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Escape from Albuquerque: An Apache Memorata

PHILIP J. GREENFELD

They put me in the boarding school and cut off all my hair, gave me an education, but the Apache's still in there.

—Mitch Walking Elk¹

This article details the account by Clarence Hawkins, a White Mountain Apache, of his escape from the Albuquerque Indian School around 1920. I knew Clarence for over twenty years, and he told me this story several times. I tape-recorded it in 1990, shortly before he died. The following quote from my journal may give some idea of his personal significance to me:

Clarence died on Thursday, Sept. 23, 1993. He was 82. Alvino [his second eldest son] called me on Fri. morning at 7:00. The wake was to be held starting Thursday at Judy's [his youngest daughter] house. I was so shocked that I didn't even ask that till later. He died of cancer and liver problems in the IHS hospital. He went into a coma before he died.

Although there are a number of personal accounts about American Indian boarding school experiences, I believe the significance of Clarence's story of his escape from Albuquerque is in the detail of the difficulties and the persistence he showed in his desire and effort to return to his reservation several hundred miles from the Albuquerque Indian School. It also exemplifies the type of reaction many Indian youth had to the American government's plans for cultural assimilation. Clarence's journey compares to James McCarthy's

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one-hundred-and-fifteen-mile walk from the Phoenix Indian School to Tucson in 1907,² and the anonymous students who covered over 200 miles in their flights from the Mt. Pleasant Indian School in Michigan.³

INDIANS AND BOARDING SCHOOLS

The role of the Indian boarding school in shaping the lives and cultures of American Indians during the nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries has been well documented in the United States and Canada by David Wallace Adams, Brenda J. Child, Michael C. Coleman, Suzanne Fournier and Ernie Crey, Alice Littlefield, Off Hollywood Entertainment, Francis Paul Prucha, and Steven Unger to list just a few.⁴

There are also histories of a number of boarding schools, including Albuquerque, Chilocco, Cherokee Female Seminary, Hampton, Phoenix, Rainy Mountain, Rapid City, Santa Fe, and Spanish in Ontario, Canada.⁵

Finally, a number of personal accounts by the former pupils at these schools are available, some more elaborate than others, including Jim Whitewolf (Kiowa-Apache), Helen Sekaquaptewa (Hopi), Polingaysi Qoyawayma (Hopi), Don Talayesva (Hopi), Edmund Nequatewa (Hopi), Christine Kozine (Chiricahua Apache), Chris (Mescalero Apache), James McCarthy (O'Odham), and Mary Crow Dog (Lakota).⁶ The plethora of these accounts is reflected in Coleman's⁷ six-page bibliographic list of Indian autobiographies.

We may view the reactions of Indian children to the boarding schools as a continuum consisting of accommodation, resistance, and rejection. These categories or similar ones appear frequently in the writings about the Indian boarding schools, especially in the work of Coleman, Littlefield, K. Tsianina Lomawaima, and David Wallace Adams.⁸

The forced assimilation that took place at the boarding schools had a negative impact not only on many individuals, but also on various Indian tribes as groups. These ill effects are reflected in the highly negative view of the boarding school experience found in the writings of most recent researchers.⁹

ACCOMMODATION

Surprisingly, in reading the autobiographies of Indian students, we find a number of the personal accounts to be quite positive. Such individuals can be said to have accommodated to the boarding school experience, as compared to those who resisted or rejected it entirely.¹⁰

Helen Sekaquaptewa is one such example. She looks back on the boarding school experience with some fondness. In both the documentary film, *Hopi: Songs of the Fourth World*,¹¹ and her life history as told to Louise Udall,¹² she comments on and remembers her days at Keams Canyon and the Phoenix Indian School with nostalgia. She says, "I enjoyed school and was eager to learn. I was a good reader and got good grades."¹³

Similarly, Chiricahua Apache Narcissus Duffy Gayton views her mother's (Christine Louise Kozine) education in a positive light. She comments,

“Education was good in Albuquerque, and the young girl attended the Indian School for several years. . . . She enjoyed her classes in home economics; she became sufficiently proficient in basic studies that she was able to apply eventually for a job doing general office work.”¹⁴

Irene Stewart, a Navajo, regretted leaving Haskell for Albuquerque because the rule against speaking “Indian” was not enforced as strictly there. According to Adams, when she graduated from Albuquerque in 1929, she believed, “I lost quite a big opportunity by not returning to that fine school [Haskell].”¹⁵

Even Lomawaima, who has a very negative opinion of boarding schools, admits that some students found the experience quite positive. In comparing three first-person accounts, Lomawaima writes, “A comparison of these three accounts reveals similarities and differences in responses to the Chilocco setting. All three women have, generally speaking, very positive feelings about the school; all three felt they obtained an education that would not otherwise have been available to them.”¹⁶

In these cases and many others the schools accomplished their mission: forced acculturation or even assimilation and acceptance of white American values and behavior. Lomawaima notes that the goal of the Indian schools with respect to Indian women was “to convince or force Indian girls to renounce the teachings of their own mothers.”¹⁷ In the case of Polingaysi Qoyawayma this was exactly the result. Upon her return from Sherman she scolded her parents:

Why haven't you bought white man's beds to sleep on? And a table? You should not be eating in the floor as the Old Ones did. When I was a little girl I did not mind sleeping on the floor and eating from a single bowl into which everyone dipped. But I am used to another way of living now, and I do not intend to do these things.¹⁸

Helen Sekaquaptewa reacted likewise. She refused to wear Hopi clothing and no longer felt at ease in her parent's home upon her return from Phoenix.¹⁹ Such favorable comments indicate that a number of Indian students reacted to boarding schools in terms of accommodation or acceptance, even to the point of agitation when rules intended to destroy their Native languages were not strictly enforced.

There is irony and contradiction in the positive responses these individuals had to the boarding school experience, and there are a variety of reasons why some students felt this way. Some may have found such schooling genuinely satisfying. In other cases, accommodation may have been apparent rather than real. Littlefield²⁰ suggests several reasons other than genuine acceptance as to why students might report their experiences with fondness. Boys often looked back on their athletic teams as symbols of ethnic identity and pride, an ironic twist considering that they were taught to be ashamed of their Indian heritage. Fond memories were also generated by breaking the rules and getting away with it. Lomawaima tells of the girls at Chilocco resenting having to wear bloomers under their dresses. They outfoxed the matrons

by cutting the legs off the undergarments, sewing elastic around the top of the legs, and wearing the bloomer legs only when they were inspected. Then they would hide the leg covers in the bushes while they went out at night.²¹ Beating the system may have created nostalgic satisfaction with the boarding school experience. In some cases the positive feelings may also have been materially related. At some boarding schools children were better fed, clothed, and housed than they were in the abject poverty of the reservations. Christine Louise Kozine, referred to above, was urged to go to the Albuquerque school because, "There is no housing here, and maybe the winter will be too harsh for you. There will be lots of rain and snow."²²

Whatever the case for those who reported the boarding schools as benevolent, many others were less sanguine about the forced separation from parents, the suppression of their Native languages, the frequently unhealthy conditions, and the sexual abuse recently documented. Coleman separates the unhappy individuals into two groups: those who practiced resistance and those who rejected the boarding school entirely and ran away.²³

RESISTANCE

James C. Scott²⁴ argues that the day-to-day actions of individuals within a suppressed group to resist authority and further their own counter-hegemonic ends actually has an effect, however slight, in changing the power relations which define the context of their actions. This resistance is not necessarily consciously planned or self-consciously looked upon as political action, but involves "foot dragging, dissimulation, false compliance, pilfering, feigned ignorance, slander, arson, sabotage, and so forth."²⁵

For the many who found the boarding school experience negative, there were a variety of forms of resistance in which they engaged. Lomawaima details some of the ways children at Chilocco resisted:

Some of the boys went out of their way to break the rules, just to sharpen their wits. They slipped out of dormitories after bedcheck, stole chickens and eggs and bread and whatever else was handy for private feasts in the catalpa grove. They made home brew, drank bootleg whiskey, shoplifted in town, and played pranks on one another and on their disciplinarians/advisors. Some of the girls tried to make home brew, but their resources were more limited than the boys. . . . Covert resistance was more typical than the radical acts of bootlegging or going AWOL. It was not such an aggressive rebellion against authority. Girls huddled in the dorm rooms after lightsout, telling ghost stories and piling into bed at the hint of the matron's presence. Officers declined to inform on the ranks when minor rules were broken. Boys and girls passed notes in class, or communicated with winks, waves, and sign language. Boys shared one fifty-cent piece so a whole gang could go to town on Town Day. Girls conspired to outwit the matrons, to avoid wearing the bulky regulation bloomers to the dances.²⁶

REJECTION

At the other end of the continuum is rejection, which manifested itself in escape. Littlefield considers this the ultimate form of resistance.²⁷ She notes with respect to Mt. Pleasant,

Many students ran away, some repeatedly. One informant ran away seven times. Another described hopping a freight train with two friends, making their way to the Straits of Mackinac some 200 miles away, sneaking onto a ferry, and eventually reaching their homes in Upper Peninsula.²⁸

Running away was a continual problem for the boarding schools. Although runners were primarily boys, Narcissus Gayton tells of four Mescalero girls who took advantage of a nighttime fire drill to escape from the Santa Fe Indian School in 1936.²⁹ The attrition rate for boys was especially high, however. At Chilocco in 1927, for example, 111 boys out of an enrollment of 813 “deserted.”³⁰

When boys were caught and returned after running away from the Phoenix Indian School, James McCarthy says, “The boys were laid on an empty barrel and whipped with a long leather strap.”³¹ Nevertheless, McCarthy seems to have made an occupation of running from that school, doing it at least twice and then extending his peripatetic ways into that of a lifelong world traveler as indicated by the title of his autobiography, *A Papago Traveler*.³²

Edmund Nequatewa, a Hopi, actually used his education to help him escape. He comments:

I was always thinking of how I could get away from that school. . . . I paid more attention to geography lessons, because it is the only way that I can find my way out. I put my whole mind on Arizona, New Mexico, and California, studying rivers and mountains in order to find the road that I am going to take to get away from here. I checked up on the schedule of trains. Just before Christmas, I thought maybe I could draw more money out because it is going to be Christmas. So I put my application in for twenty-five dollars, but they only gave me twenty. They said that was the limit. I wanted to get away, but I didn't attempt to make a start until after New Year's.³³

THE ALBUQUERQUE INDIAN SCHOOL

Clarence and other Apache boys from what is now the White Mountain Apache Reservation were sent to Albuquerque Indian School. As mentioned above many of the boarding schools have book-length treatments on their history. Unfortunately, Albuquerque is not one of these. Apparently, the only history of this school is in the form of a multi-part journal article published in

1945. The tone of the article is certainly not of a current perspective. I cite one quote to illustrate the views of the author, Lillie G. McKinney:

In 1887, under President Cleveland, the Dawes Act was passed which provided individual ownership of lands and citizenship of such holders. In addition a liberal provision was made for educating Indian youths on reservations, and the appointment of more agents to protect them against the injustice of the white man. *This was a generous and humane policy toward the Indians. It may well be called the Indian Bill of Rights. This policy has been followed by succeeding administrations and has proved fairly successful.*³⁴

Since the instigation under President Grant of the Quaker Policy in the 1870s, the government had cooperated with various churches in running schools and reservations.³⁵ Thus the Albuquerque Indian School was originally founded by the Presbyterian Church in 1881 as a contract school.³⁶ Eventually, the city of Albuquerque purchased some land that was donated to the federal government, and by 1886 the management of the school was entirely transferred to the US government.³⁷ The school was considered a real success partially because of its location, central to both the Rio Grande Pueblos and the other southwestern tribes. In 1885 the average attendance was 156, the bulk of whom were Pueblos, but there were also sixty Apaches.³⁸

As with all the government schools, the boys were trained primarily in farming and other manual labor. McKinney comments: "A noted event was the coming to the school of sixty Apaches. A few of the older pupils ran away, but the larger number remained, and many of them made rapid progress, especially in manual labor."³⁹ She further adds, "Carrying out the idea of industrial instruction, the boys and girls were employed in domestic work, especially in the dining-room and laundry. In addition the girls were taught sewing, cooking and the care of the sick. Also a farm was operated during the year [1885] and forty acres were cultivated. The boys worked hard, especially the Apache boys, who previous to entering school regarded work as disgraceful."⁴⁰

Obviously, running away was a well-established tradition by the time Clarence arrived at Albuquerque over thirty years after the school's founding. The Apaches in particular were thought in need of farming instruction. This reflects some ignorance on the part of the people running the school, since the Western Apaches, at least, had a long tradition of horticulture, growing 20 percent or more of their subsistence for centuries.⁴¹

Apaches and other children had good cause to run away from the school. McKinney states that one-half of the Ute children who were sent in 1885 had died. She blames this, ironically enough, not on health conditions at the school, but on the Indians. "No doubt the cause of this great loss of lives was due to the diseased condition of an hereditary nature in the children."⁴²

Illness continued to be a problem over the years according to McKinney's history. In 1921 and 1922, around the time Clarence arrived, an influenza epidemic was responsible for the illness of 392 students. There were also ten cases of pneumonia, ten of tuberculosis, and six trachoma operations.⁴³ In

addition, as at most of the boarding schools, there was an English-only rule; the punishment at Albuquerque for speaking a Native language was a meal of bread and water.⁴⁴ This was not as bad as at one of the Oklahoma schools where children had their mouths washed out with lye soap, which left their mouths raw and burning.⁴⁵ As noted above, the "laxness" of this policy at Albuquerque was a problem for individuals focused on accommodation.

By 1916, shortly before Clarence arrived, "the school plant had become a well-kept village, consisting of sixteen brick buildings, twenty frame, and one adobe, a large brick hog-house, six pens with a large room for slaughtering, an assembly hall with a seating capacity of 700, . . . and two water tanks erected on steel towers."⁴⁶

The tradition of rejection by some students continued, in 1917 "There were no serious infractions of discipline during the year, but sixty boys deserted."⁴⁷ By this time some 600 students were attending; after World War II, plans were made to increase attendance to between 800 and 1,000.

ON THE HOME FRONT

The boarding school environment was dedicated to propagating protestant Christianity, suppressing Native languages, developing individualistic Anglo values, and forcing the abandonment of Native deities, beliefs, and ceremonies. This was what the boys were escaping from, but what, in the early part of the twentieth century, were the boys escaping to?

While on many Indian reservations during this time there was intense pressure to acculturate and assimilate, I believe the case can be made that on the Western Apache reservations there was an emphasis on cultural maintenance and revitalization. Clarence and his friends showed evidence of good traditional training. They were able to find their way when off the main roads by taking shortcuts, and they utilized wild plant foods, especially piñon. These actions reflect knowledge of and training in traditional skills, which must have been acquired on the reservation before they were sent to Albuquerque. To some extent traditional enculturation survived.

This was also a time when Apaches, especially Apache men, were becoming involved in wage labor, both on and off the reservations. Roads, dams, canals, and railroads were all being built in Arizona in the early part of the twentieth century and new skills were being learned.⁴⁸ Stock raising by Indian stockmen also was replacing ranches founded by white or part-Indian owners.⁴⁹ The town of Cooley (later McNary) with its sawmill also was established during this period, and although Apaches competed with imported black laborers for jobs there, at least some Apaches were employed and began to learn forestry skills.⁵⁰ Just as Clarence's survival techniques reflect his Apache enculturation, his later life and the variety of jobs he held over the years reflect this new emphasis on wage labor, which was occurring on the reservation.

Bassett,⁵¹ in an article on Western Apaches working off the reservations to build Roosevelt Dam and its support roads, suggests that from 1900 through the 1920s traditional Apache culture may actually have been strengthened. People moved to the job site at Roosevelt Dam as families and lived in camps

and local groups (all very traditional social units). Similarly, the flu epidemic of 1918 and 1919 reinforced traditional family and local group structures, for, according to William Burkhardt Kessel, "During the crisis . . . many Apaches took to the mountains, in most cases seeking out isolated locals where they could wait out the flu. In some cases, several extended families wintered together."⁵²

There was also a reduction in the pressure to eradicate the traditional use of *tóʔibaahí*, an Apache corn beer.⁵³ Kessel again reports that on the White Mountain Reservation in 1918 a new superintendent, Charles L. Davis, and a physician, Fred Loe, analyzed the alcohol content of *tóʔibaahí* and decided that its alcohol content was so low that it was not a threat that needed to be suppressed at all costs.⁵⁴

The strength of Apache culture at this time is also reflected in the ethnographies of the late 1920s. Greenville Goodwin began his research on the Western Apache around 1927 and continued it until his untimely death in 1940.⁵⁵ Goodwin's journals, fieldnotes, and publications reveal both a reservoir of memories and the ongoing practice of belief and ritual to which Clarence was exposed as a young man.⁵⁶ Clarence sometimes assisted *ḍiyin* (medicine men) at ceremonies, which demonstrates his knowledge of traditional Apache religion.

This is not to imply that there was no acculturative stress during this period, but even the Apache response to stress was defined by an attempt to link the old with the new. Specifically, starting about 1916, Silas John Edwards, an Apache *ḍiyin* who had worked as an interpreter for a Lutheran missionary, declared himself a messiah and began to preach. His doctrine utilized traditional Apache symbols, such as the four directions, circles, and color symbolism, but blended it with Christian symbols such as the cross and a system of writing to preserve the prayers associated with his teachings.⁵⁷ The Silas John, or Holy Ground, movement continues to have adherents at both the San Carlos and White Mountain reservations to the present day.

CLARENCE HAWKINS

Clarence Hawkins was born on the White Mountain Apache Indian Reservation in the area of Seven-Mile Wash, which feeds into the east fork of Whiteriver. At some later time his family moved from there up to the community known as East Fork. Clarence was of the *naḱąiyé* (Mexican) clan. Clarence's mother, Annie Hawkins, was a Mexican captive, probably captured near Bavispe, Mexico. His Mexican ancestry was reflected in a somewhat more hirsute face than is typical of most Apache men, having a light beard and moustache. Goodwin, the authoritative source on Western Apache clans, does not actually list this as a clan, but this is the designation given the matrilineal descendants of Mexican captives or other unmarried Mexican women.⁵⁸

Alvino, his second eldest son, informs me that Clarence's father, Charles Hawkins of the *ndéé ndeezn'* (Tall People) clan,⁵⁹ moved from Cibecue to Seven Mile when he married Annie, Clarence's mother, to take up traditional matrilineal residence.



FIGURE 1. Clarence and Florence Hawkins, son Billy (standing), and grandson Darrell in 1968.

Clarence was married for over forty years to Florence (Kessay) Hawkins of the *náá(gó)dot's'oośń'* (Slender Peak Standing Up People) clan.⁶⁰ Out of some fifteen pregnancies, they had eight children who lived to adulthood. Clarence worked as a cowboy, mill worker, lumberjack, carpenter, and many other jobs during his lifetime. I first met him in 1968 and continued to see him at least every other year until his death in 1993.

Our first encounter was at the East Fork Trading Post on June 27, 1968, where, following a model I had read about in a now-for-

gotten ethnography, I had started to hang out to meet potential consultants. The method was simple. I offered people rides: rides into town, rides to their homes with their groceries, rides to the BIA or tribal offices. As I recall I gave Clarence and Florence a ride out to their house, which at that time was the last occupied house on the East Fork road. My journal comment reads:

I met Clarence Hawkins today. He is a nice looking fellow with splotched hands. His wife is the "crazy" little old lady I danced with Saturday night [at a dance that was part of a girl's puberty ceremony].

From that point on his or his wife's name appears on almost every page of my journal. He became my principal consultant and he and his family honored me by making me a member of the family. I first became aware of this in May 1969 when at a rodeo one of the Hawkins sons, LeRoy, came up to me and said, "Sik'is [my brother], I sure am happy about the way you are taking care of our parents."

Shortly thereafter Clarence, Florence, and I were coming back from a ceremony late at night to their house; and Florence, somewhat inebriated (as she was all too frequently), began to call me *shizhaazhí* (my child). I in turn began responding by calling her *shimaa* (my mother) and Clarence *shítáa* (my father). My friendship with the Hawkins family has continued over the years and is continually reaffirmed by various members of the family.

Clarence was not a large man. He was thin and probably not over five-foot-six in height. I remember particularly the distinctive twinkle he frequently had in his eye, his jovial attitude, and as age overtook him an

increasingly noticeable skin condition (vitiligo?) which produced white splotches on his hands and around his mouth.⁶¹ His sense of irony, somewhat cynical sarcasm, and humor show up in the story below.

The following account is a verbatim transcript of Clarence's description of his escape from the Albuquerque Indian School and his journey back to Whiteriver, the agency headquarters for the White Mountain and Cibecue Apaches.⁶² I transcribed it originally and then went over it with Clarence's second-oldest son Alvino and his eldest daughter Effie. Clarence seems a little fuzzy on the actual dates of the events and on his age at the time. At the beginning of the story he states that the year was 1920. If this is correct, his stated age of eighteen or nineteen seems old for going into the ninth grade, and would have made him around ninety when he died (I believe he was born in 1911). If 1920 is the correct year it would make him eight or nine at the time, not eighteen or nineteen. However at the end of his story he gives a different year, 1931 or 1932. This would be consistent with his stated age of eighteen or nineteen. The fact that this event seems to have taken place during Prohibition does not help us pin down the date since that era in our country's history lasted between 1919 and 1933, long enough to encompass both dates. One other clue to the date of the event is his reference to a place called Pie Town. It got that name some time in the early 1920s, thus Clarence may well have been eight or nine at the time. If he was that young, this is a truly remarkable story.

Clarence spoke reasonably good English as the narration attests, but had a fairly heavy accent and made some mistakes. His English would probably qualify as what William L. Leap calls American Indian English.⁶³ This kind of a story is what folklorists class as a memorate,⁶⁴ told in the form of traditional Apache narrative.

Unfortunately, I never went over the tape with Clarence, only with Effie and Alvino after his death. My comments, questions, and our translations are in brackets; occasional ellipses indicate places where words were left out because they were not intelligible since the microphone was not as close to the speaker as is optimal. As the story makes clear, two other boys, both from the Cibecue area of the reservation, accompanied him.

THE ESCAPE

I was eighteen or nineteen. A long time.⁶⁵ That was a long time, 1920. There were four or five of us that went on sixth grade and they sent them out to Albuquerque and they used to have that—it's steel what do you call it, it's a steel train, what do you call that—train [steel train?]? That's what you call that train! [You went on the train to Albuquerque?] Yeah, Yeah on that train. . . . It's a new one now a locomotive now no more locomotive. [Steam?] Yeah, yeah, steam, it's all steel though but it's run with steam. We went on an army truck I think these old truck, government truck to Holbrook. Yeah we went on the train. Early in the morning about six o'clock to Albuquerque.

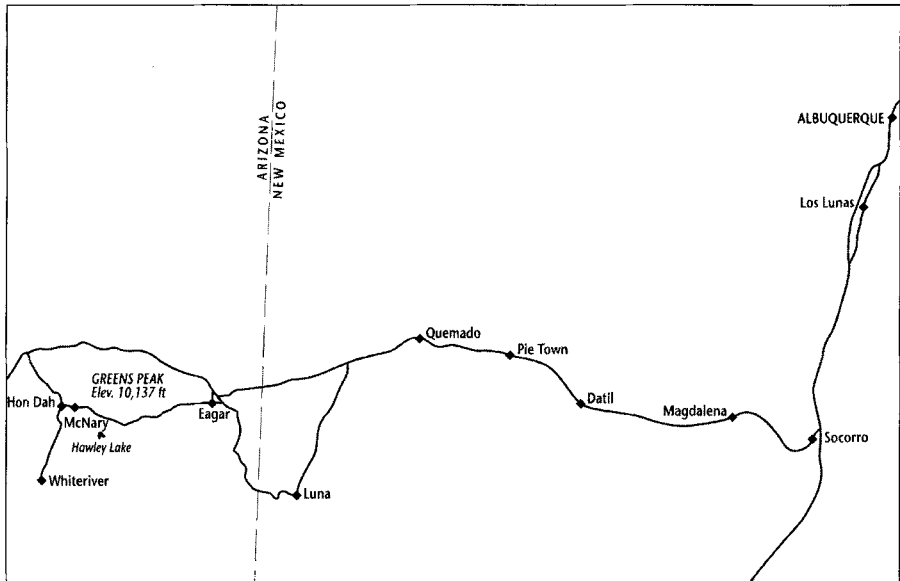


FIGURE 2. Map of the area covered in Clarence's escape from Albuquerque with locations of places mentioned in the text. (Map courtesy of Lori Palmer, Graphic Designer, Instructional Technology Services, San Diego State University.)

Oh, I was sixth grade, seventh, eighth, ninth; going on ninth grade—run away from that. Yeah I went through Albuquerque and down, what do you call that town below Albuquerque? [Socorro?] No, you go about thirty miles from Albuquerque, Lina, Lina [Las Lunas?]. From there I make shortcut straight to Magdalena [*sic*].⁶⁶ Just had to walk, you know. Had to walk. Early in the morning. Had to walk all night from Albuquerque. To that town. Then we walk on just to make sure which way the reservation was.

We walk all day, no water—nothing, it was just heavy. There was just shepherders you know. They were herding sheep, *dibéłíí' naa'iiy-oogí* [sheep, the ones who drive a group]. About maybe six or seven o'clock it got dark, you know. You could see the fire. Way on the mountain, so we walked there. We were thirsty, too. They got a big can, you know barrel. About fifty can barrel full of water, that shepherd. We drank that. We drank some water from the sheep tank, then they give us a sandwich—mutton sandwich I guess . . . *bełíí' bitsí' daahiidáá' -dibéh bitsí' daahiidáá'* [sheep, its meat we ate it, sheep its meat we ate it].⁶⁷ *Bán ditání* [oven bread, literally thick bread],⁶⁸ you know that oven, that bread is made in the oven.

We slept there. There was no blankets. We got to use that *tóółgaiyé bich'ig* [donkey saddle blanket]. Yeah we used that. We slept there, we get up early, you know, 'cause we was kind of outlaws. Around four o'clock these shepherd they are still sleeping. We stole their bread and all their leftovers and lunch to get us on to where we're going, to Magdaline.

It's a big town now I guess, Magdalena, New Mexico. Yeah we walked there all day . . . it was rough, rough country. Then we came to a river. It was salt, too. It wasn't clear water, no, it was salt [silt?]. [The Rio Grande?] I don't know where it come from, but yeah, that might be from Albuquerque, the Rio Grande River kind of muddy you know when you drink it. We have to walk up the hill, there was a farm where they was raisin' corn, you know . . . we roast that corn, we ate it. . . .

[Who was with you?] Goodday, Maurice Goodday. Maurice Goodday and Manuel Narcisco. Manuel Narcisco. They were from Cibecue, *dziit'aadn'* [Foot of the Mountain People].⁶⁹ Yeah we ate some of that corn, we had to roast some of it for lunch you know on our way.

Then we came to a ranch. It was good water, clear water. It run out from the pipe, pipeline, might from the windmill I guess. They had a ranch, they hold cattle on, you know. And we walked up the hill . . . and then on the old trail. These ranchers they going to town, you know, on the trail. We had to walk on the trail. That was, well we didn't went to the ranch, we just saw the ranch from the side, maybe outside the fence. There's a fence. One of them old ranchers came around in a old Ford, Ford pickup. Good old Ford. He came in that. Oh, they sure look . . . they got this big old whisky barrel, they look kind of wild. They give us a ride so we open the gate for him and hop into the good old truck. We went on, they were hauling whisky I guess in a big barrel in the old days what they call that bootlegger, bootlegger, 'indaa 'in'ííhí [White man who is a thief].⁷⁰ That's what they were I guess, *ai daa'iyaa nolííshí bee daagodzíg beegho* [they looked awful and because of that were frightening].

About then we get to town . . . about a mile or so they told us to get off and walk to town. They said they were going to sell all these whisky in town. They were runnin' around, selling all that whisky all night. That's what they told us.

Magdiline, Magdilina, New Mexico. Real big. We had to walk from there to town. I know we all had money, I guess, maybe about three or four dollars, but those two they went to the store, to buy something. Food and bread, coffee, sugar, and I went to the, where the water was, water, *tó há'áh* [where you dip water]. That's where I found me a can. A peach can, you know these big can. I found one and I fill it up with water.

Well I don't know what the thing was, but he [the owner of the well] came out and kick my ass. "Get the hell out of here, get off that water. . . ." Then those two boys they came around and had to run like hell, you know. Had to run, just like, run for your life.

Then we walk, walk again, run for a while, about a quarter of a mile I guess. We just stay away from them. Then we walk to this old cabin, *kíh daagocho'é naadaadít* [houses, they were bad—run down—sitting scattered around].

These white people, they used to live in there I guess. *Kíh gochóó'í daagoz'áá, naítsoos* [a red house filled with paper in

there], nothing but paper in there. Filled with paper, *naltsoos*, *naltsoos* *ʔibaiyé* *ʔaagoldeh*, [paper, newspaper—literally, gray paper—it is made of.] little wood, too. They had lit fire with it to boil coffee right there. Well, you got to find some brush, you know, what they call it? New Mexico *yó*, *chʼilzáási*, *chʼilzáási*, *chʼilzáási* *nʼchaago* [New Mexico there, threadleaf snakeweed, it's being big]. It's a big one, big brush just like a . . . So you have to pick them up and put them in the fire. *Chʼilzáási* *niditʔh*⁷¹ *bikazí* *niditʔh* *gochizh* . . . , *chʼilzáási* [you break the threadleaf snakeweed's stem, for wood, you break that stick . . . and put it on the fire one stick at a time], you had to break that stick to build our fire to make some coffee. Yeah, we stayed there. After we drink water, or coffee. We all had coffee and a loaf of bread and coffee I guess, they bought coffee I guess. We ate there, in that building. We stayed there.

It was about 4 o'clock we walk again to a mountain. *ʔObé* *ʔitsin* *bít* *yaa* *ʔík* *ʔid* [piñon trees, with them they extend down from a hill], piñon trees . . . there was a lot of piñon right there. We had to fill our pockets with piñon, to fill our belly with. So we were twenty or thirty miles off from Magdilina. We didn't know where which way to go to White Mountain, you know. Just pretty sure we were on the right trail.

Then we came to a corral. These ranchers, you know, their corral the one where they brand their calves, and round up cattle. Right there we drank some more water right there at the tank. You know they killed a beef. They left that guts and everything, right there. They never did . . . we were all runnin' away. About twenty miles we had to walk on the prairie. . . . Walk, walk. Finally we got to store again. We call it Granite [?] Point, *tséé* *yaa* *ʔíts* *ʔoos* [Thin Rock Extends Down]. Yeah they got a store right there. We came over there, we bought some more bread and coffee, that's all. We got a little money, but the food wasn't high in those days, it was cheap you know. We started walkin' about a quarter or half mile off of that store we tried to rest to eat our sandwich. We ate that food right there, and started walk. . . . There was a school right there.⁷² I don't what kind of, what its name was, that school, *naltsoos* *ʔótad* *baagoghá* *goz* *ʔaalé* [hat'íí, what], *naltsoos* *goʔtagé* *baagoghá* *goz* *ʔaalé*, [paper is counted—school building is spread out there]. Yeah, children, white . . . white kids. I don't know what that town was named. I don't know what its name was. Yeah, have to walk, *ai* *kíí* *gozdilí* *biyi'yó*, *bich* *ʔayó* *chʼínkai* [that town—literally houses grouped together—in it there, away from it there we walked]. We have to walk on the side, kind of hide, you know.

It got dark though, *tʔé* *gozlíí* *tʔé* *gozlíí* *daahíikaago* *hiskaa* [it became dark, it became dark, we walked till dawn]. We had to walk all night in the canyon. By the morning time we were on top of the mountain, and there we got a ride, dump truck, *naatbiil* *na'igheehí* *yídaab* *ʔh* [truck that carries loads it gave us a ride]. [Where'd the dump truck take you?] . . . Pie Town, Pie Town so we got off right there, they took us to there, the truck.⁷³ About around eight, I guess,

in those days and we went to it, might be a cafe or store. There was nobody around, we were lucky to grab another bunch of food. We sneak away with it, *naadaant'íí ch'ogonya' kóhéya' bikóhéya' bikóhéya'* [we sneak—steal—it and took it down hill]. They call that 'íílgohz [an arroyo]. [Where's that, do you know?] It's that Pie Town, *ai daanit'íí bisht'aayó bikóhéya'* [that we sneak and took it a long ways down hill]. Right in the canyon.

We went down in the canyon, we wasn't walking on the road, NO! We stayed away from the road. Someone catch us throw them in the jail. Got to hide. *Naadaant'íí' naadaant'íí' ch'ógónyá* [We sneak, we sneak, we were sneaking along]. *Daa'iidáá' daa'iidáá' aah daa'iidáá' daanit'ííní daa'iidáá'* [We ate, yes, we ate what we stole]. We got to eat what we stole. We didn't have to carry it all the way through. NO! We got to finish up right there. We got to finish it up right there. Then we got to start walk again on the road. I think they got sawmill right there. It used to be a long time. I think they call it Luna, Luna, New Mexico⁷⁴ I think that's where it's at. Then we got to walk all the way through, up to these, there's another store right there. It was piñon, a lot of piñon right there. It was in New Mexico, New Mehiko. We got to find some more of that piñon, fill our pocket with piñon. Well we wasn't hungry at that time, one thing about that store we walked by. *Bitis ch'ínkai yaa beegohani . . . ná'dagí, ná'dagí, ná'dagí (hi)gaalé binebìh* [We were walking past that store . . . a grader, a grader, a grader it was moving, we got on].

Yeah, We rode that cat skinner. [Oh you got a ride again?] Yeah, on a cat. [Oh, yeah.] Yeah, road builder, it might be bulldozer or something like that. In those days. That was about, oh about 1921. [Did you finally get back home?] Well, we got to walk again. After we get off that dozer. About in the evening time, then we walk walk well nine, ten, twenty-one almost in the evening time. There was another old truck or wagon. It was a Dodge I guess. *Naatbiit goníí naatbiilí biká' goghah'tén'* ⁷⁵ [A car old, the car used to have a cover on top]. Might be a Dodge. *Noháh n'baas 'íídaa' bibiilí naabìh* [He was driving his car and we got in]. We got to catch a ride. They said they been going down to California, where you [referring to Philip J. Greenfeld] live. They said they going to California. We got a ride to Springerville. Springerville or Eagar. What do you call it? [Eagar, yeah. Did you know where you were then?] Pretty close. [Did you know that?] *N'chaa náásk'id ntsaaz náásk'id golzeelé dziit* [Big Hill, Thick Hill Mountain it was called]. Eagar, by the side of the mountain right there. Go to sleep there.

Then the next morning have to walk again. Have to catch a dump truck. *Naa'íigheehí . . . naabìh dziit t'igai si'an' bich'iyó góde'* [We got in the dump truck and it went toward White Mountain]. They call it Green Peak. Right below that. They were herding sheep around there in those days. They took us on top of the hill then I took off. Get off that truck. Those man they got to go to work somewhere, you

know. We walk, it is a short ways from there to the reservation, *dodaahé godziih godestssoog*⁷⁶ [it was close to the line]. In those days they didn't have no well, the road's kind of rough you know. . . . [So you got home?] We walk all the way through to . . . to, I think that the road goes to Hawley Lake, yeah, I think, Paradise. You know the road goes to Paradise. We got a ride back right there, dump truck, right into McNary.

We got home, that's when we had to walk again all the way through. From . . . name of Cooley Ranch right there. Hondah, they call it Hon-Dah now. Used [to be called] that, Cooley, Cooley Ranch. That was Dead Pettis Ranch. You know where Lester Oliver live? Right there. We caught a ride again, clear into Whiteriver, *'igáiyé bičh'ó goteeł* [Yucca Flat]. We got off right there. I don't know they got those two boys they live right by the river I guess, Cibecue Indian. Where some people used to live right there in the canyon. And then I have to walk by myself all the way, walk over here on top of this hill by that point. My old father used to live right there. Just keep on walk . . . *dii 'iđó dah hiidáana'* . . . *nch'iné dii 'iđó* [he was also still alive]. [What did they say when you got home?] *'ich'aa'o naagoghodleya'* *daashiđii*, *'ich'aa'o naagoghodlé* [I see you're still runnin' away they said to me]. Runnin' away again. This was around 19 . . . 1932 I guess, '32 or '31 around in there. [Did they send you back?] No, they never did. They just let me go. I never did school again.

ANALYSIS

Using a contemporary road map I added up the miles and estimated that Clarence and his friends walked or hitchhiked around 300 miles to get back to Whiteriver. According to his account they were on the road approximately eight days. That's about thirty-seven miles a day, which is plausible, since they hitchhiked for at least part of the journey. His account indicates that they covered up to thirty or more miles at times on foot.

Day One: An All-Night Walk from Albuquerque to Las Lunas (Thirty Miles)

Apparently, their actual escape was at night and they walked all night and all the next day, covering thirty miles to the town of Las Lunas, south of Albuquerque.

Day Two: Las Lunas to Shepherd Camp (Thirty Miles?)

They continued walking south of Las Lunas for another entire day, without food or water. This section of the trip may have been across country because he mentions taking a shortcut. It is impossible to know just what Clarence means by a shortcut. They must have stayed on the east side of the Rio Grande though, since he does not mention crossing a river until later in his story.

Somewhere south of Los Lunas up on a mountain, they saw the fire of a group of sheepherders that gave the boys water to drink out of a sheep tank, food, and donkey-saddle blankets to sleep under. There is some indication that the herders may have been Navajo. In the Apache he uses to describe this scene, he first says *dibełłı́' bitsı́'*, or mutton (literally sheep, its meat), but then switches to the cognate Navajo form *dibé bitsı́'*. This may be an indication that the herders were Navajo, perhaps from the Alamo Reservation, just west of where the boys were, on the other side of the Rio Grande. It could also be that he just shortened the Apache term, dropping the final part, since the word in Apache is in fact a compound, *łı́'*, referring to any domestic animal, and in its independent form meaning horse.⁷⁷

The boys, self-confessed outlaws, repaid the herders by getting up early and helping themselves to the leftovers before they got on their way again, taking off for Magdalena, New Mexico.

Day Three: Sheepherder Camp to Magdalena (Fifty-two Miles?)

They continued from somewhere south of Los Lunas toward Magdalena, a town along what is now Highway 60, across the Rio Grande, about twenty-seven miles west of Socorro and more than eighty miles from Los Lunas. Strangely, Clarence does not mention Socorro, a fairly large town on the Rio Grande, perhaps because by taking what he refers to as a shortcut they bypassed it, or perhaps Clarence simply left out part of the story.

Heading toward Magdalena, they crossed a river. Since Clarence mentions crossing the river after the night with the sheepherders, the mountain where they stayed with the herders was probably on the east side of the Rio Grande, perhaps in the Los Pinos range. In the next part I am not sure whether Clarence's English fails him or whether I simply do not understand what he is talking about. He calls the river a "salt" river; since the Rio Grande is a fresh water stream I assume he must be referring to its being very muddy, a *silt* river. He seems to have confirmed my assumption. Alvino, on the other hand, thinks that perhaps he did mean the river was salty, because of the growth of salt cedar or tamarisk. This plant was introduced into the United States in the nineteenth century and by 1875 had begun to spread naturally along riverbanks in the Southwest. The government also intentionally planted it to aid in erosion control, and as late as 1926 it was being used on the banks of the Rio Grande.⁷⁸ I can find no information indicating that tamarisk makes nearby water sources salty, although it definitely has the ability to filter salt out of saline water supplies and deposits salt crystals on its leaves. The salt residue on tamarisk leaves could have made the water salty. This said, however, I believe I am correct and that Clarence was really commenting on the color and quality of the water, not its salinity.

On the other side of the river there was a farm with a cornfield. They took some of the corn and roasted it. Afterwards they continued walking and saw a ranch house with a windmill and some clear water.

At this point I ask Clarence who he is with; he identifies his companions as two boys from Cibecue, a reservation town about fifty miles west of Whiteriver, the reservation headquarters, and the area where Clarence's family lived.

They also ran into some bootleggers who were bringing some whisky into Magdalena and hitched a ride with them. This explains how they covered so much ground on the third day of their adventure. The whisky runners dropped them off just outside of town and they walked into town and went to a store. There they used some money they had to buy food, and Clarence got his "ass kicked" by a man who did not like them drinking from his well. The boys ran away and came to an old abandoned cabin somewhere to the west of Magdalena. He describes it as full of old newspapers. There was also some firewood there. They built a fire there using a bush, *ch'ilzáási*, which the Apache dictionary translates as "threadleaf snakeweed," and made some coffee.⁷⁹ Alvino believes this *ch'ilzáási* to be some type of sagebrush. They ate bread that along with the coffee they must have bought at the store. They stayed there, probably for the night.

Day Four: Magdalena to Datil (Thirty-six Miles)

The next day they arose very early and left Magdalena, walking until they came to a grove of piñon pine in the mountains where they fed themselves in traditional Apache fashion. They continued on until they found another ranch where water was available. The ranchers had killed a cow and its remains were in the corral near the water tank. The tape is hard to hear at this point. Something may have happened to them there, but I do not know what. The next thing Clarence says is that they were "runnin' away." They kept on for a long distance and eventually came to a store, where they bought some more food, and a school in what must have been Datil, New Mexico. Clarence calls it Granite Point, which is more or less a translation of what he names it in Apache. There was a school there, too, for white kids. After eating, they once again hit the trail.

Day Five: Datil to Pie Town (Twenty-four Miles)

They had to sneak around the side of the town so they would not be spotted and continued walking after it got dark down a canyon and then to the top of a mountain. There they hitched another ride on a dump truck that took them to the next town on the route, Pie Town, New Mexico. As somewhat of an aside, the name of this town stands out from the others through which they traveled. Magdalena (named after a rock thought to look like Mary Magdalene), Datil ("date" after the yucca fruit in that area that looks like dates), and Quemado ("burned," because the area had just suffered a fire when named)⁸⁰ all have Spanish names. However, Pie Town was given its name in the 1920s when Clyde Norman, owner of the town's gas station and cafe, began selling pies to automobile travelers on US 60.⁸¹ He called his shack from which he served homemade pie Pie Town, and the name stuck. All three of these towns, Datil, Pie Town, and Quemado, are located about a day's

horseback ride apart because this route was a major cattle trail in the 1880s from Springerville, Arizona, to the railhead at Magdalena.

Clarence and his friends availed themselves of Norman's supplies, stealing some more food because Norman was apparently not watching the store. They then snuck down the hill into a canyon to eat their loot and steer clear of the road until they finished eating.

Day Six: Pie Town to Quemado (Twenty Miles)

Whether they walked all night again is unclear, as is the name of the next town to which they came. He says it is Luna, New Mexico, but Luna is near Alpine, Arizona, on US 180. There is a dirt road on contemporary road maps that shows a connection between highways 60 and 180 which comes out at Luna, but it is fifty-three miles south of US 60, sixty-one miles from Quemado, and eighty-two miles from Pie Town. Clarence is probably mistaken about the next stopover town after Pie Town being Luna; it was no doubt Quemado. Clarence's son, Alvino, agrees that Clarence was mistaken about the name of this town.

Clarence comments that they had a sawmill there and another store, but this time they were not hungry so the store owner was spared a loss. After passing Quemado they found some more piñon nuts.

Day Seven: Quemado to Eager, Arizona (Forty-eight Miles)

They hitched another ride, this time on a bulldozer or road grader, which took them a ways, and then they started walking again. Next, someone in an old Dodge picked them up and took them to Eager. They were finally in Arizona, closer to home. They slept near Eager.

Day Eight, Morning: Eager to McNary (Thirty-five Miles)

The next morning they started walking again and hitched another ride with a dump truck. It took them to a place near the reservation line at the foot of a mountain called Greens Peak. The people who picked them up apparently were working in the area. Whether they were herding sheep as Clarence comments or doing some other job in the area is not clear. They then walked a short way to the reservation line down what must have been a rough dirt road at that time. The road took them to one of the many lakes on the White Mountain Reservation, Hawley Lake, and a small place called Paradise. Hawley Lake is on a modern road map, but Paradise is not. From there they hitched another ride into the reservation town of McNary, a town founded by Southwest Forest Industries as part of a lumbering and sawmill operation.

Day Eight, Afternoon: McNary to Whiteriver (Twenty-two Miles)

Clarence does not mention staying in McNary so I assume they just kept walking and hitching rides during the last day of their trek. They walked the three

or four miles from McNary to the junction now called Hon Dah where the White Mountain tribe recently erected a casino and hotel. They continued down the road to Whiteriver past the old Cooley ranch house, which was burned down in 1968, and on past the site of the house of Lester Oliver, former tribal chairman. This also used to be the site of a ranch owned by a man named Charles Pettis Jr., whose father married one of the half-Apache daughters of Captain Corydon Cooley.⁸² What Clarence means by referring to it as the “Dead Pettis” ranch I do not know.

There they caught another ride into Whiteriver. Clarence’s two friends apparently had relatives in Whiteriver, living along the river, and they went there. Clarence walked to the home of his father, who was still alive at the time, and comments finally, “I never did school again.”

APACHE NARRATIVE

There are a number of elements that mark traditional Apache narrative.⁸³ First, stories often begin with a formulaic *ḍoo’áníiná’* or *’aḱk’idá’* “A long time ago,” comparable to the Western “Once upon a time.” Second, the narrative is moved along by numerous insertions of *’ákoḥgo*, “then,” placed at the start of a new section. Third, there are in many stories frequent inclusions of *ch’idííh*, “they say,” or *ch’idííléni’*, “they customarily said,” at the end of sentences. This is a particularly special form since it uses the fourth-person prefix *ch’i-* which indicates a subject that is distant in time, space, social position, or all three, giving traditional validation to the story. A fourth marker often found at the end of many constituents are the evidential clitics *ḱé+ni’*, or variations such as *ḱén’* or *ḱé*.⁸⁴

Clarence, of course, was telling this story in English for my benefit, but I believe there is evidence that it conforms to the traditional narrative format. Especially telling is the first sentence, “I was eighteen or nineteen. *A long time. That was a long time*, 1920.” This would seem the English equivalent of the traditional Apache introduction to a story, much as Westerners begin one with “Once upon a time.” He also uses “then,” “you know,” and “in those days” throughout the narrative. It can be argued that this is also reflective of Apache style, using these English phrases in place of the traditional Apache *’ákoḥgo*, *ch’idíí*, or *ḱéni’*, although admittedly this parallels English narrative style as well. When he code switches he at least five times ends the Apache constituents with *ḱéni’* or one of its variants.⁸⁵ The one element missing is a literal translation of *ch’idíí*, “they say,” but since this story is a memorata and contains no supernatural beings or events, its use is perhaps not to be expected. Clarence’s commitment to Apache as his primary language is reflected in his frequent code switching as he inserts Apache words and phrases into the English narrative.

Clarence’s story also resonates with the traditional themes of Apache journey narratives—goals, events, challenges, places, people. The Apache story of *Naaye’ nezghané* (Slayer of Monsters) details the challenges of an Apache culture hero.⁸⁶ Here we have modern Apache boys engaging in heroic actions in escaping from Albuquerque, even viewing themselves as “out-

laws." In this sense, except for the fact that there are no supernatural events or beings in it, it is like a traditional tale, but within a modern context.

A POLITICAL STATEMENT

I am sure that Clarence did not consciously view his actions or the story as a political statement, but in terms of the ideas of resistance and rejection presented I believe we can view his running away and his narration in political terms. Scott's idea of resistance focuses on unselfconscious human action that has a cumulative effect.⁸⁷ It involves a rebellious attitude that results in various actions that resist the dominance and control of the individual by the system. Clarence's self-definition "outlaw" figures in here. Outlaws are outside and against the law. Clarence thought of himself as a resister and a rejecter. Clarence and his friends' rebellion is also reflected in the fact that they stole food, even though they apparently had some money and had to "sneak."⁸⁸ They believed that if caught they would have been thrown in jail. Their acts involve rejection: rejection of the boarding school, rejection of forced removal from home, rejection of forced assimilation, rejection of Anglo values. That this may not have been the only time Clarence ran away is indicated in the final paragraph. Note that his relatives said, "I see you're still runnin' away," as if he had done this before; and Clarence's final comment is, "I never did school again." This sums up his rejection.

The story style itself also has political undertones in the sense that although told in English, it has elements of Apache narrative along with frequent codeswitching. It announces his ethnic status as an Apache, an Apache who rejected the system. The fact that after sixty or seventy years he remembered what happened in such great detail attests to its seminal importance as a major event in his life, an event worth remembering and telling as a modern Apache narrative, a narrative of resistance and rejection.

CONCLUSION

It is hard to say what impact the boarding school had on Clarence. It may have affected him to some degree in terms of what the Anglo world defines as education. Somewhere he learned English well enough to tell a story such as this in English. Whether it was from formal schooling at a BIA school or in the various off-reservation jobs he had throughout his life is impossible to say; but in all likelihood he learned English at some BIA school he attended. His wife, Florence, who never attended a school, was monolingual in Apache, one of the very last Apache monolinguals in a society rapidly becoming monolingual in English.

In his later years, Clarence seemed to realize that his passing up the boarding school education might have hurt him economically. I remember one day out at his house just before a major holiday weekend. A large number of motor homes and campers were driving past his place holding Anglo vacationers from Phoenix on their way to the various lakes and campgrounds on the Apache Reservation. As they drove by he commented that if he had

stayed in school perhaps he could have afforded one of those motor homes. That's the only time he ever hinted to me that he might have some regrets about how he lived his life. Moments like that seemed very intimate to me. I remember him fondly and miss him very much.

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9. See, for example, Lomawaima, "Domesticity," 227–240.

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17. Lomawaima, "Domesticity," 231.

18. Qoyawayma and Carlson, *No Turning Back*, 69.

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27. Littlefield, "The B.I.A. Boarding School," 436.

28. *Ibid.*, 430.

29. Boyer and Gayton, *Apache Mothers*, 301–302.

30. *Ibid.*, 121.

31. McCarthy, *A Papago Traveler*, 30.
32. Ibid.
33. Seaman, ed., *Born a Chief*, 127–128.
34. McKinney, “Albuquerque Indian School,” 110 (author’s emphasis).
35. Robert H. Keller Jr., *American Protestantism and United States Indian Policy, 1869–82* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1983); Norman J. Bender, “*New Hope for the Indians*”: *The Grant Peace Policy and the Navajos in the 1870s* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1989); Prucha, *The Churches and the Indian Schools*.
36. McKinney, “Albuquerque Indian School,” 111–113.
37. Ibid., 120.
38. Ibid., 118.
39. Ibid., 118.
40. Ibid., 117.
41. Winfred Buskirk, “Western Apache Subsistence Economy” (Ph.D. diss., University of New Mexico, 1949); id., *The Western Apache Living With the Land Before 1950* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1986).
42. McKinney, “Albuquerque Indian School,” 121.
43. Ibid., 225–226.
44. Adams, *Education for Extinction*, 123.
45. Ibid.
46. McKinney, “Albuquerque Indian School,” 217.
47. Ibid., 219.
48. William Y. Adams and Gordon V. Krutz, “Wage Labor and the San Carlos Apache,” in *Apachean Culture History and Ethnology*, Anthropological Papers of the University of Arizona no. 21, eds. Keith H. Basso and Morris E. Opler (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1971), 115–133.
49. Thomas R. McGuire, *Mixed-Bloods, Apaches, and Cattle Barons: Documents for a History of the Livestock Economy on the White Mountain Reservation, Arizona*, Cultural Resource Management Section, Arizona State Museum, Archaeological Series no. 142. (Tucson: Arizona State Museum, 1980).
50. Ibid., 164–168.
51. Everett Bassett, “We Took Care of Each Other Like Families Were Meant To’: Gender, Social Organization, and Wage Labor Among the Apache at Roosevelt,” in *Those of Little Note: Gender, Race, and Class in Historical Archaeology*, ed. Elizabeth M. Scott (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1994), 55–80.
52. William Burkhardt Kessel, “White Mountain Apache Religious Cult Movements: A Study in Ethnohistory” (Ph.D. diss., University of Arizona, 1976), 146.
53. This is a 2 or 3 percent alcohol corn beer Apaches brewed (literally “gray water”). I am using a practical orthography that is essentially the same as that used for Navajo in Robert W. Young and William Morgan Sr., *Analytical Lexicon of Navajo* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1992).
54. Kessel, “White Mountain Apache Religious Cult Movements,” 143–144.
55. Edward H. Spicer, “Grenville Goodwin: A Biographical Note,” in *Western Apache Raiding and Warfare/From the Notes of Grenville Goodwin*, ed. Keith H. Basso (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1971), 3–7.
56. Grenville Goodwin, *The Social Organization of the Western Apache* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1942); Grenville Goodwin and Neil Goodwin, *The Apache*

Diaries: A Father-Son Journey (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press.); Basso, *Western Apache Raiding*.

57. Kessell, "White Mountain Apache Religious Cult Movements"; Keith H. Basso and Ned Anderson, "A Western Apache Writing System: The Symbols of Silas John," *Science* 180 (1973): 1013–1022.

58. Goodwin, *Social Organization*.

59. *Ibid.*, 602. This is Goodwin's clan six, which at one time was know as bee 'iɦtsóódn (Because of It They Are Made Yellow People).

60. *Ibid.*, 609–610 (Goodwin's clan twenty).

61. Apache tradition blames this condition upon playing with a gopher (naa 'iɦtt'ígí) when one is a child.

62. This account was recorded on April 10, 1990, at Clarence Hawkin's youngest daughter's (Judy) house in East Fork, a community about seven miles east of Whiteriver, Arizona.

63. William L. Leap, *American Indian English* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1993).

64. Folklorists define various categories of oral narrative. According to Richard M. Dorson, *Folklore and Fakelore: Essays toward a Discipline of Folk Studies* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1976), 10, "Memorate is a term first coined by the Swedish folklorist C. W. von Sydow to designate a personal experience narrative that enters oral tradition." Just where the memorate fits in folklore studies is a matter of dispute. See Dorson, *Folklore and Fakelore*, 133; Linda Dégh and Andrew Vázsonyi, "The Memorare and the Proto-Memorate," *Journal of American Folklore* 87 (1974): 225–239.

65. Even though most of this story is in English, he seems to conform to traditional Apache story form, simply translating it in English. See the "Apache Narrative" section for more information.

66. This town is actually spelled with an *e*, Magdalena, but Clarence pronounces it as if it contained an *i* in the penultimate syllable. He also sometimes calls it Magline. I will spell it reflective of his pronunciation throughout the rest of the paper.

67. He seems to have changed the word from the Apache form, (di)beɦíí', to the cognate Navajo form, di bé.

68. Alvino thinks this is characteristically Navajo, another indication that the herders were Navajo.

69. This is a clan name, Goodwin's clan forty-seven, "Foot of the Mountain People" (cf. Goodwin, *Social Organization*, 620).

70. This was during Prohibition.

71. -ɦíɦ is a verb meaning to handle a long thin item.

72. Alvino thinks this school may have been Datil, which is about thirty-four miles west of Magdalena on US 60.

73. Pie Town, New Mexico, is on US 60 between Quemado and Datil.

74. Alvino thinks this might have been Quemado, which is about forty-four miles west of Datil on US 60.

75. ɦé + n(i)' are clitics which together mean customary (ɦé) past time (n(i)'). The ɦ in ɦé also follows the fricative devoicing rule common among Athapaskan languages so that if it follows a stem ending in a voiced consonant it becomes *l*.

76. This word should be godesdzogí, but Clarence quite clearly pronounces it as I have spelled it.

77. Alvino does not agree with this analysis even though he agrees I am right about the words and their sources. He thinks the herders were Mexican.

78. Jonathan D. Sauer, *Plant Migration: The Dynamics of Geographic Patterning in Seed Plant Species* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), 50–52.

79. Dorothy Bray, ed., *Western Apache-English Dictionary: A Community Generated Dictionary* (Tempe: Bilingual Press/Editorial Bilingüe, 1998), 61.

80. A far darker story of the origin of this place name tells of settlers finding a dark-complected Apache living there; they beat him to death and named the location after their description of him, *quemado*. This story was related to me by a geographer, Ned Greenwood, who comes from the area.

81. Agnes Morely Cleveland, *No Life for a Lady* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1941), 331–333; Anne Sullivan, “Datil, Pie Town, and Quemado—Remote and Beautiful,” *ZiaNet—Community Resources* [<http://www.zianet.com/snm/datil.htm>], April 3, 2001.

82. Thomas R. McGuire, *Mixed-Bloods, Apaches, and Cattle Barons: Documents for a History of the Livestock Economy on the White Mountain Reservation, Arizona*, Cultural Resource Management Section, Arizona State Museum, Archaeological Series no. 142 (Tucson: Arizona State Museum, 1980).

83. These are discussed in Basso and Tessay, “Joseph Hoffman’s ‘The Birth of He Triumphs Over Evils,’” 638; Anthony Webster, “Sam Kenoi’s ‘Coyote and the Whitemen’: Contact in and out of a Chiricahua Narrative,” in *Proceedings of the Native American Symposium*, eds. Annette Trefzer and Robin L. Murray (Weatherford, OK: Southern Oklahoma State University, 1998), 67–80; and id., “Sam Kenoi’s Coyote Stories: Poetics and Rhetoric in Some Chiricahua Apache Narratives,” *American Indian Culture and Research Journal* 23, number 1 (1999): 137–164, in greater detail.

84. I would like to thank Willem de Reuse for pointing this out to me.

85. These forms are: *goz’aałé*, “It used to be spread out”; (*hi*)*gaalé*, “It used to move”; *goghah́én*, “It used to be covered [literally, ‘There used to be a tipi’]”; *golzeelé*, “That place used to be called”; and *naagoghodlé’*, “He used to run.”

86. Basso and Tessay, “Joseph Hoffman’s ‘The Birth of He Triumphs Over Evils’”; Goodwin, *Myths and Tales*, 3–38.

87. Scott, *Weapons of the Weak*, 29.

88. The Apache word for *sneak* also means *steal*.