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IN THE HILLS

By JULE ADAMS

Were you ever alone in a cabin
Far in a mountain recess,
With the wind sighing down canyons
Whispering strange voices of night?

With only the lamp's mild sputter,
And the tick of the clock on the shelf?
Were you ever beside a log fire
Away in the still, dark hills?

Have you felt utter solitude there,
And communed with your soul honestly?
Then you know the meaning of strange things
You have glimpsed the true pattern of Life.

MOUNTAIN CRY

By JULE ADAMS

Red Waters of Jemez,
You are tearing away the heart of me.
Out of my red bosom you are carrying life
To the bare desert below—
The vampire desert
That drinks and absorbs me.

El Palacio

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ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Thirty-fifth General Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America will be held December 27 to 29 inclusive, at Washington, D. C. As customary, it will be held in conjunction with the American Philological Association and the Linguistic Society of America. Headquarters of all three organizations will be at the Hotel Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue and Fifteenth Street, N. W. Dr. Edgar L. Hewett is on the program for Thursday afternoon, December 28, with a review of "The Excavations in Chaco Canyon in 1933."

TO CHACO CANYON

(By Way of Laguna, Enchanted Mesa, and Acoma)

By ROY A. KEECH

ON the morning of July first, five of us crossed the Rio Grande and followed it south for some distance, passing through the edge of the Pueblo of Isleta. Isleta is one of the largest of the Indian villages. We did not stop, because we had been there many times before. Looking back toward Albuquerque, we had a beautiful view of Sandia Mountain (east of the city) and of the Manzano Range just south of Sandia. To the north we could see the Jemez Mountains, and to the west Mount Taylor, an extinct volcano that lies a hundred miles west of Albuquerque. Mount Taylor has an altitude of 11,389 feet.

One finds the old black lava flows for twenty-five to fifty miles away in all directions. Although not nearly the largest volcano in New Mexico——which state has the largest crater in the world——its eruption must have been terrific. One wonders what life forms were buried by that rolling, flowing, molten rock so many thousands of years ago. Turning to the west at Los Lunas, we passed several small pueblos that are somewhat off the main road, but did not stop at any of them.

Then we came to the Pueblo of Laguna, seventy miles from Albuquerque. The road has been shifted, so that one of the most lovely views in New Mexico has been lost to the tourists. Unless the car enters the village and stops, one catches only a fleeting view of this beautiful pueblo. Built, as it is, on the side of a brown hill, the one-, two-, and three-storied buildings seem to be almost a part of the earth upon which the village so picturesquely snuggles. Although Laguna is over three hundred years old, it is a relatively new pueblo. The inhabitants are a mixed group of the more progressive thinkers. Many of the original settlers came here from Acoma. The pueblo is a mixture of Keresan, Shoshonean, and Zunian stock, who speak the Keres tongue. Many of the people also speak Spanish, and there are probably more here who talk English than in any of the other pueblos. There are between nineteen hundred and two thousand people living in Laguna and tributary ranches. Probably the place is most striking because of its natural beauty, most important because of its size, most noted because of its beautiful young women, and most loved by ethnologists and tourists because of its cordiality.

Published by the School of American Research, the University of New Mexico and the Museum of New Mexico.

PAUL A. F. WALTER, *Editor*

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The Catholic church at Laguna is over three hundred years old. It is not so large as some of the churches in other Pueblo villages, but it is very much worth visiting. It is whitewashed both inside and outside. The auditorium is decorated with many interesting Laguna pottery designs, especially life forms. There are two bell towers with large bells at the front corners. The priest's quarters, of adobe bricks with protruding *vigas*, is built against the main structure.

The women and girls of Laguna are some of the most friendly Indians to be found in the Southwest. Most of them speak English well, and are usually willing to answer intelligent questions. It is rather unfortunate that some of the younger generation are forgetting their own language, it being replaced by English. Many of the Laguna girls leave their pueblo to go to the cities as house-maids. Some others are attending universities, preparing themselves to be of real help to their own people. These girls will absorb the best that the White culture has to offer them, omitting the sordid and cheap. After graduation, they will return to their home, marry Indian boys, and teach their people to live the Good Life, which is the combination of only the best of the White and Red cultures.

New Laguna, which we next passed through, is a White man's village, and holds nothing of interest to the traveler or student. Here we turned off the main highway (66) to go to the Enchanted Mesa, about fifteen miles away. A short distance from New Laguna we came to Casa Blanca (*White House* in the Spanish). This is a rather new pueblo, and is one of the sub-pueblos that the Lagunas are building, although the government and ceremonies still center in the original village. Here we were

joined by several other cars full of University students.

After wandering about over the plains, through cedar brush, on wrong roads more than on right ones, we finally came to a place covering, possibly, two or three acres where the ground had caved in, for some unknown reason; possibly because of an ancient dry subterranean lake having caved. We seemed to be hopelessly lost, so far as our road was concerned. At last we spied an old Indian working in his field. He left his team standing, so that he could direct us to the right road. (There were plenty of wrong ones, branching in every direction; some ending in caved-in spots, some in fence corners, and others just meandering around like a snake coming home after a wild night.) Sand, sand, sand; with an occasional rock or scrub tree, just for variety. But ever surrounding us in the distance on all sides were variously sized red sandstone mesas, carved by nature into grotesque and beautiful shapes. Soon after this we saw in the distance the giant bulk of the Enchanted Mesa, gracefully outlined in a haze of purple mist. Farther away still showed, on a stupendous pile of rock, the block-like contour of the old Pueblo of Acoma.

And then we arrived at the great flatiron of solid rock, standing alone upon the plain. It is more grand than we had anticipated. Each time we see it, it seems more magnificent. When one sees it for the first time, however, he knows immediately why the Spaniards named it "Mesa Encantada!" It is impossible to describe it adequately—to do it adequately—to do it justice for its beauty. It must be several acres in area on top, and rises abruptly from the plain, almost straight up all of the way around, except, of course, near the bottom, where the talus has fallen and is piled up against it. There is also a great sand dune which the wind has swept into a long, gentle approach on the east side. The big Rock is four hundred

and thirty feet high, and almost flat on top, with grass and a few trees.

There is an ancient tradition that the Acoma people used to live there. One day, so the legend goes, when they were almost all off the Mesa—the men working in their fields, and the women gathering materials for their pottery making, with the children helping them—an earthquake came. It tumbled their "rock ladder" (see *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, by Charles Fletcher Lummis, p. 61), making it impossible for them to return to their home. After this catastrophe, the Acoma people moved to their present site three miles south.

The Enchanted Mesa is generally supposed to be inaccessible to climbers, but actually it is not—quite. Professor Libby, having heard of this story, came out from Princeton University a number of years ago, to prove that nobody had ever lived on top. He brought a cannon, attached a cable to the ball, shot it over the Mesa, and had himself hauled up with a pulley and swinging seat. He spent a little time up there, and came down, claiming that he had found not the slightest sign of human beings ever having lived there. Greatly satisfied with his "achievement," he returned to Princeton.

But somebody is "always belittling!" And along came Frederick Webb Hodge, a man who would not stand idle and hear the little Acoma children's bed time story spoiled. (If Princeton got away with that, pretty soon somebody from there would say, "There ain't no Santa Claus.") Mr. Hodge was so upset about the matter that he climbed the Rock without any cannon—"he just up and did it"—and found an Indian strolling about on top. Although Mr. Hodge did not find any ruined building, he discovered potsherds and other evidences of former occupation. But he knew how to go about looking for signs in the right way, while Professor Libby probably did not. Then, with the help of Charles Fletcher Lummis, Mr. Hodge wrote up

his refutation of Professor Libby's theory in that same year—1897. And the little Acomites still believe in Santa Claus!

Three miles south the Acoma women awaited us. Their sentinels are always on the watch for tourists. After parking our cars some distance away and having lunch in a group, we drove to the foot of the Acoma rock, left the cars again, and climbed the rock stairway to the top. We, as a matter of fact, were not tourists; but ethnological and archaeological students; but it would be all the same to these Indians, provided we had money to spend. This time, however, the University had obtained a special dispensation for us. Instead of paying the usual dollar a head to go up on this very interesting Rock, we were allowed to go free; but with the specific instructions that we must remember to act and behave as students—not like tourists! Apparently we all did, for we were not watched so closely as usual, and there was no trouble. The Acoma people were unusually friendly that day, and willing to answer questions, for when the University is mentioned to them they immediately think of Doctor Hewett. He *is* the University to them, and all of them who know him hold him in deep respect.

We visited the old church at a specially reduced price of twenty-five cents a head, instead of the usual half a dollar. It is at first sight in no way more interesting than a dozen other churches in other pueblos. The object of greatest interest in this old building is the rather famous painting of Saint Joseph, presented by Charles II, of Spain, to Fray Juan Ramirez, who brought it to Acoma about 1629. This is the painting that nearly caused a war between Acoma and Laguna in 1847. The people of Laguna had borrowed it some time before to help them by its supposed very miraculous power. Then they did not wish to give it up. The case was finally settled by the United States Court just in time to prevent very serious

trouble. The building is said to have required ten years in erection. The massive adobe-plastered walls are all of ten feet thick at the ground, tapering slightly toward the roof. The inside measurements of the church are approximately one hundred and fifty feet in length by thirty-three feet in width. The nave is about forty feet high. The *vigas*, or roof beams, are forty feet long and fourteen inches square. These were cut in the mountains at least thirty miles away, and carried on the backs of the Indians all of the distance. During the entire journey they were not allowed to touch the ground. Before the church is the large cemetery. Much of this land was, necessarily, built up because of the scarcity of soil on top of the Rock. The Indians say that the labor of carrying the dirt from the plain three hundred and fifty-seven feet below, and spreading it over this tract of ground required forty years! It was all carried on the backs of the men and women. Encircling this yard is a mud fence, or wall, on the top of which at intervals of five or six feet all of the way around it are human heads sculptured of mud, with pieces of stone, coal, or glass for eyes, nose and mouth.

On leaving the vicinity of the church, we walked about the pueblo, observing the two-and three-storied stone buildings. For Acoma, the Sky City, is the oldest continuously inhabited spot in the United States. Acoma was settled by the ancestors of these same people years before the Spaniards came to teach them how to mould adobe bricks. Here, for the first time, we saw stone ovens, built round like those that the Pueblos and Mexicans use today, but of small stones instead of mud. An old woman informed us that these stone ovens are very old, and not used for baking any more, although they are sometimes still used for storage purposes.

The almost solid stone streets and plazas of Acoma are very clean, and worn smooth by centuries of scuffling and trampling feet. Black-eyed babies gurgled to us from

upper windows. Little girls waved to us or played peek-a-boo with us from terraces. Maidens smiled, and old women showed us pottery for sale. The married women were busy at their house work, and the men were away in their fields. We walked out over the mesa top, while some of the party interested in biology discovered "exact miniatures of prehistoric monsters" swimming about in stagnant pools. From their hideous appearance, one could believe almost anything about them!

Then came the descent. We returned by the rock path, for the sand path is much too long and tedious. Now, letting the rest of the University group go on ahead of us, (for they were to return to Albuquerque) we stopped at a Government windmill long enough to fill our canteen, thermos jug, and desert water bag. Then we returned to the Enchanted Mesa in plenty of time to make our camp before dark. There was plenty of time, so the three most daring souls made an attempt to climb the Rock at the north end, getting up just about half of the way, and then meeting sheer cliff that only a spider could have climbed. That, apparently, was not where Mr. Hodge went up.

We camped on the east side of the Mesa. After eating our evening meal we carried out beds to the top of the great, long sand dune. Everybody in the party was tired, so we all went to bed and slept as only campers with clean consciencies can. That beautiful moon! Nowhere outside of New Mexico does it seem to shed such glorious light and shadows. Long after it had retired from our view behind the giant hulk of the Rock, and we were in the shadow, we could feel its presence and see its light far to the east of us.

The sand dune upon which we lay had been swept clean and smooth by the sunset breeze. In the morning when we awoke refreshed, the whole history of the night lay spread before us to read. A crow had awakened us at five

o'clock, as he sat upon a pinnacle, calling, "Caw, caw, caw!" Somebody spoke to him in a gentle but firm voice, so that he spread his wings and flapped away to leave us to the enjoyment of another doze. When we did finally get up, we found his tracks where he had hopped about between our beds, wondering, probably, what kind of animals these were who slept so long after the sun had come up. Mice had scampered near us. A gopher had come to investigate. A prairie-dog had approached as near as he dared. A pack-rat had crossed the dune below us, and fortunately did not find a certain cowboy boot containing a watch, pocketbook, and handful of change. Numerous small birds had alighted in search of bugs. But the most outstanding historical fact of the night's record was the track—as big as a wolf's—of a huge member of the cat family. The cat had crossed the sand dune about a hundred feet below us, and gone on about its own business, probably hunting food for its family.

We had expected three young Laguna Indians to visit us the night before, and hoped that they might come this morning. But, after waiting until nearly noon for them, we went back to the windmill, filled all of our water receptacles, and went on our way.

We turned west on Highway 66, to let the little car rush along past several small pueblos near the road. One of them is called Philadelphia and the other McCarthy. Lo, the poor Indian! Where is his romance now? These, we were told, are all sub-pueblos of Acoma. At Grant we stopped to buy some provisions; then crossed the Continental Divide without knowing it, and arrived at Thoreau.

Here we turned north, leaving the highway for a dirt road. A sign read, "Fifty-four miles to Chaco Canyon." We were now in the Navajo country, and almost immediately began passing *hogans*. The scenery was *beautiful*, with here and there the little round log and mud homes

tucked away under the shelter of brown sandstone cliffs, or melting into their background. We passed a Navajo boy watering some horses. This was too much for one of our party. He wanted to be free, to leave all of the restraint of civilization behind, to do just what he wished to do without questioning other people's desires and to observe the Navajo in his natural habitat! So we set him afoot with his knapsack, a small canteen full of water, and four oranges (the last two mentioned articles much against his will), and he was free. He stumbled into camp two days later, after having ridden five miles in a wagon with an old Navajo, walked ten miles barefooted, and somehow traveled the other sixteen. He had had his adventure in freedom, and was happy.

On we went—the four that remained—past a United States Indian School, its architecture as badly out of keeping with its setting as Government buildings usually are, past a road that went to a mission, and another that ran to Smith Brothers' Ranch. We wondered if these were the famous Trade and Mark of coughdrop renown. We passed through one of the most beautiful narrow canyons that we had ever seen and finally about dusk arrived at a spot where the trail divides. There was no signboard. We followed the one to the left for about five miles. But we had been told by a Navajo some time back that camp was only three miles away. So, naturally, we thought we must be on the wrong road. We came back and took the other, only to learn later that both routes led to camp. Now we traveled until we found an almost ideal camping spot—minus water. The water bag had sprung a leak, which did not help matters any. We built our cooking fire against a monolith, spread our bed rolls a short distance away, and cooked a meal.

Another gorgeous night! After supper we left our camp to walk up the canyon for a couple of miles, and finally walked through a gate into the Chaco Canyon National Monument, though we did not know it at the time. Here we met and patted a band of friendly ponies. Finally we returned to our camp, to lie awake for a long time, discussing university professors, authors, poets, poems, books, archaeology, and ethnology. Somebody recited Hiawatha. The music of the lines bubbling from between the folds of blankets and Navajo rugs. The night was just all too wonderful to go to sleep and forget about!

The next morning, Monday, we went on into camp, met new friends, and renewed acquaintances with old ones. We joined the group in the field laboratory, discussed the "digs" and the Navajos, and gathered new Navajo words and phrases for our vocabularies. Chaco Canyon is the most important archaeological site north of Mexico, and we revelled in the romance of it all. Later, the four of us explored the ruins of Pueblo Bonito alone.

Doctor Edgar Lee Hewett says of Pueblo Bonito in his *Ancient Life in the American Southwest*, (p. 294-295): "Bonito, the beautiful, foremost of the towns in point of size, occupies the center of the picture. It was not so beautiful as its neighbors, Chetro Ketl and Pueblo del Arroyo, but its size the sweep of its curving walls, the variety of its masonry, the evidences of development through long periods make it a most impressive sight." And he continues on pages 301 and 302: "Pueblo Bonito *(Bonito,* beautiful) has long been considered the most important ruin in the Chaco region, if not in the United States. Certainly it is the most famous. Its excavation by the Hyde Exploring Expedition from 1897 to 1900 brought it into note. Because of the later excavations by the National Geographic Society more of it is in sight than any other ruin and it has usually been the one selected by writers. In the great days of the Chaco it was not distinguished among its neighbors for its beauty. Several others surpassed it in this respect. A glance at its ground plan shows it to have been without unity in de-

sign. It grew to its great proportions by successive additions that did not conform to any established plan. Its general form is that of a capital *D*. Its long diameter is six hundred and sixty-seven feet; the shorter axis is three hundred and fifteen feet. It varied in its different parts from the one-story facade to five stories in height along its northern side. The sweep of its curving wall is over eight hundred feet in length, and is still standing thirty feet high in places. About every style of masonry known to the Chaco is found in the walls of Bonito. Thirty-two kivas [round, sacred ceremonial chambers] have been found in the course of the excavations, all in the interior of the building. Upward of five hundred rooms were excavated and mostly refilled by the Hyde Exploring Expedition. The Geographic Society cleaned out the greater part of the building and repaired it."

To one making a study of American archaeology, Pueblo Bonito is intensely interesting. Some of the rooms have been completely restored, even to the ceilings, so that one may see how these ancient people lived. The tops of the walls have been preserved with cement, laid in such a manner as to allow the water to run off, a method that should keep the walls standing for many more centuries.

That afternoon we decided to take a ride. With a thousand or more Navajos in camp and more coming continually, to say nothing of many White men, there were certainly plenty of horses and saddles about. At first we could procure horses in any required number. We could obtain one, two, or three saddles without much trouble. At one time we could have gathered up four saddles with very little trouble, but could find no horses for hire. What we needed was the apparently unheard-of combination of exactly four horses and exactly four saddles. Impossible! No self-respecting Navajo ever heard of such a thing! Wouldn't five horses and three saddles do? No, they would not. Then, how about three horses

and five saddles? No! Finally, with the aid of an old White man much in need of a shave and who spoke the language like a super-Navajo, we managed to obtain the requisite four plus four. Eureka! Three of the saddles had sheep-skin coats, spurs and lariats tied on them for good measure. The same three were furnished with quirts. The biggest horse—an iron gray—was named Lightning. But he understood not a word of English so, of course, the name meant nothing to him. It fitted about as well as the stirrup straps fitted the rider's legs. As a houdah fits a Mexican hairless dog.

At last we were off! All but Lightning and his rider. Lightning started every direction except straight up, much to the amusement of our Navajo audience. Finally an idea trickled through his dull brain. He was supposed to follow the other horses, in other words, to go as he was being directed. Ah! Now he was off in a cloud of dust. Thud, thud, thud! But what a wonderful ride! Up the sandy bed of Chaco Canyon, then we branched into another canyon and rode some distance, crossing a large dune of sparkling white sand. Up out of the canyon we climbed our horses, and then down again at a spot so steep that Lightning had to be led. Then finally back up to the mesa top, to take a short cut trusting to our sense of direction and the horse's horse sense. At one place we had looked down from a high cliff upon a large herd of cattle crossing the canyon far below us. At another place we had come down the cliff to find two Navajo children guarding a small band of goats beside a summer *hogan* built of green juniper branches. That day was mostly a matter of ups and downs, especially for the rider of Lightning, who had a trot like a ton of bricks on a truck with one flat tire going over a corduroy road with holes in it. Once, just once, that horse broke into a single-foot gait. Oh, ecstatic moment! But, alas, it was only for a moment. Then he lapsed back into his terrible trot.

Thud, thud, thud! We traveled for miles across the top of the mesa, going around the ends of other canyons, and finally dipped down into one which wound us deeper and deeper by an ever narrowing trail and past a red sandstone pedestal at which Lightning shied. Soon we arrived —rather sore in spots—back in camp. Then came the work of rounding up the four Navajos and the White man who had made the bargain for us, so that we could pay our bill.

We chose a site that night nearer to the main camp, ate supper, and retired. There was very little worth while conversation that evening. There were other things to think about—fresh sunburn and saddle blisters, for it had been long since any of us had ridden before.

The next day was the Fourth of July, and a glorious one, even though it lacked the firecrackers of childhood days. A big rodeo had been planned. The camp was full of Navajo men, women, and children in their picturesque attire; but the small boys looking pathetically "civilized" in their Indian School caps, which were about as much in keeping with the rest of the scene as tuxedos at noon in the Sahara Desert. The men wore their velvet shirts with silver buttons; the women also wore velvet jackets and many wide, long skirts; the little girls were exact small duplicates of their mothers; but the boys! Somebody has said there should be a law against rearing male children.

Several White cowboys galloped about in their gaudy shirts and heavy leather chaps. A beautiful brunette cantered around in her big white Stetson, red silk shirt, riding breeches, and boots. Her younger blonde sister, in white shirt and trousers, rode little bay Zip, while two-year old Buck followed like Mary's lamb.

But we left the scene of activity to climb the mesa by the rock ladder, and walk along the crest. From up there we had a wonderful birds'-eye view of Pueblo Bonito and Chetro Ketl with its Grand Sanctuary. We

walked about half a mile along the rim of the cliff, studying the architecture of the ruins and taking pictures of them. What an absolutely georgeous setting; the several groups of ruins, the two and three terraces of the canyon floor, and South Canyon opening up to the plains beyond!

But it was nearly time for the rodeo to begin, so down we climbed, and hied ourselves to the corral fence. Here, balanced on the top rail, with the wild horses and cattle milling in the enclosure behind us and an array of brightly clothed Navajos and Whites on both sides of us, we had ringside seats for one of the greatest Wild West shows that has ever been staged.

We were close to the narrow gate through which the animals and their riders came out. And how they came! First the half-wild steers with their riders clinging to a rope. One steer, after shaking off its rider, jumped over the side of the cliff into the lower bed of the canyon. We did not learn the result. But, on the whole, the animals seem to enjoy the rodeo as much as the human participants. The only really cruel part would seem to be the torture of being chased around and around in the corral to get one of them into the shute, especially when there are small colts and calves in the same corral with horned cattle. How the men could stay in the corral with the milling horses and cattle without being trampled seemed almost miraculous. But nobody was hurt all day. After the steers came the bucking broncos. And how they did buck! They were ridden mostly by Navajo men, although a few White men rode. A tall fat White man rode one of the wildest—rode him to the bitter end—only to fall off with an earth-shaking thud, after the horse was stopped and was being held! Finally a young chap came dashing out of the corral on Buck, little Buck, whom we had been petting and fondling for two days. But Buck was plenty wild now, and threw his rider after about three jumps, to go about peacefully following his mother and little mis-

tress the rest of the afternoon. Later in the day, the beautiful brunette was very despondent because her mother would not allow her to ride Buck in the women's race.

Doctor Edgar Lee Hewett, the dean of Southwestern Archeologists, appeared with his chauffeur, to conduct us through the ruins. First he took us through Pueblo Bonito, and then Chetro Ketl. Of this old ruin he says in his book (p. 305): "Chetro Ketl of the central group [in Chaco Canyon] is nearly half a mile east of Bonito. It varies from the type by having one of the wings of the E completely extended, the other only partially; the central stem is present and the sweeping curved front. As yet an accurate comparison of size with Pueblo Bonito cannot be made for the reason that so much of Chero Ketl is buried. The curved front, not merely a wall as formerly supposed, but a part of the building two to three rooms wide and one to two stories high, is seven hundred feet in length—two average city blocks. It is entirely buried, showing only as a ridge of earth. The long north wall standing one to three stories above the surrounding sand with one to two stories buried beneath, is over four hundred fifty feet long. If one starts at the southeast corner of this structure, at the point where the excavations commenced, and follows its outer walls clear around to the point of starting, one must walk one thousand five hundred and forty feet—between a quarter and a third of a mile. Here then was a community-residence (an ancient apartment-house) which, if set down in a modern American city, would pretty fully occupy two average blocks. As a dwelling house, built by people for their own domestic purposes, I know of nothing to compare with it in the world—ancient or modern. Chetro Ketl is rich in the variety and beauty of its walls. The striking banded effects, produced by courses of heavy stone alternating

with layers made up of fine laminated plates, are to be seen here at their best."

The School of American Research, together with the University of New Mexico, is excavating and preserving this old ruin. We walked along the tops of walls—nobody knows how old—to look down at floors fifteen to thirty feet below us. We went below to see the walls towering above us, and to see how the cross walls have been blocked up on railway irons so as to stand almost indefinitely. We entered small rooms to study the masonry, the storage bins, and the fire-pits. We looked down into *kivas*, to see the benches circling the round walls, the altars, and the places for the Spirits of the Ancients to enter.

Here at Chetro Ketl is the Grand Sanctuary. Doctor Hewett says of this (p. 314-317): "Its average diameter is sixty-two and one-half feet. Probably three-fourths of its depth was subterranean. The wall is of the best Chaco Canyon masonry and averages about three feet thick. A bench of solid masonry averaging three and one-half feet in width and four feet high extends around the inside of the bowl, except where broken by a recess about two and one-half feet wide on the south and by a stairway on the north which ascends to a rectangular antechamber. It seems likely that the walls of the main structure were elevated about three feet above the plaza level outside. It cannot as yet be determined whether the antechamber, which was a rectangular room having an inside dimension of about fifteen by twenty-three feet, was built up to the full height of a one-story dwelling or not. This chamber appears to have been something of unusual importance, as indicated by the finishing of the walls. The masonry forms a narrow bench on the inside and the room has been finely plastered in what is now a good old ivory tint. It has a solidly packed floor of adobe. There is nothing to indicate how the antechamber was roofed.

A massive bench occupies the south side of the chamber from the top of which one may descend into the circular room. Seven wooden steps formed the stairway. They were partially rotted out and therefore were replaced by new ones intended to duplicate the original as nearly as possible. From the base of the stairway a stone landing extends from which two steps bring one to the floor of the great circular room.

"In looking at the photograph of this circular chamber, one gains the impression that the walls were pierced by small windows, at regular intervals apart. However, the wall is not entirely pierced, so these may be spoken of as niches rather than windows. They are twenty-nine in number and average roughly about a foot square. At the base of the massive bench, which averages three and one-half to four feet high, are portions of a smaller bench elevated only a few inches above the room, but only fragments of it are left. The main bench is in almost perfect state of preservation and the walls have required very little repair to put them in condition to last for ages.

"On the floor of the circular room are two rectangular pits enclosed in walls of solid masonry. The outer wall of each is more than double the thickness of the inner wall. They were found almost filled with ash and charcoal. Examination of the contents disclosed no bones or other articles that could be identified. Everything that had gone into these fire-boxes had been completely incinerated. The inside dimensions of the pits are roughly four and one-half by eight feet. They were floored with stones laid in adobe. The height of the pit walls above the floor of the main chamber would average about fifteen inches. The average depth was about three and one-half feet.

"In the floor of the main chamber, as seen in the photographs, are four holes, twenty-six feet apart, forming an exact square, averaging four feet deep, ranging in diameter from forty-four to forty-six inches, lined with masonry and each floored with a single disc of sandstone. [It has since been found that each of these holes contained *four* of these great discs.] In these holes rested massive columns which supported the roof. These probably stood not less than twelve feet high. The base of one of the columns remained in place. It was a pine log, twenty-six and one-half inches in diameter. So far as I know this is the largest timber that has been found in the Chaco buildings.

"Between the two fire-vaults stands a mass of masonry more than five feet square, with a circular pit in the center. It is still eighteen inches high and has probably been considerably reduced since the structure fell into ruin. For lack of any better term, it may be called an altar. Slightly over a foot away from it to the south is a ruined fire-pit, roughly circular, quite shallow and nearly five feet in diameter.

"Remains of sufficient timbers were found to show that the chamber was roofed, at least in part. Heavy logs rested on the tops of the columns, thus forming a perfect square over the central part of the chamber, which may have remained open to the sky. Smaller logs, or *vigas*, extended from the heavy girders to the stone rim. These were probably laid from two to three feet apart. Lighter poles were laid across these . . . These in turn were covered with slabs of cedar upon which bark was laid and the whole solidly covered with adobe."

Since Doctor Hewett wrote his book, he has directed the student activity in excavating the Grand Sanctuary. Another older *kiva* was found to underlie the first discovered. In every way the lower one has been the greater discovery. Ten small sealed niches were found encircling the wall of this lower chamber. On being opened, each was found to hold a valuable string of beads or some other sacrifice. The whole double structure has been excavated in such a

way as to leave it open for students to study it intelligently.

From here we drove across the arroyo to study another important ruin. Doctor Hewett, in his book (p. 306), says of this: "Casa Rinconada, the remaining unit of the central group, lies across the arroyo to the south. It was a great ceremonial chamber, sixty-six feet in diameter, a tribal sanctuary. Like all *kivas* in the Chaco, it was circular in form. There are about it the ruined walls of probably thirty or forty rectangular rooms. In the walls of the great circular chamber at regular intervals apart are thirty-two niches, twelve by sixteen inches, by fourteen deep, probably recesses for ceremonial objects. The chamber may have been an open arena without roof. Excavation will be necessary to determine the character of this interesting ruin in detail. It is isolated from the large dwelling houses."

Casa Rinconada is unique among *kivas*, being differently arranged and more complicated in structure than any other so far discovered. The chamber has been excavated, but it is now believed to have a second *kiva* below it, as the Grand Sanctuary of Chetro Ketl.

During our tour of inspection with Doctor Hewett, there was much interesting discussion. We asked many questions, and he answered them. It is surmised that the people of Chaco Canyon sealed up their houses and left in a group, as though they at some time expected to return to take possession again. But there is absolutely nothing known as to where these thousands of people went, or what became of them. Somebody asked the question, "What would seem to be the most probable place for them to have gone "

Doctor Hewett replied substantially this: "We know that great masses of people have trekked thousands of miles before coming to any definite stop. We also know that the Pueblo people have a tradition against moving

north. The logical direction for them to have gone is probably south. Far, far to the south we can find masonry very much like this here. It may be that it was built by the Chaco Canyon people after their long trek to that place. But—we do not know."

We returned to the camp and crossed the arroyo again farther west to watch the horse races. The most interesting event among these was the women's race. Several Navajo women rode and two White girls. A young White girl won, with the beautiful brunette a close second, and the Navajo women not far behind. It was very close.

We left camp just before dark. It was beginning to rain. We left just in time, for an hour or two later the Chaco would be a roaring torrent, probably over the bridge. It rained hard nearly all night. For miles we traveled through water nearly to the hubs of the car. At eleven o'clock the rain stopped just long enough for us to camp in a pinyon grove and cook supper. How good that tea, bacon, fried potatoes, and canned grapefruit smelled! Then the rain began again, so that we had to crawl into the car to eat. And how good the food tasted! Then—the long drive—miles and miles and miles—to arrive in Albuquerque about five o'clock Wednesday morning. Four days and nights away from the sound of a radio! We can still find peace on earth if we are willing to go far enough in search of it!

IT IS WRITTEN

Indian Crafts.

FROM the Denver Art Museum come several more of the excellent illustrated leaflets relating to the Indians, their arts and handicrafts. No. 58 treats succintly of "Indian Baskets," their varieties and distribution. Leaflets 59 and 60 deal with "Indian Cloth-Making, Looms,

Technics and Kinds of Fabrics." The bibliography with each leaflet is extensive while the text is succinct and scientifically correct.

Southwest Number of Poetry.

The Christmas number of Poetry is edited by John Gould Fletcher, who spent the summer months in Santa Fe and vicinity and who contributes a review of "The Single Glow," the first book of poems by Axton Clark. Fletcher in the leading essay tells of his reaction to the Southwest, "The Land of Enchantment." He declares that this particular section of the United States "is still imperfectly assimilated and understood." He continues: "Once west of the Rockies the traveller is in another land, a country still almost as foreign as Santa Fe must have appeared to the coming of the railway, traversed its famous trail. It is a land of singular aloofness, dignity, and unhurriedness." He refers to the fact that "the first poem written in the territory of the present United States is Villagra's heroic epic on the conquest of New Mexico." Mary Austin traces the "Sources of Poetic Influence in the Southwest" rather contradicting Fletcher's comment that the Southwest "in poetry has probably produced less than any other part of America so far." She writes: "Here in New Mexico the body of poetic composition covers all the forms from the individual lyric to the priestly epic." It is an admirable analysis of poetic form as it developed among the Indians and then among the Spanish colonists, pointing out that "the narratives of cowboy poetry made in America are practically all of the *corrido* model. The New Mexican type of cowboy ballad is, in fact, much more explicitly founded on the Spanish tradition of the ballad than on the English. It is closer to the singing form, carries the plaintive note of old Spain." Santa Fe poets who appear in this number are Ina Sizer Cassidy, Axton Clark, Alice Corbin Henderson, Peggy Pond Church, Haniel Long, while Paul Horgan, of Roswell; Fritz Richter, of Las Vegas; Mary Ray McCullar, of Denton, Texas; Kenneth C. Kaufman, of Norman, Oklahoma; and Leo C. Turner, of Sweetwater, Oklahoma; also contribute poems.

"Foretaste" and "Atlantides."

The first two volumes of "Writers' Editions," printed by The Ridal Press at Santa Fe, bear out the promise "to publish books of unusual quality," for both in form and content "Foretaste," by Peggy Pond Church, and "Atlantides," by Haniel Long, both residents of Santa Fe, exceed expectations even of those who were aware of the excellence of their creative work. The lyric movement of the verses by Peggy Pond Church is coupled with a psychological insight and power of description which enable her to present the local scene and spirit with well nigh magic beauty and fidelity. Yet, highly imaginative and repeatedly steeped in mysticism, the lines stir the deepest emotions which dwell not far from tears of ecstacy or sadness. They are personal experiences of wide range, yet universal appeal set down beautifully and musically. Equally as haunting, but clad in more classic form and less local are the 59 poems or fragments in "Atlantides," by Haniel Long, more mature, and more widely known than the younger poet. They should be read aloud in a "discerning audience." Many of the lines will linger in the memory, such as

> But you came back and took my hand,
> And a flutter like a leaf
> Reminded me, though love is long,
> Our life is brief.

However, the bulk of the exquisitely printed volume, is not as slight nor as obvious.