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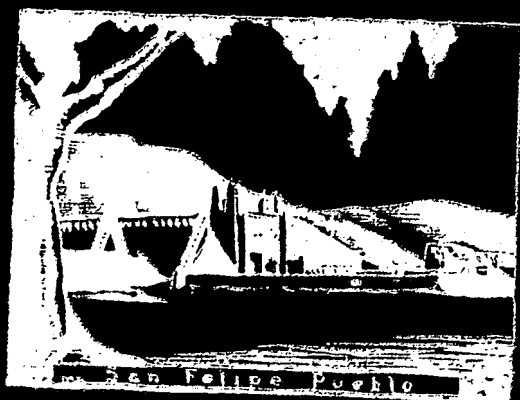
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Young Heart. The Journey of the Flame. The Single Glow. Footnote to Youth. Andrew's Harvest. On Reading Shakespeare. Shakespearean Scraps and Other Elizabethan Fragments. New Mexico History and Civics. America in the Southwest.

Reviewed by Haniel Long, Frances Gillmor, John Myers, T. M. Pearce, J. B. Montgomery-McGovern, George St. Clair, P. M. Baldwin, Margaret Page Hood.

Contributors to This Issue

ETHEL W. MUSGRAVE has made her home in Arizona and New Mexico, where she has grown familiar with the pueblos and with the flora and fauna of these Southwestern states in the company of her husband who is Game Specialist for the Forest Service.

MARGARET PAGE HOOD is both poet and journalist, having a professional contact as feature writer for the *Las Cruces Citizen*. She is a member of the Board of Regents of the University of New Mexico.

JOHN COLLIER is Commissioner of Indian Affairs of the United States Department of the Interior. His article in this issue of the *QUARTERLY* introduces a discussion of education in the Southwest as it is being adapted to the Indian and Spanish regional background.

* L. S. TIREMAN is director of the San Jose Experimental School and MELA SEDILLO BREWSTER and LOLITA POOLER are members of the Instructional staff of San Jose in Albuquerque. Dr. Tireman is at present in Europe upon a fellowship granted by the General Education Board for study in bi-lingual education districts of the continent.

MARY AUSTIN, of Santa Fe, is a poet and novelist who has made the study and interpretation of folk literature, Indian, Spanish, English, a major interest in her life. *The American Rhythm* and *Earth Horizon* are among her many books describing this enthusiasm. She is a director of the San Jose School and has encouraged its plans for educational advance.

HANIEL LONG is a poet of Santa Fe who is writing upon unusual and stirring themes. October *Scribner's* contained "Stephen Foster," and November *Forum* "Henry George." "The Heart is a Vine" is one of the poems to appear in a volume entitled *Atlantides* which will be published as one of the first series of "Writers' Editions" by the Rydal Press of Santa Fe in December.

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON, poet and editor, has been identified with poetry in the Southwest since 1916 when she came to Santa Fe after being associated in the editorship of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*. She is chairman of the group in Santa Fe which is co-operating in the publication of "Writers' Editions," original manuscripts of poetry and prose printed and marketed by what will constitute almost a guild of authors and printers. Mrs. Henderson's new volume of poetry, "The Sun Turns West," "Foretaste," a first book of poems by Peggy Pond Church, who is known to *QUARTERLY* readers, and "Penalosa" by Eugene Manlove Rhodes are included with Long's "Atlantides" in the first books to be printed before December 15.

HAROLD HUFFMAN and ALFREDO GALAZ are students of the University of New Mexico, who are specializing in Spanish studies.

MAUD CROSNO is an Albuquerque poet whose work has appeared in other issues of the *QUARTERLY*. She has completed a volume of poetry entitled *Earth Dust*.

DOROTHY HOGNER was in first hand contact with the Indian Emergency Conservation Work initiated last summer as a part of the general program for Indian Relief and Indian educational advance. She is enrolled in Upper Division courses of the University of New Mexico for the Fall semester.

VAN DEUSEN CLARK and OTTO REUTINGER are Graduate Students of the University of New Mexico. Each has published poetry in previous numbers of the *QUARTERLY*.

KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS lives at Los Lunas, New Mexico, where she has for some time been writing of the people among whom she lives.

MAUDE USCHOLD is an Illinois poet who has written poetry of both her native region and the Southwest. She is no newcomer to this contributor's column.

ROY KEECH is an archaeologist and author of fiction who has published in *El Palacio* and has recently had a book accepted for publication which combines his experiences of the war with the story of a little French girl.

In Hopiland

By ETHEL W. MUSGRAVE

DOWN the narrow street which writhed through the pueblo atop the high mesa, Tapayo, the old pottery maker passed. Her feet, brown and bare, rustled on the smooth white stone like withered oak leaves. They readily found the familiar path over which they had gone since childhood, but her eyes found strange the place they now entered. Before an open doorway Tapayo paused, gazing in with childlike curiosity. In the room were two young Indian women, neat in gingham dresses; and, as they talked in the language of the government school, one ran a sewing machine in humming accompaniment. Here used to sit the women flat on the floor weaving baskets of stout yucca fibres.

A wail quavered for an instant, and the old crone, turning, saw in a corner a baby asleep on a high and ugly iron bed. She noticed the curve of the springs under its trivial weight. How could a *deposhoyd* grow sturdy with straight and beautiful back cradled in such a way? And its blanket—it was from the white man's loom. She thought of her own swaddling robe, woven of strips of softest rabbit fur and made large so that she still used it. Why did mothers no longer weave for their babies? Was it that they knew too little? Bewildered by the strangeness of a room long-known, she slipped into the street once more, mumbling as she went.

Two girls approached, the hard heels of their stiff black shoes clicking on the stone roadway. It had not been so when Tapayo was a maiden. Then, with feet encased in soft buckskin dyed warm brown and fastened about her ankles with beautiful silver buttons bought from neighboring Navajo smiths, she had stepped as lightly as a fawn.

Now from the head of the street shrill voices sifted, voices which Tapayo recognized as coming from the talking

box of the white man. Her wrinkled face twisted in anger. What did the youths mean by bringing this screaming devil into the pueblo of their fathers? Surely little brother Coyote had slipped through the tiny doors of the box and was howling to deride the red man. Hopis living on the rocky wind-swept mesa high above the desert knew no music of gurgling brook nor whispering forest; but their voices, high and sweet as they chanted the legend of the moon maidens or the song of the flute dance, blended in stirring symphony with whirring rattle of gourds and regular monotone of tom-toms. When, at full moon of August, the chant of the Snake Clan arose, swelled by thunder-makers and rhythmic padding of feet, its sounds swept across the strings of Tapayo's inner being until she vibrated in aching response.

The songs of the fathers were sung half-heartedly now; the rites of the sacred dances were performed with little understanding. The youth of the village distrusted the old even as he doubted the new.

At the edge of the mesa, where the street abruptly ended, the bent figure paused, her unkempt gray hair and short woven skirt fluttering in the wind. Far across the desert the setting sun flung long red ribbons of departing glory, but already the evening air blew cold on her withered arms and the left shoulder, bared in the dress of her tribal mothers. A few feet below her in a pocket on the face of the precipice, a wee burro shifted in his tiny stall; from a nearby housetop a captive eagle screamed. Tapayo viewed the village with dim, anxious eyes. All seemed at this moment as it had been for hundreds of years, but she knew that within those age-old houses a new life was being lived.

"Outside it is yesterday," she muttered. "Inside it is tomorrow."

The Night Wind

By MARGARET PAGE HOOD

The wind creeps down at night
On lacquered paws of white
Bare bone. Creeps down from deep
Sunk mountain caves where sleep
Discarded shapes of beasts and men
Who lived upon the mesas when
An age gone by the sun swung swift
And mountains rose and fell like drift
Of spume across the sea.

The wind creeps down to say to me

"Hug close your sorrows of today!

"Rejoice that you *can* cry, *can* feel, *can* pray.

"For soon, like those within my dark retreat,

"You too will crumble in defeat."

New Policies in Indian Education

By JOHN COLLIER

INSTEAD of trying to furnish a comprehensive review of the Indian schooling situation, I believe it will be more useful to state a few of the controlling facts and considerations of policy.

*Indian Service Money **

The Indian Service is working within a reduced budget—cut \$12,500,000 from the fiscal year 1931 to the fiscal year 1933. The regular budget for the fiscal year 1934 can probably not exceed that for 1933.

Yet the Indian is not adequately served. The deficiencies are extreme. The health service remains very inadequate, quantitatively speaking, and, on the whole, below par qualitatively. The means for the relief of distress and for the care of the aged and infirm are grossly insufficient. The devising and financing of a modern credit system for Indians is still in the future. Indians to the number of 100,000 are wholly or virtually landless; and 7,000,000 acres of land belonging to deceased Indian allottees are awaiting disposal to whites. Between 12,000 and 15,000 children are denied schooling opportunity.

Even were all of the needed capital investment in behalf of the Indians to be provided outside of the budget appropriation, still there would be a deficiency of services.

And still it remains true that the per capita expenditure for Indian service is disagreeably large.

The solution must be found through the redistribution of expenditures within the diminished budget. This fact, among others more prominent and humanly more interesting, drives the Indian Service toward the substitution of day schools for boarding schools.*

A day school costs, on a liberal basis, \$125.00 a year per pupil. A boarding school costs, on a niggardly basis, \$360.00 per year per pupil. If the unschooled Indians are

to be schooled, and if funds are to be released for urgent and neglected health work and other needs, the substitution of day schools for boarding schools must go ahead and must, if possible, be expedited.

We are now expending \$1,500,000 of Public Works money for the construction of day schools, mostly in Arizona and New Mexico. These day schools should accommodate 4,500 children, approximately. The fiscal result is interesting. To school in day schools, rather than in boarding schools, 4,500 children, means a net saving of about \$1,060,000 a year continuously. The capital investment is liquidated in a year and a half.

There remain in boarding schools more than 18,000 Indian children. If the number be reduced by 10,000, the total of appropriation which can be released for other uses can be computed by any interested reader.

The Social Policy Which Ought to Control the School Policy

For purposes of simplification, what follows is limited to the southwestern area of the Indian country.

The Indians are largely pure bloods. Their cultural heritage has not yet become a mere folk-lore. It is, on the contrary, organic, institutional; psychically, socially and industrially, it is a dynamic reality.

To the Indians themselves, and to civilization, this cultural heritage is of fundamental, urgent importance. Its potentialities, in the way of future development, can only be speculated about. Personally, I am convinced that these potentialities are, or might be made, intense and profound—exciting to the lover of life and the explorer of the human spirit. But this, which might seem the romantic view, need not be insisted on. The moral and industrial “values” of the Pueblo and Navajo heritage are acknowledged by all.

One common error must be rebutted. It is the error of believing that a choice must be made between the archaic

and the contemporary. History makes no such choice. The contemporary, psychologically speaking, is nothing but an adjustment carried out by the archaic. The archaic outlives the contemporary, age by age. Many cross-fertilizations, many evolutions have brought the Pueblos to their present moment. Navajo industry has been revolutionized within the past seventy years. The "archaic" has been adjusting to the contemporary all the time.

Indian policy must rest on a detailed and affirmative recognition of what is implied above. Indian policy cannot substitute a newly decreed life or way of life for that which exists. It can only help the existing life to make its own career.

Actually we still are, in the main, although unconsciously, trying to decree Indian life out of our own values and habits.

And we are continuing to bring to bear on Indian education that false assumption which we have so disastrously applied to our own education, namely, *the omnipotence of the school*. The school is not omnipotent. Divorced from the community, the school is in fact largely impotent. And this impotence may be a saving grace, so long as the school remains, on its part, unillumined by the real life, i.e., the community life.

Reduced to a practical statement, the remarks here ventured would mean:

The Indian schools should primarily be designed to discover Indian life, and to discover to that Indian life its own unrealized needs and opportunities.

If such a formula be adopted, are our Indian schools, as now conducted, to be considered successful or unsuccessful?

The Problem the Indians are Facing

It is the use of their land in such a manner as to conserve and improve their land; the acquisition of more land; the use of inherited and native traditions and talents for

economic betterment and for the enrichment of personal and communal life; and the raising of the material standard of living without a corresponding disintegration of those social and psychic achievements which are, in the case of the Navajos and Pueblos, beacons to a distressed world.

These tribes as communities, and their individual members, must become effectually conscious of a wide range of facts which, as yet, they are only slightly aware of. I refer, for example, to hygienic facts. Again, to the facts having to do with purchase and market. Again, to the facts having to do with the wastage of land through erosion. Again, to the facts having to do with financial credit. Again, to the facts as to the relation between populations and areas of land.

This widening awareness of their own practical life must come about not through preachments but through successive actions. Thought, even in the experience of highly individualized Aryans, moves only a little way ahead of action. And thought, among peoples still living the ethnic life, moves only as action moves. Hence, what may be called the social education of the Indian tribes must be pursued through enterprise, and in most cases the school should be the center of this enterprise or a leading partner in it.

Yet here, a different peril thrusts itself into attention.

I have said of our schools (for whites and Indians alike; our schools as they are, not as they might be) that it may be a saving grace that they are comparatively powerless, because were they powerful, they might sunder their pupils from the realities of life.

But if our schools (here, I refer to our Indian schools only) are to become social promotion agencies, and if they promote not wisely but too well, there may ensue a disruption—a veritable slaughter—of the anthropological and communal values of Indian life.

There is, between the archaic and the modern, no *nec-*

essary conflict. But between Indian life and a too-uplifting and too-naive community reform effort by community schools, there might be a devastating conflict.

Wisdom, knowledge and a right instinct would be our safeguard. How can we achieve these far ideals—wisdom, knowledge and a right instinct?

A Suggestion from Mexico

Mexico, not too ambitious for booklearning among her Indians, and financially poor as Mexico is, struck out on a new line ten years ago. Young men and women were brought, in local normal schools, into contact with the best scientific and esthetic minds of the Republic.

These young men and women, after two or three years in the normal schools which themselves were Indian communities, returned to their own people and became the teachers. In these Mexican schools, the teaching for children and for adults and the community enterprise for and with the whole population are part of one activity; and the school's efficiency is measured by its social productiveness, not by the scholastic grades which its students achieve.

Thus, in these Mexican schools the wisdom of the folk and the right instinct of the folk are fertilized and somewhat guided by first-rate sociological, anthropological and esthetic minds of cosmopolitan background. In turn, they restrain the zeal of the innovators.

Can we hope, in our Indian Service, for the freedom to make a similar endeavor? Is there any reason why it should not be successful?

I believe that our hope in Indian education, for the southwestern area at least, is to be fulfilled on this line if at all.

The San Jose Project

By L. S. TIREMAN, MELA SEDILLO BREWSTER
LOLITA POOLER

GEOGRAPHIC and economic factors have contributed to keep the population of New Mexico largely rural. In a state with but one city of 30,000 and with only three or four of 10,000, the educational problem must be largely one of rural education. In the rural districts the Spanish-speaking people predominate. The educational forces are, then, faced with the difficult problems of rural education complicated by the bi-lingual problem. The solution to these problems can best be reached by an experimental approach. To this end, the San Jose Training and Experimental School was created.

This San Jose Project is the result of the combined efforts of the State Board of Education, the General Education Board, the Honorable Bronson M. Cutting, the Bernalillo County Board of Education, and the University of New Mexico. Its control is vested in a Board of Directors appointed by the Regents of the University. Members of the Board of Directors are: Mrs. Mary Austin, authoress; Major Herman Baca, Disbursement Officer; Mr. Kenneth Balcomb, realtor; Dr. H. L. Ballenger, head of the Teacher Training at Normal University; Mr. John V. Conway, President of the Spanish American Normal; Mrs. Grace Corrigan, State Rural School Supervisor; U. S. Senator Bronson M. Cutting; Dr. H. W. Distad, head of the Teacher Training at New Mexico State Teachers College; Miss Margaret Easterday, Bernalillo County School Superintendent; Mr. Gilberto Espinosa, lawyer; Rabbi A. L. Krohn, President of the Bernalillo County Board of Education; Judge Milton J. Helmick; Mr. Ralph Hernandez, business man; Mr. Raymond Huff, President of the State Board of Education; Mrs. Georgia L. Lusk, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Mr. John Milne, Superintendent of Albuquerque.

Schools; Mr. Ray J. McCanna, realtor; Dr. S. P. Nanninga, Dean of the College of Education; Mr. Camillo Padilla, editor of *Sancho Panzo*; Mrs. E. A. Perrault, Member of the State Board of Education; Mr. George I. Sanchez, Director of Division of Information and Statistics; Mr. Brice Sewell, State Supervisor of Vocational Education; Mr. Clyde Tingley, Mayor of City of Albuquerque; Dr. J. F. Zimmerman, President of the University of New Mexico.

The work of the Project falls under five major divisions:

I. Experimental.¹

The school is located at the southern edge of Albuquerque. It is typical in that the rooms are over-crowded, the equipment meager (except for books), and the community chiefly Spanish-speaking.

Here is provided a laboratory in which certain essential data concerning the Spanish-speaking pupil can be secured. To this purpose an extensive test program has been inaugurated. Group and individual intelligence tests as well as accomplishment tests are administered under the direction of a special research assistant. In this way, a collection of data, covering a period of years, is being accumulated which will probably be the most complete that has been secured for children of Spanish-speaking descent. In addition, the staff is constantly preparing new instructional material and evaluating its usefulness. Since so little is known about the best method of teaching non-English-speaking children, this

1. Members of the staff in 1932-33 were: Dr. L. S. Tireman, Director; Mr. Harlan Sininger, Supervising Principal; Mrs. Marie M. Hughes, Field Worker; Mr. J. E. Earl, Research Assistant; Mr. V. H. Cutler, Secretary; Mrs. Ruth Philbrick, 8th; Miss Eula Spillers, 7th; Mr. Adolfo Chavez, 6th; Miss Frances Smith, 5th; Miss Aurora Vigil, 5th; Mrs. Pauline Brewer, 4th; Miss Thelma Adams, 4th; Miss Belle S. Greene, 3rd; Miss Niles Strumquist, 3rd; Mrs. Isabel Lucas, 3rd; Miss Gertrude Stone, 2nd; Miss Tony Lucero, 2nd; Mrs. Margaret Bigelow, 1st; Mrs. Rose Prieto, 1st; Miss Newell Dixon, pre-1st; Miss Vera Wood, kindergarten; Miss Beatrice Costales, kindergarten; Mrs. Lolita Pooler, part-time Spanish; Mrs. Mela Sedillo Brewster, part-time Arts and Crafts; Mrs. Jennie Gonzales, Cedro, one-room mountain school; Mr. William M. Kunkel, part-time, director of orchestra; Mr. Brice Sewell, part-time, director of Arts and Crafts.

part of the program should eventually be helpful to the teachers of the state.

During the past year the staff worked intensively in the field of language instruction. Examples of prevalent language errors were assembled, analyzed, and classified. As typical errors were located, they were allocated to the several grades for concentrated drill.

Another piece of curriculum research dealt with beginning reading. Specific steps or levels of achievement in preparing primary pupils for reading were identified. This is particularly valuable for the teacher of the non-English-speaking pupils, for progress is faster when skills are analyzed into their component parts and definite provision made for the mastery of each part.

The experience of the children of the school has been limited. Accordingly, the teachers are constantly endeavoring to provide situations where broader viewpoints can be secured of life in general. Excursions, trips, creative work are used generously to supplement the vicarious experience secured from reading. The well recognized principle of learning through active participation is well illustrated in the various grades.

II. Spanish Colonial Arts and Crafts.¹

Where Spanish Colonial Arts and Crafts are being introduced as a completely new subject, it is essential to emphasize the existence of beauty and practicability in the very building in which the subject is to be taught. Therefore, the course has offered as part of the school work the actual building of a one-room school house employing, where necessary, community labor and supplying all other work by the students themselves.

The purpose in doing this was to interest children and adult members of the community in the work—to make them feel an appreciation for the type of dwellings most suitable to New Mexico, and to thus overcome the now prev-

1. Contributed by Mrs. Mela Sedillo Brewster.

alent feeling that unless a building has a tin roof and mail-order-house furniture it is something of which to be ashamed.

The first semester of the year was devoted to the completion of the building; the last semester to the actual introduction of the crafts. Where conveniently arranged a part of the work of the second semester might have been introduced during the first semester. For example, when and where there are too many hands for the work of the day, or not enough tools, other work—washing of wool—spinning—tin making—could have been begun by extra hands. This point is mentioned because above all the course should be made flexible. The grand idea of writing out a daily program a year in advance and following it to the letter day in and day out is, as the janitor would say, a lot of “*chorizo*.” One never knows when Carmelita’s grandfather is going to die and leave her embroidery to be finished a week late, nor can the teacher ever figure exactly at what hour and for what length of time the *tío* Crespín and *tía* María will drop in to visit and to learn. And when *tío* and *tía* arrive, nothing is too important to be allowed to wait while teacher and pupils interest them in the work. For after all it is the community and the adult that the school wishes to reach through this program. There will no doubt be much wailing and tearing of the hair from those who insist on routine and system, but after all they have to be sold to the idea just as years ago pedagogues were sold to the idea that the children should not be made to study their lessons by shouting them out-loud.

A plan for a typical building with detailed information as to adobes, vigas, etc., can be secured by writing to the San Jose Training School. (You see, we are really hoping some one else will build.)

With two men from the community doing the “lead” the building was begun. Twenty-five hundred adobes can be made in a week by men and boys. No definite time was set for the actual completion of the laying of the walls, but

THE SAN JOSE PROJECT [211]

by the end of the first semester, walls, roof, floor, fireplace, plaster, and a sufficient number of coats of *yeso* on the walls were finished. Both boys and girls helped in the building for as a rule the true child will enjoy mixing mud, plastering, whitewashing, feeling that his own hands have made a place from which warmth and shelter will be received. It is well, however, to have boys and girls come on different days. Preferably, several days in succession rather than every other day.

With the beginning of the second semester the boys were started with the woodwork. Obviously there were reasons for this. Tables for working, benches for washing, stools and chairs, lacenas, and for the weaving—spindles and looms—were very much in demand. The boys were not made to practice on pieces of lumber methods of joinery or decoration, but using a cheaper grade of lumber they began on whatever piece they were to make. (No, Juanito, this is *not* a course in manual training.) Blunders were made, naturally, but rather have a few blunders in the finished article coupled with a desire to continue on something else than a feeling of discouragement at trying to work on one piece until it is perfect.

Washing the wool with *amole* after it has been carded and spun and thus prepared for the vegetable dyeing is in itself a project that can be used not only for the girls while the looms are being constructed but it can lead to a whole community craft within a very short period. In San Jose this was done and today several families are earning money by spinning wool on hand spindles during spare time. Again must it be repeated that no set hour with a "please pay attention to what teacher will say" is going to be of any value. Comadre Juana or friend Cuca can, if they care to, discuss all about their children's measles, their great grandfather's loom, or their mother-in-law's grouch before approaching the cards or spindles. It may require a whole afternoon or a whole week to get them started, but once

started it is amazing with what nicety and speed the work is done. One whole hour spent in discussing the bump on Tomasito's head more than repaid itself when at the end of two months to the day Tomasito's mother had turned in over twenty-four pounds of beautifully spun wool—so finely and strongly spun that it could be used for warp.

Tin making and tanning can be introduced simultaneously with an effort to allow the child to select that which appeals mostly to him. It is interesting to note that although tanning is not the most pleasant member of the crafts, and certainly not the easiest, no "backing out" or laziness was displayed by pupils in San Jose when it became obvious to them that they could make beautiful and serviceable garments from cast-away, stiff hides. We recall particularly one very windy afternoon when Tita and Ramona insisted on dehairing two big hides (this work had to be done outside of the building) in spite of the weather. They were very anxious to make pocket-books.

By the end of the year, we tried to have every child experiment with each of the crafts so that upon his return to school the following fall the teacher may know which particular craft is most suited to each child. This may sound like a very broad task, but as the days go by it is not difficult to see that Gomez is positively hopeless with wood but very expert at tanning, that Veneranda is restless until she starts to embroider, that Maria is at her best weaving, that Hermenez can paint beautiful corn designs and polka-dotted pigs on the walls, and that spirited, cute little Carmen can do nothing at all, so we let her go back to her conjugations and history with the hope that teachers will not be too harsh with the child.

May we repeat that with this work one cannot be too particular about hours? We are thankful, indeed, that the children at San Jose are too poor to have annoyed parents waiting impatiently for them when the bell rings. Thus if

the children feel inclined to do so they can remain and work as late as they please.

This, in general, is the type of work that has been done at San Jose. By the end of the year four girls had developed into exceptionally fine spinners—their work actually marketable. Twice that number (boys and girls) were weaving, and all of them could distinguish between Indian and Spanish weaves, the old designs and vegetable dyes. Pine furniture, willow and raw-hide stools were made. One youngster sold a hundred adobes. In two months enough wool was marketed from the community to make eight rugs. Forming a quilting group several girls made a woolen quilt and raffled it within the community to help pay for building material for the school house. All the old tin Santo frames were brought out from their hidden places and carefully studied after being given a place of honor in the homes. Mother, father, grandparents were consulted about looms, gergas, santeros, cabinet-makers, tanning. A multitude of old songs and folk-tales, and bits of folk-information were brought forth either by the children or the old folks themselves in their interest for a revival of anything they felt pertained to themselves and the Spanish people of New Mexico.

As one little grandmother kept repeating, "At last they have come to see that there used to be many things."

III. Instruction in Spanish—Bi-lingualism at San Jose.¹

The teaching of Spanish to the Spanish-speaking children is nothing new, but the teaching of both English and Spanish in the lower grades is an innovation in the public schools that, if properly developed, has unlimited beneficial possibilities in the Southwest where society is confronted with a very special educational problem growing out of its bi-racial population.

In so far as the Spanish-Americans are concerned, it

1. Contributed by Mrs. Lolita Pooler.

is necessary to awaken in them an appreciation of their lingual heritage. The thought that this might contribute something to the culture of the Anglo is not seriously entertained by anyone, for Spanish, as it is spoken in New Mexico, is a decidedly corrupt language—a mixture of sixteenth century verb forms, English words and incorrect usage resulting from the omission of the language in the lower grades.

The bi-lingual project has its conception in the belief that the bi-lingual tendencies that now operate as an educational handicap to Spanish-American children in general, can be transformed into an educational asset by the simple process of teaching Spanish along with English in the lower grades. The vast majority of Spanish-American children enter schools from homes in which Spanish, only, is spoken. For them bi-lingual classes will offer an added medium through which to reach their comprehension. For the English-speaking children, bi-lingual classes offer an opportunity for cultural development. For both, they offer a competitive field in which group advantages and disadvantages are more or less equalized and in which group barriers can be effectively broken down. In a word, the project is an attempt, not only to find a satisfactory solution of a very real educational problem, but aspires, through educational channels, to solve the broader bi-racial problem of the Southwest:

It is too early to predict ultimate results, but present indications point to a growing interest on the part of the Spanish-speaking children themselves in their native tongue, their folklore, legends, and arts. What is needed for full realization of the ultimate objective is more adequate school facilities in the way of space, books, and working materials, and a more generous and definite place in the training school curriculum.

IV. Teacher Training.

A. Six scholarships at institutions of higher learning in this state are available to young men and women of Spanish descent who especially wish to prepare themselves for principalships or superintendencies in the smaller towns.

B. Three-month scholarships at the Training School are available to teachers actually engaged in teaching children of Spanish descent. During the current year, these scholarships have enabled twenty-four teachers, from fourteen counties, to receive specialized training. This service is potentially one of the most important parts of the work at San Jose and should remain so until other teacher training institutions make a more determined effort to prepare teachers for service in non-English-speaking communities.

Of special significance to those engaged in teacher training is the school at Cedro. Cedro is a little village in the Manzano Mountains east of Albuquerque. It is an isolated non-English mountain village. By permission of the County Board of Education, the San Jose Project has been permitted to assume control of the little one-room school located there. A teacherage was built and one of the regular staff members installed as teacher. To this typical situation we sent our cadets so that they might see exemplified in actual practice the principles we are developing at the San Jose School.

This work, coupled with the Key School program, including the Field Worker, makes a significant contribution to the supervisory service of the State Department.

V. Extension Service.

Through the efforts of the State Board of Education, a Field Worker was added to the staff of San Jose. It is her duty to visit the former cadets and assist them in adjusting their work to the principles they had seen demonstrated at the Training School.

This work has become so valuable that seven county superintendents have asked the co-operation of the San Jose

Project in organizing what is known as Key Schools. These are schools geographically placed so that they can serve a number of adjoining schools. During the past year 57 were selected. Since this work is confined to centers where Spanish-speaking pupils predominate, it allows an extension of the San Jose service. Mrs. Hughes supplies them with some material, but the most help comes from her ideas, plans, and personal supervision. During the past year she travelled 10,000 miles. Many of the Key Schools are staffed by former cadets; other teachers will be sent to San Jose as fast as possible. This flexible arrangement permits the influence of San Jose to be spread widely throughout the state.

Conclusion

September introduces the fourth year of the Project. Like other growing organisms, the original plans have been enlarged from time to time. It is too early to predict what conclusions will be reached, but several things stand out clearly:

1. Methods are available for instructing Spanish-speaking children which will bring better results.
2. Spanish-speaking school children are capable of greater achievements than they are now making in many schools throughout the state.
3. There is an increasing interest in, and study of, the problem of the Spanish-speaking child of this state.

Education in New Mexico

By MARY AUSTIN

THE first thing that occurs to the reader confronted with the original accounts of the educational problems in the two racial groups, herein presented, is that it will not be possible to handle them successfully in the same program that accommodates the third plain American assembly. Probably nowhere else would so serious an effort be made to bring them all into one educational undertaking, and yet what everybody knows who is at all familiar with the New Mexican situation, is that the three of them get on with singular friendliness and a surprising amount of mutual accommodation. And that the chief item of the solution is that they all know so well that they get on best by sticking to their differences and avoiding any attempt to substitute any one of the individual plans for the others. We have found that out by experimenting, and by recognizing the plain fact that the three peoples of New Mexico do best by themselves and each other when they keep to their distinctive educational needs. It is not easy to say just how we have arrived at this conclusion, but we have tried the widely spread error of other states of running the three streams in one indistinguishable puddle, and the agreement as to its inutility, its waste and misfitting, is unanimous. We are not sure how much is owed to the existence in New Mexico of a group of citizens whose business is so largely creative, citizens who must somehow or other deliver the goods of their special aptitudes, who can't, therefore, waste themselves on an educational scheme which makes no allowance for special aptitudes calling for particular frames of educational behavior. Certainly the influx in the state of numbers of people who are obliged by their own necessities to live creatively, has added greatly to the freedom of creative activity, and the need to make room for it, has had

much to do with the recognition of inherent creativeness as the item demanding the most of our educational systems altogether. It is undoubtedly the recognition of native creativeness within each group that makes the varied peoples of New Mexico so interested in each other and so willing to give room and accommodation to its various types. And perhaps recognition has come the more easily as the creative tendency in both the less favored racial groups lies closer to the surface than is elsewhere the case.

Among the Indian peoples the creative trend lies so near the surface that it is difficult to understand why the governmental complex that has to deal with it, has been able to resist for so long the need of recognizing it. I, myself, whose business it has been for the last forty years to hammer at the governmental sources of Indian education, have not understood why it withstood so long the need of reorganizing its work in that direction, or just how it finally came about that we have finally arrived at a general understanding that what the Indian needed was to work creatively, as an artist works, rather than as an artisan. And it was the long apprenticeship I served at learning what was the matter with Indian education that made it easy for me to see that the worst thing that happened to the Spanish colonists was to have the creative element in their work slighted and suppressed. Neither of these groups had arrived at the point where they could take an interest in learning which was wholly divorced from making things that were expressive as well as useful; that they had each arrived at the point in their own development where the expressiveness of what they made had overtaken its utility, had no doubt slowed down their processes and made them a little more the victims than they should have been of the new American system in which expressiveness had been almost completely overlaid by the rage for utility. And it may be that the general American sub-dissatisfaction with mere utility as a goal, has here in New Mexico a little given way so as to

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let through a rift of understanding even to the most sophisticated intelligence. Perhaps the reason why we are able to see here in New Mexico that the crux of the new educational requirements of these two generally *un-American* groups is of more expressiveness in the fields in which that education is exercised. And it comes out more sharply in the field of activity because both these groups are somewhat muscle bound in the field of language. One appreciates the feeling of racial loyalty which in both cases, the Spanish and the Indian, has kept the *un-American* speech for the dear and familiar things, and at the same time one is relieved to find that the tendency for the two alien groups to come together with the American group in the more advanced stages promises a larger release. When neither the Indian nor the Spanish has to hold on to his language defensively, when he can let go of it without feeling that he thereby cuts himself adrift from all intimate expressiveness, he will find himself released into a larger communality of experience.

That of course, is what the Public Schools should stand for, communality of experience, but it will have to come from giving way in both directions. Giving both the Spanish and Indian New Mexican children greater freedom with what is specifically their own should make them free with what is specifically ours; and that freedom is more nearly attained when each can speak with no shame and greater naturalness about what is his own. What we all notice among Indians is the release, along with which comes a renewal of manhood, which he attains now that he is able to talk freely of the thing he makes, and the same thing is beginning to be true of the Spanish.

What one sees coming through Mr. Collier's article is the same thing one discovers shining out of the work that is going on according to Mr. Tireman, at San Jose: the psychic release of being accepted on the basis of what you do well *naturally*. There is also a great release coming to the Indian

through the recognition of himself as an artist by other artists. Nothing has been so good for him in New Mexico as his association with painters and designers who have also the largeness to rate the Indian well in that field. In the same way one sees the descendents of Spanish Colonists coming back out of their inferiority complexes through the revival of appreciation of what they have to offer, music, wood carving, weaving and exquisite needle work. And one feels assured that the capacity to recreate beautiful old handicrafts is the immediate result of the apparent schisms in educational schemes, the restoration of naturalness to Indian activities and the release in schools that have taken their note from San Jose of the particular Spanish way of doing things. The renewal of common respect for the three racial groups among each other is the open sign of the success of having three schemes of education going on among them, education suited to their racial genius, their native aptitudes.

I am inclined to think that this could happen in New Mexico rather than elsewhere, earliest, because here in New Mexico we are less pressed upon by the machine-made pattern of activities and economics. Here, both for Indian and Spanish, as well as by choice among the *Americanos*, farming for the majority is still a way of life. One owns and works a piece of ground, and on the side weaves, does a little wood carving, works in tin, belongs to the *villejos allegros*, paints, makes pottery, makes songs, produces beautiful and moving dance drama and the inimitable farce of the *Koshares*. It must be quite obvious that for complete and happy functioning in such a life something other is called for in the way of education than our formal regimentation of the school program. This is what explains our apparently jumbled and variant educational system. To one who sees them from the side of a racially varied and on the whole unified social complex, there appears to be working out here through the medium of the public school, by

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taking advantage of its extreme capacity for adaptability, a singularly rewarding type of society. That the rest of the United States, through the barrier of strange languages, is largely cut off from participating in the dramatic and intellectually exciting aspects of the New Mexican experiment, is from the onlooker's point of view a disadvantage, but one that is on the whole protective in its final operation. Too easy access from the outside would undoubtedly put spokes in the wheels of the natural process. Experiments of the magnitude and importance of this one are not always brought about by intention; they happen. It may be we shall discover what the rest of the States have so largely missed, how peoples of profoundly differing levels of culture and stages of experience can set up among themselves a thoroughly rewarding state of society. From the two papers that appear here it is evident that the parts of the experiment that is going on are to a great extent unaware of each other. What we cannot miss, however, is the extent to which and the intensity with which, it is all going on.

The Heart is a Vine

By HANIEL LONG

The heart is a vine, climbs when it can.
Fences are good for vines. So are walls.
I have a love of vines—green waterfalls,
Jets from a green fountain. . . My world began
In a magic webbing of tendrils and leaves . . .
I like to drive stakes in the ground
For climbing things. . . tie the feelers around . . .
The heart in the breast too has runners. It weaves.

Young Girls

By ALICE CORBIN

Spring is a brittle pleasure
To the young girls on the loma,
Swift as water running
Through acequias to the valley.
Autumn brings yellowing aspens,
Thin gold on the mountains,
Winter the curled white leaf,
Incense of burning cedar.

Bi-Lingualism at Work

(Cultural Bridge-Building in the American Southwest)

By HAROLD HUFFMAN, ALFREDO GALAZ

As its name implies, the Bi-lingual Club is composed of members who speak two languages, Spanish and English. From the very beginning one purpose has been its guiding principle, social adjustment. As a democratic institution of learning, the University of New Mexico draws its students from different social strata that, superficially at least, are widely divergent economically, socially, and culturally. Some of our students come from large cities, others from small rural communities. Many of the latter group not only show occasional deficiencies in scholastic preparation, but are separated for the first time from parental supervision and plunged into a program of activities that is of a faster tempo than that to which they are accustomed. The club, primarily, wishes to act as one of the University agencies whose function is to assist the new student in adjusting himself to campus life, partly by introducing him to fellow students, and partly by establishing a more personal contact between instructor and student.

Education, especially in the University programs, tends to become formalized; the objectives in each department of instruction deal rather exclusively with one particular field. The Bilingual Club offers a means for socializing instruction and linking it up with allied cultural elements which are essential for a true evaluation of the culture of the American Southwest. Our state offers a natural laboratory for those interested in the study of Spanish, archaeology, history of the Southwest, folklore, art and music, geology, botany, and other of the natural sciences. The Bi-lingual Club was organized under the active guidance of Dr. F. M. Kercheville, of the Modern Languages Department. Naturally most of the emphasis is on the development of a genuine appreciation of the historical and cultural background in the

Southwest. The club is vitally interested in the Pan-American movement in all the broader aspects implied by that term. We consider that the Spanish cultural heritage of the American Southwest is as logically entitled to claim for its own the literary and artistic masterpieces of Spain and Spanish America, as the English racial element has to consider Shakespeare, Milton or Shelley to be part of the Anglo-American culture. Our purpose is not only to appreciate the best in the Spanish and Spanish-American literary contribution but to make it an integral part of our own culture. We want to make "El Libro de Buen Amor," "La Celestina," the Gaucho literature of the Argentine, the Modernista poetry of Mexico and Central America, and the novels of Galdos, Baroja, and Valle-Inclan a foundation on which to build a part, at least, of our own literary contribution of the future.

It is doubtful if the twelve young men of junior and senior rank who met with Dr. Kercheville on a certain night in October, 1931, to effect the organization of the Bilingual Club were able to grasp the full extent of the program as outlined. Most of us, were vaguely conscious of the fact that there is such a thing as "culture," and possibly associated the word with a knowledge of how correctly to hold a knife and fork. Most of us had heard that there existed an art colony at Taos. Some of us knew vaguely that Mexican "santos," painted in the primitive style commanded fabulous prices. Least of all did we consider that as "bi-linguals" we were unique or an educational "problem." Having effected our organization, the next thing to do was to find something to engage our attention.

Our first meetings were largely devoted to discussion and analysis. This was the first occasion we had had to find out who we were, what we were doing, and what we expected to do. We were interested in discovering what were the common interests that would tend to hold us together and give us a basis for united action. Before this "cycle" of

auto-criticism drew to a close we discovered, among other things that some fifty bi-linguals were possessed of fifty cents each and willing to invest the same in a banquet. This banquet marked the emergence of the Bi-lingual Club from its period of gestation into that of an active campus organization. This banquet, held in a down town hotel, was marked by the "local color" (and spice) of a Mexican dinner, tortillas, enchiladas, empanadas, other typical Mexican dishes. The club was flattered to have among its guests the president of the University, and the Spanish instructors of the University faculty. This meeting also marked the introduction of Mr. George Sanchez to the Club. As a group we have followed the investigation and studies of Mr. Sanchez with the keenest interest and sympathy.

The purpose in organizing this club was not to accentuate differences but to preserve the best elements of our cultural heritage and to encourage those students who are fortunate enough to possess a practical speaking knowledge of Spanish to polish it up and make it more effective. And in doing this, we certainly do not intend to slight the significance of the English cultural heritage, but to develop both uniformly and employ the Bi-lingual Club as a means, as a cultural-bridge, to this end.

Bi-lingual Conferences

The significance of the Bi-lingual Club was considerably enhanced by the inauguration of an annual Bi-lingual Conference July 26, 1932. This conference was opened by President J. F. Zimmerman. Among the non-faculty speakers at the conference were Congressman Dennis Chavez, Judge John Simms, Mexican Consul Manuel C. Garcia, and George Sanchez of the State Department of Education. Faculty members of the University of New Mexico who addressed the conference were Dr. L. S. Tireman: "Rural Schools of Mexico," Professor Arthur Campa: "La Cancion Popular," Dr. Bloom: "Historical Backgrounds of the American Southwest," and Dr. White: "International Relations with

Latin America." The second annual Bi-lingual Conference was held July 17 and 18, 1933, with topics as diverse as "El Soneto en la Literatura Espanola," and "Economic Penetration in Pan-America."

Plans are now being laid for the organization of a Spanish Institute of the Southwest at the University of New Mexico. This Institute will seek to unite the work of the Bi-lingual Club and the Bi-lingual Conference with special fields of research in history, archaeology, and Spanish.

The Bi-lingual Club and Conference are unique in the Southwest and have within them the promise of great good.

Autumn Passing

By MAUD CROSNO

Lovely leaves are falling
Like bright drops of blood and gold
Upon this wintering world.

Beauty is dying.

I cannot turn to mountains
Marked with her bright-flung leaves,
Or to snow who barely knew her
To spend my grief.

Beauty is dying before my door;
I can only hold her briefly
In stricken, trembling hands,

But I can do no more.

The Navajo Indian and Education

By DOROTHY CHILDS HOGNER

THE Indian today is viewed as a museum show piece. Rich women make of him a hobby and ethnologists inspect him with the imperfect microscope of their science. This is all very well, and may lead to momentous discoveries which will benefit mankind. But the Indian cannot establish himself with any integrity in our civilization if he is treated only as a colorful puppet and a biological phenomenon. He cannot forever remain the fascinating aborigine unless he is fenced in like an animal in a zoo. Nor, on the other hand, can he survive a wholesale dose of our civilization given without any regard for the psychological differences between his race and ours.

On every side cries of the harm done in the past are heard. First, it is argued that the government made an unpardonable mistake by trying to shove white man's culture down the throat of the red man. The government took Indian children from their homes and placed them in boarding schools where they were taught by a method suitable for white children, but entirely foreign to the culture of the Indian. The children were made to discard their colorful native costumes and were put into the ugly clothes of the white man. They learned reading and writing and arithmetic. They were taught codes of sanitation where good plumbing and bath tubs played an important part, a sanitation that is entirely impractical in a country where water holes are far apart and where the families live in one-roomed hogans.

Secondly, their own religion was condemned, and Catholic and Protestant missionaries fought to save the souls of the primitive. As a matter of fact the Indian had a living religion and was quite capable of saving his own soul.

So much for the past. But why dig up the past? Is it not better to face facts as they are today? It is too late to retrace our steps and preserve the culture of the Indian as

it was when the Spaniards first explored the Southwest. For better or for worse the contact with the white man's culture has already been made. A fence should have been erected around the reservation long ago if the elements of Indian civilization, such as integration of life and religion, group rhythm and other esthetic qualities so admirable in Indian life, were to live forever. As it is, the younger generation is conscious of strong conflicts. In the fundamental principles by which they live, they prefer by nature the ways of their forefathers. They may profess Catholicism or Protestantism but in their hearts, most of them still believe in the religion of their tribe. On the other hand they are puzzled about the different social and economic principles which they observe in their dealings with the white man. They begin to covet the comforts of our industrial age. They like automobiles and canned food. It is of no use at this point for the sentimentalist to set up a cry about a situation which has already been brought about. What is more, were it possible to preserve the original culture of the Indian intact, there is much doubt as to whether it would be best for the Indian, completely surrounded, as he is, with white man's culture.

We come now to the point of what can be, and is being, done today. The Indian in the past has been forced to choose between two ways of living: one, to attempt an imitation of the white man, and two, to revert back completely to his own life in the hogan. What he needs now is help in transition from the old life in the hogan to a life in which he does not feel hopelessly at odds with the commercial age in America.

Here, let me say, that the government has learned from past experience. It is today instituting a sane program in which the Indian will have more independence. The first big step the Indian bureau is taking is to bring about some correlation between the life of a child at school and his life at home. With money from an allotment from the Public

Works Fund, the government is building a series of day schools. Here the Indian child may learn the fundamental things which will be a part of his daily life as a grown person. He will need simple arithmetic to carry on trade. He will need to speak English for the same reason. Beyond this a transitional program of practical education may be worked out in which the learning of the child at school can be integrated with the life on the reservation to which he returns after completing his education.

The second step which the Indian Bureau is taking in the Navajo country is to improve the land. As everyone who is familiar with the Southwest knows, the Navajo reservation is mostly an arid, semi-desert land in the states of Arizona and New Mexico. Springs and active rivers are far apart. There are few roads. Using money from the Emergency Conservation Funds, the Indian agencies are supervising a vast program of spring and well development, road construction and reservoir building. The work has been in progress for six months. The program will be continued for six more months with a possibility of carrying on for a total of two years. The Indians are paid as laborers to work on these projects under competent supervision of trained construction engineers, and the Indians are learning to hold responsible positions themselves.

Thirdly, the government is doing all in its power to revive the art of rug weaving. The Indian has made a poor grade article for competition with the machine product. It is the hope of the Indian Bureau to encourage fine hand-crafts by establishing a paying market for hand-made products. In connection with this, adult education is being fostered. For example, the older people who know the secrets of native dyes and weaves are encouraged to teach their friends and relatives.

This, briefly, is the outline of work under the present Indian Bureau, aided by allotments of money from the Public Works Fund and Emergency Conservation Fund. It is,

in short, a program to help the Indian establish himself in a self-respecting position on the American continent as it is today.

In conclusion, it appears that if the Indian Bureau continues to carry out its present programs, and is not influenced too greatly by the sentimentalists, the education of the Indian will be no problem in the future.

People

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

People come and people go
And people act and bow just so
Or tip their hat or place their tie
Like other people passing by.

All the same, all alike
From morning till noon, from noon to night.
Even I am afraid to be
Different from people passing me.

LAUGHTER

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Laughter

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

Laughter was loosed
On the world one night—
Then Laughter was free
And Laughter was fight.

A blustery child
Careless and free—
God only knows
How he lived to me.

Old enough
To sit by the fire
Smoking away
On a common briar.

Dreaming and dozing
The whole day through
Like most old things
Usually do.

Prodded and poked
And carefully classed.
The time for Laughter
Is nearly passed.

The Sewing Machine

By KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS

OVER the hot road rolled the little wagon that carried the children from the out-lying ranches to school in the town. The passengers called it the "Covered Wagon." It had carried them for many years, guided by the present driver's father. Since Cecilio had fallen heir to both wagon and occupation, he had painted the rickety wooden top a violent blue, and had cut an oblong window in each side, so that it lent a sprightly air to the calm New Mexico landscape.

Cecilio cracked his long whip threateningly over the back of the rusty and aged white horse that pulled the wagon. He didn't actually hit him, for the horse was rather dearer to him than most of his own brothers and sisters, and besides he knew as well as anyone that his present speed was as much as the old horse was capable of. Even the children realized that something unusual was on foot, and speculated shrilly as to the reason for the unnatural hurry. Loud and bitter were their complaints when Cecilio set them all down at a cross-road, instead of taking each one to his individual ranch as he did on other days. Their voluble Spanish protests and derisive hoots filled the quiet afternoon sunshine.

"What do they pay you for, anyway, making us wear out our shoes with walking?"

"My father pays a tax; he will go to the School Board, and have you fired, old thin monkey."

"I guess your old mother told you to hurry home, and you are too afraid to be out late."

To taunts and profanity Cecilio answered not a word, but he hurried the last brown boy in tattered overalls out of the wagon, closed the two swinging doors which secured the back, mounted the seat and drove off stiff and calm,

vouchsafing no reply of any kind to the rain of clods that bade him goodby.

A quarter of a mile farther on, he turned into a bare, wind-blown, clean-swept yard, white with the alkali that was in the soil. Before him was his home, a low, little, oblong, adobe house, with one white-washed door and no windows in front, and with round timber vigas protruding at the top. From these were hung to dry four brilliant scarlet strings of chile pods. Behind the house stretched a barren waste of a field, which might produce a little chile and a patch of beans and corn in summer, although it looked as if it would hardly pay for the cultivation.

Cecilio unhitched the horse, gave him an armful of hay and a bucket of water, and carefully placed the wagon in a little shed made of brush and branches laid over rough boards, where its brilliant paint would be protected from any sudden showers. He did his work daintily, so as not to soil his clothes, which were new, and were of a style and color that might have startled a less placid beast than his own. They had caused no little unpleasant comment from the school children the first time he had worn them.

His trousers were a peculiar purplish hue; his shirt was pink China silk, and had short sleeves, from which his bony, almost black arms protruded; his shoes were bright tan and very shiny. His hair was long and shiny with oil; it was cut in exaggerated side-burns that further shadowed his gaunt cheeks. In Cecilio himself a close observer might have detected an artistic something to account for his eccentricities; his features were rather delicate, and there was a certain grace in his long, bony fingers.

His old mother came to meet him at the door. She had been watching for him for the last half-hour, as she did every day. Cecilio was twenty-six, but he was her baby. Her face was dark and wrinkled and soft; she was so thin and bent that she appeared deformed, but it was only with her years and years of unceasing work. Her eyes were sunk,

but they were not dim. They had a sparkle that made them seem to snap. She had a black shawl over her head, a faded gray calico skirt, and a ragged black sweater buttoned over her thin old chest.

"What's the matter?" She had not missed the significance of the unwonted speed of the old horse.

"Nothing. Why?" The school children's taunts had left Ceciilo slightly huffy on the subject of his speedy return, and seeing this, his mother questioned him no more.

She started breaking up a single splintered stick to make a tiny fire in the low little iron stove.

Cecilio washed his hands with a piece of strong yellow soap, in a chipped blue granite basin, and passed a broken black comb through his hair.

Just as he finished, an automobile stopped in front of the house, and he rushed to open the door, his face flushed with excitement. His mother looked on impassively from the stove, as Cecilio helped a stout, perspiring, big-nosed man carry in a beautiful new sewing-machine, and set it in the middle of the mosaic of gunnysacks that covered the dirt floor.

"Yes, sir," continued the man, puffing, and wiping his red face with a bandanna handkerchief, "that's the best sewing machine for the money in the United States. Well, for that matter, I better say in the world, because you know they don't make none better than in the United States."

Cecilio nodded encouragingly, though he understood little of what the man said, and was, in fact, gazing dreamily into the shiny varnished depths of the machine.

"Yes, sir, you may think a hundred and five dollars is a lot of money, but after you see how good that machine runs, and start making your own clothes and doing your mending on it—. And like you say, you're making this thirty dollars a month driving this school bus, and you say you got paid today, well, you can just give me the thirty dollars down, and then ten dollars a month, and it will be paid

for before school's over, and you'll have the use of it all the time too. This old lady your grandma?"

"Mama," murmured Cecelio.

"Yeah? Well, now, I guess she's the one you're getting it for—. You ain't married?"

"No."

"Better off. Well, you want me to show her those attachments I spoke of,—tucking, gathering, and so on? You can kinda tell her what I say——"

"No, sir."

"Well, all right. They're right here in this drawer, and here's that book of directions, and everything, so I guess you'll get along fine. Anyway, of course I'll be back this time next month and get my payment, and I can tell you anything you want to know then. You seemed to catch on to it pretty good when I showed it to you there where you were waiting at the school. Gosh, I never thought I was going to make a sale there! Well, you sign this agreement, and give me that thirty dollar check you say they give you, and it's yours."

When the salesman had gone, Cecilio opened the machine, inspected wheels and needles and gadgets, sewed an experimental seam in his own handkerchief. The old woman approached and felt the smooth grain of the wood with her hard little hand. She and her son understood each other with few words.

"I'm going to get cloth," Cecilio told her, "for a few cents a yard. I've been looking at those dresses the girls order from those big books. I can make them just as good, and sell them to everybody. Baby clothes, too . . . I'll make enough to pay for the machine, maybe so much that I can just stay at home and sew and not take the children to school every day."

He worked over the machine lovingly while his mother put the supper on the table. There were two tin saucers and two cups. They had black coffee, boiled and reboiled

until it retained no semblance of its original flavor, without sugar or milk. In their saucers they had warmed-over beans, and these they ate with pieces broken from a tortillo, made of kneaded dough rolled flat to the size of a dinner plate, and baked deliciously on top of the stove, which was always kept wiped clean for this purpose.

After they had eaten, the woman washed the dishes in a saucepan, in a cupful of tepid water, and set them on a little shelf. Cecilio puttered over the machine until it was time for him to go to bed in the corner of the kitchen, on a pile of ancient folded blankets and home-made quilts.

Their home had two low rooms. This room was kitchen, living-room, and bedroom. The other was the "cuarto de recibo" into which important guests were ushered. It had a wide window filled with flowers and vines growing in lard buckets. There was an old four-poster bed for the mother, and two straight chairs against the wall. The whitewashed, mud-plastered walls had been decorated with an intricate pattern of concentric red rings, designed by Cecilio in his spare time. Besides several enormous, brightly colored pictures of saints, there were many large pictures drawn on pieces of brown wrapping paper ironed smooth. These were of angular houses surrounded by vari-colored flowers, and surmounted by gigantic birds and airplanes in full flight. These were drawn with crayons, and were displayed in prominent positions, some enclosed in cardboard frames with scalloped edges.

The next day was Saturday, and Cecilio walked to town and came home with bolts of pink, green, and yellow gingham, bought on credit. Day after day he labored, fashioning garments that sometimes surprized even himself. His mother cut them out, for her ideas of size were more accurate than his. Her old hands trembled as they guided the rusty scissors. Cecilio stitched them on the machine, and then embellished the more elaborate dresses with a spidery kind of embroidery which was his own invention.

At night, when the little oil lamp gave insufficient light for sewing, he oiled and cleaned the machine; not because it needed it, but merely for the sensual pleasure it gave him to be near its shiny bulk.

He found no difficulty in selling his creations, regardless of his price, but collecting for them was a different matter. Most of his neighbors were the poorest of farmers, and saw little cash from one year's end to another. Sometimes he would hear that one of his debtors had sold a pig, or a goat, and he would hurry over to collect, but it always seemed that he arrived too late, and he would be given a little sack of last year's beans or an old rooster for his trouble. Yet he couldn't stop sewing; it had got to be a habit with him. Every cent he could scrape together went for more cloth, and he often gave away dresses, where he knew they would arouse the loudest gratitude and admiration.

Very soon, of course, he found it impossible to keep up his payments. The first month his ardor was still burning brightly, and he had the ten dollars ready for the salesman the day he called. The second month he put him off for a week, and finally gave him six dollars. By the third month, the six had shrunk to three, and the fourth month he found that there was no possible way in which he could raise any money at all. The general store had garnisheed his check that month, because he owed them for a new overcoat, cloth and thread, and a sack of flour.

For a week before the collection day, he had been spending most of his time sitting on the bed with his head in his hands, trying to think of some way in which he could satisfy the fat little demon. If the collection day had been on a Saturday, Cecilio would have packed his mother into the covered wagon on Friday evening, and they could have gone to visit a cousin in Tomé until late Sunday night. Nothing so simple as this would answer, however, for the collector was to come on Thursday, and might even arrive before Cecilio got home from school. One of his passengers

who was in the fifth grade had read and explained to him his copy of the contract, and so far as Cecilio could understand its intricacies, it seemed to mean that his failure to meet the last payments in full was enough to cause him to lose the machine, as well as any equity he might own in it.

So Cecilio sighed, and tossed in his sleep, and ate only a little dry tortilla and coffee, in a way that caused his mother the deepest anxiety, especially after she found him poring over an old Sunday newspaper someone had given him, which contained lurid pictures illustrating different spectacular ways of ending one's life.

She cooked dishes which were usually reserved for Feast days, trying to tempt him out of his melancholy mood. She served big bowls of dark brown, fragrant beans, cooked to a tender succulence with bits of bacon rind. She made dishes of the pulp of the brilliant red chile pods, savory with garlic and "orégano," an herb she raised with her flowers in the window. She even made the sacred "chiles rellenos," a mixture of ground cooked pork, raisins, and green chile made into croquettes, dipped in egg and fried, and served with a hot sauce made of brown sugar and more raisins.

Cecilio barely tasted these delicacies, and made no comment on their surprising appearance. On Thursday morning he left with the wagon before his mother was up, and without eating breakfast.

All day the blackest dread hung over her mind. If the man came and took the machine away, what might not Cecilio do?

At three o'clock, the familiar rickety automobile drove into the yard, and the old woman's heart seemed to stop as she saw the horrible scowl on the face of the fat man.

"Is HE here?"

A shrug gave him the answer that he already knew.

"Has he got the money?—dinero? Tenny el dinero?"

Another shrug of denial.

"I knew it." The man's voice became almost a wail, and the deep creases in his pudgy face made him look as if he were about to burst into tears. "I told everybody he had no business buying it! I'd of told him so, only he don't hear a word I say. Sittin' out here sewin' dresses! He's crazy, that's what he is; poco loco, lady, poco loco."

He tapped his head with a grimy finger, and puffed into the house, where he looked closely at the machine, and prepared to pull it out and put it in the back of the car.

"Don't think I blame you, lady. I don't. I bet you wished he'd spend that money on food or something instead of this foolishness. The money I've spent, coming down here to collect! And the worry I've had, day and night, wondering what he'd do to that machine, because I'm responsible for it to the company till it's every cent paid for. I tell you, I bet I've lost five pounds since he got it. You better send him to Las Vegas or somewhere lady, You never know what they'll do next when they get like him."

And he chugged off, still muttering, "Poco loco."

The dull dread in her heart would not let her sit still. She moved all the furniture around in the little kitchen, trying to conceal somewhat the empty space left by the removal of the sewing machine. Then she made "burritos" for Cecilio's supper. A neighbor had killed a pig, and had sent her a saucerful of crisp brown cracklings. She cooked dried corn with lye, washed it, shelled it, and ground it into a paste, and with her knotted hands made the dough-like mass into flat cakes slightly smaller and thicker than her usual tortillas. She baked them on the stove, then placed four or five of the hot cracklings in the middle of the corn cake, and molded the warm tortilla into a ball around them.

At the usual time, the covered wagon turned into the yard, and a few minutes later Cecilio walked in. His face had lost the somber melancholy it had worn for a week. He made no comment on the changed furniture or the disappearance of the sewing machine, but sat down at the table at once, and ate heartily of the "burritos" and coffee.

His mother watched him slyly out of the corner of her eye.

When supper was over, and while she was washing the dishes, he took out of his pocket several folders, cards, and booklets, spread them out on the table, and pored intently over them, an excited color glowing in his dark face.

When the woman finished her task, she came to the table, and looked over his shoulder. He turned sparkling eyes to hers.

"You see this? It's a 'camera'—one of those boxes to make pictures. I can send for it right now without paying anything, and then just send them five dollars in two weeks, when I get the check. You have to buy 'fillums,' too,—little papers that make the pictures. I can buy six of them for forty-five cents; then I can take pictures of weddings, and babies, and everyone. I send them back to the company, and they make them big, for, maybe, fifty cents for the six. Then I can sell each picture for ten cents, and make,—Oh, ever so much money. Everyone wants pictures of himself. They will ask me to all the weddings to take the pictures of the 'novios.' Then there are picture frames here . . ."

His voice lapsed into an indistinct murmur as he bent over the folder.

His old mother sighed contentedly, and lit a tiny brown cigarette.

ALL THE OLD MEN

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All the Old Men

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

A violet buds on a hill;
In the vale a daffodil.

All the old men, one by one,
Venture out into the sun.

For all they've seen, for all they see,
Spring remains a mystery.

Sudden brooks brawl riverward;
Uncertain thundering is heard.

All the old men leave the sun,
Seek their roof-trees one by one.

New Mexican Clouds

By OTTO REUTINGER

They splotch the sage and mesquite-covered sand
With smoothly sliding shadows on the length
Of infinitely stretching sun-scorched land.
Swayed by the winds that snap and tear the sky
And shred the billowness in changing forms,
They roam the endlessness of sharpened blue,
Sweetening the earth with odors fresh and clear,
Brightening the pine and cedar's green anew,
Ripping arroyos with the cloudburst's sear,
Manifesting beauty's greatness, still
Sublimity to the eye, yet weak in will.

Life Forms in Pueblo Pottery

By ROY A. KEECH

FOR centuries the Pueblos have been using many life forms in their pottery decoration. Some of these have become so conventionalized as to be almost unrecognizable. Others can be proved to be animal or bird forms only by tracing the patterns back through various stages to more natural forms.

About five hundred different life forms have been found on the ancient Mimbres pottery from southern New Mexico alone (but only about twenty-five of these are recognizable. We find man, swallow, quail, parrot, owl, antelope, badger, bear, snake, mountain-lion, thunder bird (eagle), grass-hopper, beetle, fish (although the Pueblos have not eaten fish for possibly thousands of years and now consider them poisonous), and others. The Mimbres people painted these designs in black on a whitish background. One bird (probably representing a quail) has a very natural head and beak, with nearly round body, and conventionalized tail much too long in proportion to the rest of the body. The one wing shown is very much conventionalized, but gives the effect of just alighting on the ground. The head, beak, and wing are solid black, but the body and most of the tail are covered with diametrically crossed black lines, with a perpendicular wide black stripe near the end, though the very end is divided into "feathers" and these are left the color of the background—merely outlined.

A thunder bird that I copied from an ancient Mimbres food bowl was a slightly conventionalized head with beak open, perfectly square body, two long triangular tail feathers, and very triangular wings. Its head is solid black with one white eye being shown. The wings and tail are solid black. The body is basically white, with very thin lines forming three squares inside, and with a solid black square in the center.

A Mimbres mountain-lion in my note-book is very much conventionalized. The body is oblong and contains a white cross at the left front shoulder and another incorporated in a geometric pattern which covers most of the body. The tail is black and white and disproportionately long. The head (turned sidewise) is black with one diamond shaped eye and a white collar at the base of the neck. In some Mimbres decoration the tail of the mountain-lion completely encircles the body.

I have also in my note-book a sketch from a Mimbres food bowl. This apparently represents a grasshopper. The head is very realistic, with open mouth, white eye, and two antennae. The body is black with a white diamond shaped space containing a geometric design and dots representing seeds (for fertility). There are only three legs, and these protrude from just back of the head. The tail is white, with a geometric striped design, long, and curved like the blade of a knife. The head and body of this grasshopper are inclosed in a white area. This white space has a very striking resemblance to the head of a rabbit, with an indentation for its mouth, and two big long ears. These complicated designs, with small white crosses between them, encircled the inside of the bowl, making a pleasingly beautiful decoration.

Another Mimbres food bowl that I have seen contains in the center three conventionalized life forms. What I believe to represent a grasshopper stands on two legs with its front legs in the air. What I take for a beetle stands on its hind legs on the grasshopper's back and holds to the antennae of the grasshopper with its front feet. Fastened to the nose of the beetle is a fish, in much the same position that a dirigible rides at its mooring. All three life forms contain geometric designs in white.

The ancient Hopi, of the Little Colorado River district in Arizona, used various parrot designs in black and red. As the people conventionalized these parrots, each

successive design looked less and less like a bird. It was only by tracing backward that their significance was discovered. Both ancient and modern Hopi have made use of very conventionalized serpents. These are called "sky dragons," "winged serpents," "horned serpents," or "Awanyu." This Awanyu is the dominant religious symbol of all modern Pueblos. It symbolizes fecundity, the bringing of rain, and the meeting of heaven and earth. (At Unshagi, New Mexico, in August of 1932, I excavated a beautiful Hopi potsherd with the tail of the Awanyu on it. This fragment may have been buried in that rubbish heap five hundred or more years ago, yet it was practically the same ware that the Hopis are making today.) The modern Hopi, by the way, are probably producing the most beautiful of all colored Pueblo pottery. This is polychrome with a soft buff background; the Awanyu design is used extensively. These conventionalized serpents were also used by the people of Pecos pueblo (extinct since 1838).

The ancient Casas Grandes people of Chihuahua, Mexico, used life forms in their decoration that were unique. The human, bird, or serpent forms were usually within triangular or rectangular spaces of involved geometric designs. The serpents are so extremely conventionalized that they would be hard to recognize without the horns, which identify them beyond a possibility of doubt.

One very beautiful geometric design is in the form of a perfect square, at the corners of which are the triangular bodies of birds. Each bird has a mere crook and two lines to represent its head and tail. This is one of the ancient so called black-on-whites.

These same Casas Grandes people molded many small polychrome bowls, pots, and jugs into shapes that suggest animals or birds; the decoration on these is geometric. The owl figure is probably the most common of these. There are also bear forms and heads of birds and turtles (the turtle being another symbol of fecundity) for handles on many of these pieces.

The now extinct people of the Pajarito Plateau, in northern New Mexico, used many triangular bird forms on their pottery. Some of these were very lifelike; others were extremely conventionalized. These were usually outlined with a heavy glazed black line, which added much to the decorative effect. The Pajaritans also made a few pieces that faintly resembled the shape of bodies of birds, but without heads.

The ancient people of the famous Mesa Verde area, of Colorado, used bird patterns on their pottery. These designs were more lifelike than those of Casa Grandes.

Most of the modern Pueblo potters make use of some animal, bird, or plant life forms. Cochiti incorporates the cloud symbol into their birds and flowers with pleasing results, thus adding potency to their prayers for rain. Santo Domingo uses many flower designs with distinctive petals and leaves in red and black. There have been found over a hundred types of flowers and the same approximate number of leaf groupings, all from simple basic patterns. Santo Domingo rain birds can usually be distinguished by curved lines representing wings (although I have seen the same type of wings occasionally used on Zia birds), and two straight lines typifying the beak. In the beak, the lower line is shorter than the upper. These fine potters of Santo Domingo have begun to use red just recently, and only to please the white people. They still use the black alone on a whitish background.

The women of Zia make some of the best of all Pueblo pottery. Every piece is made as carefully as though it were to be used in their own homes and then handed down as an heirloom or buried with a loved one. No pains are spared in modeling, baking, or decorating. While their pieces are not so beautiful as some from other pueblos, their ware is probably as serviceable as the best. The most common Zia rain bird is a complicated pattern with small head having two ears, often three perfectly straight tail feathers, nar-

row curved wings, two long bent legs, and a body with white diamond design containing egg and seed symbols for fertility. I have a Zia water bottle on my shelf, however, which has a typical Acoma parrot design, although, otherwise, the canteen is the usual Zia type in every way.

San Ildefonso potters have produced many beautiful patterns containing serpent, feather, and leaf symbols. Some of their rain birds are very fine. Incorporated in these birds we find cloud and altar symbols. These are done in black and red on a whitish background. But these people are now creating mostly the beautiful black polished ware with striking designs in dull black. The Awanyu is often seen on these modern pieces. San Ildefonso is today probably the best known of all Pueblo ceramics.

Among the modern Pueblos, undoubtedly, the people of Zuni use the most bird and animal forms. The Zuni deer is easily recognized anywhere, by its one large white spot on the rump, and the red arrow running down its throat to about the region of its heart. The Zunis use several relatively small birds, usually in solid red or black. Although there are many of these little birds, varying in their decorative curved lines, nearly all of them may be recognized as representing one species of bird. They are called by the Indians "road runners," even though there is not the slightest resemblance to that bird. The Zunians also make use of the thunder bird, tadpole, frog, dragon-fly, Awanyu, and others. A thunder bird that a Zuni boy sketched for me, indicating the proper colors, is beautiful in its design and color arrangement. The head is turquoise blue, with short neck. The eye is indicated by an inverted black "V," with a yellow dot in the center. The beak is medium yellow, large and curved, with a black curved line to show where the upper and lower parts join. The wings are straight and solid black, with inverted altar symbols at the ends. The body is nearly square, and divided into three sections (the lines of division curving down from a point in the

top center); the left section is turquoise blue, the middle black, and the right yellow. A black and white narrow checked baldric passes from the left shoulder to the hip. Below the body is a belt of three stripes, upper and lower white, and the center stripe medium red. There is a triangular red apron below this. The tail spreads fan-like; white to near the end, where it is scalloped; then black with saw teeth at the end, indicating tips of feathers. This thunder bird, however, is not used on pottery, for the Zuni do not use the blue and yellow on ceramics.

Of the many birds on the beautiful Acoma pottery, except for the parrot and thunder bird, there are no recognizable species. This does not imply any lack of observation on the part of the Acoma potters, for the Pueblos are natural students of nature. Neither does it suggest a lack of artistic ability, for their art is based on sound principles of design, and much of it is done with surprising skill. It is safe to assume, therefore, that a certain degree of realism was deliberately sacrificed to symbolism, and that their ability to paint the characteristic features of the eagle, the quail, or any other bird or animal was applied to the decorative arrangement of the more important symbolism.

The thunder bird (so important in a study of the Acoma pottery), although we find some specimens of it on the pottery of the pre-historic Casas Grandes ware, is probably not extremely old in the Southwest. The best authority on Indian ritualism, symbolism, and mythology says that the original rain diety of the Pueblos was not a thunder bird, but an old woman. He also states that the thunder bird came from the Plains area, much as other cultural elements have gradually sifted in from there since, including the feathered headdress and the beaded vest.

The double thunder bird is, undoubtedly, the latest of the life forms to appear on Pueblo pottery. We have no definite knowledge of where this originated or when it first appeared in Pueblo decoration. We find it on no prehistoric

pottery. This, I believe, is a possible solution to the problem: the Mohammedan conquests carried the double eagle emblem to Spain. Then, four hundred years ago, when Charles V was king of Spain and Austria and Holy Roman emperor of Germany, the double eagle became much used in Spain. It was during this reign that Cortez conquered Mexico. The double eagle, therefore, became widely known in that country, and gradually worked its way north into New Mexico. So far as I know, it is only used among the Pueblos by the Acoma potters, where it is called the double thunder bird. It is most often seen on their canteens, or water bottles.

The Acoma parrots are interesting both in design and history. They are usually painted in red, orange, and black on a whitish background. The head is curved, with a large parrot-like bill, and a cock's comb on top of the head. The body and the one wing are outlined in graceful curves. Two or three large tail feathers are straight with rounded ends. The eye is usually a round white spot with a black dot in the center. The wing is apt to have two white dots to represent seeds, and the body usually has either cloud or egg symbols. One may at first wonder where the Pueblos of New Mexico learned of the parrot. These birds were at one time, no doubt, indigenous to the state. Archaeologists believe that they were sacred to the Pueblos, for they have been found buried in crypts with much care. That the parrot is not new to these people is, I believe, proved by the fact that they have words for parrot in at least three of the six Pueblo tongues; The Towa word is *ze-la-ma*, the Tewa word is *tan-si*, and the Keres word is *chau-wi-ki*.

And so, from beginning to end, one may find the study of life forms in Pueblo pottery decoration interesting, from the standpoint of ethnology, natural history, or esthetics.

Smoke Talk

A COMMENTARY RE: "SANTA FE, A STUDY IN INTEGRITY"¹

Dear Editor of the QUARTERLY:

THIS screed is not intended to combat Mr. Stevenson's thesis which is well taken and ably argued. It is intended to shout down the inevitable acclaim with which our self-complaisant clique of apotheosised chamber-of-commerce-minded psuedo-cognoscenti and sciolists hail any remarks that enable them to feel justified in having foregathered more or less permanently in Santa Fe. If there is anything viable in the intellectual life of Santa Fe it is yet to manifest itself, and the avatar, which is not yet come over the horizon, is—a single work of high merit whose author has his roots here and not elsewhere.

A point of light in the enveloping night of spiritual and intellectual poverty indeed! Does Mr. Stevenson believe that the place of residence of already mature people constitutes any kind of seat of culture? R. L. Stevenson went to live and lies buried in the south seas island which he loved. Did that constitute the island a focal point of culture? Nonsense! It is to England, where he was born and educated that one must look to understand such genius as Stevenson possessed. His residence in the south seas argues nothing save that it was a place in which he found it pleasant to live. And so too Gauguin.

What of enduring value has come out of Santa Fe in the more than 300 years of its existence? Its people have lived through something of an epic during periods in its long history. If the town was, as is alleged, a center of culture ought there not to have been something—a tiny poem, a thin volume of prose, a noble building, a piece of music, a statue, a laboratory discovery, a commanding personality—emerge out of Santa Fe? Look for any such thing, and if your criteria are rigid enough you will look in vain.

¹ The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, August, 1933.

I believe that we of the Southwest are prone to lose our perspective in our remote province. The feeble light which Mr. Stevenson describes is too pitifully feeble. If you eliminate our modern group of alien talent (which includes Mr. Stevenson) which, faint as its genius may be, outshines any indigenous culture, what have we? We have an inbred stock whose artistic heritage lay overgrown and undiscerned until in very recent years it was exhumed and touted by university nourished gentlemen and ladies from the East of whom Mr. Stevenson himself is one. Our own Santa Fe bred people, Spanish and Anglo alike, without a visible exception, were building (when they were financially able) brick bungalows and jig-saw renaissance houses until a group of oil painters from the East realized that there was something worth having that could be done in adobe.

Any injection of foreign (to Santa Fe) skill which is not nurtured by the actual milieu of the place is no index to any local vigor. Italy, in the days of her spiritual risorgimento welcomed Byzantine artizans and Greek scholars. Do our local folk love or understand the artists and the intellectuals from elsewhere? It is only a people who are on the ascendant in the harsh world of political power and empire who welcome and nourish the arts and sciences.

Athens was a great military power in her days of artistic and cultural greatness, so was Florence, so was France, so were Rome, and China, and Egypt, and Assyria, and Babylonia, and the Arabic world, and so too were the Mayas, and the Aztecs, and the Peruvians.

We here are devoted to a decaying past, which in its inception was a peripheral appendage of a world-conquering spirit, that of sixteenth century Spain (Velasquez, Murillo, Cervantes, Calderon). Whom do we nourish? Our political faith is in the hands of a New Yorker, our best novel was written by a stranger, Willa Cather, our poetry by a Harvard graduate, our painting is done by anyone but people suckled at the teats of our local bi-lingual culture. And who

fosters (i.e. buys) our local cultural goods? Easterners and strangers. It is only an incident that Santa Fe is the residence of artists in paint, poetry or prose. What little cidevant glory this town has belongs to Onate, DeVargas and Villagra, and they were as Spanish as Mr. Stevenson and his talent are Anglo-Saxon.

DAVID L. NEUMANN.

Santa Fe.

AN OPINION OF JAMES JOYCE

To the Editor of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY:

Sir:

Many years ago all artists were honest: they did not court the "goddess of bluff."

A visit in Paris thirty years ago to the "Gallery of Independent Artists" disclosed an array of daubs bearing the mark of that unhappy yellow goddess. Today she has grown into a "racketeer" taking toll from the patrons of every branch of art.

If it were only young people who subscribed to the racket the thing might be trivial, but today finds men of mature years looking with approval upon the racket's trash.

The root of this is fear. Older people have a feeling of inferiority. Youth has bluffed them into it. How terrible, say these old ones, if I should be wrong and youth right. What youth says goes, so I had better say the same.

This usurpation has proved possible only because art has remained undefined.

It seems likely, and I find it seemly, that no definition ever will be found for art. Art embraces those things in life which, because they are the most real are the most inscrutable.

It is wrong, however, to suppose that, because art has no definition, there are no fixed criteria by which a work of art may be judged as to its broad worthiness to take an honoured place in men's lives.

The significance of men's works consists essentially in their relation to life. Life is good when it is happy. When the fruits of a man's labours promote happiness those labours are good; when they hinder happiness they are bad.

Experience has shown that there is but one source of happiness, namely, the exercise of our faculties,—*with due regard to the order of their importance.*

In enjoying a work of art the exercise of one's faculties is by proxy, through "imagination." Things imagined may be inspiring or degrading. They may be trivial or significant. They may be boring or enlivening. Judgment of the broad worthiness of a work is hardly possible for the workman himself. He is a specialist. He knows whether his work is well done,—he cannot judge of its complete significance or of its broad worthiness. Judgment must come at last from a jury of many men of many types, of many tastes, and of many life-histories. Out of these varied judgments the final verdict will grow.

This letter, Mr. Editor, is my apology for venturing—I, a mere engineer—to review and to scathe a book by James Joyce. My apology is the claim that reviews by men of mature and varied experience are necessary. Anything that such as I may say of the art or the pure literary merit of Joyce must be discounted. On these points the judgments are needed of artists and of literary men. But on the worthiness of this work of Joyce to take a place of honour in the libraries of men, the judgment of such as I, is, in all probability, saner than that of any mere artist.

Except on the question of its artistic or literary merits I am competent to pass judgment upon Joyce's book.

What a contrast must be drawn between the egotism of Joyce in issuing such a work without apology, and the modesty of Keats who, in introducing with diffidence his beautiful "Endymion," wrote:

"The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; *but there is a space of*

life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted; thence proceed mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which [those] men [I speak of] must necessarily taste in going over the following pages."

With this introduction (the particularly relevant words of which I have italicized) Keats issued a pure and beautiful poem. James Joyce, without introduction or apology, has issued in his "A portrait of the artist as a young man," a blatant and detailed account of the sickly, nauseous "mawkishness and the thousand bitters" which polluted his young life—unless, indeed, as I half suspect, the tale of his pollutions is egotistic bunk.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,

F. M. DENTON.

Albuquerque, N. M.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man—James Joyce, 1916.

Here is a biography that bores. Why is it read? Perhaps because of its style. But what is style? A way of writing? Joyce writes plainly, in fair English. That is good. There are "a million bubbles like him." Those who bore as Joyce bores are seldom published.

Inspiration? Joyce inspires indignation. There are things in life that are dirty and nasty. That is no matter of changing taste. They belong to the latrine and the brothel. Some urchins like talking of such things. The fortunate ones get spanked for it or have their mouths washed out with soap. Joyce had not been spanked. Coming at a time when undisciplined self-expression for urchins was the fashion Joyce wrote nasty twaddle and his egotism found him a publisher.

"A portrait of the artist as a young man." Had Joyce been less of an egotist he would have called the book "A portrait of the artist as a young pig," or, still better, had he wished to tell by its title the nature of the book, Joyce might have called it, "A portrait of a *flaming, floundering fool* as

a bloody ape of a young pig." The words printed in italics are taken from pages 233 and 285.

The book cannot live long but why has it lived at all? In the reviewer's opinion the answer is simple. People have an inborn love of truth and honesty. Careful training in early youth poisons that love. The less intelligent boys and girls respond to the poison. They become "fit for democracy."

The more intelligent swallow less of the poison and go through life yearning always for truth.

The less intelligent among these more intelligent minds confuse appearance with reality. That writer—say they—who loves truth, will tell of things as actually they are. The painter will picture things as actually they are.

Go to Santa Fe today and look at Davenport's picture. I mean the one which has the "sentry box" in the foreground. "Sentry box" is euphemism. There are some good people who despise euphemism. Do they refuse pills that are sugar-coated?

That picture of Davenport's is realism: also it is truth. But what a limited, unimportant and nasty bit of truth. The "sentry-box" might be overlooked if the rest of the picture had features. It has the features of a packing case.

If I should send an artist, say, to Florence, to make pictures of that city I should be loath to insult his taste and his intelligence by reminding him that he need spend no time with brush and easel in the city's sewers.

In the life of boys; especially their life in such bad old schools as Joyce describes, there is much urge to nastiness. The healthy boy fights down this urge, the victory making a man of him. He refuses to discuss the urge or to describe the fight.

The "self-expression" that urge calls for is wrongly called self expression. Nothing but the hidden sewer within him will favour it. The sewer is that part of himself which his higher self, while using, must fight and subdue.

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Sewers, whether in cities or in men, are good and honorable and necessary but they must be controlled and kept hidden.

It was not a fault in the good old books of Scott and Dickens and Jane Austen that they avoided mention of the things with which Joyce's book is filled. It is not a priggish or prudish thing in a man that he refrains from the sort of talk that was dear to Rabelais. Such refraining is a mark of strength both in books and in men.

The writer of this review is not a literary man; he is an engineer who loves to dabble in many things. He is asking the Editor to print, under "Smoke Talk," his apology for writing a review of Joyce's book.

F. M. DENTON.

Book Reviews

Young Heart—George St. Clair—Henry Harrison, New York—\$1.50.

Dr. St. Clair's volume of poems includes a long poem, *A Boy's Heart*, and three shorter poems also in blank verse, called *Three Romantic Poets*, *Gainsborough*, and *Andred del Sarto to Robert Browning*. The first poem is a living human document, the others are new approaches to well known histories and bring out aspects of human nature and relationship worth considering. The *Gainsborough* is both piquant and amusing, though sad enough. Yet interesting though they are, these poems in the nature of things cannot compare with the first poem in interest.

A Boy's Heart is the story of a child who lost his parents early, lived for a while with relatives, was placed by them in an orphanage, had a bad time there, was on the verge of being distorted for life by the treatment he received, and then came under the influence of a new teacher who loved children and had a true concern for them. This teacher understood the boy's childish attachment to her and dealt fairly with it, so that he came to a new and dynamic perception of himself and of the purposes of life. The poem suggests briefly his later years; while unsuccessful in stocks and bonds, the man the child became never let go the vision of life and love his first passion gave him.

A poet deals with life, death, love—love that is sometimes death and sometimes life. But his generation makes it difficult for him to know how best to handle these personal yet universal themes. He starts out with the intention of being honest with life, of finding just what life, death, love mean to him as an individual; but it may happen in the confusion of the age that unwise critics urge him to be "original," to be "different"—and he, not seeing his way ahead in the enormous difficulty of his art, too often drifts into the esoteric, or becomes a smart-aleck, or grows fashionable and dandified. Or he may even confuse poetry with philanthropy and reform.

There can be no doubt that Dr. St. Clair has followed his rightful path—has done well, like the willow by the lake—has kept on letting his own roots feed him. Directness and simplicity carry him through to triumph with a theme many contemporary poets would not dare to touch. And a remarkable thing is this—that although Victorian in his approach to poetry and his technical adherences, he is decidedly the man of today in his ability to *stay real*. It is this quality our generation values above rubies, for which we throw aside so much—possibly too much.

What strikes the reader most is the clear and simple symbolism of the story. The orphanage, its taskmaster Miss Brown, the young teacher Lillian True, and the boy collect in themselves the world, and the existence of every one. I remember hearing that E. A. Robinson once said that the world was a kindergarten, and we were children trying to spell GOD with the wrong blocks. The Lillian True of *Young Heart* is the way out, both to do the strengthening and the caressing, and also the explaining of the reason for the Miss Browns.

HANIEL LONG.

Santa Fe.

The Journey of the Flame—Antonio de Fierro Blanco—Englished by Walter de Steiguer—Houghton Mifflin, 1933—\$3.00.

This is a new departure in our regional expression. Not weighted with purpose, hardly aware of itself as significant—and more telling because of that—it tells the jaunty story of a ten year old boy and his journey from Lower California to San Francisco in 1810. An historical romance, the foreword calls it. But that indicates nothing of its saltiness of proverb, nor of its gay satirical thrust.

For Juanito is hampered by no considerations except those of expediency. Perhaps the red hair bequeathed him by the Irish King who deserted from the great ship with three masts and lived for a year or two in the village of San Jose del Arroyo, gave him an added gusto, and a certain

individual point of view. But his heritage from his mother made him aware of a certain fine racial code which is understood by the blood rather than by the intellect. For that matter, it is often pointed out in pungent and paradoxical sentences. And in any given situation, Juanito is quite clear as to the correct procedure. He even makes it clear to the reader, who, even if it means a complete reversal of habit in moral judgment, agrees at least for the moment.

The picaresque zest of the book does not crowd out a knowledge of Southwestern earth which is as tender as it is intimate. Juanito knows the desert growth and how it can feed the traveller; he knows the ways of mules, and there is tenderness as well as laughter in that also.—Sometimes even profundity! He knows the tales of mission padres, and some homely miracles. He knows the stylistic superiority of Spanish oaths over the English oaths that have been brought ashore by the sailors, and discusses this superiority specifically and at length. He knows some slashing villains—and some unsung heroes too.

Walter de Steiguer handles all this in English prose that is like a whip. In honeyed words there may be sting. In courtesy there may be insult. Laughter turns in a phrase to heartache. In the most naive and credulous moment there may be sudden worldly wisdom and a tongue in the cheek. Always there is the high heart meeting challenge:

“‘Your hinny was born of a cat and sired by a bird,’ said the foreman of arrieros politely to me, and I was compelled to let her be the first to make this dangerous ascent; since one must either accept a compliment or deny its truth.”

Again the same compression and sting: “Turning to his Secretario, the Governor ordered: ‘See that the beam on which he who insulted our King hangs is raised a foot to-day.’ But Don Firmín, speaking with the kindest courtesy to the Secretario, said: ‘Do me the favor to leave this beam as it is. Your Governor is a foot shorter than the official I

have just hanged. What need, therefore, to heighten the beam?" "

The names on the title page of this book are unknown names. But the combination is a good one. So good that the excitement over their work in the next few months should be fun to observe.

FRANCES GILLMOR.

Albuquerque.

The Single Glow—Axton Clark—The Villagra Press, Santa Fe.—\$1.50.

It is easy to pillory verse and hard to praise it. I say Axton Clark is a poet, but to justify such a statement without exaggeration as stultifying to the author as to the critic, is difficult. At his best he is technically impeccable, but as that is surely not enough, what then?

For the most part he employs two of the most common of English poetic forms, the sonnet and pentameter blank verse. Notwithstanding certain experiments with each, his metrical contribution is negligible; he is satisfied to accept inherited measures, concentrating his energies on what he has to put in them.

Nor is he all unwise to rely so boldly on his content. Both as to strength and music it is no little thing. His lyrics sing with lilting assurance, and in such poems as *The Whirlwind* his blank verse has a surging power that will not be denied. These remarks hold true only of his better work, but there is enough of that to lend the book as a whole a rather impressive unity.

At the top of his form, then, he has a really fine feeling for words subtly laced with fire. His range of subjects, however, is not large, nor are they individually imposing. The following two lines are quoted with some reluctance, as they are by no means indicative of the man's capabilities. Yet they express his general attitude so concisely that here they are:

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"But I am briefly glad to share each sun,
The haze, the trains, and then oblivion."

He has a genuine zest for the world of nature, untainted with any wistfulness or sentimentality. Clark is a man and as such delights in natural forces and phenomena, free of false nostalgias. He can look at a bird in whole souled wonder without wishing that he, too, could lay an egg.

Men and women as poetic matter he treats but rarely and then not with too sure a touch. He is superficially personal, and yet strangely impersonal, mentioning but seldom obtruding, his own identity and point of view. At the same time his point of view is clear enough, and a refreshingly healthy one it is. Without vaunting or blatancy he looks at the world and likes it. Neither optimist nor cavalier, he sings of the things that he likes, and does it well.

What more can be said others will have to say. This reviewer's acquaintance with his work is too recent to be productive of any profounder judgments.

JOHN MYERS MYERS.

Albuquerque.

Footnote to Youth—Jose Garcia Villa—Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933—\$2.50.

Here is a book of more than ordinary interest to readers of the *NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*, the first published book of Jose Garcia Villa. The author of *Footnote to Youth* spoke his literary prologue to American readers in this magazine. For a number of the stories in the present collection, acknowledgments are made to the *QUARTERLY*. Others of the stories have appeared in *Clay*, Mr. Villa's personally edited little magazine, and in *The Frontier*, *Scribner's*, *The Prairie Schooner*, and one or two additional magazines. As one who has known Mr. Villa's work in nearly all of these separated sources sees them gathered together, what is the impression they make?

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The impression is one of wide irregularity in the values of his writing. In the book are six lyrico-dramatic sketches written with New Mexico and the University of New Mexico campus as the setting for the impressions and expressions generating in the author's mind. There is in them too much of the "beating of wings," "purple flowers," and the "rain of music." Like essential youth, Jose Villa is obsessed of love, but it is love that deflected or thwarted drives him helpless before it, that unnerves and unbalances the strength he possesses. The pain would be less incoherent if it were harder fought. Jose Villa makes good his claim to have written sentences "beauteous as a dancer in the dawn," sentences that make him forget for the while girls and boys and himself. And one hopes his art may continue to make him forget especially himself. His love of words, his love of people, brought into controlled flow could raise him into the group of "half-dozen short story writers in America who count," to quote Edward J. O'Brien's introductory comment, but until control masters the expelling of imagery and idea in the artful prose of this young writer, he will continue the slave of his nervous system, a captive within the walls of like and dislike, confidence and distrust.

Nearly all the other tales are of the Phillipines where the author writes with more objective imagination and where he attains true distinction. "The Son of Rizal," "Valse Triste," "Footnote to Youth,"—the title story—are powerfully and symbolically written. The first is of the illusion of a miserable boy that the great and kind Rizal has become his father instead of the cruel and oppressive man his sire by nature; the second is the life long pain summarized in two people from whom young love was snatched; the third is the cycle repeated by children, their children, and their children's children of youth, mating, and parenthood. They augur the future which Mr. Villa may find—a future where his genius dissipates itself less in the

expansions and contractions of his own heart, before every frost and thaw.

That Villa is a singular artist in English prose no one reading *Footnote to Youth* will fail to recognize. That he sees below the edges of life and penetrates into something of its essence is true of all his stories. That living will pour fundamental truth under the trial and error truth of much of his present writing is artistic prophecy.

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque.

Andrew's Harvest—John Evans—William Morrow and Company, 1933—\$2.00.

The reading of *Andrew's Harvest* has been an agreeable surprise. Its author, the son of Mabel Luhan, stands very much "on his own feet" as regards both the matter and the manner of his writing. Stated baldly, *Andrew's Harvest* is the story of a simple man—the owner of a small ranch in one of the Western states—who has recently lost his wife, and a simple woman—a lunch-counter waitress—who has recently lost both her job and her reputation; and their life together on the tiny ranch where the woman, Julie, has gone to be wet-nurse to Bill Andrew's motherless newborn baby. Just this. The only other characters are minor ones who come in incidentally, and—with the possible exception of the doctor—fail to catch the reader's attention or to leave any impression of vivid individuality. The whole attention is focused upon the man, Bill, and the woman, Julie. Not upon what they do—their doings are merely those of the everyday trivial and rather sordid duties of small-ranch life. It is in what they think that the charm and the individuality of the book lie. Rather in what Bill thinks, for the book is told in the first person, and it is Bill who tells the story. But Bill *feels* what Julie is thinking, and reveals it so that others may feel this, also.

Bill is an introvert—not invert. His world lies not in the realm of things, or of happenings, but in that of wonder-

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ing—wondering about his own thoughts and springs of action, about Julie's, and about those of the doctor and of old man Smithers, the latter a character brought in apparently for the sake of comic relief, a jester of sorts, in a tale that is, for all its "happy ending," more tragedy than either comedy or melodrama. To all wonderers, life, with its implications, is tragic, whether the wonderer be a dreaming Czar or Bill, the small-ranch man.

Inarticulate in speech, even with the woman who has gripped first his passion, and afterwards his tenderness as well, Bill reveals himself, both in his bigness, and also in his littleness, to the readers of *Andrew's Harvest*. It is because John Evans has striven to lay bare the struggle of a soul tortured by its own doubts and questionings and regrets—torture which reaches its climax when Bill finds that his own blundering efforts at caring for his baby, covering it more warmly, have resulted in the child's death from suffocation—that his book gives unusual promise of more mature work to come. While not in itself a great book, *Andrew's Harvest* more nearly approaches greatness than any first novel which it has been my fortune to read in some time; one which it is difficult to lay down after starting; something which as regards the average novel—even those not first novels—it is easier to do than to refrain from doing.

J. B. MONTGOMERY-MCGOVERN.

Albuquerque.

Shakespearean Scraps and Other Elizabethan Fragments—Samuel A. Tannenbaum—Columbia University Press, 1933—\$3.75.

On Reading Shakespeare—Logan Pearsall Smith—Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York—\$1.50.

Here are two more books to prove that the interest in Shakespeare is inexhaustible. The first, the *Shakespearean Scraps*, is definitely addressed to scholars, though anyone fond of figuring out detective story problems will find a fascination in Dr. Tannenbaum's application of scientific

methods to the elucidation of the Shakespearean text. The eleven chapters of this scholarly work deal largely with problems raised by the famous Shakespearean forgeries of the notorious English scholar, John Payne Collier, or with attempts at identifying the handwriting in various manuscripts, in this way throwing new light on questions of authorship. For the lover of Shakespeare who is not also a scholar, the most interesting and profitable chapter is Number Six, in which are suggested various emendations for disputed or disputable passages. In my own opinion, Dr. Tannenbaum makes out a most excellent case for each of his suggested emendations.

Logan Pearsall Smith's *On Reading Shakespeare* does not exhibit the exhaustive scholarship of the first book, although there is no doubt that Mr. Smith has read widely in the field of Shakespearean research, nor that he has made the best of such scholarship his own. The first book is one for specialists, mostly; the second may be read and enjoyed by everybody. In fact, I know of no other book on the subject which offers such an excellent introduction to the reading and study of Shakespeare. The very titles of the chapters are an invitation to the reader to sit down at the feast: I—On Not Reading Shakespeare; II—The Great Adventure; III—The Great Reward, Poetry; IV—The Great Reward: Character; and so on. Is it not a challenge? The author conveys to his reader much of the fine gusto, the even fierce delight, with which he himself approaches the reading of Shakespeare, in a bold, intensely personal, and intimate style. For instance, speaking of Shakespeare's great gift of pathos, he writes thus: (Quoting from *King John*).

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose.

("Bother that 'Half-blown' rose! Its beauty blurs my eyes, and I can hardly go on quoting.")

There is one point, however, on which I should differ

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with Mr. Smith, and that is upon his revival of the Lamb-Hazlitt contention that Shakespeare's plays are not suited for the stage. To me this is the rankest heresy. During the past three years, I have produced here in Albuquerque three plays of Shakespeare's, on an outdoor stage, with as close an approximation as possible to the conditions of the Elizabethan stage, and, with amateur actors. They were unreservedly enjoyed by our audiences, many of whom told me that they had, for the first time, appreciated the wit, humor, beauty, and power of these comedies.

But this is a minor point of difference. In everything else he says, Mr. Smith is as sound and as piquant as a fresh nut. And stimulating! And suggestive! Next to reading Shakespeare himself, I know of no greater delight than reading beautifully phrased appreciations of him. This book goes in my library with Robert Ingersoll's eloquent oration on Shakespeare and with John Masefield's profoundly moving appraisal of the plays. Get it if you want to have a good time!

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

Albuquerque.

New Mexico History and Civics—Lansing B. Bloom and Thomas C. Donnelly—University Press, Albuquerque, 1933—\$2.50.

New Mexico History and Civics, by Lansing B. Bloom and Thomas C. Donnelly has been written to provide a textbook in the subject on the secondary school level. As such, it appears in response to a felt need, and will certainly be welcome if it fills this need satisfactorily. Professor Bloom is responsible for the history section; Dr. Donnelly, for the civics. It will be convenient to review these separately.

Professor Bloom should be well qualified to write a history of our State. He was for many years curator of the Historical Museum at Santa Fe and he has carried on considerable research in the archives at Seville and Mexico City. His knowledge of the sources is therefore extensive, and it may be said at once that a good feature of his book is

that he has indicated to his readers, both in the text and in the bibliographies appended to each chapter, what are the foundations on which our historical knowledge rests.

It is stated in the preface that the history "is presented as an *interpretation* rather than as a complete and detailed *narrative*." Undoubtedly a historian's interpretation may be a most valuable feature of his work; nevertheless, in a textbook it would seem desirable to have a reasonably complete narrative. The book might be improved by including more information concerning such outstanding episodes as the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 (including the retreat south and the founding of El Paso) and the Confederate invasion under Baylor. As it is, it will be necessary for the teacher to find supplementary reading material to cover the narrative part of the history adequately.

In the field of interpretation Professor Bloom is at his best in pointing out the effects of the impact of the various cultures—Indian, Spanish, French, Anglo-American—on each other and their mingling in the multicolored life of the Southwest. It is a further virtue of his work that he has incorporated into it some of the results of recent research. This is manifest in the chapters dealing with the early Pueblo Indians, with the 17th century history, and with Franco-Spanish relations on the frontier. His treatment of the American period is rather disappointing, because it ignores almost entirely the cultural and economic development of the State.

In the section devoted to civics, Dr. Donnelly has aimed "not only to present to the student a clear picture of the organization and functioning of his own state government, but also to compare and contrast, here and there throughout the text, New Mexican practices with those found in other states." The reviewer is entirely in sympathy with this general method of approach. However, the language will not be self-explanatory without a background knowledge of political science and economics, and it will be necessary for

the teacher to supply this knowledge for the benefit of the ordinary high school student. Chapter XVIII on "State Administration" is noteworthy for an able explanation of the great modern increase in the number and variety of governmental functions. The author possesses the courage of his convictions and sometimes states his own opinion on controversial issues, as in the chapters dealing with the educational system and taxation.

Like all first editions, the volume contains a certain quota of typographical errors. In a table on page 367, the word "Federal" is repeated twice, when evidently in one case it should be "State." On page 164 occurs "Equalité" instead of "Egalité." On the whole, however, the proof-reading has been well done. The illustrations are generally good and some useful maps are included; but it would be an improvement to add to the number of the latter. A commendable feature is the glossary of difficult English words and foreign terms. There is also a good index.

Taken as a whole, *New Mexico History and Civics* is a valuable and timely contribution to our school textbook literature.

P. M. BALDWIN.

State College, N. M.

America in the Southwest—Thomas M. Pearce and Telfair Hendon—University Press, Albuquerque, 1933—\$3.00.

America in the Southwest: an anthology, the voices of a people singing. Singing, not in the measured cadence of verse but in the varied individualism of prose. Singing of the Southwest, of its blue distances, its ancient races, its conquistadores and frailes. Telling of the intimacies of its hidden streams deep in fern and cardinal flower; its homely scent of cedar smoke rising from under the backyard wash tub; its jangle of spur, surprising on a small town pavement; its consumptive cough and realtor's boom; its pageantry and its homeliness.

Thomas M. Pearce and Telfair Hendon, the compilers, have captured for us in this Southwestern anthology the echoes of the many-voiced New Mexico. They give us the land that since the birth of history in the western hemisphere has never been young, but in its daily liveableness can never grow old. It is the land of mañana only because its days are ever brighter with the beauty of changing mountain and desert scene, more vital with crystal air and golden sunshine.

The anthology is planned with a definiteness which makes for order out of the vastness of material which must always present difficulties in assembling a work of this type. The compilers answer the three great questions, what, where, and who. And they answer these questions with a wealth of historical, geographical and biographical information chosen for accuracy, color, and style.

The question "what" is most completely answered. This section, as Pearce and Hendon explain in the introduction, is devoted to "critical articles, both popular and scholarly, intended to provoke thought upon the great social, political, and economic questions in an area as extensive as many European states." The first two articles in the section, "Humanizing of a Race" from Edgar L. Hewett's "Ancient Life in the American Southwest," and "The Diggings" by Hartley Burr Alexander, are admirably chosen because they open the reader's mind immediately to the splendid heritage of esthetic, ethical and social culture given New Mexico by the Indian. Other selections follow, ranging from a discussion of "Mexicans and New Mexico" by Mary Austin to an interpretation of the southwestern cowboy, a discussion of Spanish colonial arts, various customs of the country, and a group of short articles by well-known southwestern writers.

The second question "where" is answered by several charming descriptions of New Mexico's scenery, and that section is aptly headed "Touch of Earth."

"Who" in New Mexico includes a collection of stories, anecdotes, and articles, chosen for the purpose of giving the reader a glimpse into the inner life of the state and its people, people who defy the mixing pot, who are as varied as the changing scenes of mesa and mountain. This section affords, perhaps, the most entertaining reading, for these are the people of romantic yesterday, of the western movies, these are the people of today, who in spite of machines and the levelling processes typified by Montgomery Ward catalogues are still, thank God for it, *individuals*.

This book was no doubt designed primarily for use by students of literature, and is especially suited for use in schools of the Southwest, where an understanding of the state, its culture, its problems, is essential for young people who expect to live and prosper here. But it is also a book which makes splendid reading for all of us. And for those who love New Mexico, who wish to drain every drop of joy from our cup of life here, it is indispensable.

MARGARET PAGE HOOD.

Las Cruces.

FEBRUARY

will begin volume four of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. You will meet in the first pages of the magazine for 1934:

"Songs of Rio Grande" by John Gould Fletcher—
One of the foremost poets of America interprets
in rhythmic beauty Indian song and Rio Grande.

"The College Professor and Leadership" by J. C.
Knode—A college dean and professor looks at the
teachers in the light of leadership.

"What Some Men Worshipped" by Maude M.
Bloom—A student of New Mexico folk-lore tells a
legend of the Black Hills of New Mexico.



The QUARTERLY book for 1934 will be the best reading investment you can make. Christmas subscriptions would be welcomed by others.

Date

I enclose _____ for _____ subscription to
The New Mexico Quarterly.

Signature

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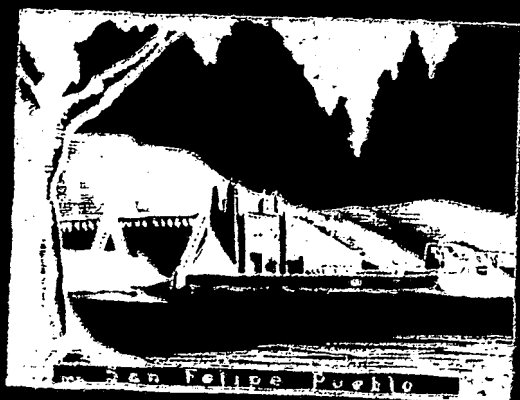
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Clair, P. M. Baldwin, Margaret Page Hood.	

Contributors to This Issue

ETHEL W. MUSGRAVE has made her home in Arizona and New Mexico, where she has grown familiar with the pueblos and with the flora and fauna of these Southwestern states in the company of her husband who is Game Specialist for the Forest Service.

MARGARET PAGE HOOD is both poet and journalist, having a professional contact as feature writer for the *Las Cruces Citizen*. She is a member of the Board of Regents of the University of New Mexico.

JOHN COLLIER is Commissioner of Indian Affairs of the United States Department of the Interior. His article in this issue of the QUARTERLY introduces a discussion of education in the Southwest as it is being adapted to the Indian and Spanish regional background.

* L. S. TIREMAN is director of the San Jose Experimental School and MELA SEDILLO BREWSTER and LOLITA POOLER are members of the Instructional staff of San Jose in Albuquerque. Dr. Tireman is at present in Europe upon a fellowship granted by the General Education Board for study in bi-lingual education districts of the continent.

MARY AUSTIN, of Santa Fe, is a poet and novelist who has made the study and interpretation of folk literature, Indian, Spanish, English, a major interest in her life. *The American Rhythm* and *Earth Horizon* are among her many books describing this enthusiasm. She is a director of the San Jose School and has encouraged its plans for educational advance.

HANIEL LONG is a poet of Santa Fe who is writing upon unusual and stirring themes. October *Scribner's* contained "Stephen Foster," and November *Forum* "Henry George." "The Heart is a Vine" is one of the poems to appear in a volume entitled *Atlantides* which will be published as one of the first series of "Writers' Editions" by the Rydal Press of Santa Fe in December.

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON, poet and editor, has been identified with poetry in the Southwest since 1916 when she came to Santa Fe after being associated in the editorship of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*. She is chairman of the group in Santa Fe which is co-operating in the publication of "Writers' Editions," original manuscripts of poetry and prose printed and marketed by what will constitute almost a guild of authors and printers. Mrs. Henderson's new volume of poetry, "The Sun Turns West," "Foretaste," a first book of poems by Peggy Pond Church, who is known to QUARTERLY readers, and "Penalosa" by Eugene Manlove Rhodes are included with Long's "Atlantides" in the first books to be printed before December 15.

HAROLD HUFFMAN and ALFREDO GALAZ are students of the University of New Mexico, who are specializing in Spanish studies.

MAUD CROSNO is an Albuquerque poet whose work has appeared in other issues of the QUARTERLY. She has completed a volume of poetry entitled *Earth Dust*.

DOROTHY HOGNER was in first hand contact with the Indian Emergency Conservation Work initiated last summer as a part of the general program for Indian Relief and Indian educational advance. She is enrolled in Upper Division courses of the University of New Mexico for the Fall semester.

VAN DEUSEN CLARK and OTTO REUTINGER are Graduate Students of the University of New Mexico. Each has published poetry in previous numbers of the QUARTERLY.

KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS lives at Los Lunas, New Mexico, where she has for some time been writing of the people among whom she lives.

MAUDE USCHOLD is an Illinois poet who has written poetry of both her native region and the Southwest. She is no newcomer to this contributor's column.

ROY KEECH is an archaeologist and author of fiction who has published in *El Palacio* and has recently had a book accepted for publication which combines his experiences of the war with the story of a little French girl.

In Hopiland

By ETHEL W. MUSGRAVE

DOWN the narrow street which writhed through the pueblo atop the high mesa, Tapayo, the old pottery maker passed. Her feet, brown and bare, rustled on the smooth white stone like withered oak leaves. They readily found the familiar path over which they had gone since childhood, but her eyes found strange the place they now entered. Before an open doorway Tapayo paused, gazing in with childlike curiosity. In the room were two young Indian women, neat in gingham dresses; and, as they talked in the language of the government school, one ran a sewing machine in humming accompaniment. Here used to sit the women flat on the floor weaving baskets of stout yucca fibres.

A wail quavered for an instant, and the old crone, turning, saw in a corner a baby asleep on a high and ugly iron bed. She noticed the curve of the springs under its trivial weight. How could a *deposhoyd* grow sturdy with straight and beautiful back cradled in such a way? And its blanket—it was from the white man's loom. She thought of her own swaddling robe, woven of strips of softest rabbit fur and made large so that she still used it. Why did mothers no longer weave for their babies? Was it that they knew too little? Bewildered by the strangeness of a room long-known, she slipped into the street once more, mumbling as she went.

Two girls approached, the hard heels of their stiff black shoes clicking on the stone roadway. It had not been so when Tapayo was a maiden. Then, with feet encased in soft buckskin dyed warm brown and fastened about her ankles with beautiful silver buttons bought from neighboring Navajo smiths, she had stepped as lightly as a fawn.

Now from the head of the street shrill voices sifted, voices which Tapayo recognized as coming from the talking

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box of the white man. Her wrinkled face twisted in anger. What did the youths mean by bringing this screaming devil into the pueblo of their fathers? Surely little brother Coyote had slipped through the tiny doors of the box and was howling to deride the red man. Hopis living on the rocky wind-swept mesa high above the desert knew no music of gurgling brook nor whispering forest; but their voices, high and sweet as they chanted the legend of the moon maidens or the song of the flute dance, blended in stirring symphony with whirring rattle of gourds and regular monotone of tom-toms. When, at full moon of August, the chant of the Snake Clan arose, swelled by thunder-makers and rhythmic padding of feet, its sounds swept across the strings of Tapayo's inner being until she vibrated in aching response.

The songs of the fathers were sung half-heartedly now; the rites of the sacred dances were performed with little understanding. The youth of the village distrusted the old even as he doubted the new.

At the edge of the mesa, where the street abruptly ended, the bent figure paused, her unkempt gray hair and short woven skirt fluttering in the wind. Far across the desert the setting sun flung long red ribbons of departing glory, but already the evening air blew cold on her withered arms and the left shoulder, bared in the dress of her tribal mothers. A few feet below her in a pocket on the face of the precipice, a wee burro shifted in his tiny stall; from a nearby housetop a captive eagle screamed. Tapayo viewed the village with dim, anxious eyes. All seemed at this moment as it had been for hundreds of years, but she knew that within those age-old houses a new life was being lived.

"Outside it is yesterday," she muttered. "Inside it is tomorrow."

The Night Wind

By MARGARET PAGE HOOD

The wind creeps down at night
On lacquered paws of white
Bare bone. Creeps down from deep
Sunk mountain caves where sleep
Discarded shapes of beasts and men
Who lived upon the mesas when
An age gone by the sun swung swift
And mountains rose and fell like drift
Of spume across the sea.

The wind creeps down to say to me

"Hug close your sorrows of today!

"Rejoice that you *can* cry, *can* feel, *can* pray.

"For soon, like those within my dark retreat,

"You too will crumble in defeat."

New Policies in Indian Education

By JOHN COLLIER

INSTEAD of trying to furnish a comprehensive review of the Indian schooling situation, I believe it will be more useful to state a few of the controlling facts and considerations of policy.

*Indian Service Money **

The Indian Service is working within a reduced budget—cut \$12,500,000 from the fiscal year 1931 to the fiscal year 1933. The regular budget for the fiscal year 1934 can probably not exceed that for 1933.

Yet the Indian is not adequately served. The deficiencies are extreme. The health service remains very inadequate, quantitatively speaking, and, on the whole, below par qualitatively. The means for the relief of distress and for the care of the aged and infirm are grossly insufficient. The devising and financing of a modern credit system for Indians is still in the future. Indians to the number of 100,000 are wholly or virtually landless; and 7,000,000 acres of land belonging to deceased Indian allottees are awaiting disposal to whites. Between 12,000 and 15,000 children are denied schooling opportunity.

Even were all of the needed capital investment in behalf of the Indians to be provided outside of the budget appropriation, still there would be a deficiency of services.

And still it remains true that the per capita expenditure for Indian service is disagreeably large.

The solution must be found through the redistribution of expenditures within the diminished budget. This fact, among others more prominent and humanly more interesting, drives the Indian Service toward the substitution of day schools for boarding schools.

A day school costs, on a liberal basis, \$125.00 a year per pupil. A boarding school costs, on a niggardly basis, \$360.00 per year per pupil. If the unschooled Indians are

to be schooled, and if funds are to be released for urgent and neglected health work and other needs, the substitution of day schools for boarding schools must go ahead and must, if possible, be expedited.

We are now expending \$1,500,000 of Public Works money for the construction of day schools, mostly in Arizona and New Mexico. These day schools should accommodate 4,500 children, approximately. The fiscal result is interesting. To school in day schools, rather than in boarding schools, 4,500 children, means a net saving of about \$1,060,000 a year continuously. The capital investment is liquidated in a year and a half.

There remain in boarding schools more than 18,000 Indian children. If the number be reduced by 10,000, the total of appropriation which can be released for other uses can be computed by any interested reader.

The Social Policy Which Ought to Control the School Policy

For purposes of simplification, what follows is limited to the southwestern area of the Indian country.

The Indians are largely pure bloods. Their cultural heritage has not yet become a mere folk-lore. It is, on the contrary, organic, institutional; psychically, socially and industrially, it is a dynamic reality.

To the Indians themselves, and to civilization, this cultural heritage is of fundamental, urgent importance. Its potentialities, in the way of future development, can only be speculated about. Personally, I am convinced that these potentialities are, or might be made, intense and profound—exciting to the lover of life and the explorer of the human spirit. But this, which might seem the romantic view, need not be insisted on. The moral and industrial “values” of the Pueblo and Navajo heritage are acknowledged by all.

One common error must be rebutted. It is the error of believing that a choice must be made between the archaic

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and the contemporary. History makes no such choice. The contemporary, psychologically speaking, is nothing but an adjustment carried out by the archaic. The archaic outlives the contemporary, age by age. Many cross-fertilizations, many evolutions have brought the Pueblos to their present moment. Navajo industry has been revolutionized within the past seventy years. The "archaic" has been adjusting to the contemporary all the time.

Indian policy must rest on a detailed and affirmative recognition of what is implied above. Indian policy cannot substitute a newly decreed life or way of life for that which exists. It can only help the existing life to make its own career.

Actually we still are, in the main, although unconsciously, trying to decree Indian life out of our own values and habits.

And we are continuing to bring to bear on Indian education that false assumption which we have so disastrously applied to our own education, namely, *the omnipotence of the school*. The school is not omnipotent. Divorced from the community, the school is in fact largely impotent. And this impotence may be a saving grace, so long as the school remains, on its part, unillumined by the real life, i.e., the community life.

Reduced to a practical statement, the remarks here ventured would mean:

The Indian schools should primarily be designed to discover Indian life, and to discover to that Indian life its own unrealized needs and opportunities.

If such a formula be adopted, are our Indian schools, as now conducted, to be considered successful or unsuccessful?

The Problem the Indians are Facing

It is the use of their land in such a manner as to conserve and improve their land; the acquisition of more land; the use of inherited and native traditions and talents for

economic betterment and for the enrichment of personal and communal life; and the raising of the material standard of living without a corresponding disintegration of those social and psychic achievements which are, in the case of the Navajos and Pueblos, beacons to a distressed world.

These tribes as communities, and their individual members, must become effectually conscious of a wide range of facts which, as yet, they are only slightly aware of. I refer, for example, to hygienic facts. Again, to the facts having to do with purchase and market. Again, to the facts having to do with the wastage of land through erosion. Again, to the facts having to do with financial credit. Again, to the facts as to the relation between populations and areas of land.

This widening awareness of their own practical life must come about not through preachments but through successive actions. Thought, even in the experience of highly individualized Aryans, moves only a little way ahead of action. And thought, among peoples still living the ethnic life, moves only as action moves. Hence, what may be called the social education of the Indian tribes must be pursued through enterprise, and in most cases the school should be the center of this enterprise or a leading partner in it.

Yet here, a different peril thrusts itself into attention.

I have said of our schools (for whites and Indians alike; our schools as they are, not as they might be) that it may be a saving grace that they are comparatively powerless, because were they powerful, they might sunder their pupils from the realities of life.

But if our schools (here, I refer to our Indian schools only) are to become social promotion agencies, and if they promote not wisely but too well, there may ensue a disruption—a veritable slaughter—of the anthropological and communal values of Indian life.

There is, between the archaic and the modern, no *nec-*

essary conflict. But between Indian life and a too-uplifting and too-naive community reform effort by community schools, there might be a devastating conflict.

Wisdom, knowledge and a right instinct would be our safeguard. How can we achieve these far ideals—wisdom, knowledge and a right instinct?

A Suggestion from Mexico

Mexico, not too ambitious for booklearning among her Indians, and financially poor as Mexico is, struck out on a new line ten years ago. Young men and women were brought, in local normal schools, into contact with the best scientific and esthetic minds of the Republic.

These young men and women, after two or three years in the normal schools which themselves were Indian communities, returned to their own people and became the teachers. In these Mexican schools, the teaching for children and for adults and the community enterprise for and with the whole population are part of one activity; and the school's efficiency is measured by its social productiveness, not by the scholastic grades which its students achieve.

Thus, in these Mexican schools the wisdom of the folk and the right instinct of the folk are fertilized and somewhat guided by first-rate sociological, anthropological and esthetic minds of cosmopolitan background. In turn, they restrain the zeal of the innovators.

Can we hope, in our Indian Service, for the freedom to make a similar endeavor? Is there any reason why it should not be successful?

I believe that our hope in Indian education, for the southwestern area at least, is to be fulfilled on this line if at all.

The San Jose Project

By L. S. TIREMAN, MELA SEDILLO BREWSTER
LOLITA POOLER

GEOGRAPHIC and economic factors have contributed to keep the population of New Mexico largely rural. In a state with but one city of 30,000 and with only three or four of 10,000, the educational problem must be largely one of rural education. In the rural districts the Spanish-speaking people predominate. The educational forces are, then, faced with the difficult problems of rural education complicated by the bi-lingual problem. The solution to these problems can best be reached by an experimental approach. To this end, the San Jose Training and Experimental School was created.

This San Jose Project is the result of the combined efforts of the State Board of Education, the General Education Board, the Honorable Bronson M. Cutting, the Bernalillo County Board of Education, and the University of New Mexico. Its control is vested in a Board of Directors appointed by the Regents of the University. Members of the Board of Directors are: Mrs. Mary Austin, authoress; Major Herman Baca, Disbursement Officer; Mr. Kenneth Balcomb, realtor; Dr. H. L. Ballenger, head of the Teacher Training at Normal University; Mr. John V. Conway, President of the Spanish American Normal; Mrs. Grace Corrigan, State Rural School Supervisor; U. S. Senator Bronson M. Cutting; Dr. H. W. Distad, head of the Teacher Training at New Mexico State Teachers College; Miss Margaret Easterday, Bernalillo County School Superintendent; Mr. Gilberto Espinosa, lawyer; Rabbi A. L. Krohn, President of the Bernalillo County Board of Education; Judge Milton J. Helmick; Mr. Ralph Hernandez, business man; Mr. Raymond Huff, President of the State Board of Education; Mrs. Georgia L. Lusk, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Mr. John Milne, Superintendent of Albuquerque.

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Schools; Mr. Ray J. McCanna, realtor; Dr. S. P. Nanninga, Dean of the College of Education; Mr. Camillo Padilla, editor of *Sancho Panzo*; Mrs. E. A. Perrault, Member of the State Board of Education; Mr. George I. Sanchez, Director of Division of Information and Statistics; Mr. Brice Sewell, State Supervisor of Vocational Education; Mr. Clyde Tingley, Mayor of City of Albuquerque; Dr. J. F. Zimmerman, President of the University of New Mexico.

The work of the Project falls under five major divisions:

I. Experimental.¹

The school is located at the southern edge of Albuquerque. It is typical in that the rooms are over-crowded, the equipment meager (except for books), and the community chiefly Spanish-speaking.

Here is provided a laboratory in which certain essential data concerning the Spanish-speaking pupil can be secured. To this purpose an extensive test program has been inaugurated. Group and individual intelligence tests as well as accomplishment tests are administered under the direction of a special research assistant. In this way, a collection of data, covering a period of years, is being accumulated which will probably be the most complete that has been secured for children of Spanish-speaking descent. In addition, the staff is constantly preparing new instructional material and evaluating its usefulness. Since so little is known about the best method of teaching non-English-speaking children, this

1. Members of the staff in 1932-33 were: Dr. L. S. Tireman, Director; Mr. Harlan Sininger, Supervising Principal; Mrs. Marie M. Hughes, Field Worker; Mr. J. E. Earl, Research Assistant; Mr. V. H. Cutler, Secretary; Mrs. Ruth Philbrick, 8th; Miss Eula Spillers, 7th; Mr. Adolfo Chavez, 6th; Miss Frances Smith, 5th; Miss Aurora Vigil, 5th; Mrs. Pauline Brewer, 4th; Miss Thelma Adams, 4th; Miss Belle S. Greene, 3rd; Miss Niles Strumquist, 3rd; Mrs. Isabel Lucas, 3rd; Miss Gertrude Stone, 2nd; Miss Tony Lucero, 2nd; Mrs. Margaret Bigelow, 1st; Mrs. Rose Prieto, 1st; Miss Newell Dixon, pre-1st; Miss Vera Wood, kindergarten; Miss Beatrice Costales, kindergarten; Mrs. Lolita Pooler, part-time Spanish; Mrs. Mela Sedillo Brewster, part-time Arts and Crafts; Mrs. Jennie Gonzales, Cedro, one-room mountain school; Mr. William M. Kunkel, part-time, director of orchestra; Mr. Brice Sewell, part-time, director of Arts and Crafts.

part of the program should eventually be helpful to the teachers of the state.

During the past year the staff worked intensively in the field of language instruction. Examples of prevalent language errors were assembled, analyzed, and classified. As typical errors were located, they were allocated to the several grades for concentrated drill.

Another piece of curriculum research dealt with beginning reading. Specific steps or levels of achievement in preparing primary pupils for reading were identified. This is particularly valuable for the teacher of the non-English-speaking pupils, for progress is faster when skills are analyzed into their component parts and definite provision made for the mastery of each part.

The experience of the children of the school has been limited. Accordingly, the teachers are constantly endeavoring to provide situations where broader viewpoints can be secured of life in general. Excursions, trips, creative work are used generously to supplement the vicarious experience secured from reading. The well recognized principle of learning through active participation is well illustrated in the various grades.

II. Spanish Colonial Arts and Crafts.¹

Where Spanish Colonial Arts and Crafts are being introduced as a completely new subject, it is essential to emphasize the existence of beauty and practicability in the very building in which the subject is to be taught. Therefore, the course has offered as part of the school work the actual building of a one-room school house employing, where necessary, community labor and supplying all other work by the students themselves.

The purpose in doing this was to interest children and adult members of the community in the work—to make them feel an appreciation for the type of dwellings most suitable to New Mexico, and to thus overcome the now prev-

1. Contributed by Mrs. Mela Sedillo Brewster.

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alent feeling that unless a building has a tin roof and mail-order-house furniture it is something of which to be ashamed.

The first semester of the year was devoted to the completion of the building; the last semester to the actual introduction of the crafts. Where conveniently arranged a part of the work of the second semester might have been introduced during the first semester. For example, when and where there are too many hands for the work of the day, or not enough tools, other work—washing of wool—spinning—tin making—could have been begun by extra hands. This point is mentioned because above all the course should be made flexible. The grand idea of writing out a daily program a year in advance and following it to the letter day in and day out is, as the janitor would say, a lot of “*chorizo*.” One never knows when Carmelita’s grandfather is going to die and leave her embroidery to be finished a week late, nor can the teacher ever figure exactly at what hour and for what length of time the *tío* Crespín and *tía* María will drop in to visit and to learn. And when *tío* and *tía* arrive, nothing is too important to be allowed to wait while teacher and pupils interest them in the work. For after all it is the community and the adult that the school wishes to reach through this program. There will no doubt be much wailing and tearing of the hair from those who insist on routine and system, but after all they have to be sold to the idea just as years ago pedagogues were sold to the idea that the children should not be made to study their lessons by shouting them out-loud.

A plan for a typical building with detailed information as to adobes, vigas, etc., can be secured by writing to the San José Training School. (You see, we are really hoping some one else will build.)

With two men from the community doing the “lead” the building was begun. Twenty-five hundred adobes can be made in a week by men and boys. No definite time was set for the actual completion of the laying of the walls, but

by the end of the first semester, walls, roof, floor, fireplace, plaster, and a sufficient number of coats of *yeso* on the walls were finished. Both boys and girls helped in the building for as a rule the true child will enjoy mixing mud, plastering, whitewashing, feeling that his own hands have made a place from which warmth and shelter will be received. It is well, however, to have boys and girls come on different days. Preferably, several days in succession rather than every other day.

With the beginning of the second semester the boys were started with the woodwork. Obviously there were reasons for this. Tables for working, benches for washing, stools and chairs, lacenas, and for the weaving—spindles and looms—were very much in demand. The boys were not made to practice on pieces of lumber methods of joinery or decoration, but using a cheaper grade of lumber they began on whatever piece they were to make. (No, Juanito, this is *not* a course in manual training.) Blunders were made, naturally, but rather have a few blunders in the finished article coupled with a desire to continue on something else than a feeling of discouragement at trying to work on one piece until it is perfect.

Washing the wool with *amole* after it has been carded and spun and thus prepared for the vegetable dyeing is in itself a project that can be used not only for the girls while the looms are being constructed but it can lead to a whole community craft within a very short period. In San Jose this was done and today several families are earning money by spinning wool on hand spindles during spare time. Again must it be repeated that no set hour with a "please pay attention to what teacher will say" is going to be of any value. Comadre Juana or friend Cuca can, if they care to, discuss all about their children's measles, their great grandfather's loom, or their mother-in-law's grouch before approaching the cards or spindles. It may require a whole afternoon or a whole week to get them started, but once

started it is amazing with what nicety and speed the work is done. One whole hour spent in discussing the bump on Tomasito's head more than repaid itself when at the end of two months to the day Tomasito's mother had turned in over twenty-four pounds of beautifully spun wool—so finely and strongly spun that it could be used for warp.

Tin making and tanning can be introduced simultaneously with an effort to allow the child to select that which appeals mostly to him. It is interesting to note that although tanning is not the most pleasant member of the crafts, and certainly not the easiest, no "backing out" or laziness was displayed by pupils in San Jose when it became obvious to them that they could make beautiful and serviceable garments from cast-away, stiff hides. We recall particularly one very windy afternoon when Tita and Ramona insisted on dehairing two big hides (this work had to be done outside of the building) in spite of the weather. They were very anxious to make pocket-books.

By the end of the year, we tried to have every child experiment with each of the crafts so that upon his return to school the following fall the teacher may know which particular craft is most suited to each child. This may sound like a very broad task, but as the days go by it is not difficult to see that Gomez is positively hopeless with wood but very expert at tanning, that Veneranda is restless until she starts to embroider, that Maria is at her best weaving, that Hermenez can paint beautiful corn designs and polka-dotted pigs on the walls, and that spirited, cute little Carmen can do nothing at all, so we let her go back to her conjugations and history with the hope that teachers will not be too harsh with the child.

May we repeat that with this work one cannot be too particular about hours? We are thankful, indeed, that the children at San Jose are too poor to have annoyed parents waiting impatiently for them when the bell rings. Thus if

the children feel inclined to do so they can remain and work as late as they please.

This, in general, is the type of work that has been done at San Jose. By the end of the year four girls had developed into exceptionally fine spinners—their work actually marketable. Twice that number (boys and girls) were weaving, and all of them could distinguish between Indian and Spanish weaves, the old designs and vegetable dyes. Pine furniture, willow and raw-hide stools were made. One youngster sold a hundred adobes. In two months enough wool was marketed from the community to make eight rugs. Forming a quilting group several girls made a woolen quilt and raffled it within the community to help pay for building material for the school house. All the old tin Santo frames were brought out from their hidden places and carefully studied after being given a place of honor in the homes. Mother, father, grandparents were consulted about looms, gergas, santeros, cabinet-makers, tanning. A multitude of old songs and folk-tales, and bits of folk-information were brought forth either by the children or the old folks themselves in their interest for a revival of anything they felt pertained to themselves and the Spanish people of New Mexico.

As one little grandmother kept repeating, "At last they have come to see that there used to be many things."

III. Instruction in Spanish—Bi-lingualism at San Jose.¹

The teaching of Spanish to the Spanish-speaking children is nothing new, but the teaching of both English and Spanish in the lower grades is an innovation in the public schools that, if properly developed, has unlimited beneficial possibilities in the Southwest where society is confronted with a very special educational problem growing out of its bi-racial population.

In so far as the Spanish-Americans are concerned, it

1. Contributed by Mrs. Lolita Pooler.

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is necessary to awaken in them an appreciation of their lingual heritage. The thought that this might contribute something to the culture of the Anglo is not seriously entertained by anyone, for Spanish, as it is spoken in New Mexico, is a decidedly corrupt language—a mixture of sixteenth century verb forms, English words and incorrect usage resulting from the omission of the language in the lower grades.

The bi-lingual project has its conception in the belief that the bi-lingual tendencies that now operate as an educational handicap to Spanish-American children in general, can be transformed into an educational asset by the simple process of teaching Spanish along with English in the lower grades. The vast majority of Spanish-American children enter schools from homes in which Spanish, only, is spoken. For them bi-lingual classes will offer an added medium through which to reach their comprehension. For the English-speaking children, bi-lingual classes offer an opportunity for cultural development. For both, they offer a competitive field in which group advantages and disadvantages are more or less equalized and in which group barriers can be effectively broken down. In a word, the project is an attempt, not only to find a satisfactory solution of a very real educational problem, but aspires, through educational channels, to solve the broader bi-racial problem of the Southwest:

It is too early to predict ultimate results, but present indications point to a growing interest on the part of the Spanish-speaking children themselves in their native tongue, their folklore, legends, and arts. What is needed for full realization of the ultimate objective is more adequate school facilities in the way of space, books, and working materials, and a more generous and definite place in the training school curriculum.

IV. Teacher Training.

A. Six scholarships at institutions of higher learning in this state are available to young men and women of Spanish descent who especially wish to prepare themselves for principalships or superintendencies in the smaller towns.

B. Three-month scholarships at the Training School are available to teachers actually engaged in teaching children of Spanish descent. During the current year, these scholarships have enabled twenty-four teachers, from fourteen counties, to receive specialized training. This service is potentially one of the most important parts of the work at San Jose and should remain so until other teacher training institutions make a more determined effort to prepare teachers for service in non-English-speaking communities.

Of special significance to those engaged in teacher training is the school at Cedro. Cedro is a little village in the Manzano Mountains east of Albuquerque. It is an isolated non-English mountain village. By permission of the County Board of Education, the San Jose Project has been permitted to assume control of the little one-room school located there. A teacherage was built and one of the regular staff members installed as teacher. To this typical situation we sent our cadets so that they might see exemplified in actual practice the principles we are developing at the San Jose School.

This work, coupled with the Key School program, including the Field Worker, makes a significant contribution to the supervisory service of the State Department.

V. Extension Service.

Through the efforts of the State Board of Education, a Field Worker was added to the staff of San Jose. It is her duty to visit the former cadets and assist them in adjusting their work to the principles they had seen demonstrated at the Training School.

This work has become so valuable that seven county superintendents have asked the co-operation of the San Jose

Project in organizing what is known as Key Schools. These are schools geographically placed so that they can serve a number of adjoining schools. During the past year 57 were selected. Since this work is confined to centers where Spanish-speaking pupils predominate, it allows an extension of the San Jose service. Mrs. Hughes supplies them with some material, but the most help comes from her ideas, plans, and personal supervision. During the past year she travelled 10,000 miles. Many of the Key Schools are staffed by former cadets; other teachers will be sent to San Jose as fast as possible. This flexible arrangement permits the influence of San Jose to be spread widely throughout the state.

Conclusion

September introduces the fourth year of the Project. Like other growing organisms, the original plans have been enlarged from time to time. It is too early to predict what conclusions will be reached, but several things stand out clearly:

1. Methods are available for instructing Spanish-speaking children which will bring better results.
2. Spanish-speaking school children are capable of greater achievements than they are now making in many schools throughout the state.
3. There is an increasing interest in, and study of, the problem of the Spanish-speaking child of this state.

Education in New Mexico

By MARY AUSTIN

THE first thing that occurs to the reader confronted with the original accounts of the educational problems in the two racial groups, herein presented, is that it will not be possible to handle them successfully in the same program that accommodates the third plain American assembly. Probably nowhere else would so serious an effort be made to bring them all into one educational undertaking, and yet what everybody knows who is at all familiar with the New Mexican situation, is that the three of them get on with singular friendliness and a surprising amount of mutual accommodation. And that the chief item of the solution is that they all know so well that they get on best by sticking to their differences and avoiding any attempt to substitute any one of the individual plans for the others. We have found that out by experimenting, and by recognizing the plain fact that the three peoples of New Mexico do best by themselves and each other when they keep to their distinctive educational needs. It is not easy to say just how we have arrived at this conclusion, but we have tried the widely spread error of other states of running the three streams in one indistinguishable puddle, and the agreement as to its inutility, its waste and misfitting, is unanimous. We are not sure how much is owed to the existence in New Mexico of a group of citizens whose business is so largely creative, citizens who must somehow or other deliver the goods of their special aptitudes, who can't, therefore, waste themselves on an educational scheme which makes no allowance for special aptitudes calling for particular frames of educational behavior. Certainly the influx in the state of numbers of people who are obliged by their own necessities to live creatively, has added greatly to the freedom of creative activity, and the need to make room for it, has had

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much to do with the recognition of inherent creativeness as the item demanding the most of our educational systems altogether. It is undoubtedly the recognition of native creativeness within each group that makes the varied peoples of New Mexico so interested in each other and so willing to give room and accommodation to its various types. And perhaps recognition has come the more easily as the creative tendency in both the less favored racial groups lies closer to the surface than is elsewhere the case.

Among the Indian peoples the creative trend lies so near the surface that it is difficult to understand why the governmental complex that has to deal with it, has been able to resist for so long the need of recognizing it. I, myself, whose business it has been for the last forty years to hammer at the governmental sources of Indian education, have not understood why it withstood so long the need of reorganizing its work in that direction, or just how it finally came about that we have finally arrived at a general understanding that what the Indian needed was to work creatively, as an artist works, rather than as an artisan. And it was the long apprenticeship I served at learning what was the matter with Indian education that made it easy for me to see that the worst thing that happened to the Spanish colonists was to have the creative element in their work slighted and suppressed. Neither of these groups had arrived at the point where they could take an interest in learning which was wholly divorced from making things that were expressive as well as useful; that they had each arrived at the point in their own development where the expressiveness of what they made had overtaken its utility, had no doubt slowed down their processes and made them a little more the victims than they should have been of the new American system in which expressiveness had been almost completely overlaid by the rage for utility. And it may be that the general American sub-dissatisfaction with mere utility as a goal, has here in New Mexico a little given way so as to

let through a rift of understanding even to the most sophisticated intelligence. Perhaps the reason why we are able to see here in New Mexico that the crux of the new educational requirements of these two generally *un-American* groups is of more expressiveness in the fields in which that education is exercised. And it comes out more sharply in the field of activity because both these groups are somewhat muscle bound in the field of language. One appreciates the feeling of racial loyalty which in both cases, the Spanish and the Indian, has kept the *un-American* speech for the dear and familiar things, and at the same time one is relieved to find that the tendency for the two alien groups to come together with the American group in the more advanced stages promises a larger release. When neither the Indian nor the Spanish has to hold on to his language defensively, when he can let go of it without feeling that he thereby cuts himself adrift from all intimate expressiveness, he will find himself released into a larger communality of experience.

That of course, is what the Public Schools should stand for, communality of experience, but it will have to come from giving way in both directions. Giving both the Spanish and Indian New Mexican children greater freedom with what is specifically their own should make them free with what is specifically ours; and that freedom is more nearly attained when each can speak with no shame and greater naturalness about what is his own. What we all notice among Indians is the release, along with which comes a renewal of manhood, which he attains now that he is able to talk freely of the thing he makes, and the same thing is beginning to be true of the Spanish.

What one sees coming through Mr. Collier's article is the same thing one discovers shining out of the work that is going on according to Mr. Tireman, at San Jose: the psychic release of being accepted on the basis of what you do well *naturally*. There is also a great release coming to the Indian

through the recognition of himself as an artist by other artists. Nothing has been so good for him in New Mexico as his association with painters and designers who have also the largeness to rate the Indian well in that field. In the same way one sees the descendents of Spanish Colonists coming back out of their inferiority complexes through the revival of appreciation of what they have to offer, music, wood carving, weaving and exquisite needle work. And one feels assured that the capacity to recreate beautiful old handicrafts is the immediate result of the apparent schisms in educational schemes, the restoration of naturalness to Indian activities and the release in schools that have taken their note from San Jose of the particular Spanish way of doing things. The renewal of common respect for the three racial groups among each other is the open sign of the success of having three schemes of education going on among them, education suited to their racial genius, their native aptitudes.

I am inclined to think that this could happen in New Mexico rather than elsewhere, earliest, because here in New Mexico we are less pressed upon by the machine-made pattern of activities and economics. Here, both for Indian and Spanish, as well as by choice among the *Americanos*, farming for the majority is still a way of life. One owns and works a piece of ground, and on the side weaves, does a little wood carving, works in tin, belongs to the *villejos allegros*, paints, makes pottery, makes songs, produces beautiful and moving dance drama and the inimitable farce of the *Koshares*. It must be quite obvious that for complete and happy functioning in such a life something other is called for in the way of education than our formal regimentation of the school program. This is what explains our apparently jumbled and variant educational system. To one who sees them from the side of a racially varied and on the whole unified social complex, there appears to be working out here through the medium of the public school, by

taking advantage of its extreme capacity for adaptability, a singularly rewarding type of society. That the rest of the United States, through the barrier of strange languages, is largely cut off from participating in the dramatic and intellectually exciting aspects of the New Mexican experiment, is from the onlooker's point of view a disadvantage, but one that is on the whole protective in its final operation. Too easy access from the outside would undoubtedly put spokes in the wheels of the natural process. Experiments of the magnitude and importance of this one are not always brought about by intention; they happen. It may be we shall discover what the rest of the States have so largely missed, how peoples of profoundly differing levels of culture and stages of experience can set up among themselves a thoroughly rewarding state of society. From the two papers that appear here it is evident that the parts of the experiment that is going on are to a great extent unaware of each other. What we cannot miss, however, is the extent to which and the intensity with which, it is all going on.

The Heart is a Vine

By HANIEL LONG

The heart is a vine, climbs when it can.
Fences are good for vines. So are walls.
I have a love of vines—green waterfalls,
Jets from a green fountain. . . My world began
In a magic webbing of tendrils and leaves . . .
I like to drive stakes in the ground
For climbing things. . . tie the feelers around . . .
The heart in the breast too has runners. It weaves.

Young Girls

By ALICE CORBIN

Spring is a brittle pleasure
To the young girls on the loma,
Swift as water running
Through acequias to the valley.
Autumn brings yellowing aspens,
Thin gold on the mountains,
Winter the curled white leaf,
Incense of burning cedar.

Bi-Lingualism at Work

(Cultural Bridge-Building in the American Southwest)

By HAROLD HUFFMAN, ALFREDO GALAZ

As its name implies, the Bi-lingual Club is composed of members who speak two languages, Spanish and English. From the very beginning one purpose has been its guiding principle, social adjustment. As a democratic institution of learning, the University of New Mexico draws its students from different social strata that, superficially at least, are widely divergent economically, socially, and culturally. Some of our students come from large cities, others from small rural communities. Many of the latter group not only show occasional deficiencies in scholastic preparation, but are separated for the first time from parental supervision and plunged into a program of activities that is of a faster tempo than that to which they are accustomed. The club, primarily, wishes to act as one of the University agencies whose function is to assist the new student in adjusting himself to campus life, partly by introducing him to fellow students, and partly by establishing a more personal contact between instructor and student.

Education, especially in the University programs, tends to become formalized; the objectives in each department of instruction deal rather exclusively with one particular field. The Bilingual Club offers a means for socializing instruction and linking it up with allied cultural elements which are essential for a true evaluation of the culture of the American Southwest. Our state offers a natural laboratory for those interested in the study of Spanish, archaeology, history of the Southwest, folklore, art and music, geology, botany, and other of the natural sciences. The Bi-lingual Club was organized under the active guidance of Dr. F. M. Kercheville, of the Modern Languages Department. Naturally most of the emphasis is on the development of a genuine appreciation of the historical and cultural background in the

Southwest. The club is vitally interested in the Pan-American movement in all the broader aspects implied by that term. We consider that the Spanish cultural heritage of the American Southwest is as logically entitled to claim for its own the literary and artistic masterpieces of Spain and Spanish America, as the English racial element has to consider Shakespeare, Milton or Shelley to be part of the Anglo-American culture. Our purpose is not only to appreciate the best in the Spanish and Spanish-American literary contribution but to make it an integral part of our own culture. We want to make "El Libro de Buen Amor," "La Celestina," the Gaucho literature of the Argentine, the Modernista poetry of Mexico and Central America, and the novels of Galdos, Baroja, and Valle-Inclan a foundation on which to build a part, at least, of our own literary contribution of the future.

It is doubtful if the twelve young men of junior and senior rank who met with Dr. Kercheville on a certain night in October, 1931, to effect the organization of the Bilingual Club were able to grasp the full extent of the program as outlined. Most of us, were vaguely conscious of the fact that there is such a thing as "culture," and possibly associated the word with a knowledge of how correctly to hold a knife and fork. Most of us had heard that there existed an art colony at Taos. Some of us knew vaguely that Mexican "santos," painted in the primitive style commanded fabulous prices. Least of all did we consider that as "bi-linguals" we were unique or an educational "problem." Having effected our organization, the next thing to do was to find something to engage our attention.

Our first meetings were largely devoted to discussion and analysis. This was the first occasion we had had to find out who we were, what we were doing, and what we expected to do. We were interested in discovering what were the common interests that would tend to hold us together and give us a basis for united action. Before this "cycle" of

auto-criticism drew to a close we discovered, among other things that some fifty bi-linguals were possessed of fifty cents each and willing to invest the same in a banquet. This banquet marked the emergence of the Bi-lingual Club from its period of gestation into that of an active campus organization. This banquet, held in a down town hotel, was marked by the "local color" (and spice) of a Mexican dinner, tortillas, enchiladas, empanadas, other typical Mexican dishes. The club was flattered to have among its guests the president of the University, and the Spanish instructors of the University faculty. This meeting also marked the introduction of Mr. George Sanchez to the Club. As a group we have followed the investigation and studies of Mr. Sanchez with the keenest interest and sympathy.

The purpose in organizing this club was not to accentuate differences but to preserve the best elements of our cultural heritage and to encourage those students who are fortunate enough to possess a practical speaking knowledge of Spanish to polish it up and make it more effective. And in doing this, we certainly do not intend to slight the significance of the English cultural heritage, but to develop both uniformly and employ the Bi-lingual Club as a means, as a cultural-bridge, to this end.

Bi-lingual Conferences

The significance of the Bi-lingual Club was considerably enhanced by the inauguration of an annual Bi-lingual Conference July 26, 1932. This conference was opened by President J. F. Zimmerman. Among the non-faculty speakers at the conference were Congressman Dennis Chavez, Judge John Simms, Mexican Consul Manuel C. Garcia, and George Sanchez of the State Department of Education. Faculty members of the University of New Mexico who addressed the conference were Dr. L. S. Tireman: "Rural Schools of Mexico," Professor Arthur Campa: "La Cancion Popular," Dr. Bloom: "Historical Backgrounds of the American Southwest," and Dr. White: "International Relations with

Latin America." The second annual Bi-lingual Conference was held July 17 and 18, 1933, with topics as diverse as "El Soneto en la Literatura Espanola," and "Economic Penetration in Pan-America."

Plans are now being laid for the organization of a Spanish Institute of the Southwest at the University of New Mexico. This Institute will seek to unite the work of the Bi-lingual Club and the Bi-lingual Conference with special fields of research in history, archaeology, and Spanish.

The Bi-lingual Club and Conference are unique in the Southwest and have within them the promise of great good.

Autumn Passing

By MAUD CROSNO

Lovely leaves are falling
Like bright drops of blood and gold
Upon this wintering world.

Beauty is dying.

I cannot turn to mountains
Marked with her bright-flung leaves,
Or to snow who barely knew her
To spend my grief.

Beauty is dying before my door;
I can only hold her briefly
In stricken, trembling hands,

But I can do no more.

The Navajo Indian and Education

By DOROTHY CHILDS HOGNER

THE Indian today is viewed as a museum show piece. Rich women make of him a hobby and ethnologists inspect him with the imperfect microscope of their science. This is all very well, and may lead to momentous discoveries which will benefit mankind. But the Indian cannot establish himself with any integrity in our civilization if he is treated only as a colorful puppet and a biological phenomenon. He cannot forever remain the fascinating aborigine unless he is fenced in like an animal in a zoo. Nor, on the other hand, can he survive a wholesale dose of our civilization given without any regard for the psychological differences between his race and ours.

On every side cries of the harm done in the past are heard. First, it is argued that the government made an unpardonable mistake by trying to shove white man's culture down the throat of the red man. The government took Indian children from their homes and placed them in boarding schools where they were taught by a method suitable for white children, but entirely foreign to the culture of the Indian. The children were made to discard their colorful native costumes and were put into the ugly clothes of the white man. They learned reading and writing and arithmetic. They were taught codes of sanitation where good plumbing and bath tubs played an important part, a sanitation that is entirely impractical in a country where water holes are far apart and where the families live in one-roomed hogans.

Secondly, their own religion was condemned, and Catholic and Protestant missionaries fought to save the souls of the primitive. As a matter of fact the Indian had a living religion and was quite capable of saving his own soul.

So much for the past. But why dig up the past? Is it not better to face facts as they are today? It is too late to retrace our steps and preserve the culture of the Indian as

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it was when the Spaniards first explored the Southwest. For better or for worse the contact with the white man's culture has already been made. A fence should have been erected around the reservation long ago if the elements of Indian civilization, such as integration of life and religion, group rhythm and other esthetic qualities so admirable in Indian life, were to live forever. As it is, the younger generation is conscious of strong conflicts. In the fundamental principles by which they live, they prefer by nature the ways of their forefathers. They may profess Catholicism or Protestantism but in their hearts, most of them still believe in the religion of their tribe. On the other hand they are puzzled about the different social and economic principles which they observe in their dealings with the white man. They begin to covet the comforts of our industrial age. They like automobiles and canned food. It is of no use at this point for the sentimentalist to set up a cry about a situation which has already been brought about. What is more, were it possible to preserve the original culture of the Indian intact, there is much doubt as to whether it would be best for the Indian, completely surrounded, as he is, with white man's culture.

We come now to the point of what can be, and is being, done today. The Indian in the past has been forced to choose between two ways of living: one, to attempt an imitation of the white man, and two, to revert back completely to his own life in the hogan. What he needs now is help in transition from the old life in the hogan to a life in which he does not feel hopelessly at odds with the commercial age in America.

Here, let me say, that the government has learned from past experience. It is today instituting a sane program in which the Indian will have more independence. The first big step the Indian bureau is taking is to bring about some correlation between the life of a child at school and his life at home. With money from an allotment from the Public

Works Fund, the government is building a series of day schools. Here the Indian child may learn the fundamental things which will be a part of his daily life as a grown person. He will need simple arithmetic to carry on trade. He will need to speak English for the same reason. Beyond this a transitional program of practical education may be worked out in which the learning of the child at school can be integrated with the life on the reservation to which he returns after completing his education.

The second step which the Indian Bureau is taking in the Navajo country is to improve the land. As everyone who is familiar with the Southwest knows, the Navajo reservation is mostly an arid, semi-desert land in the states of Arizona and New Mexico. Springs and active rivers are far apart. There are few roads. Using money from the Emergency Conservation Funds, the Indian agencies are supervising a vast program of spring and well development, road construction and reservoir building. The work has been in progress for six months. The program will be continued for six more months with a possibility of carrying on for a total of two years. The Indians are paid as laborers to work on these projects under competent supervision of trained construction engineers, and the Indians are learning to hold responsible positions themselves.

Thirdly, the government is doing all in its power to revive the art of rug weaving. The Indian has made a poor grade article for competition with the machine product. It is the hope of the Indian Bureau to encourage fine hand-crafts by establishing a paying market for hand-made products. In connection with this, adult education is being fostered. For example, the older people who know the secrets of native dyes and weaves are encouraged to teach their friends and relatives.

This, briefly, is the outline of work under the present Indian Bureau, aided by allotments of money from the Public Works Fund and Emergency Conservation Fund. It is,

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in short, a program to help the Indian establish himself in a self-respecting position on the American continent as it is today.

In conclusion, it appears that if the Indian Bureau continues to carry out its present programs, and is not influenced too greatly by the sentimentalists, the education of the Indian will be no problem in the future.

People

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

People come and people go
And people act and bow just so
Or tip their hat or place their tie
Like other people passing by.

All the same, all alike
From morning till noon, from noon to night.
Even I am afraid to be
Different from people passing me.

Laughter

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

Laughter was loosed
On the world one night—
Then Laughter was free
And Laughter was fight.

A blustery child
Careless and free—
God only knows
How he lived to me.

Old enough
To sit by the fire
Smoking away
On a common briar.

Dreaming and dozing
The whole day through
Like most old things
Usually do.

Prodded and poked
And carefully classed.
The time for Laughter
Is nearly passed.

The Sewing Machine

By KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS

OVER the hot road rolled the little wagon that carried the children from the out-lying ranches to school in the town. The passengers called it the "Covered Wagon." It had carried them for many years, guided by the present driver's father. Since Cecilio had fallen heir to both wagon and occupation, he had painted the rickety wooden top a violent blue, and had cut an oblong window in each side, so that it lent a sprightly air to the calm New Mexico landscape.

Cecilio cracked his long whip threateningly over the back of the rusty and aged white horse that pulled the wagon. He didn't actually hit him, for the horse was rather dearer to him than most of his own brothers and sisters, and besides he knew as well as anyone that his present speed was as much as the old horse was capable of. Even the children realized that something unusual was on foot, and speculated shrilly as to the reason for the unnatural hurry. Loud and bitter were their complaints when Cecilio set them all down at a cross-road, instead of taking each one to his individual ranch as he did on other days. Their voluble Spanish protests and derisive hoots filled the quiet afternoon sunshine.

"What do they pay you for, anyway, making us wear out our shoes with walking?"

"My father pays a tax; he will go to the School Board, and have you fired, old thin monkey."

"I guess your old mother told you to hurry home, and you are too afraid to be out late."

To taunts and profanity Cecilio answered not a word, but he hurried the last brown boy in tattered overalls out of the wagon, closed the two swinging doors which secured the back, mounted the seat and drove off stiff and calm,

vouchsafing no reply of any kind to the rain of clods that bade him goodby.

A quarter of a mile farther on, he turned into a bare, wind-blown, clean-swept yard, white with the alkali that was in the soil. Before him was his home, a low, little, oblong, adobe house, with one white-washed door and no windows in front, and with round timber vigas protruding at the top. From these were hung to dry four brilliant scarlet strings of chile pods. Behind the house stretched a barren waste of a field, which might produce a little chile and a patch of beans and corn in summer, although it looked as if it would hardly pay for the cultivation.

Cecilio unhitched the horse, gave him an armful of hay and a bucket of water, and carefully placed the wagon in a little shed made of brush and branches laid over rough boards, where its brilliant paint would be protected from any sudden showers. He did his work daintily, so as not to soil his clothes, which were new, and were of a style and color that might have startled a less placid beast than his own. They had caused no little unpleasant comment from the school children the first time he had worn them.

His trousers were a peculiar purplish hue; his shirt was pink China silk, and had short sleeves, from which his bony, almost black arms protruded; his shoes were bright tan and very shiny. His hair was long and shiny with oil; it was cut in exaggerated side-burns that further shadowed his gaunt cheeks. In Cecilio himself a close observer might have detected an artistic something to account for his eccentricities; his features were rather delicate, and there was a certain grace in his long, bony fingers.

His old mother came to meet him at the door. She had been watching for him for the last half-hour, as she did every day. Cecilio was twenty-six, but he was her baby. Her face was dark and wrinkled and soft; she was so thin and bent that she appeared deformed, but it was only with her years and years of unceasing work. Her eyes were sunk,

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but they were not dim. They had a sparkle that made them seem to snap. She had a black shawl over her head, a faded gray calico skirt, and a ragged black sweater buttoned over her thin old chest.

"What's the matter?" She had not missed the significance of the unwonted speed of the old horse.

"Nothing. Why?" The school children's taunts had left Ceciilo slightly huffy on the subject of his speedy return, and seeing this, his mother questioned him no more.

She started breaking up a single splintered stick to make a tiny fire in the low little iron stove.

Cecilio washed his hands with a piece of strong yellow soap, in a chipped blue granite basin, and passed a broken black comb through his hair.

Just as he finished, an automobile stopped in front of the house, and he rushed to open the door, his face flushed with excitement. His mother looked on impassively from the stove, as Cecilio helped a stout, perspiring, big-nosed man carry in a beautiful new sewing-machine, and set it in the middle of the mosaic of gunnysacks that covered the dirt floor.

"Yes, sir," continued the man, puffing, and wiping his red face with a bandanna handkerchief, "that's the best sewing machine for the money in the United States. Well, for that matter, I better say in the world, because you know they don't make none better than in the United States."

Cecilio nodded encouragingly, though he understood little of what the man said, and was, in fact, gazing dreamily into the shiny varnished depths of the machine.

"Yes, sir, you may think a hundred and five dollars is a lot of money, but after you see how good that machine runs, and start making your own clothes and doing your mending on it—. And like you say, you're making this thirty dollars a month driving this school bus, and you say you got paid today, well, you can just give me the thirty dollars down, and then ten dollars a month, and it will be paid

for before school's over, and you'll have the use of it all the time too. This old lady your grandma?"

"Mama," murmured Cecelio.

"Yeah? Well, now, I guess she's the one you're getting it for—. You ain't married?"

"No."

"Better off. Well, you want me to show her those attachments I spoke of,—tucking, gathering, and so on? You can kinda tell her what I say——"

"No, sir."

"Well, all right. They're right here in this drawer, and here's that book of directions, and everything, so I guess you'll get along fine. Anyway, of course I'll be back this time next month and get my payment, and I can tell you anything you want to know then. You seemed to catch on to it pretty good when I showed it to you there where you were waiting at the school. Gosh, I never thought I was going to make a sale there! Well, you sign this agreement, and give me that thirty dollar check you say they give you, and it's yours."

When the salesman had gone, Cecilio opened the machine, inspected wheels and needles and gadgets, sewed an experimental seam in his own handkerchief. The old woman approached and felt the smooth grain of the wood with her hard little hand. She and her son understood each other with few words.

"I'm going to get cloth," Cecilio told her, "for a few cents a yard. I've been looking at those dresses the girls order from those big books. I can make them just as good, and sell them to everybody. Baby clothes, too . . . I'll make enough to pay for the machine, maybe so much that I can just stay at home and sew and not take the children to school every day."

He worked over the machine lovingly while his mother put the supper on the table. There were two tin saucers and two cups. They had black coffee, boiled and reboiled

until it retained no semblance of its original flavor, without sugar or milk. In their saucers they had warmed-over beans, and these they ate with pieces broken from a tortillo, made of kneaded dough rolled flat to the size of a dinner plate, and baked deliciously on top of the stove, which was always kept wiped clean for this purpose.

After they had eaten, the woman washed the dishes in a saucepan, in a cupful of tepid water, and set them on a little shelf. Cecilio puttered over the machine until it was time for him to go to bed in the corner of the kitchen, on a pile of ancient folded blankets and home-made quilts.

Their home had two low rooms. This room was kitchen, living-room, and bedroom. The other was the "cuarto de recibo" into which important guests were ushered. It had a wide window filled with flowers and vines growing in lard buckets. There was an old four-poster bed for the mother, and two straight chairs against the wall. The whitewashed, mud-plastered walls had been decorated with an intricate pattern of concentric red rings, designed by Cecilio in his spare time. Besides several enormous, brightly colored pictures of saints, there were many large pictures drawn on pieces of brown wrapping paper ironed smooth. These were of angular houses surrounded by vari-colored flowers, and surmounted by gigantic birds and airplanes in full flight. These were drawn with crayons, and were displayed in prominent positions, some enclosed in cardboard frames with scalloped edges.

The next day was Saturday, and Cecilio walked to town and came home with bolts of pink, green, and yellow gingham, bought on credit. Day after day he labored, fashioning garments that sometimes surprized even himself. His mother cut them out, for her ideas of size were more accurate than his. Her old hands trembled as they guided the rusty scissors. Cecilio stitched them on the machine, and then embellished the more elaborate dresses with a spidery kind of embroidery which was his own invention.

At night, when the little oil lamp gave insufficient light for sewing, he oiled and cleaned the machine; not because it needed it, but merely for the sensual pleasure it gave him to be near its shiny bulk.

He found no difficulty in selling his creations, regardless of his price, but collecting for them was a different matter. Most of his neighbors were the poorest of farmers, and saw little cash from one year's end to another. Sometimes he would hear that one of his debtors had sold a pig, or a goat, and he would hurry over to collect, but it always seemed that he arrived too late, and he would be given a little sack of last year's beans or an old rooster for his trouble. Yet he couldn't stop sewing; it had got to be a habit with him. Every cent he could scrape together went for more cloth, and he often gave away dresses, where he knew they would arouse the loudest gratitude and admiration.

Very soon, of course, he found it impossible to keep up his payments. The first month his ardor was still burning brightly, and he had the ten dollars ready for the salesman the day he called. The second month he put him off for a week, and finally gave him six dollars. By the third month, the six had shrunk to three, and the fourth month he found that there was no possible way in which he could raise any money at all. The general store had garnisheed his check that month, because he owed them for a new overcoat, cloth and thread, and a sack of flour.

For a week before the collection day, he had been spending most of his time sitting on the bed with his head in his hands, trying to think of some way in which he could satisfy the fat little demon. If the collection day had been on a Saturday, Cecilio would have packed his mother into the covered wagon on Friday evening, and they could have gone to visit a cousin in Tomé until late Sunday night. Nothing so simple as this would answer, however, for the collector was to come on Thursday, and might even arrive before Cecilio got home from school. One of his passengers

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who was in the fifth grade had read and explained to him his copy of the contract, and so far as Cecilio could understand its intricacies, it seemed to mean that his failure to meet the last payments in full was enough to cause him to lose the machine, as well as any equity he might own in it.

So Cecilio sighed, and tossed in his sleep, and ate only a little dry tortilla and coffee, in a way that caused his mother the deepest anxiety, especially after she found him poring over an old Sunday newspaper someone had given him, which contained lurid pictures illustrating different spectacular ways of ending one's life.

She cooked dishes which were usually reserved for Feast days, trying to tempt him out of his melancholy mood. She served big bowls of dark brown, fragrant beans, cooked to a tender succulence with bits of bacon rind. She made dishes of the pulp of the brilliant red chile pods, savory with garlic and "orégano," an herb she raised with her flowers in the window. She even made the sacred "chiles rellenos," a mixture of ground cooked pork, raisins, and green chile made into croquettes, dipped in egg and fried, and served with a hot sauce made of brown sugar and more raisins.

Cecilio barely tasted these delicacies, and made no comment on their surprising appearance. On Thursday morning he left with the wagon before his mother was up, and without eating breakfast.

All day the blackest dread hung over her mind. If the man came and took the machine away, what might not Cecilio do?

At three o'clock, the familiar rickety automobile drove into the yard, and the old woman's heart seemed to stop as she saw the horrible scowl on the face of the fat man.

"Is HE here?"

A shrug gave him the answer that he already knew.

"Has he got the money?—dinero? Tenny el dinero?"

Another shrug of denial.

"I knew it." The man's voice became almost a wail, and the deep creases in his pudgy face made him look as if he were about to burst into tears. "I told everybody he had no business buying it! I'd of told him so, only he don't hear a word I say. Sittin' out here sewin' dresses! He's crazy, that's what he is; poco loco, lady, poco loco."

He tapped his head with a grimy finger, and puffed into the house, where he looked closely at the machine, and prepared to pull it out and put it in the back of the car.

"Don't think I blame you, lady. I don't. I bet you wished he'd spend that money on food or something instead of this foolishness. The money I've spent, coming down here to collect! And the worry I've had, day and night, wondering what he'd do to that machine, because I'm responsible for it to the company till it's every cent paid for. I tell you, I bet I've lost five pounds since he got it. You better send him to Las Vegas or somewhere lady, You never know what they'll do next when they get like him."

And he chugged off, still muttering, "Poco loco."

The dull dread in her heart would not let her sit still. She moved all the furniture around in the little kitchen, trying to conceal somewhat the empty space left by the removal of the sewing machine. Then she made "burritos" for Cecilio's supper. A neighbor had killed a pig, and had sent her a saucerful of crisp brown cracklings. She cooked dried corn with lye, washed it, shelled it, and ground it into a paste, and with her knotted hands made the dough-like mass into flat cakes slightly smaller and thicker than her usual tortillas. She baked them on the stove, then placed four or five of the hot cracklings in the middle of the corn cake, and molded the warm tortilla into a ball around them.

At the usual time, the covered wagon turned into the yard, and a few minutes later Cecilio walked in. His face had lost the somber melancholy it had worn for a week. He made no comment on the changed furniture or the disappearance of the sewing machine, but sat down at the table at once, and ate heartily of the "burritos" and coffee.

His mother watched him slyly out of the corner of her eye.

When supper was over, and while she was washing the dishes, he took out of his pocket several folders, cards, and booklets, spread them out on the table, and pored intently over them, an excited color glowing in his dark face.

When the woman finished her task, she came to the table, and looked over his shoulder. He turned sparkling eyes to hers.

"You see this? It's a 'camera'—one of those boxes to make pictures. I can send for it right now without paying anything, and then just send them five dollars in two weeks, when I get the check. You have to buy 'fillums,' too,—little papers that make the pictures. I can buy six of them for forty-five cents; then I can take pictures of weddings, and babies, and everyone. I send them back to the company, and they make them big, for, maybe, fifty cents for the six. Then I can sell each picture for ten cents, and make,—Oh, ever so much money. Everyone wants pictures of himself. They will ask me to all the weddings to take the pictures of the 'novios.' Then there are picture frames here . . ."

His voice lapsed into an indistinct murmur as he bent over the folder.

His old mother sighed contentedly, and lit a tiny brown cigarette.

3

All the Old Men

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

A violet buds on a hill;
In the vale a daffodil.

All the old men, one by one,
Venture out into the sun.

For all they've seen, for all they see,
Spring remains a mystery.

Sudden brooks brawl riverward;
Uncertain thundering is heard.

All the old men leave the sun,
Seek their roof-trees one by one.

New Mexican Clouds

By OTTO REUTINGER

They splotch the sage and mesquite-covered sand
With smoothly sliding shadows on the length
Of infinitely stretching sun-scorched land.
Swayed by the winds that snap and tear the sky
And shred the billowiness in changing forms,
They roam the endlessness of sharpened blue,
Sweetening the earth with odors fresh and clear,
Brightening the pine and cedar's green anew,
Ripping arroyos with the cloudburst's sear,
Manifesting beauty's greatness, still
Sublimity to the eye, yet weak in will.

Life Forms in Pueblo Pottery

By ROY A. KEECH

FOR centuries the Pueblos have been using many life forms in their pottery decoration. Some of these have become so conventionalized as to be almost unrecognizable. Others can be proved to be animal or bird forms only by tracing the patterns back through various stages to more natural forms.

About five hundred different life forms have been found on the ancient Mimbres pottery from southern New Mexico alone (but only about twenty-five of these are recognizable. We find man, swallow, quail, parrot, owl, antelope, badger, bear, snake, mountain-lion, thunder bird (eagle), grass-hopper, beetle, fish (although the Pueblos have not eaten fish for possibly thousands of years and now consider them poisonous), and others. The Mimbres people painted these designs in black on a whitish background. One bird (probably representing a quail) has a very natural head and beak, with nearly round body, and conventionalized tail much too long in proportion to the rest of the body. The one wing shown is very much conventionalized, but gives the effect of just alighting on the ground. The head, beak, and wing are solid black, but the body and most of the tail are covered with diametrically crossed black lines, with a perpendicular wide black stripe near the end, though the very end is divided into "feathers" and these are left the color of the background—merely outlined.

A thunder bird that I copied from an ancient Mimbres food bowl was a slightly conventionalized head with beak open, perfectly square body, two long triangular tail feathers, and very triangular wings. Its head is solid black with one white eye being shown. The wings and tail are solid black. The body is basically white, with very thin lines forming three squares inside, and with a solid black square in the center.

A Mimbres mountain-lion in my note-book is very much conventionalized. The body is oblong and contains a white cross at the left front shoulder and another incorporated in a geometric pattern which covers most of the body. The tail is black and white and disproportionately long. The head (turned sidewise) is black with one diamond shaped eye and a white collar at the base of the neck. In some Mimbres decoration the tail of the mountain-lion completely encircles the body.

I have also in my note-book a sketch from a Mimbres food bowl. This apparently represents a grasshopper. The head is very realistic, with open mouth, white eye, and two antennae. The body is black with a white diamond shaped space containing a geometric design and dots representing seeds (for fertility). There are only three legs, and these protrude from just back of the head. The tail is white, with a geometric striped design, long, and curved like the blade of a knife. The head and body of this grasshopper are inclosed in a white area. This white space has a very striking resemblance to the head of a rabbit, with an indentation for its mouth, and two big long ears. These complicated designs, with small white crosses between them, encircled the inside of the bowl, making a pleasingly beautiful decoration.

Another Mimbres food bowl that I have seen contains in the center three conventionalized life forms. What I believe to represent a grasshopper stands on two legs with its front legs in the air. What I take for a beetle stands on its hind legs on the grasshopper's back and holds to the antennae of the grasshopper with its front feet. Fastened to the nose of the beetle is a fish, in much the same position that a dirigible rides at its mooring. All three life forms contain geometric designs in white.

The ancient Hopi, of the Little Colorado River district in Arizona, used various parrot designs in black and red. As the people conventionalized these parrots, each

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successive design looked less and less like a bird. It was only by tracing backward that their significance was discovered. Both ancient and modern Hopi have made use of very conventionalized serpents. These are called "sky dragons," "winged serpents," "horned serpents," or "Awanyu." This Awanyu is the dominant religious symbol of all modern Pueblos. It symbolizes fecundity, the bringing of rain, and the meeting of heaven and earth. (At Unshagi, New Mexico, in August of 1932, I excavated a beautiful Hopi potsherd with the tail of the Awanyu on it. This fragment may have been buried in that rubbish heap five hundred or more years ago, yet it was practically the same ware that the Hopis are making today.) The modern Hopi, by the way, are probably producing the most beautiful of all colored Pueblo pottery. This is polychrome with a soft buff background; the Awanyu design is used extensively. These conventionalized serpents were also used by the people of Pecos pueblo (extinct since 1838).

The ancient Casas Grandes people of Chihuahua, Mexico, used life forms in their decoration that were unique. The human, bird, or serpent forms were usually within triangular or rectangular spaces of involved geometric designs. The serpents are so extremely conventionalized that they would be hard to recognize without the horns, which identify them beyond a possibility of doubt.

One very beautiful geometric design is in the form of a perfect square, at the corners of which are the triangular bodies of birds. Each bird has a mere crook and two lines to represent its head and tail. This is one of the ancient so called black-on-whites.

These same Casas Grandes people molded many small polychrome bowls, pots, and jugs into shapes that suggest animals or birds; the decoration on these is geometric. The owl figure is probably the most common of these. There are also bear forms and heads of birds and turtles (the turtle being another symbol of fecundity) for handles on many of these pieces.

The now extinct people of the Pajarito Plateau, in northern New Mexico, used many triangular bird forms on their pottery. Some of these were very lifelike; others were extremely conventionalized. These were usually outlined with a heavy glazed black line, which added much to the decorative effect. The Pajaritans also made a few pieces that faintly resembled the shape of bodies of birds, but without heads.

The ancient people of the famous Mesa Verde area, of Colorado, used bird patterns on their pottery. These designs were more lifelike than those of Casa Grandes.

Most of the modern Pueblo potters make use of some animal, bird, or plant life forms. Cochiti incorporates the cloud symbol into their birds and flowers with pleasing results, thus adding potency to their prayers for rain. Santo Domingo uses many flower designs with distinctive petals and leaves in red and black. There have been found over a hundred types of flowers and the same approximate number of leaf groupings, all from simple basic patterns. Santo Domingo rain birds can usually be distinguished by curved lines representing wings (although I have seen the same type of wings occasionally used on Zia birds), and two straight lines typifying the beak. In the beak, the lower line is shorter than the upper. These fine potters of Santo Domingo have begun to use red just recently, and only to please the white people. They still use the black alone on a whitish background.

The women of Zia make some of the best of all Pueblo pottery. Every piece is made as carefully as though it were to be used in their own homes and then handed down as an heirloom or buried with a loved one. No pains are spared in modeling, baking, or decorating. While their pieces are not so beautiful as some from other pueblos, their ware is probably as serviceable as the best. The most common Zia rain bird is a complicated pattern with small head having two ears, often three perfectly straight tail feathers, nar-

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row curved wings, two long bent legs, and a body with white diamond design containing egg and seed symbols for fertility. I have a Zia water bottle on my shelf, however, which has a typical Acoma parrot design, although, otherwise, the canteen is the usual Zia type in every way.

San Ildefonso potters have produced many beautiful patterns containing serpent, feather, and leaf symbols. Some of their rain birds are very fine. Incorporated in these birds we find cloud and altar symbols. These are done in black and red on a whitish background. But these people are now creating mostly the beautiful black polished ware with striking designs in dull black. The Awanyu is often seen on these modern pieces. San Ildefonso is today probably the best known of all Pueblo ceramics.

Among the modern Pueblos, undoubtedly, the people of Zuni use the most bird and animal forms. The Zuni deer is easily recognized anywhere, by its one large white spot on the rump, and the red arrow running down its throat to about the region of its heart. The Zunis use several relatively small birds, usually in solid red or black. Although there are many of these little birds, varying in their decorative curved lines, nearly all of them may be recognized as representing one species of bird. They are called by the Indians "road runners," even though there is not the slightest resemblance to that bird. The Zunians also make use of the thunder bird, tadpole, frog, dragon-fly, Awanyu, and others. A thunder bird that a Zuni boy sketched for me, indicating the proper colors, is beautiful in its design and color arrangement. The head is turquoise blue, with short neck. The eye is indicated by an inverted black "V," with a yellow dot in the center. The beak is medium yellow, large and curved, with a black curved line to show where the upper and lower parts join. The wings are straight and solid black, with inverted altar symbols at the ends. The body is nearly square, and divided into three sections (the lines of division curving down from a point in the

top center); the left section is turquoise blue, the middle black, and the right yellow. A black and white narrow checked baldric passes from the left shoulder to the hip. Below the body is a belt of three stripes, upper and lower white, and the center stripe medium red. There is a triangular red apron below this. The tail spreads fan-like; white to near the end, where it is scalloped; then black with saw teeth at the end, indicating tips of feathers. This thunder bird, however, is not used on pottery, for the Zuni do not use the blue and yellow on ceramics.

Of the many birds on the beautiful Acoma pottery, except for the parrot and thunder bird, there are no recognizable species. This does not imply any lack of observation on the part of the Acoma potters, for the Pueblos are natural students of nature. Neither does it suggest a lack of artistic ability, for their art is based on sound principles of design, and much of it is done with surprising skill. It is safe to assume, therefore, that a certain degree of realism was deliberately sacrificed to symbolism, and that their ability to paint the characteristic features of the eagle, the quail, or any other bird or animal was applied to the decorative arrangement of the more important symbolism.

The thunder bird (so important in a study of the Acoma pottery), although we find some specimens of it on the pottery of the pre-historic Casas Grandes ware, is probably not extremely old in the Southwest. The best authority on Indian ritualism, symbolism, and mythology says that the original rain diety of the Pueblos was not a thunder bird, but an old woman. He also states that the thunder bird came from the Plains area, much as other cultural elements have gradually sifted in from there since, including the feathered headdress and the beaded vest.

The double thunder bird is, undoubtedly, the latest of the life forms to appear on Pueblo pottery. We have no definite knowledge of where this originated or when it first appeared in Pueblo decoration. We find it on no prehistoric

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pottery. This, I believe, is a possible solution to the problem: the Mohammedan conquests carried the double eagle emblem to Spain. Then, four hundred years ago, when Charles V was king of Spain and Austria and Holy Roman emperor of Germany, the double eagle became much used in Spain. It was during this reign that Cortez conquered Mexico. The double eagle, therefore, became widely known in that country, and gradually worked its way north into New Mexico. So far as I know, it is only used among the Pueblos by the Acoma potters, where it is called the double thunder bird. It is most often seen on their canteens, or water bottles.

The Acoma parrots are interesting both in design and history. They are usually painted in red, orange, and black on a whitish background. The head is curved, with a large parrot-like bill, and a cock's comb on top of the head. The body and the one wing are outlined in graceful curves. Two or three large tail feathers are straight with rounded ends. The eye is usually a round white spot with a black dot in the center. The wing is apt to have two white dots to represent seeds, and the body usually has either cloud or egg symbols. One may at first wonder where the Pueblos of New Mexico learned of the parrot. These birds were at one time, no doubt, indigenous to the state. Archaeologists believe that they were sacred to the Pueblos, for they have been found buried in crypts with much care. That the parrot is not new to these people is, I believe, proved by the fact that they have words for parrot in at least three of the six Pueblo tongues; The Towa word is *ze-la-ma*, the Tewa word is *tan-si*, and the Keres word is *chau-wi-ki*.

And so, from beginning to end, one may find the study of life forms in Pueblo pottery decoration interesting, from the standpoint of ethnology, natural history, or esthetics.

Smoke Talk

A COMMENTARY RE: "SANTA FE, A STUDY IN INTEGRITY"¹

Dear Editor of the QUARTERLY:

THIS screed is not intended to combat Mr. Stevenson's thesis which is well taken and ably argued. It is intended to shout down the inevitable acclaim with which our self-complaisant clique of apotheosised chamber-of-commerce-minded psuedo-cognoscenti and sciolists hail any remarks that enable them to feel justified in having foregathered more or less permanently in Santa Fe. If there is anything viable in the intellectual life of Santa Fe it is yet to manifest itself, and the avatar, which is not yet come over the horizon, is—a single work of high merit whose author has his roots here and not elsewhere.

A point of light in the enveloping night of spiritual and intellectual poverty indeed! Does Mr. Stevenson believe that the place of residence of already mature people constitutes any kind of seat of culture? R. L. Stevenson went to live and lies buried in the south seas island which he loved. Did that constitute the island a focal point of culture? Nonsense! It is to England, where he was born and educated that one must look to understand such genius as Stevenson possessed. His residence in the south seas argues nothing save that it was a place in which he found it pleasant to live. And so too Gauguin.

What of enduring value has come out of Santa Fe in the more than 300 years of its existence? Its people have lived through something of an epic during periods in its long history. If the town was, as is alleged, a center of culture ought there not to have been something—a tiny poem, a thin volume of prose, a noble building, a piece of music, a statue, a laboratory discovery, a commanding personality—emerge out of Santa Fe? Look for any such thing, and if your criteria are rigid enough you will look in vain.

¹ The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, August, 1933.

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I believe that we of the Southwest are prone to lose our perspective in our remote province. The feeble light which Mr. Stevenson describes is too pitifully feeble. If you eliminate our modern group of alien talent (which includes Mr. Stevenson) which, faint as its genius may be, outshines any indigenous culture, what have we? We have an inbred stock whose artistic heritage lay overgrown and undiscerned until in very recent years it was exhumed and touted by university nourished gentlemen and ladies from the East of whom Mr. Stevenson himself is one. Our own Santa Fe bred people, Spanish and Anglo alike, without a visible exception, were building (when they were financially able) brick bungalows and jig-saw renaissance houses until a group of oil painters from the East realized that there was something worth having that could be done in adobe.

Any injection of foreign (to Santa Fe) skill which is not nurtured by the actual milieu of the place is no index to any local vigor. Italy, in the days of her spiritual risorgimento welcomed Byzantine artisans and Greek scholars. Do our local folk love or understand the artists and the intellectuals from elsewhere? It is only a people who are on the ascendant in the harsh world of political power and empire who welcome and nourish the arts and sciences.

Athens was a great military power in her days of artistic and cultural greatness, so was Florence, so was France, so were Rome, and China, and Egypt, and Assyria, and Babylonia, and the Arabic world, and so too were the Mayas, and the Aztecs, and the Peruvians.

We here are devoted to a decaying past, which in its inception was a peripheral appendage of a world-conquering spirit, that of sixteenth century Spain (Velasquez, Murillo, Cervantes, Calderon). Whom do we nourish? Our political faith is in the hands of a New Yorker, our best novel was written by a stranger, Willa Cather, our poetry by a Harvard graduate, our painting is done by anyone but people suckled at the teats of our local bi-lingual culture. And who

fosters (i.e. buys) our local cultural goods? Easterners and strangers. It is only an incident that Santa Fe is the residence of artists in paint, poetry or prose. What little cidevant glory this town has belongs to Onate, DeVargas and Villagra, and they were as Spanish as Mr. Stevenson and his talent are Anglo-Saxon.

DAVID L. NEUMANN.

Santa Fe.

AN OPINION OF JAMES JOYCE

To the Editor of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY:

Sir:

Many years ago all artists were honest: they did not court the "goddess of bluff."

A visit in Paris thirty years ago to the "Gallery of Independent Artists" disclosed an array of daubs bearing the mark of that unhappy yellow goddess. Today she has grown into a "racketeer" taking toll from the patrons of every branch of art.

If it were only young people who subscribed to the racket the thing might be trivial, but today finds men of mature years looking with approval upon the racket's trash.

The root of this is fear. Older people have a feeling of inferiority. Youth has bluffed them into it. How terrible, say these old ones, if I should be wrong and youth right. What youth says goes, so I had better say the same.

This usurpation has proved possible only because art has remained undefined.

It seems likely, and I find it seemly, that no definition ever will be found for art. Art embraces those things in life which, because they are the most real are the most inscrutable.

It is wrong, however, to suppose that, because art has no definition, there are no fixed criteria by which a work of art may be judged as to its broad worthiness to take an honoured place in men's lives.

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The significance of men's works consists essentially in their relation to life. Life is good when it is happy. When the fruits of a man's labours promote happiness those labours are good; when they hinder happiness they are bad.

Experience has shown that there is but one source of happiness, namely, the exercise of our faculties,—*with due regard to the order of their importance.*

In enjoying a work of art the exercise of one's faculties is by proxy, through "imagination." Things imagined may be inspiring or degrading. They may be trivial or significant. They may be boring or enlivening. Judgment of the broad worthiness of a work is hardly possible for the workman himself. He is a specialist. He knows whether his work is well done,—he cannot judge of its complete significance or of its broad worthiness. Judgment must come at last from a jury of many men of many types, of many tastes, and of many life-histories. Out of these varied judgments the final verdict will grow.

This letter, Mr. Editor, is my apology for venturing—I, a mere engineer—to review and to scathe a book by James Joyce. My apology is the claim that reviews by men of mature and varied experience are necessary. Anything that such as I may say of the art or the pure literary merit of Joyce must be discounted. On these points the judgments are needed of artists and of literary men. But on the worthiness of this work of Joyce to take a place of honour in the libraries of men, the judgment of such as I, is, in all probability, saner than that of any mere artist.

Except on the question of its artistic or literary merits I am competent to pass judgment upon Joyce's book.

What a contrast must be drawn between the egotism of Joyce in issuing such a work without apology, and the modesty of Keats who, in introducing with diffidence his beautiful "Endymion," wrote:

"The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; *but there is a space of*

life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted; thence proceed mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which [those] men [I speak of] must necessarily taste in going over the following pages."

With this introduction (the particularly relevant words of which I have italicized) Keats issued a pure and beautiful poem. James Joyce, without introduction or apology, has issued in his "A portrait of the artist as a young man," a blatant and detailed account of the sickly, nauseous "mawkishness and the thousand bitters" which polluted his young life—unless, indeed, as I half suspect, the tale of his pollutions is egotistic bunk.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,

F. M. DENTON.

Albuquerque, N. M.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man—James Joyce, 1916.

Here is a biography that bores. Why is it read? Perhaps because of its style. But what is style? A way of writing? Joyce writes plainly, in fair English. That is good. There are "a million bubbles like him." Those who bore as Joyce bores are seldom published.

Inspiration? Joyce inspires indignation. There are things in life that are dirty and nasty. That is no matter of changing taste. They belong to the latrine and the brothel. Some urchins like talking of such things. The fortunate ones get spanked for it or have their mouths washed out with soap. Joyce had not been spanked. Coming at a time when undisciplined self-expression for urchins was the fashion Joyce wrote nasty twaddle and his egotism found him a publisher.

"A portrait of the artist as a young man." Had Joyce been less of an egotist he would have called the book "A portrait of the artist as a young pig," or, still better, had he wished to tell by its title the nature of the book, Joyce might have called it, "A portrait of a *flaming, floundering fool* as

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a bloody ape of a young pig." The words printed in italics are taken from pages 233 and 285.

The book cannot live long but why has it lived at all? In the reviewer's opinion the answer is simple. People have an inborn love of truth and honesty. Careful training in early youth poisons that love. The less intelligent boys and girls respond to the poison. They become "fit for democracy."

The more intelligent swallow less of the poison and go through life yearning always for truth.

The less intelligent among these more intelligent minds confuse appearance with reality. That writer—say they—who loves truth, will tell of things as actually they are. The painter will picture things as actually they are.

Go to Santa Fe today and look at Davenport's picture. I mean the one which has the "sentry box" in the foreground. "Sentry box" is euphemism. There are some good people who despise euphemism. Do they refuse pills that are sugar-coated?

That picture of Davenport's is realism: also it is truth. But what a limited, unimportant and nasty bit of truth. The "sentry-box" might be overlooked if the rest of the picture had features. It has the features of a packing case.

If I should send an artist, say, to Florence, to make pictures of that city I should be loath to insult his taste and his intelligence by reminding him that he need spend no time with brush and easel in the city's sewers.

In the life of boys; especially their life in such bad old schools as Joyce describes, there is much urge to nastiness. The healthy boy fights down this urge, the victory making a man of him. He refuses to discuss the urge or to describe the fight.

The "self-expression" that urge calls for is wrongly called self expression. Nothing but the hidden sewer within him will favour it. The sewer is that part of himself which his higher self, while using, must fight and subdue.

Sewers, whether in cities or in men, are good and honorable and necessary but they must be controlled and kept hidden.

It was not a fault in the good old books of Scott and Dickens and Jane Austen that they avoided mention of the things with which Joyce's book is filled. It is not a priggish or prudish thing in a man that he refrains from the sort of talk that was dear to Rabelais. Such refraining is a mark of strength both in books and in men.

The writer of this review is not a literary man; he is an engineer who loves to dabble in many things. He is asking the Editor to print, under "Smoke Talk," his apology for writing a review of Joyce's book.

F. M. DENTON.

Book Reviews

Young Heart—George St. Clair—Henry Harrison, New York—\$1.50.

Dr. St. Clair's volume of poems includes a long poem, *A Boy's Heart*, and three shorter poems also in blank verse, called *Three Romantic Poets*, *Gainsborough*, and *Andred del Sarto to Robert Browning*. The first poem is a living human document, the others are new approaches to well known histories and bring out aspects of human nature and relationship worth considering. The *Gainsborough* is both piquant and amusing, though sad enough. Yet interesting though they are, these poems in the nature of things cannot compare with the first poem in interest.

A Boy's Heart is the story of a child who lost his parents early, lived for a while with relatives, was placed by them in an orphanage, had a bad time there, was on the verge of being distorted for life by the treatment he received, and then came under the influence of a new teacher who loved children and had a true concern for them. This teacher understood the boy's childish attachment to her and dealt fairly with it, so that he came to a new and dynamic perception of himself and of the purposes of life. The poem suggests briefly his later years; while unsuccessful in stocks and bonds, the man the child became never let go the vision of life and love his first passion gave him.

A poet deals with life, death, love—love that is sometimes death and sometimes life. But his generation makes it difficult for him to know how best to handle these personal yet universal themes. He starts out with the intention of being honest with life, of finding just what life, death, love mean to him as an individual; but it may happen in the confusion of the age that unwise critics urge him to be "original," to be "different"—and he, not seeing his way ahead in the enormous difficulty of his art, too often drifts into the esoteric, or becomes a smart-aleck, or grows fashionable and dandified. Or he may even confuse poetry with philanthropy and reform.

There can be no doubt that Dr. St. Clair has followed his rightful path—has done well, like the willow by the lake—has kept on letting his own roots feed him. Directness and simplicity carry him through to triumph with a theme many contemporary poets would not dare to touch. And a remarkable thing is this—that although Victorian in his approach to poetry and his technical adherences, he is decidedly the man of today in his ability to *stay real*. It is this quality our generation values above rubies, for which we throw aside so much—possibly too much.

What strikes the reader most is the clear and simple symbolism of the story. The orphanage, its taskmaster Miss Brown, the young teacher Lillian True, and the boy collect in themselves the world, and the existence of every one. I remember hearing that E. A. Robinson once said that the world was a kindergarten, and we were children trying to spell GOD with the wrong blocks. The Lillian True of *Young Heart* is the way out, both to do the strengthening and the caressing, and also the explaining of the reason for the Miss Browns.

HANIEL LONG.

Santa Fe.

The Journey of the Flame—Antonio de Fierro Blanco—Englished by Walter de Steiguer—Houghton Mifflin, 1933—\$3.00.

This is a new departure in our regional expression. Not weighted with purpose, hardly aware of itself as significant—and more telling because of that—it tells the jaunty story of a ten year old boy and his journey from Lower California to San Francisco in 1810. An historical romance, the foreword calls it. But that indicates nothing of its saltiness of proverb, nor of its gay satirical thrust.

For Juanito is hampered by no considerations except those of expediency. Perhaps the red hair bequeathed him by the Irish King who deserted from the great ship with three masts and lived for a year or two in the village of San Jose del Arroyo, gave him an added gusto, and a certain

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individual point of view. But his heritage from his mother made him aware of a certain fine racial code which is understood by the blood rather than by the intellect. For that matter, it is often pointed out in pungent and paradoxical sentences. And in any given situation, Juanito is quite clear as to the correct procedure. He even makes it clear to the reader, who, even if it means a complete reversal of habit in moral judgment, agrees at least for the moment.

The picaresque zest of the book does not crowd out a knowledge of Southwestern earth which is as tender as it is intimate. Juanito knows the desert growth and how it can feed the traveller; he knows the ways of mules, and there is tenderness as well as laughter in that also.—Sometimes even profundity! He knows the tales of mission padres, and some homely miracles. He knows the stylistic superiority of Spanish oaths over the English oaths that have been brought ashore by the sailors, and discusses this superiority specifically and at length. He knows some slashing villains—and some unsung heroes too.

Walter de Steiguer handles all this in English prose that is like a whip. In honeyed words there may be sting. In courtesy there may be insult. Laughter turns in a phrase to heartache. In the most naive and credulous moment there may be sudden worldly wisdom and a tongue in the cheek. Always there is the high heart meeting challenge:

“‘Your hinny was born of a cat and sired by a bird,’ said the foreman of arrieros politely to me, and I was compelled to let her be the first to make this dangerous ascent; since one must either accept a compliment or deny its truth.”

Again the same compression and sting: “Turning to his Secretario, the Governor ordered: ‘See that the beam on which he who insulted our King hangs is raised a foot to-day.’ But Don Firmín, speaking with the kindest courtesy to the Secretario, said: ‘Do me the favor to leave this beam as it is. Your Governor is a foot shorter than the official I

have just hanged. What need, therefore, to heighten the beam?" "

The names on the title page of this book are unknown names. But the combination is a good one. So good that the excitement over their work in the next few months should be fun to observe.

FRANCES GILLMOR.

Albuquerque.

The Single Glow—Axton Clark—The Villagra Press, Santa Fe.—\$1.50.

It is easy to pillory verse and hard to praise it. I say Axton Clark is a poet, but to justify such a statement without exaggeration as stultifying to the author as to the critic, is difficult. At his best he is technically impeccable, but as that is surely not enough, what then?

For the most part he employs two of the most common of English poetic forms, the sonnet and pentameter blank verse. Notwithstanding certain experiments with each, his metrical contribution is negligible; he is satisfied to accept inherited measures, concentrating his energies on what he has to put in them.

Nor is he all unwise to rely so boldly on his content. Both as to strength and music it is no little thing. His lyrics sing with lilting assurance, and in such poems as *The Whirlwind* his blank verse has a surging power that will not be denied. These remarks hold true only of his better work, but there is enough of that to lend the book as a whole a rather impressive unity.

At the top of his form, then, he has a really fine feeling for words subtly laced with fire. His range of subjects, however, is not large, nor are they individually imposing. The following two lines are quoted with some reluctance, as they are by no means indicative of the man's capabilities. Yet they express his general attitude so concisely that here they are:

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"But I am briefly glad to share each sun,
The haze, the trains, and then oblivion."

He has a genuine zest for the world of nature, untainted with any wistfulness or sentimentality. Clark is a man and as such delights in natural forces and phenomena, free of false nostalgias. He can look at a bird in whole souled wonder without wishing that he, too, could lay an egg.

Men and women as poetic matter he treats but rarely and then not with too sure a touch. He is superficially personal, and yet strangely impersonal, mentioning but seldom obtruding, his own identity and point of view. At the same time his point of view is clear enough, and a refreshingly healthy one it is. Without vaunting or blatancy he looks at the world and likes it. Neither optimist nor cavalier, he sings of the things that he likes, and does it well.

What more can be said others will have to say. This reviewer's acquaintance with his work is too recent to be productive of any profounder judgments.

JOHN MYERS MYERS.

Albuquerque.

Footnote to Youth—Jose Garcia Villa—Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933—\$2.50.

Here is a book of more than ordinary interest to readers of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, the first published book of Jose Garcia Villa. The author of *Footnote to Youth* spoke his literary prologue to American readers in this magazine. For a number of the stories in the present collection, acknowledgments are made to the QUARTERLY. Others of the stories have appeared in *Clay*, Mr. Villa's personally edited little magazine, and in *The Frontier*, Scribner's, *The Prairie Schooner*, and one or two additional magazines. As one who has known Mr. Villa's work in nearly all of these separated sources sees them gathered together, what is the impression they make?

The impression is one of wide irregularity in the values of his writing. In the book are six lyrico-dramatic sketches written with New Mexico and the University of New Mexico campus as the setting for the impressions and expressions generating in the author's mind. There is in them too much of the "beating of wings," "purple flowers," and the "rain of music." Like essential youth, Jose Villa is obsessed of love, but it is love that deflected or thwarted drives him helpless before it, that unnerves and unbalances the strength he possesses. The pain would be less incoherent if it were harder fought. Jose Villa makes good his claim to have written sentences "beauteous as a dancer in the dawn," sentences that make him forget for the while girls and boys and himself. And one hopes his art may continue to make him forget especially himself. His love of words, his love of people, brought into controlled flow could raise him into the group of "half-dozen short story writers in America who count," to quote Edward J. O'Brien's introductory comment, but until control masters the expelling of imagery and idea in the artful prose of this young writer, he will continue the slave of his nervous system, a captive within the walls of like and dislike, confidence and distrust.

Nearly all the other tales are of the Phillipines where the author writes with more objective imagination and where he attains true distinction. "The Son of Rizal," "Valse Triste," "Footnote to Youth,"—the title story—are powerfully and symbolically written. The first is of the illusion of a miserable boy that the great and kind Rizal has become his father instead of the cruel and oppressive man his sire by nature; the second is the life long pain summarized in two people from whom young love was snatched; the third is the cycle repeated by children, their children, and their children's children of youth, mating, and parenthood. They augur the future which Mr. Villa may find—a future where his genius dissipates itself less in the

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expansions and contractions of his own heart, before every frost and thaw.

That Villa is a singular artist in English prose no one reading *Footnote to Youth* will fail to recognize. That he sees below the edges of life and penetrates into something of its essence is true of all his stories. That living will pour fundamental truth under the trial and error truth of much of his present writing is artistic prophecy.

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque.

Andrew's Harvest—John Evans—William Morrow and Company, 1933—\$2.00.

The reading of *Andrew's Harvest* has been an agreeable surprise. Its author, the son of Mabel Luhan, stands very much "on his own feet" as regards both the matter and the manner of his writing. Stated baldly, *Andrew's Harvest* is the story of a simple man—the owner of a small ranch in one of the Western states—who has recently lost his wife, and a simple woman—a lunch-counter waitress—who has recently lost both her job and her reputation; and their life together on the tiny ranch where the woman, Julie, has gone to be wet-nurse to Bill Andrew's motherless newborn baby. Just this. The only other characters are minor ones who come in incidentally, and—with the possible exception of the doctor—fail to catch the reader's attention or to leave any impression of vivid individuality. The whole attention is focused upon the man, Bill, and the woman, Julie. Not upon what they do—their doings are merely those of the everyday trivial and rather sordid duties of small-ranch life. It is in what they think that the charm and the individuality of the book lie. Rather in what Bill thinks, for the book is told in the first person, and it is Bill who tells the story. But Bill *feels* what Julie is thinking, and reveals it so that others may feel this, also.

Bill is an introvert—not invert. His world lies not in the realm of things, or of happenings, but in that of wonder-

ing—wondering about his own thoughts and springs of action, about Julie's, and about those of the doctor and of old man Smithers, the latter a character brought in apparently for the sake of comic relief, a jester of sorts, in a tale that is, for all its "happy ending," more tragedy than either comedy or melodrama. To all wonderers, life, with its implications, is tragic, whether the wonderer be a dreaming Czar or Bill, the small-ranch man.

Inarticulate in speech, even with the woman who has gripped first his passion, and afterwards his tenderness as well, Bill reveals himself, both in his bigness, and also in his littleness, to the readers of *Andrew's Harvest*. It is because John Evans has striven to lay bare the struggle of a soul tortured by its own doubts and questionings and regrets—torture which reaches its climax when Bill finds that his own blundering efforts at caring for his baby, covering it more warmly, have resulted in the child's death from suffocation—that his book gives unusual promise of more mature work to come. While not in itself a great book, *Andrew's Harvest* more nearly approaches greatness than any first novel which it has been my fortune to read in some time; one which it is difficult to lay down after starting; something which as regards the average novel—even those not first novels—it is easier to do than to refrain from doing.

J. B. MONTGOMERY-MCGOVERN.

Albuquerque.

Shakespearean Scraps and Other Elizabethan Fragments—Samuel A. Tannenbaum—Columbia University Press, 1933—\$3.75.

On Reading Shakespeare—Logan Pearsall Smith—Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York—\$1.50.

Here are two more books to prove that the interest in Shakespeare is inexhaustible. The first, the *Shakespearean Scraps*, is definitely addressed to scholars, though anyone fond of figuring out detective story problems will find a fascination in Dr. Tannenbaum's application of scientific

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methods to the elucidation of the Shakespearean text. The eleven chapters of this scholarly work deal largely with problems raised by the famous Shakespearean forgeries of the notorious English scholar, John Payne Collier, or with attempts at identifying the handwriting in various manuscripts, in this way throwing new light on questions of authorship. For the lover of Shakespeare who is not also a scholar, the most interesting and profitable chapter is Number Six, in which are suggested various emendations for disputed or disputable passages. In my own opinion, Dr. Tannenbaum makes out a most excellent case for each of his suggested emendations.

Logan Pearsall Smith's *On Reading Shakespeare* does not exhibit the exhaustive scholarship of the first book, although there is no doubt that Mr. Smith has read widely in the field of Shakespearean research, nor that he has made the best of such scholarship his own. The first book is one for specialists, mostly; the second may be read and enjoyed by everybody. In fact, I know of no other book on the subject which offers such an excellent introduction to the reading and study of Shakespeare. The very titles of the chapters are an invitation to the reader to sit down at the feast: I—On Not Reading Shakespeare; II—The Great Adventure; III—The Great Reward, Poetry; IV—The Great Reward: Character; and so on. Is it not a challenge? The author conveys to his reader much of the fine gusto, the even fierce delight, with which he himself approaches the reading of Shakespeare, in a bold, intensely personal, and intimate style. For instance, speaking of Shakespeare's great gift of pathos, he writes thus: (Quoting from *King John*).

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose.

("Bother that 'Half-blown' rose! Its beauty blurs my eyes, and I can hardly go on quoting.")

There is one point, however, on which I should differ

with Mr. Smith, and that is upon his revival of the Lamb-Hazlitt contention that Shakespeare's plays are not suited for the stage. To me this is the rankest heresy. During the past three years, I have produced here in Albuquerque three plays of Shakespeare's, on an outdoor stage, with as close an approximation as possible to the conditions of the Elizabethan stage, and, with amateur actors. They were unreservedly enjoyed by our audiences, many of whom told me that they had, for the first time, appreciated the wit, humor, beauty, and power of these comedies.

But this is a minor point of difference. In everything else he says, Mr. Smith is as sound and as piquant as a fresh nut. And stimulating! And suggestive! Next to reading Shakespeare himself, I know of no greater delight than reading beautifully phrased appreciations of him. This book goes in my library with Robert Ingersoll's eloquent oration on Shakespeare and with John Masefield's profoundly moving appraisal of the plays. Get it if you want to have a good time!

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

Albuquerque.

New Mexico History and Civics—Lansing B. Bloom and Thomas C. Donnelly—University Press, Albuquerque, 1933—\$2.50.

New Mexico History and Civics, by Lansing B. Bloom and Thomas C. Donnelly has been written to provide a textbook in the subject on the secondary school level. As such, it appears in response to a felt need, and will certainly be welcome if it fills this need satisfactorily. Professor Bloom is responsible for the history section; Dr. Donnelly, for the civics. It will be convenient to review these separately.

Professor Bloom should be well qualified to write a history of our State. He was for many years curator of the Historical Museum at Santa Fe and he has carried on considerable research in the archives at Seville and Mexico City. His knowledge of the sources is therefore extensive, and it may be said at once that a good feature of his book is

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that he has indicated to his readers, both in the text and in the bibliographies appended to each chapter, what are the foundations on which our historical knowledge rests.

It is stated in the preface that the history "is presented as an *interpretation* rather than as a complete and detailed *narrative*." Undoubtedly a historian's interpretation may be a most valuable feature of his work; nevertheless, in a textbook it would seem desirable to have a reasonably complete narrative. The book might be improved by including more information concerning such outstanding episodes as the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 (including the retreat south and the founding of El Paso) and the Confederate invasion under Baylor. As it is, it will be necessary for the teacher to find supplementary reading material to cover the narrative part of the history adequately.

In the field of interpretation Professor Bloom is at his best in pointing out the effects of the impact of the various cultures—Indian, Spanish, French, Anglo-American—on each other and their mingling in the multicolored life of the Southwest. It is a further virtue of his work that he has incorporated into it some of the results of recent research. This is manifest in the chapters dealing with the early Pueblo Indians, with the 17th century history, and with Franco-Spanish relations on the frontier. His treatment of the American period is rather disappointing, because it ignores almost entirely the cultural and economic development of the State.

In the section devoted to civics, Dr. Donnelly has aimed "not only to present to the student a clear picture of the organization and functioning of his own state government, but also to compare and contrast, here and there throughout the text, New Mexican practices with those found in other states." The reviewer is entirely in sympathy with this general method of approach. However, the language will not be self-explanatory without a background knowledge of political science and economics, and it will be necessary for

the teacher to supply this knowledge for the benefit of the ordinary high school student. Chapter XVIII on "State Administration" is noteworthy for an able explanation of the great modern increase in the number and variety of governmental functions. The author possesses the courage of his convictions and sometimes states his own opinion on controversial issues, as in the chapters dealing with the educational system and taxation.

Like all first editions, the volume contains a certain quota of typographical errors. In a table on page 367, the word "Federal" is repeated twice, when evidently in one case it should be "State." On page 164 occurs "Equalité" instead of "Egalité." On the whole, however, the proof-reading has been well done. The illustrations are generally good and some useful maps are included; but it would be an improvement to add to the number of the latter. A commendable feature is the glossary of difficult English words and foreign terms. There is also a good index.

Taken as a whole, *New Mexico History and Civics* is a valuable and timely contribution to our school textbook literature.

P. M. BALDWIN.

State College, N. M.

America in the Southwest—Thomas M. Pearce and Telfair Hendon—University Press, Albuquerque, 1933—\$3.00.

America in the Southwest: an anthology, the voices of a people singing. Singing, not in the measured cadence of verse but in the varied individualism of prose. Singing of the Southwest, of its blue distances, its ancient races, its conquistadores and frailes. Telling of the intimacies of its hidden streams deep in fern and cardinal flower; its homely scent of cedar smoke rising from under the backyard wash tub; its jangle of spur, surprising on a small town pavement; its consumptive cough and realtor's boom; its pageantry and its homeliness.

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Thomas M. Pearce and Telfair Hendon, the compilers, have captured for us in this Southwestern anthology the echoes of the many-voiced New Mexico. They give us the land that since the birth of history in the western hemisphere has never been young, but in its daily liveableness can never grow old. It is the land of mañana only because its days are ever brighter with the beauty of changing mountain and desert scene, more vital with crystal air and golden sunshine.

The anthology is planned with a definiteness which makes for order out of the vastness of material which must always present difficulties in assembling a work of this type. The compilers answer the three great questions, what, where, and who. And they answer these questions with a wealth of historical, geographical and biographical information chosen for accuracy, color, and style.

The question "what" is most completely answered. This section, as Pearce and Hendon explain in the introduction, is devoted to "critical articles, both popular and scholarly, intended to provoke thought upon the great social, political, and economic questions in an area as extensive as many European states." The first two articles in the section, "Humanizing of a Race" from Edgar L. Hewett's "Ancient Life in the American Southwest," and "The Diggings" by Hartley Burr Alexander, are admirably chosen because they open the reader's mind immediately to the splendid heritage of esthetic, ethical and social culture given New Mexico by the Indian. Other selections follow, ranging from a discussion of "Mexicans and New Mexico" by Mary Austin to an interpretation of the southwestern cowboy, a discussion of Spanish colonial arts, various customs of the country, and a group of short articles by well-known southwestern writers.

The second question "where" is answered by several charming descriptions of New Mexico's scenery, and that section is aptly headed "Touch of Earth."

"Who" in New Mexico includes a collection of stories, anecdotes, and articles, chosen for the purpose of giving the reader a glimpse into the inner life of the state and its people, people who defy the mixing pot, who are as varied as the changing scenes of mesa and mountain. This section affords, perhaps, the most entertaining reading, for these are the people of romantic yesterday, of the western movies, these are the people of today, who in spite of machines and the levelling processes typified by Montgomery Ward catalogues are still, thank God for it, *individuals*.

This book was no doubt designed primarily for use by students of literature, and is especially suited for use in schools of the Southwest, where an understanding of the state, its culture, its problems, is essential for young people who expect to live and prosper here. But it is also a book which makes splendid reading for all of us. And for those who love New Mexico, who wish to drain every drop of joy from our cup of life here, it is indispensable.

MARGARET PAGE HOOD.

Las Cruces.

FEBRUARY

will begin volume four of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. You will meet in the first pages of the magazine for 1934:

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One of the foremost poets of America interprets
in rhythmic beauty Indian song and Rio Grande.

"The College Professor and Leadership" by J. C.
Knode—A college dean and professor looks at the
teachers in the light of leadership.

"What Some Men Worshipped" by Maude M.
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