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poet/hunter as perceiving the clue of the silver hair, or, on the other hand, refer to the racoon's awareness of the sign he leaves in his wake. The body of the extended poem which follows hovers between and embodies both of these choices.

Again, we are subtly induced to consider the nature of language itself. The hair in the bark as a sign, a truncation of being which in recognition opens out the cosmos, which creates the cosmos.

The final poem of this sequence, an aspect of this collection's nature that I can no more than mention here, "Handing the Baton," is wrought in a more traditional, less private voice. Using the image of the runner, Kenny celebrates the dreadful agon of a traditional people's survival. Its nobility is without posture or rhetoric and is ripe with an almost impossible belief and hope.

Alfred Robinson

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A Papago Traveler. The Memories of James McCarthy. By James McCarthy. Tucson: Sun Tracks and The University of Arizona Press, 1985. 200 pp. \$22.50 Cloth.

"He saw the townlands and learned the minds of many distant men," as Homer describes the journey of Odysseus, and as James McCarthy details his own adventures focusing upon almost a century of reservation life, soldiering, traveling, faith healing, and family experiences.

Most stories about Native Americans are "as told to" accounts, but not so with this Papago Indian's eye witness narration as a global explorer whose zest for "learning the minds of many distant men" took him to combat in Europe during World War I, to walk the Great Wall of China, to serve with the military in the Philippines, to travel to Alaska on a windjammer, and to work among the Yakima Indians of the Pacific Northwest.

James McCarthy, born in 1895 on the Papago Reservation near Tucson, Arizona, began recording his autobiography in the 1960s, and was befriended by John G. Westover, a military historian interested in publishing these soldier stories. A warm friendship developed between the two men, leading to Westover's editing of this first published account of a Papago's

life. His task was not easy because documentary corroboration of the McCarthy story required searching school and army records in several states, checking the accuracy of proper family and place names, and improving the readability of the text while at the same time retaining "absolutely the integrity of McCarthy's story."

The tales take us to turn of the century life in a succession of Indian schools where Jim learned to excel in sports as a fast runner. His elders taught the young boys to get up early and race before they ate in order to outdistance the enemy Apache. His mother described the Iron Stand massacre during which the babies and elderly were killed, the village burned, the horses stolen, and the girls were taken to the San Carlos Apache homeland while the warriors were away working in Mexico.

The Papago kinship system of extended family interaction made it difficult for McCarthy to trace his biological kin, and sometimes grandmothers, aunts, and cousins are interchangeable. Actually, naming relationships in non-Papago terms for publication purposes was difficult for the author to understand. His father, José Antone, an unskilled laborer, earned a family income while living away from home, and McCarthy was never close to the man who died in a automobile accident in 1920. His relationship with his mother was warm and lasting. La-Lee, listed in church records as Clara, was a domestic worker, mother of seven children, and died of natural causes in 1954 at the age of 102. Actually, McCarthy asserts that she died of a broken heart because her youngest son married a Navajo woman, different in language and religion, and a painful communication gap resulted.

The narrator's ethnic pride emerges throughout his tale. He was called "chief" in the army and the German soldiers who captured him wanted to touch his face. An army picture shows a handsome, strong, dignified young man, the personification of optimism and self-confidence. Ironically, although he was gassed, wounded by a grenade, and taken as a prisoner of war, McCarthy did not receive a Purple Heart Medal for his injuries until 1976.

Whatever discrimination McCarthy faced as an Indian was minimal because he was interested in people, and was a non-drinking, gentle man who never held a grudge or lamented past mistakes. He found each challenge a new adventure as his journeys took him to strange communities with unfamiliar customs.

Never afraid of either hard work or of learning a new skill, the reader is taught how to skin a mule, harvest a cotton crop, work in a copper mine and in a salmon cannery. Therefore, this book serves as a good primary source for those economic opportunities that were available to a journeyman laborer during the first half of this century. Occasionally, the experience described is limited in depth and in length, and McCarthy admits realistically that his short, choppy stylistic sentences show that "big words are hard to spell" because he never finished elementary school, but he concludes that "I have done my best." And indeed, his final years, content with his wife and proud of two fine sons who completed their educations and have good lives, confirm that McCarthy did indeed achieve his goals after his journey ended. In spite of now being a lonely widower, his ethnic faith strengthens him. He concludes his story by confiding that sometimes, when he is alone, he feels a tug at his arm, and the medicine men tell him that "the unseen visitors are my ancestors, family, and friends . . . calling me to join them. When I do, we'll be a complete family again, for I am the last of my generation." Fortunately, the McCarthy memories will remain after him, not just in the oral tradition of a Homeric storyteller, but in written form.

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Cherokees and Missionaries, 1789-1839. By William G. McLoughlin. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1984. xiii + 375 pp. Bibliography, index. \$32.50 Cloth.

William G. McLoughlin trods seemingly well known territory in *Cherokees and Missionaries*. Many books focus on the fifty year period of Cherokee history before their removal in 1838-39. Yet no other work illuminates the complexity and interworkings of events with such clarity or understanding. McLoughlin accomplishes this because his orientation allows him to ask significant questions unthought of in most other works on the subject. He tells us "this book is written from within the nation looking out rather than from outside looking in (p. 2). This focus takes him beyond the traditional fascination with the so-called "progressives" who, aligned with Christian missionaries, welded the