.

23. *Narrative Report*, p. 4, (1925).

24. *Ibid.*, p. 14.

25. *Ibid.*, p. 9. Hence no class graduated in 1925. Cf. appendix, p. 133, of typed thesis.

26. Personal interview with Mrs. Isis L. Harrington, May 17, 1934.

through the years. Shortly after the establishment of the weaving department funds were made available through the same source to pay the salary of a Pueblo woman to instruct Pueblo girls in the making of pottery.[27] This course, too, has become very practical for Pueblo girls. Today the government pays the salaries of these two native instructors, through Commissioner C. J. Rhoades. The Indian office was more friendly toward the native crafts, for in 1931-1932 wood carving, cabinet making and Indian art were added; the next year silversmithing.[28] Under the present commissioner of Indian affairs, John Collier, native crafts hold a high place in the curriculum. This department has won many prizes annually at the Gallup Ceremonial.

Calendars had been published annually for several years pertaining to the history, activities, and curriculum of the school. They were interesting but brief. The fiscal year, 1926-1927, saw the first annual, *The Pow-Wow*, edited by the class of 1927.[29] This class numbered twenty-five (twelve girls and thirteen boys), and was the first class to have the boys in the majority; it also organized the first Honor Society, and was the first class to wear the academic caps and gowns.[30] This annual was dedicated to the Hon. Charles H. Burke, commissioner of Indian affairs, "in recognition of his untiring efforts to promote the progress of the Indian race." The last *Pow-Wow* was published in 1932.[31]

There were thirty-two members in the graduating class of 1928.[32] They gave the operetta, "Feast of the Red Corn," and many people from the city attended and seemed to enjoy the production.[33] Also, as a memorial they gave the "electric signal system" installed in the academic building by the senior boys under the direction of their instructor, Mr. Walter Martin.[34]

27. *Narrative Report*, p. 16, (1926).
28. *Ibid.* Also, personal interview with Mrs. Isis L. Harrington, May 17, 1934.
29. See appendix, p. 133 of typed thesis.
30. See appendix, p. 134 of typed thesis.
31. *Ibid.*
32. *Ibid.*, p. 142 of typed thesis.
33. Personal interview with Mrs. Isis L. Harrington, May 17, 1934.
34. *The Pow-Wow*, p. 52, (1928).

According to *The Pow-Wow*, 1928, the Indians won the state championship in basketball, and represented New Mexico at the national meet in Chicago. Mr. Perry accompanied the Indian team. A quotation in *The Pow-Wow* from the *Armour Oval*, Chicago, Ill., April 12, 1928 stated

> For picturesqueness and gameness honors should go to the U. S. Indian School from Albuquerque, New Mexico. This team, although eliminated early in the series, gave a demonstration of form which won for them the state high school championship of New Mexico.[35]

Because the word "guardhouse" was obnoxious to a few sentimentalists who were not correctly informed regarding the punishment of disobedient pupils in the Indian schools,[36] enough public opinion was aroused against its use to cause the Indian office to abolish it. As a result discipline became lax and disorder and desertions increased greatly. During the fiscal year, 1928-1929, fifty-one boys deserted.[37] Mr. Perry wrote the commissioner of Indian affairs:

> It is a sad commentary to have to state that more of our pupils have been in the city and county jails during the last twenty months than had been in the school guardhouse for a number of years.[38]

Mr. Perry turned to the tribal meetings for assistance. Their officers agreed that in case members of their tribe were guilty of misconduct or disobedience such members were required to answer for their conduct, and if they promised to reform the leaders would watch over them in a way and encourage their improvement. Tribal meetings resulted in great good to the school. The next method of discipline was used by the disciplinarian and matrons through an organization of the boys' and girls' battalion.

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35. *Ibid.*, p. 38.

36. Personal interview with Mrs. Isis L. Harrington, May 17, 1934, and with Mr. Reuben Perry on May 19, 1934. Such a writer was Vera Connolly, "The Cry of a Broken People", *Good Housekeeping*, February 1929.

37. *Narrative Report*, 12, (1929).

38. *Ibid.*

Once each month officers of these groups met and discussed subjects influencing discipline. Results were fair.[39]

Vera L. Connolly's article "The Cry of a Broken People" in *Good Housekeeping* (February, 1929) aroused so many unfavorable comments regarding ill treatment of Indian children in government boarding schools that Senator Sam Bratton secured the consent of the Indian office to permit him to select a committee of citizens of Albuquerque to investigate charges made against the local Indian school.[40] Senator Bratton had faith in the management of the Albuquerque Indian school and wished to have its good name cleared of all charges of inhumane treatment of the children brought against it by Miss Connolly.[41] He spoke of this article as "ill-considered and fallacious criticism, which I think rests largely upon imagination." [42]

The committee held meetings on six different days. It questioned eleven employees, including the superintendent, four persons not employed, and twenty-seven pupils.

The investigation was general but the following points were stressed: first, food, to see if the children really went hungry; second, clothing, to see if pupils had enough clothing for comfort; third, punishment, to see if punishment inflicted upon the pupils was cruel and given in an inhumane manner; and fourth, health, to see if pupils received adequate medical care.[43] The following places were

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39. *Ibid.*

40. *Congressional Record*, 70 Cong., 2 sess., Sen. Doc. 5, pp. 4331-5258 (1929). The personnel of the committee consisted of: Clyde Tingley, mayor of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and chairman of the committee; Mrs. George Ruoff, president of New Mexico Federated Women's Club; J. R. Guild, post commander of the Hugh A. Carlisle Post, No. 13, of the American Legion; Dr. James R. Scott, county health officer of Bernalillo county; M. E. Hickey, former judge of the district court of Bernalillo county; and Mrs. Max Nordhaus, head of the child welfare association.

41. *Ibid.* The Santa Fe Indian School was investigated about the same time by an entirely different committee. This school, also, was acquitted of the charges brought by Miss Connolly.

42. *Ibid.*, pp. 4372-3.

43. *Ibid.*, p. 4377. Regarding the first charge of insufficient food, the committee was convinced by statements from both employees and pupils "that no pupils ever need go from the dining room hungry—good food is there and may be had for the asking"; as to clothing, the pupils have enough clothing and bed clothing to keep them comfortable in all kinds of weather; as to punishment, the committee found that seven or eight boys were paddled on the naked flesh with the rubber sole of a hospital slipper (the committee believed that severe punishment should have been administered

visited: the hospital, the kitchen, the dining-room, the school building, the work shops, the dormitories, the laundry, and the native crafts department. The committee reported that they were found in good condition and well managed.[44] The committee stated that

> neither Mr. Perry nor any other employee than the stenographer was present at any of the hearings of the committee and no pupil or employee was required to make a statement in his presence.[45]

The committee, also, interviewed the governors, lieutenant governors, and interpreters of the pueblos of Laguna, Acoma, San Felipe, Santa Ana, Zia, Jemez, Sandía, and Isleta. Twenty-three persons made statements to the committee. Outside of complaints of failure to build a bridge and a day school, nothing but praise was elicited from the representatives of the Pueblos concerning the school.[46]

Mrs. Harrington in "Lo, The Poor Taxpayer" answered Miss Connolly's article, "The Cry of a Broken People." She summed up her article by saying:

> At Indian schools there is as little discipline as possible. Government employees are much more charitable and lenient with Indian children than they are with whites. So are you.[47]

A student of the school, Huskie J. Burnside, wrote Senator Bratton defending the local Indian school.[48]

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these boys, but did not approve the method used. No criticism came from the girls); and as to health, the committee was convinced that the health of the pupils was carefully guarded and that there was splendid and adequate supervision in the matter.

44. *Ibid.*

45. *Ibid.*

46. *Ibid.*, p. 4377. The committee brought in a verdict of "not guilty" to all the charges made by Miss Connolly.

47. *Ibid.*, p. 3479.

48. *Ibid.*, p. 3479. Letter of Huskie Burnside to Senator Bratton. "——We have all kinds of athlete equipment here in Albuquerque Indian School, such as basketball, baseball, football, boxing outfit, etc. All these equipment take charge by Mr. J. E. Jones, and also teach us how to use it. I think Albuquerque Indian School is the best school, better than any other Indian Service. I tell why, because Albuquerque Indian School they are build me to be a man, and they are the ones development my mind and how to act and how to be a gentleman, and how to be polite and etc.

"A. I. S. is the best school that's why I have been stay here eight years now."

As proof that health was being safeguarded the new hospital was finished and occupied early in the fiscal year, 1928-1929. The Indian patients who were suffering from trachoma, from the hospital in town, were transferred to this hospital. At the end of the fiscal year 123 trachoma patients were receiving treatment daily. Funds for building and furnishing this splendid structure came from the fund "Conservation of Health Among Indians, 1929" to the extent of $13,700, and from the fund "Indian Schools (Albuquerque, New Mexico) 1929", a total of $30,566.40.[49]

Regardless of criticisms from the outside, the school had grown in numbers enrolled and in an increased number of buildings. In 1929 there were 927 students enrolled,[50] and of this number 304 were in high school. As to tribes there were 407 Pueblos, 287 Navahos, seven Pápagos, forty-eight Zuñis, seven Utes, four Choctaws, three Sioux, three Creeks, two Mojaves, one Crow, one Modoc, one Sac and Fox, one Mission, one Chimehuevi, and one Osage.[51]

There were forty-three members in the graduating class of 1929.[52] The campus on which these graduates had lived was now a beautiful park covered with blue grass and shade trees dotted here and there by forty-eight excellent buildings.[53] Some of their special activities included parties, picnicking, week-end parties, a fashion show, officers party, football banquet (principally seniors), and junior-senior dance.[54]

The plans submitted by the Indian office, 1930, were well-received by the teachers of the school. Throughout the year teachers studied and worked to fit into the newer methods and ideas of progressive education. The exceptions were a few "of the new industrial instructors who were unable to adapt their public school experiences to boarding school conditions——" [55]

49. *Narrative Report*, p. 12, (1929).
50. *Pow-Wow*, p. 74, (1929).
51. *Ibid.*, p. 74.
52. See appendix, p. 147 of typed thesis.
53. *Narrative Report*, p. 6, (1929).
54. *Ibid.*, p. 19, (1929).
55. *Ibid.*, p. 19, (1930). "It has been difficult for some of the new industrial instructors to adapt their public school experiences to boarding school conditions. It

Mr. Perry managed to keep the school on good terms with the people, especially with those in control of the denominational, city schools, and the University of New Mexico. The school was a member of the high school athletic association and, according to John Milne in the Albuquerque Indian School

> has been developed the spirit of good sportsmanship—here they learned to take responsibility and to obey established rules—here they learned to be loyal to common ideals and purposes. If you don't believe that you never attended a game in which high school and Indian school were opposing each other.[56]

The neighboring schools had on many occasions extended accommodations in athletics and in the instruction of art.

In the Navaho rug department fourteen looms were kept busy during the fiscal year, 1930-1931, under the direction of the Navaho instructor, Mrs. Shirley. She was assisted in the design of rugs by Katheryn Peshlakai. Navaho boys and girls who studied design at the University of New Mexico gave advice on design to this department. The Indian art students studied under Mr. Kenneth Chapman, curator of Indian art, Laboratory of American Anthropology, Santa Fe.[57]

The pottery instructor was Mrs. Poncho assisted in

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is frequently difficult for new persons in the Service to realize the necessity of employees assuming responsibilities for the welfare of the pupils outside of classroom hours. Regulations provide that employees may be assigned additional duties requiring time in addition to regular hours. The new industrial instructors are not pleased at such requirements (teachers in the government service work long hours. They teach, do janitor work, discipline, supervise or chaperon dances, sponsor clubs, classes, and homeroom groups, and during the summer may be detailed to the dormitories, children's kitchen, or laundry. Activities are necessary for a boarding school; teachers must expect a large amount of extra-curricular work)."

56. John Milne, address to the Albuquerque Indian School graduates, May 31, 1934.

57. *Pow-Wow*, p. 50, (1931). Cf., p. 96. Indian art pupils enrolled at the University of New Mexico were: Lucy Garcia, Juanita Pino, Louise Qotukuyva, Olive Quasie, Mary Lujan, Lupita Jojola, Beatrice Healing, Sofia Wallace, Clarabel Irving, Lucy Yepa, Rose Martinez, Nora James, Sue Sandoval, Dorothy Makewa, Rose Pavatea, Emerson Horace, Kyrat Tuyhoevna, Lewis Lomayesva, Joe Valdo, Herman Saracino, Joseph Natsewa, Alex Vijil, John Wallace, Sam Ray Haschlis, Luke Johnston, Joe R. Martinez, and Katherine Peshlakai. Their instructor was Brice Sewell.

designs by Lucy Garcia and Juanita Pino. Hundreds of pieces of pottery were made by this department, 1930-1931. The Pueblo women burn their pottery over a slow fire made by using "cow chips"; the Indian school used this method for some months, but finally installed a large gas kiln costing about $2,000. This department has had some of the very best craftswomen. They come from San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, and Acoma.

In 1931 Mrs. Ellen Lawrence[58] was the instructor of ancient weaving and embroidery of the Pueblos. Pueblo girls who desired this training were taught the half-forgotten weaving of their grandmothers, and carried back to their homes, not only the patterns, and articles made, but the spirit of their ancient craft.

In the fall of 1932 the Indian arts and crafts department had been divided into five different classes: pottery making, weaving, silversmithing, Pueblo embroidery, and Indian art. This department attempted to correlate good Indian design with fine craftsmanship. Perhaps the union of these five small departments under one departmental head with a definite objective was due to the great interest in Indian design and painting begun by a small group who studied at the University of New Mexico during the school year 1931-1932.[59]

Children attending the school or returned students when at home were permitted to participate in the old Indian dances.

58. Mrs. Ellen Lawrence learned colonial weaving in the Ozark mountains of Missouri when quite young. She moved to Texas in 1882 and took up lace making by studying the designs and instruction in foreign books and magazines. She wrote the *Priscilla Bobbin Lace Book*. In 1918 the Redlands Indian Association sent her to California to teach lace making to the Mission Indians. On January 1, 1915 she entered the Indian Service at that place. In 1919 she was transferred to Jemez, New Mexico, as field matron. The job was such a hopeless one that Mrs. Lawrence started belt weaving first, then embroidery, to save herself from "boredom". The Jemez women did not believe that a white woman could learn their embroidery, and when she succeeded their admiration for her grew so much that they permitted her to teach them how to care for their babies. She was so successful as field matron that the Indian office transferred her to San Felipe in 1925. She remained in that position until January 1928 when she was transferred to the Albuquerque Indian school as assistant matron. On July 1, 1929 she was given the title of assistant seamstress. She still holds this title, and was asked to teach crochet, tapestry, and embroidery in cotton and wool in 1931 using the ancient designs of the Pueblos.

59. *Pow-Wow*, p. 47, (1932).

It was a rare occurrence in 1930-1931 for a young man to leave his work at some distant point and lose his pay for the purpose of returning home to attend an Indian dance.[60]

The immediate aim of industrial training was to instill habits of industry and honor, and to promote skillful use of time and talent in acquiring a chosen vocation. The ultimate aim was to make a pupil a good citizen, willing and able to carry his economic load along the lines of his interest and ability.[61] Special attention was given to the trades of most importance to the Southwest.

Mr. Robert E. Kendrick, teacher of senior high school, during the fiscal year, 1930-1931, prepared a weight-height-age chart for Navahos and Pueblos. Plans were made to use this chart the ensuing year in connection with the Baldwin chart used at this time which gave norms for whites only.[62] The weight chart was actually so used in this connection from 1931-1933.[63]

The outstanding project for 1931-1932 was securing the record of all cows in the Indian service. This school had fourth place, but through extra care and proper feeding obtained first place with one cow, Wesiur Lilly Shylark Thorndike. "In a 305 day test she produced 19,303 pounds of butter fat, and brought a fine calf. Her average was 62.28 pounds of milk per day." [64] This cow was milked four times each day. This department was under the direction of John B. Harris and plenty of milk was furnished to children who were underweight.

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60. *Narrative Report*, pp. 2-3, (1931). Most of the Indian dances have some religious significance attached to them; however, to the observer they appear to be an endurance contest.

61. Address of John Milne to the graduating class May 31, 1934. "Here (the Albuquerque Indian School) opportunity has been given to develop the qualities of honesty, generosity, dependability, and courage—all of which are most essential in the lives of men and women. This school has striven to strengthen the faith of all students and in so far as it is possible has encouraged the religious training without regard to church affiliation." Under the present commissioner of Indian affairs they are encouraged to continue and perfect the old tribal dances. In the past the commissioner of Indian affairs had helped to eliminate these dances.

62. *Narrative Report*, p. 21, (1931).

63. Personal interview with Mr. Jose Romero, secretary to S. H. Gilliam, principal of the Indian school; Mr. Romero was past secretary to Mrs. Isis L. Harrington, June 21, 1934.

64. *Narrative Report*, p. 10, (1932).

During the school session, 1931-1932, milk or cocoa was served to such students twice each day by a group of home economics girls under the direction of Miss Ann Turner. The children were weighed each week and encouraged to drink larger quantities of milk, sleep in the afternoon, and refrain from strenuous exercise. The results obtained were excellent. Many of the underweights vied with one another in drinking milk, and as they began to put on weight, the weighing process was attended with great satisfaction.[65]

There were fifty-two graduates in 1931,[66] twenty-eight girls, and twenty-four boys, of whom thirteen were Navahos and thirty-nine Pueblos. The average height of the girls was sixty inches; average weight, 108.2 pounds. The average shoe numbered three and one-tenth. Their average age was eighteen and five-tenths years. The boys averaged 130.1 pounds, stood sixty-six inches, wore shoes numbered five and six-tenths, and averaged nineteen and seven-tenths in age.[67]

The graduating class of 1932 [68] wrote Mr. Perry that they appreciated both the honor and benefits that had come to them through his untiring efforts, and for the type of education that would fit them for the trials and duties of life.[69] And, to Mrs. Harrington, the class wrote that she had been a faithful friend and worker for the Albuquerque Indian school for fifteen years, and that she had maintained a high standard which contributed greatly toward their high school training.[70]

There were eighty members in the graduating class of 1932 (forty-four boys and thirty-six girls).[71] Tribes represented were: thirty-seven Navahos, twelve Hopis, nine Lagunas, four Isletas, four Acomas, three San Felipes, two Zuñis, two Apaches, two Taos, one each from Jémez, Santa

65. *Pow-Wow*, p. 42, (1932).
66. See appendix, p. 145 of typed thesis.
67. *Pow-Wow*, p. 76, (1931).
68. See appendix, p. 147 of typed thesis.
69. *Pow-Wow*, p. 5, (1932).
70. *Ibid.*, p. 7.
71. See appendix, p. 147 of typed thesis.

Clara, San Juan, Ute, and Pima. These graduates were representatives of the following trades: auto mechanics, fifteen; carpenters, seven; engineers, six; farmers, five; painters, four; bakers, three; tailors, one; dairymen, one; nurses, four; and home economics, thirty-two. Only two members of this class enrolled in college since most of the Indian parents are very poor, and unless the graduates are given scholarships they must either find work or return to the reservation.

There were 100 graduates in the banner class of 1933.[72] This class was disappointed because it was unable to publish *The Pow-Wow*. The Indian office had allowed about $800 for the 1932 *Pow-Wow*, but because of economy orders from the president a similar sum could not be granted this year. In this class an ex-student, Tootsana Teller,[73] (World War veteran and an employee of the Santa Fé railroad shops of Albuquerque) had completed the requirements of sixteen units by correspondence and was permitted to graduate. Only two members of this class were granted scholarships to institutions of higher learning (John Wallace to enter the University of New Mexico, and Janet Becente to enter the Las Vegas Normal). Of the remaining number most of the boys secured work on some government project while a few girls found positions as laborers in Indian day schools.

The class of 1934 was represented by eighty-four members.[74] John Milne in his address to the graduates urged them to use their "power to make America a better place for all the human family to dwell." Many of these graduates are anxious to attend institutions of higher learning.[75]

On May 25, 1932 at the Indian school auditorium the commencement drama, *Achiyah Ladabah* (the giant of the Black mountains),[76] was enjoyed by the city visitors who were fortunate to obtain tickets (about 1000 were actually accommodated). This play was based on a Zuñi legend

72. See appendix, p. 149 of typed thesis.
73. *Ibid.*, p. 129 of typed thesis.
74. *Ibid.*, p. 152 of typed thesis.
75. Results of conferences held with the students by Mr. Gilliam.
76. See appendix, p. 132 of typed thesis.

written by Edward U. Tsyittee while studying English at the Albuquerque Indian school on his return from the World War. The legend was dramatized by his English teacher, Mrs. Harrington, and special Indian music was written by Mr. Boghdan Shlanta and arranged for the band. In every feature the play and music were new and novel, and Mr. Joe Padilla, a graduate of 1931 and an employee, designed the stage setting. The Indian dances were of the most authentic, and placed throughout the play to enhance the theme or accentuate the dramatic color.[77] Five dances were given: the Hopi Eagle Dance, the Hopi Butterfly Dance, the Taos Hoop Dance, the Yebitsei Dance of the Navahos, and the Zuñi Comanche Dance. It required twenty-six dancers to put on these five different dances.[78]

The dikes of the Little Colorado river were washed out early in February, 1932, at Leupp, Arizona, and the Indian school there was flooded so badly that it was considered unsafe to leave the Indian children in Leupp. Hence, the Indian office ordered each grade sent to a nearby Indian school. Naturally, the Albuquerque Indian school was called upon to take one class, and Mr. Perry sent a note of welcome to the superintendent of that school. On February 21, Superintendent Balmer sent his eighth grade (a class of thirty-seven) chaperoned by their teacher, Miss Dora Lunsford. In a short time the new group had adjusted themselves to the routine work of the new school. Now, since the Leupp Indian school had always had an eighth grade graduation exercise, Mr. Perry insisted that they carry out their tradition at the close of the term, and this was done. Superintendent Balmer and Principal C. C. Pidgeon were present at the exercises. Things moved so satisfactorily that practically all of this class enrolled in their adopted school in the fall of 1932. Their instructor, Miss Lunsford, was so well pleased that she asked for a transfer to the Albuquerque school, and this was granted in 1933.[79]

An unusual amount of work was done in the shops in

77. *Pow-Wow*, p. 49, (1932).
78. *Ibid.*, p. 50.
79. *Pow-Wow*, p. 47, (1932).

spite of the fact that the head of the industrial department, Mr. D. N. Francheville, was delayed until after January 1, 1933, in working out an industrial instruction plan and a schedule for the boys.[80] The painting instructor, Mr. Maurice E. Covington, taught housepainting, color mixing, blending, and estimation of work. About three and one-fourth hours of practical application was spent on the job. All painting in the school was done by this department.[81]

The carpentry department under the direction of Mr. Ira C. Bruce assisted by Messrs. Joe Padilla, Kinsey Yazza, and Jonah Yazza spent a very busy year in constructing and repairing buildings, cabinet work, and furniture construction.[82]

The auto mechanic department under the direction of Mr. Fred W. Canfield assisted by Mr. James Patten taught care, upkeep, repair, operation and servicing of cars, trucks, busses, tractors, and gas engines. They also taught acetylene welding and machine shop work.[83]

The engineering department under Mr. George B. Perce removed the steam pipes and return lines in various buildings. Many of these pipes had been eaten up by the alkali contained in the water.[84]

Under contract a twelve-inch well was driven to a depth of 400 feet which provided an ample supply of soft water (at least 600 gallons a minute) for domestic use and for irrigation of grounds and garden.[85]

The closing days of the fiscal year, 1932-1933, were for many of the employees, a time of sorrow and uncertainty, for on July 1, 1933 Mr. Perry (who had been in charge of the school since 1908) retired. This would of course work a hardship on some because a new superintendent would probably require them to make new adjustments. Then, too, Mrs. Harrington resigned because she was not in sympathy

80. *Narrative Report*, p. 11, (1933).
81. *Ibid.*
82. *Ibid.*, pp. 6-7.
83. *Ibid.*, pp. 5-6.
84. *Ibid.*, p. 4.
85. *Ibid.*, p. 3.

with the new administration under Commissioner John Collier who favored day-schools among the Indians rather than boarding schools. Naturally, employees expected the boarding school either to be abolished or so reduced that many positions would be abolished. The school was reduced seventy-five, a much less radical change than was expected. Other changes made were: Mrs. Blanche Thompson resigned, and Mr. Thompson's position was abolished (they had served the school for seven years), Mrs. Anna Canfield was retired; Miss Dorothy Bryson, Mr. Frank Lee Shannon, and Mr. Leo Smith were transferred.

Before retiring Mr. Perry wrote the Indian office that he thought Mr. Clyde M. Blair would be a splendid successor to carry on the work of the school. The Indian office accepted this recommendation and on July 1, 1933 Mr. Blair was appointed to the position. His acceptance of the superintendency greatly relieved the uncertain feeling among many of the literary instructors, for Mr. Blair had served as principal from 1910-1916, and would be sympathetic toward all employees.[86]

It was with sadness that most of the employees saw the departure of Mr. Perry (after twenty-five years of service) and of Mrs. Harrington (who had served here fifteen years), but it was with thanksgiving that the new superintendent was to be Mr. Blair.

CHAPTER VII

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION (1933)

The new superintendent was not a stranger but an old friend of the school. Because of his varied experiences and because of his deep interest in the Indians of the Southwest, Mr. Clyde M. Blair was the logical person for the place. His special interest in athletics, in social activities, and in coordination of industrial work necessitated some changes

86. Personal interview with Mr. Perry, June 5, 1934.

in the regular routine work. An era of progress was expected from his supervision.[1]

Mr. Blair is in harmony with the newer views of progressive education and believes that children must do creative work if they are to progress. In line with this idea many activities were organized in collaboration with Mr. S. H. Gilliam,[2] the new principal, who was even more strongly convinced of the newer philosophy of education. These two administrative officers agreed on several lines of procedure. First, to give standardized tests (both mental and achievement) for adapting the work, drill, and activity to the achievement level of the individuals in each group; second, to organize social activity along educational lines as in clubs, home room exercises, socials, and guidance groups, the purpose being to throw the student on his own initiative; third, to improve vocational instruction, and to add new

1. *Indian Leader*, XXXVI, February 10, 1933, No. 24, p. 1. Mr. Clyde Blair entered the Indian Service at Haskell, Lawrence, Kansas, November 27, 1909, as a teacher of mathematics. He was twenty-seven and had not yet completed his college education, but by 1933 he had fitted himself to hold important administrative positions through his many experiences and by specializing in administrative work at the University of Kansas, and the University of Chicago. He was a successful teacher and was promoted to principal teacher of Haskell early in 1910. He served in this capacity almost a year when he was sent to the school at Albuquerque as principal teacher. When the principal of Carlisle Indian School resigned in 1916, Mr. Blair was appointed to that position, and served until the school was permanently closed. In 1918 he was transferred to the Chilocco Indian School as principal and assistant superintendent, and later was made superintendent. He served there until July 1, 1926, when he was transferred to the superintendency of Haskell Institute. He was relieved in July, 1930 by H. B. Peairs and he was sent to Muskogee, Oklahoma, to conduct research studies among the five Civilized Tribes. "This piece of work stands today as a monument to his understanding and comprehension of the Indian problem. Many of the recent social changes which have been made on the reservations and in the Indian schools have grown out of this piece of work which he conducted for the Indian Bureau, 1930, in eastern Oklahoma". On May 6, 1931 he was sent to Klamath Falls Agency, Oregon. While there he helped to bring peace and harmony to the timber interests. In January, 1933 he was returned to Haskell Institute as superintendent and July 1 he was transferred to the Albuquerque school as superintendent.

2. Personal interview with Mr. S. H. Gilliam, May 26, 1934. As for his education, Mr. Gilliam majored in science and minored in Spanish and psychology. He received his B. A. degree from the University of New Mexico in 1924. He has continued his educational work at the University of Colorado, University of California, Los Angeles, University of California, Berkeley, Claremont College, Pomona, Calif., Arizona State Teachers College, Flagstaff, and extension work from the University of Oregon.

Mr. Gilliam was principal of Sherman Institute, Riverside, California, for seven years. From there he was sent to Chemaya, at Chemaya, Oregon as principal, and remained until he was transferred to the same position at this school, August 15, 1933.

courses as needs arose and as teachers were able and willing to assume new duties of this kind; fourth, to simplify and coordinate the work of the literary department with the vocational; and fifth, to lay more stress on a physical athletic program and to put less weight on competitive athletics.

An enriched extra-curricular course was actually put into operation during the fiscal year, 1933-1934. Fifteen clubs[3] were either continued or organized; homerooms organized and gave programs each week; dances, teas, picnics, interclass games, parties, picture shows were scheduled; and religious instruction continued with no change from the previous administration.

Every student was given at least two intelligence tests during the year (language and non-language) and two achievement tests (one in English the other in mathematics). The seniors were given at least five tests (three mental, one achievement, and one for special abilities). On the record made in the first mental test given (in September) the children were placed in groups according to their rating. This was not a rigid rule. Any child receiving an "E" (unsatisfactory work) was demoted one section (remaining in the same grade) while the student ranking highest (upon recommendation of his teachers) was promoted. Work offered for the best section in each grade fits them for higher education while that offered the lower groups fits them for the vocational trades. Very fine results have come about as to more scientific grouping. After school closed May 31 each homeroom teacher averaged the I. Q.'s for her section. Next year, 1934-1935, the groups will be even more homogeneous and a higher type of work may be expected.

Vocational instructors were required to submit problems to the literary department for the purpose of making the work in mathematics more practical. The level in gen-

3. The clubs were: athletic (boxing and wrestling, girls' athletic club), music (mandolin, chorus, orchestra, band), house-counsellors (supplanted the tribal meetings held twice each month), campfire girls, boy scouts; art, dramatic, parliamentary, home economics, industrial for boys, and liberty.

eral mathematics (based on four different medians from standardized tests) was raised some. The next fiscal year should show a greater improvement.

Mrs. Almira Francheville was made head of all industries presided over by women instructors. This has coordinated the work and centralized all industrial functions under her department. Other centralized features will possibly be added next year.

In the literary department English, guidance, shop mathematics, and activities have been the foundation upon which all work has been built. The children have expressed happiness from the many activities engaged in by them.[4] It is hoped that the guidance course has and will result in great good.

Ahtletics for all the pupils have been given all year. Both boys [5] and girls [6] have taken two periods each week in non-competitive athletics. Monthly weighings have been made; however, the principles of health have been taught by the literary teachers and not by the physical education directors. The year has been a successful one in competitive athletics. In football the Indian team was victorious over their ancient enemy, the Albuquerque high school. In basketball they won the city title race, and won second place in the state tournament.

A few changes have been made during the year because the Indian office has again reduced the enrollment of the school by seventy-five, necessitating the abolishment of several positions.[7] Mr. Francheville's position was abolished during mid-winter and also Mr. Jerome Leatherwood's. Near the close of school Mrs. Helen Lock and Miss Laura V. Gapen's positions were abolished and Mr. Gilmore and Miss Copeland were retired. The commissioner of Indian affairs proposes to use Indians whenever possible to carry on the process of Indian education.

Mr. Gilliam believes the students should be given entire

4. An inspection of home letters each month. Each teacher sponsored at least one activity meeting twice each month throughout the year.

5. Boys athletics were directed by J. E. Jones.

6. Girls athletics were directed by Miss Bessie Trowbridge.

7. See appendix, p. 154 of typed thesis.

freedom as to quantity and courses taken, especially if the student is insistent and be allowed to continue with the course until proved wrong—the student is thus thrown on his own initiative. Courses added to give a wider range for pupils to select from were: Red Cross[8] work for boys, home economics[9] for boys, beauty parlor work, and a general native crafts course which is to train for home improvement and better community participation. All general courses are given for the purpose of sending the pupils back to their homes equipped to live in their own communities, while specialized courses train them for definite jobs and not for home life. An attempt has been made to reduce institutional work on the part of the students (fatigue or regular detail work such as cleaning buildings, serving in the dining room, or running errands) and to increase vocational activity of worthwhile training value.[11]

The new administration, though instituting radical changes that show promise of great good, is too new to be compared with the building of a great Indian training school under Mr. Perry. It is the task of the present administrator to improve the fine work already done and to broaden the scope of the institution. The fiscal year, 1933-1934, has been but the transition from the old to the new—having brought with it new activities (keeping some, discarding others), many changes in the operation of the school plant, and new aims in educating the Indian children of this section for social and economic leadership.

The old administration can look back upon a magnificent school plant, a fully developed four-year high school course, an organized and perfected system of trades best suited to the Indians of the Southwest, the best band organization in the state, a reclaimed school farm, an increased enrollment and per capita cost, a splendid native arts and crafts department, an expert athletic organization, the installation of a completely new sewerage, heating, and

8. Under the direction of Miss Mary Elizabeth Kavel, head nurse.
9. Given by Miss Ann Turner.
10. Directed by Miss Alice Clairmont.
11. Personal interview with Mr. S. H. Gilliam, May 26, 1934.

water system, the finest Indian school hospital, clubhouse, gymnasium, and barn in the Indian service, the perpetuation of those traditions and legends most dear to Indian boys and girls, and a friendly relationship with churches, schools, and the University of New Mexico. Indeed, the following tribute to Mr. Perry from John Milne in his address to the graduating class of 1934 is most fitting: "When the history of the period in which Mr. Perry served is finally written his record of achievement will make a great and a deserved monument to him." Through his years of service and unselfish devotion to the pupils of the Albuquerque Indian School, Mr. Perry has helped those attending the school to live a richer fuller life.

APPENDIX No. 1

Veterans of the World War
See *Pow-Wow*, 1929, p. 4

1. Francisco Abeita
2. Remijo Abeita
3. William Allen
4. Pete Anderson
5. Isaac Anallo
6. Sebastian Bradley
7. Philip Cata
8. Clarence D. Claw
9. Harry D. Claw
10. Francisco Chino
11. Morris Denetdele
12. Frank Francisco
13. Willie Gaishtia
14. Manuel Gonzalez
15. John Gunn
16. Armado Garcia
17. Frank Hathorn
18. Tom Hathorn
19. Henry Hiyi
20. George Keryte
21. Vicenti Keryte
22. Sam Lincoln
23. Antonio Lucero
24. Henry Marmon
25. Kenneth Marmon
26. Paul Martin
27. Joe McCarty
28. Ray Natesway
29. Libe Nata
30. George Naiche
31. Walker Norcross
32. Chee Chilly Notah
33. Trancito Ortiz
34. Dean Onsathy
35. George Paisano
36. Abel Paisano
37. Santiago Pearly
38. Frank Pedro
39. Andrew Phillips
40. George Pratt
41. Chee Platero
42. Paul Reid
43. Vidal Sanchez
44. George Santiago
45. Charles Seonia
46. Willie Seonia
47. Alonzo Shakey
48. George Siou
49. Harry Spencer
50. Chee Dah Spencer
51. Henry Tallman
52. Bennie Tohee

53. Tootsana Teller
54. Kee Toledo
55. Nerio Tafoya
56. Edward U. Tysittee
57. Romero Vallo
58. Rols Vam Chee Dah
59. Lorenzo Waconda
60. Louis Waconda
61. Frank White
62. Natah Wilson
63. Sam Williams
64. Paul Yazza (killed in action)

In Memoriam

Paul Yazza
(Class of 1929 in *Pow-Wow*, p. 5)

"Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True Faith with you who lie asleep."

—R. W. Lillard.

APPENDIX No. 2

A Brief Survey of the Work of Mrs. Isis L. Harrington in the Albuquerque Indian School, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1917-1933[1]

"Sunday, P. M.

My dear Miss McKinney:

I came to the Albuquerque Indian School as teacher, August, 1917. I had been in the service (Senior Teacher, Sac and Fox, Stroud, Oklahoma) two years entering from Missouri State Teachers' College at Springfield. Being the newest acsuisition to the A. I. S. faculty I had to take what nobody else wanted in everything from grade subject, and pupils to room furniture in the club.

"Educationally I drew the work called 'adult primary' and when those full-grown men and women tumbled in upon me the first morning of school with their 'Rose Primer' I all but fled. When they opened their primers to the lesson (assigned by the teacher who had 'shelved' them on to me) and I saw the lesson was *Hip-Hops*, 'One little, two little, three little hip-hops, etc.', what could a self-respecting woman do teaching 'little hip-hops' to husky men and women who, perhaps, never in their lives thought in terms of 'hip-hops'!

"This group of adults actually drove me, in desperation, into a philosophy of education hitherto foreign to me. Self defense caused me actually to print on board, and later to type individual lessons for those pupils, basing their lessons in everything on their industrial, home and school activities. They were not paralyzed, hence activity

1. Many of the topics mentioned in this letter are discussed in the *Pow-Wow* (1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932).

was the one common ground on which we all might stand. In order to see what each member of my class was doing in industrial departments, I haunted dining hall, kitchen, bakery, dairy, shoe shop, cow barn, horse barn, and so on. Gathering material for my next day's lesson took me over the plant till I knew every nook and corner on the campus and what went on there—even to the hot ash pile by the boiler house where the fire boys buried their gallon syrup bucket of coffee to cook.

"The adult primary waxed interested and interesting—gaining knowledge—each for his own purpose. We had a course of study but I never applied its demands to my adults. General Pratt visited my adult class one day when we were playing a game learning a multiplication table. He praised the class highly. One adult rose and said 'Thank you, General.' This touched the grand old man. It was his last visit to the Albuquerque Indian School.

"The policy of admitting adults waning in 1919-1920, no more adults were entered, and eventually I was given a class of fourth grade. I found my methods of making my own text worked well with this class as it had with my adults. English seemed the most needed of any subjects and I got it into them, and out of them, in divers and sundry ways. They learned freedom of expression (and freedom of speech!). In 1919 I was promoted to head English teacher with all English in seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth grades. In these English classes many of the school's traditions and customs were born and nurtured. The juniors and seniors (ninth and tenth grades) were real high school students. Those attending City High School subsequently never had a failure in English and finished the eleventh and twelfth grades in the city with the respect of all the teachers.

"With a growing demand of the students for two years more of high school, two years were added to the curriculum which now offered real high school essentials through the four-year course. This extension coming after I had been promoted to principalship in 1922 made my duties very heavy, and I dropped the teaching of all but high school English.

"Through English I was able to help many an Indian boy and girl with his lessons, connecting and coordinating his industrial and academic activities at school, and his literary and artistic legacy at home, with his actual life. Through these courses in English, also, I learned from my students much of Indian culture, literature, government, and social life. All this helped me to build upon what the student already had. I tried to bring out the genuine respect and honor due such institutions, beliefs, literature, and arts and crafts as the race had contributed to civilization. The knowledge thus thrust upon me by my English classes has enabled me to write authentic, comprehensive, and timely material of Indians of the Southwest.

"As A. I. S. grew in numbers, and more work fell upon the high

school (lower grades were dropped until only junior high and senior high were left) I was forced to drop teaching entirely spending all my time in supervisory work. Pupils who had been my English students came for advice and guidance in all sorts of problems, and today boys and girls (now men and women), and I have secret confidences that no one but them and me shall ever know.

"During my term as principal many school activities were initiated. Some fell by the way, others persisted. Tribal meetings were instituted, coming, indirectly, from a request of prominent Zuñi students to be allowed to take charge of the discipline of one of their number who persisted in 'disgracing our tribe' as Ed Tsyittee, the spokesman, put it. The request being granted brought such satisfactory results that other tribes, hearing of it, made the same request. From that time on, about 1925, student government was handled by each tribe meeting once each month to deal with disciplinary and behavior problems of that tribe's members. This tribal government persisted and was one of the most beneficial things to both school and individuals I have ever seen. Literary societies, dramatic clubs, music clubs, industrial clubs, Alumni Association, Honor Society, Declamatory Contests, and Athletic organizations which I have sponsored still persist after many years. *Hiawatha* (dramatization) and *Achiyah Ladabah (The Giant of the Black Mountains)* were written and produced by me with the assistance of the Indian pupils.

"Some traditions and customs instituted through my English classes still continue. It might interest you to know some of these: presentation of the key to the incoming senior class (beginning in 1919); organization of the Honor Society, 1927; memorials of classes dating from 1921 (as planting of the elm tree between the office and the superintendent's cottage, 1921); the Benjamin Franklin printing press, and planting the catalpa tree by the band stand with the Will of the class buried at its roots, 1923, 'the Clara Barton Trio,' three elms planted along the walk to the old hospital, 1924; the drinking fountain on the campus, 1925; the signal system in the school building, 1928; the gavel made by the class of 1930 (It contains wood, silver, and turquoise, and is to be surrendered each year to the junior class. The surrender is to be made on graduation, and at the same exercise —following the graduation exercise); the Chinese elms in front of the school building were planted, 1931 (the name of the tree on the north is *Charles Curtis;* the other, *Edison;* and with these trees is buried a sealed bottle containing the names of trees and participants); the Alumni Association was organized June 9, 1920 (the organizers were: Superintendent Perry, Dr. Wedge, myself, and Class of 1920; the slogan for the association was suggested by Dr. Wedge: 'Omaha', meaning 'Up-Stream' was adopted as it is an Indian word); the trophy case at the auditorium was donated by the Alumni, and made by the carpenters in the Class of 1930; the first *Yearbook* (named

Pow-Wow) was put out in 1927; in 1925 there were no graduates on account of the addition of two years to the curriculum (the class came back, took two years' more work and was graduated with the first four-year high school course, 1927); and the Service Flag, made and kept during the World War by the Minnehaha Literary Society burned in the fire that destroyed the auditorium. (It contained one silver star. That for Paul David Yazza, and sixty-three white stars.) The names on the certificate of Appreciation given the school by President Calvin Coolidge are those of all A. I. S. boys whose stars were on the Minnehaha Service Flag.

"If you will read the legends in the *Pow-Wow's* from 1927-1932 you will appreciate the legends written by the children of their respective tribes. Rich indeed is the heritage of the Indian School in preserving these native stories.

"I wrote the following lines for the graduating class of 1932:

When you return in years to come
And those you knew are gone
Some shrub, or tree, or dusty tome
Will bid you welcome home.
The walks you've trod in days long past
May wider be, or fewer,
Still old A. I. S. holds you dear
And knows that none are truer.

"Many of the facts given regarding traditions may be found in 'Lest We Forget' of the 1932 *Pow-Wow*. In my office are cuts of pupils, employees, and buildings that if included would add interest to your thesis which I am sure will be a most valuable asset to the study of education in the Indian Service. Employees entering the service will find help here that can be found nowhere else, and I congratulate you on your taking such a timely subject and one on which—so far as I know—very little of use has been written before.

"If I can be of any further Service to you, please call on me.

Very truly yours,

Isis L. Harrington."

FROM LEWISBURG TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849

(Notes from the Diary of William H. Chamberlin)

(Concluded)

Edited by LANSING B. BLOOM

CHAPTER XX

Friday, Sept. 14.—Found an Indian trail this morning, which we followed for several hours, when we came to a deep slue of stagnant, though fresh good water. Here we found two or three Indians encamped on their way from the mines. They had been working for Col. Fremont, and had been paid in blankets and clothing. These Indians are very lazy, and will only work for clothing, preferring to steal their food, live on acorns, roots, fish, etc., or do without. They care nothing about money, and if they happen to get any it is immediately spent for some article of clothing or ornament. These Indians informed us that we were four days' journey from the mines, two from the San Joaquin river, without a trail and a difficult course, having no landmarks, which we found pretty correct, "only more so." After a hard day's march, and a very winding one, we encamped on a patch of good grass near a reed swamp, from which we procured water. No wood, but we gathered a large pile of dry wild horse dung and set it on fire, which answered the purpose very well, and is certainly an improvement upon buffalo chips. We roasted the last of our elk meat and ate it this evening. Our provision sacks are now empty. Having nothing to cook our meat in, or with, we were obliged to roast it on spits and it was well scented by the fuel. With a good wood fire this is by far the best way of cooking fresh meat. It has a much sweeter flavor. We see an abundance of game during the day, but can not get within shot, the country being so level. The country still has the same barren appearance, except on the immediate border of the marshes, slues and rivers in the centre of the valley. Had we not become accustomed to mirage we would be deceived by it every day; as it is, it is hard to believe what "our eyes see." Groves of trees and flats of grass constantly appearing before us in the desert waste, and never reaching them, only serves to make traveling more wearisome and unpleasant. The weather is now com-

fortable during the day and very cool at night. The hazy state of the atmosphere continues, and heavy dews fell during the night. Wild horses around camp this evening. Distance, 25 miles—2471.

Saturday, Sept. 15.—Shortly after we started three antelopes crossed our path a short distance ahead of us. Being in advance I shot two of them, one of which we packed along, and gave the other to several emigrants, who had encamped with us and were also out of provisions. We shaped our course N. W. and about 11 o'clock a. m. reached a large slue, which we at first thought to be a river. It was about 30 yards wide, deep, but we could observe no current, although the water was clear and fresh, and abounded in fish. On the west of us we saw a heavy line of timber; following down the slue in that direction, we soon reached its junction with the San Joaquin river. We have reason to rejoice that we have at last reached this point, for we have been bewildered and troubled no little since entering the valley. Several mules "gave out" before reaching camp this evening, but were afterwards brought up. The fact is, we are amongst the first persons that ever traveled down this desert side of the valley, which we have since ascertained. The river is about 60 yards wide and from 2 to 4 feet deep at this place. The current runs at the rate of 1½ miles per hour. The water is very cold, clear and good. It runs on a bed of sand which is bespangled with flakes of mica, resembling gold, and abounds in fine fish called mountain trout, of the same species that we caught in the head waters of the Rio Gila. The banks of the river are skirted with a thick growth of large and small willows and underbrush. The entire bed of the river is several hundred yards in width, and the banks 15 feet high, which are no doubt full in time of high water. We are encamped on the great bend in the river, which a few miles west of us flows off in a N. W. direction. It rises in the Sierra Nevada mountains and flows S. E. to this point,[94] where its general course is N. W. to its mouth. We have not yet had a glimpse of the Sierra Nevada range. Distance, 20 miles—2491.

Sunday, Sept. 16.—Eight of our mules were missing this morning and we did not recover them until noon. We trailed them several miles and found them amongst a band of wild horses. We had great difficulty in separating them from the horses, and what seems strange, the mules that were broken down the evening before were amongst the number. The wild horses had led them away from camp

94. He should have said southwest instead of southeast.

during the night. They are a great annoyance to travelers. However, this delay proved a fortunate circumstance to us. We did not move camp. Capt. Dixon shot two antelopes; and one of our party who crossed the river in search of the lost mules, met a company of gold diggers on a "prospecting" expedition to Kings river, which I believe is a branch of the San Joaquin.[95] Their captain, Mr. Walker, is an old Indian trader, has been in this country some years, and visited the States six times by the overland route.[96] He gave us a great deal of information concerning this country, the gold mines, etc. But what was better than all, we purchased three days' rations of American flour from them. This was very providential. We gave 50 cents per quart for it, which was reasonable. These various matters occupied our time during the day. Indications of rain, but none fell. We actually suffered from cold during the night.

Monday, Sept. 17. — Found a shallow fording and crossed the river early this morning. We hurried the mules through, which prevented their miring in the quicksand. We were advised by Capt. Walker's company to continue up the river a day's march, and then strike in a N. E. direction for the mountains. We nooned at some deserted Indian wigwams, and caught some fish for dinner, which we roasted in the ashes. The country lies higher on this side of the river, but is almost as sterile as the other side. The earth is of the same ashy nature, into which the mules sunk at every step. The surface is made irregular by the numerous little hillocks scattered over it. We encamped on the bank of the San Joaquin, which is certainly a pretty stream, runs in a clear bed, is as clear as crystal, and very meandering in its course. Distance, 20 miles—2511.

Tuesday, Sept. 18.—Left the river this morning and traveled in a N. E .direction by the compass. In a short time the mountains became visible, when we bore due north for them, and reached the table land about 2 o'clock p. m. The day was very hot, and we nooned without water for ourselves and animals. Packed up and spent the rest of the day in search of water, but found none, and were obliged to encamp without it. We found a green spot where there had

95. Like the San Joaquin (but to the south and roughly parallel with it) King's river flows southwest and then northwest, joining the San Joaquin west of the modern Fresno.

96. Doubtless he is speaking of Joseph Walker "the famous Santa Fé trapper who had served under Bonneville and had broken the trail from Great Salt Lake west across the Great Basin to Monterey," discovering a pass at the source of the San Joaquin river. Nevins, *op. cit.*, 198, 211, citing Sabin, *Kit Carson Days.*

lately been water and had good grass for the mules. Distance, 20 miles—2531.

Wednesday, Sept. 19.—These mountains are very barren, but there is a species of oak growing in the ravines. To produce acorns for Indian food and make fire wood is about all this tree is good for. It is large and branching, but very short in the trunk. After an hour's drive we came to a small, clear running stream. Supposing this to be one of the mining rivers, and within reach of provisions, we ate our last small rations of bread and meat, of which we were much in need, having eaten nothing since yesterday morning. All hands were certain that we would have our "eyes" at least full of gold dust in less than twenty-four hours, and of course, once in the diggings we could get something to eat, and "all about supper" in the mines was the joke about camp. Well, we packed up and traveled until dark, expecting every moment to hear the music of the pick and shovel, or meet some "umbra" [97] that could direct us to the desired haven. But we were (green, wa'nt we?) doomed to be disappointed in our expectations, and we again encamped without water or anything to eat. Some of our men did not get in for several hours after we encamped, their riding mules having failed under them. We killed an animal resembling a ground hog this afternoon, on which we expected to have a delicious supper. After dressing him as well as we could without water, we threw the carcass into the fire and "stirred him up" until we thought him "done brown." But, alas! like the pelican, a single bite sufficed for supper. We laid it aside, sorry that we had troubled packing it into camp, and turned in to rest if we could, or suck the gums to allay the thirst, thinking that we could eat something if we had it. Distance, 20 miles—2551.

Thursday, Sept. 20.—Made an early start, and the small path we were on soon led us to the water. This we found in a deep ravine in the mountains. The bed of the stream was dry, except in this one place, but from signs a large body of water poured down it during the rainy season. This is the character of many of the small streams running from these mountains. We found horse and mule tracks a short distance up the ravine, but there they ended. After a fruitless search for a trail leading out in the direction we wished to go, we were obliged to descend the rocky bed of the arroyo. We were not aware at this time that we were so near the "Maraposa" diggings, which are located within ten miles to the eastward of this point. Ignorance may be the "mother

97. Chamberlin spelled it as it sounded. He means the Spanish *hombre* (man).

of vice," but it was the cause of misfortune and suffering to us in this case. Having nothing to cook we tried acorns, but they were too green and bitter. We drank a cup of coffee and started. We had gone but a short distance when we again found the trail of cart tracks, which we had been endeavoring to follow, and continued on this for some time before we discovered that we were traveling in a S. E. direction, and directly on the back track. Here was a dilemma; which way to go we knew not. Three-fourths of our mules were completely worn out, and ourselves so reduced in strength that we could scarcely pack and unpack. After a short deliberation we concluded to return to the ravine, which we had followed out to the edge of the plain. Here we found another small hole of water, some grass, and encamped beneath the shade of a large spreading oak. John Musser, Hill Dixon and Charles Gathwait took four of the best mules and started in search of the mines for provisions. They had gone but a mile or two when Dixon and Gathwait "had some words" about the course, (they were of the same mess); Hill knocked Gathwait off his mule and he fell "smash" into a hornet's nest. The insects, not liking this, attacked the intruder on all sides. He not knowing where he was, or what this new pain meant, sung out lustily for help to get out of h—l. Poor Charley returned to camp writhing with pain; his "eyes blacked," face swollen, and "blind as a bat." There is no doubt but that hunger quickens the temper and destroys man's best nature. We have not met a single person since leaving the San Joaquin river that could give us any information, not even an Indian whom we could employ as guide, without which it is difficult to travel in this country, there being so many trails running in various directions. Those that went in search of provisions, were instructed to strike a due north course, in case they could find a well-beaten satisfactory trail to follow. We drank a little coffee and lay down to meditate upon our "fix." Slept, but only to dream of "sides of bacon," "pots of mush," and other luxuries, that we despised in days lang syne. Distance, 5 miles—2556.

Friday, Sept. 21.—This morning I gathered up an old, dirty bag that had contained sugar, and boiled it out. In this water we boiled coffee, and a better cup I never drank. Some of us started out with our guns and succeeded in killing a small hare, a hawk, and a few woodpeckers, quails and doves. These we put into a camp kettle and made it full of broth, but it scarcely deserved the name, being so thin and poor. Out of this nine of us ate, or rather supped,

for there was scarcely a bird to the man. We styled it "bird tea." This is all we have eaten for 52 hours. The condition of our bodies can well be imagined. My rifle is the only gun left in our mess, out of what we started with. We made all the effort we could to kill some large game, but without success. We anxiously looked for relief until dark, expecting our men to return; but they did not come and we began to fear that they had strayed from their course, for we were all satisfied that we could not be far from "some place." When night set in Howard and Armstrong saddled up their mules and started out on the same errand. We made up our minds not to kill one of our mules until reduced to the last extremity. This evening Capt. Dixon learned Maj. Green "how to fire-hunt"; accordingly the captain shouldered the "blazing pan" and rifle and the major a bag of small wood, to keep up the flame, and sallied out. They returned in about an hour, not being able to "shine any eyes." We turned in, but the gnawing of hunger would not suffer us to sleep soundly. Our slumbering visions were disturbed by the sight of bloody mule steaks smoking on the spit, but before we could enjoy the imaginary feast, the shrill howl of a caoti [coyote] would "tear our eyes open."

CHAPTER XXI

Saturday, Sept. 22.—I started out this morning in hopes that I could kill an antelope, but was so weak that I could not hold out long, and after a stroll of two or three miles, I was obliged to return to camp. We attempted several times to eat the green acorns, boiling and toasting them, but they only sickened us. We firmly resolved to kill a mule to-morrow morning if our men do not return before that time with provisions. (We have since learned that a number of companies, coming into the San Joaquin valley from the coast on their way to the Maraposa mines, were as badly bewildered as ourselves, and some of them much worse, getting into the mountains amongst the Indians, and were obliged to live upon grasshoppers, acorns, horse beef, etc.) About 3 o'clock p. m. Howard and Armstrong returned, having run the trail out on which they started. They sung out for some mule beef before they had reached camp, thinking that we had certainly butchered one by this time. A few moments after Musser and Dixon came in with a mule load, having been more successful. After a considerable winding about amongst the mountains in search of a trail they struck out in a due north course, and reached the Rio

Marcaides [Mercedes], where they saw some cattle, and shortly afterwards a man, who directed them to Scott and Montgomery's ranch, a few miles down the river, which they reached yesterday evening.[98] They purchased and packed the supplies last night, and left early this morning. When about to buy they were asked whether they had any money? Of course they wanted to know why such a question was asked, and were told that if they had money "they must pay well for what they got, and if not they should have it anyhow; that's the way we do business in California." Our boys said they likely had enough, but none to spare, and they charged accordingly—75c per pound for pork, 75c for jerked beef, 62½c for flour, 55c for sugar, 37½ for green beef, etc.—3 days' rations. The bill amounted to $90, the whole of which could have been purchased in Lewisburg for $5. We thought it "smacked" strongly for the diggings, but we rejoiced to get it at any price, and immediately set about satisfying our appetites. John and Hill were two or three meals ahead of us, but they well earned them. I ate very sparingly of bread alone, fearing the effect, but with all my care I was very unwell during the night, and at the same time suffered from toothache. Hill and Charles "shook hands and made up," and peace and plenty being once more restored in camp, a more pleasant, jovial evening has not been enjoyed in a long time, and our past troubles and trials were set aside as things that have happened but cannot happen again. Besides all this, our boys, while at the ranch, saw some of the genuine gold diggers and lots of the dust, that had been taken out of the earth not more than two days' journey hence. Under the circumstances, who wouldn't feel good? "O, California! That's the land," etc., etc.

Sunday, Sept. 23.—Our mules have done finely, and started off more lively than usual. Traveled in a N. W. direction, over rolling tablelands, and stopped to noon at a fine pool of water. Towards evening we reached the Rio Marcaides and encamped. Here we found a large trail and wagon road leading up to the river. This is a beautiful, clear, running stream, abounding in fish, and at this point is 20 feet wide and 1 ft. deep. Distance, 16 miles—2572.

Monday, Sept. 24.—Unwell during the night and feel bad this morning. Going up the river some distance, we left it and turned to the right, on the road leading to the Maraposa mines. It had been our intention to stop on the Marcaides, but having become so accustomed to traveling we could not halt. Like the sailor, we would be out of our

98. These men, Scott and Montgomery, we are unable to identify.

latitude in any other business. We saw where some washing had been done, but nobody was at work. Traveled over a mountainous country, partly covered with stunted oak, pine and other timber. The earth is of a reddish cast, clay and gravel, with slate and quartz rock cropping out in places. We nooned at a spring by the wayside. Here we met persons going to and from the mines, and have heard the first unfavorable side of the story; which of course we did [not] relish. Several persons from more northern diggings said, "we have heard that rich deposits of gold have been discovered in the Maraposa region, and we are on our way thither, to get some of the big lump; for in the Towalume diggings, which we have just left, we can't make more than an ounce a day to do our best, and that won't pay salt." "It is all a d——d lie about their discovering rich diggings in the Maraposa region," said another man. "I've just come from there myself, nine-tenths of those at work are not actually making their bread, and it's a rare chance that a man makes an ounce a day. If I hadn't left when I did I should have starved. I'm bound for the Towalume diggings myself. A friend of mine has just returned from there, and says that he can make two or three ounces a day easy. And if I can't make that, an ounce a day, as you say a man can make, it is better than to work for nothing in the cursed Maraposa diggings." And thus the conversation ran on. We "pricked up our ears," for we found out that this gold question, like many others, has two sides, and can be discussed. Another poor fellow inquired the distance to Scott's ranch; said that he tried his luck in the diggings, and was satisfied that there was none for him, that he was now on his way to San Francisco to start home, and if God would let him live long enough to get out of the country, he would never want to hear the word "gold dust" mentioned. These were knock-down arguments, but we have traveled some five thousand miles to "see the sights," and see it we would. Accordingly we proceeded on our journey and encamped near a spring on the mountains. I have kept up with the company but a small portion of the day, having frequent very sick spells, when I would be obliged to alight and lay down in the shade until better. When I reached camp I was much fatigued and very weak. Distance, 16 miles—2588.

Tuesday, Sept. 25.—Unwell all night. Packed up this morning for the last time, we hope, (until ready to vamose from the diggings), and continued our journey over a mountainous country. Met a number of Americans and Spaniards packing from the mines, and passed others on their

way thither, heavily laden with provisions, merchandise, etc. Passed a number of dry diggings, at present unworked for want of water. The amount of earth thrown up appears almost incredible; the bed of almost every ravine and gulch is turned over. About 2 o'clock we reached the foot of the arroyo, known as Fremont's diggings, and "dropped anchor" in sight of the "promised land," after the lapse of seven months since leaving home, and an overland journey of twenty-six hundred (2600) miles.

* * * *

May 24, 1850.—My log-book, or "notes by the way," ended with our journey; but our experience since arriving in the country, and what we have "seen and heard," may prove interesting for future reference, in noting which, I am satisfied that an occasional leisure hour will not be entirely misspent. I can say for our mess that I never heard a man (save one) regret the adventure, either on road or since; but have heard scores by the way almost curse the day that they ventured upon the hazardous and foolhardy enterprise, and had they known what they were obliged to endure, all the gold in California could not have enticed them from home.

Our experience at gold digging was short and unsuccessful. The day after we arrived at Maraposa mines, we moved camp to a spot we had selected, upon the point of a rocky bluff, overlooking a large part of the gulch in which digging was going on. Here we "set up stakes," or rather lay down our empty, worn-out packs, beneath the imperfect shade of several small oak trees. We had no tent, nor had we slept under cover since leaving Santa Fe. There was no grass in the vicinity, and the Indians were stealing animals every night and driving them off into the mountains. We concluded to send our mules to Scott's ranch on the Marcaides, where we could have them run with a "caballada," upon the range, at $8 per month each, and no security for their safe keeping. Our first business was to purchase a supply of provisions. There were several stores in the place, some in tents, others in the open air. We found prices to range pretty much as follows: Tea, $3; flour, 50c per pound; pork, 75c; saleratus, $8 per pound, etc. This was said to be very cheap, and really was, but at the time we thought it sank pretty deep into the small remnant of "coined dust" we had brought with us. It cost about $2 per day to live, and do our own cooking. We were surprised to see how willing merchants were to credit persons coming into the mines with provisions, tools, etc., and also noticed that the miners

were not in the habit of paying cash, but settled their bills at the end of the week or month. Our next step was to take a walk through the diggings, see how they did it, what tools were required, and select a spot to commence operations. The first hole that attracted our attention was at a narrow point in the arroyo, and from the appearance of the rock on either side, a ledge once obstructed the passage of the stream, which is now so low that the water appears only at intervals, and sinks. In this place there were three persons at work. They sunk the hole some 8 or 10 feet deep; one was engaged in bailing out water, another was scraping up the gravel and sand in the bottom, and the third washed it out in a wooden bowl. We saw him washing out several times, and always had from half an ounce to two ounces. This we thought "first rate luck," but they worked hard for it, and were wet from head to foot. Several persons were working with them, with tolerable success. We went a little farther up the gulch, and stopped to inquire of a man what luck. He was taking out about an ounce per day. Another man was at work opening a new hole; he said that he had worked three weeks in a hole some distance above, and made but a few dollars. If he didn't have better luck this time he would leave for some other diggings. Here the Sonorians were at work, burrowing under the ground, and working very slowly and carefully collecting none but the earth containing gold, which they packed off to water upon their heads. The Americans seldom work in the dry diggings. We saw a number of machines at work with varied success. They consisted of a rocker or cradle, dug out of a pine log, placed in a slanting position, and put in motion by means of a lever. The earth and water is poured in at the upper end, passes through a copper or sheet iron sieve, and runs off at the lower end, the gold and some sand settled to the bottom and is retained by several cross pieces or shoulders, left on the bottom when dug out. We soon became satisfied looking at others, and also satisfied that the larger portion of those at work were making but little more than board. We supplied ourselves with the necessary tools and went to work. Paid $16 for a crowbar, $8 for a shovel, etc.

Opening a hole in these diggings was a pretty difficult job. It was not worth while to clear off a large spot, for it would only be by chance that we would find gold at the bottom, and the stone and clay were closely cemented together, making the digging very hard. When we reached the rock we found that a "knife" was necessary to dig out the crevices, and a "horn spoon" to scrape it up. I tried wash-

ing, but when I had all the earth and sand out of the pan, there was no gold in the bottom. I gave that part of the play up in despair, having never washed out a peck. We sank several holes, all with like ill success. While we were in the mines the total earnings of three of us was about $40, and our expenses $100. These mines are 80 miles distant from Stockton and 180 miles from San Francisco by land. Col. Fremont holds a claim of 100 square miles, which he purchased of the Spanish governor of California.[99] This covers the most valuable portion of the Maraposa gold regions. His partner Mr. Godey had a store here, and a large number of Indians employed at digging.[100] He had discovered a large vein of quartz rock said to be rich in ore, and has erected a rude machine for crushing it. From what we could learn there were about 200 Americans and as many foreigners and Indians at work in these diggings. The Americans were mostly from Texas and other southern states. The entire population appeared orderly and well disposed. The men went about their work, leaving camp, their provisions and money to take care of themselves. It is seldom that punishment is necessary in the mines, but when required, I am told that the Lynch law is immediately put in force, and offenders may expect a "rough handling." There was a good deal of liquor sold, at 50c per glass and $5 per bottle. There was a man buried a short distance from our camp who died from the effects of drink at these prices.

On Sunday there was an election for alcalde, and an auction. I saw *panol* bought at $10 per 100 pounds for horse feed. The Mexicans prepare it by roasting the wheat before grinding it, and eat it with sugar and water. We saw very few men digging on the Sabbath; with the above exceptions, the day was pretty well observed. In the evening, when nothing was to be seen but the many camp-fires, and all was still but the low hum of conversation as it came up from the different groups around the lights, and at once, from the opposite side of the arroyo, a loud, musical voice stuck up,

"On Jordon's stormy banks I stand, etc."

It sounded strange, and yet familiar, in this wild, pent-up

99. The reference is to Governor Pio Pico. See H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, vi, 552, note. "Under the Mexican law, such a grant as Fremont had obtained gave no title to mineral rights, and public opinion regarded placer deposits, no matter on whose land, as general and unrestricted property."—Nevins, *Frémont*, 436.

100. The man here called "partner" was Alexander Godey, for years a close friend and associate of Frémont.

corner of the world. As the sound rolled along the gulch, and reverberated from the hill and mountain, it reminded us of "good old Methodist times" at home, and we concluded that the singer must be one of 'em.

CHAPTER XXII

Green, Howard and Fox, who worked together, were more lucky in digging than Musser, Schaffle and myself. Howard picked up a piece containing some quartz which weighed nine ounces. I saw one piece that weighed five pounds, and several others weighing 3, 2 and 1 pounds. Mr. Armstrong became dissatisfied with the country and diggings and made up his mind to go home. I believe he never struck a blow nor washed a grain. He had been unwell for some days. We were sorry to see him leave. He had been a good fellow and deserved the best wishes of us all. I suffered more from sickness during the two weeks I remained in the mines than I had for many years previous. Howard, Musser and Fox were also unwell. Indeed, we did not know the condition to which our systems had been reduced by the fatigues of traveling, and scanty allowance of food, until we attempted to work. Fearing that we would not recover until we got out of the place, Musser and myself concluded to go "down country," see San Francisco, Stockton, get our "news," purchase a tent and supply of provisions, pack them into the mines, and winter there. Accordingly, we got up "Old Whitey," for whose board we had been paying 50 cents per day, with the privilege of browsing upon the mountains, packed several saddles, blankets, saddle-bags, empty packs, lariats, and provisions upon her back, and started on foot, leaving Green, Howard, Schaffle and Fox in the mines.

Nothing particular occurred and we reached Scott's ranch on the evening of the second day—we had traveled very slow on account of our weakness. Part of their "caballada" having gone astray, we were detained here two days hunting our mules. We mounted two of the best animals, which had improved considerably, and set out from the ranch in the afternoon; our course north, over a high, barren plain. We had no road, and when night set in the heavens clouded over and a slight sprinkle of rain fell. This was on the 11th of October, and the first rain of the season. We managed to keep our course in the darkness until we reached the Towalume river. We groped our way down the bluff and encamped on the flat, i. e. lay down in

the rain, beneath a large tree, where the big drops pelted us all night. The Towalume river resembles the Marcaides in many particulars: perhaps more timber growing on the flat. We descended the stream several miles, found a crossing, and continued down the north side. Passed an Indian "rancheria," where they had constructed a very ingenious fish trap, upon which they depend for subsistence, until the acorns ripen and grasshoppers grow fat. The wild Indians of California are the most miserable looking, indolent and degraded portion of that race of people I have seen since leaving the frontiers of the States. We stopped about noon at a tent, a few miles from the south of the river, to graze our animals. Here we saw Mr. Armstrong's mule, saddle, etc. Upon inquiry we learned that he had lain sick here for several days, sold his mule, etc., and proceeded on foot for Stockton this morning. We were apprehensive at first that something of a still more serious nature had happened him. Struck out in a N. W. course for the Stanislaus river,[101] over another high, dry, barren plain. Reached the lower ferry about dusk, where we forded the stream. Could get nothing to eat, and being out of provisions, we applied to a ferryman —a most forbidding looking Irishman, who immediately shared his scanty meal with us. We offered to pay him, but he refused to take anything, saying that we should do likewise at the first opportunity, etc. We took the advice and had another proof that appearances often deceive. We traveled down the river some miles after dark, in search of grass. About 9 o'clock we spied a light, and on coming up to it, found a number of Spaniards encamped, and turned in with them.

In the morning we again struck out across the plain, and about 3 o'clock p. m. reached the lower ferry on the San Joaquin river. This ferry is owned by three young men, Bonsall, Doak and Scott, and is a very valuable property. Mr. Bonsall, who left Clearfield Co., Pa., when a boy, and has since worked in the lead mines of Mo., told me the other day, that he had been offered $10,000 to drop his interest in the concern, and "take his bones out of the country." Here we intersected the main land route between San Francisco, San Jose and Stockton, or in other words, between the northern and southern portions of California, and divided by the bay of San Francisco. After taking dinner, we ferried over, at $1 each for man and mule. Stopped at M'Caffrey's Tent, or the "Elkhorn Inn of the San Joaquin,"

101. The Stanislaus river is about 20 mis. south of Stockton, near the modern Hetch Hetchy aqueduct.

as he was pleased to call it, (San Hwa-keen, J always having the sound of H in the "Lingua Español.") In the morning after breakfasting upon salt pork, sea biscuit, and coffee, for which we paid $1.50 each, we again packed our mules and pursued our way. The road was very fine, over a level plain, to the mountains on the west of the valley, and appeared lined with travel. The distance across this range of bald mountains is about 8 miles. The ascent and descent very gradual, except the dividing ridge, which is somewhat abrupt. Nooned at a spring on the mountains, and reached Livermore's ranch in the evening. Mr. Livermore was formerly an English sailor, and has resided in the country some 30 years. He has a Spanish wife, and his "cassa" and everything about him look California like. We lay down upon the ground floor to sleep, but couldn't. In the morning we learned that it was "only the fleas" that annoyed us. This country is actually pulluted with fleas, body lice, bed bugs, ticks and other vermin. It is a current joke, that previous to the war, the "coatis [coyotes] and fleas held possession of the country."

After leaving Livermore's ranch we crossed a plain two leagues in width, on which thousands of cattle were grazing, and then entered a range of hills, covered with wild oats. The place is known as "Amador's Pass" and was the handsomest spot we had seen in California. A small stream of clear, cold water flows E. in the direction of the road, along which are several flats and groves of large California oaks. Passed Senol's ranch, crossed a high range of hills and descended into the Mission of San Jose.[102] This, like all the California missions, is partly in ruins. We purchased some fruit of the old Frenchman in charge of the orchard and vineyard, and pursued our way towards Pueblo, which we reached about sundown.[103] Put up at the U. S. hotel and slept in a haystack, $2 for a bed being more than we could afford. This place is handsomely situated in the centre of the valley. The majority of the inhabitants are Spaniards, Chilians, Sonorians, etc., but Americans are fast settling here, and during this season a great many buildings have been put up. It has been decided upon as the seat of government. Here we were first reminded of the "land we hailed from," by neat frame houses, well furnished, tables

102. Heading west, they crossed the Diablo Range. The *mission* of San José (founded June 11, 1797) lay about midway between modern Oakland (to the north) and the *pueblo* of San José (to the south, near the southern end of the great bay).

103. There will be more regarding the Pueblo in the following chapter.

set *a la mode,* pleasure carriages, women dressed in silks, men in broadcloths, etc.

Three miles from Pueblo we passed through Santa Clara.[104] This mission is beautifully located, the land around is fertile, and as there are no Spanish claims upon it, a great many Americans are "squatting" here, expecting the lands to become government property. We had dinner at Mr. Wistman's, and here, for the first time since leaving home, sat down to a meal prepared by the hands of American females. Mr. Wistman came to the country in '46, settled here, and now owns a fine, well stocked ranch. Wealth and prosperity has grown up about him. Lodged at the "Old Missions," a large, lone adobe building, in which a New Yorker has taken quarters and opened a house of entertainment. Whether this ever was a mission, or only goes by that name, I have never learned. It is situated 20 miles from San Francisco. Passed Jose Sanchez's ranch, after which the country became more barren in appearance.

On ascending the hill bordering on the bay we had a fine view of the Golden Gate, through which the tide was ebbing, with a noise resembling thunder. We could see the Pacific ocean in the distance raising up mountain like, and bounding the horizon on the west. The "Mission Dolores" lay in our way, situated 3 miles from San Francisco.[105] The lands around this mission are also being fast taken up by American settlers. Shortly afterwards we entered the chapperel [*chaparal*] and sand hills. The sand is very deep, and a team can do little more than draw an empty wagon through it. On reaching the summit of the last sand hill the City of San Francisco, bay, harbor, and shipping burst upon our view. The appearance and magnitude of the place far exceed the most liberal ideas we had formed of it. We were almost lost in wonder as we urged our wearied mules through the crowd in one of the principal streets and gazed upon the large and even elegant buildings, the display of signs and merchandise, and the moving mass of human beings of every caste and tongue. We were almost deafened with the hum of business, the noise of the saw and hammer, rattling of cart wheels, and the jingle of money in the exchange offices and gambling houses. We kept along through several of the streets, gazing at everything that

104. Santa Clara de Asís mission was founded Jan. 12, 1777, and therefore antedated the Pueblo of San José (founded Nov. 29, 1777). See Caughey, *op. cit.*, 164-165.

105. By "Dolores" is meant the mission of San Francisco de Asís (founded Oct. 9, 1776). In the founding of San Francisco, Capt. J. B. de Anza picked Fort Point for the presidio and the "Arroyo de los Dolores" for the mission. Caughey, *op. cit.*, 156-157.

attracted our attention "with eyes and mouth open," not forgetting that we should look up a stopping place, and that we were "out" in the garb of mountaineers. We put up at a hotel; boarding $14 per week, mule feed the same price. Our first business was to go to the postoffice and "get our news." The answer, "Nothing for you, sir," took us all aback. Could it be possible that our friends, after making so many promises, had neglected or forgotten us? It was a cruel disappointment. We afterwards learned that no mails had been received from the States for several months.

In strolling around town we observed a striped pole. This was something to my mind, for I had neither shaved nor trimmed my beard since leaving the Mississippi. The fee was a dollar, and well earned, for razor after razor was laid aside — no doubt but some sands of the Gila remained in it.

CHAPTER XXIII

On our way down we had concluded to stop at Pueblo and get into some business, and after remaining in San Francisco three or four days we returned to Pueblo San Jose. Here we were advised by several Americans to commence butchering. We soon found that we could not talk enough Spanish to purchase cattle, and gave up the idea. The Spanish know but little about the honors and laws of trade. If they were in need of money they will sell their property for a trifling sum to get it; but if a person wishes to purchase of them, and they do not want for money, no price will buy it.

We made up our minds to return to the diggings and make the most of it during the winter. Nothing particular occurred until we reached the mines, except after crossing the San Joaquin, rain commenced falling and continued at intervals for a number of days. Our clothes and blankets were kept constantly wet, in which we had to sleep; but by this time we were well and were very much recruited. We were also lost between the Towalume and Mercaides rivers, which is a very common occurrence on these plains. The trails through the mountains were so much softened by the rain that our mules frequently sank to their bellies. When we reached the diggings we found that Fremont's gulch was drowned out, and the miners were leaving for Agua Frio, the dry diggings several miles distant. Things presented a most squalid appearance. We were perfectly disgusted with the mines, and determined to pack up our traps and move down country, where we could encamp during the

rainy season. During our absence Green and Howard had left the mines and gone to Stockton, taking Franklin with them. Fred and Fox were left, and they had not been able to make their board. While on our way down we lived upon salmon, an excellent fish, which is so abundant in the Mercaides, Towalume and Stanislaus rivers that we killed them with clubs and stones, when ascending the shoals.

Fox found employment at Bonsal's ferry. John, Fred and myself came on down and encamped at the forks of the Stockton and Benecia roads, in Amador's Pass. Two of us went down to Pueblo and invested our remaining funds (about $200) in a tent and provisions, which we packed up upon our mules. We put up a pole frame, over which we stretched our canvas. The public, thinking that we were "in the business," began to call for meals, provisions, lodging, etc., and thinking it as well to be employed as idle, we killed a beef, put the kettle on the fire, and dealt out meat, hard bread, sugar, flour, etc. Ten days afterwards I started to San Francisco to purchase supplies with six hundred dollars in my pocket. There I found Green and Howard. They had clubbed together with Jesse Thomas and a Mr. Jacobs, of Huntingdon Co., Pa., and were keeping bachelor's hall, in a small room for which they paid $75 per month rent. Major Green had been very unwell, but was recovering from the typhoid fever. Dr. Winston was attending him. I also met Maj. Beck, Jas. Duncan, Jno. Hayes, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Smith, of the Lewistown company. They started from home after us, and had a pleasant trip through Mexico, and arrived at San Francisco early in July. They had all been to the diggings and were more or less successful. It was really gratifying to meet so many persons from the neighborhood of home.

There had been a great change in the place since I had been there before—a period of six weeks. A great number of buildings had been put up, and large blocks of houses covered what were then vacant lots. The town was "full of people," half of the buildings being occupied as boarding and gambling houses. Board was from $20 to $40 per week; rents exhorbitantly high; business of all kinds brisk, and merchandise commanded good prices. The gambling houses were thronged, and as these were the only place of resort, many persons entirely averse of gambling were induced to patronize the "banks." Money on loan was worth from 10 to 15 per cent. a month. Lots that were purchased two years ago for $16, sold for $40,000; timber commands $400 per M. feet, etc.

I made an arrangement for the goods we had shipped from Philadelphia, and redeemed them. The extreme, storage, etc., were trade of the northern mining region.[106] During the rainy season, Sacramento was overflowed, and great deal of property destroyed. The rise in the river, from the melting snow, has again deluged the place, in defiance of their efforts to keep out by embankments.

The founding of these towns has been so successful, and profitable to the projectors, that a great many "would like to be" speculators have laid out cities in various parts of the country, on mining streams and the principal rivers, advertise their many advantages, as to location, etc., make "sham sales," and use every effort to induce the "green 'uns" to take the bait. I could enumerate perhaps fifty that have been laid out within the last year, and lots for sale—the majority of which, will never pay the expenses of surveying.

Three-fourths of the people in the country say, "that if we can get what gold we want, we will play quits with California." They do not care about investing their money in uncertain real estate. The majority of persons that emigrated to the country in the year '46 and prior to that, have settled upon lands in various parts of the country, and having the advantage of the first opening of the mines, are now wealthy, almost without an effort. I have been amused at several of these "old settlers," as they are called, talking about going to the States to "see the country," and if they "like it" they "will move." Within the last [. . .] three or four greater than the first cost.[107] I shipped them on a launch to the Mission Embarkadero, 40 miles distant, and six hours sail, for $2.00 per cwt. The distance from the anchor ground to the beach, is a serious drawback upon the port of San Francisco. A great many goods shipped, did not pay for getting them ashore. One ship master, bought up a lot of mess beef, as the cheapest article he could get for ballast. Another who had brought out a lot of coal as ballast, retained it, although it was worth $50 per ton. The beach is the form of a crescent. The town is handsomely situated, but there is little room to extend it, unless they build upon the sand hills in the rear of the place. Water lots sold at an enormous price, on which large mercantile houses are built, upon piles. The buildings are generally of very flimsy structure. While I was there, a fire broke out, and laid a square in ruins. Before it had done burning, contracts were

106. This is unintelligible,—due evidently to some carelessness in the printing of Chamberlin's notes at Lewisburg in 1902.

107. Again some failure to reproduce the notes correctly is evident.

made for new buildings, and the lumber drawing upon the ground. In less than a fortnight, many of them were completed, and gambling and other business resumed as though nothing had happened. Three weeks ago, another more disastrous fire visited the place; almost half of the city was burned. It is already rebuilt, and the marks of the fire can scarcely be seen. This shows a spirit of energy and perseverance on the part of her citizens, scarcely if ever equalled.

When I was about to leave the place, Maj. Green had a severe attack of the diarrhœa (a prevailing and frequently fatal disease in this country) which, in his already weak condition, soon made him one of its victims. California may do to stay, or even to live in, but when death calls upon the wanderer, separated by thousands of miles from his family and friends, it is a hard country to die in. It was with feelings of indescribable sorrow, that I followed the body of my friend to the grave. His remains and those of James Banks, Esq., of Lewistown, Pa., rest side by side in the Russian burying ground.

CHAPTER XXIV

Some weeks ago, business obliged me to go to Stockton. That place was situated on a level plain, and borders on a lagoon, which connects with the Bay of Francisco. The place was then almost sunk in mud, but during the dry seasons is very pleasant. The majority of the houses were canvass, but a large number of good buildings had already gone up. Vessels of a large size, can ascend the slue, and discharge freight with ease and little expense. Since the business season has opened, real estate has risen in value, and many buildings are being erected. It is the emporium of trade for the southern and part of the middle mines.

I have never as yet been as far north as Sacramento City. It is said to be the largest town in California, and concentrates [*sic*] the years, the great changes that have taken place in the country, the excitement of business, the abundance of money, etc., are so very different to everything experienced in the States, that persons would find it difficult to content themselves where time rolls on without any sensible changes, in the order of things, more especially if they had left indigent homes, and have enjoyed independence and affluence here.

The markets of this country, are very fluctuating. The supplies from the States and foreign countries are irregular,

and the price of an article depends entirely upon the quantity in market, or the ability of speculators to monopolize. Three months ago lumber was worth $400 per M. feet by the cargo, it can now be bought for $40. Flour was then worth $40 per bbl. now $8 to $10. At the same time sugar and coffee were selling at 10 to 12 cts. per lb.; now it is scarce at 40 cts. All the scythes and snaths in market could have been purchased for $10, at that time; a few days ago we were in San Francisco, and wished to buy one, (a scythe and snath,) the merchant asked $60 for it; we offered him $50; in the mean time, another person in search of the same article, stepped in and inquired the price of it; $70 was asked, the price paid, and he walked off with his bargain. The best flour in market, and that which commands the highest price, is brought from Chili, S. A. Fruit, vegetables, sugar, etc., from the Sandwich Islands; lumber, fish, butter and some vegetables from Oregon; silks, teas, fancy articles and drygoods of various kinds from China. Three-fourths of all the merchandise consumed here, is received from the United States, England and France. This includes lumber, breadstuffs, meats, liquors, and other groceries, heavy drygoods, clothing, hardware, etc., etc. The products of all countries in the world can be had, and representatives from the same be seen, in California.

It is amusing to notice the change in occupations and mode of living experienced by persons coming to this country. Men of all professions, trades and employments, become merchants, gamblers, farmers, watermen, teamsters, day laborers, etc., and as a first and last resort, the mines. A physician works in the diggings because he finds it more profitable than his profession: a lawyer runs a launch on the bay; a preacher keeps hotel, or a farmer "deals monte," all for the same reason. While in San Francisco last winter I saw a man of perhaps fifty years of age engaged in patching the leaking roof and mending the sidewalk of the boarding house at which I stopped. I saw he drank a great deal, but was talkative and intelligent. Upon getting into conversation with him I found that he was a lawyer of Pennsylvania, where he had been a successful practitioner for many years, and had been employed as counsel in several important cases, in connection with Hon. Ellis Lewis.[108]

108. The Hon. Ellis Lewis (1798-1871) was a Pennsylvania jurist, a staunch Democrat all his life. The governor appointed him (1833) state attorney general, but within a few months he succeeded to the office of presiding judge of the 8th judicial district and later (1843) held the same office in the 2nd judicial district. In 1848, he published *An abridgement of the criminal law of the United States.—Dict. of Am. Biog.*

The amount of water crafts upon San Francisco bay, and the rivers, is almost incredible. Thousands of boats and launches are in the trade, and ascend some of the rivers to the mines. About twenty-five steam boats are now plying between the various points of commerce, carrying passengers and freight. It is said that the boat "Senator" cleared as high as $30,000 per trip. She runs between San Francisco and Sacramento city, and goes through and back within two days.

Those portions of California adapted to agriculture are generally covered with Spanish claims, which if acknowledged valid by the American Government will for a while prove a hindrance to the settlement and prosperity of the country. But Spanish ignorance, indolence, and jealousy cannot hold out long against the ingenuity and enterprise of the Yankees, many of whom have already contrived to "get into the affections" of the "Dons." Taxes upon their 100 square miles, and American gamblers, (who won't play a "fair game") [109] into their purse and herds of cattle will soon have the desired effect. Then instead of these vermin-beset, adobe *casas*, see a country dotted over with neat, comfortable farm houses, gardens, fruit trees, and cultivated fields. But all these things will depend entirely upon two things—whether the soil will produce without irrigation, and the continuance and yield of the gold mines; for California must depend upon a home market for her products. The latter, time will tell; the former will be known soon, for there are a number of persons engaged in farming. The soil produces without [irrigating] water, but whether in quantity or quality sufficient to warrant cultivation is not known. Should California become one of the United States, the wealth of the mines continue, and the earth yield abundantly, nothing will be wanting to make her the most populous, wealthy, and flourishing State in the Union in a few years.

A national railroad from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean would certainly be of great advantage to the country, and more closely connect the interests of her extended territory, if the great work could be accomplished. I see that it is a subject much agitated in the States and many persons there believe we will soon see locomotives and trains of cars "'hopping' the rivers and 'skipping' over the plains and 'jumping' the Sierra Nevada mountains." It will do to talk in that way, but from what little knowledge

109. There has been an evident omission of some words in printing. Insert "making inroads" or some such expression.

I have of the country I would be willing to wager all I expect to make in California that the undertaking will not be completed, if begun, within the nineteenth century. And if the opinions of men who have traveled every known overland route are of any weight, not one out of a hundred that I have heard will admit that it is at all practicable. The broad plains and deserts, the deep arroyos, the wide, sandy beds of rivers, the many mountains, the most formidable of which is the Sierra Nevada, whose summit towers above the regions of perpetual snow, the scarcity of material for constructing it, and the distance, are obstacles, which, in my opinion, render even the idea absurd.[110]

I have "spun my yarn" to the foot of the last page, and I now "knock off" with pleasure, lay the pen and writing desk (the bottom of an empty wine case) aside, and resume the hoe handle, which implement I can wield with better grace and effect.

(THE END)

110. Chamberlin's reference above to statehood for California shows that it was still the year 1849 when he concluded his diary. If he lived until 1869, of course he saw realized for California this "absurd idea" of a transcontinental railroad.

NECROLOGY

NATHAN JAFFA.—Nathan Jaffa, city clerk of Las Vegas who had served as mayor of Roswell and Santa Fe and as New Mexico territorial secretary, died last night. He was 81.

Jaffa also had been a member of the board of regents of New Mexico Military Institute and of New Mexico University.

He was a 33d degree Mason, past grand master of the Masons of New Mexico, past grand high priest of the Royal Arch Masons of the state and past exalted ruler of the Elks lodge at Roswell.

Born in Germany, he came to Trinidad, Colo., in 1878. Three years later he went to Las Vegas as manager of the Jaffa Bros. Mercantile when he was 18. In 1884 he located in Albuquerque and until 1886 conducted a business there.

He went to Roswell in 1886. He served as Chaves county commissioner from 1895 to 1897 as the first Republican to win election in the county.

In 1907 he was appointed secretary of the Territory of New Mexico by President Teddy Roosevelt. He was reappointed by President Taft and held the secretaryship until statehood. . . .

Three children and a brother survive. Mrs. Eleanor Jaffa and Mrs. Julia Danziger, daughters, live at Las Vegas; and a son—Benjamin Jaffa, lives at Santa Fe. The brother is Harry Jaffa of Roswell.—*Albuquerque Tribune,* Sept. 13, 1945.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ATOMIC BOMB.—The awe-inspiring appearance of the atomic bomb in these last months may seem to belong to the field of current events rather than to history proper. Yet we feel that we should not close this, our twentieth volume, without mention of both it and the VT fuse, in the resarch for which, and the successful perfecting of which, New Mexico played such an important role. We shall hope, perhaps this next year, to have some account of New Mexico's part in World War II, and there will be no more strange or fascinating part of that record than the story of these two inventions. The atomic bomb has been the more spectacular, of course. So many articles, many of them profusely illustrated, have been published during these last months that we offer no description of the atomic bomb. Less spectacular and less known as to its importance has been the VT fuse, and the reader may be glad to have the account which follows.—L. B. B.

THE VT FUSE.—Rated by the Navy as second in scientific importance only to the atomic bomb, the VT fuse, largely developed at the University of New Mexico under the directorship of Dr. E. J. Workman, played a leading role in inflicting heavy damage on enemy equipment and personnel during the war.

The VT fuse causes a shell or projectile to explode automatically when it comes within the near vicinity of an enemy target. Previous fuses caused shells to explode a fixed number of seconds after firing.

Though this old type of shell was satisfactory against fixed objects, a great many projectiles wasted their explosive energies on thin air or in the earth.

The VT fuse doesn't require a direct hit. It needs only to pass within close proximity of the target to cause an explosion. The fuse contains a 5-tube radio set so assembled that it remains in operation after the projectile is fired. This fuse emits electromagnetic waves which strike the target and are reflected back to the fuse.

When the time interval of emission and reflection shows that the projectile is within 70 feet of the target, the fuse causes the charge to be detonated.

In combatting the Nazi buzz bomb, the VT fuse played a major part. When the V-1's came over London, the anti-aircraft shells equipped with the fuse successively knocked down 24, 46, 67, and then 79 per cent of the buzz bombs in four consecutive weeks. Only four of the 104 V-1's reached their objective on the last day the bomb was used, the fused shells accounting for 80 per cent of those knocked down.

The fuse is sensitive to the ground and detonates a shell a number of feet above the heads of advancing ground troops, being a vast improvement over the old fuse which may explode high in the air or after it hits the ground.

The fuse was first standardized against the Nakajima 97 twin-motor Jap torpedo bomber. It was perfected against the suicide bomber in the Okinawa campaign. It enabled our fleet to sail into enemy waters with impunity.

A combination of radar and VT fuse is a deadly one. Radar determines the beam that enemy planes travel and the VT fused shells inflict a maximum of damage.

After the Battle of the Bulge, Gen. Patton said: "The new show that the funny fuse is putting on is devastating. The other night we caught a German battalion trying to cross the Sauer River with a battalion concentration and killed 702. I think when all armies get this fuse we will have to devise some new method of warfare. I am glad you all thought of it first. It is really a wonderful development."

The War Department said that one of every two VT fused rockets fired from fighter craft would bring down an enemy plane at 1000-yard range.

Dr. Workman, director of the Research Project, began experiments early in 1941 near Kirtland Field. Under direction of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, the Project contracted with OSRD, under direction of Johns Hopkins University's Applied Physics Laboratory.

From March to December, 1941, Dr. Workman was in

Washington carrying out further experiments. He returned Christmas, 1941, and has been director of this Project, which includes other secret developments, not yet released.

The project was under technical direction of Dr. Merle F. Tuce, director of Section T in Office of Scientific Research and Development in Washington, D. C. Comdr. T. S. Daniel represents the Chief of the Navy Ordnance Bureau. The staff here includes Dr. William Hume, professor in the University of New Mexico School of Engineering; Dr. C. E. Hablutzel of the California Institute of Technology; Dr. William D. Crozier of Rose Polytechnic Institute; Dr. Henry Dunlap of Rice Institute; Dr. Gene T. Pelsor of the University of Oklahoma; and Dr. George E. Hansche of Rose Polytech Institute.

The administrative staff is Allen W. Lloyd, Robert B. Yoder, and Milburn K. Tharp.

A recent addition to the technical staff is Dr. Lennart V. Larson of the National War Labor Board and Baylor University.

The New Mexico Experimental Range as testing ground is located in the foothills of the Manzano Mountains and includes 46,000 acres.

At present between 175 and 200 are employed on this project. Expenditures are running over $1,000,000 a year.

The first contract was in January, 1941, the second. November, 1941, and nine supplements were added lasting until the end of 1944. The first two contracts were between the University of New Mexico and the Office of Scientific Research and Development. The last one, 1945, was between the Navy and the University.

James V. Forrestal, secretary of the Navy has said: "The proximity fuse has helped blaze the trail to Japan. Without the protection this ingenious device gives to the surface ships of our fleet, our westward push could not have been so swift and the cost in men and ships would have been immeasurably greater."—Barbara Bailey in *New Mexico Lobo,* Sept. 28, 1945.

LOS ALAMOS RANCH SCHOOL.—As is well known, Los Alamos was one of the three places in our country taken over by our federal government and surrounded with the utmost secrecy in the tremendously dangerous research which culminated in the making of the atomic bomb. It gives us a decidedly queer sensation to recall that, twenty years ago, Los Alamos was a small but flourishing boys' school secluded in the pine-forested mountains about thirty miles from Santa Fe, and that one of our first associate editors of this quarterly was young Fayette S. Curtis, Jr., graduate of Yale and headmaster of that school.

He had made it his hobby to study weapons, ancient and modern, and two articles by him were published in our first two volumes. His untimely death occurred in December 1926, and after reading "To a Forest Burial" again, one may breathe the fervent hope that his ashes have not been disturbed by the transformation which came to Los Alamos through World War II.—L. B. B.

THE RAYNOLDS LIBRARY.—When the West was young, its scarcity of wood and water made settlement so hazardous that only adventurers, rowdies, insolvent gamblers and disappointed lovers dared attempt it.

Such was the impression of "this strip of country"—Santa Fé, Albuquerque and Taos—penned by pioneer authors of the period 100 years ago. Their writings are among a 1087-volume collection of books and periodicals recently given to the Library of the University of New Mexico.

Herbert F. Raynolds, former New Mexico district judge and member of the state supreme court, who now resides at Beverly Hills, Cal., made the gift to the library for cataloging and preservation, Librarian Arthur M. McAnally announced.

The rare collection dates back three generations to a grain broker in Canton, O., Madison Raynolds, who came to Las Cruces in 1882 and later moved to Albuquerque. Joshua was the present donor's father.

Among the collection are 310 volumes of such magazines

as Harper's, Scribner's, Century and Horace Greeley's New Yorker as well as 85 volumes of Stevenson, Stockton, Kipling and other writers of the turn of the century.—*Albuquerque Journal,* Oct. 5, 1945.

MORLEY ECCLESIASTICAL ART GIFT.—Three significant and highly valuable collections pertaining to Hispanic America were tendered the people of New Mexico through the board of regents of the Museum of New Mexico, by Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley and Mrs. Morley. The proffer was accepted by Governor John J. Dempsey in afternoon ceremonies at the Museum attended by several hundred guests who had been invited to the opening exhibition of one of the collections, that of Spanish Colonial ecclesiastical art in the Historical Society section of the Palace of the Governors. A second collection, Spanish Colonial silver, was on view in Santa Fé earlier in the summer at the Laboratory of Anthropology. The third collection, a specialized library of Hispanic archaeology and history numbers some twelve hundred volumes.

The ceremonies at the museum followed a morning meeting of the boards of the Museum and the School of American Research, a joint annual session, at which the Morley collections were officially offered and accepted. At the meeting, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the Museum since it was founded in 1909 was reëlected president of the managing committee of the school. Other officers reëlected were Paul A. F. Walter, vice president and treasurer, and Charles B. Barker, secretary. Dan T. Kelly is president of the Museum regents by virtue of his office as president of the New Mexico Archaeological Society.

Following a preview of the Morley collection of ecclesiastical art, the invited guests gathered in the patio of the Palace of the Governors. The archbishop of Santa Fé, the Most Reverend Edwin V. Byrne, delivered a scholarly discourse on "Christian Symbolism," in which he made many references to specific pieces in the Morley exhibition. He pointed out particularly that many items in the collection bear the crest of the order of Mercedarians, a Catholic

order of priests founded about 1200 A. D. Columbus brought the first members of the order to the New World on his second voyage in 1493, and in the following centuries they gradually spread over most of Latin America. The collection consists chiefly of pieces of the 17th and 18th centuries. Included are various altar pieces, vestments, crucifixes, plaques, statuary, chairs, benches and paintings.

Gilbert Espinosa, Albuquerque lawyer and a member of the Museum board of regents, read the communication from Dr. Morley offering the collection. In the communication Morley spoke feelingly of his and Mrs. Morley's love for New Mexico and its native people, of their interest in the artifacts and art of Spanish culture, and finally of "deep respect and sincere affection" for Dr. Hewett, "My first chief in my chosen profession, just as the School of American Research and the Museum of New Mexico were the first institutions to offer me employment therein."

Governor Dempsey in accepting the collections on behalf of the regents of the Museum and the people of New Mexico expressed great appreciation, predicted continued growth of similar collections at the Museum, following the national recognition these collections would bring. He spoke of the wise direction of the museum under Dr. Hewett that has made the institution widely known and its work esteemed.

Dr. Hewett closed the program with a short speech addressed directly to Dr. Morley. He announced that Morley had been elected a patron of the institution. He spoke of Morley's first arrival in New Mexico thirty-eight years ago to begin his archaeological work, complimented him on the renown he has since attained and assured him his collections, housed in the "venerable Palace of the Governors, fortress and castle for three centuries, now dedicated to the conservation of culture of the past" would be safely cherished and cared for.

The women's museum board served tea, beautifully appointed, in the patio, following the program.

At the morning session of the boards. Paul A. F.

Walter offered the resolution electing Morley a patron and accompanied it with the following statement:

"In presenting this resolution I cannot help recalling with nostalgia the delightful summer camp in the Rito de los Frijoles to which the youthful Morley came as a research fellow of Harvard. In camp he impressed a distinguished group of scientists and scholars, and a class of up-and-coming archaeologists, with his zeal and singleness of purpose, his firm convictions and skill in presenting his point of view. At the same time his courtesy even in difficult situations, was unfailing, and his persistent industry gave promise of his fruitful field work under Director Hewett at Quirigua in Guatemala, where he unraveled with painstaking effort the intricacies of Maya chronological glyphs, dating the monuments and laying the foundation for the modern research in Maya archaeology and history. For five years more, on the staff of the School of American Research, he continued to add to man's knowledge of the remarkable ancient culture of the Mayas, as manifest in the great ruins of Copán, Uxmal, Chichen Itza and other Maya palace and temple cities, some of them rediscovered by him in Petén, Quintana Roo and Yucatán. In the years that followed, as research associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, in charge of its expeditions and as director of the Chichen Itza project, he added to his renown which had become international in scope, and shed luster upon the institutions he has served. Nor do I forget his meticulous report on the McElmo canyon ruins of southwestern Colorado, his illustrated monograph on Santa Fé architecture which contributed so materially toward making his beloved Santa Fé a City Different, and which after a quarter of a century is still in demand and shortly to appear in a second edition by the Historical Society of New Mexico. His learned publications on Maya archaeology are classics in that field. His war service, 1917 to 1919, in the office of Naval Intelligence, first as ensign, then in higher grade, was commended. To us common folk, here at home, Dr. Morley has endeared himself by his loyalty to our

institutions, his genial ways, his love of Santa Fé and his friendship for his associates of the years gone by."

MEXICO FIELD SCHOOL SESSION.—The University of New Mexico participated in a field school session at the National Autonomous University of Mexico during the summer of 1945. Three American universities participated in the field school; namely, the University of New Mexico, the University of Michigan, and the University of Texas. The University of New Mexico sent two professors, Dean G. P. Hammond and Dr. D. D. Brand; the University of Michigan also sent two, Dr. A. S. Aiton and Dr. L. C. Stuart. The University of Texas sent ten, headed by Dr. Charles W. Hackett, professor of Latin American history and chairman of the field school.

Professor H. E. Bolton, of the University of California, conducted a special seminar for Mexican students in Mexico City during the months of July and August. Professor Bolton's 75th birthday anniversary was celebrated during his stay in Mexico by a number of his former students and by a distinguished group of Mexican friends. Professor Bolton, was as youthful, vigorous, and enthusiastic as always.—G. P. H.

ERRATA

Page 62, line 11, *for* Salmarón *read* Salmerón

Page 109, line 12, *after* Church *insert* who lived

Page 131, transpose lines 1-2 to follow line 24

Page 140, 28, *for* visit *read* visited

Page 271, line 3, *for* Edwin *read* Edward

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