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A STUDY OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS

by

Esther Gardner

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO LIBRARY ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

A Thesis

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree of

Master of Arts in English

University of New Mexico

1941

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This thesis, directed and approved by the candidate's committee, has been accepted by the Graduate Committee of the University of New Mexico in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

Geo. P. Hammond
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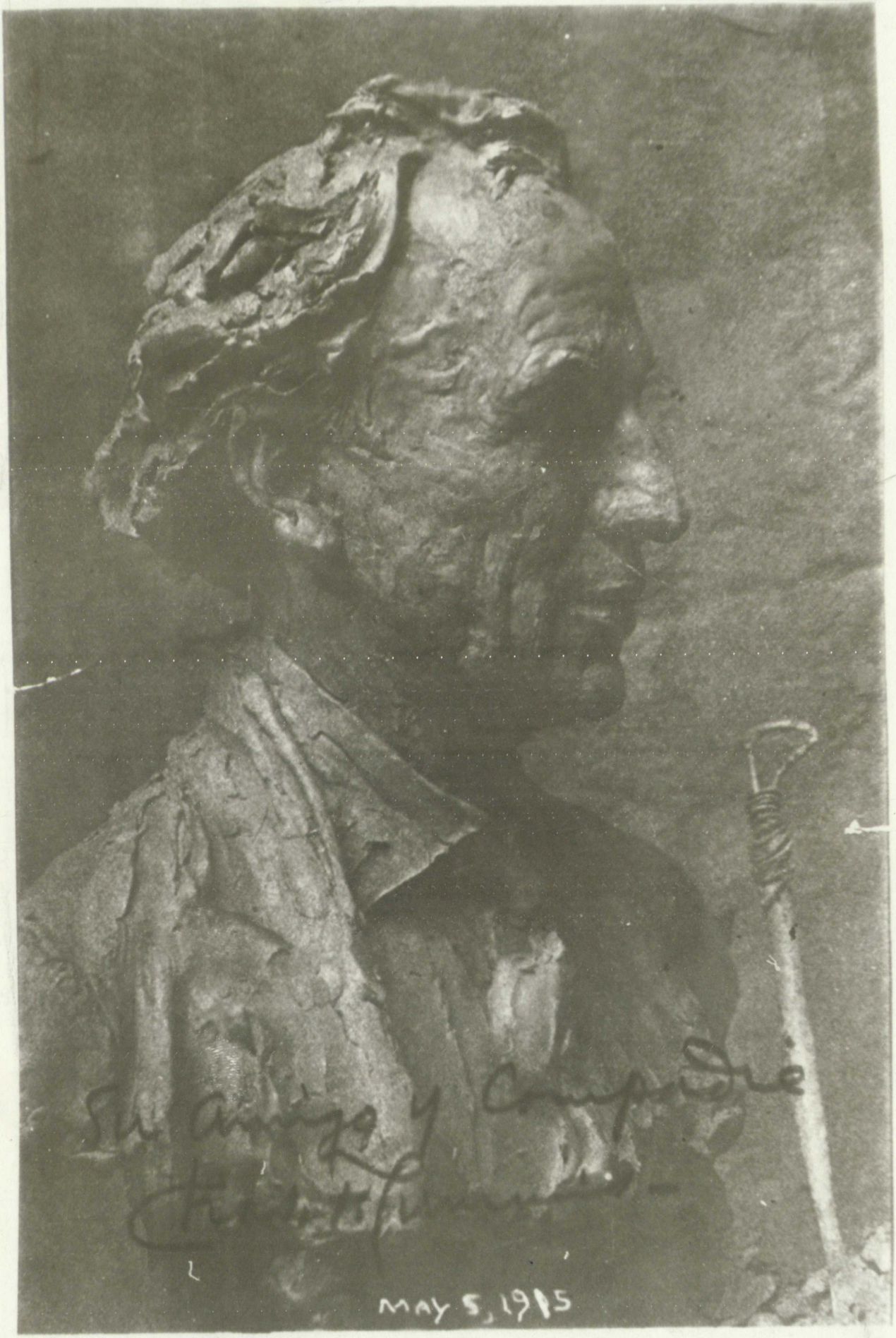
May 5, 1915

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Since Charles Lummis was associated with New Mexico, I was particularly interested in writing this thesis. As no recent study of Lummis had been made, I am indebted to Dr. T. M. Pearce, Head of the English Department of the University of New Mexico, for his suggestion that the life and works of Charles Lummis be the subject of this study.

In preparing this material, Turbesé Lummis Fiske, the daughter of Charles Lummis, was of invaluable help. Also, Pablo Abeita, the late Governor of Isleta, aided me in writing the life of the author.

I am grateful to Wilma Shelton, Librarian of the University of New Mexico, and to Frederick Hodge, of the Southwest Museum at Los Angeles, for their assistance. Lastly, I wish to acknowledge the generous cooperation of Howard Roosa, who lent me books which are no longer in print.

Esther Gardner

May 28, 1941

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PART I

LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS

It would be difficult to find a more interesting, versatile and colorful character than Charles Fletcher Lummis. His life was full of thrilling adventures and experiences with all different types of humanity. His great purpose was to bring the glories of the West to the smug East. "See America First" was one of his slogans. He believed that many people wished to see only the scenery and monuments of Europe, yet in their own country, there lay greater charms and a culture that was as ancient as the culture of the Greeks. One of the things said about him that fits his life perfectly was, "He was many lived and myriad minded."[1]

He was born on March 1, 1859, in Lynn, Massachusetts, in the Fanny Davenport house. He was a sensitive, delicate child with a spirit set apart from the crowd. His father was Henry Lummis, a minister and well-known educator. His mother was Harriet Waterman Fowler, a lovely, spiritual New Englander, who died of consumption when her son was only two years of age.[2] Charles Lummis never forgot his mother and

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[1] "Facts from the Life of Charles Lummis," (published by Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago, December 5, 1928). Printer's copy in Appendix, Note G of this study.

[2] Dictionary of American Biography, edited by Dumas Malone (New York: Scribner, 1933), Vol. 11, p. 501.

mentions her death in one of his poems, "Page One":

> Her thin fingers like as petals, cling
> Cold to a baby's cheeks:
> . . . . . .
> God keep my little boy; and then,
> Slow lids--and--nothing.
> And they bore me out again.[3]

He spent the years before school age with his mother's people. From the time his father placed him in school, he disliked it. Often, he would hide under the table and refuse to come out and go to school. The father took him over as a pupil, and at an early age Charles became librarian for his father's splendid collection of books. Mr. Lummis taught his son Latin, Greek, and Hebrew from the time that Charles was a little lad of eight years old. At the age of ten, he read at sight the Latin Vulgate Bible at family prayers.

At sixteen, he was writing for The Atlantic and had entered Harvard with a high entrance grade. He took a course which was not at all conventional and chose his own electives, which he later thought were the most important part of his college life.[4]

He nust have learned the art of story-telling from his father or unconsciously absorbed it from his mother. Later,

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[3] Charles Lummis, Bronco Pegasus, "Page One"(Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1928), p. 3.

[4] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, "The Life of Charles Lummis," (unpublished manuscript; see Appendix, Note B).

experiences with the Indians exercised this faculty of his mind which was already active.

His knowledge of Greek and Latin showed itself at Harvard when he began to use Greek meters in his poetry. He translated Anthologia Graeca by St. John and found the true source of "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe. Lummis was the first one to make this literary discovery. In a poem called the "Anacreontic",[5] Lummis imitates Poe and the Greek meter, Anacreon, was used. Lummis has a poem called "Cannibalee", which imitates Poe's poem, "Annabel Lee".

He divided his time in college between poker, athletics and translating German, French and Greek poetry into English. He boxed, walked, wrestled and ran races. One never knew what he would be up to next. In later life, he was very glad to have had this training, for it hardened his physique for the strenuous life he was to experience.

He worked his way through Harvard by tutoring and by writing verses. In the summer, he went to the White Mountains in New Hampshire and wrote verses there. These poems he gathered together, then wrote them on bark which he cut to size, stitched, and made into a tiny booklet. Over fourteen thousand copies of the book were sold; it won the acclaim of

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[5] Charles Lummis, Bronco Pegasus, "Anacreontic", p. 137; also note on translation, p. 139.

Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Roosevelt and many other prominent men. This first book of Charles Lummis was later placed in a glass case in the British Museum.[6]

He was such an individualistic person that one of the upper classmen at school posted a notice that he, Charley Lummis, should get a hair-cut. The classmate was none other than Theodore Roosevelt, who had issued orders to Freshman Lummis. Roosevelt met the young man and informed him that it was all right for him to keep his hair if he wanted to and added, "Don't let them haze you."[7] They were staunch friends for many years. Lummis spoke of Roosevelt in one of his poems as "Hatchet-head spindle-neck slim."[8] He also said there was nothing to remind one of the future except the glasses and the teeth. Both men looked to the West for their futures. Lummis calls Roosevelt a scholar, leader, and fighter with the "Torso of a bison." He adds that "No one had risen as yet who could compass his ultimate measure."[9]

Because of over-work and too many extra-curricular

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6 Charles Lummis Foundation, "The Works of Charles Lummis," (Los Angeles, California: Lummis Foundation, 1928), pamphlet, see Appendix, Note A.

7 Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

8 Charles Lummis, Bronco Pegasus, "T. R." p. 26.

9 Loc. cit.

activities, he was unable to finish college in 1881. At this time, he suffered an attack of brain fever. However, in 1903 he received an honorary LL. D. from Santa Clara College, one of the oldest colleges on the Western coast. Harvard then awarded him an honorary degree in 1906.[10] He did not deprecate a college education but he was glad that it had not made a fool of him. His wild, care-free college days were colorful with the pranks that he and Boise Penrose, later senator from Pennsylvania, used to play on cigar stores, dentists' offices and like institutions.

Lummis led a life of diversified interests. He had married a beautiful girl named Dorothy Rhoads while he was yet in college. Both of them were too wildly in love and too individualistic to stay together long. Her father offered him a farm in Scioto, Ohio, to supervise. But a restless urge led him to do more exciting things and he abandoned this hobby. He then became the editor of the Scioto Gazette in Chillicothe, Ohio.[11] This work was great fun for him, as he became the whole staff. He figured as one of the factors in political campaigns and even became president of the young men's Republican club and boosted a governor in the state.

For an additional pastime, he would pick up artifacts

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[10] "Facts from the Life of Charles Lummis," also in Pan-American Union Bulletin (July, 1913), Vol. 30, pp. 73-74.

[11] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

in this valley and thus began his life-long passion for archaeology. He would comb the river-bottoms and find relics of other men and days.[12]

With his interest in archaeology went other activities in the out-of-doors, climbing, running, bicycling. He took a bicycle jaunt that extended to one thousand miles. As a journalist, one of his achievements was to report the famous Ohio flood of 1884. His activities, physical and mental, formed the background for the career just opening up to him.

Lummis thought that these middle-western people were staid and settled in their opinions, and he began to yearn for the unexplored parts of the West. He was disgusted with the spirit of small towns, and many things annoyed him, such as the train brakeman shouting, "Chillicothe! Fifteen minutes for quinine."[13] The fear that he too would turn into a conventional mortal with no dreams or adventures forced him to take the tramp that taught him more than his college career.

He started on his famous tramp in 1884.[14] This was perhaps one of the most exciting trips ever made by a single man. He came into contact with all types of men from thugs

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[12] "Facts from the Life of Charles Lummis."

[13] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

[14] Charles Lummis, Tramp Across the Continent (New York: Scribner, 1934), p. 270.

to the simplest of Indian and Mexican natives. In brief notes, he recorded all his experiences of this tramp when he stopped at hotels, camps, and on the plains around campfires. His purpose in making such an expedition was that he was ashamed that he did not know his own country better. He was an able-bodied man of twenty-six years of age and wanted to live life--not the life of a poor health-seeker but the life of wholesome joy outside the fences of society. He wanted the mental awakening of new sights and a place where his brain, brawn and limbs could grow alert together. His tramp covered the distance of 3,507 miles and it took him 143 days. Even though it was far more expensive than a train trip, it was much cheaper when the author considered the rich and breath-taking experiences, the vast store of information and the museum of curios which he gained.

He met animals, tame and wild, human beings, good and bad, but brought out of the trip friendship with the Indian and Spanish people. At times, he almost froze; in some places, he suffered from the extreme heat; and often, he was thirsty and hungry. He lived the full existence of a lifetime on this most colorful of trips.

Shadow, a homeless dog, was his only companion on this trip. He proved to be a very faithful friend. In Arizona, Lummis fell down a hole into some jagged debris. He was brought back to consciousness by Shadow, who was licking his

face. His arm was broken and he was forced to set it with the strap from his canteen. The pain was so excruciating that he fainted three times. A thousand years would not drown the terrible suffering that he went through in that long walk to Los Angeles. He wore low, light walking shoes instead of boots, and for a week, he had to walk on blistered feet. He also used to send his blanket ahead by express and sleep on the ground during a blizzard without much covering.[15]

He carried a hunting-knife, writing material, three hundred dollars in a money belt, and his fishing tackle. Yet there were care-free moments when he played hookey from his troubles and fished in the Western trout streams.

One time, his clothing froze to his body; another time, he had a duel with a wildcat; another time, he was attacked by a convict, who wanted his gun. Through these great tortures, he carried on bravely. When a man and dog reached the desert, Shadow, the dog, went mad. This was a sad experience for the author, who never forgot it.[16] He bitterly recalled the touching incident everytime he passed the spot of ground which was the beloved dog's grave.

Lummis absorbed profound sympathy and understanding

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[15] Ibid., p. 225.

[16] Charles Lummis, New Mexico David, "How I Lost My Shadow," (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1934), p. 12.

from his tireless work--living with his brown-skinned brothers, talking with them, and fighting their battles. He also spent hours searching the early Spanish archives for information, which throws light on the first American people. The "sun, silence and adobe" appealed to him; the archaeology, ethnology and history of the Southwest enhanced his imagination greatly. It was here that he found love, health, and a great friendship with Adolph Bandelier, the well-known historian.[17]

There was a deepening of sentiment and horse-sense through what experience added to his academic foundation. From his association with Bandelier, scouts, natives and horse thieves, he learned realities of life which he wished to express in poetry and prose. He learned life, not from any book or map, but from thousands of miles on horse and foot. He went to the most remote regions and then awakened the rest of the world to the colorful Southwest. He understood its real soul and made it possible for millions of people to know about it through his books, without the expense of travel. He explored this country in days of hazards and perils.

When Lummis returned from this exciting tramp, on February 1, 1885, he was made editor of the Los Angeles

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[17] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

Times.[18] The travel letters which he published were well-received by the public and always signed with his nickname, "Lum". Lummis was one of the few people who could get along with Harrison G. Otis, the owner and editor of the Los Angeles Times. The latter was noted for brusqueness, suspicion, and a fundamental adherence to truth. At one time, Colonel Otis was trying to raise a large sum of money to buy out an undesirable partner. Several men of power came to his call and offered the desired amount if Otis would support their congressional candidate. He refused on the grounds that the Times belonged to the people and involved their rights. Lummis admired him greatly for his courageous answer.[19]

In 1886, Lummis was for three months in the last Apache campaign under General Crook and General Miles. He was sent to get the truth about the war department, the Indians, and other matters upon which the public had been misinformed. He came into close contact with the real life of the Apaches and brought out the bare truth of Crook's activities. From these three months in the Apache campaign, Lummis gained the knowledge of the habits, games, humor and methods of warfare which the Apache Indians possessed. He

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[18] Dictionary of American Biography, p. 501.

[19] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

began a life-long friendship with Leonard Wood, later Governor-General of Cuba and of the Philippines. Lummis was said to be the best trailer short of the Apaches and in recognition was to be appointed chief of the scouts. Leonard Wood got the position, since Lummis was called back to Los Angeles to reorganize the Times. When Lummis was asked the reason for his refusal of this position, he remarked, "I would have liked it, but you got a better man. Maybe I could not have caught Geronimo--Wood sure did."[20]

Many of his books were written about these Indians and the breath-taking adventures that the author had with them. He wrote a poem, "Man-Who-Yawns" which is a virile ballad about the great Apache chief, Geronimo. The government had long been after Geronimo but finally the chief agreed to terms of peace and accepted Leonard Wood's suggestions. In this poem Lummis describes the agility and prowess of the Apache. He says that Geronimo laid, "A fear as wide as Europe upon the land." Geronimo rode his trail of blood over an empire that is "Pythoned with a strangle snake of wire." This is one of the author's most interesting and powerful poems.[21]

Lummis felt very deeply for his Indian friends and he deplored the disgraceful way in which the white man has been

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[20] "The Works of Charles Lummis," Lummis Foundation pamphlet.

[21] Charles Lummis, Bronco Pegasus, "Man-Who-Yawns," p. 35.

guilty of fraud and conspiracy in dealing with them. It was no wonder, he felt, that the Indians were turbulent and discontented.

Lummis was living in Los Angeles at the time of the great real-estate boom and the collapse of 1888. He was working day and night and often put his newspaper to bed and skipped his own sleep. His tireless energy and great force in his work brought him to an unfortunate development--paralysis.[22]

After breaking down in health in 1888, he went to Isleta, a quiet Indian pueblo in New Mexico, to recuperate. He studied the people, the customs and the country. He camped with Mexican shepherds eight thousand feet above the sea, in order to hear their songs and to learn their hearts. It was here that he did his greatest work; here that he found himself; and here that he regained his health and a new philosophy.

Lummis was one of the few white men ever to be accepted by the Indian people. He was welcome to all the secret councils of the Indians and they called him, "Kha-tay-deh", which means "withered branch." They called him by this name, because when he first came to them, his arm was paralyzed.[23]

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22 Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

23 "The Works of Charles Lummis." Lummis Foundation pamphlet.

He was also called brother and son by the Indians and was in close contact with them and their culture. He served to introduce among the Indians respect for the camera. The Indians had the idea that the photographs were not only taken of them, but from them.[24] These pictures, which the author took, serve as an authentic background for his works. He learned traditions, language, folk-songs and dialects from living with this tribe.[25]

Lummis did more to right a wrong north of the Rio Grande than anyone. It was the mission of his life to make others appreciate Indian and Spanish people and their gifts of culture. He felt that these Southwestern people were just as historically important as the early English settlers who came to this continent. The hardships of the Westerner were much greater than these New Englanders shared.

The author once sat before nine of the chiefs, or head men of the village, listening to them. He was left breathless by the beauty, grace, logic and majesty of the Indian. The idea is that one can learn from the Indian, because he does possess a remarkable scholarship of sense. The observer who is able to get to the real inner-core of the Indian finds a great wealth in his strange lore. Lummis was the only one

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[24] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Canon and Pueblo (New York and London, Century, 1925), pp. 1-484.

[25] Dictionary of American Biography, p. 501; also Lester Raines, "Writers and Writings of New Mexico,"(Thesis, Las Vegas, New Mexico, 1934).

present at the telling of these stories and felt quite honored.[26]

Lummis suffered a great deal from the previously mentioned attack of paralysis. He writes of his illness in a poem, "One That was Paralyzed." He puts himself in prison and tells of his knotted arm that strikes no more.

> The legs that trudged the width of hell
> No longer lift me from the floor.[27]

This loss of the use of his limbs, one of the vital things of life, taught him more than all the books he had read. He had been as agile as a panther and his muscles had stood out like whipcords. Physical strength was one of the qualities of manhood that Lummis most admired. When he felt that his health was gone, he was very disheartened; however, he showed his former bull-dog tenacity and proved himself. The lesson that he gained from this misfortune was the knowledge of the brotherhood of man.[28]

Around the year 1888, Lummis spent some time in the hacienda of Amado Chavez, the son of Manuel Chavez, who saved

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[26] Charles Lummis, Indian Folk Stories (New York: Century, 1891-92, 1910), pp. 1-257.

[27] Charles Lummis, Bronco Pegasus, "One That was Paralyzed," p. 56.

[28] Charles Lummis, King of the Broncos, "My Friend Will," (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1915), p. 233. (This article has been published separately in a book My Friend Will, by A. C. McClurg Company, Chicago, March, 1911. Pp. 1-51).

New Mexico to the Union. Lummis was not the usual invalid. Instead he carried messages to sheep-camps, chopped the river ice, and hunted mountain lions. He learned how to shoot with one arm, how to send broncos flying, and how to lug bags of beef and wheat. He was recognized as the only Americano who could roll cigarettes with one arm. No hunter killed more game, no man took longer walks, and no one got more pictures, or developed more than he.[29] The Indians thought that he was bewitched and wanted him to accuse the witch who was to blame.[30]

He was evidently out of funds at this period in his life. He went to work with a fierceness and a persevering spirit. He considered his misfortunes a good thing as they gave his inborn pugnacity a foe. He even had to borrow postage stamps to send off his articles. He was a lively paralytic and a hermit with a resolution stronger than himself.

Lummis was married three times. The first marriage has already been mentioned. This was his college romance and marriage with the beautiful Dorothy Rhoads in 1880. When Lummis brought her to the Indian village of Isleta in New Mexico, she was dissatisfied with the life and left, later to

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[29] Ibid., p. 243.

[30] Charles Lummis, Strange Corners (New York: Century, 1892), p. 74.

obtain a divorce.[31] In 1891, Lummis married Eva Douglas, a sister-in-law of Archibald Rhea, who kept a store in Isleta. She was the mother of his children and a great consolation to him in his illness. His children were Turbesé, Keith, Bertha, Amado, and Quimu, and most of them were born in Isleta. In 1915, Lummis was married to his secretary, Gertrude Redit.[32]

Pablo Abeita, prominent and handsome Indian leader and a later governor of Isleta, christened Quimu. The daughter, Turbesé (Mrs. Fiske), was christened by Abeita's mother, Marcelina Abeita. This madrina fasted four days without food or water. She prayed that the body and soul might be exalted. She moistened her lips and prayed to the "Trues", the great Gods, that she might be shown the true name for the child. She saw the name of Turbesé, which means the sun drawing water, or the orb breaking through the clouds in rays, or sunburst. All the Indians brought her gifts of silver, pottery and chocolate eggs. The father of the child had one duty, and that was to keep the fire burning; otherwise the child would not live the year out. If the fire did go out, the father must go over to the cacique and get a flame for his fire from the fire of the chief of the tribe.[33]

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31 Pablo Abeita, personal interview and letter.

32 Dictionary of American Biography, p. 501.

33 Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 310.

The white people have all sorts of devices to help them remember things, yet this Marcelina Abeita kept the figures of her books in her old gray head. She had a store and sold over sixty thousand dollars in merchandise a year. She gave all the poor farmers credit, and her father was able to loan the United States money to pay off the troops in New Mexico during the Civil War.[34]

Lummis studied the lives of the Indians, their tales of witch-craft, their symbolic dances and their customs. He loved the culture and the people tremendously. He sought refuge with these peace-loving Indians, when he was threatened for alleged meddling with the Penitentes, an order of Spanish-Americans, who believed in self-torture for atonement of their sins. He had taken pictures of their rites while his friend, one of the Chavez brothers, held a gun over the camera to guard him from an attack. In one of his writings, Lummis had apparently angered one of the brothers. He was hunted and aimed at several times and finally rather seriously wounded.[35]

The attack occurred on February 14, 1889. Lummis had just returned from San Mateo, the big center of the Penitente activities. He went to Isleta, where he was staying at Tata (Father) Lorenso's house. Lorenso was a very good Indian

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34 Ibid., p. 445.

35 Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

friend of Lummis. Going out of the adobe house to inhale the good, clear air of early spring, he received a valentine of buck shot.[36] Lummis took refuge in a Santa Fe hospital and in the midst of his bad luck, he remarked, "I am bigger than anything that can happen to me--all these things are outside my door and I have the key."[37]

In a poem called "Bushwhacked", he speaks of his accident:

> Ha! Click! Yon sullen cedar said,
> And spat a crash of fire--and then
> . . . . . .
> A blot upon the forehead pale;
> A dark pool widening fast around.[38]

Lummis had an interesting note which tells in detail about the background of this accident. An honest attorney, Clifford Jackson, was trying to find the guilty party in the Barrett murder case. Every witness was afraid to testify, until Lummis agreed to bring in the real evidence concerning the true murderer. New Mexico was not a law-abiding place in those days, so no one person was ever convicted. The author got his shot because he was a meddler in the case. For a reminder of the accident, he had a dimple on his chin.[39]

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[36] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 124; also see Appendix, Note F.

[37] Charles Lummis, King of the Broncos, "My Old Friend Will," p. 247.

[38] Charles Lummis, Bronco Pegasus, "Bushwhacked," p. 76.

[39] Ibid., p. 77.

Two years after this period of illness, Lummis came upon happy days. His second marriage was a fortunate choice. Poverty for him was over. He was able to fish, hunt, tramp, ride broncos and even hew houses for his friends. His hermit's den was transformed into a real adobe home. One day while talking to his wife, after one of their tramps, he started to stroke her head. It was quite a surprise when his withered hand that had not moved a muscle began to do the stroking. The lesson taught him that man was meant to be and ought to be stronger than anything that might happen to him. Paralysis and ill-luck taught him his real life work and love.[40]

The Indians, children and adults, liked Lummis. He was the first white man ever allowed inside the Indian kiva, a great honor. He spent five of the most fruitful years of his life in the pueblo of Isleta. No one could say anything but good things of his behavior there. His standing was very high in the pueblo and elsewhere.[41]

A significant friendship in his life began when, in the middle of a sandstorm, he met Adolph F. Bandelier. This friendship lasted as long as the life of each, and was one of the staunchest that ever existed. Through all sorts of

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[40] Charles Lummis, The King of the Broncos, p. 251.

[41] Pablo Abeita, interview and letter.

hardships, they traveled together--camping, shivering, starving--and learning many things. They always went afoot with Lummis carrying his camera and Bandelier his note-book, some chocolate, and a sack of corn-meal. Lummis speaks of this man as one of the most fascinating of men among any class that he has known, including presidents, peons, scientists, authors and "Society".

Lummis considered it a great honor when Bandelier chose him for his companion on an expedition to Peru and Bolivia. This was financed by Henry Villard for three years, but on account of financial difficulties, they had to give the expedition up. For two years, Bandelier and Lummis studied language, archaeology, ethnology and did scientific research in the Spanish archives. Lummis was Bandelier's friend, disciple, and companion. They explored faraway lands, studied ruins, Indians, documents, excavated, photographed and collected valuable antiquities.

Even though the expedition to South America came to an untimely end, Lummis wrote many of his finest books, The Enchanted Burro--The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú. These books contain much of the background of South America.

Bandelier and Lummis brought back pieces of historical material that would interest generations to come. One was the most perfect Inca skull; another, a pet parrot that had been buried with a little Inca girl; in addition, they had

hardships, they traveled together--camping, adventuring, starving--and learning many things. They always went afoot with Lummis carrying his camera and Bandelier his note-book, some chocolate, and a sack of corn-meal. Lummis speaks of this man as one of the most fascinating of men among any class that he has known, including presidents, poets, scientists, authors and "Society".

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Even though the expedition to South America came to an untimely end, Lummis wrote many of his finest books. The Enchanted Burro--The Gold Flax of Gran Chimú. These books contain much of the background of South America.

Bandelier and Lummis brought back pieces of historical material that would interest generations to come. One was the most perfect Inca skull; another, a pet parrot that had been buried with a little Inca girl; in addition, they had

fabrics and some fine sculptured vases.[42]

Lummis said that he would never face a more relentless judge than Bandelier. He also said many worthwhile things to this man, Bandelier, whom he considered his master. Lummis said:

> What the science of man needs is not so much more students but an audience! Science has dehumanized its deep scholarship with pedantry and fearsome Greek words, till mere humans are afraid of it. What we need is not more Scientific societies run by Latin professors nor devoted souls toiling--what we need is public opinion. Don't be scared of those Greek words. All those Ologies are only the story of man--the story of you and me when we were babies, brats, etc. And it's fun![43]

Bandelier's answer was an appreciative one to this young man: "My boy, you have vision! You have the training of Science and the gift of the magic lantern! Go call your audience, but never forget one thing and that is truth--the first and last thing of life."[44]

This was Lummis' plighted troth, to tell the story of man so clearly and humanly that everyone would feel its romance and thrill--the reflection of his own childhood enriched yet with a devotion to scientific accuracy. "To humanize science" was his aim.

When Bandelier died, Lummis wanted his remains to be

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42 Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

43 "The Works of Charles Lummis," Lummis Foundation pamphlet.

44 Ibid.

[42] Turbesé Lummis Flake, op. cit.

[43] "The Works of Charles Lummis," Lummis Foundation pamphlet.

[44] Ibid.

in the "Cacique," a house where both of these men had met and first slept together. This house was immortalized by Bandelier in his well-known book, The Delight Makers. However, Bandelier was not buried in this "Cacique" in New Mexico, but he was interred in Spain.

From 1894 to 1901 Lummis edited The Land of Sunshine, and continued in that capacity from 1902 to 1909 when the publication was called Out West Magazine. It developed many well-known writers and artists such as David Starr Jordan, T. S. Van Dyke, Frederick Hodge, and others. The magazine gave readers a chance to find the real spirit of the West, which had long been neglected. In this periodical, there were exact translations of Spanish documents which are indispensable, and before Lummis' time were inaccessible.

Lummis showed individuality and ability powerful enough to give distinction to any periodical. His "Lion's Den" was one of the best editorial features in American journalism of that day; his voice was listened to in all parts of the country. This "Lion's Den" fought bigotry, race hatred and cowardice and one of its main ideas was that of the creed of independence. Theodore Roosevelt said of the Out West Magazine, "I always read it, no matter how busy; for I am tremendously in sympathy with so many of the things for which it works."[45]

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[45] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.; also Lummis Foundation pamphlet.

In 1895, Lummis founded the Landmarks Club, which was organized to preserve the old missions for the future. If it had not been for this club, there would be nothing left of the mounds today. He saved the missions of San Diego, Pala and San Fernando. He even supervised the reconstruction of the roofs and walls and made them places of romantic interest to visitors.

In 1901, he founded the Sequoya League, which showed his great love for the Indian people. It clothed and fed Indians until the Indian Bureau was shamed into relieving them and appropriated them one hundred thousand dollars. As a result of a stupid act of the Supreme Court, three hundred Indians were evicted from their homes. The sole aim of this club was "To make bigger and better Indians by treating them better." For many years, Lummis carried on a fight against the persecution of these people and their religion. When he saw the plight of these Indians, he put them in homes in the rich valley of Pala. Here, they were given better homes than their old ones, as they had land, water and the support of this commission. All of this was through the influence of Lummis' old friend, Theodore Roosevelt, who made these things possible. Charles Lummis has written his name across the pages of Indian justice.

In 1905, Lummis was made the librarian of the City Library of Los Angeles. He organized it and was the first

man to take it out of "Petticoat politics" and make it a "Real man's job." He was not trained in library school, yet he became critic, scholar and business man. Many people thought this position would be more suitable to a man with more dignity. He drank, swore, wore corduroys and did not care what others said about him. He was one man that did not mind criticism. He built up departments, reformed methods, and started some daring inventions such as "Out-door gardens", and rooms where all papers were indexed and all text-books evaluated. He had a vital collection of regional history which has not been destroyed. He stayed with the library six years, and then resigned in 1910 to return to his literary, philanthropic and scientific work. Despite personal jealousy and criticism, he went on writing, doing research in history, compiling a great concordance-dictionary of Spanish America and holding dinners for notables.[46]

Certain interested people, not being able to establish a Southwest society of the Archaeological Institute of America, asked the aid of Lummis. He founded the Southwest Museum in 1907, and later gave his own private collection of books to the museum. He was elected "Founder Emeritus"[47] of the

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[46] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.; also "Facts from the Life of Charles Lummis."

[47] Who's Who in America: 1928-1929, edited by Albert Marquis, Vol. 15, p. 1336.

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institution. The work and struggle of Lummis brought about the final success of this museum. Back in the East, people had every advantage and still they had not been able to establish a museum. He made this statement to them, "We have to build our own towns, sewers, jails, and schools. We wish well to your classical studies in Greece and Palestine, but we're draught oxen, not milch cows."[48] This statement explained the facts that the people in Los Angeles had to start from the very beginning to organize such an institute.

Because of his personal correspondence, he increased the membership to twice the number of the Boston society. The Southwest society began excavations and expeditions, and acquired valuable collections. Lummis was one of the incorporators of the Southwest institute by an act of congress. With General Adna Chaffee, late head of the U. S. army, he enlisted men, and selected a twenty acre site, received a $50,000 bequest and personally supervised all the building work.[49]

By 1894, Lummis built his home of stone around a grand old sycamore tree. He called his place "El Alisal" after this tree and on his fifty-first birthday presented it to the Southwest museum. His great interest was here in this museum and

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[48] "The Works of Charles Lummis," Lummis Foundation pamphlet.

[49] Ibid.

he enlisted the help of men to establish his life dream. Around this great four-trunked sycamore, people of all types gathered for song, play, work, story and warmth. There was a March birthday with "Don Carlos Lummis". The invitations show the originality of Lummis for he told his guests to come for cabbage at six and that madness would come later. He says for them to postpone death, taxes and marriage and be sure and be there.

The Southwest museum might be shaken, but it would always stand as a fitting monument to the founder and builder. The 125 foot staircase that fills the tower is comparable to any of its kind in Europe. This caracol or helix has a central shaft for the stair with large rooms around a nine foot well. This tower is called "The Lummis Caracol Tower."

Because of a fever which he contracted while in the jungles of Guatemala, he went blind in 1912. He worked over the pencil sketches of his plans for the museum with the help of Sumner Hunt, an architect. He had special paper upon which he placed grooves for the doors and windows. Despite the fact that Lummis was blind, he could feel and nothing stopped him in these plans.[50] The architect would lead his fingers over the plans until he could visualize the final construction.

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[50] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.

Besides having the famous Caracol tower, which was unique in America, Lummis had flying staircases in this Spanish castle. Many of these ideas he imbibed in South America from a study of the spiral staircases in monasteries. It was a splendid example of engineering and one of the finest studies in architecture. This Southwest museum was his child, just as if it had been made of flesh and blood. Into this dream he poured all his soul and mind.

Because of a change in the administration of the Southwest museum, he was pushed out of the leadership of it and forgotten, until he was old, dejected and penniless. However, an inscription on a bronze tablet reads:[51]

To
Charles Fletcher Lummis
In honor of his work
As founder of
The Southwest museum
The trustees dedicate this tower
Naming it
The Lummis Caracol tower.

Further, he endowed his home "El Alisal" with its fine collections and library as his legacy to the world to be maintained as a permanent museum. The whole gift amounted to around $125,000.

In spite of all his misfortunes, Lummis lived the idea that "Man must be bigger than anything that can happen to him."

When he had recovered from his attack of blindness,

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[51] "The Works of Charles Lummis," Lummis Foundation.

he wrote:

> Here's looking at the world! After fifteen months of total blindness I can see again; not much, but a darn sight better than nothing. Old son Quimu has led me by the hand faithfully, but now I can find my own way. The dark was another world and I had fun exploring it. I was never lonely in that long night for memory and friendship had hung my attic with pictures of gold--but the glory of the Dawn! Hooray for the man that invented things to see with and God that gave us love, and nerve![52]

Lummis loved music. He had collected Spanish, Indian and cowboy songs for years and learned them by heart. He could sing the cowboy tunes, darky tunes, and railroad songs in their true dialect. He had a guitar and would often play and sing with his daughter. Then after singing, his gift of mimicry would bring down the house with funny ballads in Irish and Spanish. Thirty-seven different languages were represented in his 425 Indian songs and in his 550 Spanish songs. All of this unusual collection was transcribed and recorded on a phonograph with the help of Arthur Farwell.[53]

In 1915, Charles Lummis was decorated by the King of Spain as a knight commander of the royal order of Isabella. In 1916, he was elected to the Royal Academy of Spain for his great contributions to the Spanish people. He had helped to clear up the famous legend of Spain's cruelty in her colonization of America.

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[52] "Charles Lummis," (Mimeographed letter from Harvard University, November 1, 1912; see Appendix, Note D).

[53] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.; also personal letter, Appendix, Note C. Dec. 11. 1939).

Around 1895, Lummis was the chief reviewer for The Nation Magazine. His magnus opus was a dictionary-concordance of Spanish America from 1492 to 1850, which compressed all the rare sources to an universal index larger than the Encyclopedia Brittannica.

He was made an honorary member of the Davenport Academy of Science, the National Institute of Arts and he was the national incorporator of the Modern History Records Association. He was a life-time member of the Hildalgos of America, the Hispanic Society of California, the Gamut Club, the Socio De Honor, Casa De Espana, Porto Rico, the Royal Academy of the History of Spain and was a charter regent of the Museum of New Mexico. He was also on the managing and executive board of the School of American Research.[54]

He wrote many books which are the products of searching scholarship. They were written for the public to understand, and yet they have the charm of literary style that will make them permanent treasures of any library.

He has critical articles in the Encyclopedia Brittannica and the Encyclopedia Americana and for thirty years was a reviewer in The Dial.

His life was always stormy, as so many things happened

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54 Dictionary of American Biography, p. 501; Who's Who in America (1928), p. 1336.

to him--his blindness, paralysis, rheumatism, and the death of his oldest son. He suffered domestic tragedy in having to be separated from his wife and youngest children. He speaks of his fate in these lines:

> My only fate am I; and soon or late
> It is and must be but myself that stands.[55]

Few men have the chance to live more vitally and fully than this man who had a restless spirit and lived to see things accomplished with it. The last few years of his life were broken by ill-health and adversity. He answered thousands of letters; even on his death-bed, he hastened to finish a book of poetry and to write Flowers of a Lost Romance, his last work.

In November, he realized the bitter and tragic news of a laboratory report that he had cancer. He wanted to round off his 555th shave, which he called his "blind shave." It seems ever since he had suffered blindness, he had kept up this strange manner of shaving without a mirror.[56]

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55 Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.; also lines in Bronco Pegasus, "Captain I," p. 58.

56 Anna Falls, "On Watching a Man Shave," New Mexico Quarterly, 1:235, 1931: "Many people were at a camp near Puyé and were watching Charles Lummis shave. Amid a silence like an operating room, hundreds of tourists gaped at him. The reason for this fascinating silence was that the author was shaving without a mirror. His gray head leaned like a sparrow sputtering about a stream. All could see his wrinkled neck and face, as he dusted the razor across his knee. He had a gay bandanna around his head and in his hand he had a pipe. His eyes twinkled as he kept twenty-nine states waiting for his autograph to go with a copy of his book, Land of Poco Tiempo. What's odd about a man shaving? Nothing unless the man is as interesting a specimen as Lummis.

He wanted to reach his seventieth birthday, but since he had no control over fate, he went before his time. He had many things left that he wanted to do, which he had hoped to accomplish before death intervened. One ambition was to collect his boyhood dreams in a book of poetry; another was to finish The Spanish Pioneers. His publishing company rushed them through so that he could see his dream children in shape. Fate was kind to him in that it allowed him to round up a few of his last ambitions. He worked day and night to finish his job. A burning desire seemed to fill his soul so that he could not rest until he had done the things he wanted to do. The man was gifted with a mighty will which governed his frail body in these last days.

He died on the 25th of November, 1928, and hundreds came to pay tribute. In accordance with his last wish, he was laid out on a board, wrapped in a chief's blanket, while his favorite troubadour music was played. He was cremated and his ashes laid in the very walls that he himself had made.[57]

He was an inspiration to many men, and in the midst of trouble, he was able to go on in spite of it all. He was never known to give up a principle to public opinion, which often harrassed him greatly. He was an individual and stood

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[57] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.; Nation, December 12, 1928; Who's Who in America, 1928, p. 1336.

[57] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.; Nation, December 12, 1928; Who's Who in America, 1928, p. 1350.

alone with many of his dreams. He enjoyved looking into the future, but always revered and loved thee past.

John McGroarty said of him, "Although he was steeped in the pools of Pilgrim tradition at hiss birth, he was a pagan in the way that he resented conventtions and that he lived life in his own way."[58]

He was of the rare men who are giftted with fine faculty, imagination, fire, adventure andd enthusiastic industry. No man had greater sympathy foor people, especially the first people of our soil.

Over forty years ago, he stumbled upon a new land, one that was novel and mysterious. He lived,, suffered and loved here, and his activities reached to all parts of Spanish America. He would rather be right than brilliant and he would rather be plain than so difficult that hee would miss the common person. People came to see this land of the Southwest and to study a civilization as old as that of the Egyptians. He opened this world to the reader, the artist, the musician and the "everyday man." The mission of his life was to make others appreciate the native Indian and Mexican people. Also, he wanted to give an inside picture of their deep-seated culture, and to justify in history the importance of Spanish colonization. This man did many worthwhile things in the field

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58 "Facts from the Life of Charles Lummis."

of research in Spanish and Indian culture. In far-reaching attempts to bring the soul out of the common man into romance and adventure, Lummis succeeded.

His daughter, Turbesé Lummis Fiske, pays her father a great tribute in her statement, a fitting summary for any man.[59]

> He was very brilliant, fascinating, autocratic, and so lovable and generous and sympathetic that he had more friends than anyone I ever knew. He helped hundreds of persons with his understanding and counsel. He had a prodigious memory and sang hundreds of songs from hymns to "Comics." In size, he was a small man, imperious and handsome, with fine hands and feet and an uforgettable profile, aquiline and potent. I, his own daughter, am stupified at all he accomplished and the heroism with which he met the heart-breaks in life--ingratitude, blindness, loneliness, the break-down of a strong body and the final cancer, which he accepted, unflinchingly, as you and I would face tomorrow.

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[59] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, op. cit.; personal letter, see Appendix).

PART II

BOOKS OF FOLK-LORE, DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL

In 1891, Charles Lummis wrote New Mexico David, which is a collection of tales gathered by the author in his intimate contacts with people. This book is vigorous and powerful in style. All the stories have special historical value and give romantic treatment to Indian and Spanish folk-lore. Lummis holds the opinion of many historians in that he believes the mistake of early records is in not recording the hardships of the first Spanish colonists. The earliest Europeans in the Southwest lived in perilous days compared to the pioneers of the Eastern seaboard. Their efforts of bravery under extreme torture were remarkable; and these Spaniards have never been given the praise due them for their heroism. The characters live in this book as vividly as when they lived and fought in the blood-curdling days of constant warfare.

In the title story of the volume "A New Mexico David,"[1] is found the character, Lucario Montoya. He was a typical Spaniard, who could not read or write, but who excelled in throwing the spear. In 1840, there was a battle between the Spaniards and the Utes, an Indian tribe living in New Mexico. Lucario was just a young man, but he was warned by his uncle

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[1] Charles Lummis, New Mexico David, "A New Mexico David," (New York: Scribner, 1891), p. 1.

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1 Charles Lummis, New Mexico David, "A New Mexico David," (New York: Scribner, 1891), p. 1.

to capture the leader and bring home the scalp. Lucario jumped on his pony Alazan and waved good-bye to his friends. In the first battle with the Ute leader, Lucario used a bow and arrow. After they used up all their arrows, Lucario took out his reata and looped it around the Indian's neck. Since Lucario won the victory, he unloosened the rope and released him. The Indian was very angry at his defeat and drew out a knife to kill the boy. Lucario remembered his own pocket knife and jerked it out of his pants. He wheeled and galloped around the fierce chief and finally thrust the blade in the Indian's throat. The young Spaniard fainted at the outcome of this most exciting battle. He was made captain by his uncle and acclaimed a hero. He was finally killed in San Miguel in 1850 in another very bloody battle.

In another tale, "Pablo Apodaca's Bear," there is a humorous description of Pablo Apodaca, the Spaniard with the bushy beard. He was so bow-legged that he could not hold a baby on his knee without letting it fall. Young Pablito, the son, went hunting with his father. Pablo was attacked by a bear and was being hugged by the giant beast. He called to his son to shoot, but the poor, scared lad had never handled a gun and he was afraid that he would injure the wrong party. The father ordered him to shoot and the boy came closer to where the man and the bear were grappling upon the ground. Pablito went so close that he could feel the breath of the

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The father ordered him to shoot and the boy came closer to
where the man and the bear were grappling upon the ground.
Pablito went so close that he could feel the breath of the

bear on his face, and then he shot the massive creature.[2]

"A New Mexico Hero" is a tale that gives a picture of the daring Spaniard, Colonel Manuel Chavez, who fought in more than one hundred battles. Lummis knew the son of this man at the time he was living in Isleta and gained many authentic facts concerning his father. Manuel Chavez was not only courtly, but he possessed the bravery of a lion and the tenderness of a woman. The hard frontier life of his day was one from which many modern men would shrink in fear. Don Manuel lived in Atrisco, outside of Albuquerque, in the year of 1818. Don Manuel witnessed many an exciting fight in his time. He watched a Spanish woman crush an Indian's head with a metate (grinding stone). One man, who had been in a bloody fight, took stitches in his own side. These native people had tireless ability and unusual bravery to go on in times of great distress. These details are so realistically drawn that one feels like cringing from their horror. There is tragedy in each man's tale. One man lived through being scalped and was later drowned in a pool of shallow water.[3]

Don Manuel never fired unless he was quite sure of killing his victim. He had certain bullets set aside for his own men who would prove to be cowards. Once outnumbered by

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[2] Ibid., "Pablo Apodaca's Bear," p. 68.

[3] Ibid., "A New Mexico Hero," p. 190.

the enemy, he bluffed them and won the battle. He let the opposite side think that there was an army back of him; yet, in reality, he was alone facing twenty men ready to kill him. This act baffled the Indians and they fled in fear. Even when he was an aged man, he could shoot straighter at a target than his grand-children. He received a commission as lieutenant-colonel in 1861 from Lincoln. This was due him because of the nobility of his manhood and his coolness in the time of danger.

In "Old Surely", there is a character called Monny, who has long matted hair, an eye like a hawk's and a figure as erect as a Comanche's. He was disgusted with the type of gold-seekers who came to the West. He said that he would rather be, "A dog with my back broke in a wild-cats den." He too had a past of thrilling experiences and only scars and bear rugs for gentle reminders.[4]

The reader gets the true philosophy of some of the early, brave leaders. One idea often expressed was that you should never let your enemy know that you were afraid. Old Manuel Chavez was the master of this art and could always bluff and thereby intimidate the foe, or at least keep him in suspense.

In "Pueblo Alto," Pedro, the sheep-tender, had two dogs

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[4] Ibid., "Old Surely," p. 141.

Borracho and Mundo (Drunk and Earth). In a tight place, Pedro wanted help and sent Borracho with the message. He was able to get through fire and bullet and was rewarded in his old age with honor. Even though the dog lost all his teeth, he was allowed to stay on in the village as the same lovable animal.[5]

One hundred and fifty years ago the little Spanish village of Tomé was destroyed by the Comanche Indians. The tale of this tragedy is found in one of the best short stories, "Camanche's Revenge."[6] Don Ignacio Baca was the leader of this village and he had promised that the son of the Indian chief should wed his daughter. In spite of Don Ignacio's friendship for the Indian, he changed his mind about the marriage and regretted his rashness. When the suitor came for his betrothed, the father looked tragic and informed him that the daughter was dead. The young Indian was very sad and he and the whole village mourned the death of the girl. But some friends in Isleta reported that they had seen a girl who resembled the dead one and the truth was verified later to the satisfaction of the Comanches. They desired revenge and the Indians wiped out the whole town while the Spaniards were praying in church. No one was left

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5 Ibid., "In the Pueblo Alto," p. 101.

6 Ibid., "Camanche's Revenge," p. 95.

to tell the tale of the massacre and a priest from Albuquerque had to bury the dead in the city of "Broken Promise."

In another short story, "How I Lost My Shadow,"[7] Lummis tells the story of his companion and friend, Shadow, his dog. The story is full of pathos and is one that would move an animal lover. The dog was mad and in order to save his own life, Lummis was forced to shoot him. "My poor dog dying by inches the most hideous death that mind can conceive struck me like a douche of cold water." Both man and beast had been starving from lack of food and water. Years later, while Lummis rode by the spot in a comfortable Pullman, he re-lived this experience with sadness and inward pain.

When Lummis left on his tramp of thousands of miles across the country, he recorded all of his experiences in a virile and amusing way. Tramp Across the Continent[8] was written in 1886 after his eventful trip and is a graphic record of the freshness and the wonder of the trip. It inspires one with the feeling of brotherhood for all men, and is pulsing with energy and romance. In this book, many of the gold-seekers had a tale to tell of their hardships in the great search. Many men left comfortable homes for the wilderness to seek wealth and adventure. There was an old

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[7] Ibid., "How I Lost My Shadow," p. 12.

[8] Charles Lummis, Tramp Across the Continent (New York: Scribner, 1892), pp. 1-270.

miner near Pikes Peak, who had never attended school, but had been educated in the experiences of starvation, disappointment and danger. Lummis says that if ever the true story of the gold-seekers was told, it would make the trials of Ulysses seem like a school boy's recess.

The author has great sympathy for people and a born intuition with which to understand them. He has a strange admiration for those men who died, amid great suffering, for one purpose. The man of the wilderness stands above other men in his simple understanding of nature. He is not formally educated in college, but in life, with a certain way of coping with man and beast.

The Eastern dude blames the West for his losses in investments in gold, when it is his own folly. The Eastern companies send men to the West, who do not understand the people with whom they must deal. The old miner is your peer or better, since he had to work every inch of the way to gain his gold and success. These men have left fortunes in the East to try their luck and what they have, they have. Many men died looking for hidden wealth and others were killed by the Apaches. Each man has a special story of failure or success, which adds to the veracity of the book.

In connection with the search for gold, tragedy is often found. In "Quito's Nugget,"[9] there is a Mexican boy

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[9] Charles Lummis, New Mexico David, "Quito's Nugget," p. 25.

named Quito. He could not read or write but he could exist in places where a city man would die. He knew nature intimately and understood her angry forces. This boy wanted to do something for a family who had reared him; so he started on his search for the "Auriferous gravel." The author describes the glitter in his eye when he saw the rough irregular, water-worn lump of gold. Hoarse Ronco, a huge Mexican bandit, wanted it too and pursued the poor boy. Quito ran like a "hunted rabbit" while his eyes were like "two dying coals filled with terror." He fell down a hole still clutching the nugget and the brave Anastacio rescued him. He was dead with his spoils still in his pitiful little hand. This story is quite stirring as the pathetic tragedy of one childhood. The author's art in imagery is shown in his splendid comparisons of man to animal.

On this famous tramp, which he tells about in Tramp Across the Continent, he met many types and listened to their tales of woe. Lummis does not doubt any of their tales or wild experiences. Just because we stay at home quietly, we do not realize that there are men who live many lives in one life-time, is his belief. Lummis met the well-known James' boys; he met crooks and hunters of big game with whom he even accepted bets.

In the little town of Golden, Colorado, there was a

character named Marino Leyba.[10] Every officer was looking for this man and yet not one of them would dare cross his path. He was full of bravado and liked to play jokes. An Easterner came to town and was interested in buying some mines. This dude had taken a group of men into the local saloon to set them all up to drinks, when Leyba walked inside. The dude was inclined towards the hefty side and Leyba told him that he did not like fat men. Leyba said, "I am Marino and I hate fat men, and if you're here tomorrow, I'll peg you down and light a fire on that big stomach."

The Easterner was so frightened that he left town on the following day. Leyba was loved by the native people like a Robin Hood. He was finally ambushed and killed by a friend.

One night Lummis was a guest at a Spanish home. They received him warmly and gave him some hot chile and tortillas to eat. He swallowed the hot chile and his mouth and throat were consumed with a burning thirst and his stomach was a "pit of torture." He was convinced that he had been poisoned. He had listened to many stories where the poor Easterner was harmed, and due to the usual ignorance he believed it. He ran out to crunch some snow when his friend came out laughing and told him that he had been eating chile con carne. Next day he was eating the hottest, fiercest and reddest chile and wishing for more. He found out later that the silly superstitions that he had been led to believe about the Spanish

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[10] Charles Lummis, Tramp Across the Continent, p. 125.

people were untrue. Only superficial travelers had those silly ideas about the kindest people on earth.[11]

Lummis must be credited with placing the proper emphasis on the native people and transferring their fine qualities to his books for hundreds of others to read. Lummis calls the Spanish native graceful, musical and tactful. He pays the finest of tributes to these people. In history, their valour was unexcelled and they died for many a noble cause. He describes their streets and villages and finds them fitting monuments to these people. Santa Fe with its quaint streets and burros with "Kidney-shaped loads of wood and jack-rabbits hanging up in the market," interested him greatly.

Lummis says that the Spanish are a simple and kindly people, and though ignorant of books, far ahead of other people in hospitality, courtesy and respect for old age. Cowardice and treachery are qualities that do not show themselves in these men and women. Lummis admits he shared in foolish prejudices once but later grew to know their innate fineness. He knows their good and bad traits, he has tasted shots from their guns, but he has shared in their kind, friendly feelings. The individual is not the race is one of the creeds of the author.

One night, suffering from cold on his tramp, he knocked on a door and asked a woman if she had an auger. She wanted

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[11] Ibid., p. 137.

to know why he wanted such an article. He replied humorously, "Why I thought it might help me bore through this wind." This woman did not possess the author's sense of humor and slammed the door in his face.[12]

His stories are full of every-day friendly interest in humanity. After he was thoroughly exhausted from this trip, he spoke about the physical state of his body. His muscles stood out like "strands of cords" and his feet were as heavy as "lead." He compared his feet to those of a young negress, whose mother asked her, "What's that live coal under yo' feet?" Sally, the negress did not even budge but drawled, "Which foot, Ma?"[13]

The author writes of such varied types of experiences. One time, he had to fight for his life with a tramp; another time his life was saved by his dog. Added to these harrowing escapes, he tells of looking for mirages when he was avid for water. No man can describe anything more accurately than a man who has lived through the actuality of life on a desert.

One time, while hunting for antelope, he missed his aim and lost his game. Later, he got a doe as "agile as a gray-hound" and an animal which could "fly like an exaggerated thistle-down."

Lummis gives us a pithy epigram about this experience:

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[12] Ibid., p. 41.

[13] Ibid., p. 16.

"Ill luck can never outweary perseverance."

Lummis in King of the Broncos shows the wild and gorgeous West with representative and stirring stories of reality. At the close of the book, he has a chapter called, "My Friend Will," which is a brief autobiography. This part brings out the pluck and determination the author had when faced with handicaps and trouble. Because of the power of Lummis in vivid descriptive writing, he has been compared to Bret Harte and Rudyard Kipling.

His close observation of the ways of men is exhibited when he imitates their dialects. One type of man found in "Bogged Down" was a cowboy with a bony structure called "Baby Bones." He was aware that "he warn't purty but he knew cows and bronks from away back." The general build of his figure would remind people of a "Two-futted brandin iron." The author has, as usual, a clever image in his comparisons. Baby Bones was able to catch some cattle thieves when they got Bogged Down" in the mire. Humorously, Baby Bones says, "Pears like them cattle's thet thin yo' kinsee the brand through from the fur side."[14]

The "Jawbone Telegraph" is an interesting story and a blood-thriller. A wild Westerner was tipped off that the train was to be wrecked. He was about to send a message to

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[14] Charles Lummis, King of the Broncos, "Bogged Down," (New York: Scribner, 1897, 1918), p. 37.

the train when he spied the armed crook watching him. He tried to give the other telegrapher the signal, but in vain. The moment was tense and the crook was well supplied with guns. Thinking desperately, the cowboy tapped his teeth with his knife while he nervously watched the clock. In a minute, it would be too late! He noticed the taps in the silence of the room and made a coded message which his friend received. The train was saved.[15]

Humor is found in the anecdote of the Eastern doctor who was going to see the country school-teacher in the story of the "Bravo's Day Off."[16] He wanted to look his best for his sweetheart so he decided to change his clothes on the way. He chose a large tree as a shield and proceded to undress when a dog barked and ran towards him. He climbed into the tree hastily to escape the so-called wild beast. The picture made was quite comical. The dignified doctor caught up in the tree with the dog guarding below, was a very amusing sight. A native boy saved the day by calling the dog off with the simple word, "Vayate." This animal could understand Spanish only. Later, the same boy saved the teacher from a drunken man's bullets and was killed himself. Santiago lost his life and paid the price of admiring an American school-teacher and getting an education.

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[15] Ibid., "Jawbone Telegraph," p. 97.

[16] Ibid., "Bravo's Day Off."

Lummis is a great lover of animals and nature. He has an innate understanding of creatures and attributes great power to them.

"The King of the Broncos" is a horse named Lucero or "Star of the Morning." In the background of this story are pictures of cattle rustling and riding wild unbroken horses like Lucero. Juan, a ranch boy, was able to recapture this Lucero through magnificent roping and bravery. Expert horsemanship is shown when they blindfold the horse and capture him. All the best tricks of conquering wild stallions are found here. A renegade Navajo thief stole the horse and accidentally fell off a cliff. The calm and collected way in which this boy met death is a poignant and masterful passage.

> He stood up on his horse's back with his last hope gone; and then he sat superbly stiff with his profile clear and stern against the sky. Talk of cameo's, not one in an European museum could compare with it. A sharp black cameo which looked wondrously tiny when it was all cut upon the blue, then no longer moving and then--then nothing but the blue.[17]

This crash was delicately worded by the author in a very clear-cut picture. The rider, unsaddled, like a king of the storm went over the cliff to his death in a rare fashion. He showed the dignity of the Navajo, who seeing all is gone retains his immutable poise.

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[17] Charles Lummis, The King of the Broncos, "King of the Broncos," p. 3.

A very humorous incident is found in a tale of the hunt, called "Green's Bear Trap."[18] The plot is centered around a hunter named Green, who wanted a bear. He used a steer's head for a bait, tied this head to a rope with one end fastened to his foot. He did this so he would be awakened if the bear got the steer's head. In the middle of the night, the whole camp was awakened by a loud noise and they started up to see the cause of the disturbance. Much to their laughter and surprise, they find their friend Green galloping on his bed out to the woods. The bear had pulled the whole equipment out and Green did not even have a gun. The bear and the trap were both gone, but no one forgot the comical scene of Green being dragged outside on a bed.

Sportsmanship and pluck are of much more importance than a college or a fraternity while you are out on the plains, where man has to run up against a force that is mightier than the college you last attended. Contact with nature teaches you far more than academic studies. The author writes of many incidents where lives were threatened by animals and only quick wits saved the persons.

The author had a talent for taking pictures to illustrate memorable scenes. During times of great danger, if the incident was interesting enough, he got his photograph. He

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[18] Ibid., "Green's Bear Trap," p. 167.

had quite a rich collection of pictures of days on the desert, days in Indian villages and glimpses of his own childhood. The camera had shared with him a thousand tragedies and joys.

This particular sitter, described in "My Smallest Sitter,"[19] was a humming bird, which is the tiniest and tenderest of the feathered world. He mentions the contrast of this little bird and his squat, hard, rope-burned hand. He could not tell the sitter to pose so he had to wait his chance. He finally succeeded and she flew off as blithely as if she had always been used to a camera.

Lummis is such a great animal and nature lover that he is even fascinated by the snake. He gives a great deal of information concerning one called the Pichu-cuate, the asp found in New Mexico. "The Bite of the Pichu-cuate" tells of a very exciting happening in connection with this snake.

Claudio, a tousle-headed Mexican, who drank coffee that was black as ink and strong as lye, was the character who lived through a terrible hour with this type of a reptile. While tending to his sheep, he was attacked by a bear. There is ghastly humor in connection with the horror. The great claws of the bear were buried in his scalp and blood was spurting everywhere! Because of the closeness of this beast, he could feel not only its body but its villainous breath

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[19] Ibid., "My Smallest Sitter," p. 179.

coming sickeningly into his face. The froth from the bear's mouth was tinged with Claudio's blood. All at once the animal withdrew its claws and fell limp to one side biting the dirt. Claudio thought the bear was bewitched until he turned him over and found the deadly asp. But the asp was clinging to his thumb and in another minute, it would be too late! He must act quickly and intelligently! He was looking for his knife when he spied his six-shooter and cocked it. There was one bullet left and in one swoop, he took his thumb off at the joint. Claudio says, "Why talk of bargains, for so cheaply I bought my life twice in one hour."[20]

The author believes the rattlesnake fascinates its prey. At times, he feels like dropping his stick and holding out his arms to one. A "sweet drowsiness and dreaminess" tempted him to carry out this impulse. Deer, swans or any of those so-called graceful animals are lubbers as compared to this one. It is a distinct and superior creature, capable of unhampered motion, and it "swings, sweeps, and waves from side to side in liquid sinuousness that is so beautiful that it is unreal." The eyes glitter like "diamonds" and the "pale, pink mouth twinkles its thread of a tongue." By these certain words, Lummis gives the real feeling of this slimy, long creature.[21]

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[20] Ibid., "The Bite of the Pichu-cuate," p. 55.

[21] Charles Lummis, Tramp Across the Continent,

Easterners need not be worried about snakes in the West, as the chance they will be bitten is too infinitesimal. The rattlesnake is a truer gentleman than many, as he always gives a warning.

The Pichu-cuate has recurving fangs and a mouth that is a wonderful mechanism. He has two automatic needles and his poison goes in an invisible spray. Finer than a cobweb, yet he can bring death to the strongest man. Even the snake charmer will have nothing to do with him.

Lummis presents a world of variety in his subject matter. This trait is well represented in his personality, which is unusually colorful and spectacular. He gives to the common man a world of human interest; yet his style and vocabulary would entrance a scholar.

He wrote two books which contain stimulating information for the traveler and a liberal education to the student. These books are, Some Strange Corners of Our Country,[22] and Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo.[23] The latter book contains all the facts in the former, which was published many years earlier and was considered a classic in its time. These books contain research material on the topography, history and romance of

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[22] Charles Lummis, Some Strange Corners of our Country (New York: Century, 1892), pp. 1-278.

[23] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo (New York: Century, 1925), pp. 3-515.

the Southwest. They plead the cause of the Indian and glorify the natural scenery of the West. Although many men have written about the Southwest, few have described it as well as Lummis, who takes the lead in literary descriptions of this type. Lummis casts a veil of loveliness over these scenes in such a way that all men desire to see these spots.[24]

Many travelers have seen the Grand Canyon; yet there are few who can completely express their emotions concerning these great landmarks. Many men are unable to travel; in Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo they find a rich store of material all graphically placed, which will hold the reader spell-bound. "The Castle on the Rhine"[25] is a Franciscan church in Abó, which suggests to Lummis, an inner charm of old worn-out places, rich in historical background. He finds the simple Indian homes and missions as great as any places in the East that are supposedly more glamorous. That travelers forget the lovely things close at hand and go to far-off places for this glamor, is a tragedy of human nature.

People go thousands of miles to see the Sahara Desert when right here in our own Southwest lies the majestic Grand Canyon.

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[24] "Review of the Books of Charles Lummis," New Mexico Review, Vol. I, 1926.

[25] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 120.

An observer of the Grand Canyon will stop suddenly on the brink and will find: "A Panorama of a thousand square miles at a glance of peaks, pyramids, pinnacles, minarets and towers all swimming in an eneffable light. It is a very mirage in immortal rock--an unearthly chameleon with the hours."[26]

Lummis mentions an old friend and writer, Mayne Reid, who opened to literature the vast new field of the Southwest. Also credit must be given to Thomas Moran, the artist who did many canvasses of the Grand Canyon, "Titan of Chasms." As fine as this artist depicted this grandeur, Lummis states that not even the artist's magic brush can give but a noble suggestion.

It is a new cañon every hour! You have a new scene every minute, a shifting stage and a dissection of the whole cosmogony. And in this "Prodigious serpentine," hundreds of arms join their mother. The discovery of this cañon goes back to the time of 1540, when Cardenas stood on its bank in wonder; and in Europe, Luther was just starting the reformation.

A professor took his class to the canyon on an expedition. No man needs a diagram to follow here where the very book of creation is opened to them. The greatest lesson

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[26] Ibid., p. 28.

is learned here through contact with the glories of nature, not through a man with theories.

Theodore Roosevelt, an old school-mate of Lummis, said of this canyon when he visited it in 1903, "It fills me with awe! Do nothing to mar its grandeur. Keep it for your children and their children."

Lummis says that if he were a dictator, no American should hold public office who had reached the age of fifty and had not visited it.

The author is inspired by its loveliness and magnificence and this affects his power of description greatly. One cannot get the tremendous scope unless he goes below to view the granite gorge and growling river and see the vast mystery of this sublimal world. He has seen strong men weep in speechless awe over this spectacle. Charles Warner, another one of his friends says, "The beauties and sublimities of the imaginings of Shelley in "Prometheus Unbound," do not match this great wonder."[27]

Only fairy-like, magical words of a mystic charm are used to tell of this wonder of wonders. Lummis is rapt in nature and feels its presence strongly; in such a mood, the poet-like quality is inspired.

Some Strange Corners of our Country has one of the

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[27] Charles Lummis, Some Strange Corners of Our Country, p. 14.

earliest descriptions of Death Valley.[28] Lummis compares it to the Dead Sea in its lack of vitality. There are marvelous illusions in its mirages and one can find traces of the terrors of thirst, starvation and exhaustion. Lummis tells of the Donner family who suffered great privations and death here, even resorting to cannibalism. The delirium of the people who lived through these hardships is described. Skeletons are found here and have been preserved in the natural asphalt of the valley. This valley leaves its victims mummies! Long before streams can reach there, they are swallowed up by the air that is so dry that it leaves oxen gaunt; and for food the starving person can have ox-hide to eat.

The Arizona scenes in the book are represented by the Petrified Forest and the Natural Bridge. The Petrified Forest is a very puzzling forest of giant conifers and is a kaleidoscope of their "rainbow chips." It is an enchanted woodpile and contains a honeycomb with the oldest sugar in the world. All the broken chips are of rainbow mosaic and here you can carry away a million tons of memories.[29]

The Natural Bridge in Arizona has a magnitude great enough for an army. Its groined limestone is magnificent

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[28] Ibid., p. 38.

[29] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 110.

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[28] Ibid., p. 38.

[29] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 110.

with water that seems to have had architectural training. The roof with its stupendous domes must have been done by some peerless architect.[30]

Lummis says that the heavens of New Mexico burn with millions of magnified stars such as the East never dreamed about. Volcanic lava flows, there, are rivers of burnt cinders of gigantic size and possess enormous bubbles and strange, savage waves.

These rivers are "Rivers of Stone,"[31] but they have a strange force and a definite power. Lummis was one of the first men to have noticed snow in these arid parts and he called it eternal snow. A refrigerator placed in the hottest spot in the world is this snow.

Even when Lummis was on his tramp and his feet were filled with hard prickles, he could enjoy the dazzling white of the Rockies by day and the indescribable purples that it melted into at dawn. A true and great lover of nature is this writer. His books abound with ecstatic thoughts of the American nature world.

If it becomes as fashionable to write about America as Africa, we shall have a chance to learn that in the heart of the most civilized nation on earth, there are still savages. The Indians and Mexicans adhere to early customs and have

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30 Ibid., p. 129.

31 Ibid., p. 230.

some of the strangest reasons for carrying out their marriages, feasts, deaths and dances. The author deplores the lack of information on the Southwest.

As its title suggests, Strange Corners is a miscellany of unusual peoples, places and customs discovered by Lummis in the American Southwest. Witchcraft[32] is one vital force that governs the lives of many of these people. These witches have the power to do anything if you cause their disapproval or arouse their anger or revenge. Some take the form of animals and one must never harm them, as they will bring you bad luck. Your pet dog or cat might be your enemy so you must treat him with the utmost caution. Witches may put sores on a person or afflict him with terrible diseases. One drunken man angered a witch and she caused a live mouse to grow in his stomach. Later, when he repented, another witch coaxed it out through his mouth and rid him of the menace.

When Lummis was stricken with paralysis in 1888, the Indians claimed that he was bewitched and urged him to accuse the guilty party.

The Shaman or medicine man, as he is called in the Indian tribe, practices witchcraft on the sick people. He removes a cloth or branch from the mouth of the sick person and then he will feel better, as his sickness is removed.

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[32] Charles Lummis, Some Strange Corners of Our Country, p. 66.

The Indian hunter always carries a fetish for good luck. Just a small stone with a turquoise heart might bring the best of fortune. Before the hunter will eat the rabbit that he has caught, ceremonies must be performed to the slain spirit and the animal must be made "as a human." Then the animal is skinned, drawn and roasted, and a dance precedes the feast.

One man was visited by the medicine man before a hunt and told that his horse would throw him. He didn't believe the prediction and left, but true to the Shaman's word, he was thrown. The Indian believes he can never win against these powers, which are the good or evil forces in the lives of the Indian.[33]

One man was crippled by the enchantment of a witch and she was beaten by many men in the village. In reality, the man might have had rheumatism.[34]

The taking of scalps by Indians is symbolical and mystical. They don't take these scalps because they are cruel, but to prove their prowess. In this way, the spirit of the victim becomes the possession of the scalper.

The Indians treat animals as people, which shows a certain religious consciousness. Everything in an Indian's

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33 Ibid., p. 215.

34 George James, New Mexico. Land of the Delight Makers (New York: Colonial Press, Page Company, 1920), p. 463.

life has true significance and every influence is due to these spirits.[35]

Some of the stories have a tinge of humor, which is grotesque. One man, Patapalo, was bewitched while he was drinking coffee, and his leg grew crooked. Another man was changed into a woman for punishment.[36]

In "Three Live Witches," one man, named Juan, had his eyes swallowed by a dog. He had taken out his own eyes and laid them on a table and put a pair of cat's eyes on for a nocturnal ramble. For the rest of his life, Juan was forced to wear the eyes of a cat.

One woman was changed into a coyote because she had incurred the anger of some witch. Señora Baca had a sore on her nose that kept getting bigger and dripping like white pebbles.[37] This witch was warned that she had better cure her; so she pulled out a seven inch sinew inside the Señora's nose and cured her of her malady.

Lummis feels that it will be a long time before the state will be rid of this power, which is a force back of their deaths, births, dances and festivals. Their literature is embedded with this sense of superstition and mysticism.

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35 Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, pp. 347-373.

36 Ibid., p. 349; also in Strange Corners, p. 70.

37 Charles Lummis, New Mexico David, "Three Live Witches," p. 123.

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35 Charles Dumbs, Sea , Cycle, and Shore , p. 229.

36 Ibid., p. 229; also in Strange Customs ,

37 Charles Dumbs, "Three Active Old Witches," p. 123.

Lummis has the most picturesque and glowing subject matter with which to deal. The Land of Poco Tiempo[38] is a masterpiece in knowledge and truth. Here are actual pictures, local coloring, lazy Western scenes with an interesting background of Indian and Mexican culture. The thrilling aspects and the folklore are here in a style which contains a highly descriptive vocabulary. It is written in a thoroughly delightful manner with a singular insight into the country and people.

Very many people are interested in the order of the Penitentes, a Spanish and Catholic order, existing in the Southwest. Lummis was one of the few men in these early times, to have the chance to observe their activities. He took authentic pictures of them, when his life was very much in danger. These men do penance for their sins during Lent and even have had crucifixions. San Mateo is the special spot for their rites and the author went there to study them, following his break-down.

In The Land of Poco Tiempo Lummis gives a detailed account of the history, customs, and songs of the Penitentes.[39] Even though their early history goes back to Spain, people have ignored the actual existence of such an order for years. The idea of the whip as a means of grace goes back to the

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[38] Charles Lummis, The Land of Poco Tiempo (New York: Scribner's, 1893), pp. 3-310.

[39] Ibid., "The Penitente Brothers," p. 79.

Egyptians and the Greeks. In the eleventh century, Cardinal Peter Damian preached and practised self-whipping as a penance. The order of the Penitentes was founded in Spain three hundred years ago. The first public penance was done by Juan De Oñate and his men in 1594.

A tall musician called a pitero[40] plays an unearthly melody from a reed called a pito. This tune is like a wild shriek which carries an indescribable terror with it. Its song of too-ootle-te-too is plaintive and sad. The wail of the flute and the chant of the Penitentes unnerved the author. A queer poetic feeling is aroused through the effects of this strange, melancholy rhythm.

While on this visit to San Mateo, Lummis was outside the Morada watching their rites in a most fascinated way. He held his camera in his hand. Suddenly shots flew around him. One took his hat from his head. Later, in Isleta, he was followed by one of the most revengeful brothers and received a serious wound.[41]

The backs of the flagellants look like beefsteaks when they finish beating themselves. Some of the women have ropes tied around their waists to stop circulation and they walk in

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40 Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 124.

41 Ibid., p. 128.

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[40] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 127.

[41] Ibid., p. 128.

shoes filled with pebbles. "Do you think one should go to Africa for barbarianism?" the author asks his readers.[42]

"A Penitente Flower Pot" is a story centered around a young girl who was watching a strange flower. This plant, a sort of heliotrope, blooms by fits and starts. The girl thinks of it as bewitched and watches it closely. The flower seems to speak with pity to the girl. Its eyes are blood-shot, and hoarse, inarticulate sounds come out of its gagged blue lips. It is the voice of Juan, the Penitente, that is heard. All the people of these days believed in witchcraft; so the girl was not at all surprised. The brother has been buried in this jar and forgotten because he had broken some vows. He begged her to save him and then to leave for he knew the revenge of his brothers, who always found the guilty one.[43]

It seems there is a law among the Penitentes that there is a severe punishment for any brother who injures another brother or his family. This punishment is that the offender be scourged with a wire whip and buried to the neck all night in a jar or an olla or to be interred completely

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[42] Charles Lummis, Some Strange Corners in Our Country, "Self Crucifiers," p. 93.

[43] Charles Lummis, King of the Broncos, "A Penitente Flower Pot," p. 117.

alive.[44]

On one of these Penitente rites, there is darkness and terrible noises accompanied by the beating of drums. Lummis interprets this to mean the arrival of the soul into purgatory.[45] The average reader would be kept in suspense as in a mystery tale when reading of these fantastic, yet very real people.

Lummis lived five years of his life in Isleta and it was here that he learned to know his friends, the Indians. Innately, he had a natural love and understanding of this people. He admired their traits, loved their ceremonials and respected their customs. Many of his books are written about their habits, dances and philosophy, tales and legends. He learned to speak much of their language and was never considered an outsider; instead he was thought of as a brother.

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[44] Ibid., p. 118.

[45] George James, op. cit., p. 280. James questions many of the statements made by Lummis, regarding the Penitentes. Since 1889, he has seen many ceremonies and that many of the people have moradas. None of these people are criminals as such men never do penance for their sins.

When there is a beating of drums and darkness, James disagrees with Lummis and says that it means "Earthquake," (p. 296), the culmination of the incident in Calvary. He quotes Lummis in a song of the author, found in Land of Poco Tiempo (p. 108):

. Penitente singer
Why do you go on whipping yourself?
For a cow that I stole
And here I go paying for her.

In spite of his dispute with Lummis on these matters, James pays the author many fine tributes on his works.

alive.[44]

On one of these [illegible] terrible noises accompanied by [illegible] interprets this to mean [illegible] purgatory.[45] The average [illegible] in a mystery tale when [illegible] real people.

Lummis lived five years [illegible] was here that he learned to [illegible] Immately, he had a natural love [illegible] people. He admired their [illegible] respected their customs, [illegible] their habits, dances and [illegible] learned to speak much of their [illegible] sidered an outsider; [illegible]

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[44] Ibid., p. 128.

[45] George James, [illegible], p. 17. James [illegible] many of the statements by Lummis, regarding the [illegible] Since 1889, he has been many times [illegible] people have [illegible] such men never do [illegible]

When there is a [illegible] disagrees with Lummis and [illegible] (p. 296), the culmination [illegible] quotes Lummis in a book on [illegible] Tiempo (p. 108):

[illegible]

In spite of [illegible] James says the author may [illegible]

He was one of the few white men ever to sit in their kiva; and he was even allowed a camera to take films. He was the only white guest permitted to sit around their fires and listen to their quaint stories.

In The Land of Poco Tiempo he has presented the real mood of these people, using easy, natural and colorful words. This book pleads the cause of the Indian and reveals the author's fiery and poetic emotions concerning them. Acoma is an impregnable garden of the Gods; and the burro is an outstanding figure in this wilderness of silence. The Indian ceremonials are never "for fun" and always have a serious reason of life or death in the background. The exhaustless folk-lore lends enchantment to the book with its songs of the cigarro, the guitar and love. Even after one leaves these forgotten cities, he is haunted by the dwellers, the shadowy crags, the grim chasms and the feeling of universality.

The Cochiti plateau is pictured with its tongues of volcanic rock, its dazzling pumice and pillars of gigantic size. The tawny puma, rough trails, wild turkey and the swirling Rio Grande all add to this untamed Western scene.

> It is an enchanted valley. The spell of the Southwest is upon it. The sun's white benediction, the hush of nature's heart, the invisible haunting of all solitudes, the silence that was life--they wrap it in an atmosphere almost unique. It is an impression of a life time.[46]

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[46] Charles Lummis, The Land of Poco Tiempo, p. 139.

The fat-witted, cunning brute of an Apache is one of the favorite subjects of Lummis. In The Land of Poco Tiempo the triumphs of the Apache in war, and his art of killing without being killed are retold with interest. He is acute and tireless with the eye of a kite and the ear of a cat. He possesses the unusual ability of being a commander, a major, a colonel and a warrior. A more self-contained or self-sufficient man never existed than this Indian, who had the most ingenious methods of supplying food for himself in times of distress. The white man could not hope to exist in the predicaments that the Apache has found himself. Lummis portrays the Apache Indian unpalliated and ungilded. The superb campaigns led by General Crook ended their bloody reign.[47]

Lummis finds his rich material in an uncharted land where there were a few barbarians and no gold. He studied the myths of the Seven Cities of Cibola and Quivira, the legends that led the early pioneers here.

In Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, Lummis pays the finest tributes to the "First Americans". He says that they possess wisdom of mankind. The Indian is definitely brown, not red, and surpasses the white man in many of his natural traits. He has honesty, filial respect, conjugal faithfulness and in

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[47] Ibid., p. 157.

these respects ranks higher than our own people. The Indian was only a fighter when the white man was the aggressor and provoker. No tribe has ever violated any code of the government and these tribes remain unspoiled and untouched. Lummis helped to found the Sequoya League, which aroused the people to the proper attitudes concerning the Indians.[48]

The Indians do not always sing, dance, and paint for commercial reasons, but because they wish to follow an art instinct. The most disinterested reader and traveler will want to go to these places and know these people, because Lummis brings the best qualities to the front.

Since the Indians always had protection from their enemies uppermost in their minds, their homes were mostly forts. Architecture has influenced civilization in many ways. Some homes have towers and loop-holes, by which the Indians could see where to shoot arrows out at their enemies. They also had trap doors and outside stairs which show that the enemy would have to climb fast to overtake them. Their terraces were built as special preparation against attacks.[49]

The chapter on "Praying Smoke"[50] brings out some of the customs that the people adhere to at all times. No young

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48 Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 250.

49 Ibid., p. 272.

50 Ibid., p. 380; also in Strange Corners, p. 228.

man is to smoke before an elder, unless he has taken a scalp or has reached the age of twenty-one years. The cigarette is a flag of truce and one does not accept a smoke from another tribe. The Spaniards brought tobacco at the time of their conquest. Tigua was smoked by the Indians before that time. Indian women were forbidden to smoke and one who disobeyed the rule had her tongue slit. While the author was at one of these ceremonies, he noticed that one chief gave out six puffs and he then suspected that it was a special rite. This act was to exorcise all witches from the room. They can even get the services of a Shaman if they offer him a smoke. There is symbolism for Indians in the act of smoking.

The Indian Shaman has to be very well-educated in endurance, racing, war, learning and magic. He goes through a life-time of self-denial, fasting and hard study before he is able to attain this ideal. Yet many Americans think the white race better educated because it does not go to these extremes of sacrifice. The Indians choose their leaders because they are the most fit for service; hence, they do not have the favoritism of politics and law. If they want a certain man like Juan Rey for their leader, it is mandatory that he accept the position. In pueblo government life, the office seeks the man.

Lummis had been out of college four years when he learned the true values of a real education. He learned through

experience that common sense and quick thinking were much more essential than a college degree. He compares much education to people who have yards and yards of lumber and can't get enough boards to make a chicken coop.[51]

Lummis feels that the Indian has suffered in his education gained from the white man. One case he cites was that of a young boy, who returned to his parents and home, a stranger, because of the fact that he could not speak their language and found it hard to adjust himself to their environment.[52]

Bandelier, famous historian and friend of Lummis, explored much of the Southwest with him. He compared his friend, Bandelier, to a cat going over the cliffs, carrying his note-book, while Lummis was always there with his camera. They uncovered facts that would enthrall the historian and the archaeologist. For the lover of literature, Lummis found legends and folk tales of these people.

Near these creamy cliffs of tufa, he found that the Indians of one thousand years ago had laid out better irrigating ditches than the people of today.

Everything about these native people is dear to him. His daughter passed her babyhood in a collapsible hood of willow

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[51] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 390.

[52] Lummis knew this Indian as a grown man in California.

twigs, an Indian cradle called Ta'qui'ru.[53]

The book, Some Strange Corners of Our Country, written in 1892, is one of the earliest books from Lummis' pen. It is difficult to classify because it contains material on the scenic wonders of the Southwest, with sketches of Indians, cowboys, and Spanish life. The discussion of the Moqui snake dance[54] is one of the first essays upon the theme in American descriptive literature. Africa has no savage dances which compare to the mystic dances of the Moqui and their rattlesnake dances. There are no traces of human sacrifice. The Indians keep a rattlesnake in their house for days, feeding and caring for him. The men fast, except for bitter tea, for sixteen days, which is their safeguard against the poison of the snake. To catch these snakes, they tickle them with feathers and put them into bags, which are placed in their estufa. The night before the dance, they wash these reptiles with sands upon an altar. They shake their ceremonial rattles made of gourds. The leader of the dance goes up to the bag and takes out one of the largest rattlesnakes and places its head between his teeth. His partner dances beside him smoothing the body of the snake with his snake whip. As many as one hundred and ninety snakes have been used in this particular

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[53] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 390.

[54] Ibid., p. 144; also Some Strange Corners of Our Country, p. 43.

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[54] Ibid., p. 144; also Some Strange Corners of Our Country, p. 43.

dance. In one ceremony, a man was bitten by one of the snakes, but he casually unclasped it and went on in the dance as if nothing had happened.

This dance was difficult to photograph because it was at night and the faces were painted black. The Indians wear fox-skins, besides their rattles. It is believed that the rattlesnake was one of the first ancestors of the Moqui tribe.

To the tune of the pom pom of the drums, the author saw an interesting dance in Laguna. The faces of the Indians were besmeared with vermillion. Around their necks they wore necklaces of bear claws. As the music of the chant rose and fell, the dancers brandished their tomahawks, stamping their feet in perfect unison. Lummis made a funny picture wearing a sombrero, carrying a skunk skin and a stuffed coyote.[55]

He tells of the massiveness of head that the Indian type possesses, with strength rather than delicacy in feature. The jaws are as calm and inexorable as fate, while the brows, nose and forehead are full of character.

It is remarkable that these unwashed nomads should have a blanket more handsome, durable and valuable than the most intricate looms in Europe have woven.[56]

The Indians have a "Coyote Telegraph", an imitation of the coyote which is used to impart news.

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[55] Charles Lummis, Tramp Across the Continent, p. 162.

[56] Charles Lummis, Some Strange Corners of Our Country, p. 45.

The Indians have a council which blesses the seasons and crops and it is called "Tuskeewim."

Some Strange Corners of Our Country interprets the evolution of pueblo family life. Lummis mentions that there was no family life among the Indians until the Spanish missionaries came. The Indian men lived in an estufa in those days and the women and children lived in the main house. The Indians have taken many of the Spanish names, but a family usually bears the mother's name. When they want to choose a mate, the two lovers eat two ears of red and white corn and then they race together. If she wins, she takes a husband; if he wins, he takes a wife. If they come together, it is bad luck.[57]

The author tells in detail about many of the delightful Indian customs, which interest the Europeans greatly. The Indians eat blue maize and "Jerk meat" which was later used by the white men. The Indian baby is better disciplined than the American baby. He is strapped on a board and one never hears a peep out of him.

In Tramp Across the Continent, there is an interesting feast recorded. This feast is called the "Feast of Los Muertos."[58] For many days, the women prepare themselves and their food for this great day. The bell-ringer starts the

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[57] Ibid., p. 253.

[58] Charles Lummis, Tramp Across the Continent, p. 144.

ceremony with the signal of a ring. Each woman comes out with a basket on her head, carrying lighted candles. They go to the graves of their beloved ones and set these candles down on the tombs. They place their baskets, which are well loaded with the best of foods, down near the head of the grave and then they wail loudly. Later, there is a service at the church, which is followed by a feast. The Padre and the church are made richer by the gifts which they take from the graves. This feast commemorates the dead and feeds them spiritually after they are in their happy hunting ground.

On January the twenty-eighth, there is another feast called the "Feast of the Innocents." Someone plays a joke on a pair of lovers and if they believe it, they are made "Innocents." One boy was told that his betrothed wanted to borrow his horse, which he gladly loaned. Since he yielded to the foolish prank, he must give a party for all her friends. He is sent a broom as a symbol that he was made an "Innocent."

The Indian is a great sportsman, always a good loser, and never gets into disputes. The rabbit hunt is described in a very colorful, vivacious manner in New Mexico David. The evening shadows grow deeper and in the soft, New Mexican twilight the cavalcade goes ringing down the hard dirt road. Cabeza de Vaca wrote about this hunt in the year 1539. The hunters in their white trousers, red shirts, maroon leggings and moccasins made a pretty streak of color in the sombre

background. The hunters came swarming over the hill and rode towards us in "a shifting patch of color, the units of which mingled, revolved, danced and fell apart like the gay flakes of a kaleidoscope."[59]

Another fascinating game is the "Gallo Race."[60] It requires great agility and no game is more picturesque. The rooster is buried in the ground up to his neck and each rider comes riding by to snatch it. The Indian is always calm and never angry and continues to grapple for the fowl long after the winner has it. One man named Martin, who was old enough to have grandchildren to tweak his beard, had a steady grip and a supreme grace. Some of the bodies of the racers are compared in their undulance to snakes, others to hawks. After the race, there is a feast of mutton, tortillas, and bread to be given to all.

In The King of the Broncos, there is a legend about the cave boy, Poh-hlaik. This young Indian boy lived near the great white cliff of Puyé. He found out that his father had a traitor in his tribe and warned him of an attack. The boy was able to save his mother from death and was considered a hero by his father. Before this incident had occurred, the father was afraid that his son was too tender and "Mouse-hearted."

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[59] Charles Lummis, New Mexico David, "A Pueblo Rabbit Hunt," p. 58.

[60] Ibid., "The Gallo Race," p. 148.

A lesson was emphasized in this story in the idea that all men are more or less alike, despite their color or race. Love of life was just the same in Puyé as it is today in America.[61]

Lummis has a thousand interests with which to amuse or inform his reader. His versatility is found in this literature of folk-lore, description and travel. In The Land of Poco Tiempo, there are powerful and magnetic passages about the Indian pueblo of Acoma and the neighboring "Enchanted Mesa," which led hundreds of travelers to seek these great scenic wonders of the Indian country. Lummis calls Acoma the Quebec of the Southwest and the Garden of the Gods. A passage from the description of Acoma will illustrate the vividness of the prose of Lummis.

> It is a labyrinth of wonders of which no person alive knows all. . . . One feels as in a strange, sweet, unearthly dream--as among scenes and beings more than human, whose very rocks are genii and whose people swart conjurors. It is a spend-thrift of beauty. . . . And in its midst lies a shadowy world of crags so unearthly beautiful and weird. . . . There are strange rocks and balanced rocks, fairy minarets, wonderlands of recesses and mysterious caves. It is the noblest specimen of fantastic erosion on the continent.[62]

Lummis was a scholar in his reference to the historical part of his tales. The Land of Poco Tiempo makes use of the

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[61] Charles Lummis, King of the Broncos, "Poh-hlaik, the Cave-boy," p. 75; also in St. Nicholas Magazine, Vol. 69, October, 1903, pp. 1072-78.

[62] Charles Lummis, The Land of Poco Tiempo, pp. 57-61.

history of Villagrá, who tells of the famous battle in his Historia De Nuevo Mejico written in 1610 in verse. These verses are roughly written by Villagrá but contain one of the most exciting incidents in history.

In the attack upon Acoma by the followers of Oñate in 1598, many of the Spaniards were killed by the Acomese. The Spanish wanted revenge, so Oñate sent Vicente de Zaldivar to storm the impregnable rock of Acoma. There were only seventy Spaniards to defend themselves against three thousand Indians. Upon the rocky height the Indians were safe, but the Spaniards hid in the enemy camp and built a bridge of logs for the invaders to cross. At close range, the Spaniards were too clumsy and the Indians fell upon them. A deed of personal valour saved them from a terrible fate! One of the Spaniards had accidentally pulled the last log from the bridge, which meant that the remainder of the men on the other side would not be able to get over. Villagrá sprang like a deer across the chasm and cleared the gulf. He successfully pulled the log back into place, so that the rest crossed in safety.[63]

In The Spanish Pioneers, Lummis tells the story of this exciting battle and how the Indians were defeated.

> Outnumbered nearly ten to one, lost in a howling mob of savages who fought with the frenzy of despair, gashed with raw-edged knives, dazed with crushing clubs, pierced

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[63] Ibid., pp. 63-67; also Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 190.

> with bristling arrows, spent and faint and bleeding, Zaldivar and his hero-handful fought their way inch by inch, clubbing their heavy guns, hewing with their short swords, parrying deadly blows, pulling the barbed arrows from their quivering flesh.[64]

The Indians refused to surrender and they stayed in their barricaded houses. The rock was captured and each house in Acoma stormed. One can almost hear the cries amid the terrible fire! A few people were miraculously saved. The young girls were sent to convents in Mexico.

Coronado saw the "Enchanted Mesa"[65] in 1540 and was very impressed with its natural beauty. In 1581, Espejo visited the snake dance here and Oñate took the people as his vassals. Lummis mentions the hero of the famous battle, the man who saved the bridge and the Spanish army. This man, who was Gaspar de Villagrá, a Spanish captain, was a person used to the worst dangers. He had schooled himself to quick thinking in great disasters and often saved himself from death. One time, Villagrá was forced to kill his pet dog and drink his blood, because the Spaniard was dying of thirst amid a desert heat. Lummis calls his poem a "Saturated Solution of Virgil."

Many of the most attractive plots in the works of Lummis center around Acoma and the "Enchanted Mesa." In

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[64] Charles Lummis, The Spanish Pioneers (Chicago: McClurg and Company, 1893), p. 137.

[65] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 213.

New Mexico David,[66] there is another tale from a legend in the fifteenth century about the "Enchanted Mesa." The governor proclaims a holiday and the men go off to hunt, leaving the women of the village alone, except for a youth. The boy is sad that he cannot go with his father and the older men, but feels the weight of responsibility seriously. He guards the town from the cliff while the ruddy sun is resting. The shadows of the houses are creeping and the terraces of the three stories recede like a gigantic flight of stairs. One sees a picture of the women with colorful tinajas on their heads walking over to gather palmilla, a soapy root. The vast stone column had been formed into a type of ladder where the feet of many climbers had left an imprint. This enabled many people to secure passage to the top of the cliff. A cleft gnawed out by the rain afforded a path up the higher levels where the steps in the rocks had been cut. To most people, this rock seems unsurmountable, but these sure-footed creatures thought nothing of climbing it. One could defend himself against his enemy by reaching the top of the mesa and then throwing rocks down the steps to dash the enemy to pieces. This young boy watched for many nights and on the third night, a most unexpected thing occurred. A storm came up and the boy heard the cries of the women and he hastened to

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[66] Charles Lummis, New Mexico David, "The Enchanted Mesa," p. 39; retold by George James in New Mexico, Land of the Delight Makers, p. 181.

New Mexico David."[56] There is another tale of a mad lo
the fifteenth century about the "Bearded Rock" which
nor proclaims a holiday and threaten to cut to pieces
the women of the village alone, spare her children
is said that he cannot go with his father and the
but feels the weight of responsibility
the town from the cliff which
windows of the houses
three stories beside like a gigantic
sees a picture of the woman with colored
heads walking over to
vast stone column
the feet of many climbers
many people to assure passage to the top
cleft gnawed out by the rain afford
levels where the steps in the rocks
people, this rock seems unscalable, but
creatures thought nothing of
himself against his enemy by rending
then throwing rocks down upon
pieces. This young boy
third night, a most unexpected
up and the boy heard

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[56] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, "The Bearded Rock of Acoma," p. 39; retold by Lummis in Land of Poco Tiempo, "The Bearded Rock," pp. 95-98; retold by Joaquin Miller in The Destruction of Gotham, "The Bearded Rock," pp. 1-20; retold by Mary Austin in The Land of Little Rain, "The Bearded Rock," pp. 1-8; retold by Mary Austin in The Flock, "The Bearded Rock," pp. 1-8

them--amid the onrushing currents. He let himself down, fighting the fierce water and thought that he had felt the great ladder shake. He jumped over a gully and sprang into a piñon tree. He started to run to the village when he heard a queer, crashing noise and the great ladder rock fell like a "wounded Titan". The whole valley began to rock to and fro. Many of the ethnologists claim that they have found presence of human life upon this rock. The women were left to die and some of the crazed people committed suicide. The men returned and built a new Acoma. Lummis shows his great art of story-telling when he describes the emotions that the village went through in its fear and utter despair.

Many readers or travelers would not be moved by the Grand Canyon or the Penitente ceremonies at San Mateo; yet they would be stirred by the romantic legend of Katzimo, which is the Indian name for the Enchanted Mesa.

The red country around Acoma reminds the author of a cameo of huge size studded with great rocks. The pinnacles, spires, and towers are more fantastic than the wonders of the Gods. Some look like great truncated cones and some like railroad round-houses. The perfect freaks of erosion are seen here. It was chosen as the ideal playground by the whimsical spirits of the wind, rain, flood and frost. They have carved, gouged and gnawed its periphery into a very labyrinth of bays, gullies, clefts, towers, bastions, caves, natural bridges and gigantic mushrooms.

Acoma is only reached by a series of dizzy trails and Lummis was one of the first to climb the North Trail. The windows of the houses are translucent gypsum and the ceilings are of pine and piñon logs. The people are stately, well-poised, confident and dignified. They may appear strange to more civilized visitors but European civilization must appear equally strange to them. The vocabulary that Lummis used is stupendous and makes a complete picture of their architecture, way of life, and wonderful, natural setting.[67]

Lummis suffered much controversy over his famous tales of the "Enchanted Mesa" or Katzimo. His magnificent passages and stirring stories led many of the travelers out West to see this invincible fortress, and some of them took issue with Lummis' account of the legend of human life which once dwelt on the mesa of Katzimo.[68]

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[67] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 183.

[68] George James, op. cit., pp. 181-183.
The summit lured many of the visitors with the desire to climb the mesa. Professor William Libbey of Princeton waged a war of words with the redoubtable teuton of Western Letters--Lummis. The argument was as to whether it was really the home of the Acomese. The professor spent many hours up there with all equipment trying to disenchant the mesa. Frederick Hodge and many others vindicated the legend and disenchanted the doubter. Hodge went up the precipitous talus and clambered over the lip of the great "Cornucopia" gorge. There was found proof of life in the artifacts, pots, and broken jars. The reason given that the professor could not find life was that these fragments had been washed down the cliff. Hodge also said that "The lore of a millenium is not to be undone by a few hours of careless iconoclasm." Dr. David Starr Jordan upheld Lummis and said that he had matchless skill in mountain climbing and in Indian crafts; besides, he had a genuine love of nature and humanity.

In Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo and in Strange Corners, Lummis tells the story of a dispute in 1857 between Laguna and Acoma over a picture of St. Joseph, which belonged to the Acomese. This painting had been given to the people of Acoma by the King of Spain, Charles the Second. Laguna suffered reverses and wished to borrow the painting, since the other village was enjoying prosperity. The faith of both of these pueblos in San José was quite touching. Laguna kept the picture so long that both tribes decided to have a drawing to find the rightful owner. Again Acoma won, but the others stole it, and bloodshed started. Acoma claimed that since they had won it, it was God's decision that they keep the picture. Judge Benedict said that the picture was valued at about twenty-five cents, but this worthless painting caused a lot of trouble. Acoma won the lawsuit and found the priceless painting by the side of the road. The Acomese say that San Jose started out by himself to find his way back home to Acoma.[69]

From the tribe or family of Tee Wahn in Isleta, Lummis gathers rich material for his book, Pueblo Indian Folk Stories. The Indians are the oldest story-tellers in America and their tales are steeped in folk-lore. The Indians believe everything in nature has a certain power. They do nothing

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[69] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, "A Saint in Court," pp. 404-414; also Strange Corners, pp. 264-270.

In Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, and Storied Cities, Lummis tells the story of a dispute in 1877 between Laguna and Acoma over a picture of St. Joseph, which belonged to the Acomese. This painting had been given to the people of Acoma by the King of Spain. Twelve times the Lagunas suffered reverses and wished to borrow the picture, since the other village was enjoying prosperity. The people of these pueblos in San Jose were quite superstitious. Believing kept the picture so long that each pueblo desired to own it, drawing to find the rightful owner. Laguna claimed that others stole it, and bloodshed ensued. Years elapsed, but since they had won it, in war God's decision must be the picture. Judge Benedict, in the case, decided in favor at about twenty-five cents, but this worthless picture a lot of trouble. Acoma won the lawsuit and regained the possession painting by the aide of the Pope. The Lagunas say that San Jose started out by himself to find his way back to Acoma.[69]

From the tribe of Laguna, Lummis gathered much material for his book, Pueblo Indian Folk Stories. The Indians are the original story-tellers in America and their tales are steeped in primitive philosophy. Everything in nature has a spirit.

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[69] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, "A Battle in Court," pp. 404-414; also Pueblo Indian Folk Stories, pp.

without a reason and it usually is a religious one. These stories have all been handed down from grandfather to grandson and they are told the same way as they were told, generations ago. Each fairy story is an answer to a child's question. These stories in the Indian language run on in a sort of blank verse and have a fixed, metrical form, which is a help to the memory. Even though the men have heard these tales many times, they must quietly sit by, listen and smoke.

Years ago in his old New England home, Lummis sat at his grandfather's knee and listened to fairy tales. Never did he dream he would be here in this strange place listening to the legends of a dusky people.

The cigarette plays an important part in all stories, as it represents rain coming from the cloud's smoke. A magic power is given to cigarettes, because one can get certain aid from them. In "The Antelope Boy,"[70] a man is able to race around the world because he had been given cigarettes by a mole.

All the animals are symbolical and show real human qualities. In the "Coyote and the Bear,"[71] the author tells of the different characteristics of these two animals. The

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70 Charles Lummis, Pueblo Indian Folk Stories (New York: Century, 1910), p. 12. (Published some years ago under the name, The Man Who Married the Moon).

71 Ibid., p. 30.

coyote is considered very stupid and the bear is a wise beast. The bear showed the coyote how to fish by using his tail as a bait. The coyote stuck his tail in the hole and had it practically frozen off his body.

Many of the tales have a lesson or a moral to impart, or they give a reason why something has happened. The false friends usually get punished as in "The Man Who Wouldn't Keep Sunday."[72] This particular villain was killed by the devils.

Some of these stories deal with the creation of different things as witches, war etc. Humor is in all of the stories to delight the younger people; yet, these tales have the depth of the Greek legends. They are interesting historically and mythologically. These fairy tales are full of the beauties of nature with poetry and imagination added to the elements of interesting plots and humorous incidents. There is a powerful human interest here that places this book with the best of its kind--the fresh, companionable and well-written Anderson's Fairy Tales.

In "The Town of the Snake Girls,"[73] and in other stories, people are changed into snakes with tears rolling from their eyes. Some of the people are changed into rattlesnakes and they cannot harm anyone since they give a warning.

In "The Coyote and the Wood-pecker,"[74] there is a

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[72] Ibid., p. 161.

[73] Ibid., p. 130.

[74] Ibid., p. 49.

lesson given to young children and to adults. The coyotes wanted to compete with the brilliance of the woodpecker, so they put a fire-stick under their arms to impress the birds with their brightness. They almost burned to death trying to pretend having what they did not naturally possess. The father wood-pecker warned his children of the foolishness of showing false colors.

One of the best stories from the legendary lore of the Southwest is "The Man Who Married the Moon."[75] The good-looking hero is a young, handsome man, who was a weaver. He had never taken a wife; even though all the girls' hearts were set on him for a future husband. The "Yellow Corn Maidens" who were really witches desired his affections. He consented to marry the maiden who could make the finest corn meal, a meal so fine that it would stick to his pearl dipper. All the women started to grind their metates and work. The "Lady of the Moon" was very beautiful although she only had one eye. She won and caused the jealousy of the others. They were happily married, but he always warned his wife that these other women had wicked designs. The evil ones asked her to join them in their search for amole (soap root). They complimented her looks and told her to see her pretty image in the water. The sisters pushed her into the well, killed her and buried her. There was great mourning when she did not return

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[75] Ibid., p. 53.

and the husband refused to work or play. A buzzard finally found her grave and brought back a flower to the distraught husband. Gradually the flower grew and resumed the shape and figure of his lovely wife. The husband and wife were eager for revenge. The "Moon Maiden" loaned the "Yellow Corn Maidens" a hoop that would change wicked folks into their proper shapes. The women were changed into snakes which were harmless, except to rats.

In "Mother Moon,"[76] the author tells about the time when the moon and sun both had eyes and no one ever rested on the earth. The Trues who are the great gods saw the defect and wished to put out the sun's eyes. The moon offered her eyes instead, so since that day, she is more beautiful because of her great sacrifice.

In "Maker of the Thunder Knives,"[77] boys are forbidden to think of love during the scalping season. One time, some boys disobeyed this law and the girls haunted them until they got the scalp.

These tales are subtle and amuse adults and children of all ages. Lummis was the only white man present at these fireside chats and loved every minute of them from the silent smoke prayer to the lovable folk-tales.

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[76] Ibid., p. 71.

[77] Ibid., p. 74.

A humorous trick was played in a tale called "The Race of the Tails."[78] The hare and coyote were racing one day and the latter was almost a winner when a fresh rabbit sprang up from another hole and won the race. This was one of the many deceptive tricks that were usually played on the dumb coyote. It is a parallel to the story of a race between an Indian and a Mexican. The Mexican had a twin brother who hid in the hills, so when he was tired, the other brother finished the race for him. However, this trick was detected by the Indian when he spied the twin brother hidden in a cave.

The burro is one animal that is never mentioned, since his arrival dates from the Spanish conquests. This is one way by which a reader can tell if a story is new. In "Honest Big Ears,"[79] Lummis repeats an old Indian reason that explains why the donkey strikes with his hind feet. The donkey wanted revenge on the coyote; so he played dead. When the coyote came up to kill him, he suddenly reared and kicked him.

In several of the stories as in "Honest Big Ears" and in the "Man Who Married the Moon," there is presented the idea that if a person gives another person a challenge, he must accept it. When the hare challenged the coyote to a race, he had to try his best. Life is usually at stake in most of

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78 Ibid., p. 99.

79 Ibid., p. 103.

these games of competition. To get rid of the wicked sisters, the "Yellow Corn Maidens," the Moon Lady had them play a game with her hoop. They were both changed into snakes as a result of the game. The hoop seems to accompany these various evil changes.

In "The Drowning of Pecos,"[80] the good people are saved by the Trues in a terrible flood. The evil ones were all destroyed and the good are left to rule. This story is embedded with witchcraft with all of the animals possessing the real power of witches.

Any peculiarity in an animal is noticed and calls for a reason and a story. In "The Brave Bob-tails,"[81] the bear and the badger get short tails because they gave them up to save the lives of their friends. From that day on, these animals have always had short tails.

Many of the plots are similar to our own Grimm's fairy tales. In "Pueblo Bluebird,"[82] a girl is married to sort of a Bluebeard and finds skeletons in every closet. The Indians have the same spirit in their imaginations that our own fairy tale writers possess.

When an Indian child is disobedient, the father might say, "Look out, or I'll send for the grandfathers." Ogres

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[80] Ibid., p. 137.

[81] Ibid., p. 177.

[82] Ibid., p. 203.

these games of competition. To get rid of the wicked witches,
the "Yellow Corn Maidens" [illegible] with her hoop. They were both successful in the
result of the game. The Hoop Dance [illegible] one evil changes.

In "The Drowning of Frog," [illegible]
saved by the Twins in a terrible flood. The evil Ogres were
all destroyed and the good are [illegible]
embedded with witchcraft with all the [illegible]
the real power of witches.

Any peculiarity in an animal [illegible]
a reason and a story. In "The Three Bob-Tails," [illegible]
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save the lives of their friends. [illegible]
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The Indians have the same spirit in the [illegible]
our own fairy tale writers possess.

When an Indian child [illegible]
say, "Look out, or I'll [illegible]

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80 Ibid., p. 127.

81 Ibid., p. 147.

82 Ibid., p. 203.

once roamed Isleta and they used to feed upon fat boys. In "The Hungry Grand-fathers,"[83] Lummis tells of an old man named Desiderio, who had so many wrinkles that he could show an army how to put them on their faces. Desiderio found a hole which was, in former days, one of the homes of the ogres. He scares the children by speaking of the bones, masks, and skeletons that he found here.

Lummis did a Spanish version of these stories and then went over them with an Indian translator. He wanted Americans to understand it, so he had to do much research on the original, Indian stories. In Indian speech, the fashion of compounding words and the order of sentences made an English translation difficult.

The important words in Indian languages are usually last in the sentence and read like this,[84] "Eagle child they or then drink they him made snakes,"--this was the part of the story where a boy was restored and he had to vomit snakes, rabbits, and eagles. This shows the difficult procedure the translator has to go through to preserve these lovely legends.

Lummis says, "You have a tale on you." This means it is someone's turn to tell a story, and no one ever refused this offer.

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[83] Ibid., p. 215.

[84] Ibid., p. 216.

In The Awakening of a Nation,[85] Lummis shows the country of Mexico under the regime of Diaz. The works of Lummis are based upon thorough research in Spanish history. Graphic style, broad understanding of human nature, and a cosmopolitan attitude are well embedded throughout The Awakening of a Nation. The book intended to remove the misunderstandings that so many Americans have of the Mexicans and Mexico. In its fine portrayal of people and places, it is a contribution by a person who intimately knows all the facts. His observations are shrewd, acute, and his ideas are brilliantly sketched.

Mexico is not an Utopia but a human country with human short-comings. The chapters of The Awakening of a Nation are not gotten through haphazard contacts or from hotel hangers-on, but from studies of documents. Lummis hopes for a union in understanding between the Mexicans and the people of the United States. He made his study in 1898, when there were not many Americans who possessed a fair knowledge of the hardships of the Latin people. Lummis conversed with millionaires, bull-fighters, scientists, artists, simple peons, and gained their different ideas. He found Mexico quite ahead in municipal and educational developments.

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[85] Charles Lummis, The Awakening of a Nation (New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1902), pp. 1-179.

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85 Charles Lummis, The Awakening of a Nation (New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1903), p. 1-175.

Every city, even smaller ones like Queretaro, is described with the historical significance attached to all details.

In The Awakening of a Nation, Lummis says that Mexico has factories everywhere, perilous wealth in silver, great produce in wheat, chocolate, and is one of the rare places to have a variety of things from tobacco to strawberries. She also has great ruins, temples, schools, cathedrals, and parks. This book is an excellent aid to the traveler in Mexico.

Many tourists have noticed the great number of beggars on the street. The country has no more beggars than our own, but they look upon things differently. The Mexican pordiosero or tramp must look as repulsive and poor as possible for that is his capital to move the emotions.

The men of Mexico have been renowned in statesmanship, law, and letters. Guillermo Prieto was a great poet, who lived in times of great perils and wrote of his day in a most vivid style.

A great appreciation is shown of the newspapers in Mexico. These periodicals do something besides fill in the gaps with sensational stories as so many of the American papers do. Lummis is always willing to give proper praise to another country and condemn his own land, when he sees defects. He shows tolerance of a high kind in racial comparisons. Some

of our men may feel superior to the poor, ignorant, slow peon, but he is a "Solomon," compared to the men who kicked him.

The real soul of the Mexican people is missed in the American judgment when the American fails to speak their language and rashly criticizes these people.

The best part of the book is when the character and personality of Diaz is delineated in words most apt and outstanding. Diaz, the great and romantic figure walks, unlike the Saxon, with grace and a suppleness like a puma. He is frank, dignified, powerful and poised. He has a mellow, direct, impressive voice and a hand-clasp that is fine and firm, while his eyes are friendly, courteous, and sincere. A man does not come away after meeting Diaz without being awed and impressed. He has a reserve about him without any of the ear-marks of the fox or the wolf there. No scrub could bear himself as he does, a figure that commands respect. Physically, he is one man in ten thousand men who have true grace and bearing. Although his features are Spanish, he has the hauteur and inscrutability of the first Americans. He has a superb deep chest and is a fortress of vitality, which comes from his out-of-door ancestors. A fresh veteran, he has spent his sixty-seven years in real living, many of them in days of distress and misery. Some men have the bearing of Gods, but do not live up to this impression; however, this

one does in every act. He spoke in an "unlisped, luminous, direct, sinewy speech" which made one forget that other people were present. His speech was as musical as the bugle, compact as an Indian, swift and unhurried as the Spanish, concise and lithe as the Greeks, and forceful and clear as the Saxon.[86] Even though this was Lummis' first contact with Diaz, he came away with the feeling of clear thoughts, and the impression of a speech exceedingly diagrammatic. He admired the unusual mental process of this man.

Diaz changed the fate of Mexico, as he changed the system of the schools and every branch of government. When he was a young man, he could have had greater offices, but he refused them, because he would have overshadowed friends who ruled. "All favorites tend to insolence and nothing so irritates a people as the insolence of favorites."[87]

Diaz could carry off the pomp and ceremony of any court and yet he had a modesty with it all. He did not have the usual vice of the autocrat, and this one quality classes him as a great man. He was tireless, methodical, a real family man, a sturdy walker, a superb rider and a real hunter. His career in the army was brilliant and his patriotism was warm and unselfish. He was made Chief of Brigade in Oaxaca, his

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[86] Ibid., p. 112.

[87] Ibid., p. 160.

[86] Ibid., p. 112.

[87] Ibid., p. 150.

home. In times of stress, he had the southern part so well organized that he was a great help to Mexico.

This was a fitting tribute to a man who rose from a nobody to a distinctive and brilliant leader.

One of the last chapters in The Awakening of a Nation is of real interest to the etymologist.[88] Our English language has been enriched by words that it has never known. There are no more interesting nomads than words, because they are like gypsies and go to all corners and homestead, yet they remain in their own birthplaces.

Theodore Roosevelt asked his old college friend, Lummis, to look up the etymology of the word or expression of "hoss-wrangler." There was a Spanish word, cabaleranjo, which was applied to a person in a cowboy outfit. The Texans knew that caballo meant horse, but they did not know the meaning of eranjo, and said "wrangler," and the word was coined. The word "hoosegow" came from "juzgado" the Spanish word meaning jail. "Pickaninny" comes from the word pequeño niño which means little child. The word "dago" comes from the name of a Spanish patron saint, Diego, which means James.

Some Spaniards in South America noticed an animal, which is known to us as the Llama, and asked, "Como se llama?"

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[88] Ibid., "Borrowed from the Enemy," pp. 160ff.

(What is it called?). The Indian there misunderstood this new language and repeated "llama". From that day on, Llama was the name for this animal. An Englishman killed a beast in Australia and asked a native for its name. The native answered "Kan-gu-ru," which meant "I do not understand." The Englishman thought that was the name of the beast and called it "Kangaro."[89] The word "Pooch" comes from a Mexican word in Sonora, Mexico, Pochi, which means "bob-tailed," and is commonly applied to dogs.

Hundred of words have been adopted into the English language from Spanish heritage. "The seal of Spain is upon everything that she has touched." England and the English people cannot boast of their conquest as changing major customs, religion and language.

There is not a dull line in this book. It is suitable reading for all types of people--the traveler, the historian, and the sociologist.

Lummis was such a versatile man that his writings portray unusual ability in many things of interest. Autographs are one of his profound hobbies and interests and they are a great source of information to the lover of history. Lummis had a great collection of personal autographs including those

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[89] Ibid., p. 165; also in Flowers of Lost Romance, "Indelible Spain," p. 185.

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[89] Ibid., p. 165; also in Flowers of Many Hearts, "Indelible Spain," p. 185.

of Webster, Capt. Reid, and Theodore Roosevelt which he treasured throughout his life.

In Some Strange Corners of Our Country and in Mesa, Canon and Pueblo, Lummis has a chapter called "The Stone Autograph-Album."[90] Near Zuñi, southwest of Santa Fe, is a famous rock called in Spanish, "El Morro." Men and famous explorers on their way to conquer would stop and leave their signatures or messages. The heroes wrote their names with their swords, which were usually tinged with blood. These early people did not leave autographs because of any vanity or pride, but as headstones for unknown graves. All the engravings are written in Spanish and to decipher them would require unusual skill in translation and a great knowledge of history. Around 1605, Juan de Oñate, De Vargas, and a Franciscan Manuel de Nieto passed here. The latter established a Zuñi mission and left an inscription with the words, "Carrying Faith." There have been many mistakes made by people in their translations of these early messages.

Because of the great historical significance attached to this "El Morro," it is the world's greatest autograph album. There was a certain Juan Garsya, of whom the author writes,[91]

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[90] Charles Lummis, Mesa Cañon and Pueblo, pp. 460-84.

[91] Charles Lummis, Some Strange Corners of Our Country, pp. 163-82.

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[90] Charles Lummis, Mesa Cañon and Pueblo, pp. 450-84.

[91] Charles Lummis, Some Strange Corners of Our Country, pp. 163-82.

"It recalls a pathetic story--that of a poor soldier who did not write the year of his inscription, but history provided that information." He was one of the Spanish garrison of three men left to guard Zuñi and was slain by the Indians in 1700. Juan de Uribarri with six men was left to avenge this crime. This message was very difficult to understand as it was written in unreadable Spanish. Lummis had a student of ancient writings transpose it. Its curious writing, violent abbreviations and language made a translation almost impossible. It reads,[92] "They passed on the 23rd of March of the year, 1623, to the avenging of the death of Father Letrado." It was signed, "Lujan."

The history of this message is scarcely dreamed of by the average person. It is a story of tragedy and romance. Father Francisco Letrado was sent to Mexico as a missionary to the Jumanos, a tribe that lived East of the Rio Grande. After this errand, he went to Zuni, where fired by his religious zeal, he urged some of the Indians to attend mass. He chided them for their disobedience in not doing their religious duties. The Indians prepared him for death and he knelt down to pray. He was shot and scalped in a merciless manner. The Indians were parading his scalp in a few minutes.

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[92] Charles Lummis, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, p. 468.

That was the reason that his friends, Lujan and others, wished for revenge.

Evon Z. Vogt, the custodian of El Morro National Monument wrote an article called "Autographs in Stone."[93] Many people have signed the register here at El Morro monument. Among the interesting persons who have given the register one of the best tributes, is Charles Lummis. With his big, black cigar in his mouth, Lummis wrote most of the night. One of the best passages that he wrote for the register was: "No other cliff in the world records so much of Romance--adventure--heroism. Certainly, all the rocks in America do not, all together, hold so much of American History." Acoma and El Morro were two of the beloved places in the mind of Lummis.

Lummis visited here in 1885 and later in 1926. He did not discover it, but popularized it to a great extent by writing of it. El Morro was rediscovered by Lieutenant J. H. Simpson and R. H. Kern. Vogt mentions many of the interesting autographs, which are inscribed here, such as those of Oñate and Don Nieto, who with indubitable arms and valor passed and left their records here. De Vargas mentions in his records that he had camped in an orange cove and thanked God that there

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93 Evon Z. Vogt, "Autographs in Stone," New Mexico Magazine (1935, vol. 13), pp. 9-11.

was water. Any searching party would know by these messages, the direction and dates of various expeditions.

"Pasó Por Aqui," is a customary notation and it is known that twenty-seven parties of Spaniards passed here between the years of 1605 and 1774. There are some ruins here, which have never been excavated.

Lummis had an abiding interest in the past and a deep reverence for those men who died in silence, martyrs to our civilization. He is able to delve all the details out of early history and romance for the reader.

Lummis makes literature live with the true facts from the past, illuminated, so that no one dreams that he was not living in those days of perilous action. His history is so clear and well-defined that the college student can enjoy it to a great degree; yet, he is so scholarly in his attempts that he does not fail to please the historian. His history is as exciting as a breath-taking novel with real, fiery events recorded of people who fought and died for a cause.

He contributes one of the rare editions and most important source works of the Southwest in The Memorial of Fray Alonso de Benavides.[94] This critical translation is well-worth preserving, with its notes by students of early history.

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[94] The Memorial of Fray Alonso de Benavides, 1630. (Translated by Mrs. Edward Ayer, edited by Charles Lummis, and annotated by Frederick Webb Hodge). Published in Chicago: Donnelley Company, 1916, 309 pp.

It is also a document that is invaluable to the historian. In 1625, Fray Alonso de Benavides told of the churches he had built and the different work of the missions. Lummis gained one extant copy of this precious document and used it for research. Lummis read of a caracol stairway in the descriptive passages of the ruins; and he used his idea of it in his own home and museum. This work appeals more as history than as literature.

Lummis hopes for a real history some day, one that will begin with the early days of the Southwest and go up to the present day. He does not want a biased, prejudiced account of these facts but a true record, not one written behind closet doors. Throughout all his books, he adheres to historical accounts and weaves them in all his legends and romances. In New Mexico David, Lummis tells of the feeling stirred up over an incident where a priest, Friar Diego Zeinos, killed an Indian. This "Red Fourth of June" is believed by the Indians of San Felipe to have occurred; however, no history gives an account. This story was heard in Spanish and told in vivid English. In this story, "The Miracle of San Felipe,"[95] the Felipe Indians and the Cochiti Indians had a bloody massacre. The San Felipe tribe saved a priest by disguising him as an Indian. The priest was Father

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[95] Charles Lummis, New Mexico David, "The Miracle of San Felipe," p. 178.

Cisneros, who performed a miracle and saved the San Felipe tribe from death. The Indians were dying of thirst, when Father Cisneros prayed and performed a great miracle. Supposed to be the saviour of San Felipe, the people still celebrate his anniversary. Lummis was aware of the superstition and the actual facts, but the story has a significance in history, according to a certain tribe.

Lummis wanted the Spanish pioneers to get the praise and adulation due them for their great work in conquest. He proves that they do merit this praise by telling of their wonderful deeds of valour in one of the best books he wrote, The Spanish Pioneers.[96] Here is a story of the highest manhood, told briefly and thoroughly and in a most exciting and picturesque style. The book is a fitting monument to the work that the author did on behalf of the missions of California. He brought the full recognition of the Spanish people to the minds of the American people. Years of research and study made possible this splendid insight into historical characters.

In The Spanish Pioneers, the reader can see the reasons behind the failure and success of so many of the famous men. Lummis believes that manhood as a whole should be respected more than any nationality, race or color. According to the

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[96] Charles Lummis, The Spanish Pioneers, pp. 17-284.

author, Columbus would have been a greater man if he had stopped voyaging after his first trip. Both this man and Cortez were incapable of withstanding great power and prosperity. This quality of remaining undaunted through greatness and fame is the attribute of a truly great person. Cortez, even though brilliant was changed into a tyrant, removing any obstacles that stood in his ambitious way. He became a traitor to his friends and to the king. When he grew tired of his lawful wife, he had her strangled and married an Indian girl. All the early explorers are well sketched with their personal traits and the incidents which spelled triumph or failure in their lives. The explorer must have qualities of mind and body that are fitted to his rare task. He has to be a well-rounded man both mentally, and physically. His body need not be "as strong as Samson's, nor his mind like Napoleon's, but heart, mind and body must all be there in the measure of a strong man."[97]

Lummis remarks that it is interesting to note what part blunders and unintended happenings have played on our civilization.[98] The two wonderful trips to America were made by men, accidentally, and were actually the disappointments of men who had hoped for something very different.

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[97] Ibid., p. 101.

[98] Ibid., p. 102

In "The First American Traveller," a chapter of The Spanish Pioneers,[99] the adventures of Cabeza de Vaca are told. This explorer had the great spirit within him that always made him "Go on," even though he were ill and in misery. He looked like a human skeleton when he arrived close to the present Mississippi River. For six years, he lived among the Indians, sometimes as a slave, and sometimes as a medicine man. It is a wonder that the Indians did not kill him, as he was of no use to them either as a warrior, or as a hunter. He was the first European to see a buffalo and one of the few white men ever to exorcise spirits among the Indian tribes. There is no more romantic tale than the story of de Vaca and his four friends walking across the wilderness to conquer wild tribes.

The Spaniards not only found and conquered, but converted. Lummis is a bit sentimental when he says that the Spanish never robbed the first Americans. There were royal decrees enacted providing for the protection of the Indians, but Coronado, Oñate and many others violated the royal enactments. One has more agreement when Lummis proves the Spanish missionaries as a cornerstone of civilization.

The Spanish Pioneers surveys Spain's conquests throughout the Americas. In "Pioneer Missionaries,"[100] Lummis

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[99] Ibid., pp. 110-116.

[100] Ibid., p. 149.

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[99] Ibid., pp. 110-115.

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discusses the Aztec worship. The Aztecs and other pagan tribes of Indians worshipped gods and made human sacrifices to them. They considered that the best should be given to their gods; so the ripest for such a homage would be a human. They stretched these victims out on the altar and butchered them. Their palpitating hearts were cut out and offered to the idols, and the bodies thrown down the steps to be devoured by the Mexico Indians. These people were not usually cannibals, but they considered it a great honor to eat a victim of the sacrificial altar. The Spaniards had all these strange forces to break down by teaching their creed of love and brotherhood, which was unintelligible to these men. Ignorance, superstition and weird habits of generations were confronted by the Spaniards. Yet the Spaniards have been rashly criticized. It was Spain that gave the world marvelous scholars, chroniclers, students of antiquities, art and history which are only paralleled by Herodotus and Strabo.

Men of hardihood stand out in all the stories of Spanish conquest. The story of another brilliant soldier, who fought with Cortez, is told in "Alvarado's Leap."[101] Alvarado fighting against savage warriors was the last to cross a dyke. Just as the brave Spaniard went to cross, the current broke

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101 Ibid., "Alvarado's Leap," p. 174.

through, killing his horse and wounding him. His friends were gone and he was hemmed in by enemies, when he decided to take a plunge across the flood. He thrust his lance in the ground and vaulted himself eighteen feet to safety. This marvelous feat has not been surpassed by any other hero in history.

Tales of the "American Golden Fleece" led many a Spaniard to seek a new land. The stories of the "Gilded Man" or "el hombre dorado" lured the Spaniards to South America and to new fields of exploration. Even though this search for gold was in vain, it did give to the world a geography above the equator.

One man who gained fame and glory, yet remained untouched by this greatness, was Pizarro, the founder of Peru. The last part of The Spanish Pioneers, called "The Greatest Conquest,"[102] is dedicated to Pizarro, whom Lummis portrays as a truly great man. Pizarro was a swine-herd boy in Truxillo, Spain, yet he possessed the qualities of a hero and the power to bear disaster. Alone, imprisoned by the sea, with no food or water, surrounded by mutinous men and all kinds of danger, this man Pizarro would not "give up."

Lummis compares him to Crook, our greatest of Indian conquerors. Pizarro was modest, gallant, broad, brave and

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[102] Ibid., pp. 203-292.

[102] Ibid., pp. 203-232.

noble, with a strain of perseverance in his blood that allowed him to do great deeds. He was never happier than when he was moving around his troops, dressed simply, without any mark of distinction to show his position. After this great explorer was famous, he wanted nothing better than to return to his old home in Spain where he tended pigs. He could join the highest and the lowest with the best of ease, and left his admirers with the idea of greatness in simplicity. "Como le va, amigo?"[103] might be his words to any of the simple, farm boys of his village.

The right sort of minds think best and swiftest when there is most need for them to act quickly. All the jumble of thoughts are swept away and there is one great motive that leads to the goal of victory. Lummis considered this trait a spark of true genius. Most intelligent people have that mental lightning, but when it comes instantly and illumines the darkest crisis, then it is genius. "This type of lightning splits the slow, tame air asunder, even as a fire dashes on its way."[104] Pizarro showed this quality when he captured Atahualpa, an Indian chief. By scaring these Indians, he was able to subdue them and to receive a magnificent ransom. The Spaniards began to fear this chief's

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103 Ibid., p. 231.

104 Ibid., p. 250.

treachery, since they possessed something worthwhile. (People have a great desire to live and to fight if they gain something very dear to them). Atahualpa was executed and Almagro, once a friend of Pizarro, was killed also for being untrue to a man who had given him the best.

Francisco Pizarro put the staples of everyday living in the hands of all in Peru. He was truly great as he had a mean beginning, yet he arose to fame and fortune. In all of this he showed the spark of genius and a beautiful soul of simplicity.

This is one of the best histories of the Southwest that have been written. Its style is swift, colorful, vital, clear and its purpose well-defined. It gives to the literary and historical world, an unbiased and brilliant account of Spanish conquest and heroism.

In a later edition called The Spanish Pioneers and the California Missions,[105] Lummis writes of the Spanish missions in California and of the great colonizer and apostle, Junípero Serra. The mission era is saturated with romance in its Spanish names, fiestas, legends, and songs. These early missionaries built these temples to God without the use of roads, cables, railroads and sawmills. Fray Junípero

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[105] Charles Lummis, The Spanish Pioneers and the California Missions, "The California Missions and What They Did to the United States," (Chicago: A. C. McClurg, 1936), pp. 295-327.

spent his early years in Mexico converting thousands of heathen. After hard work in California, he founded the missions of San Diego, San Carlos, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura and Santa Clara. Lummis helped to preserve these missions which stand today as great monuments to civilization. Because the author helped to save the mission of San Juan Capistrano, he was bequeathed a chair which had been made for Fray Junípero.

Lummis' contributions to history are very valuable. During an expedition to South America, accompanied by Bandelier, he was able to collect rare materials in many lines. He wrote many stories for periodicals.[106] "The White Llama" appeared in The Atlantic Monthly; "The Enchanted Burro" and "Felipe's Sugaring Off" were published in Out West magazine. They show the true spirit of the South American people and their ancient culture. Lummis also wrote The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú,[107] a book centering around Peru and telling the joys and tragedies connected with mummy-hunting. There is a display of many emotions and the spirit is one of gaiety and alertness. In this book, a native boy, Gonzalo, brings wealth to his family, who had suffered reverses. The

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[106] Refer to Part III, "stories" in Periodicals in this thesis.

[107] Charles Lummis, The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú (Chicago: A. C. McClurg, 1911), p. 126.

Congress of Peru had instituted a law that meant that the people, who wished to excavate mummies, were to dig for them under the jurisdiction of authorities. A certain percent of these findings would then be turned over to the government. These people decided to hurry and find treasure before the law was put into effect. A guard of soldiers and a prefect had to be notified before any person could dig for antiquities.

Gonzalo, amid a terrible rain storm, unknown to Peru, was searching for the Pez Grande or the Big Fish, which was the largest mummy to be found. After months of searching, the boy found it on his own property, which meant that he would not have to give any stipulation to the government. The cultural aspects and inner pride of these people are brought out in this story. These people might be starving, but they would never part with their heirlooms or gifts held in a family for generations. There was a crude type of people looking for treasure here. This particular type forgot everything in their avarice for gold, even their morals and character. They would kill anything that stood in their way to wealth and power. The vices and virtues of typical mummy hunters are well sketched in a humorous and witty dialect. There is a great use made of Spanish and Peruvian words throughout the book. The plot is well constructed with a close adherence to truth and facts regarding mummy searchers.

The last book that Lummis wrote was Flowers of Lost Romance.[108] This book was published after his death and includes many chapters which have been published in periodicals. A variety of subjects is discussed, such as pioneer transportation, horse-trappings in Chile, Chaco Canyon and snakes.

Lummis feels that the Spaniards possess more real romance than any of the early Puritans, who only had John Alden and Priscilla for their love story. The Spaniards are people full of imagination, mystery and adventure and are not afraid of "letting themselves go."

The author's great reverence for the achievements of the past are brought out in his chapter "Pioneer Transportation in America."[109] Centuries ago, in Peru, traffic was carried on by means of pack trains, which constituted a forerunner of modern courier service. Civilization did exist without some of our modern inventions as the telegraph, telephone, and electric cars. The author gives all historical details as to the revolution in travel from the invention of the wheel to modern transportation. Modern travel has become a convenient bore and people have lost the romantic flavor that was shared by the travelers of days gone by.

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[108] Charles Lummis, Flowers of Lost Romance (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1929), pp. 1-288.

[109] Ibid., pp. 1-49.

In the chapter "The Virginal Mule-Tamer,"[110] Lummis relates the life of Sebastian de Aparicio, a saintly man of the sixteenth century. This man abstained from all worldly pleasures and possessed a miraculous control over animals. He called them by name and these animals obeyed him. In 1533, Aparicio sailed to America from Spain, and was known as the first man to break oxen to the yoke. His uncanny power over steers brought him the admiration of the Indians in Mexico. He worked laboriously for ninety-eight years and was as loved and respected as Abraham Lincoln. In Mexico, he is considered one of the favorite saints, although his beatification has never been ordered by Rome.

In "The Trail of the Serpent,"[111] Lummis tells about one of his favorite subjects, snakes, to whom he attributes great power and charm. The serpent was considered the symbol of wisdom in the Bible and even his thrilling "whirr" is marvelous music to the author. The meaning of his name snake which means sneak, is unsuited to him. He never meddles and his only offensive characteristic is his odor, which may be detected by any creature.

The history of a fruit, the orarge, and how its growth affected the state of California, is the background of a

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110 Ibid., p. 50.

111 Ibid., p. 88.

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[110] Ibid., p. 50.

[111] Ibid., p. 88.

chapter called "Oranges Three Hundred Years Ago."[112] About seventy-five years ago, the orange was thought of as a luxury. It originated in India and China and definite health restoring powers were supposed to be derived from its use. This fruit appealed to a large proportion of people and brought a stampede of them into California. In early days, the Franciscan missionaries brought the orange from Mexico into this locality.

Lummis thinks the primitive man has given many of our greatest gifts, such as religion, games, trade, the arts of cooking, medicine, weaving and song.[113] In "Son of Necessity," Lummis says that the savage laid foundations for all our modern inventions. Early man invented laws, while we created lawyers; he invented literature, while we invented fiction. Modern man could get along without many of these things he terms necessities, since primitive man lived without these conveniences and survived very well.

The last chapter of the book is "The Last of the Troubadours."[114] Lummis has such a respect and reverence for the past glories that he feels the person today has lost his eye and thought for the miraculous changes in nature.

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112 Ibid., p. 122.

113 Ibid., p. 168.

114 Ibid., p. 272.

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[112] Ibid., p. 122.

[113] Ibid., p. 168.

[114] Ibid., p. 272.

The troubadour might have been Lummis himself, as he was a lover of song and music, but it happened to be Francisco Amate. This Spanish lad, Amate, loved "Don Carlos" as he called Lummis and begged to be allowed to live and work for him. Since old California was full of love of humanity and a simpatico (sympathetic) acquaintance for strangers, this Spaniard brought his guitar and went to live with Lummis. Procopio, an Indian boy, an epileptic, also worked in this same family. He became very jealous of Amate and a gun fight ensued. Amate was seriously injured and had to have his panza (stomach) removed at the hospital. The doctors forbade him anything to eat but liquids; however, he used to cheat and sneak some bread and cheese. The humorous point of the story comes when Amate married a woman of forty years, who was quite comely, except that she was minus one tooth. Amate carved her a tooth out of his ivory brush. The dreaded disease, cancer, struck Amate and he begged his friend "Don Carlos" to take care of his child, which was not yet born.

Lummis ends his book with the words that he has kept this trust of caring for the fatherless child of his beloved troubadour. With his death, the author feels that something from the musical past is gone.

Throughout this book, Flowers of Lost Romance, there is a sad longing for a past that will never exist again, except in the hearts of those people who retain a feeling of true romance.

PART III

THE PERIODICAL WORK OF CHARLES LUMMIS

When Charles Lummis was but a lad of sixteen years, he was writing for the Atlantic Monthly. Although he was well-versed in several types of writing, he excelled in the field of journalism. All his articles were truthful, frank, and sincere. In 1882, he became editor of the Scioto Gazette in Chillicothe, Ohio.[1] While working in this capacity, he wrote many articles for political campaigns.

While on his famous tramp in 1884, he wrote constantly of his everyday experiences, which must have sharpened his wits for his later newspaper work. On February 1, 1885, he was made editor of the Los Angeles Times. While here, he worked in the Apache campaigns and sent the War Department information of a truthful type concerning the treatment of the Indians by the officials. During these years, he worked tremendously and rarely went to bed. Due to his strenuous efforts during the financial panic of 1888 in Los Angeles, he broke down in health and was forced to go to New Mexico to recuperate.

From 1894 to 1909, he edited The Land of Sunshine, which was later known under the name, Out West Magazine.

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[1] Turbesé Lummis Fiske, "Life of Charles Lummis," (See Appendix, Note B).

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1 Turbesé Lummis Fiske, "A Life of Charles F. Lummis" (see Appendix, Note 3).

It developed a well-known staff of writers, among whom were Frederick Hodge and David Starr Jordan. This magazine was considered a fine reference book and contained rare translations of Spanish documents. In this periodical, Lummis had an editorial section called "In the Lion's Den," in which he expressed his views on race prejudice, bigotry, democracy. People, self-government, and the broader rights of women are discussed with frankness and honesty. "Lum" as he called himself, was the lusty lion who loved truth and hated sham and hypocrisy. He roared without fear and his arguments were resounding and provocative. If he thought a man a liar, he was fearless in stating the fact publicly. His own ideas against another man's opinion are stated with frankness and his understanding of the whole truth. For more than thirty years he was a reviewer for The Dial and The Nation.

On an archaeological expedition, Lummis visited South America. On this trip, he was accompanied by Bandelier. He gathered a great deal of material, which he used as a background in many of his stories, as in "The White Llama."[2] Trinidad, a character in the story, has a home-made mandolin. Jose Maria, a prehensile-lipped boy named Joseph, and Chona are some of the personalities who live in this story. They

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[2] Charles Lummis, "The White Llama," Atlantic Monthly, 95:484, April, 1905.

eat Llama chips, charqui, horse meat and grasshopper bread, which are not only nutritious but cordial foods.

Most of these men in this story cannot recognize tone, yet, they are truly musicians. The younger men step aside for their elders, which shows their respect for age. The llama is symbolical for many things in life. The people regard it as a reincarnation of the spirit of the ancient gods and feel they must abide by its judgment. In the evening, these people sit around and prepare their food. "People who have better things to do, are not talkative," is one of their sayings.

Chona, a young maiden, was loved by all the village men, because she possessed an unusual quality of height, something that was envied by all. She had a real smile, not one akin to a rattlesnake, but one of sincerity. She is waiting for a man who will make her drop her eyes at his will. By the mysterious wish of the llama, Trinidad gets this girl. This story transfers the real feelings of this people and their strange atmosphere.

Another story, which shows South American influence is called "Felipe's Sugaring Off."[3] A character in this tale is Felipe, a boy, who was left in charge of the sugar vats. He had to order the men around and tell them when the sugar was

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[3] Charles Lummis, "Felipe's Sugaring Off," Out West. 29:275, July-December, 1908.

29:275, July-December, 1953.

ready to be poured into the molds. Coco, a black giant with a brutish face, was in the calabozo or jail, stirring men up to an ugly pitch. This giant was described as being like a jaguar, black and hideous; the boy's uncle was lithe and sinewy as a cat. The uncle, Don Melito, was almost killed by Coco, when Felipe saved him by throwing hot sugar in Coco's face. Because of this quick-witted action, Don Melito was always proud of his nephew and his control over the older men. When the uncle lay sick in bed, he told the boy that "The sugar was sent to the molds on time." This was Felipe's reward.

Lummis was a member of the Quirigua expedition of 1913 to the Guatemala jungles. In "Where the Stones Come to Life,"[4] he describes the forestation with its devouring power, whose colossal logs lay as wheat, whose terrible roots still clutch whole pyramids as a tarantula does a fly. Nero was probably fiddling when Quirigua was being built. These people built for God's sake, and their finest structures are for religious purposes. Their homes are of thatch, while their monuments to God are built of stone. They transported this stone by hand out of a virgin forest and it is the unperishable record of their faith. It is so tropical here

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[4] Charles Lummis, "Where the Stones Come to Life," Art and Archaeology, 16:281, December, 1916. The same article was published in Flowers of Lost Romance (1929), p. 218.

that it takes years to clear a pathway for the railroads. One tree is a hugging parasite which destroys and embraces all other trees near it.

There is a palace for high priests which is high and terraced with Yucatec arched cells and bands of chronological glyphs. It has a frieze of gargoyled heads twice the size of the type in the culture stage of the early Greeks. A good knowledge of these trees is found here with "their plumes mitigating its awfulness with grace." It would be an impressive feat for modern engineers to hew and bite out of jungles such church sites as these.

One of the fine descriptions found about this great Maya ruin is, "The prairie-fire that swept all Northern Europe with the fervor of the crusades was more spectacular but not more God-fearing than the spirit that builded Quirigua."[5]

The history back of this famous ruin is most interesting. Early explorers in 1840 died after they had exhausted their efforts here. A very logical calendar was found, but a very difficult one to decipher. These people knew no more of Christian civilization than the Christians knew of their existence. Lummis felt that this expedition was one of great

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[5] Charles Lummis, Flowers of Lost Romance, "When the Stones Come to Life," p. 225.

success, since he and Bandelier were able to excavate one great temple and study the matchless beauty of these gigantic jungles. Quirigua remains one of the greatest archaeological parks in the world.

Lummis wrote obituaries on different people, such as Alice Fletcher and Frank Springer. The best of these two memorials is "In Memoriam of Alice Fletcher."[6] His art of style is found in the unusual and apt vocabulary, the splendid talent in comparisons and in the beautiful, mental ideas and comparisons. In these words Lummis pays tribute to Alice Fletcher,

> In the crawl of lavas, in the clutch of earthquakes, behind the curtain of Niagara, under the inching glaciers of Illemani, in touch with the greatest minds of my day, I have had that beautiful awe and wonder which we worship.

Two pictures stand out in the author's mind, one when at the age of seventeen, he saw the Corliss engine working as unfaltering as fate; the other picture was that of Alice Fletcher.

She wasn't a machine, an amazon or a queen, just a modest, plain, gentle woman of unpretentious speech and the homely simplicity of greatness. She was power unfuming as the titan Corliss--and as little aware of it. Some minds

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[6] Charles Lummis, "In Memoriam of Alice Fletcher," Art and Archaeology, 16:75, 1923.

have greater genius, but genius is not always power and knowledge is; and she knew the roots. She had an extraordinarily disentangled, serene, impartial vision, absolutely unclouded and untinged by self-concern. Her fair-minded magnanimous mind was never beclouded or stampeded.

Lummis knew her when she was helping the Archaeological Institute to get on its feet. She had gentleness, faith, love, judgment and reason and she was never hurried or worried. The environment that produced her is no more--the mold is broken.

No writer could pay a higher tribute than Lummis to this woman. His images contain the best of poetry and the best of thought.

Lummis wrote a verse as an obituary to Frank Springer. He called it "On the Death of Frank Springer."[7] A well-known paleontologist, archaeologist, and collector of Crinoids was Frank Springer. He was grave and gentle and Lummis compares him to a chief whose help we always need. Springer had the poise of the older stamp of men; Lummis compares him in wisdom to Solomon.

Many of the poems by Lummis were published in various magazines, but these have been included in his book, Bronco Pegasus. Several of the periodicals in which his poems have

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[7] Charles Lummis, "On the Death of Frank Springer," New Mexico Review, 1:1, 1926.

been published are: Out West, Independent, McClures, Ladies Home Journal, and Scribner's.[8]

In 1908, while City Librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, Lummis secured some documents for the library from Mexico, on the case of a smuggler's ship called "Mercury". These letters and papers were sent from Mexico and gave a fine picture of the invasion of Spanish possessions on the Pacific by Yankee smugglers. In Out West, he published the facts of the case in an article called "Mr. Eayrs of Boston"[9]; also, in his last book, Flowers of a Lost Romance, he has a chapter called "A Yankee Smuggler in California," about the same traffic case.

"Mr. Eayrs of Boston" is an unknown chapter in the history of California and records facts about the illegal traffic that involved Mexico, Spain and Russia. Richard Dana, who wrote of California in 1830, missed the color of the historical background.

On June 2, 1816, the ship "Mercury" was seized because it was carrying contraband goods. The captain, George Washington Eayrs, was a Yankee engaged in hunting seal and otter-skins on the California coast. The Spanish legal procedure in the case, the inventory of the ships, notes written

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[8] See Part IV, infra, of this thesis.

[9] Charles Lummis, "Mr. Eayrs of Boston," Out West, 30:159, January-June, 1908. Also Flowers of a Lost Romance, p. 143.

to officials for help, are all recorded here. The incident occurred at the time when the United States and Great Britain were at war in 1812. Eayrs disapproves of his country going to war, and further states that both England and France are proud and always ready to overthrow other countries.

Eayrs writes to the Viceroy of Spain and to his mother to intercede for him. He feels that he has been unjustly treated, because he furnished the clergy and important officials with things they needed and could not secure. His adopted Indian boy and his common-law wife were also treated cruelly.

Captain Eayrs, although guilty, presents some very convincing arguments as to his innocence. He had entered the fur hunting business with the Russian government. He begs to be allowed to proceed to Mexico where he can secure the right justice in the courts there. Among the articles that Eayrs smuggled to the willing persons were: shawls, Chinese silks, shoes, bedspreads, etc. A trader would pay as high as five dollars for a sack of beans and nine dollars for an otter skin.

This document throws a great deal of light on the history of that day when the coast was infested with smugglers. Russia and Spain were friendly at that time; so the business of fur trading seemed to have been carried on for years with no serious results.

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On the last page of this report, Eayrs was in Guadalajara, Mexico, still pleading his case. After three years, he claimed that he had just gone to California for provisions, even though the officials found a complete bill of sales. The humor of this gentleman is found throughout his many letters and notes. This sketch is most interesting historically, as it breathes a live chapter of a past in California.

While Lummis was suffering from his paralytic stroke in New Mexico, he wrote a great deal about the philosophy that he used in his daily life. He wanted to help others by telling them that no matter how sick or dejected one is, he can always come back fighting. In My Friend Will,[10] he expresses his ideas for a perfect come-back to health and happiness. Edward Marshall, a war correspondent, was dying from a gun wound. Some one gave him My Friend Will to read and Marshall's words concerning this book of Lummis' were, "If that duffer out there in New Mexico could do it--so can I." Marshall recovered!

Lummis has great confidence in his strong body and he had dictated many hard things for it to accomplish; it was a great disappointment to him when it broke down. During the days when Los Angeles was still a frontier city, Lummis worked

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[10] Charles Lummis, My Friend Will (Chicago: McClurg, 1912, now out of print), pp. 1-43. This was formerly published as the last chapter of King of the Broncos (New York: Scribner, 1897), pp. 210-254.

day and night in writing newspaper articles on reforms which helped to make this city a cleaner and finer one. Hard and tedious work robbed him of his former strength and vigor, and contributed to his paralysis. He refused to go to bed, as he felt he had to get away from himself.

Even though this was one of the toughest breaks in the life of the author, it brought him many benefits. He became more closely acquainted with the native people and grew to admire and love them. The queer habits of Lummis, such as plunging into an ice cold bath every morning, brought the admiration of the native people for the "Gringo devil," as Lummis called himself. He did many daring things in these days, such as dragging cattle and corn through an arroyo with his one arm, which gained the best opinion of the native villagers. The lesson that he learned was that he was good for "something, after all."

At this time, Lummis lost all possible income, making it much harder for him to face life. The returns that he received from his literary attempts were small and very discouraging.

In My Friend Will, Lummis writes of the time when he suffered a third paralytic stroke, which paralyzed his organs of speech. Only through his indomitable courage and the "bulldog and mule" in him he survived. To keep himself from going

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mad and losing his nerve to live, he wrote for humorous papers such as Life, Puck, Time and Judge. He would beg his Spanish friends for the best horse to ride and the toughest tree to fell, and to their great surprise, he would always finish the job. His lost power of speech returned and his broken body began to mend, and the tide began to turn for him. He attributes this new life in him to his gospel, which was to never let fate beat or change a person. The lesson which he had learned from the hard breaks in his own life was that life had a better side, and even misfortune can turn one to the real work he is destined for in life. He closes this brief biography in a thought towards immortality. The belief that people must live again in their children is the true idea of immortality.

In the latter part of My Friend Will[11] is an article about the death of Amado Bandelier Lummis, the young son of the author. This same article appeared earlier in Out West, as one of the editorials by Lummis in "The Lion's Den."[12] In this article, "The Little Boy That Was," Lummis speaks of the sadness in his den, because he had just given to death his "tawny-maned cub," the lad, who was a man at six. Even

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[11] Charles Lummis, My Friend Will, "The Little Boy That Was," p. 53.

[12] "The Little Boy That Was," Out West Magazine, January, 1901.

though people think of death as a horror, the author feels that death is easy, but to live is work. Yet, Lummis can understand why a father, who has suffered the loss of a son in death, might want to bewail his fate, cry aloud and become bitter and broken, even curse God. This type of mourning is cowardly and it would be a greater act if this man became a worthier soul for having produced a child that he cares more for than himself.

A belief in God is the highest creed that a human can turn to in his hours of grief. The belief of Lummis is best expressed in these lines:

> Whatever it is, whoever it is, that can evoke from my body a frail new life stronger than my own, a new soul to love me and to teach me a greater love; that can uphold me--or give me to uphold myself--when the candle of my hope goes out and I am left groping in the dark--so much I can call God.

Lummis feels that God needed the companionship of his little boy more than he did. His philosophy on death is similar to his creed on life. It is a better thing to go on and play the game for the honor and love of the soul that is gone in death, than to become hard and cold.

In his editorial in "The Lion's Den,"[13] Lummis writes of the courage and fortitude of some people to go on in spite of the difficulties of any situation. Life is fairly decent

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[13] Charles Lummis, "The Lion's Den," Out West, 28:511, May, 1908.

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[13] Charles Lummis, "The Lion's Den," Out West, 28:571, May, 1908.

after all the different arguments are placed against it. One time, he saw his eight year old son fall into the roaring ocean. The engine of the boat had broken down and none could go near the boy. For nine minutes, the older people in the boat shouted directions at the desperate lad. They told him how he could keep his body up; and how when he got tired, he should float. At this critical point, the engine came to life and the men were able to rescue the boy. The author marvels at such patient heroism. If ever he gets tempted to get discouraged in life, he will think of the eight year old boy, who had the determination to live, in spite of the mad sea.

The motto of the Out West Magazine is "To love what is true, to hate sham, to fear nothing without and to think a little." In "The Lion's Den,"[14] Lummis followed this motto by bitter criticism of Benjamin Smith, editor of the Century Dictionary. Lummis claimed that this dictionary contains many incorrect etymologies of words common to the Southwest. There is no such word as "artifact" except in dictionaries that know no better. Lummis goes into the technical conjugations of Latin verbs and finds "artifect" but not "artifact." Because of this reason, there are words such as "artifice"

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[14] Ibid., 28:240, March, 1908.

not "artiface" and other examples. Lummis, sarcastically, remarks that it is a wonder that the Century Dictionary doesn't change "Conception" to "Concaption." It is serious when students refer to such a dictionary and write these errors.

According to Lummis, Smith makes many mistakes, such as stating Tucson, Arizona was founded before Santa Fe, New Mexico. If an anthropologist looked for some words such as kiva, etc., he would not be able to find them in Smith's book. In the Century Dictionary of Proper Names, there is not one mention of any of the historic missions. The fact that Smith misspells and mispronounces words of Spanish origin, provokes Lummis to the utmost degree. There is not a hint of the derivation of words such as "bronco," "cowboy," etc., and just a scatter-gun etymology of "llama," "mezquite," etc. To any scholar, the information in this dictionary is inaccurate and incomplete. Words are important and it is sense and business to know them. Lummis wrote this criticism of Smith and the Century Dictionary, not for any personal reason, but in behalf of the mother tongue.

Lummis, who is such a great lover of the Southwest, expects that everyone, even Eastern lexicographers should have the highest respect for the etymology of Spanish words. These words are a rich heritage of one of the most interesting histories in the world.

In Out West, in an article called "Deformed Spelling,"[15] Lummis published a letter from Benjamin Smith, who resents the insults made on the Century Dictionary. The argument was on the different meanings of chili pepper and pepper. Smith claimed that some authorities have called the pepper tree, chili peppe; and he goes into an etymological discussion of the word to prove his point. Botanically speaking, Smith states that chile pepper is not the other pepper, but it has been called by the same name. Lummis says that Smith is a talented, but Eastern lexicographer. To correct all the blunders that Smith has made would take a set of dictionaries and Lummis claims he could do that very thing. With much sarcasm, Lummis admits that he does recognize the Latin root of words, and feels that there is no excuse for this lack of knowledge of the West. Also, the fact that Smith does know such words as "Ain't" etc. attracts Lummis' attention, but he feels that Smith should not dabble in Western words without having made proper research. It is also baffling to Lummis that Smith has failed in matters of vital historical terms. His pronunciations and distinctions of words are inaccurate. Not one of the names of prominent Spanish governors has been included in Smith's dictionary; yet, if one

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15 Ibid., p. 159, February, 1908.

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[5] Ibid., p. 139, February 1, 1930.

wished to find some information about people like Richard Harding Davis, it would be in the Century Dictionary.

In the Out West magazine, Lummis has an editorial called "Artist's Paradise,"[16] which presents a glorious picture of the West. The richest field for the artist is usually at his own door. A few hundred years from now, the greatest artists will be painting the Southwest and it will have lost half of its value. In the arid lands in the Southwest, there is a concentrated variety of subjects and a great deal of beauty. The elusive beauties of Egypt and Palestine are duplicated here; also, the artist can find almost any landscape in the world in the realm of the Southwest. Architecturally, there is no part of the United States so stimulating. Many of these sights escape the civilized artist and architect, because so many of these people are "self-satisfied." A new world can be opened to the artist in the many character studies that he will be able to observe.

In part two of this editorial, "Artist's Paradise,"[17] Lummis gives a definition of art. Art is translating as much of God as you can understand. The artist is one who is a good translator and imitator. The artist must have

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16 Ibid., p. 440, June, 1908.

17 Ibid., 29:173, September, 1908.

imagination, prophecy, and reverence for authority, the first author, God. A person, who possesses the true spirit of art is one who will feel all the different thrills when he sees human beings in their native background, grinding corn, etc., just as they did thousands of years ago; only these people wear some clothes, which belong to the modern factory. Lummis calls the Southwest "The Artist's Paradise," because it is yet unspoiled by civilization. The most difficult thing to paint would be the air, which makes everything beautiful; yet, it is too thin and colorless to grasp, but brings rocks to life and reveals millions of stars. When the artist discovers the Southwest, he will begin to discover himself.

In part three of "Artist's Paradise,"[18] Lummis writes of the old Greek joy and way of living, which is found in the Southwest and California. The skies, the mountains, the gray ruins, the caves of Cochiti, the impressive monuments, the two distinct types of people and the freedom of nature are all in this atmosphere. The highest type of intellectual development could be fostered in such a region as this one. These people knew what they were living for and they achieved their purpose. No matter how often a person trespasses these lands, they will offer something new. Yet, the

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[18] Ibid., 29:241, September, 1908.

author mentions, that there are those sleek Easterners, who pull down their Pullman blinds so as to escape the magic sights.

Lummis has a wonderful sense of expression and at all times, he cannot resist his opportunity to praise and extol the beauties of the Southwest, the least hackneyed region in the United States. A person who does not feel a new agility by getting acquainted with people who grind their own bread is not truly a real artist.

Again, the love that Lummis had for the West is shown in an article in Out West called "The Making of Los Angeles."[19] Points of the author's philosophy emerge here. People should have a great deal of respect for the past and they should not completely lack admiration for the early pioneers, who laid down the solid foundations of our present day. Even though youth is the time for breaking hearts, age is the epoch for mending and saving; each should admire the other for what each represents. It is an unfortunate youth who hasn't time for poise; a miserable age which doesn't have youth to inspire it. Lummis feels deeply the idea that most of the power comes from the past.

The latter part of this article is spent in giving

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[19] Ibid., 30:227, April, 1909.

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[19] Ibid., 30:227, April, 1909.

glory to the beauties of Los Angeles. For millions of years God has been making Los Angeles; but if it hadn't been for some Americans with prophetic eyesight, there would have been no civilization here. The Spaniards sent a few priests to convert the people in this territory. The state owes much to the "two-fisted" quality of the Franciscans, who established homes, missions and schools here. Los Angeles possessed many an attraction for strangers. This land had the romantic glamour in its ranches and missions; also it had the delightful climate and fruit to attract people. The manner of living life in the easiest and best way drew many settlers. This habit is known as the "Mañana habit," and is practiced throughout the West. In the East, there is a hustle for a living; while in this sunny land, people can live in a more relaxed state. Los Angeles grew from a small village of forty people to a metropolis of millions in a very short time. The railroad in 1885 and the attraction of the orange were two things that pushed its development from a village to one of the best places in the world.

Two tales from his book, The Enchanted Burro,[20] appeared in Out West magazine. The story called "The Enchanted Burro" shows the queer superstitions of the Indian

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[20] Charles Lummis, The Enchanted Burro (no longer in print, but formerly published in twelve short stories by A. C. McClurg).

people in their belief in the existence of witches. Lelo, a lazy boy, finds out from an angry crowd of people in the village that the Captain of War has been murdered. Another old Indian named Don Nicolás claims that he knew something dreadful was going to happen, because he met a stranger that day, who bewitched his burro, Paloma. His burro became bewitched and jumped off a cliff and killed himself. The sheriff and officers could not find any trace of this burro's body; so they threw Don Colás in jail. People began to speak of this animal as "The Enchanted Burro." Another war captain was found dead, so they were sure a curse had fallen on their town. Every man became suspicious of the other amid these supernatural fears. Reports were spread that certain persons saw a burro on the roofs of homes, and that one animal was seen jumping on some men.

Lelo decided to investigate and find out the truth for all. On his search he sees an animal and shoots at it. He calls some of the wiser men of the village to see what he has caught. Instead of a burro, the men find the bewitched creature was a Cumanche medicine chief, who had taken revenge on many of their own men. This villain had disguised himself in a burro's hide and terrorized the entire place. Lelo felt like a hero because he had finished a witch and a Cumanche on the same day.

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"Pablo's Deer Hunt" is another story taken from the collection in The Enchanted Burro. This tale is published in Out West magazine[21] and is similar to many stories by Lummis on Indian witchcraft. A young Indian desires a wife, but he is afraid of marrying a witch, since so many of the women in his village are accursed. He decides to forget women and turn to hunting animals. Pablo always carries his lucky fetish with him, because it brings him great luck. The fetish happens to be a small symbol of a turquoise lion. He shot at a deer, but it did not fall; so he smoked some sacred meal and prayed to the Trues to help him. What he thought was a deer seemed to have human eyes and this expression bothered him. Accidentally, he had wounded a lovely Pueblo Indian girl. He finds the father, who asks him to perform a duty. Pablo must shoot three arrows and bring back one of them tinged in blood, so as to cure this dying maiden. It seems that the evil Gods had blinded his eyes and bewitched his fetish, so he could not see what crime he had committed. The father gives him a new fetish, which is a bright yellow topaz stone. The maiden lives, so Pablo marries her amid the usual Indian ceremonies. The bride and groom have to eat two ears of corn and run the traditional race. The bride must come in ahead of her husband or the marriage will be unhappy.

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[21] Ibid., p. 379.

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[21] Ibid., p. 379.

The periodical work of Lummis is frank, brief and of value to the modern historians, who can now use his letters and articles on outstanding topics of the day. His publications are political, critical, and "Just human." His contacts with so many different types of people are so worth-while and stimulating that they add to the spark of his journalistic lines. People who are readers like the human touch and this warm, simple interest is found in all his articles in a language that all understand.

PART IV

SONGS AND POETRY OF CHARLES LUMMIS

In 1878, while Charles Lummis was a student at Harvard, he wrote some verses on bark. He had these poems published in a volume called Birch Bark Poems.[1] This book was a collection of the author's various experiences as poet, historian, linguist, critic and athlete. All these lovely thoughts were inscribed on a bark of fine quality. The author cut the bark, set the type and did the printing during his vacations in the White Mountains in New Hampshire. The poems were a financial help in school; they also brought Lummis recognition and friendship with such men as Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell. Later, he published these same poems with many of his additional thoughts, personality sketches, and humorous dialogues in a more complete collection called A Bronco Pegasus.[2]

Each poem is an experience that Lummis lived through in childhood or on the frontier. He has several portrait studies, which are quite memorable. Lummis has a virility

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[1] Charles Lummis, Birch Bark Poems (1878, no longer in print).

[2] Charles Lummis, A Bronco Pegasus (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1928), 150 pp. See, also, "The Works of Charles Lummis," (Los Angeles: The Lummis Foundation, 1928, pamphlet), pp. 1-8.

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SOURCE AND POETRY OF CHARLES LUMMIS

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and a fearlessness, which burns throughout his poetry. His imagery is fine, clearly-drawn and colorful. Not so much of his splendid historical and descriptive material is here, as in his prose; but he does let himself go in his natural, human, rhythmical strain.

These first efforts, which tend to show his later genius in writing, are labeled under the part called "Just Boy." In a Greek examination, he translated from sight "Farewell of the Chorus to Alcestis." Lummis envies the great love that Alcestis bears for her husband, whom she saves by her own death.

> Ah, would, in sooth that I might win such love
> from such a wife,
> For this would be a lot most rare in life--[3]

Lummis used a rare Greek meter in his poem "Anacreontic." He claimed that Poe must have found in Anacreon a source for his poem "The Raven." The proof is found in the unusual rhythm and in the thought of a midnight visitor. These lines illustrate the similarity to Poe's famous poem.

> As I lay serenely napping,
> To the door came Cupid tapping;
> "Who," I cried, "is at the door?
> Why do you disturb my dreaming?"
> Answered Love with gentle seeming,
> "Open for me, I implore."[4]

Because of his shyness at the new discovery, Lummis

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[3] Ibid. (1878), p. 136.

[4] Ibid. (1878), p. 137.

did not exploit this find. He consulted some professor at college, who thought of it as a new literary achievement.

Lummis also wrote an imitation of Poe's "Annabel Lee" in his poem called "Cannibalee." In these lines, the reader can see the rhythm of Poe,

> But the stars never rise but I think of the size
> Of my beautiful Cannibalee;
> And the moon never stares but it brings me night-mares
> Of my beautiful Cannibalee.[5]

From two lines of Plato, Lummis made a quatrain, called "My Star." McClure's Magazine refused to publish this poem at first, but later, asked for it and paid the author. J. H. Rogers, a well-known composer, set the words to a lovely song.

> Star of me, watching the mother skies
> Where thine elder sisters be,
> Would I were Heaven, with all its eyes--
> All of its eyes on thee![6]

Lummis has many poems about cigarettes and pipes. His poetic soul is carried away when he is dreaming with his pipe. "To My Pipe" must have been written in college, because he mentioned the peace he possessed after the noisy boys left his room. He enjoys being alone with his pipe, which spells memories and dreams for him. He found contentment and solace in his smoking. No matter what happens, he will have this

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[5] Ibid. (1889), p. 131.

[6] Ibid. (1878), p. 142.

friend:

> Together may we lose our fires--
> Twere harsh indeed, such friends to sever!
> And find, as life's last spark expires,
> The parting whiff as sweet as ever! [7]

Again, he shares an intimacy with the cigarette in another poem, called "My Cigarette." The girl has slighted him and forgotten the cigarette that they used to share together.

> My cigarette and heart are out,
> And naught is left me but their ashes! [8]

In another part called "Least Said, Soonest Mended" Lummis has some epigrams and short sayings. His comparisons, for the most part, are quite apt and amusing. In "The Law" he compares the law to "a cob-web high" and further says,

> It serves to catch the simple fly
> And ne'er release him till he's dry--
> But it seldom holds a hornet. [9]

A child may have a billion paths to follow; yet, he sometimes chooses the path to death. In "Fate" this thought is expressed,

> And only one to him--and yet
> The random bullet found his heart! [10]

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[7] Ibid. (1882), p. 132.

[8] Ibid. (1879), p. 140.

[9] Ibid. (1889), p. 122.

[10] Ibid. (1890), p. 123.

Another interesting comparison is found in "Such is Life," when the poet compares life to the "deadly, deceitful disease." This disease is really life, which people pass on from one to another, and nobody cares to be cured.

> Though you'll notice that all of us finally
> die of it! [11]

"An American Unrest" gives some very sound, perhaps trite, philosophy in these lines:

> Nothing so vague that we cannot letter it,
> Nothing so bad that it can't be bettered--
> Nothing so good but we oughtn't better it. [12]

In the part called "In the Land of the Afternoon," Lummis has poems on missions, dreams, haciendas, and Mexico. His poem "Camulos" renews the old Spanish legend of Ramona. The poet illustrates some of his fine imagery in this poem:

> The wind that woos its groves at eve
> Is like the breath of kine.
> But tenderer and sweeter
> Than starlight or than breeze,
> The deep, dark eyes that glisten
> Beneath the whispering trees!
> . . . . . .
> The eager little river,
> Below Ramona's tree,
> Along its path of yellow sand
> Laughs ever to the sea. [13]

There is real feeling transferred to the reader in these lovely and adequate lines:

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[11] Ibid. (1927), p. 123.

[12] Ibid. (1910), p. 126.

[13] Ibid. (1887), p. 105.

Across the dim placita,
Where passionate roses blow,
And sober cypress stand their guard,
The fountain plashes low.
But softer than the perfume
That loads the langorous air,
Or tiny tinkle of the spray,
The lips that murmur there!

Lummis brings the reader back to the day when the white adobes, the orange-groves and the padres were real landmarks around the old mission. While the new world goes on in its bustle, this place is:

A kingdom of its own,
. . . . . .
It dreams along alone--
Alone in drowsy sunshine,
Alone in amorous shade--
The sweetest spot where e'er Romance
Abode, or fancy strayed.

A great tribute is given to a lady love in "The Dream." He wants her to enter into his real heart and find the "Boy that I used to be."

She is as fair as the world began--
Radiant, tender and wonder-souled;
She that would queen the proudest throne,
She that would better its gems and gold,
. . . . . .
There is no melody like her,
No star so high, no dawn so pure,
No joy so dear, no hope so sure. [14]

Lummis has several poems, which he has named his "Mavericks." He shows a variety of subject matter in these

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[14] Ibid. (1910), p. 108; also Independent, 72:1103, May 23, 1912.

poems, which are about coyotes, hares, and dogs; also, he has poems on cowboys, guns and holdups in this part. The poet's ease and facility in the use of Western dialects is shown in a poem "The Heavenward Hold-up." A man who is being held up, talks to the hold-up thief in a very friendly but sarcastic manner.

> Don't keer to change my name to mud--
> Durn sight ruther we wudn't quar'l.
> . . . . . .
> Don't tickle them triggers quite so hard--
> Buckshot n' me ain't no relash'n! [15]

In a humorous, satirical poem called "Brother Burro" the poet compares himself to an ass. He had loved this woman, Rosita, who had informed him that she had more use for his friend, the donkey, than for him. He asks sympathy from the burro.

> All of us more or less are asses,
> Whether admitting the fact or no;
> And whenever a pretty lass is
> Mixed in the case, we are doubly so.[16]

"The coyote" speaks his mind in another poem and expresses some satirical comments upon human beings as a whole. He calls himself "Bohemian of Bohemians" and "Vagabond of Vags." He considers himself a freethinker in politics:

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[15] Ibid. (1888), p. 96.

[16] Ibid. (1888), p. 90.

In politics, I run myself,
Like other folks of brains;
Unbound am I by party tie--
The Mugwump of the plains. 17

This animal does not think well of man and tells of the Wall-street men who don't have his howl, "but all my appetite." His final words on the subject of the inhumanity of men are:

Of all the brutes in skin or suits,
In broadcloth or pelote,
That come to be as mean as he
I'd rather stay coyote!

A splendid example of alliteration is found in many of the lines in "To My Shadow."

You sun-shelled, empty husk of me,
My shabby, shivering, doddering double.

No matter where he goes or what place he turns, the shadow is there at his side,

You aimless, fruitless, shiftless jumble?
. . . . . .
You shifting, shuffling, slouching slander.

This shadow completely deforms his own horse too by appearing behind him as a "Sorry stilted stack of angles."

One of the most interesting parts of this book is the "Longhorn Herd," which is a review of early pioneer days in the West. There are poems in this collection on deserts, cowboys, gunmolls, snakes and even train wrecks. Many of

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17 Ibid. (1888), p. 97.

these poems reflect the author's thoughts on the long tramp that he took in 1884 and the illness that followed in 1887. In "One That Was Paralyzed" Lummis speaks of himself and his attack of paralysis that forced him to New Mexico and a new life. It was the hardest thing in life to face, a broken body and a tongue "touched of death." Even though, he had this tragedy to face, he was able to live within himself.

> But no! This mummy be my shell,
> But not my fate! Betrayed, bereft
> Of followers, in the citadel
> The master lives--the I am left! [18]

The same thoughts that he expressed in "My Friend Will" in The King of the Broncos[19] are found in several of his poems, such as "Captain I" and "Mastery." No matter what happens to him, he still has the upper-hand in life. Lummis found out that a revengeful spite doesn't hurt fate and that to learn to accept it is a better adage. In "Mastery" he expresses himself after he had bewailed fate for leaving him paralyzed:

> So she mauled me as she would,
> So she bullied me the while;
> Till I dropped my arms and stood--
> Stood and whipped her with a smile! [20]

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[18] Ibid. (1887), p. 57.

[19] Charles Lummis, The King of the Broncos (New York: Scribner, 1897), p. 233.

[20] Charles Lummis, Bronco Pegasus (1892), p. 58.

Lummis encountered many snakes on his tramp and writes stories and poems concerning them. "The Sidewinder" is described as "a lazy loop of lozenged gray," Words such as: "lidless orbs, unawakened rattles, scaly still and quintessence of a whole world's hate" give a picture of sound in connection with a rattlesnake. The reptile's three joys are

> My lord, the Sun, my ardent sleep,
> And--sleep for him that wakens me! [21]

"The Dust of Everyday" is the force of everyday living. It affects youth, life and even the freshest of roses. "Reflection stings with what we are and were." In the last quatrain is an effective thought:

> It is not years that turn us old,
> Nor monster woes that blast;
> But this, impalpable and cold,
> That chokes the heart at last! [22]

A valley that was once fair and young shows the effects of "The Lava Flow at Los Alamitos." "It left a valley wan and old, and outcast of desire." The force that a lava flow can exert on a flowery, green land is shown in these lines:

> So, pale and shriveled in despair,
> So, frozen black in stone,
> They lie--the awful semblance there
> Of lives that I have known. [23]

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[21] Ibid. (1889), p. 60.

[22] Ibid. (1890), p. 84.

[23] Ibid. (1888), p. 78.

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[21] Ibid. (1889), p. 60.

[22] Ibid. (1890), p. 84.

[23] Ibid. (1888), p. 78.

In the days of the "Nineties," train wrecks were quite numerous and were the subjects of stories and songs. Lummis has a poem called "5:59," which tells of a tragedy centered around a train wreck. The din of noise and excitement during a wreck are re-lived in these lines:

> The world is drowned in steam--
> A volleying, billowing, deafening cloud--
> And men there run as in a dream,
> And through the thunderous fog they crowd.[24]

The young man in greasy jeans had tried to save the train and had died. The girl whom he was to have wed stands by the stretcher.

Lummis has an unusual talent in his use of the Western dialect. In dialogue form, he tells a complete story in simple verse. Billy Martin, an historic character in New Mexico, and Bronco Jim are the subjects of an interesting poem called "With Reference to William." Bronco Jim, who is quite a prevaricator, is telling another cowboy the story of Billy Martin or "Pistol Bill." "Bill didn't monkey--he shot to kill," and "Never onst he missed his man."

> None o' thet glass-ball foolin' in his'n;
> Bill wasn't built on no sech plan.[25]

It seems there was a fight between Billy Martin and Bronco Jim over a "Bute," (Beauty) a señorita, of whom it was said,

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[24] Ibid. (1890), p. 72; also Out West, 30:370, 1909.

[25] Ibid. (1888), p. 61.

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[24] Ibid. (1890), p. 72; also Out West, 30:370, 1909.

[25] Ibid. (1888), p. 61.

God! The angels never wuz sweeter--
Tall, an' big-eyed an pinky-brown

Bronco Jim does some bragging to the cowboy and tells him, how for once, he "tumbled Billy." He finds out that this cowboy is Billy's brother and was looking for him. The last verse is humorous:

Been lookin' fer me? Yo're Billy's brother?
--Wall, I never did larn to run.
One time's all-so-same ez another--
Excuse me! But yo're slow with a gun!

Lummis tells how he kept Billy's gun for many a year.[26] Billy called his gun his baby or "Johnny." Lummis feels sure that Billy and his pinto found a sumidero, when they weren't looking for it. A sumidero is a mud-geyser, which is as "smooth as a woman" until a person walks into it. It never gives up its dead.

"Jim" is another wild Western story told in cowboy dialect. A cowboy, who is riding on a gold-laden stage-coach, is tempted to steal some of the gold for his family. His "Po'r wife gone sick" and all of them as "po'r ez ribs o' grief." He thinks of the disgrace that he would bring upon his children. Bill Green decides he is "locoed" to think that he would do such a thing; besides "Et's a purty bust, ef the line cain't trust ol Bill f'r a white man now." He feels badly because his older son, Jim, has not been able to

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[26] Ibid., pp. 62, 63, 64.

help them. His horses began to jump around and poor Bill is being held up!

> Throw up my han's? Why f'r shore! A man's
> A fool to dispute sech talk! 27

The thief finds the box too heavy to lift and Bill turns his own gun on him killing him. The sadness of the tale is found in these lines, when the father finds it is his own son that he has killed.

> Don't tech thet gun! Yo' ijjit!
> Take thet! Had to tumble him!
> Deader'n a rat! Why, thet's my ol' hat--
> 'N' the mask--h-h-h! Christ! My Jim!

"The New Missionary to Quijotoa" is another story in dialogue between a parson and a village gossip. The parson was asked to assist at "The plantin' o' Tombstone Moll." Moll had aided the sick during a small-pox epidemic. The villager tells the Parson in the following words, not to be so snobbish:

> Say! Jes' yo' onwrinkle thet nose a mite,
> F'r yo'll get disliked ef it's seen thet high!
> Ef we ain't no saints, we c'n size wot's white--
> 'N' Moll hed a soul like a sunrise sky. 28

Moll's eyes were compared to "opals when they're sot in shade, with them sof' deep wavers yo' cain't jes place." The preacher inquires of Moll's past life. He is told that she had come from the East, where some college chap had jilted

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27 Ibid. (1889), p. 69; also Out West, 28:314, 1908.

28 Ibid. (1889), p. 65.

her for religion. The preacher was the lover and practically faints when he is brought near her coffin and said, "Oh God! Is it judgment? My little May!"

The poetry in the "Longhorn Herd" is not an example of a high type of classical or rhythmical verse, but it truly is representative of the early days in the Southwest. Lummis met many characters like these cowboys on his famous tramp in 1884. Lummis did adhere to form as he believed that form was as essential to poetry as beauty. Any true verse can be sung, and Lummis considered poets slackers who did not abide by rules. He speaks of his verse as a human sort, that might appeal to the common ordinary man.

The first part of A Bronco Pegasus is given to poems that Lummis wrote in later life. "The Last Shall Be First" is the title of this part, which includes poems on childhood recollections, on famous personalities, on love, and on many simple things of life.

The idea embodied in "The Riddle" is that the planter never knows what his seeds will turn out to be. The flower is compared to the poet's love, which is one of the riddles of life. He wonders if his love will be returned warmly, or will it be cold and dead.

Wilt thou it bloom as a flower in Arden?
Wilt thou it perish before we see?
Will thy palm forget

Where my kiss was set
To grow for a thought of me? 29

Another poem on the subject of love is "And Yet So Far," which speaks of how close people are in love; yet, they are sometimes miles apart.

Our thoughts run, hand in happy hand, together
As children--30

The idea that no matter how close this love is, there is a gulf that comes between them--something indescribable--nonpenetrable. These lines express this thought very well:

Yet invisible as the winds that walk between us,
Impalpable as the moonlight on your brow,
Unfathomable as eyes that have not seen us,
Impassable as the Never to the Now--

What is it, flower of my Dreams, that still
divides us--
What wall that we cannot see, yet may not pass--

The lover feels as if he were kissing her through "a door of glass."

In "Love's Anthology," Lummis pays a tribute to his love, which any woman would treasure:

Thou art a thousand poems all in one--
. . . . . .
A thousand poems bound in One--
Poems and poet in a single self!
The very queen, in essence of an Elf!
The artist and the canvas and the sun! 31

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29 Ibid. (1910), p. 5; also Scribner's Magazine, 52:107, July, 1912.

30 Ibid. (1924), p. 6; also Scribner's Magazine, 78:341, November, 1925.

31 Ibid. (1912), p. 24; also Independent, 72:337, February, 1912.

Far greater than her actual beauty is her soul, greater than her eyes, her laughter and grace. Some lovely and apt comparisons are given in this poem, when the author takes each feature of her loveliness and compares it to a far lovelier aspect.

In "Love" the true meaning of the word is designated. Love for each little thing is brought out in this verse. The best lines are:

> To prick the Sham, to keep the True,
> To think, and Fear Not--and to do;
> To turn a quiet smile at Last--
> That is not all of Love there is,
> But maybe that is Love. 32

Some of Lummis' interesting ideas on the faces of women are given in "Faces" a poem, set in quatrains. "For Women's looks are in the eye that sees them," is one of the many statements which is true of beauty. Some countenances are cold and "faultless"; some faces are plain ones which glow as "Heaven were within." Some have faces like dolls, empty and pretty, some are ashen, others "unbit by fire." By the same touch of sorrow and misery, faces show up differently. Finally, the author gives the thought of the power of love over all beauty:

> The big-bent brows, with windowed Heavens under,
> Brave nose, kind mouth where well a kiss might thrive
> And over all the womanliness and wonder
> Of Her, meseems the loveliest thing alive. 33

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32 Ibid. (1910), p. 19.

33 Ibid. (1923), p. 13.

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> And over all the womanliness and wonder
> Of Her, meseems the loveliest thing alive. [33]

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[32] Ibid. (1910), p. 19.

[33] Ibid. (1923), p. 13.

His real idea of womanly loveliness is brought out in "Beauty is a Duty." There is no reason for ugliness in a woman; since, real beauty comes from within her. No matter how some faces are gray or "seamed," or whether the women have chiseled features; they are truly beautiful because "of what their faces say!" Those women who have only a lovely exterior should be afraid of age; while those persons with an inner beauty should face the years, unafraid. The preferred qualities for the love of the poet are:

> The human warmth, and Cleanliness
> Of body, mind and heart! 34

"An-til-o-pe" is a fine tribute to John Keats and his Grecian Urn. Maud Allan, the Greek dancer, is the live symbol of this beauty. This lyric is one of the richest in lovely images, such as metaphors, similes and personifications. The dancer is spoken of as:

> Resilient as the bubble Hope,
> Absolved of weight, nor effort signed--
> As drift our Desert antelope,
> Like thistledowns before the wind. 35

Her arms are like no other arms, "Spell-weaving as the serpent charms." "Her face the gamut of her thought--Her mind and soul are dancing too!" "She is music bodily, and melody made manifest." Her marble sisters cannot die, but they have never lived.

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34 Ibid. (1921), p. 25.

35 Ibid. (1920), p. 23.

[34] Ibid.

[35] Ibid.

Lummis shows his deep feelings regarding "El Morro" in a poem "Pasó Por Aqui." Much has been written by him on this subject in many of his books, such as, Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo and Some Strange Corners of Our Country. He has had several articles published on this favorite topic of his, "The Stone Autograph Album."

He calls this cliff, "a lion in old New Mexico." Hundreds of weary, hungry men came here and left their message for those who came after them. These men went through hell in this wilderness.

> They leaned against the mighty cliff to breathe again
> And with their daggers graved their word--
> most like "Farewell." 36

Lummis has some memorable portrait studies on John Muir, Mary Garden, Theodore Roosevelt, Ibanez, Will Rogers, Miss Fremont and John Burroughs. In a poem to "John Charles Fremont,"[37] Lummis calls him "Pathfinder--and Path-clincher." While other men were making maps and plans, Fremont was blazing across unknown seas.

To Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Lummis dedicates a poem, "The Diva." There are some beautiful thoughts expressed in this poem. Hope and Love mated and their fruit was their

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36 Ibid. (1928), p. 29; also Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, "The Stone Autograph Album," Chapter 33; Strange Corners, pp. 163-182.

37 Ibid. (1895), p. 11.

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[36] Ibid. (1928), p. 29; also Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo, "The Stone Autograph Album," Chapter 13; Strange Corners, pp. 163-182.

[37] Ibid. (1895), p. 11.

daughter, Art. To Art, the highest tribute is paid:

> Some Sing for Joy, and some for Gold!
> Or Fame or to strut a Part;
> But She wings sure as a homing bird
> To Sing in our very heart! 38

"Great-heart Queen of the Motherhood of song" is Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

One of his last portrait studies was of "John Burroughs" in a four line verse in which he used two couplets to summarize this nature lover. Lummis wrote:

> 'Oom John' o' Birds--he saw as clean
> As many another Seer has seen;
> But more than any, his gift to give--
> And millions through him see Nature live. 39

John Muir is spoken of as a "Prophet of Glacier and of Peak." He was a shy man, but when he spoke, his audience was awed by his words. Lummis ends the verse in two couplets,

> On rock and ice he bedded warm;
> Exultant, grappled with the Storm--
> Or lashed him in a Fir-top high
> To whip against the howling sky. 40

The friendship of Theodore Roosevelt inpired the poem "T. R." Lummis and Roosevelt attended Harvard together and both shared many of the same sentiments concerning the Southwest and the Indians. In this poem, which has already been mentioned, Roosevelt sent his sister a copy of verses written by Lummis. Any new fact that he read or was told,

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38 Ibid. (1919), p. 18.

39 Ibid. (1928), p. 20.

40 Ibid. (1928), p. 22.

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38 Ibid. (1919), p. 16.

39 Ibid. (1929), p. 20.

40 Ibid. (1928), p. 22.

Roosevelt had the power to remember and to retain. Both men looked to the West as their hope and never a town to this day where the name of Roosevelt "does not ring as a bugle." His final lines concerning his old school-mate are:

> This be Posterity's sentence!
> I speak of him as I knew him
> Fighter and Scholar and Leader,
> and kindler of Men and Ideals--
> Still the High Pattern of young-hearted
> men of his land and of others. 41

To one of the First Americans, Lummis has a poem called "Santiago Naranjo." The Indian, who is "unpoisoned by our latter-day pretense." Lummis compares this Indian and his race to the best of its kind in the following lines:

> We see! That Poise of ages long is bred!
> What statesman boast we of a nobler head,
> Of strength, Repose, and Sweetness to infer--
> Of Poet, nor what Greek Philosopher?
>
> Yet we forget you in the nation's plan--
> An Indian--The First American! 42

Even the birds envy the charm and art of Mary Garden. In a short lyric, Lummis speaks of "Mary Garden."

> How full the lyric wood of birds that sing!
> How jealous birds the worm of Fame to page!
> But somehow--well, there is no other thing
> When Mary walks--a Self--upon the stage! 43

Lummis is carried away with the warmest of human feelings in these portrait sketches of his friends. He

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41 Ibid. (1928), p. 26.

42 Ibid. (1928), p. 31.

43 Ibid. (1928), p. 9.

dedicates many of his shortest and best lyrics to his friends and artists. His rhyming scheme is well carried out, his words aptly chosen, his comparisons most fitting and his thoughts philosophical and sound.

In a most humorous manner, Lummis ridicules age, the retoucher in "To a Common Thief." Lummis bewails the signs of age and wished that he could have these rich experiences without the scars. He mentions scars, which he had received from gun-shots, and wrinkles which the wind, sun, and worry have put on his face. Lummis shows a power in his use of word:

> Desert-parchmented, leanly shaven,
> Scrawled with scars of the Three Frontiers--
> Entry of bullet and knife and talon,
> Burn of glacier and crater's blast,
> Tankard-tally of Stoup and gallon--
> Cicatrices of passions past--

In his ending lines, be begs age to be kind:

> Give me back my Experience, fellow,
> Bought and paid and receipted plain,
> Spare, oh spare me this mask of Jello--
> Put me back in my face again! 44

"The Old Brooch" is a poem which gives an unusual thought on a simple subject. The lover speaks to an ornament or pin on his beloved's neck.

> Little jet bear at her throat of snow,
> What are you thinking?

The poet hopes that there might be a flutter or a sigh

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44 Ibid. (1921), p. 20.

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[44] Ibid. (1921), . . .

for him.

Maybe a memory stirred for Me there? 45

This poem was originally written in Spanish.

"The Lost Child" was probably written to one of the author's daughters. No matter how old she will be, she will be, she will always be her father's babe. After life places its stamp upon her with its changes and sorrows, she will come back to her dad, the same, sweet girl, everything forgiven and forgotten.

> Some day, sure as the homing bird,
> Sure as the sun on the glacier's ice,
> Safe as sorrow and Fixed as fate--
> . . . . . .
> All behind and between shall be
> Naught and naught as a dream of pain--
> When she stand again at my knee. 46

Lummis thinks of his past life, with its sorrows and joys and the "Lost scenes and faces" in his poem called "Page One." All his various experiences in life have taught him a great deal and he further says: "Life is too short for rueing." His many memories are, "Somewhere in my book, unpaged, unindexed and forgot--." His most vivid memory is of his mother's death, when he was only a tiny lad of two years. His grandmother led him into the room, where his mother was asking for him. A well-drawn scene is produced

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45 Ibid. (1911), p. 15; also McClure's Magazine, 38:439, February, 1912.

46 Ibid. (1911), p. 9; also Independent, 73:321, August 8, 1912.

in words, which make the reader feel the stillness of such a room:

White shutters by the whiter bed,
And a whitest face therein;
A strong man pacing still and dread,
And the tall clock ticking, ticking slow
Where little boys must never go--
But now they led me in.

His mother's eyes in these dying moments are described:

Big eyes so deep I cannot see--
Till Stars come up in them for me;
The shadow of a breath that speaks;
"God keep my little boy!" 47

After a man has lived his life, he may enjoy looking back and meditating on memories of the past. In "Top o' the Hill," Lummis speaks of the lives he has lived and the work that he has done. Some very fine thoughts are found here:

Lived to learn and learned to live--
Love--achieve--Keep faith--forgive.
Worked and loved--and loved it best
After work, to work for rest. 48

From thoroughly living life, Lummis learned many lessons, both from failure and success. He ends this poem with a philosophic thought,--

We Had Our Share--Did We Do Our Part?

One of the best of American ballads is "The-Man-Who-Yawns." It is the story of Geronimo, the great Apache, who terrified the Southwest for many years. He was the actual

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47 Ibid. (1910), pp. 3,4,5.

48 Ibid. (1924), p. 3; also Ladies Home Journal, 42:86, February, 1925.

leader of a band, who made "Civilized warfare look childish."[49] This chief and his men were very well-acquainted with every piece of the desert and its hardships. During these campaigns from 1876 to 1886, the Apaches could subdue any of the white troops, since the latter were not as well-advanced in warfare. The Indian had an endurance in fatigue, hunger and thirst, which helped him to carry on; while the white men died in great numbers.

In 1882, the Federal Grand Jury severely criticized the Indian agents at these reservations. To this was given the real cause for the bloodshed brought about by discontented tribes. In 1886, Geronimo made a peace truce with General Crook. Leonard Wood was instrumental in getting this great chief to come in and state his own terms later. Geronimo and his tribes lived peaceably for years, farming quietly, and being on exhibits in fairs in the East.

Lummis was well-versed in this Apache problem and wrote much in connection with it.[50] This ballad is colorful and powerful with the real historical background. Geronimo's real name was Goy-ath-lay, which means "Man-Who-Yawns," but "No one ever yawned with him." Each stanza ends in an Indian sigh "Ahnh," which is a yawn. The white man is

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[49] Ibid. (1924), p. 35.

[50] Ibid., p. 43--In a note Lummis tells the story of the Apache campaigns. See, also, The Land of Poco Tiempo, "The Apache Warrior."

leader of a band, was [illegible]
ish."[49] This [illegible]
with every piece of [illegible]
these campaigns from [illegible]
any of the white troops, since the latter were [illegible]
advanced in warfare. The Indian had an [illegible]
fatigue, hunger and [illegible]
while the white man died an [illegible] death.

In 1882, the [illegible] severely criticized
the Indian agents at the [illegible]. To this [illegible]
the real cause for [illegible] by aiding
tented tribes. In 1886, [illegible] Crook,
General Crook. [illegible]
this great chief [illegible]
Geronimo and his [illegible]
quietly, and being [illegible]

Lummis was [illegible]
wrote much in [illegible]
and powerful with [illegible]
real name was [illegible]
"No one ever [illegible]
Indian sign "Ahnu" [illegible]

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[49] Ibid. (1886), p. [illegible].

Ibid., p. [illegible]
the Apache campaigns. See also, [illegible]
"The Apache Warrior."

characterized as being unscrupulous and dictatorial in his demands upon the Apache. The white man's defeat is found in this verse:

> They never saw a hair of him,
> but ever and oft they felt--
> Each rock and cactus spitting lead
> from an Apache belt,
> Where never sign of man there was,
> nor flicker of a gun--
> You cannot fight an empty hill;
> you run--if left to run! 51

Lummis calls this warrior, the most "consummate warrior since warfare first began.

> We never caught or conquered him,
> He had no Waterloo--

Finally, after much fighting, Geronimo came in as a prisoner of war to the United States officials. The primitive part of our lives has gone with the Apache, the last of the frontier. Lummis often wished for those days again and compares our lives to the "movie mob, all scurrying, bad and good." His ending lines to this forceful ballad are:

> Ahnh! Give me back Geronimo--
> the border--and Leonard Wood!

These poems were hastily gathered together in the last days of his life and represent the finest courage and intelligence. Lummis was very weak and suffered greatly from lack of good vision. It was quite an ordeal to hurry and finish this last task before death intervened. Everything that

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51 Ibid., p. 35.

Lummis touched was fairly well done, whether it was a Western cowboy yarn or an old historical legend. His poetry has an individual stamp and his prose will live in the hearts of the Southwestern people as a true record of their native country.

In Spanish Songs of California[52] Lummis collected the old Spanish songs of California, which are among the genuine folk-songs of America. These songs sprang from the natural emotions of the people and they should be sung in their own tongue. The rhythm carries the singer back to the old ranches, haciendas, and missions, which were the centers of the earliest American colonization.

Lummis had a great passion for music. For hours, he would play the guitar with his daughter; often, alone, he would play and sing all by himself. He could sing hundreds and hundreds of songs of all types, relying on his memory alone.[53]

Fourteen of these most lasting and heart-warming songs are collected in this book. Most of the songs are written on simple subjects, such as love and springtime. To the swing of the hammock, the singer is carried away in the tune of "La Hamoca" (The Hammock). "La Noche 'sta Serena" is a song of love with words which spell the

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[52] Charles Lummis, Spanish Songs of California (Transcribed by Arthur Farwell, Los Angeles, 1923).

[53] Turbese Lummis Fiske, Personal letter, see Appendix, Note C.

fluttering hearts of the lovers.

A popular song is "El Capotin," which means the Mexican rain cape, which was an ancient symbol. The words follow in a rhythmical repetition as: "Con el ca-po-tin-tin-tin-tin-tin-tin-tin-questa--" etc.

In "El Zapatero," the quick humor of the Spanish is found. The shoemaker made a pair of shoes and eliminated the duck-bill toe.

In "Es al Amor Mariposa" the words fit the idea perfectly. It compares love to a baby who plays with a new toy and then throws it aside.

To learn a Mexican paisano air as a Mexican sings such a tune is quite difficult. Their tiempo is always correct and their subjects are of odd and humorous topics. Henry Huss helped him to transcribe songs such as "El Borrachito" (Little Drunk) and "El Carnonero" (Charcoal Man).[54]

These songs have stood the test of centuries and are loved because they come from the heart of the people.

Although the poetry of Lummis cannot always be considered as the highest type of classical literature, it does have an intimate, human quality that would endear it to the common, ordinary man. His poetry is an account of his own

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[54] Charles Lummis, The Land of Poco Tiempo, "Folk Songs," pp. 218-250.

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[54] Charles Lummis, The Land of Poco Tiempo, "Folk Songs," pp. 218-250.

experiences in life, and has a certain vigor and strength. His imagery is clearly drawn and adds not only a picture of vividness to the mind's eye, but presents humor and thought. His verses are well-turned and virile.

Because Lummis was a greater story-teller than a poet, his prose far exceeds his poetic attempts. In his prose, he is able to let go, regardless of poetic rhythms, in powerful, descriptive passages. In his poetry, he cannot always adhere to the plot and the character development that he is so capable of producing in his short stories.

His own opinion of his work is quite interesting. In a letter to Dr. D. M. Richards,[55] he suggests two of his own books for a suitable library, Land of Poco Tiempo and The Spanish Pioneers. He is sorry to have to recommend his own books, but he states there are few desirable books on the Southwest. He pays a high tribute to the works of his friend, Bandelier, but considers the works of Prince worse than worthless.

In a letter to Wilma Shelton,[56] Lummis is quite pleased at the suggestion that the University of New Mexico

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55 Charles Lummis, letter to Dr. D. M. Richards of the University of New Mexico Library, March 4, 1908. See Appendix, Note H.

56 Charles Lummis, letter to Miss Wilma Shelton of the University of New Mexico Library, October 20, 1924. See Appendix, Note I.

would have a "Lummis Room." He further commented that it was a splendid idea to have his own likeness hanging within such a room. Lummis could think of no more fitting place for his books than the land of the Southwest, his beloved land.

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APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Note A

"The Works of Charles Lummis." (pamphlet published by the Lummis Foundation, Los Angeles, 1928).

Some of the biographical facts found in this pamphlet are:

1878, Lummis set up his boyhood poems on bark and won recognition from many famous men.

1884, he took his well-known trampfrom Ohio to Los Angeles, an account of which is found in his book, Tramp Across the Continent.

1886, he was active in the last Apache campaign under General Crook.

1888, he was stricken with an attack of paralysis which forced him to return to New Mexico to recuperate. During these years, he wrote many things, and collected Spanish and Indian songs, which were later published.

1894, he founded the Landmarks Club, which helped to preserve the Spanish missions in California.

1894-1901, he was editor and publisher of The Land of Sunshine, a periodical devoted largely to Western interests.

1901-1909, he continued in this same capacity, but the name of the publication was changed to Out West Magazine (which subsequently was merged with Overland Monthly). This magazine sponsored many of the best writers in America.

APPENDIX

Note A

"The Works of Charles Lummis." (pamphlet published by the Lummis Foundation, Los Angeles, 1928).

Some of the biographical facts found in this pamphlet are:

1879, Lummis set up his boyhood poems on bark and won recognition from many famous men.

1884, he took his well-known tramp from Ohio to Los Angeles, an account of which is found in his book, Tramp Across the Continent.

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With one of his closest friends, Adolph Bandelier, the well-known historian, Lummis went on an expedition to Peru. Both men gathered a world of rich material from their contacts here.

1902, Lummis founded the Sequoya League to protect the Indians. He was able to do this fine thing with the aid of his old-time college friend, Theodore Roosevelt.

1903, he established the Archaeological Institute of America and later incorporated the Southwest Museum--the dream of his life. He built his own building, which was dedicated to him.

1905, he was made the city librarian of the city library of Los Angeles.

1911, he suffered an attack of blindness, which was a result of a fever that he had contracted in the jungles of South America.

Most of the later years of his life he spent in writing books on his favorite subject, the Southwest. His books are considered epoch making and no traveler in the Southwest is completely equipped without a copy of most of them.

A review of all of the books of Lummis is given in this pamphlet,(a copy of which has been presented to the University of New Mexico Library, by the author of this thesis).

Note B

"Life of Charles Lummis," by his daughter, Turbesé Lummis Fiske, an unpublished manuscript which Mrs. Fiske permitted the Library of the University of New Mexico to copy.

In this biography, Turbesé Lummis Fiske relates many personal incidents concerning her father, which the world did not know. For instance, she tells of an incident of his student days at Harvard. Lummis was rather unusual and did not want his hair cut. Roosevelt upheld his stand, and stopped the upper classmen from teasing the lad. Mrs. Fiske also pictures quite vividly the last days of her father's life. He did many wonderful things for others, and he was failed by many of his so-called friends when he needed help. He had known tragedy in his life, in the death of one of his sons, in an attack of blindness and finally in his latter days, the dreaded disease of cancer.

Note C

A letter, written by Turbesé Lummis Fiske on December 11, 1939, contains some very fitting statements about her father, Charles Lummis. The letter reads:

> My father was not at all of the academic type. He was a very human man, brilliant, fascinating, autocratic, and so lovable and generous and sympathetic that he had more friends than anyone I ever knew. He helped hundreds of persons with his wise and understanding counsel.

He had a great passion for music. When I was at home, he would play the guitar with me for hours. When he was alone, he would play and sing all by himself, alone in the late watches of the night. He had a prodigious memory, and could sing hundreds and hundreds of songs, from hymns to "comics." In size, he was a small man, imperious and handsome, with fine hands and feet and an unforgettable profile, aquiline and potent. As I work over the material for his biography, I am almost stupified at all he accomplished, and at the heroism with which he faced the heartbreaks he met in life--ingratitude, betrayal, blindness, loneliness, the breakdown of his wonderful body that had been like steel, and the final cancer, which he accepted and went toward as unflinchingly as you or I would go toward the morrow.

Note D

Harvard University had a copy of a mimeographed reproduction of a longhand letter written by Lummis, November 1, 1912, in Los Angeles. This letter is written after he had suffered an attack of blindness. It reads:

Here's looking at the world! And particularly at them I love--and I don't care who knows it! After fifteen months of total blindness, I am beginning to see again; not much but a darned sight better than nothing. And I intend to get all my eyes back, in time. The friendly bandage still tempers the sunlight, but I can now peep from under. "Old Son" Quimu has led me by the hand faithfully and well, all this time; but now I can find my own way. The dark is another world, and I had fun exploring it. I was never lonely in that long night--for Memory and Friendship had hung my attic with pictures of Gold--but the Glory of the Dawn! Hooray for the man that invented "Things to See With" and God that gave us Love, and Nerve!

Always your friend,

Chas. F. Lummis.

Note E

A letter written by Pablo Abeita, one-time governor of Isleta, on October 18, 1939, contains some interesting remarks about Lummis, when he was living in this Indian pueblo. It reads:

> Lummis came here to Isleta in 1886 with his wife, who was a Russian girl. Not long after this time, the Russian girl left and I never saw her again. Later, Lummis married a girl, who was called Eva and who was a sister-in-law of Archibald Rhea, who kept a store here for many years. Turbesé, Amado and Quimu were born in Isleta. Many years later, Lummis married the third time, to his secretary.
>
> He was so well liked here that he was allowed to set his camera any place he chose. No one man can write enough of his good standing in the pueblo of Isleta, and I say elsewhere too.
>
> Sincerely Yours,
>
> Pablo Abeita.

Note F

The Albuquerque Morning Journal, February 19, 1889, contains an account of an accident that occurred to Lummis on February 14, 1889. The item reads:

> The attempted assassination of Charles Lummis at Isleta is the beginning of a bloody war upon every man who opposes the vile methods of leaders of political and social parties.
>
> Men have feared to speak of the hideous crimes, such as murder, and not dared to raise a hand. In Valencia County, there exists a supreme contempt for the law. One justice of peace exclaimed, "I am the law."

One man, Charley Kusz, was killed, but no effort has been made to bring the criminal to justice. One Dumas Provencher was shot as he was counting ballots cast by the voters. Lummis wrote about this crime to his own journal, "The Los Angeles Times" with all the wonderful command of his language. Previously, he had also written about the Penitentes of San Mateo. These letters were the death warrants of Lummis. For months, he was watched; finally, he was shot at the door of his own home. Bleeding from a severe wound, he seized his rifle and pursued his assassin. Fainting from the loss of blood, he fell near the door of his friends, the Rheas, who dressed his wounds.

His bravery had a dash of recklessness. He kept guard in his room alone that night. He left the door open and lying with his rifle at his side; he watched until sleep came.

Lummis is a martyr to his convictions and obstinate to a fault. The time has come to avenge such crimes.

##

At the close of the article, there were stated a few questions as:

Are the people of Bernalillo County going to bear the insult offered them by the would be assassin of Lummis?

Bernalillo County can no more stand by and let these murderers go than Valencia County can afford to harbor such criminals.

That there is no law in New Mexico, is the report that is rumored in Washington, D. C.

Note G

The Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago, issued a printer's copy of biographical data on Charles Lummis. The date of this publication was December 5, 1928; it is now out of print. Among the many fitting statements found in this pamphlet are:

Lummis was many-lived and myriad-minded. At eight years of age, Lummis was in charge of his father's library. At sixteen he was writing for The Atlantic Monthly. An attack of brain fever kept him from graduating with his class of 1881. After going to Ohio and buying a farm, he conducted the oldest newspaper west of the Alleghanies, The Scioto Gazette.

From a consumptive lad, he built himself up to an athlete. He was a boxer, wrestler, runner, climber and one of the first to make a thousand mile trip on a bicycle.

This sketch tells of Lummis' many accomplishments in life, his great achievements in his writings, his many improvements in the city library and his wonderful work with and for the Indians. John McGroarty said that the Southwest was indebted to Lummis for his inspirational work, in which he was a master. No other man was so steeped on our lore or had the embracing sympathy that he had for the people who were here before he came. The dust of the road was not off his sandals when the Spanish Californians had taken him to their hearts and he had taken them to his.

Note H

Charles Lummis wrote a letter to Dr. D. M. Richards of the University of New Mexico Library on March 4, 1908. This letter was an answer to one which questioned Lummis in

regard to a reference department of the history of New Mexico. Lummis gives several comments on his own books and on those of other writers:

> Bancroft's New Mexico History is the best of all his dreary series--rather indispensable. Prince's is worse than worthless. You will have to beg, borrow or steal all of Bandelier's works. He is the greatest of scholars.
>
> You will need two of my own books--The Land of Poco Tiempo and The Spanish Pioneers. I am sorry to have to recommend them, but there is little historical work on New Mexico that is not worse. I am appalled at the idea of trying to furnish the University of New Mexico Library for only fifty dollars. I wouldn't feel able to give a course on New Mexico history unless I could give my students access to one thousand dollars worth of books. The most vital thing for them to learn straight are the things they do learn; and a small number of the right books can be vitalized.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Charles F. Lummis.

Note I

On October 20, 1924, Lummis wrote a letter to Miss Wilma Shelton of the University of New Mexico Library, in reply to a suggestion that the library have a Lummis collection and a "Lummis Room." Lummis appreciated the compliment paid to him as the proffer came from New Mexico which held a warm place in his heart. He was glad that the University was getting a new library and hoped it would be architecturally adapted to future growth. He wrote:

That would be very lovely to have a "Lummis Room" in your library with my likeness hanging therein and my collection of books on the Southwest on the shelves.

I would be very happy to give you any assistance in this matter, for I love the old territory which has been very good to me. I am a debtor everywhere to all scholars.

Sincerely,

Charles Lummis.

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