

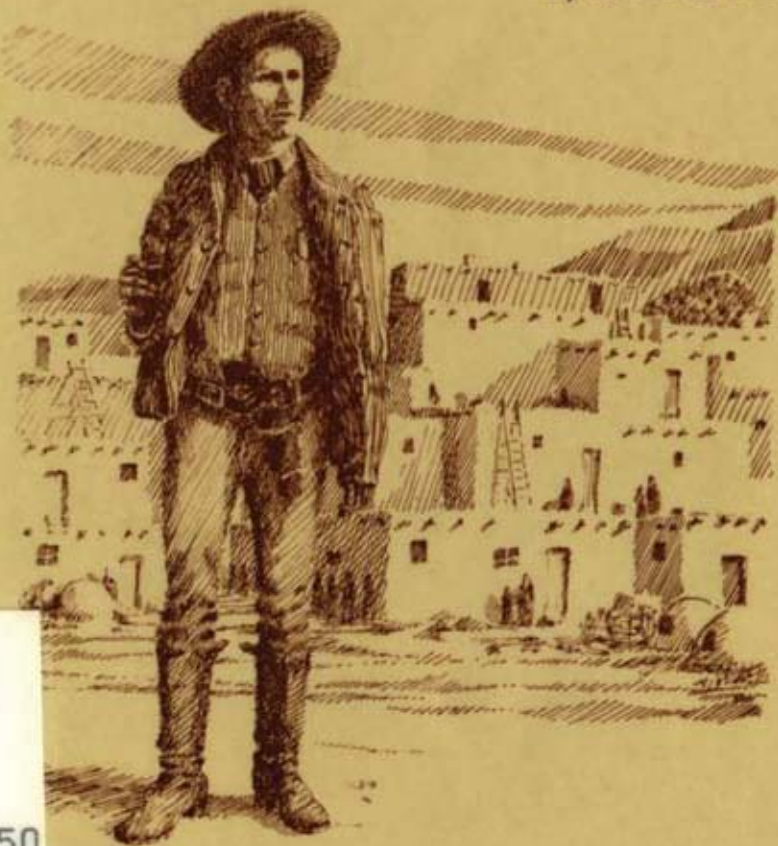


WESTERN WRITERS SERIES

No. 50

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

by Robert E. Fleming



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Charles F. Lummis

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Charles F. Lummis

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Charles Fletcher Lummis was born on March 1, 1859, in Lynn, Massachusetts, many miles from the area of the country he was to chronicle as a writer. A sickly, weak child, he also suffered from the psychological handicap of having lost his mother when he was two years old. His father, a minister and teacher, left Charles in the care of his maternal grandparents in Bristol, New Hampshire, until the boy was six. Since Charles reacted badly when he was first sent to school, his father tutored him at home from the time he was six years old, teaching him Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Lummis entered Harvard in 1877 and there came to know Theodore Roosevelt, with whom he shared interests in boxing and other athletic activities. The frail boy had become a vigorous athlete, participating in gymnastics, hiking, bicycling, fishing, and hunting as well as boxing.

Although he was not a good student at Harvard and left in 1881 without taking a degree, Lummis did not neglect his intellectual and aesthetic pursuits. He used his abilities as printer and poet to publish an early volume of verse, *Birch Bark Poems* (1879); printed on genuine birch bark, it sold some 14,000 copies over the next three years and thus helped Lummis to pay his way through Harvard. Complimentary copies sent to Walt Whitman, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell evoked words of praise.

In 1880 Lummis married Mary Dorothea Rhodes, a student at Boston University medical school. In 1882 he moved to Chillicothe,

Ohio, to take over the management of his father-in-law's large farm, but Lummis soon moved into town to become a reporter and later editor of the *Scioto Gazette*, a weekly newspaper. After two years in Ohio, an attack of malaria, common to the area during the 1880s, led to Lummis's decision to leave for the Far West. Typically, he determined to "tramp" the entire distance.

Lummis began his long walk on September 11, 1884, in Cleveland, Ohio, and ended it on February 1, 1885, 143 days and 3,507 miles later in Los Angeles, California. Many of his experiences would have caused a less determined man to abandon his plan, but Lummis gloried in a list of adventures that included attacks by a wildcat and two dogs, one of them mad; a robbery attempt by two tramps in Missouri; a more serious attack by a convict near the Colorado State Penitentiary; a sprained ankle in Colorado and a broken arm in Arizona, the latter set by Lummis himself; and battles with the elements ranging from a nearly fatal snowstorm in the New Mexico mountains to the heat and aridity of the Mojave Desert.

The rationale for his walking trip is explained by Lummis in the first chapter of *A Tramp Across the Continent* (1892), the book in which he collected the weekly letters printed in the *Los Angeles Daily Times* by previous arrangement with its publisher, Colonel Harrison Gray Otis. Like Henry David Thoreau, Lummis felt that the railroad had been "invented to help us hurry through life and miss most of the pleasure of it—and most of the profit, too, except of that jingling, only half-satisfying sort . . ." (*A Tramp*, p. 1). Wishing to move to California, Lummis saw no reason why he should not do so by walking and thereby remedy what he perceived as a woeful ignorance of the western part of his own country. While he protested that he had "no desire for notoriety—indeed, I found it generally more comfortable to tell no one on the way my object" (*A Tramp*, pp. 2-3), he was publishing his observations and experiences in a growing Western

newspaper at five dollars per installment. But whatever motivated him at the time, the walk had more far-reaching consequences in Lummis's career than he could have foreseen.

While his experiences in Missouri and Kansas were new for him, in those states Lummis remained something of a tourist—seeing the sights, shooting game occasionally, and picking up souvenirs when he could. However, by the time he had reached Colorado, Lummis's writing was already beginning to offer clues about the sort of Western writer he would eventually become. His observations on Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods sound almost proprietary, and just south of Colorado Springs he began to seek out the sort of local color personality that he was often to use for later sketches—an unsuccessful prospector who was himself a rich vein of mining stories and an old hunter who had survived the attack of a wounded grizzly bear.

Another sort of awakening came in southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. As a Yankee who had always been somewhat proud of his New England origins, Lummis was at first suspicious of the "swarthy Mexicans" he began to encounter (*A Tramp*, p. 74). But after meeting a few Hispanic farmers and ranchers, he wrote, "They are a simple, kindly people, ignorant of books, but better taught than our own average in all the social virtues—in hospitality, courtesy, and respect for age. They are neither so 'cowardly' nor so 'treacherous' as an enormous class that largely shapes our national destinies; and it would be a thorn to our conceit if we could realize how very many important lessons we could profitably learn from them" (*A Tramp*, p. 75). Despite such appreciative comments, Lummis was still capable of believing that he had been poisoned when he had his first taste of New Mexican red chile stew, and of being shocked by "those astounding fanatics, the Penitentes" (*A Tramp*, p. 189). Nevertheless, he had taken a first step toward broadening his

mind and moving toward the vast body of material that he would write about during the next forty years.

Like his education in Spanish culture, Lummis's discovery of the American Indian began with the shattering of stereotypes. Believing that Indians were barbaric savages, Lummis was astonished "to find Indians who dwelt in excellent houses, with comfortable furniture and clean beds, and clothing and food; Indians who were as industrious as any class in the country, and tilled pretty farms, and had churches of their own building, and who learned none of these things from us, but were living thus before our Saxon forefathers had found so much as the shore of New England" (*A Tramp*, pp. 93-94). Lummis's leisurely pace assured him of time for a good look at Native American culture in New Mexico. Besides visiting San Ildefonso Pueblo, which called forth the above meditation, he also viewed Tesuque Pueblo, where he observed the traditional terraced architecture, noting the unusual arrangement of the houses: "double, two-storied, and terraced on both sides, half facing to the central plaza, and half to the cold world. . . . In the whole pueblo there was not then a door on the ground floor; and there were but few windows. To get into a lower story, one must climb a ladder to the roof, open a trap-door, and go down another ladder" (*A Tramp*, pp. 106-07). Lummis visited Isleta Pueblo, where he was later to live for four years, and Laguna Pueblo, where he witnessed his first pueblo dance. At Acoma, the last pueblo he was to see for some four years, he watched foot-races. When he continued his trip west, he encountered the Navajo for the first time as he passed through the huge reservation, collecting samples of Navajo silver work and weaving.

Nor were living Indians the only ones to claim Lummis's attention. While staying at the ranch of Colonel Manuel Chaves near San Mateo, New Mexico, Lummis examined a large pueblo ruin on the Chaves property, whetting an interest in archaeology that had begun

when he collected Indian relics in Ohio. He was thus prepared for a much more spectacular sight when he came to what is now Walnut Canyon National Monument east of Flagstaff, Arizona, where he first saw cliff dwellings.

Natural wonders along his way furnished Lummis with material for his columns and awakened interests that were to contribute to a flood of essays and books during the next decade. He climbed Pike's Peak to a U.S. weather station at the top, little visited in those years; and he was more impressed by the Grand Canyon, that "greatest wonder of the world" (*A Tramp*, p. 242), than by any other single sight along the way, although he gave considerable attention to Colorado's Garden of the Gods and the Sangre de Cristo and San Francisco mountains.

Lummis is not always completely reliable in his travel account. Sometimes leaning more to the fanciful than realists such as William Dean Howells would have liked, he retold romantic accounts of frontier hardships and outlaw activity as they were told to him without making any particular effort to ascertain their truth. Sometimes his desire to be a colorful character in his own work led him to exaggerate his heroism or his achievements, for in spite of his alleged desire to avoid notoriety, Lummis had a high opinion of his own abilities—athletic and literary—and seldom made light of his accomplishments. Thus, a few of Lummis's exploits of marksmanship and mountain climbing should probably be read more as products of a romantic imagination than as factual accounts.

The tramp did, however, awaken Lummis's consciousness, as he himself noted:

My eyes were beginning to open now to real insight of the things about me; and everything suddenly became invested with a wondrous interest. It is not an inevitable thing.

Thousands live for years beside these strange facts, too careless ever to see them; but the attention once secured never goes hungry for new interest. Years of study since have not worn out for me the fascination of the real inner meaning of this unguessed land—its history, its habits, and its mental processes. (*A Tramp*, p. 190)

Lummis had begun to form himself into an exceptional Western writer. Although his job as city editor of the Los Angeles *Daily Times* was to occupy him for most of the next three years, his mind had already begun to work on the scenic wonders and the distinctive people he had encountered on his tramp.

Lummis's understanding with Colonel Otis had been that a job on the *Times* would be waiting when he arrived in Los Angeles. Thus, the day after he arrived, Lummis took up his duties as city editor. The *Times* was going through a period of rapid growth in 1884 and 1885, and Lummis legend has it that his travel letters had helped to build the circulation. Whatever his previous influence on the fortunes of the *Times*, Lummis was an extremely diligent editor, so hardworking that he frequently slept as little as one or two hours per night. In spite of his excellent physical condition, by the end of 1887 he had suffered a stroke which partially paralyzed his left side and rendered his left arm useless. On February 5, 1888, Lummis set out by rail for New Mexico, where he convalesced first at the ranch of Amado Chaves, near San Mateo, and then at Isleta Pueblo. Although he suffered two more strokes during his stay, he prescribed for himself a regime which included hunting, fishing, breaking wild horses, and hiking. A fortuitous meeting with Adolph Bandelier, the pioneer archaeologist, resulted in a close friendship, and Lummis's physical condition did not prevent him from carrying a heavy view camera and glass plates to record Bandelier's discoveries in the area.

Lummis would later accompany Bandelier on a major scientific expedition into South America.

During his stay at Isleta, Lummis was badly wounded by a shotgun blast, presumably fired by an assassin hired either by the Penitentes, a religious sect Lummis had photographed during their ceremonies, or by an unethical politician whom Lummis had helped to expose. Eva Douglas, the sister-in-law of a trader who ran a store at Isleta, nursed him to recovery. After Lummis was divorced from his first wife Dorothea, he married Eva in March of 1891. His paralysis gradually left him, and on July 5, 1891, he surprised himself by moving his left hand.

Living in New Mexico, at times a semi-invalid, Lummis turned to free-lance writing to support himself, first sending short jokes and epigrams to such magazines as *Life*, *Puck*, and *Time*. As he recovered his strength, he was able to undertake more extensive writing projects, contributing stories and essays to *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, and *Youth's Companion*. In 1891 Scribner's published his first Southwestern book, *A New Mexico David and Other Stories and Sketches of the Southwest*, a mixture of stories that had been told to Lummis and personal observations, all designed to appeal to young readers. Lummis quickly followed up this successful book with a number of other works set in the Southwest.

With *Some Strange Corners of Our Country* (1892) Lummis discovered the sort of material and treatment that best suited his talents: non-fictional essays, highly personal and often rather romantic, about the scenic wonders and cultural peculiarities of the Southwest. He next wrote *The Land of Poco Tiempo* (1893), which has much in common with *Some Strange Corners*, though the former focuses almost exclusively on New Mexico while the latter ranges over Arizona and California as well. *The Spanish Pioneers* (1893), a history of the Spanish conquest, shares the personal tone and anecdotal

dotal style of these other two books, as does *The Awakening of a Nation* (1898), a sort of personalized geography of Mexico under Porfirio Diaz. In the 1920s Lummis produced *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* (1925), an enlarged and revised version of *Some Strange Corners*, and *Flowers of Our Lost Romance* (1929), a posthumously published collection of essays.

The diverse contents of these books and their number make it impractical to discuss them individually in this study. However, from these six books, containing the best of Lummis's writing, four key interests emerge. First, from his earliest sight of the Southwest, Lummis loved the country itself—not only the spectacular Grand Canyon and Pike's Peak, but also lesser geographical wonders ranging from the Petrified Forest to the Enchanted Mesa of the Acomas—and he tried to share that love with his readers. The second and third major interests are the two subcultures of the Southwest—Native Americans (especially the Pueblos) and Mexican Americans—and he spent a large part of his career interpreting their culture to his readers. Fourth, he saw the American Southwest and the rest of the New World originally conquered by Spain as a rich source of colorful history, a history of which most Americans were ignorant. He set himself the task of eradicating that ignorance by recording the history of the area, by publicizing the work of archaeologists in the Southwest and Latin America, and by attacking the prejudice that caused many to look only eastward to Europe for culture and historical roots.

Lummis seldom limited an essay to a single discrete topic. For example, when he wrote about Acoma Pueblo, he described the geographical setting—just how high the mesa is, what a magnificent view one gets from the top, what a problem it was to haul water, wood, even dirt for a graveyard. He also reviewed its history—the Spanish storming of the mesa in 1599—and then treated legend with

the story of the settlement on the Enchanted Mesa, ancestral home of the Acomas according to their tradition. This review of their history led him to a discussion of the customs and religious beliefs of the current Acoma people. Thus, one particular essay, "The City in the Sky" in *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, contributes something to all four interests identified above. However, each individual essay has a dominant theme, and most of the themes fall within one of those four interest areas.

In essays treating the first key interest, natural wonders, Lummis's favorite technique was to begin with the sort of "striking statement" lead often employed by feature writers. Such a lead attracts attention and arouses curiosity by making so extravagant a claim that the reader may continue the essay just to see if he can catch the writer in a misstatement. This technique was used in Lummis's introduction to his essay on the Grand Canyon: "We read of famous gorges and defiles abroad, and are eager to see them, unknowing that in a desolate corner of the United States is the greatest natural wonder of the world—a cañon in which all the world's *famous* gorges could be lost forever" (*Some Strange Corners*, pp. 5, 7). These extravagant claims are augmented by other seemingly hyperbolic statements: the tallest mountain east of the Rockies could be placed in the canyon and its summit would not reach the top of the canyon walls; the Statue of Liberty would look like a mere doll if placed at the bottom of the canyon. Besides appealing to the reader's sense of wonder, Lummis pricked his conscience by suggesting that he had been derelict in failing to see such a marvelous sight and perhaps vaguely unpatriotic in giving his attention first to foreign wonders. The same technique was used to introduce the Petrified Forest: Lummis asserted that in the Southwest there exist trees that are millenia older than the oldest sequoia in California, trees that existed "ten thousand ages before the cedars bloomed on Lebanon" (*Mesa, Cañon and*

Pueblo, p. 107).

In his early travel essays, best typified by the contents of *Some Strange Corners of Our Country*, Lummis moved from his apparent hyperbole to a factual description and sometimes quoted other writers; in the case of the Grand Canyon he included a discussion of its geological formation and supplemented his own description with a quotation from Charles Dudley Warner, one-time collaborator with Mark Twain. He then closed many of the essays with practical advice for the traveler interested in seeing the place for himself. A comparison of the 1892 and 1925 versions of the same material shows the treatment of the Grand Canyon expanded by some fifty per cent. The additions to the earlier matter reveal a good deal about Lummis's development as a nature writer. Starting from the same basic lead used in *Some Strange Corners*, in *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* Lummis treated the visual aspects of the canyon more poetically, as illustrated by the following passage:

And as you sit upon the brink the divine scene-shifters give you a new cañon every hour. With each degree of the sun's course the great countersunk mountains we have been watching fade away, and new ones, as terrific, are carved by the westering shadows. . . . And the purple shadows, the dazzling lights, the thunderstorms and snow-storms, the clouds and the rainbows that shift and drift in that subterranean arena below your feet! And amid those enchanted towers and castles which the vastness of scale leads you to call "rocks," but which are in fact as big above the river-bed as the Rockies above Denver. . . . (*Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, p. 26)

The treatment of the canyon's geology, covered in a paragraph in the

1892 version of the essay, was expanded in the 1925 essay to two pages as Lummis detailed the layers of rock and their corresponding geological periods from the lowest parts of the canyon to the top.

But Lummis was never interested in natural features for themselves alone and always treated man's association with nature. Nowhere is this trait more evident than in his treatment of the Grand Canyon in *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, where he summarized the history of man's exploration of that geological marvel:

Through millenniums it has been worshipful and awful [sic] to the bronzed First Americans, whose swallow-nesting homes still crumble along that amethystine rim. Caucasians were late of coming—though to us parvenus it seems long ago, in years and world-change. When Coronado's lieutenant, Garcia Lopez de Cárdenas, first of Europeans, stood upon this brink (September 14, 1540), Luther was walking the floor with his fretful Reformation. . . . Henry VIII was still adding new reels to his cinema of wives. (*Mesa*, p. 29).

Lummis continued to trace the exploration of the canyon through the visits of the Spanish Franciscans, fur trappers, and U.S. Army parties; the thorough and scientific investigations of Major John Wesley Powell; and later exploits on the river itself by railroad survey teams and mere adventurers. He concluded with his eyewitness account of President Theodore Roosevelt's visit in 1903, when Roosevelt anticipated the canyon's designation as a national park with his injunction to "keep it for your children, your children's children, and all who come after you . . ." (*Mesa*, p. 47).

The treatment of the Grand Canyon in *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* emphasizes the historical approach. "A Forest of Agate" in *Some*

Strange Corners and an expansion of that essay, "The Oldest Trees in the World" in *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, emphasize the scientific aspect of a Southwestern natural wonder. After piquing the reader's curiosity with his reference to these ancient trees, Lummis first posed the riddle of how they came to be formed, then moved on to precise descriptions of the various sections of the forest, classifying the trees by their species and by the variety of fossilized forms, from agate to crystals resembling topaz and amethyst, depending on the minerals that acted on the wood. Never merely dry and scientific in his description, Lummis romantically pictured "Poet Nature" personified, setting "to work to embalm" these "centuried giants" as they fell (*Mesa*, p. 117). Though he abhorred the people who dynamited the trees to make souvenirs and even emery paper of them before the area was set aside in 1906, he did not scorn the tourist but invited him, even going as far as to suggest likely places for picture-taking.

In addition to purely scenic wonders Lummis also wrote about natural phenomena whose interest and significance have been enhanced by their connection with human history. Typical examples are the Enchanted Mesa of the Acomas and Inscription Rock, both in western New Mexico. The Enchanted Mesa is an impressive geological structure some three miles from the mesa occupied by the Acomas for over four hundred years. Impregnable by ordinary nineteenth-century climbing techniques, the top of Enchanted Mesa would have been a mysterious place even had it not been the subject of legend. However, when Lummis first visited the pueblo in 1884, he heard the story of how the Acomas had lived at the top of Enchanted Mesa before moving to the mesa where the Spaniards found them. A single steep, rugged trail led from the field at the foot of the mesa. One harvest season, when all the Indians except three women were in the field below the village, a terrible storm washed away the trail, and the Acomas could neither return to their village nor get the

women down. One of the three finally leaped from the mesa and died, while the other two starved to death. From 1885 on, Lummis told and retold this story; though he labeled it a legend, he made several half-hearted attempts to scale the mesa to see what ruins might remain.

In 1897, however, he was beaten to the top by a professor from Princeton, William Libbey, who had himself hauled up to the mesa in a bosun's chair. Libbey spent a few hours at the top, taking photographs which proved that there were no three-story houses and collecting a few pot shards, which he regarded as "freaks of erosion"; then he wrote a debunking article which claimed that the legend had no basis in fact. Lummis's indignant reaction was predictable: his article for the San Francisco *Chronicle* cast serious doubt on Libbey's findings and encouraged Frederick Webb Hodge of the Bureau of American Ethnology to undertake a more thorough expedition. He then opened the pages of *The Land of Sunshine*, of which he was editor, to Hodge for a rebuttal of Libbey. Less than a year after the Libbey trip, Lummis himself managed to get back to New Mexico, where he climbed the mesa with his six-year-old daughter Turbesé to prove that it was no great feat for Libbey to have gotten to the top. On the mesa, as Lummis wrote in "The Enchanted Mesa," his expedition found pot shards, plus "arrow-heads, shell beads, . . . turquoise beads and a pendant, . . . agate spalls. . . . a stone ax and a smoothing-stone . . ." (*Mesa*, p. 228). Lummis effectively had the last word in *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, where he not only put Libbey in his place, but also used the legend of Enchanted Mesa to comment on the truth that usually lies behind Indian legends if one is intelligent enough to interpret them.

Nearly as impressive geologically as the Enchanted Mesa, El Morro, or Inscription Rock, rises two hundred fifteen feet over the surrounding plain. Because of a waterhole at its base, El Morro had

been a favorite stopping place for travelers since before the Spanish conquest, and its flat sandstone cliff early became what Lummis called an "autograph album" for Spanish soldiers who camped there. Although Coronado did not happen to pass the rock on his New Mexican expeditions, Juan de Oñate, founder of New Mexico's first three Spanish towns, including Santa Fe, left an inscription translated by Lummis in this way: "Passed by here the officer Don Juan de Oñate to the discovery of the sea of the South [the Pacific] on the 16th of April, year 1605" (*Some Strange Corners*, p. 170).

In *Some Strange Corners* Lummis reconstructed the history of the rock and its environs quite effectively with his photographs, augmented by a transliteration, an English translation, and a brief historical note for each of the major inscriptions from 1605 to 1737. This task was the more difficult because he had to contend not only with seventeenth-century peculiarities in orthography and with abbreviations—the rock, though soft, is not easy to write on—but also with the damage that nearly three hundred years had done to the writing. When forced to deduce a meaning, he carefully explained the nature of the evidence. Typically, Lummis never allows the reader to forget the human drama behind the history he records. After translating the 1632 entry of a soldier named Lujan, member of a party sent to avenge a martyred priest, Lummis mused, "What a romance and what a tragedy are hidden in those two lines! Father Francisco Letrado was the first permanent missionary to . . . Zuñi. . . . He labored earnestly with his savage flock, but not for long. In February, 1630, they mercilessly slew him. Francisco de La Mora Ceballos was then Governor of New Mexico, and he sent this expedition 'to avenge Father Letrado's death,' under the lead of the *maestro de campo* (Colonel) Tomas de Albizu . . ." (*Some Strange Corners*, p. 181). "The Stone Autograph-Album," in spite of its popular-magazine title, is one of the best representative essays in

which to observe Lummis the scholar. Though he was never pedantic, the care Lummis displayed in his research places him among the competent academic linguists and historians of his day.

Although Lummis had become greatly interested in the American Indian during his long walk across the Southwest, his duties at the *Times* usually kept him far from Indian country between 1885 and the end of 1887, when he was almost completely disabled by his stroke. Nevertheless, during one significant interval he had an opportunity to observe the most picturesque and dangerous tribe in North America. Toward the end of March 1886, reports from southern Arizona indicated that Geronimo, last of the Apache rebels, was about to surrender to General George Crook. However, on the night of March 29, after an unscrupulous Indian trader supplied Geronimo's band with several jugs of liquor, Geronimo led nineteen other men and fourteen women out of a temporary camp that had been made on the way to Fort Bowie, and the Apache wars were reopened.

Lummis had left Los Angeles to cover the story of the surrender, so when he arrived at Fort Bowie, he found that he had a more important story than he had anticipated. Working his way into the confidence of General Crook was no easy task, since Crook had learned to mistrust newspapermen for their distortion of the facts concerning his campaign and for their negative editorials about him. Lummis, however, convinced the general that he meant to be fair, and during some three months at the fort and in the field, the *Times* reporter had an excellent opportunity to gather facts and impressions of the Apache warrior.

The picture of the Apache that emerges from Lummis's dispatches, since reprinted in the books edited by Turbesé Lummis Fiske (*General Crook and the Apache Wars*, 1966) and Dan L. Thrapp (*Dateline Fort Bowie*, 1979), probably surprised most con-

temporary readers. The Apache had been depicted as a wanton killer, but Lummis managed to see his side of the conflict. A nomad who had subsisted for centuries by hunting and raiding, the Apache was being confined on reservations and taught farming. Within the area of those reservations, white ranchers and businessmen preyed on the Apaches, the former by using political pressure to reduce the size of the reservations, and the latter by selling liquor to the Indians, who then got into trouble. As Lummis pointed out, so long as Arizona whites were not being killed by Apaches, the Indians were good business, especially when they were on the warpath, because then Federal funds flowed into the territory to support the many soldiers necessary to subdue even small bands of Apaches.

Lummis's dispatches to the *Times* stressed the skill of the Apache rebels at warmaking, the loyalty and fighting ability of Crook's Apache scouts, and the fickle nature of the civilian population that Crook and his men were charged with protecting. Several self-proclaimed white "scouts" criticized Crook's conduct of the campaign, suggesting that he was too lenient with Apaches who surrendered. Arizona cowboys maintained that if they were allowed to deal with the Indians, there would soon be no "Indian problem." Not so, said Lummis, for the Apache was the ultimate guerilla fighter. He summed up the strengths of the Apache in a retrospective essay, "The Apache Warrior," written a few years after he observed the Crook-Geronimo conflict:

In actual battle the Apache showed the new science of Indian warfare at its best, and its superiority over our clumsy tactics. To his strategic mind the exposed charge, the holding of a hot position, seemed simply silly and unworthy of intelligent warriors. He took care that, whether advancing, retreating, or holding his ground, no inch of his tawny

hide should be exposed. Only his gleaming eye was bared to hostile bullets; and that is a mark which few white riflemen can see—much less score upon—at a hundred yards. But the Apache will note the eye of a foe at even greater distance, and will stand a very fair chance of putting it out, too. The soldier found him thus entrenched among the rocks, and in reaching him was largely exposed. . . . the consequence was that for every Apache killed in war ten or twenty of our soldiers bit the dust. (*The Land of Poco Tiempo*, p. 172)

While he was sympathetic with the Apache or the similarly nomadic Navajo, Lummis felt the most kinship with the Pueblo Indians and became quite close to them during the four years he lived at Isleta Pueblo, south of Albuquerque, New Mexico. If the Apaches impressed Lummis mostly by their ability to fight and kill, the Pueblos and the related people of Hopi impressed him by the humaneness of their society, the probity of their government, and the reverence of their spiritual life.

Perhaps no facet of Pueblo life illustrated its inherent peacefulness and gentleness so fully as child-rearing. In "An Odd People at Home" Lummis noted, "A Pueblo town is the children's paradise. The parents are. . . . uniformly gentle, yet never foolishly indulgent. A Pueblo child is almost never punished, and almost never needs to be. Obedience and respect to age are born in these brown young Americans, and are never forgotten by them. I never saw a 'spoiled child' in all my long acquaintance with the Pueblos—save a few returned from government schools" (*Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, p. 312). Despite the lack of punishment, there was no lack of discipline in the life of a Pueblo child, and a system of manners as complex as those that have governed any European court were instilled in the child from infancy.

Lummis provided an admiring account of what he called the Pueblo "finishing school." Using a boy that he had known during his residence in Isleta, Lummis described the education necessary for one who was to bear not only the normal responsibilities, but those of a Shaman. Complex stories and ceremonial songs against all manner of misfortune had to be learned word for word. The Pueblo youth was expected to approach with reverence not only religious matters themselves, but also athletic training, hunting, and agriculture. These three activities, along with the defense of the pueblo in time of war, were the main occupations of the Pueblo man. But before the Pueblo boy was an athlete, a hunter, or a farmer, he was a religious man. In "'Finishing' an Indian Boy" (*Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*), Lummis detailed the many things that such a youth had to learn.

As Lummis's first glimpses of Pueblo life had shown him several years earlier, the first emphasis in that way of life was on security against a host of formidable enemies: Navajos, Apaches, and Comanches. Thus, in the 1880s, much of Pueblo child's play was actually a preparation for war. In "The Chase of the Chongo" (*The Land of Poco Tiempo*), Lummis showed the serious purpose inherent in the festival surrounding all-day footraces: at the end of the day of racing, the scalps of enemies killed many years ago were brought from their hiding places, and songs were sung commemorating the battles by which the pueblo had been saved. Similarly, as the Acomas celebrated the feast of St. John with dances and ceremonies of two religions, various games on horseback sharpened the skills once needed to provide the pueblo with a force of cavalry ("A Day of the Saints," *The Land of Poco Tiempo*).

Surrounding the more mundane duties connected with hunting and farming were elaborate ceremonies. As Lummis made clear in "The Blind Hunters," hunting among the Pueblos bore little resemblance to "a Queen's County fox-chase" (*Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, p.

335). Hunting was never undertaken for mere pleasure, nor could it be engaged in without achieving the proper spirit of reverence. The Pueblos saw man not as apart from nature, but as like the beasts of prey represented by the hunting fetishes each Pueblo carried on a hunt. These stone images of bear, cougar, wolf, or eagle, representing animals that survive by hunting, served as bridges between man and nature. Before hunting, the Pueblo Indian breathed in the breath of the stone image, putting himself into the proper frame of mind to hunt as the animal would hunt. Appropriate songs and rituals were also employed. Lummis pointed out that all of this might seem "superstition" to his white readers, but that the Anglo-Saxon had his own superstitions, such as spitting on fishing bait to bring luck, and that, unlike Indian ceremonies, these beliefs had no connection with true religious impulses.

Since agriculture was to be one of the main occupations of the Indian boy, he had to learn not only the physical techniques of irrigating his crops and tilling the soil, but also the ceremonies calling upon the powers of the universe for favorable weather. In "Doctoring the Year" (*Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*), Lummis showed just how much there was to know about this matter. He mentioned the two principal ceremonies of the year—that at the beginning of the growing season and that at harvest time—and gave a meticulous account of the first. Again forestalling negative reactions from readers, Lummis compared Indian practices with the extent to which the "civilized" world depends on the U.S. Weather Bureau to predict weather and the custom of praying for favorable weather.

Harvard-trained Lummis could not resist contrasting the Indian boy's education with his own experience; recalling his teachers—C. W. Eliot, Charles Eliot Norton, John Williams White, and Nathaniel S. Shaler, all of whom he respected—Lummis nevertheless concluded like Thoreau that he had learned less from Harvard than he was

to learn from life itself. The same was not true of the Indian boy: tutored in religion, warmaking, hunting, and farming, he knew more than the sum of the facts that he had been taught. Since knowledge and skills were connected with a religious attitude toward all facets of life and there was no separation between the religious and the everyday life of an individual, the "finished" Indian boy grew up in harmony with his community and with his entire natural environment as well. Lummis saw this tendency to live at peace within the environment rather than to change or exploit it as one of the major lessons his "civilized" readers could learn from the Pueblo Indians.

This harmony with the community and the environment was stressed in Lummis's discussion of Pueblo government and architecture as well. The Pueblo Indian saw government service not as a means to achieve personal wealth or glory—no salary was paid to office holders—but as a necessary service performed only for the good of the community. As a case in point Lummis told the story of a friend at Isleta who was chosen governor of the pueblo but attempted to decline the honor, accepting the position only after the elders of the pueblo ordered him imprisoned without food or water for three days (*Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, pp. 401-02). While no doubt hyperbolic the story illustrated Lummis's point that public service was the only business of the Pueblo office holder. The society created by this sort of spirit was, according to Lummis, an ideal one, though Lummis probably exaggerated the good points of Pueblo culture to counteract earlier accounts of Indian "savagery." More scientific observers of Pueblo life such as Ruth Benedict have discovered tensions that grow out of the close community life; however, as a pioneer writing about the Southwestern Indian, Lummis was generally both fair and accurate.

Adaptability to what some would consider a hostile environment is

a hallmark of Pueblo life. In discussing Pueblo architecture, Lummis stressed the use of the materials at hand—adobe in some areas and sandstone or limestone in others—and the use of natural features of the terrain such as caves or mesas to supplement the buildings or to offer additional protection. He noted the emphasis on defense, which was obvious in the absence of windows and doors on the ground floor during Lummis's acquaintance with the pueblos and in the small size of those apertures even at higher levels. But not all of Lummis's emphasis was on the pragmatic aspects of the pueblos. He noted as well, no doubt anticipating the reaction of his Eastern readers, that the interior of a house made of dirt can be "as clean as wax" (*Some Strange Corners*, p. 100), stressed that the interiors are whitewashed with a compound having a gypsum base, and mentioned the elaborate decorations found in some abandoned sites, such as the Cueva Pintada, which is decorated with pictographs.

Since he was such an admirer of the Pueblo way of life, it is not surprising that one of Lummis's most emotional crusades came about in 1903 as a direct reaction to the harsh discipline practiced by Charles Burton, who was the Superintendent and Disbursing Agent at Keams Canyon, Arizona, and as an indirect reaction to the general policy of the Department of the Interior toward its Indian wards. Lummis had seen education as it was practiced among the Hopi and knew that it resembled the education given to children in the Rio Grande pueblos with which he was most familiar. In the early years of the twentieth century, however, the Department began to place great emphasis on standardization and tried to force the Hopi to be educated along the lines of the general population of the country. One part of the standardization was a "haircut order," which suggested that "gentle but firm pressure" might be used to encourage male Hopis and Navajos to wear their hair short, as befitted newly "civilized" aborigines. Burton zealously carried out the order on the

peaceful Hopis, sometimes with a pressure that was more firm than gentle, for his methods included tying his victims' hands with baling wire and clipping so vigorously with sheep shears that wounds were inflicted on the heads and ears of the Hopis. Furthermore, Burton conducted "round-ups" of Hopi children to assure that all would attend the government school; in at least one case, the round-up was conducted by armed men and had all the appearances of a military raid. Parents who attempted to withhold their children saw their homes ransacked and their furniture smashed by Burton's men. In the school, children were inadequately fed and received poor medical treatment; perhaps more serious was the assault on their spirits as the Hopi religion and way of life were ridiculed and they were forbidden to speak their native language, even among themselves during recreation periods.

Lummis responded to these wrongs in characteristic fashion in the pages of *Out West*, of which he was editor. Though he began by calling Superintendent Burton "a fair book-keeper" and a "conscientious man" (*Bullying the Moqui*, p. 22), he soon descended to invective, terming Burton a "pinhead" (p. 35) and despot. Detailing the history of the "Moqui," as Lummis preferred to call the Hopi, he stressed the extensive roots of their civilization and the basic gentleness of the people. He contrasted the heavy-handed methods of the contemporary American Indian Service with Spanish policies toward the Hopi and Pueblo Indians. Interestingly, he found a decree issued in 1621 in which the Spanish crown specifically forbade forced haircuts, one of the major sources of conflict in 1903.

Lummis and the pro-Indian Sequoya League, which he had founded in 1901, won a significant victory for the Hopi, partly because of Lummis's influence with Theodore Roosevelt, who remembered him from their Harvard days. By September 1903, Burton had been reprimanded by the Department of the Interior and

had specifically been warned that no haircuts were to be given by force and that cruel punishment of Indian schoolchildren would not be tolerated. His chief accomplices were treated more severely, one being fired and the other transferred outside the reservation. The most accessible account of the whole conflict, along with a collection of Lummis's columns in *Out West*, is a volume called *Bullying the Moqui* (1968), edited by Robert Easton and Mackenzie Brown.

Overall, Lummis was one of those rare early writers who made a genuine attempt to understand the American Indian. Not immune to their picturesque qualities, he nevertheless saw beyond their striking ceremonial life and colorful garb to recognize the humanity they had in common with him. Though he used Indian life much as a local colorist such as Bret Harte had used remote parts of the West, his interest went deeper than Harte's. He found valuable insights into life in the Pueblo culture, and though he was not so sympathetic toward the Apaches, he revered them as having an integrity of their own.

Like his view of the American Indian, Lummis's interpretation of Mexican American life was far ahead of his time in its understanding and broadmindedness, and he detested the prejudices of tourists and other "Saxon" Americans who refused to learn the truth about Mexican Americans and their language. As he put it in his last book, "When the newcome stranger by the tourist excursion-load walked into their bedrooms, invaded the dining-room, and lined up against the wall to 'watch 'em eat,' commenting with corresponding delicacy; and swarmed, hats on, into their private chapels, . . . and wondered 'why these Greasers couldn't learn American ways!'—why, finally, those doors, that had been open to all the world, closed like a wounded flower" (*Flowers of Our Lost Romance*, p. 273).

Although he saw reasons for Mexican Americans' suspicious and secretive attitudes, even Lummis was sometimes tempted into exag-

generation about their society. One such case was that of New Mexico's Penitentes, the "self-crucifiers" as Lummis termed them, whom he first encountered during his convalescence on the Chaves ranch in 1888. His three major accounts of this first experience differ slightly from each other, but in *Some Strange Corners*, published just four years after the event, he told of hearing the sound of a Penitente *pito*, or reed whistle, on Monday of Holy Week. Informed by his hosts that unusual religious ceremonies were being practiced in the area, Lummis took unauthorized pictures of a procession the next day, "with a cocked six-shooter lying on top of the camera-box, and lion-like Don Ireneo [Chaves] and a stalwart peon with revolvers in hand facing back the murderous mob" (p. 93).

The "mob" could not have been as dangerous as Lummis suggested, for in an extended account published a year after the above passage, Lummis admits that after his unauthorized photograph had been taken (while he was protected by Don Ireneo and *two* other armed men), the *Hermano Mayor*, or leader of the local Penitentes, and four of his friends dined at the Chaves home. They were persuaded to allow more photographs on Good Friday, including one of the actual crucifixion of a Penitente, who was tied to a cross with ropes and left there for better than thirty minutes (*Land of Poco Tiempo*, pp. 99-100). By the time he told the story in *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* almost forty years later, Lummis had added an anecdote about being shot at by a Penitente watchman for stealing some of the scourges used for self-flagellation. In *Some Strange Corners* Lummis asserted that crucifixions occurred elsewhere in New Mexico during the 1880s, but by the time he published *The Land of Poco Tiempo* one year later, he admitted that the crucifixion he witnessed was the only known instance in 1888.

The fact that he had apparently jumped to a conclusion did not, however, keep him from closing his chapter on "The Penitent

Brothers" with more sensational assertions:

Sins against the property, families, or lives of persons outside the order, are taken no cognizance of whatever, but if a Penitente injure a brother in any of these points, his punishment is severe. The laws of the land are not acknowledged, but the *Hermano Mayor* sentences the offender according to the gravity of his crime, to be scourged with the terrific wire whip, to be buried to the neck all night in a gigantic *olla* (waterjar) or to be interred completely, alive and forever. . . . For betraying the secrets of the order the standard punishment is to be buried alive. (*Poco Tiempo*, pp. 107-08)

Nothing in Lummis's New England upbringing had prepared him for the kind of Catholicism he found in New Mexico, where crucifixes in small town churches depict the wounds of Christ in grisly detail and where ghastly skeletons with drawn bows sit in "death carts" to remind viewers of their own mortality. But the most probable explanation of the discrepancies in Lummis's stories is that he was, after all, a popular journalist, and he simply could not resist making a good story better, even if in doing so he might injure the reputation of a people with whom he was sympathetic.

Lummis similarly exaggerated the primitive credulity of the rural Mexican American in his writings about witchcraft. Asserting that, of the 175,000 people then living in New Mexico, "four fifths can neither read nor write" (*Some Strange Corners*, p. 67), Lummis stated that some ninety per cent of the Mexican Americans believed in witchcraft, as did most of the Indians in the territory. He related a number of stories told to him, stories of a man whose leg was crippled after he drank a cup of coffee given him by three old women he had earlier angered; of a man in whose stomach a witch caused a live

mouse to grow; and even of a man who had been changed into a woman for a time until he hired a second witch to change him back into a man. In his first essay on the subject, Lummis was gently patronizing as he relayed the stories and folk remedies described to him.

Between the publication of *Some Strange Corners* in 1892 and its revision as *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* in 1925, however, his point of view toward witchcraft changed, possibly as a result of his friendship with Bandelier and his exposure to the scholarly investigation of folklore. In place of his 1892 title, "The Witches' Corner," Lummis entitled the 1925 chapter on witchcraft "An Older Salem." To help lead his readers to the desired conclusion, Lummis also changed the introduction, de-emphasizing the ignorance of the New Mexicans and drawing parallels between their culture and that of Puritan New England. The effect is much less patronizing: Lummis recorded the folk beliefs without implying a value judgement.

In spite of the above exceptions, Lummis can be characterized as very sympathetic toward the Mexican Americans. Most often he praised their extreme generosity and hospitality, observing a courtesy that the "Saxon" could learn from, courtesy which made both Mexican American and pueblo children, influenced by the Spanish culture, "the best-mannered, the most obedient, the least quarrelsome in America" (*Poco Tiempo*, pp. 16-17). Himself a driven workaholic, Lummis also admired the unhurried pace of life on the farms and in the small towns of New Mexico: "The *paisano* has learned to live even while he works—wherein he is more wise than we, who slave away youth . . . in chasing that which we are past enjoyment of when we overtake it" (*Poco Tiempo*, p. 10).

Finally, Lummis disputed the stereotypical notion of the "Mexican" as cowardly and treacherous: "The sixth generation is too soon to turn coward the blood which made the noblest record of lonely

heroism that time ever read. As for treachery, it is merely a question of philosophy whether, in exterminating a rattlesnake, we shall invite it to strike us first, that it may have a 'fair show.' The Latin method is *not* to allow the foe the privilege of the first bite—which is sense if not chivalry . . ." (*Poco Tiempo*, p. 18). Lummis illustrated the bravery of the Mexican American with anecdotes he had heard about Colonel Manuel Chaves during the wars with the Navajo. For example. Chaves once walked and crawled one hundred fifty miles to his home after surviving seven arrow wounds in a fight with the Indians. Lummis also went back in history to tell stories of the bravery of Spanish soldiers and missionaries during the conquest of the Southwest. Nevertheless, in Lummis's view, the Spanish American in the 1890s was perhaps at his best south of the border, in Mexico.

During the latter half of the 1890s Lummis traveled extensively in Mexico and in 1898 published *The Awakening of a Nation*, a sort of unorthodox geography book aimed at correcting the ignorance of his fellow Americans. Lummis recognized and perhaps even exaggerated the American preconceptions regarding Mexico, brought about by the facts that most Americans had not traveled in Mexico and those who had usually did not speak the language fluently. Thus, Mexico was viewed as a primitive nation, dominated by the Catholic church, full of bandits who threatened even residents of the most secure cities, a country subject to frequent revolutions. Lummis attacked these misconceptions with facts gathered in his research into Mexico "from the dates of Ixtlilxochitl's mythography to within a week of this writing" (*Awakening*, p. 6), including a three-month field trip just before his deadline.

Mexico at the turn of the century had, Lummis felt, an extremely stable government under President Porfirio Diaz, a government equally notable for its lack of corruption and the freedoms it allowed its citizens. Though Lummis admitted that in the beginning

of the Diaz administration some bandits received only perfunctory trials before being sent to the firing squad, he asserted that in the Mexico of 1898 there were not only freedoms of speech and press, but an admirable separation of church and state and a virtual obsession with free public education. Far from being more primitive than the United States, Mexico was its equal in the efficiency of its railroads, being served by more than 7,000 miles of track. Partly as a result of its new stability, Mexico was enjoying a level of commerce and prosperity previously unknown.

But the awakening Mexico was undergoing in the 1890s was not its first sign of great progress since the conquest. Lummis gave his readers a brief cultural history of the country, pointing out that Mexico City had had a printing press in 1536, 102 years before the first press was shipped to an English colony in the New World, and that the first music printed in the Americas was printed on that press as early as 1584. *Mercurio Volante*, Mexico's first newspaper, was founded in 1693. Lummis also pointed out that the first "schools, colleges, museums, hospitals, [and] asylums" in the Americas were those in Mexico City (*Awakening*, p. 50), and he stressed the democratic nature of the Spanish by noting that from their inception hospitals and schools were open to Indians and Negroes, as they were not in the United States. If there is a fault in *The Awakening of a Nation*, it is that Lummis was too enthusiastic about Mexico to be objective.

The history that he touched upon in *The Awakening of a Nation* was only a small manifestation of the abiding interest Lummis had in history and related topics from early in his career. Having spent so much time listening to Pueblo and Mexican American stories during his convalescence in New Mexico, Lummis began to probe the authentic history of the region. His meeting with Adolph Bandelier in 1888 heightened his interest in history and introduced Lummis to

scholarly methods of archaeological and historical research. Bandelier was one of the first academic investigators of Pueblo ruins in New Mexico and Colorado; he later extended his explorations into Central and South America. Although his work has sometimes been criticized by later scholars, in his day Bandelier was eminent in his field, and his careful, conservative approach to historical riddles tempered Lummis's journalistic tendency to write up a good story without checking its accuracy. In *Flowers of Our Lost Romance* (1929) Lummis showed the influence of Bandelier as he heaped scorn on irresponsible archaeologists representing museums, universities, and even the government:

A tousled pueblo ruin, of maybe five hundred rooms on the ground plan; the other original five stories fallen in a mound thereon. And what do you guess these pot-hunting "scientists" did? Why, they dug out the first room clear and pocketed its proceeds; and the débris of the second room they shoveled over into the first (for that was easier); and the trash of the third into the second, and so on. And when they had "excavated" five hundred rooms, number 500 was the only one left clean. . . . But, the "specimens" were in their museum—the potteries and other artifacts [sic] for which they had violated the grave of American Antiquity. (*Flowers of Our Lost Romance*, p. 247)

Several of Lummis's most careful works show the sort of patient, scholarly research that might be attributed to his association with Bandelier, first as a friendly companion in New Mexico from 1888 to 1892, and then as his paid assistant in Peru in 1892-93. Examples of such noteworthy historical works are *The Spanish Pioneers* (1893), "The Wanderings of Cochiti" and "Cities That Were Forgotten" in

The Land of Poco Tiempo, and "When the Stones Come to Life" in *Flowers of Our Lost Romance*. Lummis received a medal from the King of Spain for *The Spanish Pioneers*, and at least one reason for the award was, ironically, one of Lummis's biases as an historian—his tendency to put the "Saxon" reader in his place by stressing the excellence of alternative cultures. Also, Lummis absolved the Spanish of the charges of cruelty to the Indians and constantly pointed out the Spaniards' fairness in dealing with Native Americans as contrasted with the treatment accorded Indians by the English colonies and the U.S. government. Drawn to both the Indian and Spanish-American cultures, Lummis faced a dilemma in writing about the conquest: forced to choose between the two, he chose the Spanish, partly because of his second major bias, his conviction that Christianity is inherently superior to Native American religions. Since the Spanish were badly outnumbered in the New World and achieved remarkable feats against enormous odds, Lummis's sympathy for the underdog may also have had something to do with his espousing the Spanish side of the conflict.

In spite of leaning toward the scholarly side of his nature in his insistence that his facts had to be carefully researched, Lummis retained a respect for the value of common sense and a conviction that books on history and archaeology should be written not just for other scholars, but for the average reader as well. For example, although the scholarly historians of his day maintained that the Mayans had no bronze tools, he insisted that the Mayans must have employed such tools in making their statues: "Here's where the process of 'humanizing science,' of injecting 'horse-sense' and frontier experience into the anaemic guesswork which has so long usurped a noble word and scared off every man, woman, and child of human intelligence and red blood . . . that's just where it begins" (*Flowers*, pp. 224-25). He felt that any reader could benefit from the informal

study of archaeology, which he likened to the adult's going back to look at his own baby pictures and other relics of his childhood. As for the value of studying primitive man, Lummis said, "We can't live to-day as he did. We haven't the nerve. But we *can* better our lives by understanding how he did live—how free, how happy, how religious, how artistic he was . . ." (*Flowers*, p. 217).

Probably the best example of Lummis's historical writing on the Spanish conquest is the section in *The Spanish Pioneers* in which he treated the Spanish war with Acoma Pueblo in 1598-99. In October 1598, the Acomas had sworn allegiance to the King of Spain when Juan de Oñate visited the pueblo, but in December the Acomas attacked Juan de Zaldivar and sixteen of his men, killing all but five, who jumped from the mesa:

Never but once was recorded so frightful a leap as that of Tabaro and his four companions. Even if we presume that they had been so fortunate as to reach the very lowest point of the rock, it could not have been less than *one hundred and fifty feet!* And yet only one of the five was killed by this inconceivable fall; the remaining four, cared for by their terrified companions [who had been left below] in the camp, all finally recovered. It would be incredible, were it not established by absolute historical proof. (*Spanish Pioneers*, p. 130)

Because all of the pueblos were waiting to see what Oñate's response would be, in January 1599 he sent Vicente de Zaldivar, brother of the slain commander, with a force of seventy men to capture Acoma, which was regarded as impregnable and was defended by three hundred Acoma warriors and some one hundred Navajo allies. The Spaniards carried few firearms but did have a *pedrero*, a small cannon

capable of firing large stones.

Here the valiant attitude of the Spaniards and the odds they faced clearly caused Lummis to take sides, as shown by his choice of words in his description of preparations for battle: "Naked savages, painted black, leaped from crag to crag, screeching defiance and heaping insults upon the Spaniards. The medicine-men, hideously disguised, stood on projecting pinnacles, beating their drums and scattering curses and incantations to the winds; and all the populace joined in derisive howls and taunts" (*Spanish Pioneers*, p. 133). In spite of the odds, Zaldivar's wise tactics prevailed: he divided his forces, created a diversion, and sent a party of twelve to scale the opposite end of the mesa, carrying the *pedrero*. Bit by bit the pueblo was taken, first by hand-to-hand fighting and then, after the Indians retreated into their houses, by battering down the adobe walls until the occupants surrendered. By January 24, 1599, the pueblo had been conquered. Lummis pointed out the characteristic ingenuousness of the Spanish: "The moment [the Acomas] surrendered, their rebellion was forgotten and their treachery forgiven. There was no need of further punishment" (*Spanish Pioneers*, p. 139). He also stressed that the very fact that Acoma had been taken by so small a force was enough to pacify all the pueblos of New Mexico for some eighty years.

When the Spaniards were harsh or ruthless, as Pizarro was at times during his conquest of Peru, Lummis admitted the fact, while noting that standards regarding capital punishment were different in the sixteenth century. However, he emphasized what he saw as the pleasant blending of cultures that resulted from the Pueblos' adoption of Spanish ways after the conquest. The conquerors gave the Pueblos horses, burros, cows, sheep, and goats; they moved the Pueblos "at one step from the stone age to the age of iron, copper, and silver" (*Poco Tiempo*, p. 36); they brought agricultural products ranging from wheat to grapes. Last, and perhaps most important in

Lummis's eyes, the Spanish established permanent land grants for the Pueblos. These grants, established long before the advent of the U.S. government, assured the Pueblos of permanent homes and saved them from the disastrous "removals" suffered by other tribes.

Closely related to Lummis's interest in history was his interest in archaeology. His archaeological writings are of two types. The first is perhaps best represented by the chapters "Montezuma's Well" and "Montezuma's Castle" in *Some Strange Corners of Our Country* and was obviously aimed at the adventurous tourist. Along with a selection of historical and geographical facts about the area, Lummis gave specific directions on how to get to these two attractions—by rail to Prescott Junction, from there by mail-wagon to Camp Verde, and at last by horseback to the well and the "castle." Lummis assured his readers that there was no danger in riding about the area, a statement worth making since Crook's campaign against the Apache in Arizona had been over for only six years.

For readers who would never see Montezuma's Well and Montezuma's Castle, Lummis provided a meticulous description. The well itself furnished water for an ancient pueblo, and Lummis verbally led the explorer through the entire town and the nearby pueblo known as Montezuma's Castle. He stressed the difficulty of access and pointed out how important safety from nomadic raiders such as the Apache was to the builders. Except for these remarks and a rather pedantic denunciation of the name "Montezuma" being attached to these ruins, Lummis gave little of their history. He told the treasure-hunters' legend, "of late invention," of how Montezuma "after being conquered by Cortez, threw his incalculable treasure into this safest of hiding-places" (*Some Strange Corners*, p. 127), but he soundly debunked this story by asserting that Montezuma was a mere "war-chief," not an emperor of the Mexican Indians.

By contrast, Lummis's more technical writings on archaeological

topics, represented by chapters such as "The Wanderings of Cochiti" and "Cities That Were Forgotten" in *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, contain few everyday details such as directions for the traveler. Instead, Lummis used his travels with Bandelier as material for popular articles on archaeology. He began with the earliest home of Cochiti Pueblo, which modern scientific investigations have dated as being occupied during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. During Lummis's day, leading archaeologists, without carbon dating, supposed that it was considerably older. Lummis traced the migration of the Cochitis through five intervening sites until they came, sometime before contact with the Spanish, to their present location. Tyu-on-yi, the first of the Cochiti towns and now the headquarters of Bandelier National Monument in Frijoles Canyon, near Los Alamos, New Mexico, is described with the most care, not only because of its picturesque, but because of many personal associations. He and Bandelier had explored the canyon extensively by the time he wrote *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, and during the next two decades Lummis was to visit the canyon repeatedly as a lecturer for the School of American Research.

Lummis described the geology and the flora of Frijoles Canyon and details of the construction of the pueblo itself scientifically and precisely rather than generally and scenically as he had treated Montezuma's Well and Castle. His history is as precise as was possible at the time the chapter was written, and when answers were unavailable, he frankly admitted that he had none. A good example of this characteristic is in his dating of the various pueblo sites, where he confessed that he could not date the migrations he had been recounting. Although he resorted to few secondary sources, his account, based on field work, is accurate as well as readable.

A slightly different aspect of Lummis as historian and archaeologist is evident in "Cities That Were Forgotten." There Lum-

mis debunked the myth that gave the largest of the cities the name it still bears — Gran Quivira. He first told the story of Coronado's search for Quivira, mythical home of a Plains Indian tribe that held a large store of gold. Coronado was led well into Kansas in search of treasure by a Plains Indian guide. Lummis speculated that the guide had told his stories in hopes of getting back to his home territory. In spite of the fact that Coronado found no gold, his quest captured the imagination, and stories of Quivira lived long after the rest of the history was forgotten.

At this point in his essay, Lummis introduced objective descriptions of the three cities for which the essay is named — Abó, Curaraí, and Tabirá. In each of the three cities, he noted, is a large, mysterious structure which has seemed to treasure hunters to be a pagan temple. Near such a temple one would expect to find gold, and so, over the years, treasure hunters had dug, tunnelled, and blasted in the vicinity of the "temples" until, as Lummis said, it was unsafe to walk around the grounds of Tabirá by moonlight lest one fall into a treasure hunter's mine. Needless to say, no one has found a fleck of gold near any of the three cities.

Lastly, Lummis revealed what history says of the three cities. They were simply Indian pueblos like those still occupied along the Rio Grande, and the large, mysterious temples are in fact mission churches, built by the Indians under the supervision of Fray Francisco de San Miguel during the seventeenth century. They are deserted because Apache raids became so severe between 1670 and 1675 that the Pueblo Indians who lived there retreated to Isleta Pueblo, where the greater numbers of the combined pueblos made defense easier. Lummis's scorn for the credulous is evident throughout the essay, but he demolished the myths surrounding the cities deftly and with a certain dry humor.

As a popular interpreter of the natural wonders of the Southwest,

of the Indian and Mexican American people, and of the rich vein of history that he found in written records and in archaeological sites, Lummis has no equal in his era. Although his romantic attitudes sometimes led him to excesses, he was generally both accurate and fair. However, in addition to being a significant essayist, Lummis played many other roles in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

One of the most significant of those roles was that of editor of a small but influential California magazine. From its first appearance in June of 1894 until the end of that year, *The Land of Sunshine* was primarily a "booster" publication whose chief goal was to praise southern California in hopes of stimulating business. Lummis assumed the post of editor with the January 1895 issue and continued well into the first decade of the twentieth century.

Under Lummis, *The Land of Sunshine* improved markedly. Though it continued to favor California because of its new editor's own heartfelt prejudice in favor of that state, it did so in less commercial terms than it had previously. Articles on local history and archaeology replaced many of the items of business news, and readers were made aware of cultural developments in southern California and the rest of the Southwest through articles about local artists and through poems, short stories, and literary essays by local contributors. Lummis's own column on recent books added a national dimension to the literary side of the new journal. As Lummis became more sure of himself, he began to expand the geographical scope as well, eventually taking in the entire West. The period of expansion, from 1898 to 1902, culminated in the changing of the magazine's title to *Out West* in January of 1902. A transplanted Yankee himself, Lummis displayed an aggressive independence toward the East, asserting the cultural values of the West and promoting the work of Western writers.

Lummis courted established writers from California and other Western states: Joaquin Miller, whose career as a poet was near its end by that time, contributed a few poems to *The Land of Sunshine* in the 1890s; Washington Matthews, a pioneer anthropologist, was the foremost authority of his day on the Navajo; and Jack London, who contributed two short stories in 1902, had not yet developed his national reputation.

Lummis was perhaps best at helping beginners develop their writing. Work by Robinson Jeffers, just at the beginning of his career as a poet, appeared in *Out West* in 1907. Though Jeffers apparently neither needed nor got help, others did. Mary Austin, for example, had published little during the 1890s but had resolved to become a writer; so she moved to Los Angeles in 1899, took a room near the Lummis home and submitted poems and stories to Lummis for his criticism. A number of her contributions appeared in *The Land of Sunshine* and *Out West* from 1899 to 1906. Although she was later to suggest that Lummis's ego outstripped his talents, there can be no doubt that Lummis was Mrs. Austin's mentor for a time.

Less dependent than Mary Austin but still an undisputable Lummis discovery was Eugene Manlove Rhodes. An uneven writer who spent much of his early life as a cowboy and rancher, Rhodes had difficulty finding an audience for his first poems and stories. He was published for the first time in *The Land of Sunshine* in 1896, when Lummis accepted a poem, and his first published story appeared in *Out West* in 1902. The two men remained friendly for the rest of Lummis's life, Lummis continuing to offer literary advice to Rhodes even after he was no longer an editor. Sharlot Hall, an Arizona rancher and later official historian of Arizona Territory, developed her skill as a poet, short story writer, and essayist under Lummis's editorship, contributing some forty pieces in three genres and at times serving as Lummis's associate editor. While Lummis never ex-

erted the literary influence of Eastern editors like William Dean Howells, he did make a considerable mark in Western writing through his position as editor.

Lummis was influential not only as a literary editor, but also as an activist. During his years with the magazine, he embarked on two major crusades, one of which had profound political implications. One of his favorite causes, which fit in with the boosting efforts of the magazine he took over, was the preservation of historic sites and buildings in the West. Working with Bandelier, Lummis had had an opportunity to see what happened to valuable archaeological discoveries when "pot-hunters" raided them in search of salable souvenirs or when neighboring farmers tore down historic churches to use the stones for barns. These negative examples and the positive example of Bandelier's conservative and cautious excavation of ruins offered Lummis a model for his campaign to save California's missions from the "decay and vandalism" that had reduced some of the buildings to ruins by 1895, when Lummis and other historically-minded Californians founded the Landmarks Club. As the first president of the club, editor Lummis supported the saving of the California missions by lending the pages of *The Land of Sunshine* to a major fund-raising campaign during 1896-97. Lummis and his colleagues were very successful in their efforts, restoring the missions at San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando, San Diego, and Pala as well as preserving a number of less significant historic sites. Lummis took stands on other issues too, including subjects as diverse as the Spanish-American War, which he opposed, and equitable irrigation policies, which he favored.

Perhaps his greatest crusade, however, involved the rights of the American Indian. The examination of Lummis's writings has emphasized how closely he was associated with Native Americans from 1886 through 1892. Toward the end of the 1890s, in response to a

number of indignities and injustices that he saw being perpetrated upon the Indians, Lummis launched an attack on Federal Indian policy, an attack that was to continue in the pages of *The Land of Sunshine* and *Out West* for the next six years. The campaign began in 1899 with a series of articles called "My Brother's Keeper," and it later included the formation of the Sequoya League in 1901 and the crusade against Superintendent Burton discussed earlier. Closer to home, Lummis embraced the cause of a group of Mission Indians, who had lost their land, in court battles that went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. He saw to it that the Federal government purchased a suitable 3,400-acre reservation for the evicted tribe, and he later agitated on behalf of other Mission Indians who lived on California reservations whose resources were inadequate to support them. Lummis was not always successful in his crusades for the Indians, and he was often intemperate, but unlike many avowed friends of the Indians, he always kept their real needs and wishes uppermost in his mind.

Altogether, the work which Lummis put into his magazine between 1895 and 1909, though it kept him from producing more lasting works, was an important part of his life. As Edwin R. Bingham sums up Lummis's editorial career,

Out West furnished Lummis with an effective means of realizing the ambition he had once expressed to Bandelier of humanizing scholarship and science. Through its pages Lummis was teacher and interpreter, and he sought to instruct its readers in many aspects of the Southwest—its scenic wonders, its climate, its business opportunities, its cultural potential, and its rich and romantic archaeological and historic past. (*Charles F. Lummis: Editor of the Southwest*, pp. 190-91)

In short, Lummis's goals as an editor were virtually the same as his goals as a writer.

Another aspect of Lummis's work as an editor is his collection and publication of folklore from the Native American and Mexican American cultures. During his extremely productive period of the early 1890s, Lummis collected a series of thirty-two stories from his adopted pueblo, Isleta, under the title *The Man Who Married the Moon and Other Pueblo Indian Folk-Stories* (1894), and he also transcribed and translated fifteen New Mexican folk songs in Chapter 9 of *The Land of Poco Tiempo*. Years later he published *Spanish Songs of Old California* (1923), which offered Spanish lyrics, English translations, and pianoforte accompaniments, the last supplied by a collaborator. *Spanish Songs* contained fourteen songs, but Lummis projected an entire series, for he wrote in the introduction that he had a collection of more than 450 Spanish songs.

Considering the romantic excesses of some of his own work, Lummis is quite faithful in his presentation of folk materials. The introduction to *The Man Who Married the Moon* admits that the translations are not literal but asserts that Lummis had tried to capture the "exact Indian *spirit*" in which they were told. Lummis's own commentary on the tales is confined to brief introductions and concluding comments and to footnotes in which he pointed out parallels between the tale he had translated and those of other tribes of entirely different cultures. The texts of the tales themselves bear all the earmarks of genuine folklore, lacking the obvious embellishments familiar to readers of Joel Chandler Harris. And though he termed the stories "fairy tales," Lummis took seriously the obligation to record them faithfully. Reviewing *The Man Who Married the Moon* for the *Journal of American Folklore*, F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, ended his assessment by saying, "Every folklorist who would gain a knowledge of Pueblo mythology should read

this entertaining book" (Vol. 8, p. 169).

In the first pages of his chapter on New Mexican folk songs and in the introduction to *Spanish Songs of Old California*, Lummis explicitly recognized the obligation under which he was working. In *Spanish Songs*, he stated, "My versions are authentic, both in music and text" (p. 3), and he also lamented the near loss of the songs. In later years, Lummis followed the practice of modern folklorists by actually recording the songs as they were sung, though the equipment for such a process was not available to him in the early 1890s when he began to collect. For the time and place in which he worked, Lummis was a respectable and responsible folklorist.

In addition to his writing of non-fiction and his editing, Lummis tried his hand at both fiction and poetry. His considerable skill as a writer did not extend to fiction, as he proved with his one attempt at a novel, *The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú* (1895). Based on his own South American expeditions with Bandelier, the novel combines a carefully-drawn setting in the archaeological digs of Peru with a melodramatic plot and unrealistic characterization. Don Beltran, a poor but honest "mummy miner," and his son Gonzalo are beset on one side by armed rogues who would steal anything of value they find in the tombs they are excavating, and on the other by the Peruvian government, which threatens to confiscate a major part of their treasures to fill the national museums and the Peruvian treasury. They are saved partly by the help of a heroic figure, Don Carlos, and his scientist friend and partly by lucky coincidence: after Carlos has repelled the outlaws with his shooting and boxing skill, Gonzalo finds the golden fish on Don Beltran's own land, where the new government rule does not apply.

Apart from its unrealistic plot, *The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú* has two facets of interest—an elaborate compliment to Bandelier and to Lummis himself, and an educational glimpse into the work of

nineteenth-century archaeologists. Bandelier appears as an older man known only as "the Maestro." Although his main characteristics are his learning and thoughtfulness, he shows himself to be a man's man in the Theodore Roosevelt tradition when he disarms a drunken Peruvian cavalryman by using a walking stick against the trooper's sabre. Don Carlos, nicknamed "the Bullfighter" by the Peruvians, is obviously drawn from Lummis's idealized concept of himself. A crusader for the underdog, the Bullfighter dresses in corduroy suits, goes clean-shaven in an era when most men wore facial hair, and gladly deserts scholarship for feats of strength and revolver marksmanship—all traits which are easily identifiable with Lummis.

The educational element of the novel partially redeems it from the melodrama that pervades plot and characterization. The artifacts that come out of the tombs are described as precisely as a scientist might describe them, the techniques of measurement and photography employed by archaeologists of the 1890s are incorporated, and the common people of Peru are brought to life. It is worth noting that one technique Lummis uses in characterizing the Peruvians is the literal translation of Spanish idiom, which adds considerable verisimilitude to his people. In spite of this feature and the factual material woven into the novel, Lummis is hopelessly out of place among the more realistic novelists of his day.

While Lummis's poetry is more impressive than his fiction, it is marred by his refusal to learn from the poetic experiments that were taking place during his lifetime. Although his poetic career began some twenty-five years after Walt Whitman's and ended in the same decade that saw the publication of *The Waste Land*, Lummis's poetry remained resolutely old-fashioned. He summed up his opinion of modern poetry in the preface to *A Bronco Pegasus* (1928): "For those that cast their poetic offspring out on the doorsteps of Formlessness, I have a profound aversion—as for whatever slacker. They are not

even Nears. They are too cynical to have Respect for their Art—which is not art unless respected; too lazy to follow the Rituals of the Faith they profess" (pp. xviii-xix). Unfortunately, Lummis's ear or imagination was not equal to his desire for form, so he often arrived at the "correct" scansion for a line by padding it with unnecessary words or by using archaic poetic inversions or contractions. In addition to these formal considerations, he was too often sentimental or clumsily humorous, and his verse sometimes betrays his journalistic background by incorporating the slang of his day, language which a poet of his avowed lofty principles should have avoided.

Nevertheless, some of Lummis's Southwestern poems capture the flavor of the region nearly as well as the prose essays that were his forte. One such poem is "Man-Who-Yawns," a 256-line ballad about Geronimo. There, in poetry reminiscent of Rudyard Kipling's, Lummis recreated the Apache wars he had known as a young reporter:

They never saw a hair of him,
but ever and oft they felt —
Each rock and cactus spitting lead
from an Apache belt,
Where never sign of man there was,
nor flicker of a gun —
You cannot fight an empty hill;
you run—if left to run! (*Bronco Pegasus*, p. 39)

By the end of the poem, Geronimo emerges as a heroic figure, and the poet mourns the passing of the days when the Apaches rode:

The Desert Empire that he rode
his trail of blood and fire,

Is pythoned, springs and valleys, with
the strangle-snake of wire.
The Fence has killed the Range and all
for which its freedom stood —
Though countless footsore cowboys mill
in mimic Hollywood.

A Tragedy? What wholesale words
we use in petty ways —
For murder, broken hearts or banks,
and disappointed days!
But here an Epoch petered out,
An Era ended flat;
The Apache was the Last Frontier —
The Tragedy is *that!* (*Bronco Pegasus*, pp. 42-43)

Besides "Man-Who-Yawns," Lummis's strongest poems commemorate places he knew well in the Southwest. Perhaps the best example of this type is "Pasó por Aquí," which recalls Inspiration Rock:

No spot on earth is now so far as that was then
And thus far winning through five hundred leagues
of hell
They leaned against the mighty cliff to breathe again
And with their daggers graved their word—most like
"Farewell."

.....

"Here passed"—so wrote these gaunt and wayworn
cavaliers—

A generation ere that Plymouth Rock was so—
And this grave page of stone has kept three hundred years
The roster of the Founders of New Mexico.

(*Bronco Pegasus*, pp. 30-31).

"Pasó por Aquí" succeeds better than most of Lummis's other poems because its imagery is sharper and more imaginative, its subject ruled out the humor that Lummis sometimes handled badly, and the historical remoteness of the Spanish explorers provided the distance that Lummis needed to avoid the sentimentality that flawed so many of his poems.

While his professional life was consistently characterized by at least moderate success, Lummis passed through a variety of personal crises before his death on November 25, 1928. His first son died. His second marriage ended in divorce, and his third marriage, to Gertrude Redit in 1915, was not a happy one. During an archaeological trip to Guatemala, he contracted a jungle fever that left him blind for fifteen months beginning in 1912. During his final year of life, knowing that he had terminal cancer, Lummis worked feverishly on his last books, hoping to round out his literary canon and to help provide, through royalties, for the dependents he was leaving behind.

Such personal trials were balanced by major achievements in the area of public service. Lummis left *Out West* in 1905 to become City Librarian of Los Angeles for five years. Although he had no library training, he overcame the objections of his critics by strengthening the holdings of the library, especially in the reference department, and by a number of other changes ranging from a better salary scale to architectural improvements. He saw the creation of the Southwest Museum, which he had urged for years as an editor, and though he was blind during much of the construction, he helped to draw up the plans for the building, using a braille system. The variety of his civic

achievements—the founding of the Sequoia League, the preservation of the missions, and his work with the library and museum in Los Angeles—reminds one of the accomplishments of founding fathers such as Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson in the East.

Lummis was not a great writer, though in a few of his best essays he approaches greatness. Because he frequently lived hand to mouth, supporting himself and his family by journalism, his work too often showed signs of the haste with which it was composed. In addition to being under pressure of deadlines, he was by turns opinionated, immoderate, cocky, hysterical, or overly romantic. At his worst, he sometimes impresses the critical reader as merely a clever feature writer who was adept at exploiting his material. In a letter to his former wife Dorothea, Lummis recognized both his limitations and his strengths; he said, “With my sharply limited capacity—a gift of the magic lantern, the power to make others see what I see but utterly without the imagination and the creative—my pen is very little good without my legs. I must run and see or I’ve got nothing to write about . . .” (quoted in *Charles F. Lummis: The Man and His West*, p. 82).

But when both his legs and his pen were functioning at their best, Lummis transcended the limitations of personality and talent to become a wonderfully perceptive and skillful recorder of the Southwestern scene, a freethinker who evaluated stereotypes of the Indians and Mexican Americans and replaced them with true-to-life portraits, a crusader who forced his readers to re-examine their beliefs about these minorities, their country, and themselves.

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