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Photographed by Jesse Nusbaum.

TYU'ONYI WHEN PARTLY EXCAVATED

NATIONAL MONUMENTS OF NEW MEXICO

THE BANDELLER NATIONAL MONUMENT

(New Mexico has six national monuments: Bandelier, Chaco, El Moro, Gran Quivira, Capulin and Gila Cliff Dwelling monuments. The pictures with this article are from photographs by E. J. Feemster of the United States Biological Survey, a great Nimrod, who has hunted and trapped over the Pajarito and Jemez plateaus the illustrations being those of the larger mammalian wild life within the Bandelier National Monument.)

VACATION lands America has many.

Their variety includes every heart's desire. The Pacific and the Atlantic, the Lakes and the Gulf, beckon to those who love far-spreading waters, silvery beaches, white-capped surf, the life and glamour of seaside resorts. Snow-capped peaks and vast mountain ranges, primeval forests and leaping trout streams, make their irresistible appeal to the tourist and to the sportsman. Cities with art galleries, theaters, palaces, with all the allurements that wealth creates, compete with the countryside, orange groves and historic landmarks, in bidding for the man and woman who travel—and in America, every one travels sooner or later.

However, if one would spend an unforgettable vacation, whose memories remain vivid for a life-time, if one seeks a spot which for a vacation setting is incomparable, than the Bandelier Monument must be the Mecca of the quest.

There, within a comparatively few square miles, is located the strangest corner of the great Southwest. There the clock of civilization seems to have been set back a thousand years. There, if the visitor attunes himself to the environment, he may revel in the primitive and live over the life of the ancients who, before they departed to the Land of Sip-o-phe, handed on the torch of their culture to the Pueblo Indian of today.

Where is the Bandelier National Monument? What sets it apart from the broad expanse of the Sunshine State to be deemed worthy of being proclaimed by the president of the United States, a heritage of the people for all time to come?

Come with me to La Villa de Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi, a charming bit of old Spain, glistening like a jewel in the lap of the Blood of Christ Mountains in central New Mexico. There

you will find the answer. Santa Fe has an honored place in literature, art and history. No other place in the United States has been so much written about. A complete bibliography of Santa Fe and surroundings includes some 12,000 titles. It is a small library indeed that is devoid of books about, or references to, Santa Fe.

The traveler should have read Bandelier's romance "The Delightmakers," before starting for Santa Fe and the Bandelier National Monument. He should browse through several other volumes,—fiction, travel, science,—as a preparation for the pilgrimage, for a pilgrimage it will prove to be if entered upon in the proper spirit. The pilgrim will admit when he returns, that here is one rare instance where the reality transcends the descriptive superlatives.

Westward from Santa Fe, the visitor may travel to the Bandelier National Monument in automobile, or on horseback, or by narrow gauge train, to the head of the White Rock Canyon, where the crude little settlement of Buckman stands guard at the entrance to the Pajarito Park, of which the Bandelier Monument is an integral part and which the Monument would have covered entirely, were it not that more than 30,000 acres, a princely domain, are in private ownership, and another large strip to the north is the Santa Clara Indian Reservation.

Worthy of the setting is the entrance to the Pajarito Park. After crossing the Rio Grande, whose waters here swirl and eddy, there is a three mile ascent on the cliff side of the volcanic plateau upon which is situated the archaeological wonderland. To and fro the road winds, revealing one panorama after another of overwhelming grandeur; at one turn, looking far down the dark White Rock Canyon in which the Rio Grande is a mere thread of silver or gold or fire. Just



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

A MORNING'S CATCH IN THE SANTA CLARA.

as the sun happens to strike; at another turn disclosing the hoary Truchas peaks 13,400 feet in altitude, the highest and most accessible as well as most picturesque peaks in all of the southwest. In between spreads out the fertile Espanola Valley hemmed in by Titanic mountain masses on all sides,—the Tewa world with its four world mountains coming within compass of the view. Orchards and lush green fields, Spanish towns and quaint missions, vie with Indian pueblos of great antiquity in their colorfulness,—Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Juan, San Ildefonso, Sanctuario and a score of others,—each with a saint and saint's day of its own. Breaking through the yellow foothills that stretch for miles like the waves of a frozen ocean toward the dark green forests of the higher mountain slopes, flow the Tesuque, Nambe, Santa Cruz, Truchas, Pecos, Pueblo and their tributaries, shimmering in the sun, fructifying a score of laughing valleys or dashing helter skelter through cool canyons. It is a region hallowed by martyrs, Franciscan, frayles, who years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, planted the cross and made converts by the thousands, built massive missions and convents 150 years before the oldest in California. It is here that the Spanish Conquistadores made their first permanent settlements whence they

set out to conquer and to colonize the Southwest.

However, possibly a thousand and more years before they came, there had descended from the Pajarito Plateau, Indian tribes and clans who planted cotton, who grew corn, who had developed a culture that even in this day of advancement, seems altogether admirable and in some ways superior to our own. They lived under a social system and professed a faith to which their descendants still cling with remarkable tenacity, which is still exemplified in their dance dramas, in their daily life, which is in harmony with their environment, and is implanted in their nature.

Higher and higher, the road ascends. Now the Taos mountains and even the Sierra Blanca in Colorado, swim along the horizon to the north, and there are glimpses of the Sandias and Manzanos far to the south, while to the east, a phalanx of peaks, a dozen of which rise more than 10,000 feet in altitude, frame in a view that no camera, no painter's brush, no magician of words, ever will or ever can do justice. When the eye grows tired of discovering new worlds as it sweeps the thousands of square miles spread out east and north and south, it finds unsuspected glories leaping into view near at hand. The wealth of wild flowers in summer, the vari-

colored rock formations at all times of the year, fascinate and refresh the tired eyes. The elements have smitten the huge mountain masses and one looks down deep, deep gulches and canyons, with geologic formations clearly defined, one above another. There are trees below and trees above,—evergreens and cottonwoods, cedar and juniper. Surely, not a desert, though an arid, arid land: There are increasing evidences of wild animal life, of birds and reptiles. Horned toads sit lazily in the sun, rabbits scamper into the brush, coyotes look curiously at the passing vehicle. Butterflies and other insect life assume new phases, and fauna, flora and rocks proclaim a unity that is not so obvious in other climes.

The top of the mesa is reached, but there are further heights to climb, more canyons to descend, traverse and ascend. Upon this table land are other table lands,—islands of tufa, a soft volcanic rock,—forming huge cliffs in which are found the caves and upon which are built the great community houses that make the Pajarito Park the richest region archaeologically speaking, in all of the United States. To the left and just a little bit ahead looms up the Tehrega with its partly excavated community house, its stairway of the Plumed Serpent, its hundreds of caves. But the traveler bound for the Bandelier National Monument, does not tarry, for at



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

AT LAST BROUGHT TO BAY.

his destination, he finds the climax of these wonders, the place from which he may leisurely explore all these tributary regions, each one of which has a fascination and a story of its own. Almost gingerly, the road threads its way between boulders of pumice stone, under swaying pine trees, along dizzy precipices, past mounds underneath which sleep ancient ruins, each mile revealing new beauties and finer vistas of the Valles mountains to the west and of volcanic buttes and cliffs to the north and south. Even though one feels no breeze, the murmur in the pines is continuous and emphasizes the great silences of this strange, mysterious land. Cities and towns, railroads and telegraph lines, have vanished utterly,—civilization seems to have been left far behind,—and yet, few travelers are prepared for the sight that bursts upon them as they stand upon the rim of the Rito de los Frijoles, the Ultima Thule of the automobile, for here the wagon road comes to a sudden stop. This is the northern boundary of one portion of the Bandelier National Monument, behind whose prosaic name, no one would suspect the glory that is revealed in this remarkable cleft of the Pajarito Park.

After the pilgrim has plumbed its depths, has viewed its magnificent water falls, has rambled among its many caves with their primitive frescoes, has climbed



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

TRAPPED.

the dizzy cliff to enter the ceremonial cave, has dug into its talus community houses for ancient treasures, has sat at the hospitable table of the Abbott's and with Judge Abbott as guide has explored the Painted Cave, the Stone Lions and regions round about, has lain on his back at night to watch the glittering starry hosts march across the narrow canyon, then closed the eyes to conjure up a vision of it all, he will discover how futile, how inadequate, the English language with its 180,000 words is after all, to make any one else see it all as he has seen this old, new bit of the world. Then let the pilgrim return a year or ten years later. Tears alone will express the joy, the ecstasy of the reunion with the sights and scenes of this little vale hid so snugly at the very heart of the Earth Mother. If there is another spot in this or any other country that surpasses it, the writer has not heard of it in all of his travels in various lands.

The descent into the canyon is over the new trail which the National Forest Service has built, for the Bandelier National Monument is within the bounda-

ries of a National Forest of almost 2,000,000 acres. The ever-present feature as one looks down, is the elliptical Tyu'onyi, the excavated first story of a community house of ages ago, the weird ruins from which the School of American Research has reconstructed a fairly comprehensive picture of the life and customs of the people who lived in this romantic canyon many generations ago. At one time, it was three stories and had perhaps 700 rooms, the metropolis of this valley of thirteen talus villages and hundreds of inhabited cave dwellings. Nearby nestles the home of the care-taker of the National Monument, Judge A. J. Abbott. There Judge and Mrs. Abbott hold patriarchal sway at this writing and have held sway for years, lords of all their eyes survey. The house is built of the tufa of the hills, it is filled with all sorts of literary, ethnological and archaeological treasures. Round about it are tents, half hidden under trees and close to the banks of the clear, purling stream, where the stranger may find shelter.

The visitor by this time is ready for the simple and bounteous repast that

he may have ordered by telephone before leaving Santa Fe. He may enjoy, too, a rest of another hour or two, before starting on his explorations. If he desires to return to Santa Fe the same day, which is possible, if an early start is made, he will find the program simple—a visit to the Ceremonial Cave, the return by way of the talus villages and caves along the northern canyon wall, another drink from the cool waters of the Rito de los Frijoles, and then the climb out of the canyon to the brink where the automobile is waiting. This is better than nothing, in fact is worthwhile thousands of miles travel to see.

But fortunate he who can stay a week or two, and who has taken time to attune himself to the solitude, the blue skies, the ever-greens, the crisp atmosphere, who can afford to study as he

goes along, who has the leisure to make original explorations and find for himself some of the treasures that the sands of a thousand years have covered.

First, of course, he visits the Ceremonial Cave. That is inevitable. It is so accessible and yet, so inaccessible; so near yet, so remote; so simple and yet so romantic; so mute and yet, telling a story so wonderful that it inspired an entire novel of several hundred pages. It is a holy place, haunted by bats and owls and spirits and memories. On its brink, the writer has stood with one of the most learned of modern Oriental scholars, who there recited a Latin oration, and then declared that the use of the Cave could have been no other than that of the Thingvalla in Iceland, the housetops in Palestine, the place from which the priests proclaimed to the peo-



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

DECLARATION OF WAR.



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

HUMILIATED:

ple assembled in the natural amphitheater below the laws that the Sky Father had whispered to them. There, the writer heard an eminent theologian of a great eastern Seminary, preach a sermon to a class of the School of American Research, a sermon that veritably could have been naught else but inspired. And there likely lived the priests of a simple-minded but stout-hearted people possibly a thousand years ago, and probably formulated the rituals for the ceremonies that one may witness and enjoy to this day in the Corn Dance at Santo Domingo, in the Swift Coming Rain Race at Santa Clara, or in the Snake ritual among the Hopi.

The cave is high above the waters of the Rito de los Frijoles. As one approaches it, the cliff walls are carved into huge pillars like unto those of the Temple of Karnak in the Valley of the Nile. It can be reached only by a dizzy climb up ladders and a narrow trail and stairway hewn into the rock,—safe enough but testing one's nerves. Right at the edge is the kiva, the circular sanctuary sunk into the rock. As in olden times, a ladder has been placed in the top opening to facilitate descent into its depths. There, the simple interior ar-

range of the holy place has been restored. Behind the kiva stretch the dim recesses of the cavern. Upon the puddled floor and along the walls, can still be discerned in part the outlines of the two story community house that stood within the shelter of the cave. There are still the holes out of which projected the "vigas" that rested upon the outer walls and formed the ribs of the dirt roof. There are still evidences of the loom that had been erected to one side and upon which the men wove the fabrics, pieces of which have been found in the excavations. This great cave is isolated from the lesser ones and the talus villages that line the cliff walls of the canyon farther down, thus emphasizing its importance.

Looking out of the cave, the eye sweeps over tree tops, getting glimpses of the canyon walls and the turquoise blue horizon beyond. Beneath, glides the stream, winding hither and thither between rocks and sandy slopes. The pilgrim follows its course some distance before striking the talus ruins and the deserted caves that are strung, cave above cave and cave within cave, along the foot of the cliffs for over a mile. Several of the talus villages have been

excavated by the School of American Research and their construction and interior arrangement are laid bare. Most of the caves have been carefully explored and in 200 of them, especially the more inaccessible ones, the Springer expedition only in recent years found wall decorations and frescoes of primitive drawings underneath ten to twenty coats of plastering, that form a parallel to those found in the caves of Cro-Magnon man in southern France and northern Spain. Upon the sheer cliff walls are graven petroglyphs and are painted pictographs which in some instances give a clue to the clan that made each group of dwellings its home. Tent rocks honey-combed with caves and with perhaps boulders balanced on the pinnacle stand out from the cliff wall as Tyu'oniyi is approached. In some of the caves, the hardened floors still have embedded in the puddled adobe, the thongs and loops which formed part of the primitive loom.



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

PROUD AS LUCIFER.

Just opposite to the house of Judge A. J. Abbott, one of the larger caves, probably a kiva in ancient times, has been restored. Ladders lead to other caves nearby which in their interior arrangement recall the domesticity of the ancient inhabitants.

One may easily follow the old trail down to the falls, where the Rito in three leaps clears 160 feet. Whatever waters are not dissipated in spray through which rainbows glimmer, hurry down to the nearby White Rock Canyon of the Rio Grande. It is a fine bit of landscape that forms the setting for the falls. The approach is through a magnificent tree-set amphitheater hemmed in by walls that tower high and shut off the world. The outlet is a gloomy gorge of impressive proportions. There is a steep trail to the foot of the falls. These, viewed from above or from below, make an unforgettable picture.

Returning, the traveler may linger at



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

THE LAST RAID.

the excavations of the Tyu'oniyi, although before reaching this notable site there are several landmarks that deserve attention, several old adobe houses, kivas, ruins and mounds, and what appears to be an ancient stone thrashing floor. Tyu'oniyi itself is claimed by the Cochiti Indians as the first of the seven consecutive sites their pueblo has occupied during uncounted ages. It must have been planned as a whole, as it is elliptical, with only one entrance to the patio in which there are three kivas. Originally, three and possibly, four stories high, it was a primitive apartment house that sheltered scores of families. The population of the little canyon appears to have gone into the thousands although today the valley can not produce sufficient to support one family. In the rooms laid bare, are to be found the metates and manos and other stone utensils and implements, any number of decorated pottery shards and bone and stone artifacts, testifying to the industry of the early inhabitants who raised cotton, corn and beans, who kept turkeys and dogs, and who had developed a culture admirable in many ways. But that

is another story. An illustrated account of the excavations of the Tyu'oniyi by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, may be found in two of the monographs published by the School of American Research.

From the Rito, trails lead southward to Pueblo Viejo and other mounds covering ancient community sites, to the Capulin Canyon with its Painted Cave and its Stone Lions, crouching on the bed rock and hedged in by a ceremonial stone wall. The scenery is rugged and ever changing. Yet, there is a unity and character about it that set aside the Bandelier National Monument as probably the most distinctive portion of the United States,—scenically, climatically, historically and archaeologically. Those who have the leisure and the means, could plan no more interesting and satisfying outing than several weeks in the Pajarito Park, especially if an intelligent guide and a good cook who will look after the material camp comforts, are with the party.

Isolated from the main portion of the Bandelier Monument but part of it, are two noteworthy groups of ruins. Both are reached over a picturesque road that

branches off to the north just after climbing Buckman hill. The first is Tsankawi, a great community house ruin on top of a magnificent mesa that commands a vast panorama which includes the Sacred Mountain of San Ildefonso, a sinister volcanic mass under which is chained the malevolent giant who, in ancient times, was the terror of the region round about. There stands an attractive summer home on a ledge of the Tsankawi mesa, a place which John Gould Fletcher, the poet, who has been with expeditions of the School of American Research on the Puye and on the Mesa Verde, describes in these words:

The ponies straggle and scamble
Half way up, along the canyon wall.
Their listless riders seldom lift
A weary hand to guide their feet.
Stones are loosened and clatter
Down to the sun-baked depths.
Nothing has ever lived here;
Nothing could ever live here:
Two hawks, screaming and wheeling,
Rouse a few eyes to look aloft.
Boldly poised in a shelf of the stone,
Tiny walls look down at us,
Towers with little square windows.
When we plod up to them
And dismounting fasten our horses,
Suddenly a blue-gray flock of doves
Bursts in a flutter of wings from the
shadows.



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

CAMOUFLAGE!



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

REAL ANGRY ABOUT IT.

Shards of pots and shreds of straw,
Empty brush-roofed rooms in darkness:
And the sound of water tinkling—
A clock that ticks the centuries off in
silence.

It is all there and much more, all except the water, for the Tsankawi is dry as a bone. The spring buried by the inhabitants when they deserted their community house and caves has not yet been rediscovered. The attractive home built on the ledge by Madame Vera von Blumenthal, a Russian, and Miss Rose Dougan, an American aviatress, is a distinct surprise in this region of isolation and desolation. But as one travels on, there are discovered other oases in the desert where are to be found welcome and modern comforts.

Beyond the Tsankawi lies the Otowi, and it is a question which is the more awe-inspiring. The Otowi, in part excavated by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett and then by expeditions under the direction of Dr. L. P. Wilson of the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia, and his wife, Mrs. L. L. W. Wilson of the Philadelphia Girls' High School, has a striking beauty and allurements of its own. Even the ancient inhabitants seem to have been loath to abandon this cliff bound valley and its great spring which has just been rediscovered and reopened, for the many village sites and ruins indicate consecutive occupation, from the very earliest times to the days of the Pueblo Revolution. Community house ruins and kivas have been excavated in part and their treasures taken out may be found in



Photographed by E. J. Feemster.

AT THE END OF HIS CAREER.

the National Museum, in the Commercial Museum at Philadelphia and in the Museum of New Mexico. It is a spot where one loves to linger and to which one desires to return year after year. The view from the mesas and from the hill upon which the ancient shrine was located, is superb, rivaled only by the view from the Puye along the northern limit of the Pajarito Plateau. It sweeps:

"Past the ladderwalled Pueblos, past the
orchards, pear and quince,
Where the trenched waters' ebb flows,
miles and miles the valley glints,
Shining backwards, singing downwards,
towards horizons blue and bay.
All the haunts the bluffs ensconce so
breathe of visions far away,
As you ride near Ildefonso back again
to Santa Fe.
Pecos, mellow with the years, tallwalled
Taos—who can know
Half the storied faiths and fears, haun-
ting green New Mexico?
Only from her open places down arroyos
blue and bay,
One wild grace of many graces dallies
towards another day.
Where her yellow tufa crumbles, some-
thing stars and grasses know,
Something true, that crowns and humbles
shimmers from the Great Plateau:
Blows where cool-paced waters dally
from the stillness of Puye,
Down the Santa Clara Valley through
the world from far away—
Far and far away—far away."

Edith Wyatt evidently followed the highway from Santa Fe to the Puye by way of San Ildefonso and Santa Clara and the traveler returning from the Otowi or the Puye to the north may do so also. But do not let him imagine that he has exhausted more than a fraction of the wonders of the Pajarito Plateau, the restoration of whose poetic, beautiful nomenclature, by the way, is due entirely to Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the School of American Research, who formulated the national legislation which is protecting these ruins and has resulted in the creation of national monuments. The Bandelier Monument covers scant thirty square miles of the Pajarito and Jemez Plateaus between Cochiti on the south, the Santa Clara river on the north, the Rio Grande on the east and the Rio Jemez on the west. There lies a wonderland of 250 and more square miles that includes rugged, pine-clad mountains, extinct craters, lava fields, hot and mineral springs, trout streams, sulphur and soda dams, pyramid pueblos still thronged with Indians, Spanish plazas with Franciscan missions, cave, cliff and communal house dwellings, shrines and altars, forests, scenery that thrills, and all under intense sunshine, the bluest of skies and a climate that for healthfulness has not its superior.

When the traveler returns to Santa Fe and visits the Rito de los Frijoles and the Puye rooms in the venerable Palace of the Governors, the mural paintings take on a new significance, the exhibits in the cases live again and the models of the ancient community houses tell their story far more eloquently than before. The publications and books that at first blush seemed technical take on a vital interest. The Indian, who before had been an object, perhaps, of pity and curiosity, now becomes indeed the Noble Red Man, whose ancestors cherished art, poetry, religion and had developed a fine system of government in days when Europe was still steeped in the grossness and superstition of the Dark Ages. Verily a visit to the Bandelier National Monument is an epoch in one's life!



Photographed by Jesse Nusbaum.

KIVA IN CEREMONIAL CAVE IN RITO DE LOS
FRIJoles CANYON.