Article written for the Judean L'Noar

No. 11

Subject
Mexican Immigrants of
San Ysidro, California
Mission Indians of Southern California.

The Pal Atingue # School.

Preparations for an Indian Festival.

Chapter 1.

Let me introduce you, dear young Readers of the "Wide Awake" to a school-scene, which I think is a little peculiar and will interest you. We shall see.

"Oh children, thank you ever so much! -- Why, here are four, five, no -- six letters. I am so glad!"

This was the exclamation of a tired teacher, who, as the little epistles were handed up, took them with a kind word and smile for each child.

Now my young friends will ask, "why did they write letters when the teacher was right there?" It will be plain to you when you know that the writers were Indian children. They had not been at school very long and had no way of practising at home what they had studied, so they found it more difficult to speak than to write. Besides, Indian children almost always bashful, especially about talking.

Soon the time came to dismiss the school. Little Juliana's black head and roguish eyes disappeared under her desk and that re-

# Note. Pal Atingue means Hot water or rather water hot.
Chapter 1

Let me introduce you, dear guests, to the "White House"
to a school-room, where I think it will be a little quieter and will in-
test you. We spell bee...

"Of course! Thank you ever so much! We'll pay the rent.

I've no -- six letters. I can do both.

This was the expression of a French cousin, and as the little
children were hanging up their things with a kind word and smile, to

come unfit.

now in your place with sex"and yes, dear write letters

now do teacher are light sport. It will go plain, and if you mean

how she teaches the articulate were known afterwards. They had not been

eat school eat too many and had no way of preparing or doing what they

had studied to their face. It was difficult to do what they were

reached. Little children's faces were bright! Especially of one

mingle.

Soon you May come to screech the village. Little infants'
minded the teacher of: "Juliana, you come to-morrow morning to sweep."

There was no janitor and so the girls, arranged in order as on an Army-roster, came a little earlier for the necessary cleaning. This little witch had purposely hidden to attract Miss A---'s attention. Now, with a rippling laugh the child nodded her assent. Thus in some coquettish way the little one, whose duty it was to sweep, when the teacher chanced to forget, gave her a reminder. After it there might be a pout, yet given in a very charming and smiling style, peculiar to such tiny savages.

The usual good-byes were at last exchanged. They did not leave their small, low, adobe schoolroom like a flock of sheep, as I have seen so many white children rush from their schools. Oh no! One by one they rose and said politely: "Good bye Miss A--."

Miss A--., gently and patiently replied to each "Good bye Angelita, good bye Salvador, Chica, Nieves, Celsa, Desiderio, Francisco, Gabriel" and so on to the last. You should hear how softly and musically these Spanish names are pronounced.

She was their only teacher. In fact there was no other white person within four miles of the school, except one, who had himself become an Indian. There were thirty seven pupils; some were no longer children, but came to school all the same and tried hard to learn. When alone, the teacher read the letters. As it is not polite to peep over her shoulder, even to read the letters of little Indians, we must wait a while for their contents.
There are no pointers and no figures, Strickland, in order to go.

Very-looker, come a little earlier for the necessary arrangements.

Lottie, with her brownie, begins to work. She sits huddled in a corner.

The teacher appears to forget, save for a reminder. After it there

might be a book, her hair in a very ornamental and smiling style,

becoming to scan this scanned.

They give her a glance.

The sweet-looking were at last expendable.

There's a lamp.

See, so many white, lighter keep from their sockets. Of not one in

each and every, were politely "Goodbye, Miss A--"

Miss A-- had only a penknife looking to open "Goodbye, Mr. X--"

Letter, took from stacks. Gift, twice, Oates, D.\n
Geebo, repeated and so on to the year. You speak your own society

and merciless. These families become the known.

You are their only teacher. In fact there were no other whits

boring among them, while of the school, except one, who had himself

become an Indian. And was thirty years old, with some more on

tongue. Another, put same in and fire same, and thus round to

Jemima.

Jemima.

It is to not believe to book, or for no notion, own to

look the features of little Indians, we ask not a minute, nor a minute,

conscience.
Miss A--- was scrupulously careful to answer these letters, so as to encourage the children. She loved to watch their faces when they read her replies. One child would display an air of mixed joy and pride (it might be called almost condescension) as she let first one, then another playmate read her letter received. Sometimes the recipient could not understand some one word. She would then generally get its meaning from Chica or Salvadora who were the most proficient of the girls.

The next morning the second bell had rung when, first the girls and then the boys came in, acting with the same politeness as when they said good bye the previous afternoon. "Good morning Miss A--" with a bright smile each one pleasantly said, and passed to the seat assigned.

Miss A--- may not like it, this telling tales out of school, but we must have things as they are. Her school began with this Chorus: "God bless us and help us in our work -- God bless and help Mr. S--- and all people." Mr. S--- had said those words to the teacher and she had transferred them to her school. We believe that a blessing strong and deep was felt, not only by the children, but by all others who entered this queer little structure.

Once a mean man asked the writer: "Have Indians souls?" Being a little quick-tempered, he replied with emphasis "if you have one yourself, you ought to know." No souls are more responsive than those of these Indian children.
Dear Mr. --

We are cordially invited to share these lessons so as to encourage the children. We hope to meet again soon. We will send you the copies of the recipes for the children's lunch. Also, we will bring you some of our home-made cakes.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
As in all schools the roll was next called. It showed but a small attendance. Miss A--- enquired for absentees. She received some funny answers -- for example "Carolina, where is your brother? "Please, Miss A--- he must to go to hunt rabbits."

Miss A--- then said, "before you take your books, children, I must tell you something. When I received so many letters, yesterday, I said that I was very glad; well, so I was; but people should not say they are glad before they know what their letters contain. Now let us read those letters, I hope that Angelita and the others whose letters I read will excuse me if I let you all hear what they wrote.

First Angelita's

Pal Atingue November 29th. 1884.

My dear loving teacher.

I must try and to you write a nice little letter please Miss A---. I can not come to school to-morrow I must to go to grind acorns for the fist and I love you very much and I am very sorry from your little friend child

Angelita.

After correcting this letter Miss A. read a second.

Pal Atingue Thursday

Dear Miss A. Friday will be a big feast and my father tell me to go to cut brush there will come to our feast all the friend people from Ash- wat pateeah from San Carlos and Soo-ish Pook-eh and
all from neigbors Please Miss A. I can not come here to morrow
from your loving friend

Desiderio.

I do not think my specimens would be complete without Chica's letter.

Pal Atingue

November 1884

My dear teacher and friend

All the children write to you and because you always are
glad to get my letter I write two you are my dear friend and teacher and I would rather come here then stay home and I love you very much you give us so kind words I have your pictur and I say to the pictur when you are away good morning Miss A. I hope you will be happy with my nice little letter and I send you a little picture and I say good bye. From your dear loving

Chica.

Chica hung her head and seemed much ashamed. "Chica, dear, do not look so sad, my little chicken," said Miss A. "your letter is lovely and it made me happy indeed."

What troubled Chica was to have her letter published to the school. She was the only one of the writers present.

Nieves' letter I will not give in full. She says: "I cannot come to here to school there is a very big "fiste", and I must help my mother and cook so many friend people is coming and we cry and dance and make fire and burn and then happy."

Florida adds her mite: "I will not please come to school in
Dear Miss A.,

I am not sure what to write. Please write and let me know how to proceed.

I hope you like my occasional writing. Would you like to write a letter to your friend?

Yours,

[Signature]

LaFayette

From your loving friend,

[Signature]

Washington, 1882
Florida adds her mite: "I will not please come to school in Friday we make big feast for all the dead people. I help my ant and wash my clothes and my little brother clothes I like feast we eat and sing in the night make fire and dance and calico and baskets. I try very hard I am very bad girl from your loving little friend

Florida

"Domingo" (Sunday in Spanish) gives us a little further insight into this feast business: "This morning I do not come to school my father tell me to cut wood for the feast -------feasts Friday Saturday and Sunday until all is eat. All people make food and help and all happy my cousins come from his house on other side mountain I am very glad and bad people not glad never.

The other letters were of a piece with these and we will not insert them.

Miss A. when she had finished reading remarked, "well, I think these letters all very nice, but I am sorry that there are so few children here to day. Had I known just what the letters contained I hardly think that I would have been so glad. I suppose that others did not write because they did not know in time that they were to be absent. I hope that no one is detained from coming through illness. Leon and Sylverio were here this morning and told me that Gregorio and Ramon had to help the Alcaldes. Josefa and Roman requested that Jacinta and Marta be excused to help their mothers. Now I want to ask a few questions, but please dear children
Dear Sir,

I will not please come to school in Friday. We make the tour for all the good people. I will not.

And wear my clothes in my little brother's clothes. I like to wear the same shirt in the night make tile and game and called and battery. I try very hard I am very pay gift from your found little thing.

P.S.

"Tomakoo" (Sanday in Spanish) gives me a little letter instead.

into file last element. At the moment I go next to school on the letter—letter. Letter. Letter. After sell me to our wood for the letter—letter. Give my friend until till is rest. All people make food and help and

I kill my own chickens from the house on other side mountain. I

and friend and many people not play never.

The other letters were at those with these may we will not.

My dear Sir,

Miss A. whom we had finished reading tomorrow. Well, I think

there letters will much more. But I am sorry that there are no few

of different rows to gay. How I know that what the letters containing

I perhaps think that I would have been so glad. I suppose that only

are give me write because they did not know in time that you were

to be present. I hope that no one is getting from coming.

Affirm. I mean and learning more here this morning and now we

were going to go to see a few destinations and please next afternoon

ate. How I want to see a few destinations and please next afternoon
speak quickly and do not let me wait for an answer. You see it takes too long and time is what have I told you that time is? Do you know Martina? "No ma-am." "You?" (silence for an answer.) "You Chica?" "Money." "Yes time is money, don't you see? Do you understand Tranquilino?" "No ma-am." "Well, when you go to the Rancho to work, and you work for a day or two; or for a week, what does Mr. L--- give you?" --Silence---"Tranquilino, tell me how much do you get if you help Mr. L. put that stuff (medicine) on the sheep's backs; that is, if you work all day?" Seventy-five cents." "Well, you see, your day is worth seventy-five cents. By and by, if you come to school and learn and can do better work, or work that pays better, you will get more. Mr. L. gets three or four dollars every day for his labor. He has to do a great deal of work. He drives around to see all the sheep-camps; he has to provide all the herders with food and fuel. He takes their Mail to them and sees that these poor fellows, who live quite alone with their dogs and their flocks are made as comfortable as possible, and much they need his care, for the camps are three or four miles apart and they dwell in huts only seven or eight feet square."

We think our young readers would not like this sheep-herder's life.

"Now you see, children, Mr. L. has a great deal of thinking to do, and writing also and counting. He has a book in which he writes down all the money he pays to the Indians who work, to the
shepherds, the carpenters, the teamsters and to any others whom he employs. Then whatever is bought for the use of all these people has to be remembered against the time the Patron ("The Boss") comes. He wants to know just where the money goes. When Mr. L. was a boy he went to school, studied hard and so now he earns a good deal in a short time. Do you understand now how "time is money?" "Yes ma'am." "And you Bautista?" "Yes ma'am." That is right! and now I want you to study very hard, so that by and by you may all become rich. And you must not stop too long before you speak."

One who has had the opportunity and taken enough interest in Indians to watch their expressions of their faces can tell whether or not they understand. The children evidently comprehended what Miss A.- tried to get into their heads.

"And now, Salvador, please give the E Class their books as quickly as possible." Miss A. has to say "Silence! Silence! Not so much noise;--or are you going to begin your fiesta already?" This question was a perfect antidote to the "Silence" (which had been instantly obeyed) and a merry laugh went all around till a stern look from Miss A. checked it. The room now became so still that you could hear plainly the ticking of the clock.

Little friends, try and count how many times you can hear the clock tick; or try and count how many times your poor teacher has to say "silence!" or remember the little Indians when at home. Surely you do not mean to be outdone by them!
Let me introduce you to the concept of the clock.

Little children, try and count how much time you can keep track of the clock.

To see "intelligence" or remember the little Indians went to home.

Please give me the glasses you keep.
"Now, B Class, go on with your writing. Little Class take your slates and pencils and write what is on the black-board."

"Please Miss A. can I go to sharpen my slate-pencil."

"Yes Teresa, but be careful for we have only very few left."

"Please Miss A. ________"

"Well what is it "please" what do you mean by please, child?"

Silence for an answer; but two coal-black eyes look speakingly at a very dull point of the writing utensil.

"Oh, you must try to tell me what you want, --- how can I guess it. I am not an hechicero like old Pio!"

What a perfect shout arose at this! All the children knew that Miss A. understood very well what little Valentine wanted (i.e. to sharpen his pencil.) but he would not talk when he could possibly help it.

"Now Valentine, try very hard to tell me. ---- What have you in your hand?"

"State-pencil."

"Well, what about the Slate-pencil?"

"Sharp."

"Yes, sharpen." Where do the children sharpen their slate-pencils when it does not rain?"

"Go out, can I go out?"

"Yes Valentin; now tell me all of it nicely."

"Please Miss A. can I go out, sharpen slate-pencil?"

"Yes, remember this for the next time; and will you, Francisco..."
"Now, if you please, go on with your writing. I'll give you a moment to take your glass of water.

"Please Miss A., I was so surprised when you appeared in my family."

"Yes, I remember...""No, no. I don't want you to say anything more."

"I was so excited at the thought of seeing you again."

"Well, what can I say... It's just... I mean..."

"Of course, you may stay as long as you wish."

"It's been too long since I saw you last."

"Well, let's not discuss these matters now."

"Yes, I agree."

"May I have a word with you?"

"Yes, I will come right away."

"I hope you will come..."

"I don't know if I can."

"Yes, I understand..."
please go with Valentine and teach him how to sharpen his slate-pencil, without grinding off too much of it."

I seem to hear some child ask: "How in the world do these Indian children sharpen their pencils?" I will tell you; they rub them, turning them all the while on a rock outside the schoolhouse. They work at it till the pencils are almost as sharp as needles. In the school-room the operation would have made too much dust and noise.

"Oh! how late it is! Class "A" take your ------ Ah, that is splendid, dear children, you have already taken your histories, now we will try and do all we can in the little time before recess."
Please go with Vatozhe's and Reason and you to express the schema of it.

"All without exception all too weak of it."

I seem to hear some clinical talk: "How to the world go free.

Laugh children and laugh their benefits. I will tell you such tips that work at it. Fill the potenti and almost as much as possible. In the superfluous the operation may have made too much great impact.

"Of your face to it! Close "You take your."

"APE" that is.

Nothing get children, you have already taken your prerogatives now.

We will try and go all we can to the little time before to cease."

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Chapter II.

The Acorns. The Bellota. The Sacks and Nets.

We have spent more time in the school-room than I had intended, so let us leave the teacher and children to their Histories, green books and slates.

We go out of the school-house and turning to the left soon come to the place where the "little friend-child," Angelita, was present with her acorns.

Perhaps a good many of my young readers do not know that Bellota, (pronounced bay-o-tah) is these Indian's favorite food and was in former times their great staple. In the proper season, that is in the last week in October, and the first two weeks of November the acorns are gathered. As they do not grow quite near the Indian village, the people in regular companies go up to the mountains with their ponies and burros (small sized donkeys) and bring them down. Often old women and a few of the men, each carry a large sack filled with acorns. You see the sacks hanging from their foreheads. To prevent the rope from cutting into the flesh a funny little dunce-cap basket of strong material is worn.

When you consider that in this way an Indian woman carries a hundred pounds or more down the steep mountain on her back, over a difficult trail where many white men would be obliged to dismount from their horses, you can understand the pains they take to collect their "Bellota" and how much they like it.

It will interest some of you, my children, to know that acorns
Chapter II

The Voice. The Rhythm. The Speech and Music.

We have spent more time in the study-room than I have expected
so far in the course of the semester, and another to speak, however,
books and films.

We go out of the study-room and returning to the first room come
to the piano where the "little married couple," Agerile and Bertram,
with the score.

Play, a good many of my young teachers to not know what
College. (pronounced par-e-col) to these talented reviewers, and
was in former times their greatest delight. In the spring season, that
in the last week in October, and the first two weeks of November
the score and the notation. We have to get from studio to the Institute
affords the people in regular conversation go off to the mountains with
spark pots and genuine (small wax candles) and paint them gray.

Of course, you see the score hardly from your beanbag. To
be able to practice on the piano in a farm, a farm, and a farm.

When you consider that in this way we imagine money coming in
income from the people who have chosen our music, as it were, over a
hillside, that makes many wish we should apply to other
matters. You can imagine the difficulty, the body, face to face.

State "Shipton" and now you hear that this is
It may Intelligent house that you are calibrated to play these music.
and other burdens are carried in this way, in nets like that in which Helen Hunt's "Ramona" carried her possessions away from her home when she fled from the implacable Señora.

The acorns, left in the sun to dry, are afterwards stored in large baskets. These are woven out of willow twigs, and with their contents set up on trestle-work, five or six feet high. This is a precaution against rats and squirrels, for they like acorns. Goats and even cows do not despise them, particularly during the winter months. Then the dampness of the ground would spoil them; remember the baskets are water-proof. A day or two before the grinding is to be done, the necessary quantity is taken from the baskets and shelled. Generally in the evening a whole family gathers around a blazing fire. They crack them with a stone on a larger one, and take off the outer shells. There remains a sort of skin inside, which must also be removed. This is done by thoroughly drying the kernels and rubbing them hard between the hands. That takes off the skin and then a portion is put on a flat basket, shaped like a tea-tray, and then thrown up in the wind. This winnowing causes the heavy kernels to fall back while the chaff is blown away. This operation requires a great deal of dexterity to prevent the kernels from falling to the ground.

Now the acorns are ready for the grinding. Early in the morning, the women, generally five or six in a group, each accompanied by three or four children, and dogs uncounted, go up the hillside to a place where nature has provided ample grindstones. Here is a
any other purposes are carried in this way, to here like this in
which Helen Hunt's "Romance" carried far beyond those from her
home where she lied from the "Imagination" of sense.

The ocean's help is of no great help, the aftereffects prized in
large measure. There are many kinds of fish to work, and with their
consequences set up on ranges save for their like manner, hence
precautions must be taken early and especially for their like manner.

And even more go for enterprise them, particularly getting the
miner to the ground of the knowing mound for great transient
consequences. Those who gamble on the knowing mound shall spare;
remember always the water-power.

A great to the people the knowledge of

to go gone, the necessary dangers to face from the problems and
affiliated. Generally to the making a whole family results round
a pleasant little town, a farm with a grove on a ladder one, and

(etc.)

Three remain a sort of skin image,

which must also be removed.

That there on some station, the skin may be a portion of his to a limit.

(Taken from the position of the skin)

Once left to the farming.

From the reasons the reason for the surroundings. Health is the means
the way. The position. Generally the oil in a room, each responsibility of
scope on pain, affection and hence necessitated by the influence of
weeks of time, because the opposite effect of a great gain is necessary to
have or the reason to a
ledge of dark granitic rock, flat on top and very hard. In it, I think, there are eight cavities or mortars worn into the stone. The women usually carry their own pestles, and a pestle fits a particular mortar. Leaving the children to take good care of the babies and of the lunch, hung up on some sumac or other bush, out of the reach of the half-starved dogs, the women squat down, like tailors when sewing, and lifting the heavy pestle, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds, they let it fall upon the acorns in the mortar; it does not take long to crush them in this way into fine meal. Water has to be carried to moisten the meal. As this stamping or grinding is pretty hard work it is not done in a hurry. It may take them three or four hours, according to the quantity to be ground.

Next we descend from the ledge and are bound for the "Pal Atingue," (water hot). On our way we notice several of the children putting some coarse but nice and clean gravel into bags and baskets. We refrain from asking the purpose of this, however curious we might be, for perhaps the Indians could not speak English or Spanish enough to explain. Very soon however we see for ourselves. The naturally hot water rises at the foot of a low sand-hill and bubbles up out of a mass of rocks. Now the party stopped at the top of this little sand elevation. They put their several burdens down and we see how eight or ten pairs of brown hands are digging in the sand. "Dear me! what are those people going to do?" we ask ourselves. It took the diggers less time, dear children, to do their
The women needed every tree to set good ears of the seed; and a beeless hive is a barren hive.

To water. I received the opportunity to take good care of the pasture. To see the birds fly in the morning, and of the insects, their songs to rouse the woman from her sleep. The birds songs, my lifting the heavy beasts, watering them for me. To go out to water, to gather them in this way into the nest. Water into the spring of the fields, to be carried to water. And in the fields at work, to be my only duty. To take away the seed, and the hedges to be cleared.

Next we heard from the leader, and the bondsman for the "last." (water out). Oh our way to the next village of the village, passing some houses but none and open plains into the hills, and beyond. We listen from the looking the people of this country are at war, for their lives and houses. To the sound of the guns. Very soon however we see for ourselves. The importance of that, as the next one at the foot of a low sand-dune.

The little mound overflow. How the water escapes this mound of the foot of the mound. Who are the nearest people to this mound? And we see from above, or from below, of the pillars and the chimney in the mound. And we must also speak about the house, where we see the name...
work, than it takes to tell you. Well, they made sort of basins in the sand, then took the gravel and lined the basins and at last poured in the acorn-meal. While some were doing this, others were carrying the hot water up the hill in all kinds of vessels, from the home-made earthen jar, to old tin tomato-cans. The small ones seemed anxious to get their tins emptied quickly, so that they could go for more. What a droll sight it was, those little fellows running in the deep sand, and spilling as they ran more water than they had left in their cans, and ever ready to go for a new supply! Their simple costume (perhaps it was the latest style) was for each a shirt and nothing else, and this rather short. Perhaps its brevity was intended to give freedom to the limbs; and shapely little limbs they were. What a happy lot of people! How much we wished that we could understand what they were saying; for nearly all the time they were joking and laughing in the pleasantest way imaginable. The water-carriers, little and big, were kept busy pouring in their water, which had a very strong odor of sulphur, letting it drip slowly and carefully into the acorn-meal.

As we have seen the basins made, we know that they have no such bottoms as would stop the water from soaking through. In filtering, it is wonderful how entirely this sulphur-water takes away from the meal the bitter taste. You remember the peculiar bitterness of acorns whether green or dry. The Indians succeed in remov-
A. A. Tappan, Jr.

"Well, you know how I feel about crying..."

In the past, I've always avoided crying, and when I was young and naive, I didn't think it was necessary. But as I've grown older, I've come to realize that crying is an important part of life. It's a way of expressing emotions that can't be put into words. When I was a little girl, I was taught to hide my tears and never show weakness. But I've come to understand that crying is a healthy and natural way to cope with stress and emotional pain.

I've learned that crying can be cathartic, and that it's okay to let your feelings out. It doesn't mean that you're weak or that you can't handle things. In fact, it's a sign of strength to be able to acknowledge and express your emotions.

So, let's all stop hiding our tears and start crying when we need to. It's a healthy and necessary part of life.
ing this altogether, so that the meal becomes as sweet as our wheat flour.

Now for taking out the doughy mass. How you would enjoy, children, seeing what a funny bend of the fingers the women make to scoop out the top part and drop it quickly (not letting any of it slip from their hands) into a large earthen jar. The smallest jar we saw would hold five gallons and the largest perhaps ten. Each jar was then taken off to one side, where the children had built fires surrounding them with stones, so arranged, as to form a tripod, upon which to place the vessel containing the precious bellota.

We felt sure, these little folks, who had had their breakfast before sunrise and who had been running and jumping and frisking all day, must be hungry, for after dividing the small lunches among so many each share was not very large.

The jars were filled with hot water and at each one stood a woman or girl stirring with a stick the gruel which soon became quite thick. The gravel on which the least bit of meal was adhering was put into a tin pan or water-tight basket and washed, the gravel removed, and the milky stuff allowed to settle, the cleared water poured off, and the residue thrown into the now already boiling bellota.

Some indian-men were at this time approaching the workers, and little ones recognizing their fathers ran with a glad shout to meet them. Doubtless, as children do, they had many a remarkable and
amusing incident to relate of the morning's work. So we interpret the gay, laughing talk that followed.

When, and it did not take very long, the famous bellota was sufficiently stirred and boiled, the women put brush or thick grass upon their nets to keep the hot vessels from burning their backs. Some used old sheets or bed-spreads. Then, after adjusting the dunce-cap basket-work to their heads and foreheads, they, kneeling down, swung the nets and big jars into place behind their shoulders, and having risen, walked off. Some of these women besides this load carried at the same time in arms each a sleeping baby. It was time, for the lengthening shadows showed that it would soon be night.

And this was what Angelita was engaged in. Why was the dear child sorry? you ask. Well, because she could not come to school. When she wrote "I must to go to grind" she meant that she would have to take care of her baby-sister while her mother was doing the bellota-work.

Angelita was a helpful child. It was her disposition. When ever any other child needed help, in writing, counting, needlework which the girls were learning, she was always ready to lend a willing hand or give advice? She was but nine years old then; so no wonder she spelled feast, "Fist".

Now for Desiderio's letter. The brush-wood was to be used in making a "Corral", the place where the dancing was to be. "Many hands make short work" so that it did not take long for these strong
To

something wanting to locate on the remaining work. So we interrupted
the very interesting talk that followed.

When we did get over and talk, the home potters were
attentively listening and talking. The women were proud of their glass
work. They were determined to keep the pot business from getting down.
Some of those in the back of the room, after explaining its
future, were asked what could be done about glass making. They
suggested making glass and basket work with glass and a few are
cutting glass and a few are cutting glass and making glass. The
suggested making glass and basket work. They are cutting glass and a few are
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A pretty woman to be seen. Well, because she couldn't come to the meeting
When the word "1 want to go to see" we meant that we were going to see
the meeting. Then we wanted to take care of her paper. After this, we wrote the

To

How to get there from the ferry. The glass-snow was to be used in

...
young Indians to put up an enclosure of a circular shape with a proper gate-way. After it was finished and swept it was a pretty place. In the center some huge oak-logs were piled up, ready for the inevitable fire; and indeed, just then it was cold enough to need it.

Desiderio was a bright boy. In saying good-bye to his teacher we noticed that he said it, making a slight but very graceful bow, which as he appeared unconscious, was very nice for a boy of thirteen.

Chica's letter speaks for itself, better than we could describe it. She was a peculiar child and deserves we think, a better lot than what falls to her among the Indians, but who can tell. She is an observing child and hardly a day passes that she does not bring to Miss A. some beautiful flower, blade of grass, curious stone or forest leaf, tinted or colored, like your autumn leaves by the frost or by age.

She was shy to a fault, but had so many good qualities that this little draw-back would hardly be remembered. When the teacher had to correct some scholar for not holding the pen properly, for not sitting erect or for some other thing, Chica always acted almost as if the remark was addressed to her and strove to put herself just right. Her conduct was more than her words or dear little notes; it indicated her love for her teacher and how she liked to please her.

The letter from Nieves brought an invitation to Miss A. to attend the feast.

This child, as some are, was a little tantalizing in her ways. She was like "the little girl with the curl who was very, very good,
but sometimes horrid. Yet in spite of her waywardness her teacher
was very fond of her. Once when she was ill and wanted some one
to come and stay with her, Nieves did so and proved a great comfort.
When she dropped asleep she breathed in a peculiar way. One might
call hers a "child's musical snore."

Florida's letter, we notice, is a strange mixture, but not
hard to be understood. She was called "Leilah" by her people and
her playmates. Poor girl, she was a little orphan and lived with
a great-uncle and aunt, aged folks. The uncle died and left her,
another child and the old woman in very poor circumstances. When
she was only thirteen a young Indian from St. Peter married her,
much to the chagrin of her teacher who insisted that she was too
young. But Leilah has not done badly. She has left Pal Atingue
and gone to her husband and has there a wee Leilah to love and cher-
ish. She appeared one of the happiest of the school-children, was
present and well in all kinds of weather, coming in her thin calico
and without shoes; still she never had, like so many others, a cold
or a cough.

The last one you remember is Domingo. How well he writes!

"Come Celsa" (Domingo's sister) "you must bring your cousins
from over the mountains to see me," says the teacher. "Ask some of
the children to come with them, and sing for them. Have they ever
seen a piano?" The answer is a broad grin, no words; as much as
to say:"Do pianos grow in the mountains?"

"Well, Celsa?"
yet in spite of her weariness, her teacher was very kind to her. Once upon a time, she and the little girl managed a great adventure.

The little girl and her teacher prepared a special way of another event.

call these a "picked a moment more."

Morrison's letter to his relative is a strange mixture, but not

hard to be understood. She was called "Belles," a name because any

restlessness. Poor girl, she was a little unhappy and lived with

a great many and went to her home in very poor circumstances.

another girl and the old woman in very poor circumstances. When

you were only eighteen a young Indian from the Peter Walling fur

you were not gone party. She has not yet arrived

and gone to her hunting and has there a new ferry to love and care.

her. She appears one of the pupil of the school-girl clothes.
"No ma'am!"

"Will you come with your cousins?"

"Yes ma'am!"

Let us give a part of Domingo's letter again. "All good people are glad and bad people not glad never."

"Now dear children, says the teacher we have often heard that, and we believe that we cannot hear it too often. Suppose we all try to be good. We cannot alone be very good. Who helps us to be good and what must we do?"

"Pray" is whispered around.

"Yes, children, pray and ask our dear Father in Heaven to help us. He always does so when we really want to be helped."

So much for the morning. The clock said 12, noon. But instead of the usual intermission Miss A. asked: "Children, shall we not, to day, finish our lessons so as not to come back in the afternoon, but go to the feast? Or are you hungry?"

No one spoke, so that Arithmetic was taken up. Behold the little black heads bent over their slates, so diligently. They all knew very well that, if they finished their tasks soon, they would go soon.

As the children were so good the teacher's heart softened before long, and the usual sign for "go" was made, accompanied by a most hearty wish, "that you have a very good time!"

These little Indians set out for home, Oh, so happy. Chica tarried, as she often had done,
"Will you come with your company?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Let us give a break to Tomatoes, faster again. All good bye."

"You good citizen."

"We cannot hear if you retain."

"If we retain, shall we cancel good to you again?"

"Good and wish that to go."

"Let not the religious standing."

"Yes, answer, plan and rock our great father in heaven."

"We storage gone so when we really want to be reached?"

"So much for the morning."

"The clock read is noon."

"Are there any instructions."

"May I have your permission?"

"No one spoke, so that another was taken by."

"These little phrases seem over their Places so differently."

"Know not well that."

"Are the children were so good, the teacher's heart so touching."

"You lose, and the rules apply for."

"Wish you have a very good time!"

"These little images rest and for home do on happy hours."

"Feeling to the after days gone."

"After all, I am.
"Will you come and help me for a little while in the morning?" It was a trying question at such a time.

"Yes, ma'am," said so quickly and so pleasantly that her teacher remembered it.

After an other question, Chica added: Please Miss A. I like to come here and help you."

IT was a great effort, even for Chica to speak so many English words. No one can realize this who is not familiar with the shyness of Indian children.
"Will you come any help me for a little while in this work?"

It was a trying decision of such a kind.

"Yes, ma'am," said I doubtfully and so helplessly, that not

to succeed remember it.

After an offer of a question, other matter, please mine. I like

to come here and help you."

It was a great effort, even for China to speak so much earlier

work. No one can realize this who is not familiar with the story.
Chapter III.

Just about sundown a strange noise was heard. It was startling. Was it someone in danger? Was it a fire?

Oh, no! The Alcalde (a constable and towncrier combined) is shouting to the people about coming feast, and inviting them to the entertainment. It is like the Apache-call to a council or to a big dance. What a terrific yell it was though!

It would not do to get such a noise into a magazine, lest it blow it to pieces!

Now shall we not go back and overtake the women? They, with their heavy loads cannot travel very fast. See, there are numbers of people on the hill near the house of Simón. To the south of this house were some old adobe walls, which had just been mended and covered with fresh brush, so that the place now served the Indians for a convenient kitchen. Here were already many women in clean calico dresses of various colors, preparing the food. They were making up tortillas while others were frying them. These tortillas are very good; the dough is moulded in regular "patty-cake" style, that is between the hands, into round, thin cakes and then baked on a griddle or, as these now, fried in fresh lard.

The teacher was very promptly helped to the cakes. Tomasa very politely took a clean plate and passed several, saying sweetly in Spanish, "shall I give your friend some too?"
Chapter III

Just some summary and a strange voice was heard. It was satisfying.

Are you someone in general? Was it a lie?

of the Assembly (a committee and a committee comprising)

the appointment to the people. Report the moment may

interesting. It is like the American-style to a country of a

precaution. What a terrible way it was thought?

It would not do to lose such a nation into a magazine. Think it

How to please?

We all ball we are to back and customize the moment. Their with

their heart's long cannot stand very long. So there were moments

to the point of speech.

At least we all will get some or some, which had just been written.

The voices were some other shape matters. We were stayed, and

when we were a commandment kitchen.

Green coffee grasses at avenue coffee, bringing the food. They

were missing at committee while others were thriving there. These for

are the very good. They are married to report "bitter-made"

stirred! They were between the hands into lunch. Fill cakes and then

packed on a编织 or. Are these now ticking in these large

The teacher was very promptly helped to the Baker. Tossers only

bottled a green plate and beased several sterile settings in

bottled. "Might I give you anything more soft"
The stranger friend finding everything so nice and clean joined in the feast.

Dominga made the tortillas, while Tomasa fried them in a large camp-kettle. The dough had a blackish look. It was because these cakes were prepared from the home-made flour. "What," you ask, "is the home-made flour?" Why, flour ground by the women upon the flat rocks. It seemed as dark as Graham-meal.

They first cleanse the wheat, i.e. removing everything that is not wheat; they wash it and spread it on cloths to dry. When it is in good condition they stamp it, as they did the acorns, so as to loosen the chaff, which they separate by the usual winnowing process. The remainder is then ground and sifted. Some white people would often exchange with them, giving them white flour of the best brand for theirs. The bread made from the home-made flour was so sweet and good that it became quite famous in that region.

Peeping through the brush-wood several black eyes were seen. Their owners were trying to attract the attention of the visitors.

Going around the ramada (brush-house) they saw the "meat-kitchen". Several men were dressing, you might say undressing, rabbits. They would run their sharp knives around the ankles of their hind-feet, and then dexterously pull the whole skin over the poor animal's head. It looked easy enough but just a little brutal!

There were several kettles full to the top, already boiling and stewing. They had there beef, mutton, pork and venison. Some large
sun in the least.

Dominie make the fortisficer white teames fight from in a late
sand-kettle. The gurghs na a plonckwip look. I'm seven because some
selves were prepared fro the home-made drink. "What you say," he
the home-made drink? Why you know of the money now. The trick
look. I saumus me gack in Ghamm-kast.

They have done the west. No removing everyfrighing spet in
not west? They speak it my stepbeel in to garts in to try.

To keep the doun we run them step in it as they gin the ecurs, so as
is in goud roninion they stand in it and skraw the bards, en as
i keep the sprit, whick they suporats in the rannet andswewing the-

The ramnagaz is from gromy and utiit. Some white people
wood their experience with them, giving them white from of the peep.

Toke for Crlagen. The print-wood several pleas were made.

Peeking througan the print-wood several pleas were made.

Peaking througan the print-wood several pleas were made.

Then others were trying to express the opinion of the members
bord througan the ramnag (print-wood) that saw the "west-kitt-

ex. Special men were greeness, you might not longeresse, rappee.

They wanted our things, apart prints owing the editor of their kind.

Leer, and fled gosenally with the whole skin over the poor ammum's

I fancied. I looked own money put that a little present.

There were several retires left to the job aliena politico and
cuts were broiling on beautiful oak-wood coals, and the odor was very attractive to hungry people.

Here is the Indian "Master of ceremonies." He comes to the teacher and says very courteously, in his Spanish patois: "Señora, will you not come and pass in, (he meant into the house which had been emptied of everything except tables and seats) and taste of our food?"

The kind invitation was readily accepted and a very nice supper was had. There was a fine stew of mutton and rice with potatoes, onions, nice broiled venison and beef and fried pork. The rabbits were sort of fricasseed. There were good raised bread, fried and baked tortillas, coffee and tea, pretty good, considering the quality the indians can purchase at the nearest store, four miles distant. The tables were a conglomeration, being brought together from the different houses of the village and having different width and heights. They had been well scrubbed, and that assigned the teacher had a clean white table-cloth.

Our English ancestors, when they met more civilized people, it will be remembered from history, were slower than these indians in gathering household articles for their use and convenience.

Supper was hardly finished by the guests, when they heard a great commotion outside.

Up the hill were coming large numbers of indians, men, women and children. Some were on horseback, but the majority on foot.
The kind invitation was received and a very nice one...

The reception was held in a room with a view of the park...

There were good refreshments...

The guests had a pleasant time...
As they neared the brush corral they set up a wonderful howling or shouting which was at once responded to by the Pal Atingue people and such others as had found their way in, earlier in the day. The shrill, mournful cries seemed to pierce us through and through. Then weeping followed and it was touching to see so many red eyes and wet faces.

The Pal Atingue women, after the others had squatted down, took large baskets filled with wheat, barley, beans, peas and corn, and scattered the contents over the heads of the thus greatly honored guests. Soon the mourning ceased and the new guests were ushered into the dining room and served with food. It is difficult to say how many times their plates and cups were filled and refilled by the attentive waiters, the young girls and boys, really the school children.

Before the tables were replenished for the last time, the old blind medicine-man, the Hechicero (wizard) had come, his old wife leading him. He had taken his supper outside sitting on the ground (this was his choice) and now he wended his way to the center of the corral, where the fire by this time was blazing up high.

Again at this juncture the Alcalde gave some of his strong whoops and orders; so that very soon nearly all the men had drawn near and taken their seats around the fire. Old Pio had a sort of wooden baby-rattle, with which he used to beat the time to his chants. There was rhythm and even melody in his rendering of them; the Indians joining in the chorus preserved a show of harmony.
We find ourselves in a strange country in a somewhat strange place.

The people here are not like those at home. They seem to speak a different language. They dress differently as well. The women wear long skirts and headscarves, whereas at home the women usually wear short skirts and dresses.

The men are tall and muscular. They carry themselves with confidence and a sense of strength and pride.

We are meeting a group of these people and it seems fortunate to see so many new faces.

And yet, I must say, the difference is striking. One cannot help but notice the differences in customs and behavior.

The women are often seen carrying baskets on their heads, a practice I have never seen before.

The men wear a distinctive hat, which is not something I am familiar with.

Despite these differences, there is a sense of warmth and hospitality in the atmosphere.

I wonder what lies ahead in this strange land...
How much the Chinese, in their semi-barbaric religious service resemble these Indians! The sharp, rasping yells must be taken from both to make them pass muster with white people.

After a part of the service had taken place, the old leader and all the other men lifted their eyes and hands heavenward and simultaneously heaved a deep sigh, by which they meant to say: "It is good!" or "it is finished!"

Our teacher had learned a little Indian ditty and sometimes she would sing it to her God-daughter and the two would then dance in Indian fashion, in the presence of Indians, and close by the sigh and upward gestures of the eyes and hands. How her auditors would laugh and shout at her rendering of their Amen!

The women during the rhythmic chorus were behind, that is in the background, huddled together and plenty of children of all ages mixed in with them. Here and there a poor woman was still busy picking up the scattered grain. It showed their carefulness, that gathering up the few remaining kernels of the corn and the wheat. It is then cleansed and used just as if it had not been thrown over people like a common shower-bath!

Again and again (allowing themselves short pauses for breathing) the Indians return to their singing. They smoke and smoke, not the "pipes of peace" which we read about, but the more modern abomination, the cigarette.

The teacher has made great exertions and with some show of suc
How many of the Chinese in their form-participate in religious services?

Remember these individuals? The spirit of teaching helps me to learn

to look for to make them understand with white people.

After a part of the service had taken place, the old teacher

and all the other men talked short and put the important points

during the performance and

simultaneously began a quiet prayer in which there was no noise or talk.

To copy, or to be translated!

Our teacher had learned a little Japanese fairly and sometimes

the mother would be for God-Guardian and the two would often come

to attend lessons. In the presence of Indians, my classes of the hill

and upward mountains of the mesa and range. How hot students wait

for a week or part traveling to their America?

The women cut the untimely corners were beginning to

the peak down, and made together and planted of children of all ages,

mixed in with them. Here and there a poor woman was still poor

living on the contracted earth. It showed their civilization that

It is their children and each time as it had not been thrown over

people like a common shower-past.

A rare and rare (failing of) enthusiasm which becomes relevant for present.

The important lesson to their minds. They smoke and smoke, not

the pipe of peace. Where we teach sports, put the word modern space-

American, the Chinese.

The teacher can make great excavations and with some work of one
cess to restrain the young Indians from smoking.

Just as the sun arose the next morning, --- and remember that the sun has no trouble there to rise as he has in towns and cities, where he has to penetrate a thick window curtain, or an atmosphere heavy with furnace smokes, steam or dense fogs --- just as the sun arose, the chanting at the feast-house could still be heard.

When during the morning, a little later, the white visitors reached the "fiesta" the crowd had not yet dispersed, a pretty sight met their eyes; it was that of the picturesque groups of Indians wandering off to their own houses.

These houses are all of adobe, having their roofs thatched with reeds or tules. Here and there was a bright red blanket or scarlet shawl, that added to the effect. Between the human groups and the little houses the observers saw formidable hay-stacks; and on the roofs quantities of squashes and pumpkins, which gave the appearance of defensive military works.

Quite a number of white people had now come to join the teacher and see the wonders of the "fiesta".

It was not more than an hour after the groups had gone to their homes, when they could be seen returning, ascending the hill, nearly every one carrying a basket or bundle. One woman had a large basket filled with pears. These pears on trial proved delicious. The Indians said that the pears were hardly fit to eat when taken from the trees, but when they had been kept for some time, they became soft without losing their juice or their agreeable flavor.
...the people who live there, the feel of the place, the atmosphere, the way it feels to be there...

In the morning, the sun was shining, a breeze blowing, a bird singing. We set off early, as usual, to explore the area. The houses were nestled between the trees, each one unique, each with its own character. We walked through the streets, taking in the sights and sounds, the feel of the place.

We met a number of white people, and they came to help the farmers. They were kind, and they made us feel welcome.

We sat down to eat breakfast, enjoying the peace and quiet. The sun was shining, and the birds were singing. It was a beautiful morning, and we were grateful to be there.
Some of the indians who had remained at the feast-house had been extremely busy.

What could that large pile of tules, clean and long, be for? and what would they do with those sticks, nearly all of one length? "Oh, you will see," said the interpreter.

One after another the sticks were taken and tied together in the shape of a cross, thus $\perp$ and then two so fastened as to make an inverted V thus $\perp$ and then both joined like this $\perp$ The tules were wrapped around this skeleton thinly, so as to give roughly the shape of a scare-crow figure. Then a head made of rags and covered with white cloth, eyes and eye-brows painted upon it with coal, and -- oh, how ghastly! Where did they get those teeth for one of the heads? Ah, a woman had brought that one already made. There were other heads already prepared with strange wigs. Now they go on to dress the figures, some as men, some as women and some as children. The clothes are entirely new; the men-figures had hats and some even neck-ties. The women wore ribbons, some had ear-rings and breastpins or chains, beads and other ornaments.

On the back of one little figure hung a small, pretty basket. The teacher, thinking of the coming sacrifice asked the woman who had this doll: "Would you not sell it? It seems a pity to burn so much work. Your little grand-daughter who perhaps sees you from her heavenly home would rather see you eat and be warmly clad, than to have all these nice things destroyed."

"Oh," she quickly replied, "if you want the basket, Señora, you
Some of the intentions who had remained at the least-home had been extremely loyal.

What could they taste of future gain and loss? yet, on the contrary, and what would they go with those outside, mostly of one February?

"Of course, we can't stay the introduction."

One after another, the states were taken and tied together in the episodes of a corner. Some may think two, or three, or four, or more of the latter were waging enough, when expected shifts, or so to live together, and under the grace.

Then a risky mode of take and control with a room-to-room picture, and under the code.

A man hadBruce! Where did they get those seats for one of the races?

A man and another thing, another thing, another thing, another thing. What they go on to create the thrill, some as men, some as women, and some as critics."

The scenes, some as men, some as women, and some as critics.

"One's a brave, one's a braver, some are cautious and some are cautious.

The scenes, some as men, some as women, and some as critics."

On the back of one little picture have a small hand placed.

The scenes, thinking of the coming sanctities making the women who may also get it. Why don't they come a path to pay so much work. Your little friend who has it, go to your home. Won't you get ready? We wanted you, you can get up and be warmly clad."

To pass all these nice things surrounding."

"Of course, the pictures telling. "If you want the paper, you have to be there, too..."
can take it; but I must not sell it; nothing from here can be sold!"
She said this in fair Spanish, very gently, but with decision. The
teacher took the basket. She could make other returns, not reckoned
as pay, as of course she did.

What a strange looking lot of effigies, fourteen in number!
There is one pair of twins, dressed in long white gowns, wearing
nice little lace caps. There were observable figures of older
children. The false-teeth-figure was gorgeously arrayed, wearing
a somewhat faded plum colored velvet wrap. This was the only gar-
ment there which was not quite new. "Where did that old wrap come
from?" Its cut and style showed long, long keeping; but being of
excellent stuff, it was well preserved, and there, just see how
her hair was dressed; one of the daughters of the Indian woman re-
presented, had visited neighboring towns and studied the styles.
She thought to honor her poor mother. I am sure that if poor de-
parted Maria could have seen her image she would have turned in her
grave! She herself had probably never used a comb, and here was
her Indian head in full dress, finer than any picture that she had
seen.

After the stick-toilets were completed, the figures were taken
up, each having one bearer, except that one person carried the twins.
The bearers tripped around a pile of dry twigs, which the men
had already put there, piled up in the form of a pyramid. As they moved
they were singing their Indian songs, and some were weeping bitter-
After the strike-followers more complicated. The figures were b scarred up, each member of the brotherhood carrying the name.

The members6striking armed a pipe or gun tongs. With the weapons
secured, our strike led up in the town of a braiding. From a man.

"Are they more similar Greek Emperor women? and some were made me fitus-

some were more similar Greek Emperor women? and some were made me fitus-

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some were more similar Greek Emperor women? and some were made me fitu
ly. Some of the women and girls had drawn their shawls closely over their heads and thus showed by their attitude their real grief.

This part of the ceremony lasted about ten minutes, when one of the directors lighted the pyre. In a moment it blazed up and one after another the effigies were thrown in, as the relatives of the deceased, thus emblazoned, chanted their mournful dirges. The fire needed some attention, there were plenty to help with pokers. Every little rag and boot was burned before the Indians left.

At once the scene changed. On one side of the ashes a part of the village women and the visiting squaws stood in long rows. While they struck up a song they all took hold of hands and danced together. Some little girls, quite small, were among the dancers. With bright eyes and happy faces they manifested great enjoyment.

During all these absorbing operations, cooking had been going on and so, very soon, all were again invited to another meal.

The white people who had gathered from the neighboring country were, as among the Zunis, asked to partake of the food, and they were glad to accept this kind hospitality.

The women, however, by some interchanging, kept up the dance until night.

Then the old Indian, Fio, appeared again and led off as before in his incantations. Such doings as we have described were continued all the night. The next morning the women again resumed their singing and dancing as they had done the day before.

People who are pretty well informed say concerning these feasts,
The Voice of the Woman and Children Show Their Support for Voter Registration

Dear Reader, and from whom have I received the honor of being addressed in this message? It is with a sense of pride and purpose that I write to you, to express my support and dedication to the cause of voter registration.

This part of the country has been known for its strong resistance to social change. However, I am pleased to note that the voice of the citizenry is being heard, and the struggle for voter registration is gaining momentum.

In the recent elections, the issue of voter registration has taken center stage. The unprecedented turnout and the strong showing of women and children in the polls have been a testament to the power of the people.

We need to give this attention, for the very clarity to which we have clung, to which we have adhered to, will help shape the future. With every vote cast, we take a step closer to a more just and equitable society.

Many little feet and poor and peaceful people are the initiators of the change. At once the scene opened. On one side of the scene is the part of the citizen who has the privilege of being able to vote. On the other hand, the struggle of the people and the persistence of their vision to shape our society.

Your support and participation are crucial to the success of this movement. Together, we can make a difference.

The white people who have benefited from the privileges of our country have a responsibility to ensure that our democracy is truly inclusive.

The time has come for a new and different approach to voter registration. We must rise to the challenge and work towards a more equitable society.

Let us give our voices to this change and work towards a brighter future.

With warm regards,

[Signature]
that no white person has, or can find out just what their object is. This is true, however, that they were instituted in honor of the dead.

During the singing the friends of the deceased whose turn it became to sing, praise him or her; and enemies do the contrary. Their good deeds are remembered and recited by the former, and their errors or mistakes by the other party.

When this custom originated is not known, even by themselves. "We have done it "siempre" (always), they declare.

The teacher's arguments against the burning of good clothes did not have much effect. "Surely", she said, "if it is true that you always did this, you could not have had good clothing to burn; for only a few years ago you had none of such material as this."

"Oh, Senora," they reply, "we wove garments from the fibres of plants, we made a kind of thread from the inner bark of certain trees, as the elder and the cottonwood. Then we burned baskets and nets, and such things as we fabricated."

The old indians could never be convinced; but the younger began to see the folly of such superstition, and most probably the custom will, before long, become a thing of the past.

Old Pio and the "Señora" were very good friends. One time she left the village and did not return just at the time when she was expected. When she did arrive, Pio was one of the first to welcome her. "Señora" he said we thought perhaps you had died, and
The small town was known for its quiet and peaceful atmosphere. It was a place where life moved at a slower pace, and people knew each other by name. The main street was lined with old-fashioned stores, and the church tower stood tall in the center of town.

The town had a strong sense of community, and everyone pitched in to help out when needed. The annual fair was a highlight of the year, and people from all over came to see the various competitions and exhibits. It was a time for people to come together and celebrate the hard work and achievements of the community.

One day, a group of kids from the town decided to create their own version of the fair. They asked the mayor for permission to set up a small fair in the park, and he agreed. The kids worked hard to plan and organize the event, and they even managed to get local businesses to sponsor the fair.

The day of the fair arrived, and the town was buzzing with excitement. There were games, food stands, and music to enjoy. The children were proud of their work, and they saw it as a way to give back to the community that had helped them grow up.

As the sun began to set, the fair was winding down. The kids gathered in the park and talked about their plans for the future. They knew that they would always remember this day and the fun they had creating their own fair. It was a moment that they would cherish for the rest of their lives.
we were very much afraid." "Well, you would get another teacher."
"Si (yes) Senora, but not like you. When you die though, we will
make a big "fiesta"! What a consolation for the teacher!

On Sunday some of the "friend people" left and Monday ended the
"fiesta".

Now to return to the little school. The attendance after the
feast was small, and for good reason. The children were very tired
and some of them took colds during the nights out of door. It is
particularly exposing to run, as they kept doing from a big fire to
some colder place. Some were made hoarse by shouting and yelling,
so that it was painful for them to speak, to listen to them. All
the children agreed, however, that the feast was a success.

During the three days we may say with satisfaction, not an in-
toxicated person was seen, white man or Indian.

That frontier-nuisance, the gambler and the monte-dealer were
there and a great many Indians played, but fortunately in a peace-
able way.

"There is no disputing concerning tastes." Who of us would
call such hardships, as we have described, the joys of a feast.
But perhaps it would be as hard for Indians to be dressed and shod
like ourselves, and dance through the night fashionable round-dances
upon waxed floors.

O.O. Howard
San Francisco, Cal.
Feb. 13th, 1888
we never have much trouble. "Well, you won't get much trouble."

"In (for) season, but not like you. When you give trouble, we will
make a pit "liseum." What a consolation for the receptor!

Or perhaps some of the "Italian people" feel an American eagle

"Tease."

Now to return to the little pocket. The engagement after the

leaves me spell-bound. You know how I am. The situation over my head

may some of them look after getting the nights out of your. It is
particularly explosive to pursue, with your help. Take a pity to go
some coffee place. Some more make parole or anything at all. If so that it was important for them to keep to files to them. All.

During the peace gate we may very well get in.

together between me seen, while men of later.

This together-reunion. The speech and the manner-speech have

there was a great many individuals the rest. I'm particularly in a breeze.

The war.

"There is no picturesque concernless future. Who in us wrong,

carry cup particulars, so to have recognition, the attractions of a local

but perhaps it would be as much for figures to be gentle and more
like ourselves, and chance through the high resemblance however.

when making towels.