Indian Schooling in New Mexico in the 1890s: Letters of a Teacher in the Indian Service

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W. F. Howard in 1892. Howard Collection, Idaho State University, Pocatello. Courtesy of author.
In January 1893, William Forrest Howard, with several years of study at the Kansas Central Normal College behind him and a teaching certificate in hand, left an unsatisfactory teaching situation in Garden City, Kansas, to try his luck as a teacher for the Indian Service. He was assigned to the Dawes Institute near Santa Fe and remained there for a period of eight months. During this time, Howard kept up a regular correspondence with his future wife, Minnie F. Hayden, then teaching school in Larned, Kansas (they became engaged by letter in January 1893, just after Howard's arrival in New Mexico). These letters now comprise a part of the Minnie F. Howard Archive at the Idaho State University Library in Pocatello and are here reproduced, in an edited version, for the insights that they provide into life in an Indian boarding school in the early 1890s. Also included is one letter that Howard wrote to his cousin Lucy Howard, then a teacher in Kansas, regarding his New Mexico experiences. In the editing of the letters, only material relating directly to the life of the school has been retained; the sections of Howard's letters that have been omitted contain for the most part material of a personal nature or stories of experiences such as mountain climbing that have little bearing on his school life. Throughout the letters, Howard's spelling and syntax have been retained.

Howard was probably typical of the sort of persons the Indian Office engaged as teachers. Neither he nor his fellow teachers at Santa Fe came to the school with any knowledge of Indians or of Indian problems. Attracted to the Indian Service chiefly by its higher-than-average salaries for teachers, Howard initially felt some repugnance toward his pupils "of a different color." Although he came finally to love the children, he did not, during his
brief stay in New Mexico, acquire much understanding of Indian culture and values. He more or less unthinkingly accepted the stereotypes and attitudes of the whites around him regarding the Indians. Above all, he accepted the Indian Office's approach to Indian education at that time, which was based on the conviction that the purpose of the government's Indian schools, and particularly of the boarding schools, was to wean Indian children from their native culture, to "civilize" them, and to integrate them into the mainstream of American society—an approach whose failures have been well documented.

Howard's letters also indicate the faithfulness with which the Dawes Institute adhered to the desires of the Indian Office regarding the operation of Indian schools. It is interesting to read Howard's letters side-by-side with the annual reports of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs for the late 1880s and early 1890s. Howard's account of school life closely reflects, in many particulars, the commissioners' stated purposes in regard to Indian education, including, for example, the following: "the school should be organized and conducted in such a way as to accustom the pupils to systematic habits. The periods of rising and retiring, the hours for meals, times for study, recitation, work and play should all be fixed and adhered to with great punctiliousness." Further, "it is of prime importance that a fervent patriotism should be awakened in their mind"; "the Sabbath must be properly observed"; "singing should be a part of the exercises of each school session"; "they [the pupils] should be taught the sports and games enjoyed by white youth."

The only rules not strictly observed, at least by Howard, were those stating that "pupils must be compelled to converse with each other in English, and should be properly rebuked or punished for persistent violation of this rule" and that "employés are not allowed to have pupils in their rooms except by permission of the superintendent for specified reasons." In ignoring the latter rule, Howard evidently went further in establishing personal relationships with some of the older pupils than the commissioners might have desired. Perhaps his personal touch, and his genuine interest in his pupils, did something to relieve the strangeness and barrenness of institutional life for at least some of the Indian children.
The Dawes Institute, as Howard describes it, sounds more like a military institution or an orphan asylum than a school. It seems incredible, at this remove in time, that anyone ever imagined that attendance at such an institution would convince a young Indian of the superiority of white culture, or that it would, in the words of one Commissioner of Indian Affairs, “relieve him from [his] state of dependence and barbarism, and . . . direct him in paths that will eventually lead him to the light and liberty of American citizenship.”

The growing uncertainty regarding his future that appears in Howard’s last letters reflects the checkered early history of the Santa Fe school. Established in 1890 as the Santa Fe Industrial Training School, the institution underwent a change of name in 1892, becoming the Dawes Institute. In the fall of 1893 both its name and its purpose were altered, and the Dawes Institute became the Santa Fe Normal School. It existed in that guise only for one year, when it became once again the Santa Fe Industrial Training School and then, in 1895, the Santa Fe Indian School. The institution functioned under the latter name until 1962, when it was converted into the present Institute of American Indian Arts.

The decision to transform the Dawes Institute into a normal school was chiefly responsible for Howard’s short tenure as a teacher for the Indian Service. As a primary teacher, his services were no longer required at Santa Fe, and the other alternatives suggested to him within the Indian Service were not attractive. Confronted with this bureaucratic decision only at the last moment, in August 1893, Howard considered it too late to find another teaching position for the coming year and decided to return to college to complete his bachelor’s degree. This accomplished, he taught in Kansas for several years, and then both he and his wife entered medical school. After several years as practicing physicians in rural Kansas, the Howards, seeking greater opportunities, moved westward. Though his wife soon gave up her practice, Howard established himself as a physician and surgeon in Pocatello, Idaho, became a highly respected member of the community, and died there in 1947.
REFERENCES


LETTERS OF WILLIAM FORREST HOWARD
TO MINNIE F. HAYDEN

SANTA FE, N.M.,
JANUARY 4, 1893.

I'M HERE—ARRIVED IN Santa Fe this morning at 1:35 and put up at the “Palace” [Hotel]; came out to the Dawes' Indian school about 10 o'clock.

Since Yesterday noon I've seen some wonderful and some curious sights, not the least curious and wonderful of which is Santa Fe. I spent an hour or more in the city after breakfast before coming out to the school. Most of the buildings are adobe and from their appearance one would think that they had been discovered by the ancients, not built. (Like “Topsy” they “were not born” and unlike her they show little evidence of growth.) Santa Fe is petrified, but it is not dead. A man told me that it has not changed much since his former visit here ten years ago. Mrs. Cart¹ says, "It doesn't grow." A considerable amount of business is done in the city but there is little spontaneity of action. So regular is the old Spanish town in its habits that much can be figured out for "many moons" with mathematical precision.

Santa Fe is old; most of its buildings are old. Why, even the "ancient Indian curiosities" (a name given by common consent) are made to look old by those who are engaged in their manufacture.

In regard to my position, I've not yet "passed judgment." Don't think that I dislike it; I would not now tell any one that I'm pleased with it—I'm "in statu quo" (like the neighboring city) and so I mean to remain until I am better prepared to judge of the place. Two things are certain: I intend to stay here until pay-day, for it is not convenient to get away or to find other employment. I feel peculiarly well satisfied this evening, for some indefinite cause.
I visited the schools this morning and in some respects was surprised and pleased. I was surprised at the dullness of the principal teacher, pleased with the work of the smaller pupils and both surprised and pleased with the intelligent expression of the younger pupils—the older ones look dull and they lack that vivacity so essential to ordinary youth. My work is the first reader grade. The principal has the second reader. The brightest class in the school is to be promoted To-morrow into my room and the next brightest class passes, at the same time, to the principal's room. But, on the whole, I am more pleased with the appearance of my pupils than any of the others.

They are very affectionate. There is a big boy, Wade Hampton, with broad shoulders, a good-natured face, and a large heart, who would hug and kiss you (I mean me, or some of the employes) if he dared. They appreciate patting on the head and other like actions of familiarity. Now, I have always been fond of fondling my sisters and younger brothers, but to caress a child of a different color—I think I shall avoid it until I've learned it by actual experience.

I begin on my work To-morrow. Will report about it and many other things at later writings. Oh yes! we have a Carlyle boy² here in school—or rather in employ.—He is the tailor. . . .

Jan. 25, 1893.

. . . Well, I have not told you about the Dawes Institute. So here is a rough outline of the buildings. All of these are two story brick buildings.

Our pupils are of various tribes. I know of Navajo, Jicarille (Hick' a re' ya/basket-makers), Pueblo, A pach' ée, and La gu' na children who are here. The total was 248 until one day last week the “angel of the government” came and took 25 of our children away. The supervisor of the Ind. schools of this territory came with orders to send home a list of children whom he had said to be white or Mexican. They were the flowers of the school. I was so fond of three of my little girls that were taken. They were hurried off. He would not wait for them to gather up their playthings—they only took the clothing they were wearing. I can not but feel indignant at the whole proceeding. Mr. Cart, our Supt., has af-
The Santa Fe Indian School, circa 1895 (the Dawes Institute from 1890 to 1894). Courtesy of the Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe.
fadavits that these children are of Indian blood. (They don't look like it.) This Supervisor had no right to report them white, without an investigation. Even if they were not Indians, it would be a humane thing to do not to report them. They come from the squalor and dirt of the worst kind of hovels. They like the school. Any aid that the government would give them would not only be appreciated but it would bear fruit. They are bright and intelligent.

The larger pupils attend school half day and work under the instruction of a foreman the other half. The smaller ones attend all day. The small ones are brighter than those who have been neglected so long. You will laugh, I know, when I tell you that all of my pupils read from the first reader. (The "High school" pupils use the second reader.) I have three classes—the small pupils all day—and the A & B classes half days. My C class, ranging from 7 to 9 yrs. old, is making much more rapid progress than would a class of white pupils at the ordinary age of first reader pupils. I teach them the same things and in much the same way that I would teach white pupils. They will talk to me and I can interest them in anything I undertake. My A & B classes contain some hopeful pupils and several hopeless, helpless creatures. Each of these classes is divided into a forenoon and an afternoon division. I teach the same things,—reading, numbers, and general exercises—to the afternoon division as I teach the a.m. division. There are some of them whose countenances change not unless to give expression(?) to a silly grin, no matter how animated I may be or how interested other pupils may become. I'm sure your Scruggs Jr. can not be so dull as they.

The girls are under the care of the Matron, who has an assistant matron. There are other matrons for special departments such as dining-room matron, industrial matron and others. The boys are under the immediate control of the disciplinarian. They are moved to and from all meetings by military commands. They drill twice each week—they show a greater aptitude for drilling than anything else.

There is a 5:45 bell rings, which is the signal to arise and dress; 6:00 bell takes them to the wash rooms; 6:20 forms them in com-
panies, when at the order of the disciplinarian the captains give
the order to march into the dining room. In the dining room a
signal is given upon a small class bell to pull chairs back from
table, one to be seated, and when all is still the third tap is given to
turn over the plates. Then they begin. Similar tactics are used in
conducting them from the dining hall; then they are formed into
companies in the assembly room or on the grounds where the reg-
ular details are called (tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, black-
smiths, etc.) and any special details are made. Then those not on
duty are dismissed. This is an outline of the breakfast program and
dinner and supper are like unto it.

School "tactics" are one bell signal to black shoes and dust
jackets, last bell, pass to assembly room and form. They then
march to the principal's, room where we have opening exercises,
then to the separate rooms. On dismissal they pass down and
form before they are excused.

One of the most laughable things is the way in which the cap-
tains give cough syrup. During the winter cough syrup is kept in
the dormitories for some one at any time and occasionally many
have coughs. The captain administers the dose. If many are cough-
ing he gets the bottle and spoon and starting at one end he doses
the whole company. Occasionally he meets some one who does not
like it. Then, "Don't want."—"Yes, take!"—Don't want" with
some facial expression. "Take! Ope mouth!"—"No."—"Take!
Ope mouth! Me tell."—"Yes." and he meekly submits. The whole
company is dosed—some of them need it—some like it—some
think they must take it.

The children are very easily managed. Punishments inflicted are
reprimands, a meal of bread and water, and confinement in the
jail room. It is seldom necessary to resort to the last named. Quite
frequently a number (never one) are given bread and water for
talking Spanish or Indian. I never report them for those offenses.
The disciplinarian is very strict and they (pupils) do not like him. I
do not know whether he is tyrannical or not—have not seen much
of him. He was absent for almost two weeks. I acted as "dis-etc." while he was absent. He brought in about half as many children as
were taken away by the supervisor. . . .
Feb. 1, 1893

... Concerning the Indians' religion, I am not yet sufficiently informed to say anything. Some of the employes who have lived most among them claim to know considerable about the red man's views of the Spirit but I have not been able to get any accepted statement. They disagree and say one must learn it of the Indians. Some of the boys come in quite often. From them I may learn about their religion.

The moral instruction given here is, "Be good boy," with a pat upon the head or a chuck under the chin. But the "good" is so depraved that I do not think one of them knows its meaning. They surely must think that good refers to anything done or even attempted to be done by the Indian. In the morning exercises Mrs. Hodge tells them to "sing 'good' like they did Yesterday morning." They do it—just about like they did "Yesterday morning." She sometimes scolds after the singing but, Time softly effaces all memory of discord and disinclination and the next morning they are sweetly asked to "sing 'good' like, etc." I do not know what "motions" accompany the feminine form of this common injunction. The girls are told to "be good girl" but I have never observed any of the teachers or matrons caressing an Indian girl. The boys are decidedly the greater pets. I would not object to praising the work of an Indian child, when it deserved praise; and I would give them more credit for the same work than I would white children: but I do not relish the continued complaint of employes while to the children they continue to say "good."

The larger pupils attend S[unday]. S[chool]. and services in the city. Of course they know very little about the lesson. They won't recite. The lesson must be "poured in." All of the pupils devote about twenty minutes on Friday evening to the study of the lesson. At that time Mr. Harrison, assis't. sup't is supposed to read the lesson to them and comment upon it. Mr. H. hunts me up every Friday evening after supper and tells me how busy he is making reports, there's so much writing to do, etc., etc., and it would be such an accommodation if I would take charge of the S.S. work that evening. I do it as I've nothing particular to do at that time.

We have a S.S. here in the afternoon at the time I would like to
take a nap. I teach a class of middle sized boys and girls. They are good listeners and among the best talkers in the school. . . .

"Quartered or Scalped?" If both by an Indian, I would not hesitate to choose the latter; but if quartered by the government or scalped by a red, I would prefer Uncle Sam's hospitality. My new quarters (Really they're "halves"—two rooms joined by an arch.) are scrumptious. I'm on the first floor and have a front and a back door—convenient to school, office, mess, wood-pile, ash-pile. Have shutters to my windows so that the dust may more effectively be kept out. Rooms furnished nicely. The room that I moved from last Saturday is very undesirable—inconvenient, dirty, dusty, poorly furnished, too closely connected with the breathing apparatus of 75 or 80 boys (It opens into the dormitory room.).

To-night I "entertained." Will explain. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings the boys drill, Friday eve all sing, Saturday night the socials, receptions, society meetings, etc. are held. This leaves the children, the boys particularly, without employment on Monday and Wednesday evenings. On those evenings there is a night school for all. Mrs. Hodge, Miss Smith, and I alternate week about in conducting this school. We do anything to keep them busy (Mr. Cart's object is to keep them quiet)—black-board and slate work, picture books, blocks, busy work. We don't give much attention to recitations. We only "entertain." It was called "teaching" but we have a new word now that describes the session much better.

Feb. 5, 1893.

. . . A couple of our employes were united in holy matrimony last Thursday evening. Mr. Robertson, the disciplinarian, was married to Mrs. Hodge, one of the teachers; it was a quiet but pleasant affair. They will remain here until the close of the fiscal year, June 30. It is said that the atmosphere of the school room is infected with the most contagious form of matrimony. Never in the history of the school, has one of its teachers left the institute unmarried. One man came married. He stayed five weeks. Quite a number of
ex-teachers of the institute have happy, or otherwise, homes in Santa Fe. Some have gone to other places. Proposals to Mrs. Culbertson are now in order, with Miss Smith on deck. Then it is my turn. But I feel secure at present and have no fear of the future. It will require a desperate man to take Mrs. C—. In fact I don’t think she’s to be taken. She may take some one if the opportunity is presented, but as for taking her—Well if Miss Smith depends upon such taking for her turn she is as good as vaccinated for the above named malady.

I thought of giving you our “dramatis personae” but as there are 20 of us I know it would be too tedious. I will continue to give the “term as the character is developed.” You have the names of the four teachers. Mrs. Culbertson is the principal. I don’t like her. She is not pleasant nor cultured as one of her age and experience should be. Her voice has seemingly never known sweet tones. Really, she often startles me when she jerks out her sudden sharp commands. But back of her formidable frown, her menacing expression, and her saw-file voice when in charge of the pupils, she has traits to be admired. At the social last evening she told me of some of her early days in teaching. She showed so much more feeling than I thought her capable of. Again she spoke of some of their prayer meetings when she was young. If such intervals would only continue she would possess so different a nature! After all I do not blame her much but I think that many years of teaching against her real desire have irritated her so that these uninviting habits have taken possession of her. Still be it her fault or not I can not like her on account of the way she treats the children. I like the other teachers and employes well enough—some of them very much. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts of Syracuse [Kansas] are two of my best friends. I presume our common interest, the affairs and memories of Kansas, have thrown me more in their company and I have become better acquainted with them. They are so genial that their company is desirable. . . .

You asked if the Indian boys were made captains. Yes; there are five companies of boys; the most trustworthy boys are appointed by the Sup’t as officers. Each company has a second lieutenant and a captain. ’Tis these captains that close the companies. . . . I
sometimes act as disciplinarian—that person has general charge of all the companies and gives orders to captains or makes details of boys for required purposes; of course, as his title suggests, he must keep order in his charge.

There is one society in the school—The Kings Daughters and Sons. It meets each alternate Saturday evening. Only the larger boys and girls are members. They do not take an active part in the meetings. At the meeting I attended Mrs. Culbertson, who is president, waited ten or fifteen minutes for a motion to adjourn while several of the employes were among the pupils telling them what to do and say and coaxing them by word and gesture to make the motion. Finally one of the matrons moved an adjournment, and an employe had to second it or I presume some of the crowd would have been there yet. This is rather new work to them and better results are hoped for.

The socials or receptions are very interesting. They have since I came here been changed from a sort of military affair to the plan of civilized social gatherings. The boys now go in small groups to the girls sitting room where they are received by lady employes and the girl pupils. Of course the girls are bashful and backward, and the boys don’t know what to do except as they are told. We don’t talk very much but get them to playing as soon as possible. Drop the handkerchief, The Miller, Blind Mans Buff, Bean-bags, Old Maid, Checkers, Word and Picture Building, and the Sixteen Puzzle have met with most success for entertainment. Yet when they play B. M. Buff every one wants to be caught, and in Drop the Handkerchief, they do not try to keep out of the middle. When they have gotten to playing well they are no longer bashful. They then enjoy themselves. Of course they do not notice all the finer points and many of the things they laugh at are most awkward; but they don’t know it. These Saturday receptions are really interesting to us employes as well as to the pupils. I have not missed one since my advent into this institution.

The little boys like to shake hands with white persons. If one is standing by a marching line of the smaller boys, the first boy who catches his eyes is apt to catch his hand also with a “Gōōt’bye” or “Gōōt’ night.” Every following boy will do the same, if possible.
Feb. 12, 1893.

... We have a new quartet organized—all white voices—no Eustace is a member but I do not always think of him as an Indian. Three white and one red voice. . . .

The larger boys and girls who belong to the King's Sons and Daughters, or rather “King's Daughters and Sons” correspond with boys and girls in the east. The girls write more than the boys and always to girls. A few of the boys write to girls but such are rare. The white boys and girls call this “Missionary writing”; we call it the same. Some of the letters are very interesting—much more interesting before corrected. Tell Della if she would like a specimen of their writing, that I can arrange for her a short correspondence with an Indian girl. She can copy the name; 'twill not be necessary to pronounce it. And I will try to see that the Indian girl’s letter is not put to sleep by Mrs. Culbertson. They write their letters on Friday. Mrs. C’s room devotes all of each Friday to correspondence. The best that my pupils can do at letter writing is to copy.

All of the school rooms are now furnished with lamps and instead of “entertaining” two nights of every third week we are expected to teach two nights of every week. Evening session is one hour. Its purpose is to keep the children quiet. If they want to go to sleep we do not prevent it and some of the little ones do fall asleep every night we have school. The rooms are full at night for all of the pupils are then in.

We are preparing a program for Washington's birthday. It is quite patriotic. Don't know how it will materialize. The other teachers have more faith in it than I have. But if they succeed with their part, mine will make some showing. . . .

Feb. 22, 1893.

I had just sat down at my desk and taken paper out preparatory to writing my weekly (or weakly) offering when some one rapped at the door. I sung out “come!” and in walked Henry Clay. Now don't be alarmed; it was not the ghost of the illustrious statesman.
Too dark for that. It was only "Henry Clay" Chachauna a boy that I am quite attached to, an Apachee. He came in to talk about what he means to do next summer. He wants to go visiting to other Indian tribes but he is afraid of them. He also wants to see some "large cities," and he talks of visiting the World's Fair. But his plans are not assuming shape very fast—he wants, like most of us, to see too much for his money. Now the entertainment bell has rung and Henry Clay C—has gone to "fall in" the line, and while preliminaries are being attended to I have made a start and will continue a few lines to you.

To-day is Washington's birthday. The school gave an entertainment in the afternoon. It was quite interesting—"not in spite of, but on account of," the peculiar accent of the pupils. They do not speak as plain as I thought. Some of the little "los" screamed out their declamations, ignorant of modulation, in such a way as forbade the recognition of an English word. But they seemed to enjoy it. And I have no doubt but that they [are] happy over the events of the day.

To-night, Mr. Jno. Robertson, the Jicarille (Hickaréa) agent and Mrs. Arthur Robertson, the newly married teacher, are going to give a "concert." Mrs. R. will play the organ and R. plays a cornet. The pupils will sing occasionally to give the duet a breathing spell.

Back from the entertainment.—It was not good. They are now having a social—I prefered writing.

Henry Clay often notices my picture of you and Will, that is placed on the bureau. He frequently says "Your girl?" I have tried to tease him about the girls but he has always affirmed his dislike for the fair sex of his race. But to-night he broke in suddenly with "Me like girl." Upon being reminded of his former statements he said he had changed. "I talk two time—one time five minutes with girl—like her." And to-night I saw he was with Pedra before I left the school-room where the entertainment was held.

Henry is one of the largest boys in school (and he is not more than 5-10, weighing about 165. He reminds me much (though I don't suppose Tom would consider it a compliment.) of my friend
Murphy. Some of his ways are strikingly like Murphy's. He has a very pleasant countenance and is one of the most intelligent of the boys. . . .

When I asked Mrs. C. for a correspondent she gave me the name of Laura Sewósey. Laura is about seventeen years old. She is one of the most advanced of the girls. They thought Della should write first. In fact Mrs. C. has made a rule to allow none of her girls to write the first letter. Sometimes their letters are not answered and that tends to discourage them. If Della cares to write you can give her Laura’s name and tell her to write as she would to a fourteen year old girl. Laura would like to know anything about Larned or school or the country. In fact anything pleases them. (Here I must remark that the “anything” in the above line refers to letters and their contents.) . . .

Mrs. McClure told me a sad story concerning my Juanita. Juanita is a little seven or eight year old, fairer than many a white child. She is the second brightest pupil I have and she is a very nice little girl. She has not been home since last summer and since then her mother has died. Mrs. Cart won’t tell the little child of her bereavement and she would not approve of anyone else telling her. Mrs. McClure said that Juanita talks every day about her mamma ignorant of her death. I am going to talk to Miss Smith about it and perhaps we can decide something. . . .

March 1, 1893.

. . . The Colorado legislature came to this territory on an excursion last week. Champagne flowed freely—it is one of their ways of enjoying themselves. Saturday I saw many of them in the city. The military band gave a concert in the grand plaza (Sp. square). They play well. A number of the tourists came out to this place during that day. I took about 15 or 20 through the buildings just after dinner. They were much pleased with everything. One of the men tried to tease Button, a young Indian who has just come in, and he quizzed him quite sharply. Button said something in Indian that made all the other boys laugh. The man saw he was being made fun of while he was trying to tease the boy and he good-naturedly remarked that they know more about some things than
we do. Some of the visitors from this territory or Colorado say things really insulting. One of the legislators of the Centennial state, recovering (the man not the state) from the previous night's revel, inquired of some boys to what tribe they belong. Upon being told, "Apachee," he said, "Ha, I've killed a many of those fellows."

With Mr. Roberts, I took a five or six mile walk last Sunday morning and we gossiped all the way—he did most of the talking and told me many things not to be observed on the surface.

Things are in quite a muddle and seem to have been that way for a long time and they are likely to remain so.

Mr. Cart fears that his head will go soon after the change of administration. Mrs. Culbertson thinks she is in danger. If an investigation were made they both would likely go. They were appointed before the Civil Service law went into effect and neither one is efficient under the new law. Roberts told me, during our walk, that they both fear me. (Such cowardice is truly sublime!) It is the general opinion that Cart can not remain longer than June 30 and that he may go sooner than that. When he is relieved there will be quite a change among the employes.

Parents and friends of children come in nearly every day. They are the regular blanket Indians—dirty, unkempt, and lazy. Some of them ride ponies, mules, or burros; occasionally a family comes in a wagon; but most of them come in groups of two or more on foot.

We have begun to play ball. The boys do not take to it like white boys. Those who have played before take quite an interest but it is new to most of them. Mr. Cart, at our suggestion, told Eustace to make suits for the players. He is making them of red flannel—I want mine to be blue and Backes prefers that color too. We are offering as an inducement a match game with some other place, perhaps Alberquerque—a larger school there than here—, when the boys are able to play well enough.

Mar. 8, 1893.

... There are two blanket Indians outside. They are not very pleasant looking—not even picturesque. They are dirty, careless,
and extremely lazy. One day this week a man and his wife from a neighboring puebla drove up to the school to sell curiosities of their own manufacture. I bought a "butter-bowl" shaped basket made from the blades of the soap weed and two pieces of Indian pottery.

These two Indians and their little pappoose were the cleanest and neatest I have seen save the pupils. . . . The little "lo!" was about a year and a half old and as frisky as a squirrel. Instead of being afraid he seemed perfectly at home. They gave him their money to play with and he would spread the coins out on the floor, pile them up, and roll them around. Once his mother tried to get them but he was too quick for her and got out of her reach. She did not chase him but went back and tried to be very much engaged in talking to the father. When the little pap—had slipped up quite close to her she gave a jump turned round and had him in her hands before he knew what was taking place. They were so interesting that I stood at my window most of that session and gave out numbers for my number classes to add and improved(?) the intervals by observing the family of reds below.

Henry Clay wrote a letter to my brother, Harry, last week. It was so interesting in its way that I meant to capture the original and send it to you. But as soon as he had copied it he crushed the first writing in his hand and threw it into the stove.

Henry Clay, Wade Hampton, and Sidney Smith had their pictures taken together last week. Henry has promised me one. They are all Apachee boys. These illustrious names were given them at some school. Henry retains his father's name as a family name and signs it Henry C. Ch'ilchu'anä. The other boys do not know what their family name is—they have forgotten as they left home when young.

March 13, 1893.

. . . this p.m. Mrs. Culbertson said that Laura had received "a very, very interesting letter" from Della. She said that Laura was so pleased with it. And what do you think—Mrs. C. tried to get Laura to show it to me—don't let Della know that—but there is no danger of Laura's speaking to me; she is so bashful. She looked
very glad at the afternoon exercises. I don’t know what kind of a letter she writes but I rather think that Mrs. C. will strike out all of the originalities. Laura is one of the most advanced girls. . . .

March 23, 1893.

. . . Four new children have created quite a sensation among the quiet people of this place. The children are German and very fair for Germans. Their hair is light and they have blue eyes. They talk unbroken English—Mrs. Cart calls it “pure English” but it is very far from being pure. Their mother ran away. The father makes affidavit that she was of Indian blood. The affidavit will give them the privilege of schooling at an Indian school. They are ordinary children but these people who have been so long in the service and so long from white children, think they are very bright. As an evidence of the superiority of the white race one would only need see them together. One of these boys eleven years old was master of the situation the first day he was here. That same day he began to tell the red boys what to do and to take the lead in their own games. He is a white boy—that is all. . . .

. . . Mr. Cart called for an interview with me this evening and he brought several charges about my work that were grossly false. I was so surprised and angered at them that I said some things that will do me no good. He weakened in such a manner that I can not but believe that there is something working against me. He narrowed his charges down to one complaint—he says I sit down too much in teaching. That criticism does not disturb me. I don’t think he knows much about it. When I am talking to the pupils I usually stand, when they are doing dictation or reading work I usually sit down. In the school room there is no more enthusiastic teacher here than I.

His talk made me indignant and I am not in the proper humor to write you. . . .

Mar. 29, 1893

. . . The farmers of this region, Mexicans, “dagos” or something
of that kind, mostly, are in a deplorable condition. One can scarcely imagine how they live. In fact, they don't "live" and they do not exist very long. The women all look alike, very wrinkled, very feeble, and very destitute at about 30 or 35 years. The men, out in the air more and away from their miserable hovels, are some stronger. Living must mean little to the best of them.

One of the most interesting "Indian curiosities" I have seen in the territory was a beautiful Indian woman (perhaps 20 yrs. old.). She came in from one of the pueblos last Saturday morning with pottery to sell. She showed Mrs. Harrison, Miss Smith, and I most of her wares but we were admiring her all the time and not her trinkets. She was really picturesquely beautiful. Her dress, upon which she had spent considerable care, gave to her a peculiar charm.

Our large girls in school are more disgusting than pretty. True, they have some graces, and I could "endure the pleasure of their presence" if 'twere not for the sickening smile that defaces their countenances when spoken to. Some of them who have been here longest have improved in this respect. Some four or five of the large girls and most of the little girls behave much like white girls, except they do not talk so much.

The scarlet fever and measles are also prevalent in Santa Fé. Quite a number of deaths have occurred. Our pupils are not allowed to go to the city. Of course they don't like it.

Miss Smith told me of an amusing occurrence in her room, today. When she returned from Mrs. C's room where she had been for a few minutes, she found her white haired Indian, one of those German boys, in charge of affairs. The boy had a ruler in hand and was in the act of administering punishment. She asked him what he was doing. He said he was "keeping order and that boy would not sit still."

Have another Carlyle Indian graduate, or rather we have one. (Eustace did not graduate.) The new man is a carpenter. He is here as a sort of an assistant. Mr. Cart has him constructing a brick yard now. Mr. Roberts says he is a "poor stick." . . .

Well I teach, or rather, keep school, to-night. Am teaching declamations at my evening sessions. I teach each piece to an entire class and then after 'tis learned in concert, I have them speak separately.
A couple of large swings were put up to-day. Swinging is all the rage. . . .

Apr. 5, 1893.

. . . You inquire concerning intermarriage of white and reds. It is not very common, though it is practiced some. I don't think those "German children" have a drop of Indian blood in their veins. Our night watchman is a Mexican, though he is as dark as an Indian. He was introduced to me as an Indian. In fact he was enrolled as an Indian pupil and was clothed and fed until he got his appointment, at government expense. I asked him, one night, to what tribe he belonged. He said "I'm no Indian!" That was news to me. It is true, he is a Mexican. Well, he is engaged to Miss Jahn, so the rumor runs. She is rather pretty, very fair, and thirty years old. He is homely, very dark, and twenty-one years old. She is of German decent and a Protestant. He is Mexican and a Catholic. But it is them for it. I don't doubt that they love each other. But that is not all that should be considered. . . .

Am all right with Mr. Cart, again. I asked for a conference last Thursday night and we had a long talk. We are on better terms than ever before. He had been misinformed and afterward was man enough to find out how the matter stood. No one was working against me but some general criticisms were applied to my room in particular. Mr. Cart expressed himself most favorable to me and [was] pleased with my work. . . .

Apr. 11, 1893.

. . . For some time we have been thinking of taking a run down to Alberqurque and our thoughts have just been realized. We—Backes, Eustace, and I,—sent for teachers' rates—Teachers in the Indian Service are given one fare rates upon applying for them—and obtained a three days leave to take effect last Friday. Left Santa Fe at 5:15 p.m. and arrived at Albq. at about 10 o'clock—train an hour late. Went to the European hotel. Henry Clay, who had come along, put up with Eustace and Backes and I took a room togeth er. They went to their room and we walked
around the streets a while. The business part of the city surprised me much—fine buildings, good streets—not paved, however—modern improvements, arc lights, water and gas works, street railways,—in fact, a modern city. . . .

After breakfast we called on a future millionaire and hired a surry and team for a drive about town. Carriage hire and Sandia Mountains are the highest things at Alberquerque, and the mountains are not in the city. Even if they were, they would probably look crestfallen when compared with the prosperous liverymen’s fees of the N. Mex. metropolis. . . .

The institution for the instruction of Homones primates, var. Americanae, located at Alberquerque is in a very prosperous condition. Organized several years ago, established on a solid basis by its surprising results, and fostered by a sort of local pride and a peculiar good fortune in securing appropriations, it has grown wonderfully; and the results of the work there done are among the most civilizing tendencies ever brought to bear upon a savage race. Boys and girls, who, when first brought into the school, were not only ignorant of the simplest principles of English, but had lived in “tepees” or—almost as bad—pueblos and were used to the ways of the blanket Indian, have learned to speak, and read, and write a language of civilized men—in fact, have secured a moderate common school education. While securing that education, they have made advancement in the industries that should do credit to any set of young persons. And coming along with this, is the desire for civilized society, the love of the white man’s ways. They, like a man converted from sin, do not want to return to their former habits.

Now it is true that most of the Indian pupils on returning to their homes have, sometimes voluntarily, more frequently under compulsion, returned to their former way of living. The same feeling against “putting on airs” or being “tony”—usually imagined—is found among the Indians as exists among their superior brethren. An educated boy or girl in a community of ignorant reds must be a truly courageous soul to succeed in taking the stand he has been taught to take by the white man against the customs of his race. But in the last few years so many more pupils have gone through
the schools that their influence in the tribes is beginning to tell. And the capacity of the schools is increasing—more wonderful results are to follow.

The pupils who remain throughout the course and graduate usually do not return to their homes. They stay in the school or find employment elsewhere.

The Albrqrq school has a much larger capacity than ours and about 70 more pupils than we have. They do more advanced work, but I don't think any better work, than is done in our school room. Some of their industrial departments are far ahead of ours. Their Chicago exhibit includes some very fine work—neat, beautiful designs, well executed.

Apr. 19, 1893.

... The Indian is a very prolific subject for correspondence. I write something about them in most of my letters. I have recently thought that the "Indian problem" may be solved by algebra. In fact, it must be solved by "elimination," and the Indian is the "factor" to be "eliminated." But how shall Mr. Lo! be eliminated?—that is really the question that is being studied most earnestly. Theories are numerous, but I think most of the "short cuts" will fail to give the "answer"—civilization. It looks to me as if this step is not a short one and that it can be done only by "substitution." When the answer to this problem has been realized and the Indian has become civilized, the Indian as a race will have passed away.

But I don't care to give a dissertation on the Red Man so we will let him rest while he is "passing away."...

Apr. 26, 1893.

... We close here on June 30. On June 30th my time of probation expires. Probably before that time a reappointment or notice of dismissal will be sent. I am the only person in the school who has taken the civil service examination.
Some of the employes are getting alarmed for fear that Mr. Cart will go soon—before July. Mr. Roberts said that charges have been preferred against Cart. If an investigation is made, it is likely that there will be a vacancy in the superintendency. Mrs. Cart . . . is virtually superintendent. If she did not go so much by jerks, she would be energetic. . . .

May 3, 1893.

. . . Our World's Fair exhibit was sent to Chicago last Saturday. The greater part of it is industrial work. Edward Ladd prepared a pair of shoes. I asked Backes how much of the work Edw. really did. He said that Edward handed him the leather and he "finished" the shoes. Henry Clay made some fancy shelves, and other carpenter boys prepared small articles. Mrs. McClure had her girls prepare a good deal of sewing, patching, darning, and some fancy work. The school work was sent from Mrs. Culbertson's room save a few drawings from Mrs. Robertson's. My room and the primary are not represented. No pupils nor employes will be sent from this place. Of course the exhibit sent from our school will not compare well with that of older schools, except by allowing for time pupils have been in school. Considering time of attendance our work will make a good showing.

Mr. Cart announced at dinner a few days ago that he will soon be able to tell how the positions for next year will stand. The appropriation for next year is $26,250—this year it was $34,000. He intends to drop about four employes. No one feels entirely certain. After that is done Mr. Cart is liable to go, too.

Mrs. Robertson is trying to get Mrs. Culbertson's place. Such scrambling and jealousy is really disgusting. And while Mrs. R. is so working against Mrs. C., Mrs. C. is doing many personal favors for Mrs. R. Mrs. Robertson is always sick about one day in seven and she is sure to take that one day during the school week. At such times Mrs. C. takes the extra burden of Mrs. R's pupils. She is a good old lady, notwithstanding her scolding. Neither one of them is qualified for the position. Indeed, I never saw a more jealous set of people than the employes of this school. . . .
May 10, 1893.

. . . "Button" Thomas is a large Jicarille boy (?) who came here soon after I did. I've mentioned him before to you. He is married, and 25 yrs. old. I was talking to him a few days ago about his work (blacksmithing) at home. The conversation becoming more familiar, I asked him what his wife's name is. He became grave and seemed to be studying: I repeated my question in a different form. He knit his eyebrows and thought so hard that he got out of the road without knowing it. After walking on for fifty yards or more, he found her name, Sifte. He would not have done for the hero of Longfellow's Indian poem; would he? That is the way with the married boys at school—they lose all regard for their wives and if the[y] remain long in school they do not return to them. I'm referring to the Carlyle students.—We have but few married boys. I think it a poor policy to take married pupils into school. It is the younger ones that we can do most good.

. . . This is what I'm thinking of for next year: a paying place in the Service or public school work. I would like a principal's place in an Indian school and I could do much good in such a place. I will not accept a subordinate place for the year, but I promised Mr. Cart to remain here until the first of August. I like public school work much better than teaching Indians, but it does not pay enough, and ones expenses are so great a part of his salary. . . .

May 17, 1893.

. . . I am just returned from our Wednesday evening session. While the idea of working at night is not an inviting one, I enjoy the evening sessions considerable. We do a little of everything at these evening sessions. My pupils have learned several declamations. We have many different language exercises. In a sort of an "animal exercise", a little Mexican boy said "An Indian is an animal," and an Indian boy was ready with, "A Mexican is an animal." I told them that all kinds of people were animals, and hastened on to "beasts, birds, and fishes." . . .
June 7, 1893.

... An inspector called the employees together this p.m. and a very disgusting quarrel ensued. Miss Manners and I are not in it. But we will have to be present tomorrow during an investigation.

If things turn out as I wish them, I will soon be out of the service and into more pleasant work. . . .

I have fifty four days to serve out here. That seems a long, long time. . . .

Will would not at first consider our children's faces expressive. But they are in their own way. Their expression is not instantaneous as that of white children, and some of them seem really stolid to a stranger. But they are expressive when they understand and are understood. Really I can't tell you how I have learned to love these children. White pupils never held a warmer place in my heart than these little red children. And now that I think of it, the large "Los!", too.

You want to know about the S. S. lessons. I read the lessons on Friday nights and talk about them. I have no class on Sunday. Occasionally I fill a vacancy on the Sabbath. These odd lessons are the most enjoyable S. S. work I've ever done. I taught "The Excellent Woman" in Miss Jann's place. I had them count the girls in the class—8 little girls, the boys—24 little boys. These girls are growing up and will be women. "How do you think Bertha will look when she becomes a woman?" "and Juanita?" ["What kind of women do you think I would like to have them all be? Good women? Yes; now tell me how eight little girls may become eight good women." I had to tell them by being good girls.—Then the 24 boys. Then we spoke of some things that good women did. Some bad things that boys and girls should not do. Some good things they should do. None of us heard the bell ring and a boy was sent down for us ten minutes after bell. Mr. Cart was in the room during the most interesting part of the lesson, and he asked the same questions and said the same things before the school that I placed before my class, and he is not in the habit of reviewing. I do not do well with a regular class in S. S. . . .
June 14, 1893.

... Our disciplinarian, Mr. Robertson, is taking his vacation. His place is filled by three of the employes. Backes attends to his work in the morning, Bischoff at noon, and I am the last third of that employe. At present the boys are washing for supper and they do not need so very much urging in the evening for the water is not cold, nor is the air. They wash quite well at noon and in the evening. In the morning they wet their eyes and noses and almost down to the chin and then, seizing a towel, they rub the streaks off their faces. And this is the time that tests the disciplinarian, for if he does not see the boy's face before towel has been applied, it is difficult to decide if he (the boy) has washed. They get out of it when they can in the morning. At other times they do not object to water. As for bathing, they are always eager to bathe. Every Saturday morning every mothers son takes a bath and changes his clothing and if his hair is not very short it is then clipped. Mr. Cart does not issue soap for the wash rooms and a result is almost scaly hands. ...

Mr. Cart seems to have come out after the inspection in good order. His enemies here could not make a single charge that the agent would accept. They had many personal charges and grievances but the government does not settle petty personal quarrels.

June 21, 1893.

... Our last day exercises will be given on Thursday, June 29. So many of the pupils go home on the last day that we can not leave it until Friday. ...

They [the pupils] have several concert declamations that they speak fairly well. But as for speaking singly, I don't think they will do much. Miss Manners and my rooms have been meeting in joint session for the last half of the hour on Monday and Wed. evenings. She says her pupils speak much better in her room and I am sure mine do better when they have no company. Did you imagine the Indian children so timid? Well they are very shy in the presence of strangers or any unfamiliar surroundings.
Minnie, I am heartily sick of the warfare among the employees of this school. It grows more unpleasant all the time. Some of the people will talk of nothing else. Miss Manners, Backes, and I have kept clear of it. The inspector complimented us for having done so. Yet the two parties, each suspects us of favoring the other side. As their quarrels are of an entirely personal nature and both sides are some to blame, it puts us in a peculiarly unpleasant position. You see this talk is so much in the air that I have written of it before now and am again guilty of such gossiping.

The pupils live in harmony save occasionally a little spat that lasts not much longer than its actually hostile period. There is little prejudice among the pupils of different tribes. Prudencia told me that she is "glad in her heart to-night." She had no particular reason for being glad but she is just happy. It is natural for "Prudy" to be happy. She is ever pleasant, and in good spirits. If she were a white girl she would be saucy, and perhaps a coquette; but as she is, she is a cheerful, and affectionate girl, true to her impulses of right and wrong. She looks upon everything in a sort of a pleasant, yet earnest way and does not believe in the least in "making foolishness." . . .

June 29, 1893.

. . . There is a band of Apaches here. . . .

Our "last day" exercises are to be given this p.m. To-morrow we may have school. Can't find out for certain. It may depend upon how determined these Apaches are to have their children. Last year they took some of them away before the close of school. These are a disgusting set. Large, lazy, dirty, ignorant. . . .

July 2, 1893.

. . . We have been so busy "closing up." As you know school was out last Thursday and by Thursday evening it looked as if we would be overrun with red men. There were Indians large, and Indians small, Indians short and Indians tall—but most of them were small and short—Indians who wore English clothes and Indians in
the cumbrous, uncomfortable, careless, yet picturesque garb of the native red man. Some dirty, painted, disgusting; others cleaner, but possessing a certain odor and manner of reservation life. They had been arriving all week. There were fathers and mothers of our pupils, uncles and a few aunts and other relatives and guardians of the pupils. They had come for the children.

About twenty were in Garfield’s band. This is the *elite* of the Jicarille (Hick a ré a) Apaches. They were the first band to come, and they are the largest, strongest-looking men who came. They were gay with trinkets and paint. Had good horses and arms. Garfield’s wife (I don’t know her name) had the nicest horse in the drove and she and the governor dressed best of all. But “that divinity that doth hedge about a king” (oh, ye gods!) was entirely absent so far as I could see. “Garfield’s wife” would sprawl about on the floor, eat off the same stick of candy as her husband, smoke cigarettes, and numerous other undignified things. I helped Governor Garfield onto a bicycle one evening and held it until he got started. Of course he came down. He said, “*No bueno.*” And after that they left the wheels alone.

Elotes band came in later. They are the vagrants of the Jicarilles from the same place, Dulce, N. M. Ten or twelve of them. Then the pueblos. By Friday morning there were more than fifty Indians here for their children. Mr. Cart was decided not to let some of the children return home for their parents took them out last vacation and would not bring them back and some were not returned until in December.

Garfield’s band was most determined. We had a council during Friday morning and Mr. Cart told Garfield that their children might go if each man would sign an agreement to return his children by the 12th of Aug. They did it and left that morning. Most of the Pueblos left during the day and the other Jicarilles were not given their children for they had broken so many promises and were even then off of their reservation without passes to the school. They were quite determined to have the children, but finally consented to return home without them. Mr. Cart warned some of us to look out for trouble but there was none. I did not think there was any danger. Backes was quite alarmed—he thought they would get to drinking and then come back for their
boys. Some one has been on guard ever since Friday. The only concern that I feel is that some of the boys may try to run away and join their folks in the mountains. . . .

Mr. Cart resigned his place some days ago and if the resignation is accepted he will not stay longer than the first of August. . . .

July 6, 1893.

I am in the office waiting for Mr. Cart. We are invoicing this week and everyone is busy. When Mr. C. comes in I am to go with him to invoice goods in a storeroom. . . .

Things have assumed a queer condition here. The sup't may plan and employes may gossip but the powers that be at Washington may change and cut and dispose of as they choose and so the matter must rest. There will be several changes here during the summer. . . .

July 25, 1893.

. . . I have been promoted to the principalship of the school at this place and the salary of the position increased to nine hundred dollars. . . .

July 29, 1893.

. . . Our last quarters salary has not yet appeared. Everything in the Ind. service is bound in red tape and extremely slow in making the rounds. We are expecting our money at any time. If it does not come some time next month I can not get off to take my vacation.

. . .

Aug. 27, 1893.

. . . Oh, I met with such a surprise and dissapointment. Our school is to be disbanded as a training school and a normal school for training Indians as teachers is to be organized and conducted
at this place. The employes, save those under Civil Service Law, and the Ind’l Teacher, are dismissed. Mrs. C was transferred to Phoenix; Miss Manners was whirled through Kansas and down into the Territory; while I was informed that I might take up my abode among the degraded Indians in the desert region of Ft. Yuma, A. T., and that I might expect as renumeration the sum of six hundred dollars for each year that I remained in exile.

I don’t know what I can do, Minnie. The news almost knocked me down and I was very much discouraged last night. And it looks dark yet. There may be a way out but I can’t see it. . . .

Aug. 28, 1893.

To-morrow morning at 7:30 I bid good-bye to the Indian service and start for the scene of former days, Grea[t] Bend. . . .

This is the greatest muddle that I’ve been into. The employes are willing to take anything, anywhere. Yet I am not willing to go to Ft. Mojave (I think I wrote you “Ft. Yuma” but that was a mistake—I had been misinformed.) You know it is in the Mojave desert. I am not ready to be mumified nor do I wish to go into exile any more than I have already done. . . .

LETTER OF WILLIAM FORREST HOWARD TO LUCY HOWARD

June 17, 1893.

I am out of white man’s paper but I will use this Indians’ paper (It is the sort that is furnished the pupils for letter writing.) in answering your recent letter. . . . My correspondence has for the last six months been larger than ever before. So many of my friends are glad they have a friend in the Indian service and they would like to make a few inquiries from one who is able to give a fair opinion. . . . I have not advised any one to take the [Civil Service] examination nor to accept a position for, though it pays well,
there is considerable unpleasant work to do. Some persons would like it and others would not stay. . . .

I will tell you what I know about the different kinds of schools and how positions are obtained. In this district there are reservation schools, pueblos schools, and bonded schools. The reservation schools are in the principal town of each reservation—one to three teachers are employed, principal getting from $1000 to $1200 per annum. In these towns there are a few white people and some stores and traders. The under teachers get from $50 to $75 a month all the year. The pueblos schools are in the pueblos and are much the same as district or village schools. If a teacher can raise the number of young "los" to 35 he is given an assistant and his salary is raised. The lowest salary paid a pueblo teacher is $80 a month for ten months of the year. The work is not desirable unless one has a true missionary spirit or wishes to study the natives for he must live right in the midst of the dirt of the blanket Indians. Yet there are many beautiful and accomplished young ladies to be found teaching in the pueblos. Ladies are preferred for the pueblo work.

The bonded schools are usually industrial boarding schools. Such is ours. These positions pay from six to twelve hundred dollars. Only the children are here. They are clothed well, kept clean, and are not in the least repulsive as are so many of the "blanket Indians." There are now 27 employes here and we are but two miles from Santa Fe, so we feel as if we were still in the world.

Miss Manners likes the work. I do not. If one makes any intellectual progress in the service, he must do it alone or almost so, and without encouragement from other employes. . . .

NOTES

1. Minnie E. Cart, wife of the superintendent of the Dawes Institute, Samuel M. Cart. All persons mentioned in the letters, unless otherwise identified, were staff members of the Institute.

2. Eustace Esapoyet, who had attended the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania.

3. A Negro pupil with whom Minnie Hayden was having problems.

4. Minnie Hayden’s sister.
5. Minnie Hayden's brother.

6. Civil service regulations were applied to certain positions in the Indian Service for the first time in 1892.

7. Their exhibit for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

8. Garfield and Elote were leaders of Apache bands.
Two changes have occurred recently in the staff of the REVIEW. Glenn Schwegmann, who served several years as editorial assistant and assistant editor, has completed his stint on the journal. The new assistant editor is Cheryl J. Foote, a history doctoral student at UNM and a former staff member of the New Mexico Law Review and the Natural Resources Journal. Also joining the NMHR as editorial assistant is Annabelle Oczon, an undergraduate at UNM who won one of the Calvin Horn Scholarships in 1978. We shall miss the devoted labor of Glenn, but Cheryl and Annabelle are already taking up the slack with their good work.

Two well-known historians of New Mexico, John Kessell and Marc Simmons, have been named Guggenheim fellows to pursue their research projects on the Spanish period of southwestern history. In addition, the American Association of State and Local History has conferred upon Kessell an Award of Merit for his publications on Borderlands history.

AROUND THE STATE

The Museum of New Mexico's History Bureau opened a show of Spanish Colonial Iron work in December 1980 at the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe.

The Roosevelt County Historical and Genealogical Society has been tape recording reminiscences of early Roosevelt County pioneers and compiling biographical data on the mayors of Portales. Each summer the society hosts a genealogical workshop for beginners. Lawrence L. Little is president of the society.

"Our Territorial Roots 1846-1912" is the theme of Colfax County's Friends of Raton Anthropology effort to compile family genealogical records, including cemetery records, marriage records, and census rolls. All of this material is filed at the Arthur Johnson Memorial Library in Raton.

The Sierra County Historical Society operates the Geronimo Springs Museum in Truth or Consequences, where free programs are presented twice monthly from October to April. Two recent publications of the society include the Geronimo Springs Guide and The Sierra County History Book. Carolyn Elkins is manager of the Geronimo Springs Museum.