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FREDERICK WEBB HODGE,

ETHNOLOGIST

A Tape-Recorded Interview

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INTRODUCTION

The name of Frederick Webb Hodge, either as author or editor, has appeared at the head of a legion of books and articles about the American Indian; among professional ethnologists, anthropologists and museum directors the name of museum director Dr. Hodge has been a household word; but to his many friends he was always "Teluli", an Indian name he acquired as long ago as 1886, the year before the Dawes Act, the year of Geronimo's defeat, when Hodge accompanied the famous Hemenway archaeological expedition into the still-primitive American Southwest to delve into the remote past of the Zuni Indian. In the following manuscript, transcribed from an interview tape-recorded in his Pasadena home on April 5 and April 26, 1956, he tells about his adventures and his friends, about archaeological camp life in the Southwest, about the growth of American ethnology and its institutional settings.

At the time of the interview, Dr. Hodge was 91, still light of foot, gregarious, quick of mind. He was planning to move soon to Santa Fe, New Mexico;

in anticipation of that event, the interview was begun on short notice and completed in haste. Corinne Gilb of the Regional Cultural History Project in Berkeley, California planned, conducted and edited the interview, with the clerical and editorial assistance of Katharine Wilson of the Project's staff. The interview was conducted at the request of Los Angeles attorney Homer Crotty, speaking for the trustees of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles . Preliminary arrangements with Dr. Hodge were made by the Director of the Southwest Museum, Carl Dentzel. The first 100 pages were read and annotated by Dr. Hodge. After his death in Santa Fe, his wife, Gene Meany Hodge, checked over the manuscript and added a number of helpful footnotes, which are indicated by her initials throughout the text. The "Anthropolliwogs" in the appendix and a number of anecdotes incorporated into the text* were selected and transcribed from a series of after-dinner stories told by Dr. Hodge (in the presence of a tape recorder) to his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Y.A. Palomeimo (Finnish Consul for Southern California,

*Pages 38, 39-40, 64-5, 74-7 (*passim*), 129, 142, bottom 147-top 149, bottom 179-top 180, 212-18 (*passim*).

Arizona, and New Mexico) in Pasadena at various times from June, 1954 to March, 1956.

Corinne Gilb

15 August 1957
Regional Cultural History Project
University of California Library at Berkeley

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. BEGINNINGS: EDUCATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gilb: Dr. Hodge, when did you first get interested in anthropology, would you tell us how that happened?

Hodge: As a boy, I spent my life in the city of Washington, where my parents had already moved, some years before. Attending the public schools, I had Saturday free, and when I was about twelve, either I alone or with a chum or two would go over to the Smithsoniam Institution and we became deeply interested in the Indian things that we saw there. So you might say that my anthropological work began when I was twelve years of age. That's almost a record.

Gilb: This was in the 1870's. Did the Indians attract you the most?

Hodge: The Indians, oh yes, by far. I don't know just how it is, but every boy is interested in Indians. To every boy I ever knew, the Indians were interesting---and even to this day, they attract attention because of their mysterious lives. The Indians were secretive; they didn't care about

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exploiting their ceremonies and things of that sort because white people so often foolishly made fun of them.

Gilb: Did you read books about Indians when you were a boy?

Hodge: Yes, I did.

Gilb: What books?

Hodge: I don't recall now. There weren't many available, as I recall.

Gilb: How about Cooper's? James Fenimore Cooper.

Hodge: Read some of Cooper. But I soon found that they were too fictional. I and a friend of mine, whose name was Asa Philips, when we were still young boys, used to go over to Georgetown to the Peabody Library at night, and we'd draw out books and study them on the spot. Weren't allowed to take any away. And I think there were one or two books on Indians that I read, or I might say we read, although Asa wasn't so interested in Indian things as I was. He became a civil engineer afterwards and did some very important work in Washington

City. One was the designing and development of the great sewage disposal plant of the District of Columbia. Another was looked upon as rather a bold venture: when the Union Station was built there, the land surrounding was filled in about thirty feet, and the pressure on the great sewer there caused it to collapse, and Asa devised a plan whereby the sewer could be repaired without an open cut. It was all done underground. He was very clever. A Lehigh University man.

Gilb: Did you go all through school with him?

Hodge: No. We weren't in school together. I was just a little bit ahead of Asa.

Gilb: It is somewhat paradoxical that you became one of the nation's best known authorities on the American Indian, but you weren't originally even an American, were you? You were born in England. (October 28, 1864.)

Hodge: I was born in England but I became an American because my father was naturalized when I was seven or eight years of age. My father was born

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Hodge: I was born in England but I became an American because my father was naturalized when I was seven or eight years of age. My father was born

in Plymouth.

Gilb: He came from Plymouth to the United States for what reason?

Hodge: So that he could better his condition, that's all. Like almost every other immigrant.

Gilb: He was a latter-day Pilgrim Father.

Hodge: Exactly so.

Gilb: What was his vocation?

Hodge: Well, he came over here---I know really very little about my parents' early history--and he was appointed to a subordinate position in the Post Office Department, which he retained for many years. In fact, till he retired.

Gilb: A federal worker.

Hodge: Had a considerable family; there were six children.

Gilb: Where did you come in the line?

Hodge: I had a brother and a sister older than I. And my younger brother, who is still living in Philadelphia, was the only one born in this country, of all the children.

Gilb: Did your parents have an interest in Indians when

you were a boy?

Hodge: No, none whatsoever.

Gilb: When you started to become interested in the Indians, did your parents encourage that interest?

Hodge: No, I don't think so. Except to this extent: going over to the Smithsonian collection kind of fired me with enthusiasm--I had to have a museum of my own. So my mother assigned a closet in the house, and I began to gather collections there, what I felt were going to be collections. It was going to develop into a great museum some day, you know.

I had a mole which I had caught and executed and stuffed; and--this shows a little anthropological tendency, by the way--I wanted to have a human skull. That was far beyond my reach, but passing a toy store one day, I saw a papier-mache mask in the form of a human skull, and I thought that would be a grand substitute, as long as I couldn't get the real thing. So I remember buying that; I paid 25 cents for it, and that formed

a part of my anthropological collection in this closet. And I remember from the time I put that in, my sister would never pass that door containing my imitation skull without running. Afraid to death of it.

Gilb: I read somewhere that you actually discovered an Indian weapon.

Hodge: I think, yes--you spoke about the banks of the Potomac. That might be true. Down at some resort down the river one summer. I picked up what was thought to be an Indian ax. I'm not so sure that it was. At any rate, it showed an interest, whether it was a genuine thing or not.

Well, then, as I say, I attended the public schools, and the supervising principal of the

First Division came to our house one night and said he wanted a boy to assist him during the summer. In addition to being supervising principal of the public schools, he also published a magazine. His name was Henry N. Copp. Copp Field, around Boston, was named after his particular family, ancestrally speaking. So he came around one night to our house and said he wanted a boy to help him during the summer. He was publishing this magazine called Copp's Land Owner, which had to do with the decisions rendered by the General Land Office and the Department of the Interior in connection with the public lands. Mining claims, homesteads, pre-emption, timber culture, and all that.

At the close of the summer work, I stayed--I expected to go back to school that fall, but Mr. Copp said, "I think you'll learn just as much in my office here as you would in school." I doubted that in later years, but he said, "All you're going to have is word analysis, or something like that," in the seventh or eighth grades, and so I stayed there for several years, the period from fourteen to nearly nineteen years of age.

Gilb: At that young age! What did you do for him?

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Gilb: At that young age! What did you do for him?

Hodge: General clerk, and I found myself afterward going to the Interior Department and gathering material for the magazine. Decisions rendered by the Secretary of the Interior and by the courts and so on. And after a while I found myself gathering this material, putting it in shape for the printer, seeing it through the press. I learned much about editorial work, proofreading, and the like.

But that proved a very great benefit to me because I have done an enormous amount of scientific editorial work since then.

Gilb: Did you meet or know any politicians during that period?

Hodge: I wouldn't call them politicians; I would call them a very high class of lawyers. Yes, I remember a number of those.

Gilb: Were you yourself interested in politics in this period?

Hodge: No, I can't say I was, and one reason for that perhaps is because the District of Columbia then as now had no vote. The Federal District was denied the franchise because the people came from all parts of the country.

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Gilb: Did you ever go back to school?

Hodge: No, but I went to night school. In Washington, there was a Scotchman named Burton Macafee who conducted a night school he called the Arlington Academy, and I attended that for a couple of years. Then I took the night course in George Washington University, then called Columbian University. I took the scientific course. I remember English, chemistry, higher mathematics, topographic drafting, and one or two others. I had in mind some field work. That's why I took topographic drafting. I think I had in back of my head the possibility of being employed by the U. S. Geological Survey. Professor Harry King, who was instructor in drafting, commended my topographical drawings. He said he thought they were wonderfully well done for a youngster. He even took them down to Major Powell, the director of the Geological Survey, to show them to him. What Powell said, I don't know. But Harry King, I think, had an idea that I might make a good field man in topography.

Gilb: Isn't that interesting! That early!

Hodge: You can see how eager I was to get into the field.

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I. U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY; ITS EARLY YEARS

Gilb: How did you happen to go to work for the U. S. Geological Survey?

Hodge: It came about in this way. I had been studying stenography at night, and while I didn't finish, I had a pretty fair knowledge of stenography. A neighboring friend and I used to go round to John Irwin's house at five o'clock in the morning to take lessons. Then the lessons came to an end because he accepted a position in Mexico. I think it was the Mexican Central Railroad, one of the railroads. I had a friend who was a court reporter, and he used to dictate to me, very slowly at first, and I found myself becoming quite proficient after a while.

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secretary to President Garfield up to the time he was killed. Then he was given this position in the Geological Survey in charge of what was known as the Miscellaneous Division, which handled correspondence and was a sort of little grab-bag of various informations that might be called upon. I entered in '84. I remember Stanley Brown testing my stenography. I hadn't made a stenographic line for more than a year, but I managed to get away with the very simple letters he dictated. And so evidently he was satisfied, because I got the appointment at the munificent salary of $75 a month, which was a lot of money.

The Geological Survey and the Bureau of Ethnology occupied offices in different buildings at that time, but later became housed in the Howe Building, which gave way to the Press Club. Major J. W. Powell was the organizer and director of both.

Gilb: Can you tell the story of how the Bureau of Ethnology got started?

Hodge: That's an easy one. There were various geological surveys in the field which were afterwards

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consolidated under Powell. I think the first appropriation that was made for the present Geological Survey was in 1879. And there's a phrase, clause, in that appropriation bill, which became the law, of course, which said something about "for continuing ethnological researches." Powell expanded that into--in making a report, there had to be some sort of a head, and so that's why it became established as the Bureau of Ethnology. That was Powell's phraseology. Congress really provided for no such bureau; there was merely a clause that granted permission to continue ethnological researches under a very small appropriation. Major Powell called that research the "Bureau of Ethnology." The name was later changed to the "Bureau of American Ethnology."

Gilb: Clarence King was the first director of the Geological Survey.

Hodge: He was, but Powell was the one who brought these various surveys together. And I don't know whether this was a compromise or not, and I don't know who is alive today who could tell us about it. But it seemed like a compromise by getting Clarence King, who was the head of one of these several surveys, to assume the directorship of what is now the United States Geological Survey for the first year.

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Gilb: Yes, as I understand it, Ferdinand Hayden was one of the competitors for the job, and Powell was considered, and King. And Powell himself wanted King to be head in order to prevent Hayden from being the head.

Hodge: Well, there may have been that.

Gilb: Did you ever know Hayden?

Hodge: I met him in a very incidental way, when he happened to come to the Geological Survey once. I shared a room with a Mr. Warman, and I saw practically everyone who came into the Survey who called on Major Powell at that time, because this little room of mine was only two rooms away from Major Powell. Little things would arise there.

Gilb: You were going to tell me about Mr. Hayden; you met him once.

Hodge: He came in to see Major Powell. On what business I haven't the slightest idea. And I merely saw him. That's the only time I ever saw him. He's a Philadelphian.

Gilb: Did you ever meet Dr. O. C. Marsh?

Hodge: In the same way. Once I did. Marsh, of New Haven, '08 Yale, was asked by William H. Holmes, who was writing up, making a study, of gold objects of aboriginal America. He heard that Marsh had an

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excellent collection of this in New Haven and asked if he might come up and see it. Marsh said yes. So, Holmes told me himself, he was ushered into this room where Marsh kept these collections in locked cases. And Marsh opened them up and he pulled out a drawer with a lot of beautiful gold ornaments, and said, "See them? Aren't they fine?" Back they went again. And, Holmes said, that was the only opportunity he ever had of studying the Marsh collection of gold objects.

Gilb: I understand that Marsh, as President of the National Academy of Sciences, had something to do with getting the Geological Survey started.

Hodge: I don't think he did. Powell was something of a politician. He got in a number of geologists throughout the country--O. C. Marsh; Lewis Chamberlain, University of Chicago. Quite a number who were paid $4,000 a year each. They hardly ever appeared in Washington. This was sort of a bonus. And they did write memoirs for the Geological Survey, through Major Powell.

Gilb: What was the purpose of having them?

Hodge: They had power.

Gilb: I see! How clever!

Hodge: I think that's where Powell's politics came in. Not only that. You see, he was a Civil War veteran. At that time, there were a lot of Civil War veterans in Congress. It would be hard to elect one who had not been. Now he and Speaker Henderson, each of whom had lost an arm, Powell his right arm, Henderson his left, whenever they bought a pair of gloves, they used to turn over the odd one to the other. It was necessary in those days for anyone who wanted money out of Congress to curry favor, more or less, with Congressmen. Now Powell and Garfield were great friends.

Gilb: President Garfield?

Hodge: Before Garfield became President in 1880. Powell knew Garfield, because Garfield, I think, was chairman, or had been chairman, of the Appropriations Committee of the House. I think he was Speaker too at one time.

Gilb: A very strategic person to know!

Hodge: The friendship came about, was shown, in this way. The Geological Survey was already established in 1881, when Garfield was assassinated. So Powell established in the Geological Survey (and you might

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say the Bureau of Ethnology, you couldn't tell which in those days) this division known as the Miscellaneous Division and put Joseph Stanley Brown, who had been Garfield's private secretary, in charge. Brown later married Mollie Garfield. She died here in Pasadena just a few years ago; they gave her about ten lines of obituary.

Gilb: Did Powell use his friendship with Garfield to help further the Survey's cause?

Hodge: I think he did, in connection with his field surveys, Powell's surveys. The Geological Survey had not been organized at that time. This was about '76, '77.

Gilb: Who were some of Powell's other friends in the Senate or in Congress?

Hodge: I couldn't tell, back in those times. It was long before my time. You can count on it, he doubtless knew politically all of those veterans who were in Congress at that time.

Gilb: Did any Congressman ever come up to the Survey's offices?

Hodge: I don't know. I tell you who I saw there once. None other than a member of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet. John H. Reagan of Texas, who was a very fine old gentleman.

The politics had changed. The Democrats were in power and Mr. Reagan was now a member of the United States Senate and was also, if I remember correctly, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee. That's the most important committee in Congress too, as you can well imagine. And Major Powell was showing Mr. Reagan his office and therein the plot Washington surveyed of his estate, on Little Hunting Creek, Virginia, which became Mount Vernon. It said, "Plot of my farm on Little Hunting Creek, Virginia." And it was signed by Washington. Major Powell had this framed on his wall, and Senator Reagan was greatly interested in the southern gentleman himself, naturally. So I heard Major Powell explaining this to him. Senator Reagan was highly pleased. They were so affable, the two men together. So I have no doubt--I'm pretty sure--that the appropriations requested that year must have passed through Reagan's hands. It showed that Powell kept on good terms with both the Southerners and the Northerners.

Gilb: Did you ever know or meet Clarence King? He'd left before you got there?

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Gilb: Did you ever know or meet Clarence King? He'd left before you got there?

Hodge: I never met him. I tell you who knew him intimately--Miss Eleanor Hague, who passed away a year ago. Her father was on one of those surveys, and King and Emmons and two or three others, and Hague, were all on very intimate terms.

Gilb: Clarence King was an almost fabulous figure.

Hodge: Oh yes, and so was Hague. Clarence King was looked on as a very great man. Eleanor Hague's father, as I say, was a member of that clique. And the father's brother, Arnold Hague, was one of those Major Powell took in as a member of the present Geological Survey. You see how they worked these things in so nicely.

HEMENWAY ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION

Origins

Gilb: I know that in 1886 you went along on the Hemenway Archaeological Expedition, and I'd like to find out how you happened to go on that.

Hodge: In 1879, the year the Bureau of Ethnology was organized, Major Powell sent Frank Hamilton Cushing to New Mexico to live with the Zuni Indians, and to gather all the information that he could. If his health hadn't been so bad, the results would have been much more important, much more elaborate. He lived among the Zunis for nearly five years. He was engaged to be married before he left Washington and four years later, I think it was, he returned to be married and took his bride with him down to Zuni, and an old Negro servitor, Abram, who was the first Negro the Indians had ever seen.

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In the summer of 1885, Cushing visited Mrs. Mary Hemenway at her summer home in Gloucester. He had three Indians with him that summer. In the evenings, Mrs. Hemenway was entertained by folk tales which the Indians related in their own

language--they knew no other--and Cushing would translate. Cushing had a stenographer there, a man named Layton, who reported, recorded, the folk tales. Nothing was ever done with those after Layton transcribed them. They were all kept together, and after Cushing's death, they were turned over to me, and I got in touch with the George P. Putnam's Sons, in New York, and they published the folk tales under the name of Zuni Folk Tales, for the benefit of Mrs. Cushing, who was still living.

After hearing those folk tales, Mrs. Hemenway wanted to know more about these strange Pueblo Indians, the Zunis. Cushing said, he believed according to their traditions that they originated in the south, and he knew there were certain ruins of pueblos in the Salt River Valley. And the Gila Valley. And to excavate those would be a grand contribution to the pre-history of these people, and that fired Mrs. Hemenway with enthusiasm. So that was the main reason why she wanted him to go to the Southwest.

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Gill: Did you know how Cushing happened to know Mrs. Hemenway?

Hodge: You see, he came East with those three Indians, and was invited. How that came about, how Mrs. Hemenway became interested in the Indians, I don't know, except that Cushing lectured a good deal in and around Boston, and it was very easy for Mrs. Hemenway, through friends who were interested in this thing, to become acquainted with Cushing.

Gilb: She had general cultural interests?

Hodge: Oh yes. And was a woman of very large means. She probably invited Cushing and the Indians to come to her house and perform. They were going around--the Century Magazine describes that. Cushing had three articles. He wrote "My Adventures in Zuni," and sold it to Baxter of the Boston Herald. He wrote some articles for the Century, for the American Architect. That's after the work really became well started. Mr. Baxter had influence, being one of the editors of the Boston Herald, so that all these things put together would show how Mrs. Hemenway could have met him.

Gilb: What did Mrs. Hemenway expect to be accomplished on this expedition?

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Gilb: She wanted to trace the origins, was that it?

Hodge: That was his excuse, at any rate, for interesting Mrs. Hemenway so that she afforded the money.

Gilb: Didn't Mrs. Hemenway hope to start a museum?

Hodge: I think she may have done so, but all the collections were afterwards given to Peabody in Cambridge. I think she may have had some idea. At least Cushing said or thought that she had something in her mind, and I believe it would have been in Salem.

Personnel

I remember my vacation had just closed. Cushing came in and asked Major Powell if he could get a secretary to go into the field with him. He said that Mrs. Hemenway had agreed to have him go to New Mexico to conduct archaeological work. And so I just jumped with joy when the opportunity came.

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Gilb: You weren't married yet.

Hodge: Oh no. J. C. Pilling was the chief clerk of the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Ethnology, and he told Cushing that I was just the guy he wanted. So I went down there and we were first in southern Arizona and then in western New Mexico--

Gilb: That was so long ago that I'd like to ask a lot of details about that trip. First of all, how did you get out there? In the 1880's was transportation adequate?

Hodge: 1886. Oh yes, the railroads all the way out to the coast.

Gilb: You took the railroad.

Hodge: Yes, we went to Albuquerque; that was the terminus of the Santa Fe road. From there to the coast was the Atlantic and Pacific, which afterwards was absorbed by the Santa Fe. The railroad went through there about 1881 or '82, and I was speaking now of 1886. Cushing told me that when his party first went to New Mexico, they went only as far as Las Vegas, New Mexico, and from there on they had to go by stage. So in '79 the railroad had not yet reached Albuquerque or Santa Fe.

Gilb: How big was the expedition; how many people?

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Gilb: How big was the expedition; how many people?

Hodge: Oh, it was a very small expedition to start with. Cushing, and of course, his wife and his wife's sister were guests. Cushing's health was perfectly miserable; he had a deformed stomach or something of that sort. And so the poor fellow had to be on his back a good deal. I was the only other member of the expedition.

Gilb: Just the two of you were there?

Hodge: The ohly ones to start with. We hadn't commenced work yet. Now Mrs. Hemenway bore the expense of all this.

Gilb: What did Albuquerque look like in those days? Was that the chief...

Hodge: Little bit of a jerkwater town. One main street with some little streets leading off of it. And I remember, just before we arrived there, that we were joined on the train by Adolf Bandelier, so well known at that time in connection with the archaeological history of the Southwest and who had been doing ethno-historical work of high character, in the archives of Mexico and the Southwest. Bandelier was taken on as the historiographer.

Gilb: So that made three of you then.

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Hodge: Three at that time. Then we got out to be outfitted at Albuquerque. The wagons and everything, all

knocked down, were sent to Ash Fork, Arizona, there to be assembled for the trip to the Salt River Valley.

Gilb: Were the women going to go right out into the field with you?

Hodge: Oh yes.

Gilb: Pretty rugged for women in those days.

Hodge: Well, somewhat. The vehicles which conveyed them were fairly comfortable, there was no need for haste, and they were given all the comforts possible on the frontier.

Gilb: This was a time when the Indians had just recently been still hostile. Weren't you afraid of Indian attacks?

Hodge: Oh no. In the spring of '86, when we first went out there, Geronimo and his band were rounded up, and that put an end to Apache depredations.

Gilb: And you had no concern any more?

Hodge: That was in April, '86. No, never thought anything about it. Later on we went up into the Superstition Mountains from which the Apaches had conducted some of their raids. But we didn't think anything of it. We thought that Apache hostilities were all over by that time, which they really were.

Gilb: That was the year before the Dawes Act, wasn't it? 1887 was the Dawes Act. Well, anyway, the expedition was well outfitted, and there were three of you. You had Cushing, Bandelier, and yourself, and the women.

Hodge: Yes. When we reached Fort Wingate, our own outfit was loaded there. Cushing had letters from some of the Army people in authority, giving the privilege of buying commissaries and other things needed for the expedition. Among the other things were 12-15 mules, which we needed for transportation. Buckboard days, you see. No automobiles. At Fort Wingate, we picked up another man. Went under the euphonious name of Charles Augustus Garlick. Garlick was a very practical man, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Powell. I think he could do almost anything with his hands. He was the one who, with the aid of some Mexicans, who were also clever boys, made all of the tents that we used. Good sixteen-ounce canvas. And they were put in use first down in Southern Arizona. Well, Garlick became the fourth member of the expedition.

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Gilb: Why did he leave?

Hodge: I think he had a commission to go to the Dutch colony of Java. And if I remember correctly, he had a brother-in-law who was director of the museum in Batavia, Java. He was commissioned to make some anthropological studies among the living Indians of Southern Arizona, and he wrote two or three papers on the subject.

Later on, Dr. Washington Matthews of the Army Medical Museum did excellent work among the Navaho Indians, recorded their ceremonies and so on, noteworthy work--he's one of the best men who ever operated in the Southwest. He came down. He didn't do any active work. He went down ostensibly for the purpose of looking after Cushing himself, who was so miserable, and when he returned to Washington, Dr. Jacob Wortman, an anatomist and osteologist, joined the expedition temporarily, and he examined

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the skeletal material thus far recovered and treated similar material unearthed later, all of which was done with meticulous care. This was sent to the Army Medical Museum in Washington and later was transferred to the National Museum.

Gilb: What were Cushing's qualifications, what was he specially interested in?

Hodge: Well, you see, as I said, he had been sent down to the Zunis, in 1879. And he lived among the Zunis for nearly five years.

Gilb: Was he an archaeologist or a geologist--

Hodge: No. He had no professional training. As a matter of fact, there not being a chair of anthropology in the United States, everyone had to be on his own, had to find his own way around here, gather what information he could by contact with and study of primitive peoples.

Gilb: In other words, you were all amateurs.

Hodge: Yes, all amateurs. There was no way to get professional training in anthropology. By way of explanation, Professor F. W. Putnam, who for many years was director of the Peabody Museum in Cambridge, was a naturalist. He had no anthropological training, but he did supervise certaih

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Gilb: What year was that, approximately? What decade?

Hodge: I'd have to find that out, but it would be in the early eighties, I should say.

Gilb: So all of you in Arizona at that time on this archaeological expedition were coming with just an interest that you--you were self-taught men.

Hodge: You can see that the field was working to a head by this time. Dr. Franz Boas, who had not been long in this country, was given this chair of anthropology at Clark University. That was the beginning, you might say, of formal anthropology in the United States. Then he was invited to establish a chair in anthropology at Columbia University in New York, which he accepted, and Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain assumed the chair of anthropology at Clark University.

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Where Excavated

Hodge: Well, it was midwinter, and we landed in the Salt River Valley first, and commenced excavation down there.

Gilb: Is the climate of southern Arizona warm in winter?

Hodge: Up at Zuni, which is at an altitude of 7,000 feet, it gets bitterly cold. Later on, while encamped at that pueblo, I spent one winter in a tent when snow often covered the ground three feet deep.

We stayed down in the Salt River Valley from December, 1886, until June, 1887. Then we moved up to Zuni, established camp there, and that was the main object of the whole expedition, as I mentioned before.

Gilb: You knew where you wanted to dig.

Hodge: Oh yes.

Gilb: That had already been explored for you?

Hodge: That was a plan, a definite plan. Go first to southern Arizona; Mrs. Hemenway was really very anxious about Cushing's health. That's why we went to southern Arizona first. It was a sort of confused plan. Cushing's health, on the one hand, and tracing the ancestry of the Zunis on the other.

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So that work continued--

Gilb: Well, could I ask you now--I'm an amateur--how in those days did you go about your digging? What did you do, pick and shovel and just look for things?

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of walls or rooms, and so on. These were followed out carefully with trowels, and if conditions demanded, with brushes.

Gilb: You could classify and label everything as you took it up?

Hodge: Everything was numbered, its situation noted exactly, and all such information entered in field record books, as to where every object was found, how far below the surface, how far from certain walls, and all those data were very carefully gathered and recorded, as I say. And I think that answers your question as to how you start on one of these sites.

Gilb: Yes. I wondered how amateurishly this was done. Apparently you were really professionals.

Hodge: Oh, by this time, our experience, especially in the Salt River Valley, made us as well equipped for doing archaeological field work as anybody possessed at that time.

Gilb: How would you know what was important? Do you think now, looking back on it, that you missed some things that you later would have regarded as important?

Hodge: We didn't discard anything that we might have regarded as important in time to come. In comparison with, say, pottery of various sites.

Gilb: In other words, you covered everything.

Hodge: Yes, and that has been very important. You get on one site a stratification of cultures very often. As I found later on, very importantly, and almost every other archaeologist of the Southwest has found the same sort of thing.

Gilb: How far down did you dig?

Hodge: In the Salt River Valley, those ruins were almost on the surface. I don't think we had to go down more than five or six feet, as I recall.

Labor

Gilb: Did you use Mexican labor to dig at all in this early time?

Hodge: In the Salt River Valley, we used Mexicans entirely. They did the digging, under supervision, of course. They soon learned what was required and became excellent workers who manifested great interest in what the excavations were all about.

Gilb: Didn't you worry about that, that they might--

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Hodge: Oh, not at all; it was done very carefully; it was almost trowel and brush work. It's only when you had a lot of brush and sand on the surface covering things up, that could be shoveled off. And we were

very fortunate; I don't remember any delicate object, any skeletal remains or anything of that sort that was ever spoiled. The Mexicans were very careful.

Finances

Gilb: Way back in the Hemenway expedition period, how much did you pay the men?

Hodge: I couldn't recall now, but very much less than the $1.50 a day we paid in the 20's. But we fed the workmen, and fed them well. We employed a white cook.

Gilb: Do you remember how much you were paid?

Hodge: My salary was $1500 a year.

Gilb: $1500 a year. Was that good?

Hodge: $125 a month seemed like a very good wage. Then I had my keep, my travelling expenses. It was quite liberal. I think Cushing, who fixed the rate, was perfectly satisfied when I accepted, because he thought it was a position that might demand more. But I was inexperienced, and I had everything to learn.

Gilb: What did you do in the expedition?

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Mrs. Hemenway didn't want to be burdened with a whole lot of camp equipage. By a rather peculiar arrangement, Cushing borrowed from Mrs. Hemenway enough money ($5,000, I think) to purchase the entire camp equipage, which was liquidated by the rental of the outfit at a fixed charge per month, so that before long it was entirely paid for. That meant the mules and the buckboards and the wagons and the tentage and the camp equipment and everything of that sort. And Cushing was to rent that to the expedition at a favorable figure--I've forgotten, but I could probably think of it. Wouldn't make much difference. Until the equipment was paid for. Mrs. Hemenway wasn't bothered with insurance or anything. Just kept track of it or had her secretary keep track of it, and then sent checks to Cushing to keep the expedition going.

Gilb: You don't have any idea what the general cost was?

Hodge: Not now, but it became too much.

Mr. Sylvester Baxter, by the way, who was one of the editors of the Boston Herald, was a member of the "home guard," you might say. These were advisors to Mrs. Hemenway. Dr. Edward S. Morse,

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Camp Life

Gilb: I'd like to get a complete picture, because I think people who aren't familiar with it might be interested. Just what was your work day like? What time did you get up in the morning and what did you go about doing?

Hodge: We got up at sunrise. The cook arose earlier than that, of course. He rang a gong so that everybody in camp was up. Breakfast was ready at seven. Immediately after breakfast, we went to the digging.

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I went out there and made notes during this whole time. I kept a journal, you might say a rather intensive one; that was on my own. It was brought into play later and was very useful when long after the expedition was over, Dr. William Torrey Harris, a very brilliant man, who was the head of the Bureau of Education in Washington, and who was known as the Concord Philosopher, was asked to get together such material related to the Hemenway Expedition as he could. That is, by interviews. So that's when my journals came in very handy, because Cushing didn't keep one; he had to depend on his memory for everything, and that was interrupted by his illnesses. Days at a time he would be on his back.

Gilb: Well, anyway, you'd work all day making notes and...

Hodge: Yes, and then in the evening, well, I would spend the evening in correspondence and recording what I had observed during the daytime in my own amateur way.

Gilb: How comfortable were camp conditions?

Hodge: Not bad but there was some difficulty in getting proper sleeping accomodations in the Southwest in the early days. I remember my first visit down to

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Zuni. I started out from Fort Wingate with Mr. Cushing, and we were going down to Zuni. It was the middle of winter, and he was taken desperately ill on the top of Zuni mountain. So I was to go ahead because there were some messages to deliver to the Zunis. I stayed with a trader, Mr. D. D. Graham. All the legs of the bed were in cans of coal oil. The next morning, I awakened when it was fully light, and I happened to look over to the wall, and lo and behold, there was a living line up the wall and over on the ceiling, which was covered with unbleached cotton tacked to the rafters. And those darn bedbugs, which is of course what they were, were going up the wall over the ceiling and then dropping down on the bed. They'd overcome the difficulty of having the legs of the bed in the cans of coal oil by adopting this ingenious method of getting at anybody who occupied the bed.

Some years later, at Laguna Pueblo, I was a guest of Major Pratt. I was awake, thinking about getting up, and I looked at the ceiling. There was no unbleached cotton this time, and lo and behold, there was a rattlesnake, crawling around the beam,

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ready to drop down on me if I'd given him the chance. Which I didn't. I jumped out of bed in a hurry.

Before going on the Hemenway Expedition I visited Victor Mindeleff, who was on the staff of the Bureau of Ethnology, to get some advice on equipment and clothing. The conference took place at his house one evening, and he said, "You're going to the Southwest--here's something you'd like to have." So he put his hand in a jar on the mantle and pulled out a handful of pinon nuts. I'd never seen pinon nuts before, so I cracked two or three and ate them. I said, "I can't say that I like them very much; they taste like coal oil."

Mindeleff said, "There's a story there. You know, every year, when I went down to the Hopi country in behalf of the Bureau of Ethnology, I had to buy my own outfit and then be reimbursed after I sent the bills in. I had been going down there for a number of seasons and I was pretty tired of getting into camp nine or ten o'clock at night and hustling around getting dried sagebrush and trying to cook an evening supper with it, so I provided myself this time with a coal-oil lamp and

a gallon of kerosene, and I put them in my buckboard and went off from Holbrook up to the Hopi country. My first meal was late that evening, and I was amazed and disgusted because the coal oil can had sprung a leak and the stuff had gotten in all my food, my flour, sugar, coffee and everything. I didn't know what on earth to do, because I couldn't afford to re-outfit, because my allowance would cover only the first expenditure. I cooked a meal, and I ate it holding my nostrils, but even then it was perfectly awful. I got tired of doing it after a few days and I got so that I could eat the stuff without holding my nostrils. And after two or three weeks I didn't mind it at all. And at the end of the season, about three months up in the Hopi country, darned if I didn't like it. Now I never sit down to a meal without a coal oil can beside me."

Gilb: Did you have any problem with food out there on the Hemenway Expedition?

Hodge: No; we got along very nicely in regard to food. You mean in the Salt River Valley or up at Zuni?

Gilb: Both places.

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Hodge: Salt River Valley, we were only nine miles from a

town, Tempe, which in turn was about six miles from Phoenix.

Gilb: What did you do for recreation?

Hodge: It was recreation enough being out on the ruins.

Gilb: You didn't ever go into Albuquerque or into Santa Fe.

Hodge: Southern Arizona is too far from Albuquerque, New Mexico, but we did go into the little town of Tempe, nine miles away, and into Phoenix. Phoenix was a little jerkwater place with a main street and some small streets leading from it, very much as Albuquerque was. Great competition between Phoenix and Tucson in those days. Phoenix claimed 3,000 population, but Tucson challenged that figure, saying, "Why, they haven't anything like 3,000 population over there." Showing of jealousy, you know. Now, I believe Phoenix has somewhere between 100,000 and 200,000 population. While we were down there, the state capitol was moved from Prescott down to Phoenix.

People down there were pretty live wires. They offered the legislature to move the territorial capitol from Prescott to Phoenix at their own expense. It would cost--And then they made an agreement to put up a new building for a state

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capitol. All the archives were brought down by truck. For a small town, that was quite an undertaking.

Gilb: I wonder how the people living there reacted to your work. Did they know about it?

Hodge: There were many very fine people in Phoenix and Tempe, and they used to come out and make visits to our camp, and showed very great intelligence. A constant visitor was James H. McClintock, who took up a homestead next to the tract on which we were working, and McClintock afterwards became historian of the state. He was later a Rough Rider--saw pretty active service in Cuba. When we arrived there, he was already living in the little town of Tempe and editing a paper called The Salt River Valley News, which was owned by Mr. Hayden, the father of the present United States Senator Carl Hayden. Well, people like that, you know, people of education; Mr. Hayden was the founder of Tempe, named it after the Vale of Tempe in Greece. And before that time it was known as Hayden's Ferry. He ran a ferry across Salt River.

Gilb: So there was no hostility toward your work.

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that the expedition was spending money in the Salt River Valley and that was an appeal, of course, in a new country. They were very glad to have us.

Gilb: Did you associate with any of the Indians in the region?

Hodge: Only to some extent. The Pima Indians were the ones who lived around that immediate neighborhood. They were very friendly. They used to come over with their bows and arrows, maybe run across a rabbit, you know, sometimes bring their wives along. They were pretty primitive in those days. The women had their faces beautifully streaked with paint, a work of art indeed. The men wore, almost as though it were a tribal costume, a very long breech-cloth of turkey-red calico which trailed the ground behind. Besides, they wore a vest because it had lots of little pockets to put gewgaws in. Their only ornament was a Jew's harp, believe it or not. They never played it--they may have done so at home, but never where we were. The Pimas used to come over frequently and we sometimes induced them to give us a little demonstration of their archery, in which they were very expert.

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Gilb: If you could only have had a tape-recorder in those days!

Hodge: Or a kodak. That was a great difficulty. At our Camp Hemenway, as it was called, it got frightfully hot, 130 degrees in summertime, and a great many of the photographs made down in the Salt River Valley just melted away. The water would get so hot that the gelatin would melt. We tried bringing ice out from Tempe nine miles. Well, a 200-pound block would go down to a little bit of a thing, it got so terribly hot out there. So that wasn't very successful. We shouldn't have been there in the

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summer; the camp should have been moved to the northern country then and returned to the Salt River Valley and the Gila Valley in winter.

Gilb: You kept digging all through the summer?

Hodge: Oh yes, but the summer digging became rather desultory. You can't work in such temperature as that, perspiration just rolling off you. Our Mexicans working down there were covered with alkaline dust, horrible looking things when the day ended.

Gilb: The dust would probably mix with the perspiration and cake.

Hodge: Yes, covered with mud, you might say, but they were evidently used to that sort of thing, for they didn't resign on account of it.

Gilb: I also wondered if the Indians had any superstitions about your digging and were worried over it?

Hodge: No, they didn't seem to object to that, nor up in the Zuni country. They might have objected up in the Zuni country if we hadn't gained their confidence. In the same way later on, when the Museum of the American Indian expedition was conducted under my immediate supervision at the ruins of the Zuni

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pueblo of Hawikuh, one of the so-called "Seven Cities of Cibola," the one that Coronado attacked in 1540...

Gilb: Yes, we can come back to that later.

Teluli

Gilb: Wasn't it on the Hemenway expedition that you got your Indian name of Teluli?

Hodge: Yes, I've often been asked by friends why other friends call me Teluli. When I was first engaged to join the Hemenway Expedition and went out on the train in 1886 with Cushing, three Zuni Indians were with us: Palowatiwa, Heluta, and Wathusiwa. On the train they were relating folktales. Two or three of the passengers were gathered around and seemed to be greatly interested, and Heluta told a story of the little field mice. Over on Towayalani, the Corn Mountain of the Zunis, the little round holes in the soft sandstone are caused by the rain-water from above. But the folktale wouldn't have it that way. As the story went along, you visualized the field mice that dug these holes, and on one particular occasion, one of the little animals was digging one of these holes, and while he was digging,

he sang, "Teluli! Teluli!" Then he saw a hawk overhead, so, becoming frightened, he scampered across the rock to a place of safety, his little feet making the sound "Ch-ch-ch-ch." "Teluli" means almost literally, "Dig your cellar, dig your cellar." When the story was over, I walked down the aisle of the car when Heluta and Palowatiwa were talking together. Getting behind Heluta, I whispered, "Teluli! Teluli!" Whereupon Palowatiwa said, "Well, that's a good name for him." So in that way the Zunis knew me as Teluli ever after.

My wife, Gene, and I were going from the Mormon town of Rameh to the Zunis a year or two ago, where we observed a couple of young Indians digging in their field. I called out to them in the Zuni language, much to their surprise, "Kaa-non-tewa, non ah-te a-Kivai-i?" They came slowly over to the fence, when one of them said, "Who you?" I answered, "My name's Teluli." He answered, very slowly, "Teluli!" That was fifty or sixty years after the name was given to me, so evidently it had been handed down from father to son to grandson for all that time. *

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So to this day the Zunis always refer to me as Teluli, as they did during the work at Hawikuh for the Museum of the American Indian. In that way, a good many of my Zuni friends address me, as of old, Teluli. Staff members of the Heye Museum always called me Teluli. Kidder does to this day, and many Santa Fe associates and friends always do the same, as if I had no other name.

Gilb: How did you happen to learn Zuni? Did you learn that when you first went out?

Hodge: Oh, I don't speak Zuni. I learned just enough to get along with them, but it would be a mistake to say that I speak it fluently. Zuni language comes to you, so to speak, when you are among them. But after you go away for many years, like any other language, it slips your memory.

Zuni Nick

When I first visited Zuni with Cushing in the winter of 1886, and for years afterward, the only Zuni who could speak English was Tumako, popularly known as "Zuni Nick," who was taught by his employer, Douglas Ohn Graham, then the trader at the pueblo. Nick, by the way, was not popular among his people.

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His knowledge of English made him boastful about matters he had learned from the whites, often to the point of exaggeration, not to say plain lying. His effrontery ultimately ended in serious trouble. Accused of witchcraft about the year 1890, he was strung up by his hands behind his back, his feet just short of touching the ground, and there he remained tortured until he confessed. This punishment was inflicted by Nainche, chief priest of the Apihlanshiwani, or Bow Priesthood, in whose responsibility were imposed everything pertaining both to war and sorcery.

Why Expedition Terminated

Gilb: You were on the Hemenway expedition three years, weren't you?

Hodge: Two years and a half, about.

Gilb: You were out there in the field all that time?

Hodge: All that time, yes; I didn't go back East until the work was terminated. It is just as well not to make public just why the expedition came to an end. Cushing was ill in the East at that time. The field work had no head, hence the close of what could have been an archaeological research of great importance was inevitable.

Gilb: The expedition was finally called back because people were not entirely satisfied with the results?

Hodge: Yes, but I think I could say that the work was eminently successful. The trouble was that Cushing took the burden upon himself, wouldn't delegate it or any part of it to anybody else. And his condition of health wouldn't permit him to carry the work to its conclusion.

So Cushing went on to Washington at the instance of Mrs. Hemenway to see what could be done in Congress to set aside Casa Grande, that great ruin in the Gila Valley. You know, Senator Lodge, I think, was one of those from Massachusetts; Senator Hoar, I believe, was another, and together they put a bill through. They were interested, of course, on Mrs. Hemenway's account. The bill was passed to create Casa Grande as a national monument--another opening wedge into the preservation of our antiquities.

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Gilb: Was Cushing given complete discretion? Could he do anything he wanted?

Hodge: He was a very unbusinesslike man. Just think of his going on to Washington, leaving orders to have this stone house built there. This was an expensive thing because the masons employed in building the house were getting large wages and we had to feed them at the same time. I think they got $4 a day, which was an enormous wage in those days. And they had to knock off a great deal of the time

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Of course, Mrs. Hemenway never went down there. That was the reason her son, Augustus, stepped in and had the expedition ended. He thought there was a great deal of money being spent with little return. In 1889 he appointed--I think he used to coach Augustus Hemenway at Harvard--Dr. J. Walter Fewkes...

Gilb: Yes, I've heard of him.

Hodge: Fewkes was a naturalist. He had his training under Agassiz. So he was sent down there without knowing a thing about archaeology, but he became enamoured of it like others and Mr. Hemenway had him kept on for two or three years, when his work also came to an end after the publishing of a series of volumes.

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Achievements

Gilb: How did you feel about the accomplishments of those days? Now you have the perspective.

Hodge: The material, the collections gathered, they're all in the Peabody Museum now. There were great collections of pottery gathered from the different ruins that had been excavated. It wasn't well taken care of. But at any rate, when the work ceased permanently, the collection of pottery and other artifacts were sent to the Peabody Museum at Cambridge. Many years afterwards, Dr. Emil Haury* was assigned the task of studying this pottery and preparing a monograph on it. I think that monograph was Dr. Haury's doctoral dissertation. It was published by the Peabody Museum in 1945, and a most excellent piece of work it is.

* Dr. Haury became head of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Arizona, was recently President of the American Anthropological Association, and is the Director of the Arizona State Museum. (G.M.H.)

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Gilb: What was known about the Southwest Indians as a result of this expedition that hadn't been known before?

Hodge: No excavations to any extent had been carried on in the Salt River and Gila Valleys before that time. So a good deal of light was thrown on the culture of the prehistoric occupants of those two valleys. The ruins are very extensive. You've heard of Casa Grande. Casa Grande is just one of the more substantial ruins that survived this time. How the people left is not just known. There is a possibility that drouth may have been the cause, just as it was up in the Mesa Verde in Colorado which forced these people to move down into the valleys, where they could dig for water.

Gilb: How much private patronage in this field was available at that time? Was this unique or was it quite common?

Hodge: I think the Hemenway was unique. It was the first piece of systematic archaeological work conducted in the Southwest, and the chief expedition that engaged in excavation, up to that time.

Gilb: Were there ever, at that time or later, other wealthy people who financed--

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Gill: Were there ever, at that time or later, other wealthy people who financed--

Hodge: Oh yes, the Museum of the American Indian, the Heye Foundation in New York, later excavated in various fields.

Gilb: What I am wondering is how much of this scientific work was financed by private people as compared with the Government.

Hodge: That Hemenway was the first. I think you could say, with the exception of a few dabs here, that the Museum of the American Indian was next. My later work at Hawikuh, which covered nearly five seasons, was paid for by Mr. Harmon W. Hendricks, who was a trustee of the Museum of the American Indian. That cost around $70,000, I think.

Gilb: Universities were not paying, schools--

Hodge: They were interested in Southwestern archaeology a little later than the Heye Foundation movement, but there was excavation by the Peabody Museum up at Pueblo Bonito and later at Awatobi, a prehistoric-historic pueblo.

BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY

Gilb: By the time the Hemenway Expedition was brought to a final conclusion you had already ceased your connection with it, hadn't you?

Hodge: That's when I went back to the Bureau of Ethnology and started on this work which developed into the Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico. A great many people have given me credit for compiling the entire Handbook, but that is not true. I wrote, I suppose, several hundred articles in all, but in addition there were about forty-five collaborators.

Gilb: Did you go back specifically to do that or did that just develop later?

Hodge: Well, it was understood that when I left the Bureau of Ethnology and joined the Hemenway Expedition, a place would be open for me when I came back to Washington, and that was true. They made the place for me. But I was still engaged in more or less clerical work. The Bureau of Ethnology had an incipient library at the time, and I used to take books there when I wasn't busy. The Bureau was in an office building, as I have mentioned, and in that way I was feeding an urge to gather more information about the Indians.

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Gilb: Why did you pick California? I mean, I know that you were interested always after that in the Southwest region, and I wondered why you stayed with that interest.

Hodge: I don't recall, now, just why I hit upon those unless it was through the interest of some of the others. Henry W. Henshaw was in immediate charge of the Bureau of Ethnology, and he may have made the suggestion; he was writing some of the articles. James Mooney was another member. And one or the other may have suggested that California had been left alone--"You pitch in and see what you can do with it." So that's what I did; I wrote several articles. Major Powell accepted them and I think they were published over his own name. He had made the arrangements with, I think, the American Encyclopedia.

So this was the beginning; the compilation of this material on California and I think some of the other tribes led to my taking over what developed into the Handbook of the American Indians.

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Gilb: Tell me about some of the people who were on the staff of the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Ethnology.

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Hodge: There was James C. Pilling. He was the chief clerk and also the bibliographer for the Geological Survey. (Titles really didn't mean very much in those days.) One day I was talking to Mr. Pilling and Major Powell came from his room, which was the next room, through a slatted door, and he walked up and down with the sleeve of what had once covered an arm thrown behind him. He was walking up and down that way, humming or singing in a very bad voice, "The Ingleside for Me," whatever that meant.

So Mr. Pilling and I ceased our conversation. And he smiled and went on, came back and stopped there again. Mr. Pilling said, "What can I do for you, Major? I'm sure there's something I can do for you." "No, no, Jim,"--he always called him Jim--so he went on with his walking up and down, stopped every time and stared at Pilling. Pilling finally said, "Major, do tell me what I can do for you. I'm sure there's something." "No, Jim, I was just thinking. You know, Jim, darned if I don't think you're uglier than I am."

Gilb: What kind of man was Pilling? Besides ugly.

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Gilb: You were going to tell how he got printing done free.

Hodge: Just one thing, a piece of Pilling's work. It's called "Proofsheets of a Bibliography of the North American Languages." He conceived the notion of publishing a bibliography of the Indian languages in a single volume. He soon found that would be almost impossible , because the literature of the subject went back to pre-colonial times. It was so vast that he had to split them into their various stocks or families. And a number of those were published.

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Other Scientists

Gilb: Some other people were there that I'm sure you knew. For instance, Colonel Garrick Mallery.

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Cr. Cyrus Thomas was another. He took over the whole Eastern archaeology. And he had an assistant, Harry Reynolds. Harry had tuberculosis; he was a nephew, by the way, of W.W. Corcoran, the one who established the Corcoran Art Gallery. He died in service, of tuberculosis. Nice chap.

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Hodge: J.N.B. Hewitt was a member of the staff. He was part Indian, Tuscarora. And the man was really quite a genius in Indian languages. He'd never put a limit to the time of studying a single word. He was very safe and sound, very slow, and very accurate. He was part Tuscarora, I think I said, which is a branch of the Iroquois. So that the work, in regard to the Iroquois, that the Bureau compiled, was Hewitt's work.

On the staff of the Bureau of Ethnology was Dr. Albert S. Gatschet, the Swiss philologist, and a very great scholar. In fact, in his time, he was regarded as the greatest philologist in that particular line in this country. It was his habit, whenever an Indian came to Washington, to get hold of him and then

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pump him for information.

In this large room in the Bureau of Ethnology, in the office building, there were a lot of little cubicles, and my cubicle happened to be next to Dr. Gatschet. One afternoon he had a Miami Indian from the Midwest and was pumping him for words to increase his (Gatschet's) vocabulary. So he would ask him various accultural terms like "telephone" and would get the Miami equivalents, and I remember he asked "What do you call a bucket?" So the Indian told him the word for bucket. "What do you call the rim of a bucket?" So he told him that. Gatschet said, "Well, we call it the periphery."

Then he asked him, "What do you call a spittoon?" The Indian thought for a little while and then said, "We don't have no spittoons; we just spit on the floor."

There were some Zuni Indians in town, and Gatschet went down to make a vocabulary of their language. When Gatschet came back afterwards, Cushing, who was adept in the Zuni language, was asked to explain some of the terms that the Indians gave him. Gatschet had wanted to know the Zuni word for the verb "to run," and they didn't understand him as they didn't understand English at all, the members

of this Zuni deputation. So he started to run across the floor in order to illustrate just what he wanted. The Indians looked at each other and they uttered some words t o each other, and Gatschet jotted them down with various others. Then when he saw Cushing the next day, he read over these terms that he had, and he said, "I'm all puzzled about the Zuni word "to run." I illustrated by running up and down the floor, and they looked at each other and gave me a word." Cushing said the Zuni word meant, "That man is a fool!"

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Gilb: I have some other names here--a fellow named Yarrow.

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Gilb: Soundsas if there were a lot of M.D.'s on the staff.

Hodge: Yes; Hoffman was an M.D. Dr. Thomas, an entomologist, was not an M.D. but he had an honorary degree at least. I think it was a Ph.D. And there was Dr. Yarrow, who was an M.D.; as I said, he was a practicing physician. Dr. Washington Matthews was very much of an M.D. He was an army surgeon at the time he entered this, I think stationed in the Navajo country. He studied the Navajo, gained their confidence, and was able to record especially two of their ceremonies. One was a night chant and the other was a mountain chant. They were both published, one by the Bureau of Ethnology and the other later on by the American Museum of Natural History.

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Gilb: What was his job with the survey?

Hodge: He was never on it.

Gilb: And John G. Bourke?

Hodge: Captain Bourke, later Major Bourke, was an active member of the army, Third Cavalry of the Army, during all this time. He was on the staff of General Cook in Arizona, back in the seventies and eighties. Being thrown among the Apaches, he made something of a study of them. Not very complete, but he did prepare a memoir called "Medicine Men of the Apaches," which the Bureau published. I don't need to tell you I had an awful time editing that.

Joseph D. McGuire

Gilb: Who was Joseph McGuire?

Hodge: He's another one who was a volunteer. He also had means. His father had been an auctioneer of art objects, in Washington, and he acquired a considerable art collection himself and had an art gallery attached

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to his house in Washington. Those things later went to the Corcoran Art Gallery. McGuire's father and W.W.Corcoran were very close friends.

J.D. McGuire was a man of large means, and he used to contribute his services to the Bureau of Ethnology. He studies pipes and smoking customs, the world over. McGuire used to crook his elbow a good deal; consequence was that it almost looked as if he had palsy; I don't think he could write any longer. And his nose showed signs of this weakness he had. Mrs. Nichols was the editor of the Bureau of Ethnology. She had a son, schoolboy, and he came in and saw the shaking hands of Mr. McGuire, and he said to his mother, "Ma, don't you think we could hire the old gentleman to shake our furnace down for us?"

Gild: Then you had photographers on the staff too. Jack Hillers.

Hodge: Jack Hillers was never on the staff of the Bureau, proper. It came about in this way. Powell's second expedition, I think it was, down the Grand Canyon--he make two trips, you know--three of his men deserted, climbed out of the Canyon, were killed by the Paiutes. Well, Powell was greatly distressed,

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because one of these men was the photographer. And he turned around to Jack Hillers, who had listed as a boatman. And more as a joke that anything else, he said, "Jack, why can't you make photographs?" Jack said, "Well, Major, I'll try." So he pitched in and tried and made a vast success of it. No finer photographs ever came out of the West than those of Jack Hillers. And he was kept on through... came back to Washington, kept on by Major Powell as the photographer of the Geological Survey until Major Powell's death. And when Walcott succeeded Major Powell, Walcott asked the Major if there was any particular thing he could do for him. The only request that Powell made was, "Just look after Jack." Very fond of dear old Jack Hillers.

Jack would drink, and Walcott wouldn't stand a drinker around, so he fired him. I remember, back in those early days when they had old wet plates. No way to enlarge a photograph, that is, not in the field. So I asked him, "Jack, how on earth did you get along in the field? You had to develop these sensitive plates immediately because in the first place, they'd likely spoil; secondly, there might be a defect and you'd have to re-photograph, and you

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couldn't do that when you were travelling all the time. The plates being so sensitive, what did you do about a darkroom?" "Oh," he said, "We took the covered wagon; we piled all the blankets and pieces of canvas we had in camp to make it as dark as possible, and I used to get in there at night and develop the films that way, my plates." And he said, "We didn't allow any lights in the camp. If anybody should light a cigarette or cigar or anything, we'd take him out and shoot him." That's old Jack.

The Stevensons; Lobbying

By the way, there's another one we didn't mention a while ago. The Stevensons. James and his wife Matilda Cox Stevenson.

Gilb: I'd like to hear something about both of them. Wasn't he a colonel?

Hodge: James Stevenson. He was not a colonel.

Gilb: That was just a title.

Hodge: Not on account of any military experience. He was a lobbyist for the Geological Survey. And all lobbyists had the honorary title of Colonel. I remember several of them. There was Colonel Stevenson. There was another one, very eccentric. Colonel Pinchover. He was an old crank. And per-

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Gilb: Was Col. Stevenson under salary to be a lobbyist or was this on the side?

Hodge: Not as a lobbyist, no. He was called something like Administrative Assistant or something like that. Just hedging. But Stevenson made it a point to know these Congressmen, especially those of importance who had the moneybags. Now to show his importance, I was told that one year in the early history of this Geological Survey the appropriation bills had not yet gone through, and the fiscal year was just about ended, and they feared the appropriation bill wouldn't

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Gilb: Well, lobbying was a different thing from what it is now.

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Gilb: Do you know which Congressmen were particularly friendly?

Hodge: I mentioned Garfield. That was a friendship of Major Powell. Speaker Henderson, with whom he exchanged gloves--I just mentioned those. I couldn't mention any others specifically. Garfield and Henderson and doubtless others, their influence was just a matter of friendship. They had things in common. They were Civil War veterans. That meant a good deal; those old veterans stuck together.

Gilb: I wonder if you could tell us a little more about Matilda Cox Stevenson. She was on the staff too, wasn't she?

Hodge: Tillie, as she was commonly called, Matilda, succeeded her husband in working up--keeping in touch with Congressmen and getting their favors. I remember Senator Allison of Iowa was chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and she kept in touch with him. I imagine that she might have made an awful nuisance of herself, because she just wanted to run the Bureau with a high hand. And she was drawing salary and not doing a darn thing for the Bureau. Major Powell got tired of that and he stopped her salary. Oh, didn't

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She went around with the Geological Survey parties every year and this is a story told to me by two members of a camping party at which Mrs. Stevenson was present one night near the Wingate Station in New Mexico. One was the chief clerk of the Geological Survey, Henry C. Reiser, and the other was Victor Mindeleff, whom I mentioned before as on the staff of the Bureau. It showed how the Survey and the Bureau used to work together.

They were all gathered around the campfire and Mrs. Stevenson walked off into the distance and presently she came back shouting, "Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Stevenson!" So Colonel Jim, as he was known, jumped up and followed her into the tent. All the members of the party were regaled afterwards about Mrs. Tillie and Col. Stevenson leaning over picking cactus thorns out of the part where she happened to run into the cactus. Wasn't that a sweet story?

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While Tillie was in the field, you know the custom of the government was that you have to advance your own expenses and then look for reimbursement afterwards. Well, Mr. Adams, the disbursing officer of the Bureau of Ethnology, rushed up to see me rather excitedly one morning and said, "Look here, I've just received this voucher from Mrs. Stevenson and this is what it says." One of the items read, "To services of man, one night, two dollars." (laughter)

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This one is also about Tillie. Tillie had been away about eighteen months, down in the Southwest pursuing her ethnological studies among the Siya Indians this time. After a long spell in the field she came back to Washington, and we had a Negro proter around there. Delancy Gill, who was the photographer and illustrator of the Bureau, was engaged in his laboratory and the porter, Ambrose Green, came in and, knowing that Tillie and Mr. Gill were not at all friendly, thinking he would be received with rather open eyes, said, "Mr. Gill, Mrs. Tillie is back." Gill responded, "Well, I don't give a damn if she is." That rather encouraged Ambrose to go a little farther. This was during Teddy Roosevelt's administration when the expression "undesirable citizen" was on the lips of almost anybody. So Ambrose turned around and said, "Mr. Gill, you know that Lady's a very undesirable citizen." So Gill said, "Ambrose, what are you talking about. I'm going right in there and tell her this minute." So he made a feint toward getting his coat. Ambrose said, "Mr. Gill, don't you do that. I'd rather have you take that hatchet and hit me over the head with it."

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James Mooney and his Synonomy

Gilb: Did we mention James Mooney?

Hodge: Didn't mention Mooney. Mooney came from Richmond, Indiana. And he was, as a boy, connected with a newspaper there, called the Richmond Palladium. And as a youngster, he conceived the notion of listing everything in the world. He started to list all the different kinds of sewing machines. He thought he had reached the end of that study, so he took up the American Indians, to make a list of all the tribes of American Indians. That was an awful task, because tribes were known by different names. Each tribe called the other tribe by a different name. But he

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Worked that out very well. And he brought his material, all these identifications, to Washington, and how this was done I don't know, but I think there were about 50 copies, of this Indian list. He called it "Indian synonomy." And Powell was impressed by it, because it was eventually printed--how, I don't know, presumably by the Government Printing Office, through Major Powell and Pilling's friendship.

Mooney came into Washington, and he wasn't well received. He was a funny-looking little man, with his hair hanging down on his shoulders. Not very prepossessing. But he had this synonomy. And after all, you might regard that synonomy as almost the first beginning of the <u>Handbook of the Indians</u>. I'll tell you why. Powell conceived the idea of recording for popular use all the names by which the Indians had been known, and there are thousands of them, you know, north of Mexico alone. So when Mooney brought this synonomy, that was a natural for this thing. The next was an account of all the treaties held with the Indians. And next came various bibliographies. These were popular things, you see, for public consumption. The public wouldn't

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So Mooney worked away on this synonomy. An acceptable name to represent this, that, or the other tribe was recorded, and the synonomy was built up under that. All the names by which the Cherokee were known, even misprints, with the authorities, were all listed under "Cherokee." But to show who the Cherokees were, there had to be a very brief account of them, oh, maybe twenty-five or thirty lines.

So Mooney was started on that. But that went on in a rather desultory way. He spent a good deal of time among the Cherokee Indians and other Indians, out in Oklahoma, the Kiowas, for example. An excellent researcher. He wrote various articles on every Cherokee town. He died in the service later, after I had left the Bureau and gone to New York.

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The <u>Handbook of American Indians</u> incorporated Mooney's synonomy, greatly enlarged. The <u>Handbook</u> was merely a synonomy at first; the idea was merely to publish a list of the tribes and then list the various things for which they had been known, subordinate to the main head.

H.W. Henshaw

Gilb: What was H.W. Henshaw's role in this?

Hodge: H.W. Henshaw came in later. Henshaw was an ornithologist. Now look at all these men. There's not one of them had training in anthropology, because there was no place where they could train. Henshaw was in immediate charge of the Bureau of Ethnology. Henshaw's title might have been "Acting Director"; or "Ethnologist in Charge," I think, was a title that covered the ground. But he was responsible to Major Powell. The Major kept his eye on the work as it went along, but he was the Director of the Geological Survey; he didn't have time to devote to such a subordinate piece of work as this growing <u>Handbook</u>.

Gilb: I understand that Henshaw got sick about 1893 and you took over.

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things on my own, but I wasn't regarded as the head of the Bureau.

An Appraisal of Major Powell

Gilb: What kind of an administrator was Powell?

Hodge: I regard Powell as an excellent administrator. The mere fact that he was able to establish the Geological Survey and carry on as he did, to develop these plans for topographic surveys as a basis for the geology; I think that was all foresight.

Gilb: Wasn't he kind of short-tempered, sometimes?

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An Appraisal of Major Powell

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Gilb: Did he have the loyalty of all the staff, or were some of the people discontent?

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Gilb: I have a note here that the Bureau of Ethnology was reorganized in 1894. Do you remember what occasioned the reorganization?

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Gilb: Well, let me read you my note and it might suggest... "In '91, a number of Western cattlemen were annoyed at the irrigation survey that the Geological Survey was conducting, and so the appropriations for the Survey were reduced, and in '92 they were so badly reduced that many of the people, both on the Bureau and on the Survey, had to be fired."

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Hodge: Reorganization meant that--who took Powell's place at head of the Survey? Walcott stepped in there as head of the Geological Survey. Cleveland was President. Secretary of the Interior was a man from Georgia named Hoag Smith, and I don't think he had any high regard for Northern ex-soldiers. He fired Powell.

Gilb: Just out-and-out fired him.

Hodge: Out-and-out fired him. The Bureau of Ethnology in the meantime had taken up quarters in a building across the street from the Geological Survey, rented quarters. Major Powell moved over there. He was already Director and founder of the Bureau of Ethnology. Had a room, very nice place, fixed up for him over there, and that's where he spent the rest of his time.

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Gilb: How good an ethnologist was Powell? How would you rate him?

Hodge: He was looked upon more as a geologist that as an ethnologist. His first work was the exploration of the Grand Canyon. That, after all, was a geological study more than anything else. And that was conducted more intensively by Clarence E. Dutton, whom I mentioned a while ago. And W.H. Holmes prepared those perfectly remarkable drawings of the Grand Canyon, showing the whole stratification of the geology.

Gilb: Now looking back on Powell as a scientist in connection with ethnology, what did he fail to see or fail to take into account? What errors did he make?

Hodge: It was starting from scratch. To organize a Bureau devoted to ethnology was no easy task.

Gilb: Nobody had ever done it before.

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Gilb: You've told me all the good things he did; what are the bad things he did?

Hodge: I wouldn't call anything that Powell did--I don't think he made any serious mistake. I think it's quite remarkable that he was able to start from scratch and organize a Bureau and bring in these men and women as a staff, each one of whom had an interest (you couldn't say very much experience.)

Gilb: How much did Powell contribute to the Handbook? Did he take an active--

Hodge: Not directly. He didn't write any articles for it. His was general supervision.

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Gilb: Wallace Stegner says in Beyond the 100th Meridian that practically everybody in the whole Bureau worked on the Handbook.

Hodge: Oh yes. After Holmes stepped in and became Ethnologist in Charge of the Bureau of Ethnology under Major Powell, he saw the importance of pushing the Handbook through. That was inspired by S.P. Langley, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who

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Gilb: You mean Langley didn't really appreciate it?

Hodge: No, he didn't. Very narrow in his attitude toward the Bureau. I don't think he would have cared if the work of the Bureau had been brought to a close then.

Gilb: Ostensibly it was under the Smithsonian, wasn't it?

Hodge: It was, directly. He said, "Devote every possible attention to the finishing of the Handbook." It was called all sorts of things. Synonomy of the Indians, which was all it covered, originally. Then we wanted to call it Dictionary of the American Indians. That was a misnomer. People would think it was just an extended vocabulary. I was the one who suggested Handbook, although I did vision the two-volume work of a couple of thousand pages, which is hardly a handbook. At the same time, I was able to get away with it, and Holmes supported it.

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We enlisted the services of a number of contributors who had specialized in certain subjects or had studies various Indian tribes and they wrote articles. Their contributions received a nominal consideration for the work they did on the Handbook. Those who were employed by the Government received no extra compensation for the articles they wrote for the Handbook.

Gilb: Who were some of the most outstanding contributors to the Handbook?

Hodge: I think out of all the contributors William H. Holmes was perhaps as prominent as any.

Gilb: Let's talk about Holmes. Could you tell me something more about him?

Hodge: Holmes once told me how his interest began. He was from Ohio. At first he was engaged in one of the surveys, I think it was the Hayden survey. There were three or four surveys in the field at the time, all making topographical surveys in different parts of the West. The Wheeler survey, the Hayden survey,

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the King survey and the Powell survey. Holmes was geologist and also archeologist for one of these surveys. Holmes wrote an account of some of the cliff dwellings of southern Colorado. His party just missed the great Mesa Verde. They weren't discovered until later, about 1890.

Being an artist, Holmes was interested in the arts and crafts of ancient times, so he wrote monographs on pottery, stonework, and t extiles and they were published by the Bureau of Ethnology. These are regarded as excellent treatises, and remember, this was pioneer work too. All the more difficult, he didn't have the benefit of what others had done for comparison.

Every week we had our contributers, those in Washington, the National Museum, the Bureau, and so on, meet in Holmes' office and we'd discuss the articles that had been turned in. I remember I read them and if there were any suggestions to offer, they were offered.

I assembled all the material, I wrote many of the articles myself. Many of those that bear the initials of others I had to rewrite because they

weren't up to the standard.

They've given me great credit for the Handbook. It's about the best work I ever did and I worked hard enough on it, because for eleven years I didn't take any leave of absence and many a night I worked until two o'clock to get this thing through. And in that way, the thing finally reached a conclusion. The first volume came out in 1907. It met a great deal of favorable comment. And they looked forward to the second, which was published in 1910.

Those who had part in it have ever since been complimented by those who made use of the Handbook and who often refer to it as the "museum man's Bible".

Gilb: I wondered if you were doing some general reading in this period to expand you ideas about anthropology and archeology?

During all this time were you reading in related fields like sociology or geology?

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OTHER EDITING

Smithsonian Institution

Gilb: At the same time you were working on the Handbook, I note that from Frbruary, 1901, to July, 1905, you left the Bureau of Ethnology and went to work as an assistant in charge of the office, and...

Hodge: I was called Assistant in Charge of Office and Curator of International Exchange. It's rather a long title, isn't it? In the Smithsonian Institution proper, the parent institution. That was done at the instance of S.P. Langley. I had been recommended to him as the proper person to take the place of one who had held the position but who had died, a Mr. Winlock.

Gilb; And what were your duties?

Hodge: Just looking after the office administration of the Smithsonian Institution.

Gilb: Did you like that job?

Hodge: No, I didn't like it at all. I was supposed to be carrying on the Handbook at the same time--that went by the board; I couldn't work on the Handbook and have all these administrative duties to look after. The International Exchange was in the hands

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Gilb: Did you read many of the things that come in from other countries?

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I'll give you an instance. In those early days, these young scientific men were given quarters in the Smithsonian. One of them told me once he was given a cot up in North Tower. They weren't allowed any fires up there, and they almost froze to death. He said he stood it for a week; he was almost blown out of his cot every night; these cold blasts. The others held on. And I remember some of them. Elliott Coues; Cushing, when he was in Washington; Theodore Gill, the great ichthyologist afterwards; Dr. Albert C. Peale was the one who was almost blown out of his cot; Robert Ridgway, the ornitholo-

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Gilb: So this was helping you get more editorial experience.

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Gilb: How did you happen to go back to the Bureau?

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eleven years the American Anthropological Association was founded at a meeting in Pittsburgh, largely for the purpose of carrying on the _Anthropologist_ and enlarging it.

Gilb: It was a national organization compared to the local one.

Hodge: Yes. So somebody else had some wishful thinking. The _Anthropologist_ was started and it was published by George P. Putnam and Sons of New York, the noted publishers. But there wasn't nearly enough money to carry the thing on and Franz Boas and W.J. McGee entered into a contract with the Putnams to publish the _American Anthropologist_ and again I had an editorial job wished on me. That was much more difficult because it was greatly enlarged and had different departments developed, but you can see how anthropology has grown in this country by simply watching the _American Anthropologist_.

What a time I had writing letters and trying to get members of the American Anthropological Association, hundreds of letters, and with some success. I had to pay the postage on all these because there

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Then Talbot Hyde of New York, B.T. Babbitt Hyde, belonged to the soap people, you know, he came forward very generously and offered to pay the expense of printing the *American Anthropologist*, the editorial work on it, not the publishing, so that was just fine. I got in touch with Robert H. Lowie, of the University of California, who took over a large part of the editorial work. Talbot Hyde paid both of us for the time we expended, but I never was reimbursed for all the postage I had expended.*

Miscellaneous

Gilb: Didn't you also begin editing something for the Morgan family, at this time?

Hodge: That was not for the Morgan family; that was for Edward S. Curtis. There are twenty volumes and twenty portfolios, called *The North American*

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Indians.

Gilb: How did you happen to get that job?

Hodge: I was with the Bureau at the time, and Curtis had been the official photographer on what was known as the Harriman expedition to Alaska. The Harriman expedition didn't want his photographs; they wanted the photographs made, but they didn't care about owning them. So as my understanding is, they fell into Curtis's hands. That is, they became his property. His home and photographic outfit were at Seattle at the time, and he conceived the notion of publishing an album of these photographs (they were all Indian), having them nicely reproduced and in large form with a simple few lines of description on a leaf facing each of the plates. That grew into something bigger. He was talking to Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the Department of Agriculture--the Biological Survey at the time--and I think it was Merriam who suggested something bigger than that. To make a study of the Indians illustrated and put in a general account of each of the tribes represented. Curtis thought that was a good idea, but he said, "That's a little

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beyond my ability and experience. Who could I get to help me about this?" And Merriam said, "You go and see Hodge over at the Smithsonian."

So we had a talk, and I was willing to undertake it. It seemed to me that it was going to be a prodigious task. So that's how I took this thing over.

Gilb: How long did it take?

Hodge: It was a matter of several years. Now poor Curtis mortgaged everthing he had; he almost mortgaged his home up in Seattle over his wife's head, and so that resulted in divorce. And Curtis was very angry because she took over his negatives, and he never recovered those. So he started afresh and went among these various tribes with a field assistant. Very bright fellow named Phillips. He was a young lawyer and wanted to go back to his practice, so he gave up after a year or two. Then Curtis took over another pretty fine student; he'd been a professor of English in one of the Midwest colleges. Name was William E. Myers. So he carried on until almost the end. And volume after volume came out

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IN CHARGE OF BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY, 1910-18

Gilb: When did you become head of the Bureau of Ethnology?

Hodge: When Major Powell died, Langley, as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, had the appointing power, of course. W.J. McGee, who was primarily a geologist--have you noticed that all these men had their training in other fields? Langley didn't like McGee and refused to appoint him to the head although he'd been acting head after Major Powell's death, so William H. Holmes was given the appointment. He had done geological work and also some archeological work in connection with one of the surveys back in the late '60's. So he was given the appointment. It was a difficult position for Holmes, because he and McGee were very good friends, and at the same time he was head curator of anthropology at the National Museum. A very industrious man and awfully fine, a great scholar, and a splendid artist. He's one of our first and leading archeologists in the country. His work in archeology was outstanding; it was published by the

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Bureau of Ethnology and in other sources.

He wanted to give up his work at the Bureau so that he could go a head with his writing. He was still head curator of anthropology at the National Museum. So he allowed to leave the Bureau and I was appointed in his stead. I was in charge of the Bureau from 1910-1918.

Gilb: And I was wondering what the chief work of the Bureau was after the Handbook was out, and you became head of the Bureau.

Hodge: It carried on with this field work and the ethnological work. Fewkes was still doing archaeological work in the Southwest on very small allotments.

Gilb: Its appropriations were reduced? While you were head of the Bureau, were you having trouble with appropriations? You didn't have enough--

Hodge: No; I used to go up every year and give out an excuse for our living.

Gilb: Were you sympathetically received?

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I remember on one occasion I--the administration had changed. And Champ Clark became Speaker of the House; he was a Democrat, in succession to Uncle Joe Cannon. But Cannon was still a member of the Appropriations Committee, and a man named Fitz- gerald of New York, a New York Tammanyite, was now chairman of the Committee. They wanted to go into this appropriation matter in great detail, learn the reasons for it all. So I was called upon, as head of the Bureau, to appear in defense of the Bureau appropriations.[1] Incidentally, I got just what we'd had the year before, which pleased me, because I didn't know but what this change in administration might involve a change in the appropriations on the ground of necessary economics. While I was giving my testimony, Mr. Cannon came into the room with a cigar, a dry cigar, and he stopped the stenographer and said, "Now about all this Indian and cliffdweller stuff. Is that going to throw any light on the price of wheat next November?" Only time in my life that I had a quick comeback. I said, "No, Mr. Cannon, but man cannot

live by bread alone."

Gilb: Wonderful!

Hodge: The only time I've ever had an inspiration in all my life, before or since. They all laughed at that; they saw the appropriateness of it. Cannon laughed himself. I think that saved the day. I think that put an end to the inquisition. So the appropriation went sailing through, about $40,000.

Gilb: Would you have preferred more money?

Hodge: Oh, naturally. We had to make an estimate of our needs. We always put in a requisition for more than the year before, in the hopes of getting it. But it carries on with very little increase for years after that.

I found ways of economizing. When I was editing the government publications, I went down to the printing office. I knew Captain Bryan, who was the foreman of printing; that was his official title. And I had gotten up some type headings for articles, memoirs, in the Bureau reports, in order to have them more or less uniform. So I went to see Captain Bryan, as I said, to see if the Government Printing Office could print these broadsides for us. He said, "We haven't an appropriation for anything

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Gilb: What was the effect of the publication of the _Handbook_ on the attitude of Congress?

Hodge: I'll tell you. I wouldn't say Congress; you might say the Appropriation Committee. It was during the same administration I mentioned earlier that the members of the Appropriations Committee heard about the preparation of the _Handbook_. In fact, it had been going on for several years, so naturally they did hear. How they retained this recollection

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Hodge: He had to approach his administrative work in more or less a political way because he was dealing with politicians.

Gilb: But you didn't feel you--

Hodge: But I wouldn't call Powell a politician himself. I call him a good administrator.

Gilb: Did you feel you had to continue in that tradition, or by this time...

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Gilb: Living in Washington, I could see how you'd feel that way. Did you find at any time there was pressure to employ, in the Bureau or on the Survey, Congressmen's nephews or sons or anything of that sort?

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Gilb: Living in Washington, I could see how you'd feel that way. Did you find at any time there was pressure to employ, in the Bureau or on the Survey, Congressmen's nephews or sons or anything of that sort?

Hodge: I think members of Congress doubtless made applications for positions for their sons during the summer, because I knew of cases in which the sons of members of Congress were appointed, at least for the summer. There were two sons of a noted Confederate General, Civil War, who were in the Geological Survey. One was a topographer; the other was just an office man. There were some other cases. But way back in early days that was done.

I remember a case--I was told the story of a member of Congress who went to Washington and he told a friend that he wanted his son to go into the Coast and Geodetic Survey because he'd have a fine trip during the summer. "Well," he said, "you'll never in your life get your son into the Coast and Geodetic Survey." "Why is that?" "The head of the Survey is a relative of Benjamin Franklin; his name is Alexander Dallas Bache. You'll go over there and try to get your son into the Coast and Geodetic Survey and you'll find the darn thing is filled with Baches and sons of Baches." (laughter)

Gilb: Did you find that the pressure of putting on

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Gill: Did you find that the pressure of putting on

these boys ever impaired the scientific work of the Bureau?

Hodge: Never was approached for that. I could easily tell them I had no appointive power.

Gilb: Even when you were in charge?
Who appointed people?

Hodge: They were appointed--Major Powell, of course, could make appointments because he kept the Bureau more or less aloof from the Smithsonian, not legally, not administratively, but just because the Secretary of the Smithsonian didn't want to bother about appointing somebody that the Bureau of Ethnology had pointed out. I could make a recommendation, but that's all.

Gilb: Who appointed people after Powell died, the head of the Smithsonian?

Hodge: Holmes took charge.

Gilb: And then after that? When you took over from Holmes. You must have appointed then.

Hodge: When I left, it was Fewkes. When Fewkes died, Matt Sterling, who is still head of the Bureau.

Gilb: But while you were in charge, didn't you appoint

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Hodge: No.

Gilb: Who did?

Hodge: No appointments of anybody--well, Fewkes was about the last outsider I recall. No, Sterling must have come in afterwards. Sterling had made a trip on his own to New Guinea, and he had some excellent illustrations. He showed those around. They made an impression and for some reason or other--he had never done any work among the American Indians--they put him at the head of the Bureau. Now I don't know who recommended that. It may have been Walcott.

Gilb: After Powell died, was the Bureau more closely guided by the Smithsonian Institution?

Hodge: The head was appointed, of course, by the Secretary of the Institution. But the Institution didn't pay very much attention to the Bureau of Ethnology. I've already told you that Langley didn't care much about the Bureau and didn't understand what it was doing anyhow. Walcott was a geologist but also a remarkable administrator. He was not only at the head of the Geological Survey and the Bureau of

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Ethnology, but also of the Carnegie Institution in Washington. And he told me once that his policy was to select the man or woman he thought could do the work. If they couldn't do it, out they went. That was his policy. In that way you's get a good lot of administrative assistants. After Langley died, Walcott became Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

Gilb: Was there any pressure during the time that you were in charge by Congress, to make the work more practical?

Hodge: No, Congress did nothing. All it had to go by was the reports, that they had the Bureau make, and the recommendation when it came to asking for appropriations. Give a reason for every dollar you need.

Gilb: Did the National Academy of Sciences take an interest in the work of the Bureau?

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Hodge: Oh yes. It was very well established, you know. Doing as much field research as possible. Compiling the results for publication. That had always been done.

Gilb: There were no changes in policy.

Hodge: No. None at all. No change even today, that I know of.

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EXPEDITIONS TO THE SOUTHWEST, 1890'S

Gilb: We have discussed your editorial work, but during the 1890's you were not just editing; you were going out on field trips, weren't you?

Hodge: I got back from Hemenway Expedition and entered the Bureau the summer of '89. Did I go out in the field the year after that?

Gilb: I think you went in 1895 with Jesse Fewkes. Excavating the Hopi.. .

Hodge: Hopi, yes. Fewkes had come in as a sort of successor to Cushing in the Hemenway Expedition. The Expedition was really at an end. But Fewkes was asked by Augustus Hemenway to go out and close up the affairs of the Expedition, which he did. That was his first trip, the first Indians he ever saw, and he became greatly fascinated, and he liked to drop his biological work and see what he could do in the way of Southwestern archaeology. He dug into the different sites, especially up in the Hopi country.

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Hodge: Institution in charge of the National Museum. Good asked McGee, who was then looking after the affairs of the Bureau of Ethnology in Major Powell's absence, if there could be some way in which Judd, who was all broken up, could get into the West somewhere and join some party. Fewkes was out there, and McGee arranged for me to go out, join Judd and take him into the camp. Fewkes was excavating the Hopi pueblo of Sikyatki at that time, and so that's how I cooperated with Fewkes. In fact, I think I did most of dirt digging myself, with the aid of Hopis, of course. And Judd was there and was able, in a measure, to forget some of his troubles. Then we made a trip around among the various pueblos after that. Took the whole summer. And Judd really enjoyed his experience that year; it was something totally different from anything he'd been accustomed to.

Gilb: This wasn't an elaborate archaeological trip, was it?

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Gilb: Another trip you took out theremust have been around 1896 or '97, when the controversy arose over the Enchanted Mesa. Remember that?

Hodge: Yes, that was the summer--why, yes, Professor William Libbey of Princeton had been reading a story by Lummis on the Enchanted Mesa, Katzimo, it was called. According to the story, the Acoma Indians used to live up on this mesa, and terrible storms washed out the only trail, which left a few old people on top. They perished. This was in prehistoric times. Libbey, using this as a cue, went out there with a very elaborate outfit to scale this mesa. He took a lifesavers' apparatus, and with the necessary gun he shot a rope. I think he was a long time doing this; the rope didn't fall in the proper place. He finally got it over the tip end, the south end, of this mesa, and it was--had a mule to pull

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Hodge: the rope on the other side. After many delays and a great deal of trouble, the mule pulled the rope up and Libbey went up with the thing, landed on the tip end of the mesa where the rope was. There was a fifteen-foot gap between that end and the main part of the mesa, so he had to consume more time by sending over to Acoma for a house ladder to span this gap, and by the time he got through, it was just about dark, and he had a hurried trip over the rest of the mesa. Saw no evidence whatsoever that the place had ever been visited before. And so he hurried back to the nearest telegraphic office. He had a correspondent from the Brooklyn Eagle, by the way. So it was broadcast. This was midsummer. News was scarce and newspaper men just gobbled it all up. So he said that Lummis was a fraud, the Acomas never occupied the top of this mesa, otherwise they would have left some things behind.

Of course Lummis was greatly perturbed by this, because he had merely recorded the story that the Acomas had told him about their former occupancy of Katzimo. So McGee, who was in charge of the Bureau, said, "See the morning papers. What do you think of

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Hodge: Libbey's trip up the Enchanted Mesa in New Mexico?"

I said, "There's one thing. I was down there the year before, and in climbing up this old trail to see how difficult it would be to scale the top, I found numerous potsherds in the talus, that could have occurred only from being washed from above, of course."

And he said, "How would you like to go down and see what you can do about this Libbey case?"

I said I'd like it fine.

"How long would it take you to get ready?"

"I'd be ready today."

He said, "All right," after I described what was necessary to scale this twenty feet, thirty feet, of sheer rock. I said, "If I could have a ladder, an extension ladder, that would be easily transported; a geologist's hammer, so as to dig into the sandstone for the feet of the ladder to stand; and some rope, to tie to the top of the ladder and take it over and tie it to something on the top, I don't know what."

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Hodge: not only got them ready but had them shipped out to Laguna Station. Out there I had an old friend, Major Pratt, who was United States Deputy Surveyor, just the man to survey the top. He had a Laguna wife. So I took the train and got out to Laguna, picked up Pratt, and our special express was all ready for the trip. Went down those seventy miles in a hired buckboard, and it happened to be St. Stephen's Day, the patron saint of Acoma, and nothing was doing while that was going on. But the next day we pulled out from Acoma and went over to the Enchanted Mesa three or four miles away. There we established camp and had very little difficulty getting on top. We didn't have to have lifesaving apparatus. The ladders and the geologist's hammer were sufficient.

We got up on top--oh, I tell you who was with me this time, that's A. C. Vroman. He had a couple of friends with him. One was a Mr. Haight and the other was an old mate of his, old companion back east. And we all got up there without any trouble.

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Hodge: Mr. Haight was a man past seventy; he had no difficulty climbing the ladder. I think we put a rope around his waist to make him safe. So we got up there in ample time to cover every yard of the mesa top. There was the Acoma ladder that Libbey had sent for and which was still across this gap, and I picked up a stone axe, several potsherds and various artifacts to show that the place had been occupied. All in addition to large numbers of potsherds in the talus, which I mentioned before.

Lummis didn't know anything about this trip which we were taking. So we thought we had sufficient evidence to show that the place had been occupied before. We went back to Laguna and I wired Lummis, "Just returned Enchanted Mesa; found evidence former human occupancy," or words to that effect. Lummis must have hit the skies when he got that. He started in. And if he didn't play Libbey to the queen's taste, you know! He wrote one article, I think it was in Harper's Weekly, where Libbey had already published an article on his exploits. I think the article was headed, "A Disenchanted Libbey." Lummis was very adept at that kind of thing.

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Hodge: And I wrote an article for his magazine, Land of Sunshine, and there was a Miss Sidmore who saw this article, wrote to Richard Watson Gilder, who at that time was editor of the Century, calling attention to this exploit on my part, and wanted to get an article in the Century. So I had a letter from Gilder a short time after that and he asked me if I would write the article. And I said I would, for the Century. Not only that, but they sent an artist named Lundland, who'd had a good deal of Southwestern artistic experience, down to visit me to prepare the necessary illustrations. Which he did. I was confined to a certain number of words in my article, and Lundland wrote an additional part to my article, which I didn't care for any too well, and that also was published along with mine, and Lundland's illustrations. So the thing went through, drawing a lot more explosives from Libbey. The thing finally ended.

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Gilb: Was it on that trip that you took Vroman along with you to photograph native life?

Hodge: On that particular trip, he went with me. Vroman asked me if I would allow him to join as a voluntary photographer, any trip I took in the Southwest, so I got in touch with him then. But we had a much wider, much longer trip on another occasion. I made arrangements with Vroman to do all the photographic work, which he was only too happy to do. The only condition being that he had the privilege of duplicating any photo that I wanted, which of course I was only too glad to give, and he paid the entire expense of the negatives and ....

Gilb: When was this later trip?

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Back in the Hemenway days, when we were working in the Salt River Valley, and especially later, when we moved up to Zuni and the Expedition conducted excavations there, I became more or less acquainted with the noted archaeological remains in the Zuni Valley, and I just thought to myself, if the money could ever be arranged to have Hawikuh excavated, it would be the grandest thing. Well, as it chanced, years later, long after I went back to the Bureau of Ethnology, I had occasion to tell George Heye my ambition. He was interested. I think he was more interested in me than in the ruins of Hawikuh. His particular friend, Harmon Hendricks, when the matter was broached to him--I suppose Heye lauded me to the

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Hodge: skies as the only man who could do this work---he said, "Very glad to do that." So I had an offer from George Heye, who was the founder and director of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation in New York to come over and join forces with him, which I did. With Mr. Harmon W. Hendricks, Mr. Heye's friend, it was planned for me to dig up this pet site of mine, Hawikuh, which I had almost wept over years before when I first went down with the Hemenway expedition. I saw this big ruin out here; oh, wouldn't I like to dig in there. Mr. Hendricks, who was very, very generous, agreed to pay all the expenses. So he started out by making annual appropriations to carry on the work at Hawikuh. Very generous; I was able to employ about fifteen Zunis in this work. I carried on at Hawikuh for about five seasons at the expense of Mr. Hendricks. He was a bachelor, a man of very large means. His people had been in the copper business, manufacturing copper since the

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middle of the eighteenth century. He was a very fine man. Not only did he pay the expenses of the field work during all that time, and employing fifteen Indians and running a camp is no small expense, but he was a gentleman, punctilious in all of his dealing with everybody.

Gilb: Why was Hawikuh historically important? Way back.

Hodge: Historically it's because it was possibly the pueblo that was seen by Fray Marcos de Niza in 1539. He said he saw it from an adjacent height, but his Negro companion, Estevanico, was killed by the Zunis there. And Fray Marcos didn't go directly to the pueblo. At any rate he went back and reported what he saw, and Coronado was sent out the following year. He reached Hawikuh in 1540. And he stormed the pueblo, killing some of the Indians. Almost lost his life himself. The remainder fled to the top of Corn Mountain. So that was an event of very great historical importance.

There are two pueblos in the Zuni Valley that were occupied still in the historic times. One was Hawikuh. The other was Halona, which forms

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part of the site of present Zuni. Then there was a prehistoric one called Hesholuta, and the pottery, which of course is always an index, a partial index at least, of the culture of the people who were responsible for these pueblos, was very different from that of the later Zuni pueblos. Although this prehistoric pueblo was no doubt also occupied by the Zunis, being prehistoric, it was never recorded by the Spaniards like these others. So these archaeological remains did throw a good deal of light on the culture of the Zunis when they first came in contact with the Spaniards, and showed the differences that were carried on when the missions were established there and the Spaniards came and left some of their belongings behind, like iron and china and glass and a few things like that. Especially iron.

Gilb: How did you go about excavation?

Hodge: We followed the usual pattern. In Hawikah, which is on a low mound, gradually moving off into the plains on the west, and rather steep-sided on the east, it's a very easy matter when you have the

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tops of walls exposed, to dig down there, clean them out, and watch every step of the kind of contents the ruins contain. Sometimes the ruins would go down farther; sometimes very shallow. It's mainly a matter of following these things out and keeping careful record, and noting especially the specimens.

Gilb: Did you discover anything unusual?

Hodge: Yes. Many things. These turquoise inlaid combs that the women wore. There was an image, a terra-cotta image, that had been burnt, in one of the houses. Zuni workmen identified this as, what was known as the mistress of the house; it looks as though it was a house goddess. I never heard it mentioned before, but this image was found in one of the rooms that had been burnt, on the west side. We saved that. I published a little description of it, the circumstances of its finding. Then of course you had the sequence of pottery, which showed more or less the changes in their art culture. We've discovered also that the place evidently had been abandoned for some period, and that may have

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been the time that the Indians went up Corn Mountain and maybe didn't come down for some years, fearing the return of the Spaniards, just as they went up there at the time of the rebellion of 1680 and remained for twelve years. So that was time enough for Hawikuh to go to pieces. That is, the first abandonment. Second time followed the abandonment of the pueblo before on account of Apache raids in 1672.

So far as contribution to the general subjects of Southwest archaeology is concerned, there wasn't anything very new except in the matter of the sequence of the cultures there. And that was rather important.

Now unfortunately, Dr. Douglas's tree-ring method didn't come in till too late. I was able to save, however, the section of a big round beam that had been used as a roof support of a square kiva that was completely buried under one of the plazas of Hawikuh. That kiva was dated about, on account of its condition, 1250. And we learned afterwards, cleaning it out, that it had been there

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when the Spaniards arrived in 1629, because we found some domestic animal bones, a peach kernal, and other little telltale things, which of course were brought in by the Spaniards. Those rather interesting things show the desirability, the necessity, in fact, of saving every little thing. The peach kernal, for example; that's rather important in establishing the date. They didn't have peaches until the Spaniards arrived, and we know that Coronado and other Spanish explorers who followed didn't bring peaches along with them. Coronado did come with animals for food, sheep especially. And it is said, some pigs. They increased, by the way, while Coromado was conducting this expedition. They had more when they got over to The Grand Ouivita [Quivira?] than when they started. That's way over in Kansas. And it showedthe hardihood of those Spaniards of the period. It's perfectly amazing what they did.

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Hodge: The Zunis. We were twelve miles out from the Zuni pueblo, but our workmen were Zunis. And exclusively Zunis. They were good workmen. As soon as they learned just what we wanted, they adhered to our wishes in the matter and acted accordingly.

Gilb: What, who, did the staff consist of out there besides yourself?

Hodge: I had two assistants. One was Jess Nusbaum, who is now archaeologist of The National Park Service, and George Pepper, who afterwards passed away; he was on Heye's staff. Donald Cadzow was also on the staff, and he'd had experience up in Canada. His uncle was a trader up in Alberta, I think somewhere.

Gilb: Can you describe Nusbaum for us?

Hodge: He was born in Greeley, Colorado, and in his youth and young manhood he went down to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and became associated with Dr. E.L. Hewett, who was then--I think he was the president of New Mexico Normal University--it has another name now. I think it's called "The Highlands University" or something

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like that. And so he worked under Hewitt and had some of his archaeological training then. When Hewitt gave that up and established the School of American Research over in Santa Fe--that was a branch of the Archaeological Museum. Nusbaum joined his staff and carried on, was assistant in numerous field expeditions, and made himself eminently useful.

Heye came along and asked Nusbaum if he would like to join his forces in New York. Jess accepted. He was on the staff there for quite a while. Then he left and became superintendent of the Mesa Verde National Park, has been with the Park Service ever since.

Jess was my chief assistant in the excavations of Hawikuh. One evening, Jess had dug up a very large cooking vessel but it was in fragments. He undertook the task of repairing it. Jess was very adept at anything that required mechanical ability. He took the potsherds into camp that afternoon, and he was engaged in repairing it, but the pieces were

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rather warped. In order to put them in place, he used clamps and bandages and a rope and I don't know what not, to pull the pieces back where they belong. The dinner gong rang before he was halfway through, and there the vessel was with all these clamps and ropes and bandages and so on. Jess got up and his foot became entangled in one of the long ropes, and this vessel was kicked clear across the plaza of our camp, amid all the swearing that Jess could muster. He let it stay where it was until after dinner, as we were getting a little impatient that he hadn't appeared. So after dinner, he went and picked up the vessel and I'll be blamed if the shock that it received of being kicked clear across the plaza also kicked the shreds of which the vessel was composed perfectly in place. So all he had to do was to take the ropes and the bandages and rest of it off and do the little repairing that was necessary, and there it was, except for the cracks, a perfect ancient Hawikuh cooking vessel, which went to the Heye Museum in New York.

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Gilb: Who was the other fellow you mentioned?

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Gilb: Did you have a photographer on the trip?

Hodge: Jess Nusbaum was an excellent photographer; he'd made a good many photographs. Then an adherent of Heye--Heye picked him up because he was a very practical man--Ed Coffin. Ed was trained in photography. Very patient man. And I instructed him as to what we wanted in the way of a topographic survey of the ruins. So he very laboriously and very carefully made a survey of the ruins, a topographic survey. And that was used afterwards in preparing the ground plan of the whole Hawikuh pueblo. Which I have here, rolled up, against the time when I hope I'll be able to prepare that memoir of the architectural features of the construction of Hawikuh. I hope to use that with a good many

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illustrations.

Camp Life

Gilb: What was the housing and food situation in Arizona by this time?

Hodge: There was one time when Jess Nusbaum and I landed in Española, New Mexico, at a time when Española consisted of Bond's General Store and I think it was a blacksmith's shop there; if there was anything else, I don't recall it. On the other side there was Frenchy and the great hotel he ran. Frenchy started this hotel, little one-story building, and business grew to be pretty good, so he built a second story. Being economical, he didn't take the slope out of the roof, and that became the slope of the floor of the second story. Jess and I were assigned to this room; it was the only one available. We had a little difficulty at first negotiating that floor. The furniture had to be wired to the beds to keep it from rolling down and going through the partition beyond. Jess exaggerated the difficulty a little bit because he threw his arms back to steady himself every time he walked from one side of the room to another. We

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all had a pretty good time.

I remember another occasion, a friend, Judd, and I stayed in the same hotel. He was the son of Orange Judd, by the way, who established the <u>American Agriculturist</u> many years ago. It had been raining very hard and we went into Frenchy's hotel to get dry. We lighted a fire. One of the men there was a Mr. Vernon C. Reed. I think he was a stockbroker, an oil man or something, a man of very large means. His friend, an artist, was named Craig. I saw some of the pictures afterwards, and they weren't bad, by any means. We hit it off and I corresponded with Reed and Craig for several years afterwards. Only goes to show what strange quarters you get into sometimes. It may have been uncomfortable for the moment, but you wouldn't have missed them for anything after all the difficulties had passed.

Gilb: What were camp conditions like at Hawikuh?

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Our tents were comfortable; they were floored with wooden floors, and everything to make the place just as comfortable as possible. It gets rather warm there in the daytime, as it does in many places in New Mexico; the altitude is less than that of Sante Fe by about 3,000 feet. Sometimes we suffered a little inconvenience, especially if we had a high wind. It would get ahold of the tent flies, sometimes break the ropes and flap them, flap, flap, sometimes all night long, when we had a night's wind.

One Sunday morning, I went over to the cook tent and I thought I must have been seeing something very strange, as what appeared to be a black rope extended all the way across our patio. I drew up and looked; this rope was moving. I got up a little closer, and they were ants, many hundreds of thousands

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of ants, and they extended from a large ant hill that I think must have been thrown up in the night, over to a tree under which two of our Indians slept during the week, except on Saturday nights, when they went to the pueblo, to their families. Well, this happened to be Sunday morning. The men had gone off and left a leg of mutton under this juniper tree, which is what the ants were after. They had smelled out this mutton and had just simply infested it. Never saw anything like it.

Gilb: Did you have any trouble with wild life while you were out there in the field?

Hodge: Aside from ants, no trouble at all. We had to kill some rattlesnakes. They'd get out of your way if they felt they were going to be cornered. They don't attack openly, unless they feel they are in danger. Then they're going to defend themselves.

Gilb: Can you tell us something of the problems of getting water?

Hodge: At Hawikuh? Well, we were about three miles, three and a half, from a spring that was very alkali. We used that for washing purposes, laundry and the like.

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But we got our drinking water in barrels from Black Rock, which was the Indian agency for the Zuni. And which was sixteen miles away. So it was quite a little problem getting our drinking water for a trip of thirty-two miles. But we did that about once a week, and we conserved our barrel supply of water. Got along very nicely that way.

<u>Zuni Labor</u>

Gilb: How much did you pay the laborers?

Hodge: Well, back in the twenties, as you may imagine, wages were very much lower. They asked for a dollar and a half a day.

Gilb: In the twenties.

Hodge: Yes, it was the rather late twenties at that. A dollar and a half a day, and I gave them more toward the end of the work because prices of food were advancing rapidly.

Gilb: Did you use Mexican labor this time?

Hodge: No, at Zuni I employed only Zuni Indians, and they did very careful work. There was one old man, named Guyalito, he must have been 75, who objected at first to the excavations, didn't want to run across the

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bones of their ancestors. He was a little ugly about it. But he evidently got over it, because within a week he came over, picked a set of tools for excavating, and if you please, without leave or license, he went over to the other end to dig! And he became pretty well trained in excavating. He ran into a skeleton, and I just wanted to see what he could do. So I said, "Don't use anything but this little brush and this little spatula." So he got down on his knees and he worked on that. I said, "Take your time; it doesn't matter how long you take." They had the idea that they weren't giving us the benefit of their services if they didn't hurry. The knees were drawn up, of the skeleton, and it was in very good condition. The old man uncovered that skeleton as well as a trained doctor could have done. He didn't disturb a toe or a finger-bone.

One evening his son came by on horseback and he asked him where he was going. "Going over to Ojo Caliente." That's a little village about three miles from our diggings. And he said there was going to be

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a dance that night and he was going over to get a fox skin which he needed in the dance. So he went over to Ojo Caliente and got the fox skin and stopped at our dig again on his way back. Little devils, you know, Zuni workmen. As soon as his back was turned, they took the fox skin out of a gunny sack which he had on the back of the saddle, and put some parts of a broken skull in the bag and tied it up same as before, and presently Guyalito's son got on his horse, went all the way, twelve and a half miles into Zuni, and none of them would ever tell me what happened after he got into the pueblo and the piece of skull was revealed instead of the sacred fox skin. I should like to know, but I think that he violated some religious rule and he didn't want to discuss it.

The same Guyalito had been one of the sacred clowns, Koyemshi, and if you've ever been a member of the Koyemshi order, you must never take a joke too seriously.

On one occasion, Guyalito, while working for us, took off his shirt on a very hot day, and was digging away in one of the trenches there, and one of the other men picked up his shirt and put it

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down in the earth, so it was utterly impossible to see it. When the work was over, Guyalito looked around for his shirt and of course he couldn't find it. The men were perfectly innocent of any knowledge of it. And when Guyalito couldn't find it, he laughed and laughed and almost roared that this joke had been played on him. That's the way they take a practical joke. And they have just as much fun playing it on somebody else. That is a characteristic of the Koyemshi, or the Zuni sacred clowns.

Gilb: What was your opinion, generally, of the Zuni Indians who were working with you?

Hodge: Well, they were an awfully nice lot of fellows. They were good friends, and that was especially the case with some of them. I might mention dear old Pedro Pino, the medicine man. He was very confidential with me. We found things in the diggings. On one particular occasion, I recall, a bunch of stems and herbs, which I carefully preserved, and I showed them to Pedro, and he whispered that he'd come over tonight. So he came over to my tent after the others had all settled down, and he picked these apart one by one and gave me their names and what they were

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used for. Being a medicine man himself, he said that these things were "very much like I use." That was one case of confidence, you see.

Gilb: In other words, the tradition had been going on all those centuries.

Hodge: Oh yes. He didn't want the others to know about this. They have a feeling, if they give away a secret, they're losing something.

Gilb: That made it hard to do research among them.

Hodge: Some of their medicines might be inefficacious, you see. Because they have lost their power, lost their spirit.

Then dear old Osty. I think he must have had a streak of Navajo blood. He looked more of that kind than of Pueblo. And Osty was fine but rather inclined to be domineering. He influenced the other Indians a good deal. In a perfectly proper way.

Now we had Zuni Dick, who was our camp man. I had known him for a great many years. During the winter before, Dick did something or other that Osty didn't approve of. They belonged to the same corn clan. But he had an impression that Dick was lording

used for. Being a medicine man himself, he said that these things were "very much like I use." That was one case of confidence, you see.

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it over the others and that he had more influence with me than he really had, so Osty came out there and he really fired Dick from our camp. I let him have his way, because if there was tension there, somebody was going to be unhappy and the work would suffer accordingly.

Osty was another one who would give me information. Great traditionalist; he had very much knowledge. Then his brother, Lalio, was a little later governor of the pueblo.

There was Kanta. He was a very quiet little man. He used to love to go off on these great tramps alone. And he used to come over and report what certain ruins were that he came across. All by himself.. He died. Osty died. Pedro died. Lalio died. They all died.

Kanta one evening got his littlegun and went off hunting rabbits. It had been raining that afternoon, and the ground was all soft. And he brought in a toe bone that had been dug out of a burrow. Showed it to me; I asked him where he found it. He told me where. So I told him to go and start

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digging where the hole was and try to carry it out. I went down there after breakfast and Kanta was on the job there, and he ran into a skeleton. And I told him to dig, to clean that all out and I'd be there in a while. So he dug around the skeleton and ran into a wall. Much better masonry than the Hawikuh masonry. And that led to the uncovering of two beautiful round kivas. Ceremonial chambers. He uncovered those and I wrote a paper on those circular kivas. And another one, by the way, on the square kiva that I spoke of, under the plaza that was uncovered, that had the animal bones in it.

Chacone. Chacone was quite an old man, a kind and sweet old character, you know. Faithful to his work. He and another one, called--well, his long Zuni name was Namshipopo. That had reference to his fleetness in racing. He used to be the greatest runner of the tribe. He used to run twenty miles kicking a stick before him. Nata was his short name. He didn't have very much to say, but he was one of the most wonderful workmen we had

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there. He was the neatest shoveler that I've ever known, white or Indian. The most graceful way he had of handling his shovel and throwing the dirt in back of him.

Then I might say another word about Zuni Dick. I think I told you about the time he was implicated, with the chief of the warrior society, Nai-uchi, in hanging his sorcerer, wizard, who bore a somewhat similar name, commonly known as Nick. The other is Dick. Nick was Tumaco and the other was Thedaheh.

On account of this hanging of Nick, hanging by the thumbs with the feet off the ground to one of the beams sticking out from the housing, he and Nai-uchi were sent to jail for nine months, down to the town of Los Lunas, on the Rio Grande.

What disturbed Nai-uchi more than anything else was that in jail they cut his hair off and he was a blighted man, I think, from that time on.

Gilb: How long was his hair before then?

Hodge: He was an old man; it was down past his shoulder-

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Another young man, still alive but now in an insane asylum in Utah or Nevada, went under the name of Charlie Shushti. Shushti was his Zuni name; Charlie, of course, was a school name. Well, Charlie's duty was to take a little team, one that could be relied on none too much, because he had a little white pony and a large mule, both pretty rawboned. His business was to scrape off the e arth that had been thrown out and which had been gone over carefully to see if any lingering specimens were about.

Charlie once identified a wagon three miles away as a Mormon's wagoh because he could see the man's beard sticking out of the front of the wagon. I have many stories which illustrate the nature of the Zunis. One time I went down to Hawikuh in the Zuni Valley for the purpose of continuing excavations. On the way down, I did this act of courtesy by calling on the local Indian agent, a man named

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Bowman. Bowman said, "By the way, I have had a young Zuni woman here in the jail for quite a while." I said, "What has she been doing?" He said, "She made the mistake of marrying a Zuni according to the Christian faith then leaving him and marrying another Zuni according to the Zuni custom. Of course, we can't stand for that kind of thing. I've had her here for several months now and I think she's been punished enough. If you're going down to Zuni, you might take her along."

So the fair Nina got into the car and we drove down four miles to the pueblo and let her off at her ancestral home. The next day the story got around that I had given Bowman a thrashing and rescued the fair Nina and driven her to her home. That shows how the Indians can embroider a perfectly simple tale into something romantic.

When the field work came to an end after five years of excavation, two of our Zuni assistants, Austi and Lalio, who were brothers, asked if we would sell them the lumber which we used in building the dining shack. I said that we could do that

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because we had no further use for the lumber so they took it over and paid us the small sum that we asked, very much below the cost to us, of course. We heard afterwards that they refused to tear down the house and carry it home to Ojo Calienti because they said, "No, we know Teluli is going to come back here sometime and he might need it." Now, that's characteristic of Zuni philosophy and Zuni friendship, and I think it's very beautiful.

Mary Austin

Gilb: I can tell from listening to your anecdotes that while you were out there at camp, you had a certain amount of social life. People came out to visit you. I wondered if you met Mary Austin at this time.

Hodge: I met Mary Austin over in Los Angeles for the first time. Would you like to know how I met her?

Gilb: Yes.

Hodge: Lummis was building this adobe house down in the arroyo on Avenue 43. Still there and occupied by his daughter-in-law, who is divorced from Lummis's son, by the way. And I was out there,

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outside of Lummis's house. I was talking to Lummis one afternoon. He said, "By the way, there's a young woman I'd like you to meet. I think she has great promise as a writer."

Gilb: When was this?

Hodge: '95, I think. He said her name was Mary Austin. He said, "Iwant you to meet her. Here she comes now." She had a little house in the block. I've never seen the house, but she lived near by, and she was one of those whom Lummis hoped to establish into a great culture center down there. She came up, so I met Mary Austin. I had more or less a correspondence with her afterwards. She was out here and I was living in New York. So we became very closely associated this way. Still working at Hawikuh, I received a note from her saying that she would like to come over to New Mexico and look at these Indians that I was interested in and learn a little more about the New Mexico Southwest.

The work for that season at Hawikuh was already stopped, and I had gone on to Santa Fe, and I wrote her from Santa Fe telling her the situation. But I

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said, "If you want to see a little of the Southwest, sorry I won't be here, why, you come to Sante Fe, and make that headquarters. Lots of easy trips around; might get a little idea of pueblo life." She took my word for it, and I think that was the beginning of her Southwestern--

Gilb: Did you see much of her afterwards?

Hodge: I corresponded with her from New York. Heard rather frequently. One winter morning she wrote, "Dear Fred: There's a foot of snow on the ground and the world has gone to sleep." That's the way she opened her letter. On another occasion she was in New York and she called me up to ask if I would pick up Fanny Bandelier, who had an apartment a few blocks away, and come down and join her at the City Club and have dinner with her. I did that; I picked up Fanny and went to the City Club and sat around. Mary Austin hadn't come home yet. We got tired of waiting after an hour and a half, no Mary. So I took Fanny out to a restaurant and gave her something to eat. (laughter) Must have been a year and a half--no, wasn't as long as that--when I next saw Mary. I said, "By the way, Fanny and

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I are still waiting for that dinner." She said, "Oh, I forgot all about that."

Gilb: Was that typical of her?

Hodge: I think so. Likely to be forgetful. A part of her stock in trade.

Another day I had a telephone message--this was up at the Heye Museum--she said she just received the proofs of one of her books, I've forgotten which one it was. And asked if I would look over the proofs. I said, "Bring them up and I'll do what I can." She had a glossary there and I pointed out "Oh, that doesn't mean that; that means so-and-so." Ran down through the glossary; I didn't get halfway through it; wasn't time. "Oh, I have a luncheon engagement at noon; I must run." So she ran and the book was published. In her list of acknowledgements she expressed her thanks to me for reading the proofs of her book. That's Mary.

She moved permanently to Santa Fe after that first trip that I recommended, lived and died there; very prominent in social and scientific movements in

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<u>Other Visitors</u>

Gilb: I noticed another person that visited your camp one time was Mary Roberts Rinehart. Did you know--

Hodge: I didn't know Mary Rinehart. She and a party--and

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I think her husband was along, but I guess he was "Mr. Mary Roberts Rinehart," wasn't he? They came down to Hawikuh on an excursion, were there for an hour or so. I showed them around. But that's all my knowledge of them.

Gilb: Did many sightseers come?

Hodge: Not many, no. You see, it's forty miles from the railroad, and that was a little far away. But there were some people came down there on a visit whom I enjoyed. One was a man named Vogt. Evon Z. Vogt, whose son now is one of the professors of anthropology at the University of Chicago. Little Vogty was a small boy at the time. Vogt lived at Gallup, and knowing that some excavations were going on there, he thought he might make a story for the Associated Press. Very active chap. He went down to the Southwest from Chicago, while he was a student there, with T.B., and when I saw him he could lift a Ford car out of the mud on his shoulder. So we kept up an acquaintance for a long time, in fact, up to the time Vogt died. Dropped dead at the dinner table at Albuquerque, I think it was. And various others,

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some of whom I knew before. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jackson, whom I knew in New York so well, who went to the Southwest every year because of their interest in archaeology, and Miss Amelia White, who still lived in Santa Fe. Miss Mary Bulkley, who lived with a nephew and his wife out here at Altadena, who died only a few years ago. And various--I couldn't mention them all now. Quite a good many visitors.

Gilb: Sounds as if you did have.

Hodge: Mr. and Mrs. Heye, Mr. Hendricks, Mr. Keppler, were all there on a couple of occasions, stayed for a week or two. And Keppler, by the way, is the son of the Keppler who, with a partner, established the old _Puck_ humorous magazine, strong in politics. He lives down in La Jolla now.* We've seen him several times. A very great friend.

Gilb: Incidentally, you mentioned Ford automobiles. I guess by this time you were using cars instead of buckboards.

Hodge: We were using Fords; buckboards had been retired. In a way, they were better. A pair of mules and a

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Gilb: Were there any other technological improvements which helped you, as distinguished from what you had earlier?

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Hodge: You could very well imagine that. For example, Pima Indian. I had occasion to question a Pima Indian once in Southern Arizona while we were on the Hemenway Expedition, and I noticed that every time he said "yes," that is, expressed the affirmative, the word was just a drawing in of the breath.

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Gilb: How would you spell those sounds?

Hodge: The water would be k'awe. And Zuni language is really simple. There are not many sounds that we don't have in English. "Hl" is another one. "hli aqua"- that's turquoise. "hlu" would be"fast." "hlaw" is "hard." We commonly call it the Welsh l. We have it in Welsh. L with a line through it, ł. Or if you don't want to record so particularly as that, "hl."

Gilb: When you were in the Bureau of Ethnology did you get together and decide what phonetic symbols you were going to use?

Hodge: That has been done. The philologists have prepared alphabets designed for recording of Indian vocabularies.

Gilb: Did the Bureau of Ethnology do this work?

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Gilb: When you were gathering philological material in the Bureau, if you hadn't settled on a definite phonetic alphabet, wouldn't there be a likelihood that different people would use different symbols and there would be confusion?

Hodge: Very likely. You simply can't help that. Take these proper names out here. How the Southern Californians just murder these Spanish names. Take the street over here called Los Robles. They pronounce that invariably "Loss Ro bulls". L-o-s is not "loss" but Los. R-o-b-l-e-s, always spelled that way by the Spaniards, is Rob less." Los Rob less, but you can't tell them that.

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Gilb: Anything more you'd like to say about the work at Hawikuh?

Hodge: The work continued for four seasons. We did a great deal of work there. We uncovered a great deal which was very revealing. Uncovered the old church, or what was left of it, that was established in 1629, in front of which the priest of the mission there, right in front of his church, in 1632, was murdered by the Zunis. So having the history verified was a very interesting thing to us. I dug down there at Hawikuh for nearly five years. The results haven't all been published by any means.

Gilb: You mentioned that you had not been able to continue the work on the pottery, but someone took it up.

Hodge: Yes, that was Watson Smith. He's a freelance. Living at Tucson, Arizona. And he is the one who had charge of a study of the murals at the Hopi pueblo of Awatobi, the results of which have been published. Excellent piece of work he did. And while, of course, he can't get the same information that he would have had if my field notes had not been destroyed, at the

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Gilb: You were mentioning earlier the difference of opinion between you and Heye over what should be done with the pottery, how it should be labelled and so forth.

Hodge: When the pottery reached New York, it was unpacked, and put on a long table. An improvised table on the upper floor of Heye's garage. And there Heye had various workers going over it. When I arrived on the scene that summer, the Hawikuh work for that year being over, I was utterly amazed, dumbfounded to find that these pottery fragments were put in bags. The sherds themselves carried a certain field number. That number was carried over to the bag so there couldn't have been any question about the identifications. They were all piled on the back of this table and the fellow who got through first picked up a bag and put his in, with a totally different number from that which appeared on the bag. That was devastating, you know. You can imagine how the whole thing could have been terribly mixed up so that I had no use for my field numbers. They were the vital part of the whole business,

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because I could tell from my notes compared to the field numbers on the pottery and other objects how far down they were and the character of the pottery that was found. For example, there were two different kinds of glazes, glaze decoration, on the Hawikuh pottery. I could tell as soon as I put my eyes on it from what level it came. But that was all spoiled because the field numbers were gone. Heye was acquisitive. He didn't care about any information after the collections were found. Specimens. Specimens were his great object in life. Information respecting them didn't concern him.

Gilb: I looked up a little bit of the history of the Heye Foundation, and I noted that at first the exhibits were at the University of Pennsylvania and that the museum in New York didn't open until November, 1922. Was that a direct result of the pottery you brought it?

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Gilb: There had been a headquarters in New York, but not a regular museum building before that.

Hodge: They had a loft building way down on Thirty-third Street. Mr. Archer Huntington gave money toward erecting the building and then money came from other sources too. I don't know how much. Mr. Huntington, however, was the one who induced Heye to come up to that Broadway and 155th Street block, and I am pretty sure that he contributed largely toward the erection of the building. Then the American Geographical Society, the same way. That had a place down at 81st Street, I think. Then the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society was treated the same way. Then the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Then they put up a Spanish chapel there so as to tie the whole thing in with the Spanish influence. And Mr. Huntington himself told me that he had spent fourteen million dollars on that block. So it showed the part he played. The building of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, he built, I am sure, himself. And also the Numismatic and Antiquarian; that was a poorer organization. And

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Gilb: I note that a fellow by the name of James Ford....

Hodge: James B. Ford was one of the trustees of the Museum. And he was vice president of the United States Rubber Company, which was established by his father in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Mr. Ford was a very rich man. He had a brother who passed away, and the father left him--this, I believe, is the sequence of it--his fortune, and the brother died, and James B. came into possession of the whole family estate, which I think amounted to about $22,000,000. Heye told me that Mr. Ford had given to the Heye Museum, we'll call it for short, fourteen hundred thousand dollars ($1,400,000) up to the time that Heye told me this, and that was several years before Mr. Ford died. He didn't die till I came out here.

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Hodge: No. He was responsible in inducing Mr. Hendricks to make these contributions toward the expense of it. Except for one year, and he stopped after three years, and the next year I didn't go out to Hawikuh. Then the next year I did. He had his own reason for having it cease that one year. That was a great mistake, instead of having it go along continuously.

Gilb: What was the reason?

Hodge: He wanted Mr. Hendrick's money for something else. That was the only reason I could attribute to it.

Gilb: All this time you were working for the Heye Museum, did you do any editing work?

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Gilb: Were any of these works particularly outstanding so that we should discuss them?

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Gilb: Also during the twenties, after you finished at Hawikuh, didn't you go to study, do some field work, near Cataract Canyon in Arizona.

Hodge: It was just a visit there. With Jess Nusbaum. That was where the Havasupai Indians lived. They are a very small tribe and hard to reach. We went in from the north rim of the Grand Canyon. There's another way of getting in now, and that's from Peach Springs on the railroad. But it was only a visit, an observation, to get a view of this little tribe.

Cushing visited them back in the eighties. The early eighties. Published an article, I think it was in the Atlantic Monthly, called "The Nation of the Willows." They were first seen, first visited, by a Franciscan, Father Garces, in 1776, on his way from San Gabriel Mission here eastward to the Hopi villages. Went on a little side exploration by himself. He picked up a Mohave Indian, on passing through the Mohave country, who had a mule. That eased things a little bit. Finally he reached Oraibi. But the Indians would have nothing to do with him. They treated him kindly, fed him, fed his mule. But he

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Gilb: Yes, that is remarkable.

Hodge: Things were whooping up over in Philadelphia just at that time.

Gilb: What happened around about 1930 that caused the museum to cut down its staff so considerably?

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Gilb: I understand that the Heye Museum, the Museum of the American Indian, was a model for the Southwest Museum.

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CHARLES F. LUMMIS
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Gilb: What was Charles Lummis' background? How did he originally come out here?

Hodge: He was a Harvard student, same year as Teddy Roosevelt. And he got into trouble there, some students' flareup, got into some mischief, I don't know just what it was, but he was let out. Only a very short time before commencement exercises that year. But Harvard eventually forgot about that on account of his literary output. They granted him a degree. Doctor of Literature, or something like that.

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Hodge: I guess it must have been. How far he was from graduation, I've forgotten.

There's so much about Lummis you can't tell very well. While a student at Harvard, he used to go up into New Hampshire and cut birch bark. He must have cut thousands of sheets of birch back, which he put together in the form of books and on which he published a series of poems. Birch Bark Poems, he called them. The Southwest Museum has out of the three a number of copies of two of them.

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He went down to Chillicothe, Ohio, first. Became associated with a newspaper there. Then he conceived a notion of coming out to the coast, walking. The result of which was a series of articles in the Chillicothe paper, of which our museum has a complete file. And they were published in book form under the title A Tramp Across the Continent. It's gone through a couple of editions and I think it's been translated into one or two foreign languages.

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Lummis was appointed by Chandler city editor of the *Times*. He remained in that job for a couple of years, as I recall, and while he was in Los Angeles he met Dorothea, I've forgotten her maiden name, and they were married. They soon found that they weren't suited to each other so Lummis left Los Angeles and went back to New Mexico where he settled down at the Indian pueblo of Isleta. From there he went all over the state writing articles, making photographs and keeping himself alive in that way.

Well, on one occasion he went up into San Mateo mountains, now known as Mt. Taylor, and insisted on photographing the Penitentes during one of their Easter ceremonies when they string up one of their members on a cross in imitation of the Crucifixion. They're not nailed to the cross, merely tied. Well, the Mexicans who perform this ceremony threatened Lummis if he insisted on making the photographs, but Lummis, it is said, put his revolver on top of his camera and went ahead and photographed anyhow. That he made the

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Getting off the train at Isletta Jenction one night, somebody blazed away with a shotgun and got him in the neck. That was in the days before automobile backfire, you know. The Indians, hearing this report, rushed out and there was Lummis lying on the ground, and they thought he was going to bleed to death. No hospital in the neighborhood, of course, so they did the next best thing by calling the only white person in the neighborhood. That was the little American schoolteacher in Isletta Pueblo. She came in and did what she could to stem the flow of blood and then telegraphed his wife to come at once, telling the wife what his condition was. So Dorothea came out and the two women together

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The upshot of it was that they hatched a plot whereby Dorothea should get a divorce and Eva, the schoolteacher, should marry him, and that was brought about. Sometime later Lummis published his book Land of Poco Tiempo. Turn to the dedication page and you'll find it was dedicated to Eva and to Dorothea.

I remember some time ago when Lummis was selected to take the annual tour in behalf of the Archeological Institute of American one of the lecturers every year stopping at each city in which there was a branch of the Archeological Institute. That's one of the perquisites of the members of the Institute scattered throughout the country. On this particular occasion Lummis lectured on California Spanish folksongs which he had recorded by phonograph. Part of his equipment was a squeaky little phonograph with wax cylinder records. Evidently they had been overplayed by everybody and anybody; you can't use a steel needle on a wax cylinder without taking some of it away.

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Anyhow, there was a very distinguished audience this particular night gathered at the National Geographic Society in the Gardner Hubbard Memorial Hall. Among those I happened to see were S.P. Langley, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer, Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, and many other scientific men and women from Washington. It was a very warm evening and Lummis kept the porter busy carrying large glass pitchers of water to assuage his thirst. After he had dispatched three or four of these pitchers of water, the members of the audience began to smile a little bit. Lumis noticed this and said, "Well, out in my country we believe in irrigation and we practice it."

I should state that Lummis was not a stickler for formal dress on an occasion like this. Every other lecturer before the Geographic Society would dress in evening costume. Lummis regarded as his dress clothing a very broad striped green corduroy which as I remember, was sent to him in bolt from somewhere in Spain. The trousers were held up with

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a Pueblo woman's green woven belt. I don't remember if he wore moccasins or not, but he often did. He had a white embroidered shirt with a lot of open work around the top and his red underclothing showing through. The points of the collar were pinned down with little silver ornaments in the form of Peruvian llamas. That was the way Lummis appeared on the scene.

I heard that on one occasion, before a lecture in Boston, they insisted on his putting on a tuxedo and wearing that. They told him he just couldn't go on the stage dressed as he was. I believe that was the only occasion when he ever had a tuxedo, and he said then that it was so tight that he almost felt smothered in it.

You know he just faked his paralysis and his blindness.

Gilb: They weren't genuine?

Hodge: No. You see, when his wife was suing him for divorce, he wanted to keep his son, Jordan--he had an Indian name, Kimu. He wanted to keep him with him. Small tow-head boy. So he said it was necessary in his blindness to have his eyes bandaged and have Kimu

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SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

Gilb: And how did Charles Lummis help bring about the founding of the Southwest Museum?

Hodge: The Archaeological Institute of America then as now had different schools. It had a school of research in Rome, Jerusalem, Athens; it had them all over America. With Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt, Lummis was influential in the establishment of what we might regard as a branch of the Archaeological Institute known as the School of American Research with headquarters at Santa Fe, where it still is. Lummis tried hard to have the school established in Los Angeles, but we all fought against that because Santa Fe is the center of Southwest archaeology. However, Lummis lived in Los Angeles and thought it was the only place where the school should be established. Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt, was the head of the school. I became a member of it when it was first established about thirty years ago.

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in the Southwest Society, which grew to be the largest of the societies under the Archaeologocal Institute, should go to the Boston headquarters. So that's how the Southwest Museum was really commenced. An outgrowth of the Southwest Society.

Gilb: When was it started?

Hodge: 1902.

Gilb: Lummis was directly responsible?

Hodge: Lummis was really responsible for bringing that about. He's looked upon now as the founder emeritus of the Southwest Society; it grew out of that. They had a little money to do some field work, some archaeology.

Gilb: What was the original building?

Hodge: It was in a store building over in Los Angeles that I understand was given to the Society for housing its collections.

Gilb: When did they move out to the present site?

Hodge: I think about 1914. I'd have to look up that date.

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$50,000, was added since I came.

Gilb: Can you tell me who the original director was?

Hodge: I don't think they had a director; had curators. I didn't know them very intimately. Dr. Shearer preceded me as director.

Gilb: Did you change any of the policies of the Museum?

Hodge: I wouldn't say the policy. Oh yes. Just before I came, the policy was changed. It was a general museum and it became an anthropological museum. There was a little pamphlet issued at the time which explained why. I don't think Lummis approved especially, but they had things given to them, even down to spinning jennies and things of that sort.

Gilb: What did they do with all that other material, once they changed the nature of it from a general museum to a special museum?

Hodge: These other things? Returned to owners over a period of years. There was a great collection of butterflies. People go to the Museum to this day and wonder where the butterflies are that they remember from their childhood. They went back to their owners. Many other things were returned. The

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Gilb: Did you institute a better record-keeping system?

Hodge: Oh yes, very particular about the cataloging then. Very particular. All the information necessary. When, where, the source, the conditions on which received. We're very chary about selecting loan exhibits anymore. They were always a nuisance because, three or four years afterwards, people would come in and demand the collections they had lent three or four years before. That's a nuisance. Takes lots of time to get it ready for them. So I have a nice little argument if they want to lend these things to the museum. I will tell them how much better it would be to give them, provided we wanted them. But we've refused a good many collections just because they're inadequate in one way or another.

Gilb: What sort of things have you particularly wanted, desired?

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Gilb: What did you feel are the biggest gaps?

Hodge: So many gaps even to this day that you can't mention them. We need objects from Middle America, and if we had money, we could acquire many of those. In other cases we're up against it because there are laws in those countries that prohibit the export of of any of their antiquities. That's not an easy thing to overcome. I think, however, that visits to the heads of some of these countries, throughout Latin America, you might say, might result in relieving that tension and perhaps on the basis of exchange we could get some of their collections for ours.

Gilb: Did you ever make any, or sponser any, such visits?

Hodge: No. We haven't got to that point.

Gilb: How far afield did you go?

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Gilb: Why is that?

Hodge: Simply because Americans are fonder of just going out and digging things just for the sake of digging them. And they are of no earthly use to them. They're not dug under anything like scientific auspices.

Gilb: Wasn't there a law about 1905 or '06 saying that you could only dig under...

Hodge: There was a law enacted called the Lacey Law because Congressman Lacey of Iowa put it over, and it had the strong support of Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt, who was in charge of the Museum in New Mexico and so on. That law was put through for the purpose of saving the antiquities of the United States. So it's against the law even to pick up a potsherd from the surface without the permission of the department of the government having control over the land on which it is found.

Gilb: But people violate the law?

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Gilb: Is it well enforced?

Hodge: I think it has been exploited from time to time. But there are decent Americans who feel this is a good law. Some collections illegally gathered have been taken over by the government and sent to the National Museum.

Gilb: Did people ever come to your museum trying to sell...

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Gilb: How did you deal with them?

Sometimes we were pretty sure they were gathered legally; at times they've been in families for many years. In fact only last week I heard of one here in Pasadena, doubtless properly acquired, and so that's the way with it. Taking it all and all, I think these remains are pretty well protected.

Gilb: What were some of your other problems besides this?

Hodge: That was not our problem exactly, except all museums suffered more or less from not being able to excavate these things themselves. They had no money for it. But the Park Service grants permits for excavations on lands--I mean the Interior Department--under its jurisdiction. And you have to go through a course of sprouts to do that. You make application to the Secretary of the Interior if you want to excavate on the public domain in national parks and monuments. In other words, any lands under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. Every application is referred to Jess Nusbaum to look into, see whether these people are responsible. And whether these excavations are to be made not for private benefit but for some public institution. You can't

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Gilb: How has the Southwest Museum been financed during the time you have been associated with it?

Hodge: It has a modest endowment. This endowment was increased by about $100,000 last year. It has had gifts besides the endowment, some of them quite handsome, and membership fees and in that way the endowment is something short of a million dollars, which isn't very great, of course. And the other income--gifts, membership fees and so on--are to run the Museum in its regular routine, carrying on its regular work.

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Gilb: What would you like to have done most if you had had extra money--apparently to go on these expeditions?

Hodge: Oh yes, it would be wise if we could conduct archaeological work in many fields. I don't know how much Mr. Harrington and Miss Simpson have been given for this work at Tule Springs we were talking about today, but at best a very few hundred dollars, which wouldn't allow them to carry on very far. They have the cooperation of one of the archaeologists at the Santa Barbara Museum who has one of those bulldozers that carry off the top earth which is as hard as a rock, almost. He came down with his machine and saved a great deal of time and trouble and expense, because he's paid by the Santa Barbara Museum, which by the way has a heavy endowment fund. Max Fleischman, the Fleischman Yeast people. You know about Max. He committed suicide.

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THE GROWTH OF ANTHROPOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES

Gilb: Apparently the science of anthropology in this country started with the interest of individuals--you mentioned John Eliot and Thomas Jefferson.

Hodge: Oh those, yes. They had no idea of a science like anthropology.

Gilb: And then through private patronage, certain museums were being established.

Hodge: I think it became popular, probably through voluntary lectures, those of D. G. Brinton. Then later on came the Museum at the University of Pennsylvania, and that received splendid patronage. If you look over the Board of Trustees at the time, you'll find that John Wanamaker, for example, and various others, were patrons of that.

Gilb: So by the time that you came on the scene, there were already quite a few outstanding museums established.

Hodge: Oh yes. Some were quite old. The National Museum was really an outgrowth of the Centennial Exposition of 1876. And we know the Peabody Museum at Harvard was established back in the sixties, and so on. The Field Museum was an outgrowth of the Columbian Ex-

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Hodge: Oh yes. Some were quite old. The National Museum was really an outgrowth of the Centennial Exposition of 1876. And we know the Peabody Museum at Harvard was established back in the sixties, and so on. The Field Museum was an outgrowth of the Columbian Ex-

position in 1893. I happen to know how that was originated. Came from my dear old friend, Edward Ayer of Chicago. He was a man of vision. He had almost no formal education, yet he made one of the finest collections of books relating to the Indians that has ever been gathered together. He had fourteen thousand volumes, something like that. He had the money and he could spend it for anything he wanted.

He told me that this Exposition was drawing to a close and he knew that a great many exhibitors would be willing to give their things if there was a place to put them. Ayer studied the matter; as he said, "Naturally I went to the richest man in Chicago, Marshall Field." And so he said, he got in touch with Mr. Field. Field said, "All right, you come to me next Thursday at two o'clock and I'll give you twenty minutes." Ayer said, "I have a very important proposal to make to you." Ayer wasn't a fool, because he was a very public-spirited man, and he was there on the dot. He said, "Mr. Marshall Field,"--he never called him "Mr. Field," but

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"Mr. Marshall Field"--"I've come to you to tell you that Chicago has the grandest opportunity to build a great museum here it ever has had or ever will have. We can get a majority of these great collections here for the asking, if we only had a place to put them. I've come to ask a million dollars out of you, and if you don't give it, either you're no good or I'm no good." Those are his very words. And that's how the Field Museum had its start. Field said, "I'll do it." And he did. He left seven million dollars to it after a while.

When I first went into the field, there wasn't a trained anthropologist in the whole lot. Not one who had any training. Personal knowledge and interest gained them the information they afterwards achieved.

Gilb: When the Bureau of Ethnology was formed, was that the first governmental enterprize in that field?

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volume work on the Indian tribes. That's one of the first Government ventures.

Gilb: To whom did he send these questions?

Hodge: That was done through the Indian Bureau, and Henry R. Schoolcraft was engaged to do this work. He published six volumes. There was material for a seventh volume, but the money wasn't forthcoming to publish it, and that manuscript is still at the Smithsonian. I think it was through the fifties that that work was done.

Gilb: Way back in the early part of the nineteenth century, I think there was a marked interest in phrenology, which sort of added to the interest in anthropology. Did you get in on any of that?

Hodge: I don't think, so far as I know, the American Anthropological Association would ever have been interested in that.

Gilb: That's a pure lay interest.

Hodge: I think bumps on the head don't mean much to an anthropologist.

Gilb: Another thing, all during the time before the Civil War, and I suppose afterward, there was a big public

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Gilb: Another thing, all during the time before the Civil War, and I suppose afterward, there was a big public

discussion about the nature of the Negro race. Was that taken up with any interest by the--

Hodge: Not seriously, although McGee, believing that the work of the Bureau of Ethnology might come to an end in a few years and that he should look about for further interests...but it didn't go very far. It wouldn't have the support of the South, because Southerners don't like to have the Negroes exploited, and they looked upon this as exploitation. So that's as far as that went. I don't know that the Government has ever taken up any other research on the American Negro.

Gilb: Do you think that's fortunate or just as well.

Hodge: From a political point of view, it would have been very unfortunate, because it aroused contention.

Gilb: Anthropologically, do you consider it a loss?

Hodge: Oh yes, I do. Anthropologically it's a very different thing; the study of the Negroes would be an interesting thing. Take physical anthropology alone. And race mixture and the like could be entered into. And I believe that it might be--is it an advantage for the races to be mixed, physically,

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Gilb: It has to be done privately.

Hodge: Oh yes. I think so. That could be done.

Gilb: Another big discussion that touched on anthropology in the 19th Century was the result of the publication of Origin of the Species by Charles Darwin. Was that a bone of contention among---

Hodge: Well, it might have been, but in sort of a minor way.

Gilb: It didn't bother the people you knew too much.

Hodge: Never aroused too much of an argument.

Speaking about the Negroes again, I had a friend many, many years ago named George R. Stetson. He was a man of means from New England who settled in Washington. He conceived the notion of having the Negroes trained as operatives of cotton machines, weaving and the like. He gave it up as a bad job because he found that these farm Negroes didn't know how to use their hands. It would require a great deal of training. He was greatly disappointed and found it was no good.

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Gilb: Among the people you knew in the Bureau of Ethnology, did they take an active interest in things of that sort?

Hodge: No. I don't know of any active interest.

Gilb: None at all. They were mostly concerned with the Indian.

Hodge: Yes. James Mooney, on the side, was greatly interested in the Gaelic language and folklore. His parents came from the old country, and he used the knowledge they had in writing several papers. One was the buriel customs of Ireland; marriage customs of Ireland; that is, the primitive side. And he published them, those three or four papers. I think in the American Folklore Journal.

Gilb: Did your colleagues follow closely what was going on in Europe?

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Hodge: Not in this country, no.

Gilb: How about Herbert Spencer? Did you read him?

Hodge: Herbert Spencer? I don't think--those were--in a very general way.

Gilb: How about sociologists, like Lester Ward?

Hodge: Yes. He was primarily a paleontologist. And then he went into fossil botany. But he was always interested in the Anthropological Society in Washington. Member of its board for many years. I knew Ward, Lester Ward.

Gilb: Do you consider him an outstanding scholar?

Hodge: Oh yes, he was a great scholar, there's no doubt about that, but not an anthropologist.

Gilb: And not influential on your work.

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Gilb: How about the interest in modern psychology? Freud, Jung, and so on. Did you take an interest in that?

Hodge: No. They didn't enter into it. The science was young still.

Gilb: Another thing I'd like to get in here was the influence of related fields, such as botany, zoology, or paleontology.

Hodge: They could all be--and were, to some extent--handmaidens to anthropology. That is, they had something to contribute. For example, ethnologists in the field would have an opportunity of gathering plants. They would submit them to botanists who would identify them and therefore they would be a contribution to ethnology. It would be interesting to know what plants these were, have them identified, and note to what uses they were put. Whether medicine, food, or whatnot.

Gilb: You mentioned discovering the herbs at Hawikuh as an example of that.

Hodge: Oh yes, there is that. Medicine, either primitive or advanced, food, or whatnot.

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Gilb: Did you use chemical methods at this time, or was that still too young a science?

Hodge: Well, chemicals could still be used in identifying certain artifacts.

Gilb: Did you, during the time--

Hodge: No, never used chemistry. I might have done so a little later on, when it came to studying the pottery or whatnot. I remember a case in which Heye asked me if I would go down to Columbia University with a specimen, a jade-like specimen, and ask Dr. Burkey if he would identify it. He said, "I'll have to analyze it. Take a piece of it away and analyze it." We always called that jade or jadite. There are three related minerals: jade, jadite, and chloromelanite. Which is which? If you want to be very accurate, why, it would be well to have them micro-identified. Dr. Burkey, as eminent as he was, as a chemist--Columbia University--why, he wouldn't venture a guess as to what this specimen was. Not till that analysis.

Gilb: Chemical analysis has come since you were most active.

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Gilb: It hasn't come really yet?

Hodge: I don't know of any very important way.

Gilb: Aerial photography. That's something new since your day, wasn't it?

Hodge: That came later. I remember when an airplane passed over Albuquerque, I think it was, and there was a state fair. Some of the Zunis went over there. One old man, before he went, thought I was spoofing him when I said the Americans had machines almost like houses flying around in the air. He came back convinced. He saw some airplanes flying around over the fair grounds.

Gilb: You mentioned just briefly the establishing of chairs of anthropology, the first being, didn't you say, at Worcester?

Hodge: The teaching of anthropology, I think it was at Worcester. And I think that may have been under the Department of Psychology. Stanley Hall was the president. He was a psychologist. So it was only natural. I could get some correspondence with him to see the true innards of it.

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Gilb: That would be wonderful if you could bring that out!

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Now I could mention in an appropriate way spending a day and night with Kroeber when he was on his way to Berkeley to establish that department at the University of California. Then about Mrs. Hearst.

Gilb: Could you? That would be a very interesting story.

Hodge: Phoebe Hearst, that is. William Randolph's mother.

Gilb: She was one of the patrons of the University of California.

Hodge: She gave $50,000 a year, I think it was for five years, for an ethnographical survey of California. And the staff out there got very busy. They turned out a lot of good work Kroeber was very active in that. R. H. Lowie, Gifford and others who are no longer there. And those things might be mentioned. In a laudatory way. Very important work for the advancement of ethnology and archaelogy. And it was a great boost to that work to have Mrs. Phoebe Hearst

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Gilb: I have a list here of some of the outstanding early American anthropologists, and you can say what you like about them--for example, Lewis Morgan.

Hodge: He was one of the earliest. He published that great work on sociology, one of the earliest works published by the Smithsonian. That was not accepted in parts, when later studies were pursued. Lewis H. Morgan did write a monograph, "House and House Life of American Aborigines." He was looked upon as the father of American Anthropology.

Gilb: Do you think that's merited?

Hodge: He did it for so many years; I think he died in harness, and has been forgotten. He was the first teacher of anthropology in this country. He lectured --I think it was up at Rochester, New York, which was his home. And he became director of the State Museum of New York, in Albany. Wrote a very important paper, on the League of the Iroquois. He's a

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great pioneer in American anthropology.

Gilb: How about O. T. Mason?

Hodge: Mason came in much later. He was a curator of ethnology of the National Museum. In addition to his administrative work, he's published the best book on American Indian basketry that's ever appeared. That was published at the National Museum.

Gilb: And D. G. Brinton?

Hodge: Brinton? Dr. Brinton. He was on his own. He's associated more with the University of Pennsylvania, than with any other institution. His first work, by the way, was published, if I remember correctly, in 1846, 110 years ago. It was called The Floridian Peninsula. It's one of the best accounts of Florida ever issued. He was a very young man at the time. Then a general work on American ethnology was called The American Race. And he treated it from the point of view of various stocks, families, of Indians. It's a very good book for its time. I remember when Powell and Henshaw had been working on their classification of the Indians of Mexico, that they had this

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Gilb: Of course there was the same thing with the Darwin-Wallace contention.

Hodge: Oh, yes, you had that.

Gilb: Did you get interested in this whole subject of race, which was of interest to the anthropologists?

Hodge: Not so much the entire subject, only in a very general and superficial way, you see. Because as I said before, our time was so occupied. The study of American Indians got to be a night and day thing. Now it took a long time when I was working on the Handbook. I couldn't think of the races of the Old World. Scarcely had time to think of the work I was doing--up to two o'clock in the morning, year after year.

Gilb: How would you assess the role of Franz Boas in American anthropology? Do you think he's been outstanding?

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Gilb: How would you assess the role of Franz Boas in American anthropology? Do you think he's been outstanding?

Hodge: I think he was the greatest American anthropologist of his time.

Gilb: What made him really great?

Hodge: He'd been among the Indians quite a good deal. Linguistics particularly. Boas is another one who was not trained in anthropology. First he was a geographer. His first study, I think, was among the Central Eskimo. So it was natural that he should have fallen into a position in which anthropology became the major. And he was the first in this country, although born in Germany.

Gilb: We've named a few. Who were some other people you consider to be outstanding at the time you were most active?

Hodge: We had those in Washington. Philadelphia. Boston--there's F. W. Putnam. He was a naturalist, but he did a lot toward building up the Peabody Museum. And there were several there like Charles Peabody, Warren K. Moorehead--Moorehead more than Peabody. Peabody was a nephew, I think, of the man who established the Peabody Museum, something like that.

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SOME FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES

The Bandeliers

Gilb: I'd like you to tell us about some of your own friends before we close. You mentioned the name of Adolf Bandelier, but we have no record of him except the mention of his name in the records.

Hodge: If anybody called him "Bandeleer," he'd always correct him. He wanted the French--he was Swiss.

Gilb: What kind of man was he?

Hodge: I've written a biography, so that's easy for me. With a bibliography. Bandelier was a fine fellow and a great researcher. He would leave no stone unturned if he thought he could unturn it. So there was almost nothing--

He started in the Southwest doing archival work. Interested in surface archaeology. Never did any excavating. He went down to Mexico, searched the archives there. Worked in the archives. They'd allowed, about 1890, paid the expense of an expedition, by Bandelier, to Peru and Bolivia, South America.

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He wrote papers on these subjects, a great many papers. Some of which were published, but there were a few which weren't. When the Hemenway Expedition came along, by the way, he was appointed what Cushing called "historiographer." When he went to Peru and Bolivia, he went on two staffs, American Museum of National History and the Spanish Society that had been organized by Archer Huntington. Bandelier had gone to do archeological and early Peruvian historical work at the instance of the American Museum of Natural History in New York and under the patronage of Henry Villard, who at that time was president of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Villard failed afterwards and Bandelier's work was brought to a close before it was entirely finished.

The first Mrs. Bandelier died in Peru, and Dolf met Fanny Ritter, his second wife, down in Peru, where her parents were in business. He passed away in Seville, Spain, while working in the archives there for the Carnegie Institution gathering material related to the early Spanish history of America. Fanny

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was over there helping him up to the time of his death.

Before she went over there Fanny called me up from New York to Washington and said, "Dolf (as she always called him) is going to celebrate his 70th birthday and wants to know if you will come up and celebrate." So I went. When I came to the door Bandelier himself let me in. At that time he was suffering from double cataract and could merely make out the form of a person. I disguised my voice and said, "Beg your pardon, but would you like to buy some nice apples?" He slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Come in here, you damned Scrub." He always called me "damned Scrub." So we went in and it was a wonderful party.

He had a caterer come in; champagne flowed like water. Present were Rudolph Kronau, a German historian, wrote a history of the United States, if you please; Thomas A. Gerandier, who edited one of Bandelier's books and edited it pretty badly; Stuart Culin; his eye doctor, whose name I've forgotten; and myself.

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It was a regular banquet and I knew, considering Bandelier's circumstances, that he couldn't afford such a layout as that. However, we had the dinner. I stayed with him all night. Next morning at breakfast we had, among other things, seven different kinds of Swiss cheese. You see, the Bandeliers both were Swiss.

There's another story of how impecunious he happened to be, how he thought the world owed him a living. I've a long story to support that, but whether it should be published or not, I don't know. However, when he passed away in Seville, Spain, Fanny took a small apartment in New York City and there I saw quite a little of her. She had a few students in Spanish and on one occasion, at the instance of Lanson Skinner of the Heye Museum, she was engaged to give some talks on Peru and Bolivia and their commercial prospects before the public schools. Well, they generally tried these new lectures out off in the suburbs. I think the pay was about $10 a lecture. She told me that after this first lecture out in the

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sticks, the supervisor said, "We thought, Mrs. Bandelier, that you were going to talk about the commercial prospects of Peru and Bolivia, but you just went into the history. You didn't say anything about the commerce of those countries." Fanny's answer was, "Well, they have them, haven't they?" Result was no more lectures before the public schools, not for Fanny.

In this apartment, she did a little translating for some of the commerical houses in New York and she gave a few lectures. She kept going but every once in awhile she'd run behind. If she made a little extra money she'd go down and have her photograph made and her rent would run behind. Time and again I would have a telephone message from Fanny and she would say, "Fred, I came home this afternoon and I found a dispossess notice on my door." So it was up to Fred to go down and meet the remainder of her rent so she'd have a roof over her head.

She wasn't getting along too well and she met a man named Charlie Wilson, who was an artist. His

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specialty was the redwoods of California, not distant views but painted right down in the dark of them, you know. Not a bit of color, just blackness. He did this because he had an order now and then from lumber companies which used them to illustrate their calendars. He had accumulated 125 of these painted out in California. He brought them all to New York and, if you please, stored them in the apartment of his sister. His sister got tired of that and threatened to throw them out on the street, so Charlie took them and put them in a warehouse. Then he met Fanny, told her the story, and Fanny invited him to come over and stay in her apartment and they were married right then. Fanny said, "There was nothing else I could do. The poor man had been thrown out on the street and he wouldn't have had a place to rest his head. I had to marry him and take him in."

After awhile I had a telephone message from Fanny. She said, "Fred, Charlie died in the night. Would you please come right down." I went right down and who should be there before me but Mrs. Marshall

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Seville, the wife of Professor Seville at Columbia University, Museum of the American Indian. It was about the time that Valentino died. They filled pages of the New York newspapers about Valentino. I remembered the name Campbell, Campbell's Undertaking Establishment where the mob gathered around and they broke in a plate glass window because Valentino was being held in there. So I called up Campbell and asked if they couldn't send somebody up, explaining the death. The man said it was necessary to notify the coroner if the death was sudden. I said, "You go ahead, but Mrs. Bandelier is very, very poor, she has nothing at all. If you can make the funeral cost as little as possible it would be greatly appreciated."

So he called up the Campbell House and said, "Well it's been so arranged that we'll cover the entire funeral expenses for $100, including the coffin, use of our chapel, a quartet to sing at the funeral, even flowers, the white gloves for the pall bearers and I think cremation afterwards." I thought that was a great bargain. I paid the $100. Fanny still owes

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Sometime after that Fanny was called by some friends to visit them down in the City of Mexico. In order to cover the $100 and various other advances that I had made,Fanny promised to turn over her husband's diaries to me. Well, they are priceless in value when you consider that they ran over a period of many years. When Fanny died, down in Nashville, Tennessee, where she was connected with Fiske University, her will was read and she had bequeathed these journals to the School of American Research in Santa Fe, New Mexico, yet I held a deed of gift for them. Well, that was Fanny. She was very casual about things of that sort.

I remember one afternoon receiving a telephone message from Mary Austin saying she'd asked Fanny Bandelier to come down and have dinner with her and wanted to know if I would join them and pick up Fanny on the way down. The dinner was to be held at the City Club in New York. I appeared at Fanny's

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apartment and she was just dressed fit to kill. She had a pink knit sweater, silk sweater. It may have been a black silk skirt, I've forgotten, fairly short. She had white cotton stockings, canvas sport shoes and I think some very large silver earrings. She was pretty highly colored, her cheeks, eyebrows, and the rest, and on her head she wore a funny little sports cap and a Spanish comb sticking up from the back of it. She told me she'd been to a party a few evenings before and a gentleman came up to her and said, "Now, here's a little lady who knows just how to dress."

I had quite a few letters from Fanny when she was down in Nashville because she was working on a translation of Saja Gunn at the time, but from a second-hand Spanish translation that was not very good. It has now been translated in Santa Fe by a Professor Anderson of the School of Research in the museum there and Dr. Dibble of the University of Utah, and they're doing a magnificent work of it.

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John P. Harrington

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Harrington was assigned a room in a one story building in the back of a patio of the governor's palace in Santa Fe, that's the oldest building in the Southwest built by white men. So Chapman said he went by Harrington's door one afternoon and found the door closed, which was rather unusual, but he thought maybe Harrington stepped out of town for some reason and didn't pay any further attention. But that night he found the door still closed and Harrington always slept with the door open, so he knocked and a very

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faint voice responded, "Come in." So Chapman went in and there was Harrington lying abed very, very ill apparently. So he said, "Harrington, what on earth is the matter?" "Oh Chapman, I don't know what on earth is the matter. I thought that I was going to die this afternoon." "Well, what's the matter. What have you been eating?" "I haven't eaten a thing except that corn meal mush in that pot outside the door." Seems he had a big pot of cornmeal mush over a tripod and a fire underneath and when he felt the pangs of hunger too keenly he dished up a plate of this, put it beside him as he was working, take a spoonful and go on with his writing, another spoonful, writing, and so on.

So Chapman said, "My heavens, no wonder you're ill. What you need is something in your stomach. How do you feel now?"
"Oh, I'm a little bit better now. I haven't eaten a thing and I guess maybe that's the reason I'm feeling better." "Well, I'll go over to the drug store and get you something that'll put you on your feet,

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So he went over and brought back one of these hospital size bottles of Horlick's malted milk, a great big $5 size, and some zweibach. He mixed some for Harrington and said, "Now you see how it's mixed. If you feel hungry in the night just mix yourself some and take some zweibach and in the morning I'll run in to see how you are."

So Chapman went in the next morning and found Harrington very much better. Harrington said, "I think I'll have to get up and go to work now. I've lost all this time. You know, I've done hardly a lick during the last 48 hours." He thanked Chapman for all he had done for him and said, "Oh, by the way, Chap, I wish you'd get me some more of that Horlick's stuff."

"What did you do with that hospital size bottle I got for you last night?"

"Oh, I ate that during the night."

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Well, negotiations were made with Tommy Williams, who was the manager of the Fine Arts Press of the junior college in Santa Ana, California. He undertook the burden of it, with the understanding that Harrington would have the annotation ready in a couple of months. He went ahead and had the whole thing set up in type, but Harrington's notes didn't come in and

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they didn't come in. He waited and waited and waited. He told me that he was just on the verge of destroying the work that had been done when Harrington appeared on the scene with all these notes, pages, and pages and pages. You know Harrington's method. If he wanted to get a particular Indian sound he would use all sorts of devices to do it. He would insert an "r" upside down for one thing and he'd put two or three dots over a vowel for another sound. He was always very punctilious about things of that sort.

Well, anyhow, Tommy Williams gave Harrington a room just across the hall from where his own office was and he said he noticed day after day that Harrington's brow was knitted and he didn't seem to be getting along well. One afternoon, he said, he got up, put his hand up to his horehead, acted like a crazy man, dashed out of the building and down the street just like mad. He came back in about 20 minutes just smiling like a basket of chips, so Tommy said,

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"See here, Harrington. I'm not naturally a curious man but my curiousity is certainly aroused now. What is the matter with you? Here you were looking like the wrath of God for several days. Now, this afternoon you go down the street, you come back looking as happy as a lark. Just what has happened?"

He said, "I tell you, Williams, I used to teach school in this town about 25 years ago and, being a bachelor and living very modestly, I was able to put aside practically all my income. I put it in the bank downtown. You know, I just thought of it a minute ago."

Quite a long time after that I heard from Mr. Terry Stevenson, who was the postmaster of Santa Ana and also the editor of the local paper, how Harrington had used the money he had deposited in the bank; it amounted to about $800, if I remember correctly. He heard about a bankrupt paper firm and he spent the whole $800 in buying a lot of fine ledger paper on which to record his ethnologic and linguistic notes.

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Frank Springer

There's Frank Springer. The part he played, in support of the Museum and the School and so on. He should be mentioned.

He was a lawyer and a paleontologist and an all-around very fine man. His daughter, Eva, is one of the trustees of the School of Research in Santa Fe. She has a brother, Henry, who has charge of the

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Edgar Hewitt

Gilb: What kind of man was Edgar Hewitt?

Hodge: Hewitt was a plodding, hard-working, phlegmatic individual. He was not a deep scholar. But a pretty good administrator. He knew how to run things to his advantage. He brought a lot of young men--Jess Nusbaum was one of them; there were ten or a dozen young men he brought around him. And all they ever knew was indirectly through Hewitt. But he would

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Gilb: That would be to his interest to do that.

Hodge: Instead of that, he made enemies. It's a strange thing, he couldn't see that.

Sylvanus Morley

Gilb: Another person you've mentioned several times but we don't have enough on is Sylvanus Morley.

Hodge: Morley and Bandelier both. I have a bunch of "Morleyana." They're little contributions by people who know Morley, especially those in Santa Fe. Morley's easy. His chief work was under the Carnegie Institution in Washington. Sent him down to Chichinitsa and Yucatan, where he conducted

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Hodge: Morley and Bandelier both. I have a bunch of "Morleyans." They're little contributions by people who know Morley, especially those in Santa Fe. Morley's easy. His chief work was under the Carnegie Institution in Washington. Sent him down to Chichinitsa and Yucatan, where he conducted

excavations, except during the war. He did very valuable work there.

Gilb: How did you happen to know him?

Hodge: I knew him when he called on me--he was fresh out of Harvard--he called on me in Washington on his way to Yucatan for his very first trip. That was a good many years ago. And barring the time that he served inthe was, why, he devoted his attention entirely to this work at Chichinitsa after that. We were growing interested in Maya subjects. I asked if he wouldn't write a simple account for he Bureau to publish on the Maya glyphs, made as simple as possible. Which he did. Called it Introduction to the Study of the Maya Glyphs. That's published as a bulletin of the Bureau of Ethnology. He spent a couple of winters in Washington; I saw him almost every day or so, so I became acquainted with him. His home was really in Santa Fe, New Mexico. So I saw him again. On the death of Dr. Hewitt, he became director of the Museum of New Mexico and the School of Research there. And there he remained till he died, but that was only two or three years afterwards.

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PHILOSOPHY

Gilb: I get the impression just from my very cursory look over anthropological publications that anthropology is in the collection stage rather than the analyzing stage. Your publications, for instance, tend to be factual accounts rather than theory. You're not interpreting the material yet.

Hodge: It requires an enormous amount of work, by different institutions, before you get beyond the very factual stage, into the analytical.

Gilb: Have you ever done, emphasized any analytical phases of it at all?

Hodge: I have not. When you consider all the work done at Hawikuh, I didn't even finish the study of the artifacts. Heye, you know, said, "Why bother about that? Costs money and what's the use?" Of course I was eager to get away from there; it's devastating to members of the staff to have that sort of thing to content with.

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Gilb: Also I wanted to mention the subject of religion. Did you ever feel any conflict, "What was your religion, incidentally?

Hodge: Mine?

Gilb: Yes.

Hodge: Having been born in England, I was affiliated with the Church of England, naturally, at first. But belonging to a liberal family, I was expected to go to Sunday School, when I was a little boy. Like my sisters and brothers--all supposed to go to Sunday School.. It happened that we moved into a neighborhood where there was a Lutheran church. I went to the Lutheran Sunday School. Afterwards I went to an Episcopalian Sunday School. Methodist Sunday School. All Protestant, you see. And so that was my background; I don't think I ever particularly learned anything from these. Except that whether we are made out of a rib, and the Immaculate Conception, that sort of stuff, which of course is just folklore.

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Hodge: I never allowed them to bother me. Books were published about the conflict between religion and science. LeConte, I think, published one of them.

Gilb: Several people. It never bothered you.

Hodge: But there were other liberals who said, "There isn't any conflict between science and religion." I think Dr. Millikan was one of those. He could see through that sort of business, and I think he attributed these rather strange stories to folklore which had been taken too seriously and incorporated into a book called the Bible.

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MISCELLANEOUS PROFESSIONAL ACTIVITIES

Gilb: You mentioned one thing that I think would be an important point to bring out. That is, you said that as of right now, you belong to 163 different--

Hodge: No, I was just joking about the number.

Gilb: --scientific organization.

Hodge: Well, I wouldn't say scientific. Historical, more or less social; you know how they run. Call them the run of the mine if you like. Oh, I have resigned from quite a number of those because I didn't see much use in carrying them on; I didn't have time to carry them on. These organizations to which I belonged--I believed in participating in their interests. But I just can't do too much of it.

Gilb: You've not only belonged to many, but you've been president of--

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Gilb: I've been told by Professor George Hammond that when he wanted help with a manuscript, you were one of the most generous people to give help.

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He and Agapito Rey of the University of Indiana had already published some things on their own, translations. He wrote back, and I felt he was quite excited over this thing, because it's more circumstantial than Espejo's own account of his own expedition. Then Hammond said, "Do you object to my publishing this?" I said, "None whatsoever, but why not let us start a series? There's so much of this stuff. Let's start a series." So we had more correspondence. I suggested the Quivira Society. So the Luxan is the first volume of the Quivira Society. And then we took in this self-constituted committee. Dr. Wagner; Dr. Hewitt of Santa Fe; Mecham of Texas; about a dozen altogether. It was all right to have their interest, but I think

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Gilb: My goodness'. Could you say just now what it is you're now doing? You've been working for the Department of Justice, Indian Claims Commission.

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Gilb: And you'd be giving testimony to them for how many years?

Hodge: I've been working on this thing for five years, off and on. Don't think I've been staying up nights every night. But I have a lot of it.

Gilb: Particularly on the Apaches?

Hodge: On the Apaches. The Government wished the Yavapais also, but that was too much when I looked into the Apaches, so I had that turned over to Mr. Schroeder, a very bright researcher, connected with the park service in Globe, Arizona. And then later on I got so involved with this, because I had to run the Museum at the same time and various other things piling on, that I asked to be relieved of part of this. I asked to be relieved of all. And they threw up their hands and said, "Oh my goodness." They flattered me by saying, "You can do this better than anybody else." I said, "Well, if you feel that way about it, tears running down

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Gilb: What was behind your decision to move to Santa Fe this spring?

Hodge: In the first place, I don't like the smog. And while we have many dear friends here, we have many dear friends in Santa Fe too, because we've been in New Mexico a great deal. So altogether we could be just as comfortable there. And have as good facilities for future research.

Gilb: You have plans for quite a bit of future research.

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APPENDIX "A"

A Brief Account of my Life and

How I Met Dr. Hodge

by Gene Meany Hodge

I was born in New London, Wisconsin January 12, 1898, where I lived until I moved to San Diego, California in 1921 with my parents.

While in San Diego I attended the San Diego Academy of Fine Arts, to prepare myself for a career in interior decorating. In 1928 I went to New York, where I studied at the New York School of Interior Decorating, and worked at various things including Cretonne Designing. I left New York just before the stock market crashed, to visit relatives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where I remained until 1933.

While searching in the Milwaukee Museum for ideas for designs I saw the little Kachina dolls for the first time. I made sketches, intending to use them in a cretonne design, but with the continued depression, designs were not selling, so I planned to make a drawing book.

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Dolls, was directed to the Southwest Museum. There I was met with great cordiallity and shown a cupboard containing 800 dolls, and taken to the library filled with the information I needed.

My guide introduced me to Dr. Hodge, who was relaxing at that time by mending pots, an archaeologist's pastime. In his usual friendly but candid way, he said, "The idea is good, but the colors are all wrong." I did not then know the importance of color to the Indians. He assigned a room for me to work in and gave me the freedom of the museum. Everyone was so kind and helpful.

The upshot was my book The Kachinas are Coming, published in 1936 and chosen one of the Fifty Books of the Year by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Teluli and I were married in Santa Fe, New Mexico, August 25, 1936, just in time to use my new name Gene Meany Hodge as author of the book, to which Dr. Hodge had written the forward.

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After our marriage, the love of people, which we both shared, lead us to do a good deal of entertaining, especially in connection with the Museum lectures. During the lecture season we gave a tea at our home for the lecturer and friends of the Museum every Sunday after the lecture.

As Teluli did not drive an automobile, and I did, we attended meetings and conferences together, which enabled me to keep abreast of what was going on in the museum world, as well as what was being done by archaeologists and anthropologists. Fortunately also I had learned to type, so that I was able to a ssist him by typing many of his manuscripts. All in all we shared almost everything, helping each other when the need arose. We lived a very rich and rewarding life together.

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APPENDIX "B": SOME "ANTHROPOLLIWOGS"

Hodge: There was a time when the late Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt was president of the New Mexico Normal University at Las Vegas. And always being museum-minded, he was on the lookout for anything that would regale the students and be useful and informative to those who visited the little museum, especially the students.

On one occasion, he was going up to that God-forsaken country, the Tierra Amarilla, northern New Mexico, and he noticed a beautiful fossil in the large boulder. (He had no tools with him, but on the next trip he brought tools and set about digging it out.)

Well, if one can imagine the kind of country that is up there, especially in midsummer when there's not a fleck of cloud in the sky; the heat was waving up from the sand and rock, and he was pecking away, quite contented with his success, when a shadow swept across the rock right in front of him. It was a cowboy on his horse. Hewitt

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Here's one about the late Sylvanus Morley. He and Mitchell Carroll, who at that time was secretary of the Archaeological Institute of America, and Carlos Vierra, artist, of Santa Fe, were riding in Morley's car down toward the Indian school one evening, and Morley and Carroll were

sitting in the front seat, and the Carroll boy in the back seat with Vierra. Well, anybody who ever rode with Morley, they could understand this story, because he's the worst driver in all the United States. He went tearing along the road, you know, bouncing up and down.

Now on another occasion, when I was with him, he grazed a car coming in the opposite direction. Morley said, "That was a narrow escape, wasn't it?" And he went bouncing along just the same as ever.

On this episode, why, the little Carroll boy piped up, and said, "Father, I don't want to interrupt your conversation with Dr. Morley, but Mr. Vierra fell out of the car about half a mile back of here." So Morley stopped the car and they went back, and sure enough, Vierra had been bounced out of the back seat and there he was sitting down in a ditch, right beside a culvert, rubbing his head. They picked him up, put him in the car, and went on their way rejoicing.

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[Chichén Itzá]

This is a story that Morley regaled us with. Seems that down in Chichinisa, in Yucatan, when Morley had charge of the excavations for the Carnegie Institution in Washington, they entertained various visitors who happened there, in the evenings, which happened very often. Morley used to give them a running account of the Maya Indians and the history of Chichinisa, where they were then excavation. There was one young woman, a very pretty girl about seventeen or so, and when the talk was over this particular evening, the young woman came forward and said, "Oh, Dr. Morley, I'm just entranced with your talk about these wonderful ruins and about this cenote, this sacred well. I'd like very much to see that." So Dr. Morley and the girl walked a few hundred yards to the cenote, the sacred well. And Morley was explaining the sacrifice of the maidens by the ancient Mayans. By thattime, they reached the edge of the cenote, which is very deep, a natural excavation in the limestone. The girl said, "Why, it must

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have been a terrible death, being thrown over into this cold water." Morley said, "No, it's not so bad as you would think. You see, these girls were trained for this sacrifice and were proud that they were selected to be sacrificed. Just like this." By this time they were at the edge of the pool. Morley put his hand across the young woman's back and said, "I say a prayer and I'm the priest and you're the virgin and over you go." She said, "Oh, Dr. Morley, I'm not eligible."

* * * * * * * * * *

I remember that many years ago a party of us went down to the Savioita [Cebolleta] Valley which is south of Grant's Station on the other side of the lava flow to examine some important ruins down there. Our party included Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jackson, Elizabeth White, Sylvanus Morley, Jess Nusbaum and myself. We were having an awfully good time hunting out these ruins and some cliff dwellings which evidently hadn't been seen before.

At night we were gathered around our campfire and Morley, who at that time had a habit of falling

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At night we were gathered around our campfire and Morley, who at that time had a habit of falling

asleep right in the middle of a conversation which may have been due to some very serious attacks of tropical malaria which he had suffered in his work in Middle America, fell asleep and over he went on his side. Jess Nusbaum, the devil that he is, got a pair of scissors and cut the seat out of Morley's white duck trousers. It was in packing the specimans which were gathered down in the Savioita and in due time arrived in Washington. In unpacking the collection I noticed Morley's trousers' seat in among the packing. I don't recall if I ever sent that back to Morley or not. If I didn't, I certainly missed a chance.

* * * * * * * *

A good many years ago, Clifford Park Baldwin, who was the artist of Southwest Museum, now living down at Carlsbad, told us a story of how he got down into the Southwest. He was born and reared in Ohio, and decided to cast his lot in New Mexico. So he started out on a hike. I doubt very much whether he had ever been on a horse in his life, and going down through Texas, he encountered this

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great "X-I-T" ranch, the largest cattle ranch in the world. He went up to headquarters and offered his services. He noticed the manager kept looking at his head. Then he remembered that he had a derby hat on. Just imagine a young man going to a cow camp with a derby hat on, seeking a job rounding up cattle or something or other! We had the laugh on Cliff when he told us the story.

* * * * * * * * *

This doesn't come from personal experience or information really, but you may have heard it already. Oh, there's hundreds and hundreds of stories about cowboys.

This was at Bluewater Camp, headquarters of the Acoma Land and Cattle Company, a little place called Bluewater out from Grants, in New Mexico. Well, there happened to be a New York tourist came through there one day, who stayed over night. So after dinner, the New Yorker began to tell the cowboys about the wonders of New York City. And they believed everything that he said, except when he

great "X-I-T" ranch, the largest cattle ranch in the world. He went up to headquarters and offered his services. He noticed the manager kept looking at his head. Then he remembered that he had a derby hat on. Just imagine a young man going to a cow camp with a derby hat on, seeking a job rounding up cattle or something or other! We had the laugh on Cliff when he told us the story.

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came to the point where he said that there was a hotel in New York where you could get a dinner that would cost you $40. They couldn't swallow that story, but one of them decided then and there that if he ever got to New York, he was going to try one of those dinners just to see what it was like.

In a year or so, he got enough money to go to New York, and he went to this wonderful Waldorf-Astoria, boots, spurs, and all; he was ushered with great obsequiousness to a table. The headwaiter came up and handed him a menu as long as his arm, and two or three waiters gathered around to wait for the order. He looked at the menu and said, "Here, I can't read this." It was in French. He looked at it right side up and wrongside down, and he said, "Here, I can't read this goddamn thing, bring me $40 worth of pork and beans."

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