

The Legend of Don Lorenzo

John Lorenzo Hubbell and the Sense of Place in Navajo Country

by

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ABSTRACT

This dissertation is a cultural history of the frontier stories surrounding an Arizona politician and Indian trader, John Lorenzo Hubbell. From 1878 to 1930, Hubbell operated a trading post in Ganado, Arizona—what is today Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site. During that time, he played host to hundreds of visitors who trekked into Navajo country in search of scientific knowledge and artistic inspiration as the nation struggled to come to terms with industrialization, immigration, and other modern upheavals. Hubbell became an important mediator between the Native Americans and the Anglos who came to study them, a facilitator of the creation of the Southwestern myth. He lavished hospitality upon some of the Southwest's principle myth-makers, regaling them with stories of his younger days in the Southwest, which his guests remembered and shared face-to-face and in print, from novels to booster literature.

By applying place theory to Hubbell's stories, and by placing them in the context of the history of tourism in the Southwest, I explore the relationship between those stories, the visitors who heard and retold them, and the process of place- and myth-making in the Southwest. I argue that the stories operated on two levels. First, they became a kind of folklore for Hubbell's visitors, a cycle of stories that expressed their ties to and understanding of the Navajo landscape and bound them together as a group, despite the fact that they must inevitably leave Navajo country. Second, the stories fit into the broader myth- and image-making processes that transformed the Southwest into a distinctive region in the imaginations of Americans.

Based on a close reading of the stories and supporting archival research, I analyze four facets of the Hubbell legend: the courteous Spanish host; the savior of Native American arts and crafts; the fearless conqueror and selfless benefactor of the Navajos; and the

thoroughly Western lawman. Each incarnation of the Hubbell legend spoke to travelers' relationships with Navajo country and the Southwest in different ways. I argue, however, that after Hubbell's death, the connection between his stories and travelers' sense of place weakened dramatically.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Five years ago, I had never heard of Hubbell Trading Post. When I received the assignment to write a Historic Resource Study (HRS) of the site for the National Park Service as part of my graduate assistantship, I pulled up a map on the Internet to see where it was. I had to zoom out a hundred miles before I could orient myself to the place where my mind would end up dwelling for the next several years as I wrote first the HRS and then this dissertation. I have come a long way since then, and have been helped every step of the way by kindhearted and generous people without whom this dissertation would not have been possible.

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This dissertation grew out of the Historic Resource Study of Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site that I wrote for the National Park Service while working on my degree. As I researched and wrote that document, which is a narrative history of the site, and as I delved into the literature of space and place in my classes, the idea for analyzing the body of stories surrounding Lorenzo Hubbell grew in my mind. The projects overlapped considerably—as I conducted archival research, I found myself looking into the correspondence of little-known Arizona travelers and the history of Hubbell’s property mortgages simultaneously. Thus, while the theoretical analysis and focus of this dissertation are unique, it rests squarely on the foundation of research I laid in writing the HRS. Where there is overlap in content, usually in the form of background history or descriptions of individual visitors’ trips to the trading post, in most cases I have paraphrased and cited the HRS in the footnotes. Chapter Four, which deals with technical information about Hubbell’s role in the creation of the Southwestern curio trade, has sections taken from the text of the HRS, noted in the footnotes, and is used with the permission of my committee and the National Park Service.

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CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

At the age of seventeen, Juan Lorenzo Hubbell was working as a postal clerk in Albuquerque, making a tidy \$40 a month.¹ He was handsome: well dressed, neatly-parted dark hair, blue eyes looking out mildly from behind a pair of oval glasses. The money was nothing to be sneezed at for a young man seeking his own way in the world, but as he later said, “the indoor life of a postal clerk did not satisfy my craving for romance and adventure which seemed to beckon to me from...the Northwest.”² And so, in 1870, young Juan Lorenzo used up almost all of his savings to buy a horse and saddle, and, undeterred by the danger of crossing hundreds of miles of Navajo country alone, “set out for Utah Territory which was then Virgin land.”³ Precisely where his yearnings for adventure took the “self-reliant fellow” before he settled down to the life of an Indian trader in Ganado, Arizona, is a bit of a puzzle.⁴ Fifty years later, as a white-mustached old man no longer able to keep up with the demanding physical labor of running a trading post, J. L. Hubbell would lounge on

¹ Throughout this dissertation, I refer to the main subject of the study, John Lorenzo Hubbell, by an assortment of different names, all of which he used during his lifetime. I do this to provide narrative variety and to refer to him using the name most appropriate to the time and setting. He was born Juan Lorenzo Hubbell, and used the name throughout in his early life. He later Anglicized it slightly to John Lorenzo Hubbell, the name he used most frequently. He often shortened his name, especially in his personal and professional correspondence, to J. L. Hubbell. He was frequently referred to as Lorenzo and Don Lorenzo by his close friends—almost no one referred to him as John. Inexplicably, his stationery while he served as an Arizona state senator gave his name as Alonzo Hubbell, though I do not use that name here. The Navajos also had their own names for Hubbell. In Hubbell’s early years on the Reservation, they called him *Nakeznilib*, which means “Double Glasses” or “Wearing Spectacles.” Later they referred to him as *Naakaii Sání*, “Old Mexican.”

² John Lorenzo Hubbell, “Fifty Years an Indian Trader: the dean of all the Indian traders of the Southwest relates his experiences during half a century of contact with Utes, Navajos and Hopis,” as told to John Edwin Hogg, *Touring Topics* 22, no. 12 (December 1930): 24. This anecdote is also discussed in Erica Cottam, “The Hospitable Home of Lorenzo Hubbell: A Historic Resource Study of Hubbell Trading Post,” 2013, unpublished manuscript, Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site, Ganado, AZ, 29, 39-42.

³ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 24.

⁴ Frank McNitt, *The Indian Traders* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1962), 142; Cottam, 39.

a sunny bench in front of his store, telling stories of those heady days to anyone who would sit and pass an hour with him. Even in earlier years, with his charm and vigor still upon him, he told his tales so frequently that they seemed to cling to the hair and luggage of travelers like the dust kicked up by a touring car. In short, the old storyteller spun so many contradictory and incredible accounts of his early adventures that attempts to reconstruct a factual picture from the pieces would only end in doubt and conjecture but for a few sparse, dry footprints in the written record.⁵

In the last months of his life, as summer shaded to fall in 1930, J. L. told his stories to John Edwin Hogg, a freelance journalist and photographer based out of Alhambra, California. Hogg, in between driving his motorcycle into the Grand Canyon and out again and retracing the legendary route of Lewis and Clark in a motorboat, traveled around the Southwest interviewing the last of the old timers who remembered the pioneer days, publishing their stories in motoring magazines like *Touring Topics*.⁶ For a few days, Hogg enjoyed the “characteristic Hubbell hospitality” that so many travelers before him had

⁵ Cottam, 39. A note on terminology: throughout this study, I will rely primarily on the terms *Anglo*, *Hispano*, *Native American*, and in the context of tourism and the consumption of the “other” by American antimodernists, *Indian*. Where possible, I refer to specific groups—such as *Navajos* and *Hopis*, or *Americans* and *Mexicans*—and from time to time I use the Navajos’ own word for themselves, *Diné*. I refer to the area of Northeastern Arizona and Northwestern New Mexico in which the Hubbell family had influence as Navajo country, for although the Hopis and other Native American groups also live in the area and played a significant role in the development of tourism and interest in the region, the term Navajo country has been widely used and offers a convenient shorthand that the travelers who are the subject of this story would have recognized.

⁶ “Unbelievable Feat Accomplished by Sportsman-Writer,” *Deming Headlight*, February 4, 1921; John Edwin Hogg, *Twice Across North America by Motorboat* (New York: Ziff-Davis Pub. Co., 1960). Hogg’s “as told to” pieces that appeared in *Touring Topics* between 1930 and 1932 include Scott White’s “Bad Men’s Nemesis: the adventures and experiences of an Arizona sheriff, in a land and a time when a man often wore a moustache, but always wore a gun”; Juan Francisco Dana’s “Ten Decades on a California Rancho”; Horace Fenton Wilcox’s “Memories of the Gold Stampede to Julian”; Ralph J. Fairbanks’ “My 73 Years on Southwestern Deserts”; and Benjamin A. Wetherill’s “How I found the Mesa Verde Ruins.”

enjoyed and listened to the stories that they had heard.⁷ J. L. painted a colorful picture of his daring first journey:

The west in those days was not like it is now. The outposts of white civilization were few and far between, and there were vast areas of the country of which white men knew nothing at all. Many tribes of Indians were far from friendly. Travel was by ox teams over the most used trails, and on horseback or afoot away from the main traveled routes. It was, therefore, something of a journey upon which I embarked alone as a youth—from Albuquerque to Kanab, Utah Territory—a horseback ride of some 500 miles through little-known country and along very uncertain trails.⁸

But the journey there, Hogg would soon find out, was nothing compared to the journey back. Before young Hubbell had too much time to get settled as a trading post clerk in Kanab, the adventurer's stay in Utah ended abruptly. "Some parts of a story are best left untold," J. L. said cryptically to the journalist, "so it is enough for me to say that I became involved in difficulties at Panguitch, Utah, in the spring of 1872. These were serious enough that I found it necessary to flee, and I fled toward the south with a bullet in my leg and a bullet hole through my body."⁹ The old man gave Hogg no hint at what manner of "difficulties" had ended in his being shot. He simply continued, "I wandered for days scarcely knowing where I was or what actually happened. Eventually I staggered into a Piute camp where the Indians took pity on me."¹⁰ The Paiutes nursed him through his delirium for a period of—he could not remember how long—and saved him "from what must otherwise have been certain death."¹¹ When he was ready to travel again, he continued

⁷ John Edwin Hogg to Mrs. Goodman, November 1, 1930, Box 40, Folder Hogg, Hubbell Trading Post Records, 1882-1968 (bulk 1905-1950), AZ 375, University of Arizona Library Special Collections, Tucson, AZ (hereafter cited as Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections).

⁸ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 24.

⁹ *Ibid.*, 24-25.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 25.

¹¹ *Ibid.*

southward. Evidently still fearing pursuit from whoever had shot him, he descended into the Grand Canyon, finding in a matter of days what had given Franciscan Fathers Escalante and Dominguez so much trouble a century before. Having reached the canyon floor, he swam the Colorado River by clinging to the tail of his horse, a feat “I don’t believe many white men have ever done and lived to tell about it.”¹² He had made it safely to Hopi lands, with the Grand Canyon between him and his youthful troubles.

This was but the first of many anecdotes the aged Hubbell related to Hogg, published one month after his death that same November under the title “Fifty Years an Indian Trader: the dean of all the Indian traders of the Southwest relates his experiences during half a century of contact with Utes, Navajos and Hopis.” The article would be the closest the trader ever came to writing his own history after a lifetime of reminiscing, and as such it became the canonized version of events in the life of J. L. Hubbell, the source to which later writers, deprived of the chance to interview the man themselves, would appeal for facts and exhilarating episodes alike. But even as Hogg’s piece rose to prominence as the “official” version of events, the oral tradition lived on in the memories of other men and women who had known the Old Man of Apache County. They knew that there were other ways of remembering what had happened.

Not too many months before Hubbell entertained Hogg with his early exploits, he sat in his doctor’s office at the Ganado Presbyterian Mission. His doctor, Clarence G. Salsbury, had many occasions to listen to Hubbell tell stories as he treated the old man in the last year of his life, and the doctor later set a few of them down on paper in his own autobiography. One day, when Salsbury was “checking the old man over for some minor

¹² Ibid.

ailment,” J. L. asked him rather suddenly, “Doctor, do you believe the Bible, where it says that they that live by the sword shall die by the sword?”¹³ Surprised by the question, Salsbury asked his patient what he meant, and J. L. replied by pulling up his shirt and displaying a large scar on his left side, and another one on his left calf. J. L. then began to recount the story of his wounds, an incident in Panguitch, Utah, that had happened, he said, when he was only sixteen years old. He was no more forthcoming with his old friend Salsbury about the details of his trespass, whatever it had been, than he was with Hogg; he said, simply, “He had got into some kind of difficulties with the town fathers there, and decided it would be advisable to make a getaway. He took a horse and headed for Lee’s Ferry, on the Colorado River.”¹⁴ A getaway most certainly *was* advisable, for “seven men pursued him on horseback”:

They gained on him rapidly. Lorenzo was convinced his pursuers would kill him if they captured him. He dismounted, and sent his horse away into the desolation. He secreted himself in ambush, and opened fire on the seven as soon as they came within range. In the gun battle that ensued, Lorenzo said he killed every one of them. And he received his two wounds.

Perhaps another posse was on its way. He took one of the horses and fled. Lee’s Ferry seemed too dangerous a destination; he changed his plans. He made his way down into the Grand Canyon, to the level of the river. Now he had the roaring current before him, and possibly a horde of avengers behind. He abandoned the horse and jumped into the boiling rapids. He was carried downstream a great distance, but he finally reached the opposite bank.¹⁵

Dripping wet from his desperate swim and with two untreated wounds, he slowly and painfully ascended the other side of the canyon. Somewhere on the south rim, he told the doctor, he stole another horse and made his way to a Paiute camp. As before, they nursed

¹³ Clarence G. Salsbury, with Paul Hughes, *The Salsbury Story: A Medical Missionary’s Lifetime of Public Service* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1969), 137.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, 138.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

him back to health, but, in an amusing twist, when he was well enough to move on they refused to let him go, evidently because “he was a young man, with an innocent look about him and a sunny, cheerful disposition.”¹⁶ After many months an honored but unwilling captive among his new friends, “he was able to get a message out to General Frémont, who sent in troops to rescue him.”¹⁷ His long ordeal was finally over, the pathway to becoming an Indian trader now open before him.

On yet another occasion in the year of his death, Hubbell told the story—or something like it—to one of his other neighbors at the mission, the Boys Director, Gene Haldeman.¹⁸ Haldeman had grown up in verdant Missouri, enchanted by pictures of cliff dwellings and ancient ruins, longing to be in the Southwest. Once he arrived in Ganado, the trading post thrilled him in fulfillment of his boyhood imaginings, and he would sit with J. L. on the north porch of his house and listen to him “spin yarns by the hour.”¹⁹ Occasionally, Hubbell lapsed into Spanish, losing his listener in the expanse of foreign sounds, but Haldeman seemed not to mind; “I always liked to listen to him.”²⁰ In an interview many years later with National Park Service historian David M. Brugge, Haldeman remembered his favorite of J. L.’s “wonderful tales.”²¹ Again, Hubbell recounted going up to Utah as a young man, but this time he told Haldeman the reason for his sudden flight. He had

¹⁶ Ibid.

¹⁷ Ibid.

¹⁸ See Cottam, 41.

¹⁹ Gene Haldeman, interview by David M. Brugge, November 29, 1972, interview 62, transcript, Oral Histories, Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site, Ganado, AZ (hereafter cited as Oral Histories, HUTR).

²⁰ Ibid.

²¹ Ibid.

“started courting a girl up there,” Haldeman remembered. “He liked her pretty well and decided he’d better lay off of that, and, so he was getting ready go back towards Albuquerque, a bunch of hombres decided that he’d courted that girl just enough that he should marry her but he wasn’t about to.”²² Hubbell packed his bags and rode out of town, but soon heard sounds of pursuit. He headed up the river, and when the men on his tail started shooting, he told Haldeman, “I just took off my clothes and left my horse and saddle and went in the river....I made it, I found a hogan on the other side and the Navajos gave me a pair of pants and a shirt and I went on from there.”²³ As if recognizing that this version lacked panache, Haldeman added, “I’ve heard tell, people say, that he got into trouble up there and that actually, oh, it was a gun fight over it. The old man never told me that....knowing him, I doubt it. He was a peaceful character.”²⁴

J. L. Hubbell swam the formidable Colorado alone, bleeding from two bullet wounds after killing seven men. Or he did it clutching his horse’s tail with his holes already kindly patched up by the Paiutes. Or he dove into the river, minus horse, saddle, and clothes, to escape his trigger-happy pursuers without so much as firing a shot in return. No external sources have been found that can verify any of these stories, told to journalist, doctor, and neighbor in the same year. But to argue which of the versions, if any, is true, is to fail to see them for what they are: legends.²⁵

²² Ibid.

²³ Ibid.

²⁴ Ibid.

²⁵ Hubbell Parker, Lorenzo’s grandson, called the tale “not a story of fact, because we don’t know for sure, because he would never talk about himself. And my father...he used to talk to my father...as far as I know my father never did learn about it and he wasn’t about to pin him down.” In Parker’s version of the story, which he heard from some Mexican farm hands on the ranch, the reason J. L. had to flee Utah was because “he got mixed up with one of the Mormon girls up there and then it seemed that the Mormon bishop wanted to have a

In the decades flanking the turn of the century, many thousands of American travelers—artists, writers, and scientists among them—wandered into Navajo country in search of authenticity, some kind of remedy for the cancers of modern life. In the sprawling landscapes of the Colorado Plateau, skirted by the railroad and criss-crossed only faintly by roads, Indian traders became valuable guides, smoothing encounters between camera-wielding Anglos and the Native Americans they had come to study. J. L. Hubbell was one of these. After his youthful wanderings, he established a trading post in Ganado, Arizona, around 1878 and operated it until his death in 1930. Instrumental in the development of the trade in Navajo and Hopi arts and crafts and a well-known Arizona politician, he would become, perhaps, the single most famous Indian trader on the Navajo Reservation. For fifty years, he delighted in playing the generous host to visitors who found their way to his corner of the Southwest. They spent many an evening at the fireside in his home, where he “was jovial dictator, and from the head of his long dining table dispensed an endless flow of droll anecdotes and a fare of carne seca, frijoles, canned corn and sourdough biscuits.”²⁶ Steeped the larger-than-life stories he told about his adventures as a young man in the untamed Southwest, defeating unscrupulous outlaws, tricking the Indians, and escaping the Mormons by the skin of his teeth, J. L. Hubbell became a frontier legend long before “death, slipping through the strange shadow-land of Northern Arizona, found him.”²⁷

word with him, and that he was going to [have to] marry all of the sisters...all of them.” Parker added, humorously, “Well, that didn’t appeal to him particularly....[I]t seems that he left before he got to the point where he was pronounced ‘man and wives.’” Hubbell Parker, interview by Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, 1973-024, New Mexico Commission of Public Records, State Records Center and Archives, Santa Fe, NM (hereafter cited as Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives).

²⁶ Maynard Dixon, “Arizona in 1900,” *Arizona Highways* 18, no. 2 (February 1942): 40.

²⁷ “Don Lorenzo Hubbell, Beloved Character of Old Arizona, Is Dead,” newspaper clipping, title unknown, November 13, 1930, Box 545, Folder 1, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

His guests, caught up in the cultural movement of antimodernism and fully engaged in the creative process of shaping the Southwest as an idea, were rather susceptible to romance. They fell under the enchantment of his Spanish heritage, his frontier hospitality, his elaborately decorated home, and the spectacle of Navajo life that constantly surrounded his trading post. Nearly every traveler who toured Navajo country in Hubbell's care wound up spending at least one night under his roof; they sat in front of his fire, the walls crowded with paintings of Navajos in lonely landscapes—almost windows to the country outside—while Hopi baskets hung between the beams on the ceiling and Navajo rugs covered the creaking wooden floor. They listened raptly as he told stories of his adventures in days past, and the stories, told and retold by Hubbell and then by his guests, took on the character of folklore. Once they left Navajo country, travelers shared them with one another in chance meetings in art galleries in New York or at weekly teas in California bungalows. They published them in newspaper articles, and wrote magazine features and even novels about Don Lorenzo. J. L. Hubbell became an inseparable part of a particular time and place for the hundreds of Navajo country sojourners who knew him, and his stories became the tokens they used to remember the sense of place in that corner of the Southwest. To Gene Haldeman, who grew up gazing at pictures of cliff dwellings and longing “to be in that kind of a country,” and to John Edwin Hogg, who collected like souvenirs the memories of the last of the pioneers and who “endeavored to portray [J. L. Hubbell] as the grand old man, and virile character that he has obviously been,” Hubbell seemed more than a man.²⁸ He was a symbol. As Doctor Salsbury so aptly put it many years after J. L. was gone, “The

²⁸ Gene Haldeman, interview by David M. Brugge, November 29, 1972, interview 62, transcript, Oral Histories, HUTR; John Edwin Hogg to Barbara Goodman, November 1, 1930, Box 40, Folder Hogg, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

death of Don Lorenzo Hubbell was such a heartbreak for me. He was the American West summarized in one man.”²⁹

This dissertation is at its core an interdisciplinary cultural history of the J. L. Hubbell stories. It aims to understand what functions the stories performed for the people who heard, retold, and preserved them, and in so doing to broaden the ways historians think about the processes that shaped the Southwest as an image and an idea. A close examination of the stories reveals the particular cocktail of characteristics that allowed Hubbell to become one of the many historical figures whose deeds, “through literary elaboration and the workings of the folk imagination...were expanded to epic proportions” until they “came to personify the frontiers of which they had been a part.”³⁰ Contained in the stories’ romantic descriptions of Spanish hospitality, deathless friendship with the Navajos, and tense showdowns with range-stealers are clues about what the Southwest represented to its pilgrims. As artifacts of Hubbell’s self-representation and of American travelers’ desires, the stories shed light not only on “the processes by which popular perceptions of the West were constructed, elaborated, disseminated, and sustained,” but on the relationship between story, place, and community.³¹

At the same time, as Arizona folklorist James Griffiths reminds us, “If they are to be more than just stories, if they are to tell us more than their own narrative details, we need to

²⁹ Clarence G. Salsbury, 137.

³⁰ Larry Goodwyn, “The Frontier Myth and Southwestern Literature,” *American Libraries* 2, no. 2 (February 1971): 161; Kent Ladd Steckmesser, *The Western Hero in History and Legend* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1965), 3.

³¹ David M. Wrobel, *Promised Lands: Promotion, Memory, and the Creation of the American West* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2002), 2.

place them in some sort of cultural and historical context.”³² The stories exist not purely as literary creations, but as important forces in the life of the real Juan Lorenzo Hubbell as he ran a business that depended on Eastern consumers’ fantasies and as he used his reputation to angle for political position. Most particularly, when placed in the context of the development of Southwestern tourism and the “craze for all things ‘primitive’” that led so many travelers to Hubbell’s door, the stories begin to take shape as part of the mosaic of the sense of place in the Southwest that blossomed around the turn of the century.³³

By analyzing the stories and their contexts, I argue that for the community of artists, writers, scientists, and other travelers whose experiences in Navajo country were mediated through Hubbell, he became a symbol of place. As Flannery Burke argues in *From Greenwich Village to Taos: Primitivism and Place at Mabel Dodge Luhan's*, the artists and writers who were drawn to the Southwest “dwelled on the quality of the air, the shape of the waves, the sound of the wind, the reach of the trees, the strength of the mountains, the stretch of the sky, and the personal characteristics of those who identified with the places in which they lived.”³⁴ In Taos, Mable Dodge was one of those people who became identified with the sense of place; in Navajo country, it was Lorenzo Hubbell. His stories served as receptacles of memory through which visitors expressed their romantic attachment to the Navajo landscape. Shared among the community of pilgrims, the stories functioned as a kind of folklore, giving meaning to Navajo country and binding them together, even though—and perhaps

³² James S. Griffith, *Folk Saints of the Borderlands: Victims, Bandits & Healers* (Tucson, AZ: Rio Nuevo Publishers, 2003), 8.

³³ Erika Marie Bsumek, *Indian-Made: Navajo Culture in the Marketplace, 1868-1940* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2008), 46.

³⁴ Flannery Burke, *From Greenwich Village to Taos: Primitivism and Place at Mabel Dodge Luhan's* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2008), 5-6.

because—they were a community dispersed geographically. Finally, as travelers published the stories for broader consumption, they contributed to a flourishing discourse that shaped the Southwest and Navajo country in the imaginations of Americans.

Even as Hubbell existed as both a historical man and a legendary one, the connection between the stories and the sense of place vibrates on two levels. First, they played a significant role in the personal memories and sense of place for those who visited Hubbell Trading Post. Travelers who came to the Southwest between 1880 and 1930 came with hearts and eyes open and few “failed to be astonished or affected by the dramatic landscape...[or] the Native American and Hispanic cultures” they encountered.³⁵ Most, however, were unable to remain. Some stayed for months or, rarely, years at a time, a small handful even working as clerks in Hubbell’s trading posts. Some, like Salsbury and Haldeman, were part of the local community, but for most, homes and careers called them back to the city. Navajo country was a unique place in many ways—but in one way quite important to those travelers who found themselves growing attached to its massive skies, its pink mesas, its Native peoples: it was reservation land. There would be no Taos, no Santa Fe, no Carmel-by-the-Sea in Northeastern Arizona. The land belonged to the Navajos, save for Hubbell’s 160-acre homestead, the exception of which literally required an act of congress, and every “seeker of beauty and adventurer into the buried long-ago” must be a visitor only.³⁶ The emotional affinity for the landscape of Navajo country that many travelers felt—what is known in geography as place attachment—found its expression in

³⁵ Emily Ballew Neff, *The Modern West: American Landscapes, 1890-1950* (New Haven: Yale University Press in association with the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 2006), 129.

³⁶ Joseph Emerson Smith, “Navajo Art Patron Dead,” *El Palacio* 29 (December 1930): 371. Reprinted from “Greatest Patron of Navajo Artistry in Rug Weaving Dies,” *Denver Post*, November 30, 1930.

stories about Hubbell and in the Navajo curios that he sent home with them as souvenirs. These shared narratives bound the artists, scientists, writers, and other visitors together as a community, though they lived everywhere *but* Ganado.

Second, the Hubbell stories fit into the broader myth- and image-making processes that transformed the Southwest into a distinctive region in the American mind. The Hubbell stories appealed to travelers because they shared common themes with other popular frontier and Southwestern myths. A hospitable, Spanish Hubbell personified his guests' longing for a simpler time and played to their romanticizing of Hispano cultures. They often called him the "last patriarch of the Western frontier," for he seemed an ideal type, a remnant of a dying breed.³⁷ As one visitor said, "It is a type of the old-time baronial Spanish hospitality, when no door was locked and every comer was welcomed to the festive board, and if you expressed admiration for a jewel, or silver-work, or old mantilla, it was presented to you by the lord of the manor with the simple and absolutely sincere words, 'It is yours.'"³⁸ Hubbell's stories, as well as the man himself, fit the Western mold, as their hero bested with courage, wits, and the judicious application of force all of the usual villains—upstart range-stealers, Indians, Mormons, and the even the landscape itself. The Hubbell stories, retold and elaborated upon, reflected "a sentimental nostalgia for the freedom of a vanished frontier," and became part of the broad processes of place-making and myth-making that enshrouded the Southwest.³⁹

³⁷ Frank M. Palmer, "Among the Cliff Dwellers," *Bulletin of the Archaeological Institute of America* 3 (1907): 39.

³⁸ Agnes C. Laut, *Through Our Unknown Southwest* (New York: McBride, Nast & Co., 1913), 105.

³⁹ Steckmesser, 255.

The historical scope of this project covers the period beginning in the 1880s, when the railroad connected Navajo country with the rest of the nation, bringing with it the first of Hubbell's guests, and extending to 1967, when the trading post became Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site and the last members of the Hubbell family left Ganado. The bulk of the study, however, focuses on the period between 1880 and 1930, when J. L. Hubbell was Don of Ganado. After his death, his sons carried on his legacy of hospitality, keeping their father's stories alive and even starring in a few of their own, but the immediacy of the stories' connection to place slowly diminished with the rise of mass automobile tourism after the Second World War and the deaths first of Lorenzo Jr. and then Roman Hubbell.

Literature Review

This dissertation rests on a broad, interdisciplinary literature encompassing theories and methods from history, American studies, folklore, and geography. Especially since the 1980s, interdisciplinary scholarship has solidly established itself in the academy, particularly in studies of place and culture and among public historians. With the increasing permeability of intellectual boundaries, it is perhaps best to conceive of the various bodies of literature this study draws from by theme rather than discipline: studies of place and place-making, including related studies of the relationships between community and folklore, as well as souvenirs and material culture; historical and cultural studies of myth and imagery in the American West and Southwest; studies in tourism; and the literature about Indian traders in the history of Navajo country.

Space and Place

Central to this dissertation are theories about place attachment and place-making, which have recently become major themes in the cultural history of the American West. As

David Glassberg states in his study of American memory, “just as historians have studied the making of historical consciousness...other disciplines have investigated place consciousness, and the making of what scholars in environmental psychology, folklore, and cultural geography call ‘sense of place,’” and those theories have influenced historical writing for the last two decades.⁴⁰

When exploring the concept of sense of place, scholars often distinguish between “place” and “space,” where the latter term denotes a mere location, dispassionately designated, and the former the accumulated meanings that people assign to that location.⁴¹ E. V. Walter puts it this way: “Modern ‘space’ is universal and abstract, whereas a ‘place’ is concrete and particular. People do not experience abstract space; they experience places. A place is seen, heard, smelled, imagined, loved, hated, feared, revered, enjoyed, or avoided.”⁴² Influential place theorist Yi-Fu Tuan states simply, “What begins as undifferentiated space becomes place as we get to know it better and endow it with value.”⁴³ In other words, places are *created*, a process that happens on both a personal and a community level, and *experienced* on an emotional, human level.⁴⁴ These subjective impressions and bonds are the heart of the concept of sense of place or place attachment.

⁴⁰ David Glassberg, *Sense of History: The Place of the Past in American Life* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2001), 18. Glassberg offers a good overview of the place theory in history on pages 18-21 and 111-127.

⁴¹ Kent C. Ryden, *Mapping the Invisible Landscape: Folklore, Writing, and the Sense of Place* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1993), 37-38. For a thorough and up-to-date exploration of the meanings of space and place in geography, see John A. Agnew, “Space and Place,” in *The SAGE Handbook of Geographical Knowledge*, ed. John A. Agnew and David N. Livingstone (London: SAGE Publications, 2011), 316-330.

⁴² E. V. Walter, *Placeways: A Theory of the Human Environment* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1988), 142-143.

⁴³ Yi-Fu Tuan, *Space and Place: The Perspective of Experience* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1977), 6.

⁴⁴ Paulus P. P. Huigan and Louise Meijering, “Making Places: A Story of De Venen,” in *Senses of Place: Senses of Time*, ed. G. J. Ashworth and Brian Graham (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2005), 21. Huigan and Meijering propose six aspects of place identity or sense of place that are useful for conceptualizing the basic issues in

Yi-Fu Tuan pioneered the study of place attachment with his 1974 book *Topophilia: A Study of Environmental Perception, Attitudes, and Values*. He defines topophilia as “the affective bond between people and place or setting.”⁴⁵ Dozens of studies from multiple disciplines on place attachment, the process by which it happens, and how it is expressed, have followed.⁴⁶ The common argument is, as Tuan states, that “the importance of a place depends notably on how long we have lived or worked in it. Permanent places accumulate more sentiment and play a greater role in our sense of self than do places we merely visit, or pass through. Yet,” he qualifies, “there are exceptions,” and one of those exceptions is to be the subject of this dissertation.⁴⁷ The time that travelers spent in the Southwest can be more often measured in weeks than years, yet they both cumulatively created it as place and individually formed affective bonds with it. Tuan clarifies how this might be so when he argues, “A major motivation for travel—hardships notwithstanding, is the vague expectation of entering a state of being, identified with a particular place or landscape, that, however transient, reveals an aspect of our character that we have not previously known.”⁴⁸

theorizing place identity. First, it is a created social construct attributed to a space by people. Second, it is based on the characteristics of a place, and is not simply arbitrarily designated. Third, a large aspect of place identity is based on the past, on people’s perceptions of a locale’s history. Fourth, place identity is debatable and contested. Fifth, place identities are situated within particular spatial and socio-cultural contexts. And sixth, the creation of place identity is an ongoing process. Huigan and Meijering, 21-23.

⁴⁵ Yi-Fu Tuan, *Topophilia: A Study of Environmental Perception, Attitudes, and Values* (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1974), 4.

⁴⁶ See, for example, Edward Relph, *Place and Placelessness* (London: Pion, 1976); Barbara Allen and Thomas J. Schlereth, eds., *Sense of Place: American Regional Cultures* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1990); Jay Appleton, *The Experience of Landscape* (London: Wiley, 1975); Irwin Altman and Setha M. Low, eds., *Place Attachment* (New York: Plenum Press, 1992).

⁴⁷ Yi-Fu Tuan, *Place, Art, and Self* (Santa Fe, NM: Center for American Places in association with Columbia College, Chicago, 2004), 16-17. Tuan, in fact, considered himself one of the exceptions. To illustrate the phenomenon of attachment to an unfamiliar landscape, Tuan, who grew up in China, describes waking up for the first time in Death Valley on a camping trip and finding in its stark landscape bathed in moonlight his “geographical double,” the “objective correlative of the person I am.” Tuan, *Place, Art, and Self*, 19-21.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, 16-17.

Travelers, he argues, travel not only to see, but to *feel* and even *be*, and thus sometimes open themselves to the experience of place attachment even though the time they may spend in a particular landscape is comparatively short. Edward Relph similarly notes that at times the most transient of people achieve attachment to new places most quickly “because those people are open to new experiences.”⁴⁹

Part of what makes this attachment to place possible, even among travelers, is the deeply personal nature of the sense of place. In his richly evocative study of the sense of place among the Western Apaches, *Wisdom Sits in Places*, Keith H. Basso argues that “senses of place, while always informed by bodies of local knowledge, are finally the possessions of particular individuals. People, not cultures, sense of places.”⁵⁰ He eloquently explains:

In many instances, awareness of place is brief and unselfconscious, a fleeting moment (a flash of recognition, a trace of memory) that is swiftly replaced by awareness of something else. But now and again, and sometimes without apparent cause, awareness is seized—arrested—and the place on which it settles becomes an object of spontaneous reflection and resonating sentiment. It is at times such as these, when individuals step back from the flow of everyday experience and attend self-consciously to places—when, we may say, they pause to actively sense them—that their relationships to geographical space are most richly lived and surely felt.

Persons thus involved may also dwell on aspects of themselves, on sides and corners of their own evolving identities. For the self-conscious experience of place is inevitably a product and expression of the self whose experience it is, and therefore, unavoidably, the nature of that experience...is shaped at every turn by the personal and social biographies of those who sustain it.⁵¹

Though shaped in many ways by shared cultural understandings, values, and traditions, the sense of place is ultimately deeply personal.

⁴⁹ Relph, 30.

⁵⁰ Keith H. Basso, *Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscape and Language Among the Western Apache* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996), xv-xvi.

⁵¹ *Ibid.*, 106-107.

Other scholars have theorized about how sense of place and place attachment are expressed and created, principally through written and folk narratives. Narrative almost universally structures our experience of the past, our sense of self, our interactions with others, and our relationship to place and community.⁵² Though visual representations such as art and photography often convey deep meaning, many scholars have argued that it is in stories that the sense of place is most readily seen.⁵³ As folklorist Barbara Johnstone succinctly states, “[O]ur sense of place...is rooted in narration. A person is at home in a place when the place evokes stories, and, conversely, stories can serve to create places.”⁵⁴ The relationship between stories and place, she argues, goes both ways; stories both *create* and *express* sense of place. In order for a place to be more than undifferentiated space, it must have stories, and it is in stories that the spirit of a place is best expressed. As Western author Wallace Stegner famously wrote, “No place is a place until things that have happened in it are remembered in history, ballads, yarns, legends, or monuments. Fictions serve as well as facts.”⁵⁵

This study takes as its starting point these three ideas—that places are created and emotionally experienced, that even transitory travelers can form attachments to place if they

⁵² Hayden White, *The Content of the Form: Narrative Discourse and Historical Representation* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1987), 1.

⁵³ Ryden, xiv. Scholars have recently begun to explore non-narrative ways of creating place, particularly in mapping. See Dori Griffin, *Mapping Wonderlands: Illustrated Cartography of Arizona, 1912-1962* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2012).

⁵⁴ Barbara Johnstone, *Stories, Community, and Place: Narratives from Middle America* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1990), 5.

⁵⁵ Wallace Stegner, “The Sense of Place,” in *Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs: Living and Writing in the West* (New York: Random House, 1992), 202. Other scholars have expressed similar sentiments. Barbara Allen Bogart states, for example, “To hear a story about a place is to expand our own perception of the place, to deepen its meaning beyond our own experience.” Barbara Allen Bogart, *In Place: Stories of Landscape and Identity from the American West* (Glendo, WY: High Plains Press, 1995), 12.

open themselves to it, and that relationships with places are most often expressed through narrative. By studying the published writings (fact and fiction, if the two can indeed be separated) and personal letters of Hubbell's guests, I tease out their intensely individual emotional experiences with the Navajo landscape and the role they played in creating Navajo country as place. In a very real sense, I argue, visitors to Navajo country built the landscape in large part out of J. L. Hubbell's words.

The connection between stories and place has another dimension critical to this study: community. Folklorists in particular have long studied the relationships between stories, the formation of community identity, and the sense of place, concluding that stories are more permanently and effectively attached to place when shared with other community members. Historian and folklorist Barbara Allen Bogart states, for example, "that a place lives for us, that we belong to it most fully, that we find ourselves in place, when we know it through stories, including our own, *and when we pass those stories on to others.*"⁵⁶ Public historian David Glassberg reaffirms this argument as he demonstrates that the sense of place lives not only in our personal memories, but in the collective memories of our communities.

"Through *conversations* among family and friends about past local characters," he writes, "about the weather, about work, we transform ordinary environments into 'storied places.'"⁵⁷

Dan Flores similarly argues that a shared history is crucial to a sense of place, whether that history takes the form of mythology, folklore, or historical literature.⁵⁸ Barbara Johnstone

⁵⁶ Bogart, 11. Italics mine. For an excellent collection of essays about the connection of community and place, see William Vitek and Wes Jackson, *Rooted in the Land: Essays on Community and Place* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1996).

⁵⁷ Glassberg, 19. Italics mine.

⁵⁸ Dan Flores, "Spirit of Place and the Value of Nature in the American West," *Yellowstone Science* 1, no. 3 (Spring 1993): 8.

articulates the relationship between stories, places, and communities in her study, *Stories, Community, and Place: Narratives from Middle America*. She argues that a community is more than a group of people who live in a shared space; it is a group of people who share stories, and that stories are in fact a large part of what creates a sense of community within a group.⁵⁹ “Collective knowledge of place evokes the collective memory that defines a group,” she writes. “Individuals’ relationships to groups are mediated by shared memories, memories organized around places and the stories that belong to places.”⁶⁰ Narrative—particularly stories—these authors demonstrate, is not just central to the creation and expression of sense of place, but to the sense of community. The fact that Hubbell’s guests did not just passively hear his stories, but repeated them, sharing them with each other in varied settings becomes quite significant when seen in this light. The stories not only became personal receptacles for expressing place attachment, but signifiers of belonging to a group of people who had shared a rare and meaningful experience.

Kent C. Ryden’s interdisciplinary study of place, *Mapping the Invisible Landscape: Folklore, Writing, and the Sense of Place*, ties these diverse threads together in a theory of place-making and place attachment that provided much of the inspiration for this study. In a series of essays on mapping, folklore, place, and community, Ryden explores the multidimensional sense of place and examines how it gains its expression through words. Ryden uses the term “invisible landscape” to describe the sense of place, “an unseen layer of usage, memory, and significance...superimposed upon the geographical surface of the two-

⁵⁹ Johnstone, 5, 121.

⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, 121.

dimensional map.”⁶¹ Like others, he argues that the imaginary landscape, or sense of place, “achieves its clearest articulation through narrative,” both folk and literary.⁶² Stories, he argues, are inextricably linked with landscape and are the central means by which people organize and express their relationship to place. Folklore, more than anything else, Ryden argues, reveals the depth of local geographic knowledge, transmits unrecorded and intimate histories of a place, creates a strong sense of personal and community identity, and, most elusively, reveals the emotions that people attach to place.⁶³ In his study, Ryden hints a crucial element missing from much of the literature on place, folklore, and community, but that often shows up, as we will see, in studies of myth in the West, namely the role of local characters in the creation of sense of place. “Sometimes,” Ryden writes, “a prominent local character is elevated to folk-hero status at least in part because...[of] his mastery of the harsh conditions imposed by the local terrain” and cultures.⁶⁴ Ryden continues:

On the surface, such lore concentrates on a human hero, but the local landscape nonetheless looms large over his shoulder, conditioning not only what he does but who he is. Outsiders may enjoy hearing and reading these tales, but they will not appreciate them in the same way as does the audience which shares the land in which the hero and his acts are rooted.⁶⁵

Such a concept forms the heart of this study. Hubbell, I will argue, was of this breed of local legend, who, in conquering the landscape earned the right to personify it. His stories were appreciated by outsiders as they reaffirmed Western myths, but they held a deeper level of meaning for those who shared his landscape. As they encountered the beauties and stark

⁶¹ Ryden, 40.

⁶² Ibid., xiv.

⁶³ Ibid., 62-67.

⁶⁴ Ibid., 91.

⁶⁵ Ibid.

realities of Navajo country, travelers needed stories to anchor their cognitive and emotional understanding of its meaning. For the Navajos, who had lived in the wrinkles and folds of Northeastern Arizona for centuries, stories connected them to the landscape in a “dense web of belief” where place names conveyed knowledge and the deeds of past beings could be seen writ large on the face of the desert.⁶⁶ As one Navajo described the rich varnish of story over the land, “Every inch of ground, all vegetation and the fauna on it are considered sacred. There are no places that are holier than others. There are so many stories that go with the land that it would take more than twenty years to tell them.”⁶⁷ Unlike the Navajos, Anglo visitors had no such stories to bind them to place. Sometimes, they borrowed Navajo stories, but in order to truly transform Navajo country from empty space to meaningful place from their outsiders’ perspective, they needed their own heroes, their own narratives. For many travelers, I argue, Hubbell’s frontier tales filled that void.

Finally, one last expression of place attachment relevant to this study is the possession of objects, most notably souvenirs. Hubbell “was one of the first traders to devote substantial time and energy to marketing Navajo-made goods off-reservation,” helping to create a robust trade in “curiosities” or “curios,” Indian-made products that appealed to Anglo consumers’ enchantment with all things exotic.⁶⁸ The importance of souvenirs as expressions of place attachment and representations of travel has been

⁶⁶ Klara B. Kelley and Harris Francis, *Navajo Sacred Places* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1994), 1-2, 49. See also Kathleen Brooks Freye, “Lives and Landscapes: A Conversation with the Navajo about the Meaning of Place Attachment” (MA thesis, Arizona State University, 1998); and Stephen C. Jett, “Navajo Sacred Places: Management and Interpretation of Mythic History,” *The Public Historian* 17, no. 2 (Spring 1995): 39-47. Keith Basso’s *Wisdom Sits in Places* offers perhaps the single most compelling analysis of a Native American culture’s sense of place.

⁶⁷ Qtd. in Kelley and Francis, 28.

⁶⁸ Bsumek, 103-104; Kathleen L. Howard, “Creating an Enchanted Land: Curio Entrepreneurs Promote and Sell the Indian Southwest, 1880-1940” (PhD diss., Arizona State University, 2002), 3.

documented by several studies, including Dean MacCannell's 1976 *The Tourist*.⁶⁹ Scholars argue that objects, particularly travel souvenirs, represent, symbolize, or make tangible particular places, acting as "touchstones of memory."⁷⁰ In other words, much like stories, objects can invoke the spirit of a place. Material culture scholar Beverly Gordon argues that a souvenir, as a physical object, "concretizes or makes tangible what was otherwise only an intangible state. Its physical presence helps locate, define, and freeze in time a fleeting, transitory experience, and bring back into ordinary experience something of the quality of an extraordinary experience."⁷¹ Put more simply, as Nigel Morgan and Annette Pritchard do in their auto-ethnographic exploration of the meanings of their own souvenirs, "consumers reflexively use souvenirs after the original travel experience to (re)create tourism experiences."⁷²

Several historical studies have taken aspects of this broad framework and applied them specifically to the Indian curio trade and travel in the Southwest. In her dissertation "Creating an Enchanted Land: Curio Entrepreneurs Promote and Sell the Indian Southwest, 1880-1940," Kathleen Howard examines the power of objects to hold meaning about places. She argues that curio dealers sold more than objects; "they sold the Southwest region to

⁶⁹ Dean MacCannell, *The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class* (1976; repr. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999). See also Thomas C. O'Guinn and Russell W. Belk, "Heaven on Earth: Consumption at Heritage Village, USA," *Journal of Consumer Research* 16, no. 2 (1989): 227-238; and Susan Stewart, *On Longing: Narratives of the Miniature, the Gigantic, the Souvenir, the Collection* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984).

⁷⁰ Stacey Menzel Baker, Susan Schultz Kleine, and Heather E. Bowen, "On the Symbolic Meanings of Souvenirs for Children," in vol. 10 of *Research in Consumer Behavior*, ed. Russell Belk (Oxford: JAI Press, 2006), 215; Nigel Morgan and Annette Pritchard, "On Souvenirs and Metonymy: Narratives of Memory, Metaphor and Materiality," *Tourist Studies* 5, no. 29 (2005): 37.

⁷¹ Beverly Gordon, "The Souvenir: Messenger of the Extraordinary," *Journal of Popular Culture* 20, no. 3 (Winter 1986): 135.

⁷² Morgan and Pritchard, 30.

tourists and travelers.”⁷³ In doing so, the curio industry contributed to the creation of the Southwest as “an enchanted land that now attracts millions of travelers and tourists.”⁷⁴ Erika Bsumek’s *Indian-Made: Navajo Culture in the Marketplace, 1868-1940* similarly illuminates the particular relationship between Navajo-made goods, consumers, and the myth of the Navajo artisan, but expands Howard’s analysis by examining the meanings consumers inscribed upon their souvenirs. She argues that the flourishing trade in Indian curios cannot be explained solely by advertising campaigns and models of supply and demand, but that “purchasers layered their own meanings, beliefs, and desires onto the Navajo blankets, baskets, and jewelry they held dear.”⁷⁵ Objects, Bsumek demonstrates, became imbued with meanings far beyond those imposed by their makers and sellers. They became receptacles for memory and for the impulses that drove Anglos to visit and mythologize the Southwest. In exploring the relationship between J. L. Hubbell’s curio business and the sense of place of his guests, I follow Bsumek’s analysis, incorporating material culture theories to illuminate how his guests inscribed their own meanings on Navajo-made products.

Myth and the Creation of the Southwest

Scholars of the American West have long been interested in its creation as a place in the imagination of Americans. As David H. Murdoch notes, “Sooner or later, virtually everyone who has written about the West refers to ‘the myth.’”⁷⁶ That myth, popularized by Frederick Jackson Turner, depicted the Western frontier as a continually-receding wild

⁷³ Howard, iii.

⁷⁴ Ibid., iv.

⁷⁵ Bsumek, 4-5.

⁷⁶ David Hamilton Murdoch, *The American West: The Invention of a Myth* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 2001), 12.

country of “free land” waiting to be tamed by intrepid individualists who were willing to sacrifice so that civilization might advance behind them, thus renewing American democratic values.⁷⁷ The myth of the West holds that the process of westward settlement “permanently shaped the American character: hardy, optimistic, egalitarian,” and “defined America’s core values: individualism, self-reliance, democratic integrity.”⁷⁸ Turner’s thesis has since been critiqued roundly and frequently for its ethnocentrism, but scholars’ interest in the enduring power of the idea of the mythic West has not waned, and since the 1960s they have produced copious studies of how the myth of the West was shaped and propagated through various cultural forms.⁷⁹

Central to this interest are scholarly works that have come out of the “myth and symbol” school of American Studies. Launched by the publication of Henry Nash Smith’s *Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth* in 1950, these works integrate techniques from a broad variety of disciplines, including literature, history, and folklore, to explore and understand American culture.⁸⁰ Though, like Turner, this school was later critiqued for ethnocentrism, it gave rise to some of the most interesting and fertile studies of the myths,

⁷⁷ Frederick Jackson Turner, *The Frontier in American History* (New York: H. Holt and Co., 1920), 1.

⁷⁸ Murdoch, 2-3. Western history’s near-obsession with Frederick Jackson Turner has produced a critical literature far too expansive to include here. For a small sampling, see Frederick Jackson Turner and John Mack Faragher, *Rereading Frederick Jackson Turner: The Significance of the Frontier in American History and Other Essays* (New York: H. Holt, 1994); Patricia Nelson Limerick, *The Legacy of Conquest: The Unbroken Past of the American West* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1987); and William Cronon, “Revisiting the Vanishing Frontier: The Legacy of Frederick Jackson Turner,” *Western Historical Quarterly* 18, no. 2 (April 1987): 157-176.

⁷⁹ For an exploration of the many ways historians have considered the West, see Gerald D. Nash, *Creating the West: Historical Interpretations, 1890-1900* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1991).

⁸⁰ Henry Nash Smith, *Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1950).

legends, imagery, and literature of the West.⁸¹ The frontier myth, that triumphal, masculine narrative in which “courageous men conquered nature, but at the same time were ‘at one’ with nature,” remained central to these studies.⁸² These scholars have recognized that whatever its flaws and even untruths, “the power of the frontier legend has been, and is, enormous,” constraining the Southwest’s literary forms and shaping the beliefs and expectations of its visitors and residents alike.⁸³

Of particular importance for this study are works examining the role of heroes and legends in the creation of the West as an idea. A foundational text, Kent L. Steckmesser’s *The Western Hero in History and Legend* analyzes the stories surrounding several the West’s largest frontier legends. He argues that Western heroes were typically drawn from actual historical figures who reached mythic proportions and came to represent the frontier as their actions were elaborated upon in literature and folklore.⁸⁴ Steckmesser demonstrates how frontier folk stories followed accepted formulas that emphasized the traits Americans admired and expressed romantic and sentimental nostalgia for the West. Building on Steckmesser’s foundation, other scholars have analyzed how the Western myth’s “raw materials lay in the fragments of history and accumulated legends... fuelled by writers seeking

⁸¹ A few of these works include Richard Slotkin, *Regeneration Through Violence: The Myth of the American Frontier, 1600-1860* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1973); Roderick Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1967); Steckmesser, *The Western Hero in History and Legend*; Daryl Jones, *The Dime Novel Western* (Bowling Green, OH: Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1978); Christine Bold, *Selling the Wild West: Popular Western Fiction, 1860-1960* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1987); William H. Goetzmann and William N. Goetzmann, *The West of the Imagination* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1986); and Richard Etulain, *Re-Imagining the Modern American West: A Century of Fiction, History, and Art* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1996). For a critique of the myth and symbol approach, see Bruce Kuklick, “Myth and Symbol in American Studies,” *American Quarterly* 24, no. 4 (October 1972): 435-450.

⁸² Goodwyn, 161.

⁸³ *Ibid.*, 162.

⁸⁴ Steckmesser, 3.

a vernacular literature and a public seeking escapism.”⁸⁵ As Richard Etulain argues in his exploration of Western art, literature, and folklore, “In the fertile twilight zone between fact and imagination, legendary frontier heroes took root in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries,” providing the region with “a pantheon of manufactured, gargantuan western heroes whose mien and deeds vivified the fearless, mighty people needed to save and settle the west.”⁸⁶ However, many of these scholars who have examined the creation of the West as a myth focus their attention only on the most famous of legends. In taking as its subject a lesser-known but no less mythic figure, this study aims to localize the study of Western myth.

Within the broader context of the West, studies on myth and imagery in the Southwest as its own distinctive region flavored by its tri-cultural heritage of Native American, Hispano, and Anglo cultures have also proliferated.⁸⁷ Two studies in particular have shaped my approach. Leah Dilworth’s *Imagining Indians in the Southwest: Persistent Visions of a Primitive Past* is exemplary of the genre. She discusses issues of authenticity, orientalism, and primitivism in four case studies that show “how Indians of the Southwest were mythologized within the contexts of ethnography, tourism, reformist strategies such as the arts and crafts movement, and modernist art and poetry.”⁸⁸ Building on Dilworth’s arguments, Martin Padgett’s *Indian Country: Travels in the American Southwest, 1840-1935*

⁸⁵ Murdoch, 13.

⁸⁶ Etulain, xx.

⁸⁷ See Donald Meinig, *Southwest: Three Peoples in Geographical Change, 1600-1970* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1971); Judy Nolte Lensink, ed., *Old Southwest New Southwest: Essays on a Region and Its Literature* (Tucson, AZ: Tucson Public Library, 1987); and Chris Wilson, *The Myth of Santa Fe: Creating a Modern Regional Tradition* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1997).

⁸⁸ Leah Dilworth, *Imagining Indians in the Southwest: Persistent Visions of a Primitive Past* (Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1996), 3.

explores how the writing, art, and photography of Southwestern visitors “played a crucial role in constructing the cultural geography of the Southwest.”⁸⁹ Like Dilworth, Padget notes the “preoccupation with describing Native Americans,” but adds depictions of Mexican Americans to the analysis.⁹⁰ These works provide a model of close textual analysis as well as important critical contextual information about the creation of sense of place in the Southwest—not only for those few men and women who did the creating, but also for the consuming American public who were able to construct a mental image and attendant feelings about a place they had never visited.

Studies in Tourism

Works on the development of tourism in the Southwest provide important theoretical and historical information about the connections between narrative, place, and tourism.⁹¹ Scholarly debate over tourism has been thriving for the last several decades in history, geography, anthropology, American Studies and other fields. A large portion of the literature is dedicated to a critique of tourism, analyzing themes of colonialism, exploitation, and corporate domination, and emphasizing the destructiveness of ignorant tourists. Hal Rothman’s 1998 study, *Devil’s Bargains*, which aimed to revive the study of tourism neglected in Western history since the publication of Pomeroy’s landmark 1957 work *In Search of the Golden West*, exemplifies this approach. Rothman portrays tourism as a devil’s bargain, an ostensibly promising economic strategy that in the end irrevocably damages host

⁸⁹ Martin Padget, *Indian Country: Travels in the American Southwest, 1840-1935* (Albuquerque: University of Mexico Press, 2004), 3-4.

⁹⁰ Ibid.

⁹¹ See Marguerite S. Shaffer, *See America First: Tourism and National Identity, 1880-1940* (Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 2001); Earl S. Pomeroy, *In Search of the Golden West: The Tourist in Western America* (New York: Knopf, 1957); and John A. Jakle, *The Tourist: Travel in Twentieth-Century North America* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1985).

communities.⁹² In focusing on tourism's victims and exploitative corporations as the only actors, however, Rothman's study and many others like it, neglects the point of view of the tourist, which severely limits the range of possible interpretations.

Later studies, such as David M. Wrobel and Patrick T. Long's edited collection, *Seeing and Being Seen: Tourism in the American West*, call for greater empathy for tourists and thereby open further avenues of analysis. Wrobel defines a tourist as "someone who travels to experience unfamiliar surroundings," and argues that tourists' motivations are "varied and as difficult to measure as people's sense of place."⁹³ Another contributor to the volume, Rudolfo Anaya, further suggests that ideally, tourists connect their own history to the history of the place they visit, that they in fact share some sense of place with its natives. In the West, he argues, "each new group introduced a new overlay of culture. Each brought a new set of stories, their own history and mythology to the West."⁹⁴ These new scholars of tourism offer a more nuanced understanding of tourism in the present and in the past. Exemplary of the genre is Marguerite Shaffer's *See America First*, which convincingly links the development of tourism to national cultural phenomena, and Wrobel's *Promised Lands: Promotion, Memory, and the Creation of the American West*, which argues that two types of writing—booster literature and pioneer reminiscences—created and sustained popular perceptions of the West as it transitioned into a modern landscape. Wrobel's work is particularly relevant to this dissertation because, while other scholars like Steckmesser have

⁹² Hal K. Rothman, *Devil's Bargains: Tourism in the Twentieth-Century American West* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1998), 10.

⁹³ David M. Wrobel, "Introduction: Tourists, Tourism, and the Toured Upon," in *Seeing and Being Seen: Tourism in the American West*, ed., David M. Wrobel and Patrick T. Long (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2001), 16-17.

⁹⁴ Rudolfo Anaya, "Why I Love Tourists: Confessions of a Dharma Bum," in *Seeing and Being Seen*, 62.

explored the most famous folk heroes and literary figures, Wrobel focuses on personal pioneer reminiscences of less well-known individuals. He argues that while the Buffalo Bill Codys, Teddy Roosevelts, and Zane Greys of the West “certainly played a pivotal role in the forging of a frontier-western heritage,” ordinary pioneers and their stories were also crucial.⁹⁵ This dissertation builds on that idea by exploring the interplay between lesser-known and famous place-makers, for while J. L. himself was certainly no Kit Carson and many of his guests were relatively unknown, some of his closest friends were among the Southwest’s principal mythmakers, men like Charles F. Lummis, George Wharton James, Maynard Dixon, and E. A. Burbank.

Similarly, this dissertation aims to expand the literature that connects the development of tourism with the creation of the Southwest as a myth. Most works to this point have focused specifically on large, powerful entities and iconic landmarks such as the Fred Harvey Company, the Santa Fe Railway, and the city of Santa Fe.⁹⁶ Similarly, studies of creative communities in the Southwest have dealt mainly with the most well-known colonies, such as those at Taos and Santa Fe.⁹⁷ By taking as its subjects an Indian trader and a

⁹⁵ Wrobel, *Promised Lands*, 12. Scott Charles Zeman makes similar arguments in his dissertation exploring the impact of travelers and their discourse on the creation of the Southwest. He argues that individual travelers played a greater role in the construction of the idea than previously supposed, and even includes a short chapter on the role of Indian traders in the “mythic construction of the region.” Scott Charles Zeman, “Traveling the Southwest: Creation, Imagination, and Invention” (PhD diss., Arizona State University, 1998), 3.

⁹⁶ See Victoria E. Dye, *All Aboard for Santa Fe: Railway Promotion of the Southwest, 1890s to 1930s* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2005); Marta Weigle, “From Desert to Disney World: The Santa Fe Railway and the Fred Harvey Company Display the Indian Southwest,” *Journal of Anthropological Research* 45, no. 1 (Spring 1989): 115-137; Marisa Kay Brandt, “Necessary Guidance: The Fred Harvey Company Presents the Southwest” (PhD diss., University of Minnesota, 2011); Marta Weigle and Barbara A. Babcock, eds., *The Great Southwest of the Fred Harvey Company and the Santa Fe Railway* (Phoenix, AZ: Heard Museum, 1996; Wilson, *The Myth of Santa Fe*.

⁹⁷ See, for example, Lynn Cline, *Literary Pilgrims: The Santa Fe and Taos Writers’ Colonies, 1917-1950* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2007); and Julie Schimmell and Robert R. White, *Bert Geer Phillips and the Taos Art Colony* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996).

geographically dispersed creative community, this dissertation localizes and diversifies the conversation about the myth-making processes in the Southwest.

Indian Traders and Navajo Country

Lastly, this study of course builds on a large body of literature dealing with the history of Indian traders, and even a significant collection of works on J. L. Hubbell himself. Frank McNitt's classic study, *The Indian Traders*, is still the most comprehensive general history of the Navajo Indian traders.⁹⁸ Willow Powers Robert's more recent work, *Navajo Trading: The End of an Era* extends McNitt's analysis closer to the present as it examines the close of the Indian trading era in the latter half of the twentieth century.⁹⁹ Histories, biographies, and autobiographies of individual traders abound, and while many of them touch on, in a raw form, some of the themes discussed above, they do not often analyze them.¹⁰⁰ Perhaps the best trader biography that deals explicitly with the traders' relationship with travelers is Laura Graves' *Thomas Varker Keam: Indian Trader*, which discusses Keam's role as an advisor to the anthropologists who studied the Hopis during the 1880s and

⁹⁸ McNitt, *The Indian Traders*. McNitt's work contains a sizable amount of information on J. L. Hubbell, and McNitt, in fact, intended to write a biography of him.

⁹⁹ Willow Roberts Powers, *Navajo Trading: The End of an Era* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2001).

¹⁰⁰ For a sampling of the many histories of individual traders, see Frances Gillmor and Louisa Wade Wetherill, *Traders to the Navajos: The Story of the Wetherills of Kayenta* (1934; repr., Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1953); Elizabeth C. Hegemann, *Navaho Trading Days* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1963); Hilda Faunce, *Desert Wife* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1934); Alberta P. Hannum, *Spin a Silver Dollar: The Story of a Desert Trading Post* (New York: The Viking Press, 1945); Maurine S. Fletcher, *The Wetherills of Mesa Verde: Autobiography of Benjamin Alfred Wetherill* (London: Associated University Presses, 1977); Mary Jeanette Kennedy, *Tales of a Trader's Wife: Life on the Navajo Reservation, 1913-1938* (Albuquerque, NM: Valiant, 1965); Joseph Schmedding, *Cowboy and Indian Trader* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1974); Billie Williams Yost, *Bread upon the Sands* (Caldwell, ID: Caxton Printers, 1958); Willow Roberts, *Stokes Carson: Twentieth Century Trading on the Navajo Reservation* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1987); Sallie Wagner, *Wide Ruins: Memories from a Navajo Trading Post* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1997); Will Evans, *Along Navajo Trails: Recollections of a Trader*, ed. Susan E. Woods and Robert S. McPherson (Logan: Utah State University Press, 2005).

1890s.¹⁰¹ However, the traders' role in the creation of the Southwest as an idea remains a relatively unexplored avenue, and while many of the traders, most notably Keam, the Days, and the Wetherills, earned some degree of fame in shepherding travelers in their journeys in Navajo country, none quite achieved the legendary status of J. L. Hubbell.

In part because of that status, J. L. Hubbell and his trading post have been the subject of the greatest number of works on Indian trading. Hubbell has garnered much popular attention and has produced a mountain of materials aimed at varying audiences. The most complete histories of Hubbell and his trading post are former lawyer Martha Blue's popular biography *Indian Trader: The Life and Times of J. L. Hubbell*, historian Charles Peterson's history of farming and ranching at Hubbell Trading Post, *Homestead and Farm*, and my own recent report, "The Hospitable Home of Lorenzo Hubbell: A Historic Resource Study of Hubbell Trading Post," out of which this dissertation sprung.¹⁰² David Brugge's *Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site*, while short, is also useful.¹⁰³ Albert D. Manchester and Ann Manchester's *Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site: An Administrative History* covers only the period of transition to Park Service jurisdiction forward.¹⁰⁴ The most scholarly works on Hubbell Trading Post are two analyses of Hubbell's influence on Navajo weaving, Teresa Wilkins' *Patterns of Exchange* and Kathy M'Closkey's *Swept Under the Rug*,

¹⁰¹ Laura Graves, *Thomas Varker Keam, Indian Trader* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1998).

¹⁰² Martha Blue, *Indian Trader: The Life and Times of J. L. Hubbell* (Walnut, CA: Kiva Publishing, 2000); Charles S. Peterson, *Homestead and Farm: A History of Farming at the Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site* (Globe, AZ: Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, 1986); Cottam, "Hospitable Home."

¹⁰³ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site* (Tucson: Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, 1993).

¹⁰⁴ Albert D. Manchester and Ann Manchester, *Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site: An Administrative History* (Santa Fe, NM: Division of History, Southwest Cultural Resources Center, Southwest Region, National Park Service, Dept. of the Interior, 1993).

though both are narrowly focused.¹⁰⁵ Of the histories that discuss Hubbell's guests, most mention them as a sort of catalogue of famous people that lend the site additional historic and popular cachet, but none offer any kind of analytical treatment, and in particular, none discuss the guests' role and Hubbell's in the creation of Navajo country as a place. Neither have the Hubbell stories been analyzed for their cultural function in any of these works; scholars have been either accepted them as fact and mined them for anecdotes accordingly, or (increasingly in recent years) challenged them as unverifiable fictions.

Folklorist Barre Toelken reminds us, however, "While a historian might thus 'demote' such a story because of its lack of verifiable detail, a folklorist would see its occurrence in both formal and vernacular circulation as a signal that, indeed, that 'hold on people's mind' does not disappear in the light of factual analysis."¹⁰⁶ The Hubbell stories gain new relevance when viewed as folklore rather than as flawed history and shed light on the myth- and place-making processes. The significance of this dissertation, therefore, extends beyond bringing a new theoretical and analytical approach to the history of Hubbell Trading Post or even to traders in general. Rather, as a case study, it brings together the scholarship on myth, place, folklore, community, and tourism, contributing some understanding to how these forces function together in the creation of meaning and history. Though much has been written about the West and the Southwest's loftiest folk heroes and its most captivating myths, this study brings the analysis of Western legends back down to a human plane, reintroducing a crucial element in the individual pilgrims who propagated the

¹⁰⁵ Kathy McCloskey, *Swept Under the Rug: A Hidden History of Navajo Weaving* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2002); Teresa J. Wilkins, *Patterns of Exchange: Navajo Weavers and Traders* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2008).

¹⁰⁶ Barre Toelken, "Folklore and Reality in the American West," in *Sense of Place: American Regional Cultures*, ed. Barbara Allen and Thomas J. Schlereth (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1990), 22.

legend. Hubbell was only a small legend, but he was a real one, and for the community of seekers who found him, though they were scattered across the world, his stories expressed their longing for a place that symbolized everything they thought they had lost in a modern world.

Sources and Methodology

This dissertation is based on a close, contextualized reading of the Hubbell stories. They are found in both unpublished and published writings of the artists, writers, scientists, and politicians who encountered the sense of place in Navajo country through Hubbell. Their writings run the gamut from technical reports, to booster literature, to fiction. For example, five of Hubbell's most prolific guests were Maynard Dixon, Charles F. Lummis, Hamlin Garland, Alice MacGowan Cooke, and Dane Coolidge. Each writer produced a few narratives that dealt directly with Hubbell or his trading post: Maynard Dixon wrote two short stories about Hubbell, "Chindih" and "Navajo Burial"; Charles F. Lummis included an ode to Hubbell in his promotional article "The Swallows-Nest People"; Hamlin Garland wrote a short story about Hubbell's days as sheriff of Apache County under the disguised banner "Delmar of Pima"; those stories were further immortalized in the novel *Lorenzo the Magnificent* by Dane Coolidge; and finally, Alice MacGowan Cooke included the trading post as a setting in her novel *The Joy Bringer*. These works were all published during Hubbell's lifetime. After Hubbell's death, a canon of Hubbell stories showed up in print like weeds, and I utilize these, too, in order to gauge how the relationship of the Hubbell stories to place changed when Don Lorenzo no longer sat at his fireside and automobiles whisked travelers past his door.

My readings of these texts as expressions of place-making and place attachment are supported by correspondence between the authors and members of the Hubbell family—as

well as between one another, for Hubbell's guests often knew one another and shared his stories with each other. Often, Hubbell carried on the most robust correspondence with individuals who did *not* write published stories about him, and these letters help fill in the gaps left by the printed word. The letters often contain personal expressions of place attachment and gratitude that shore up the sentiments expressed in print. Other sources include newspaper articles, reviews of published works, photographs and paintings, promotional materials, oral history interviews, and the unpublished personal papers and journals of Hubbell's guests. Many of these archival sources were gathered from the incredibly rich Hubbell Trading Post Records and Roman Hubbell Family Papers at the University of Arizona Special Collections in Tucson, together comprising nearly 600 boxes of historical records. These have been supplemented, where possible, with the personal papers of Hubbell's guests, gathered from other archives, as well as with the collections at Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site.

This dissertation makes frequent use of the terms "myth," "legend," "stories," and "tales." In my use of the term "myth," I follow the American Studies school, where myth is not used to refer to "pantheons of gods and their orbits of power," nor to "some sort of popular fallacy, or a general falsification of the historical record."¹⁰⁷ Rather, it is used "in a metaphorical sense by American cultural and literary historians" to refer to secular myths that nevertheless convey cultural values and glorify heroes. The most fundamental of American cultural myths is that of America as Land of Opportunity, to which the myth of

¹⁰⁷ Richard M. Dorson, ed., *Handbook of American Folklore* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1983), 57; Murdoch, 12.

the American West is fundamentally connected.¹⁰⁸ My use of the term “legend” follows the typical use of other scholars who have studied the West’s folk heroes, such as Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, and Soapy Smith—that is, I use it to mean both “a traditional story popularly regarded as historical but which is not authenticated” and “an extremely famous or notorious person.”¹⁰⁹ However, I also lean on richer definitions of the term from the discipline of folklore in order to emphasize their function within the community, their oral transmission, and their sometimes fantastical nature. In folklore, the term legend denotes “a short traditional oral narrative about a person, place, or object that really exists, existed, or is believed to have existed; even when it recounts a supernatural or highly unusual event, this is claimed to have happened in real life.”¹¹⁰ Perhaps a little unconventionally, I use the term “legend” to describe even the written versions of Hubbell’s stories because there is much evidence that they were primarily transmitted orally by both Hubbell and his guests. The oral versions of these stories have died along with their bearers, leaving, in most cases, only the written versions, which are the basis of this study. The terms “story” and “tale” I use interchangeably and simply to refer to short narratives.

Overview of Chapters

Each chapter in this study examines the relationship between Hubbell and the sense of place in Navajo country. *Chapter Two: The Life and Legend of J. L. Hubbell* begins by introducing in greater detail the subject of the study, J. L. Hubbell, exploring his early life,

¹⁰⁸ Dorson, 57. For a discussion of the nature of the term “myth” as it is used to describe the idea of the West, see Murdoch, 12-23.

¹⁰⁹ Catherine Holder Spude, *“That Fiend in Hell”: Soapy Smith in Legend* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2012), 6.

¹¹⁰ Jacqueline Simpson, and Steve Roud, *A Dictionary of English Folklore* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), 212.

characteristics, and identity. This chapter examines how Hubbell fashioned his own image, consciously cultivating characteristics that appealed to the antimodernist and romantic sensibilities of Americans. The chapter explores the aspects of his allure, including his multi-cultural heritage and longstanding connections to Indian cultures. It also traces his early history from the time he first left his ancestral home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to embark on adventures throughout the Southwest, to his days as a trader in Ganado, Arizona, setting the stage on which he performed his identity.

The study then moves into a series of four chapters focusing on the J. L. Hubbell stories themselves. *Chapter Three: Prince of Hospitality* explores what are perhaps the most common and enduring of the Hubbell stories: the many tales of Hubbell's hospitality, including first person descriptions from visitors who stayed under his roof. These stories include anecdotes about Hubbell's generosity in giving gifts and what happens when obnoxious guests impose too much upon his seemingly infinite patience and hospitality. These stories are often the most direct in making connections between individual experience, connection to landscape, and Hubbell, and therefore provide the best medium for exploring stories as expression of place attachment.

Closely related to Hubbell's hospitality is his involvement in the curio trade, the subject of the next chapter. *Chapter Four: Mementos of the Enchanted Desert* explores the role of Hubbell's flourishing trade in Navajo blankets and curios as an expression of place attachment and sense of place in Navajo country. Hubbell's hospitality played an important role in his business, especially as the curio trade boomed nationally as a result of cultural forces like the Arts and Crafts Movement. That business in turn played a crucial role in his guests' sense of place and their memory of Navajo country. Hubbell's visitors almost always took home with them not only memories of their stay at Ganado, but also physical

reminders that tied them both to Hubbell and to Navajo country, sometimes even decorating entire “Indian rooms” in their homes. This chapter examines what role these objects played in visitors’ relationship with Northeastern Arizona as expressed in their letters and stories. It also examines the length of Hubbell’s reach in creating the image of the Southwest through objects by examining his relationships with entities like Fred Harvey Company, natural history museums, and world’s fairs.

The last two chapters examine some of Hubbell’s most adventurous stories. *Chapter Five: Conqueror and Benefactor of the Navajos* examines a group of stories that paint J. L. Hubbell as both the Navajos’ benefactor—often, their *best* benefactor—and as their conqueror. But while traditional Western stories often involve the hero bettering the Indians by force, in the J. L. Hubbell stories, Hubbell bests them with his wits, with outrageous bluffs, and through personal friendship. These stories reflect visitors’ complicated attitudes towards the Navajos, simultaneously admiring and looking down upon their “primitivism.” These stories are also one of the chief ways in which J. L. is portrayed as a hero who conquers the landscape and becomes therefore an extension of it. Hubbell, I will argue, leveraged his relationship with the Navajos into greater fame and political clout.

Chapter Six: Sheriff of Apache County similarly explores a group of stories dramatizing Hubbell’s single term as the Sheriff of Apache County from 1884 to 1886. These stories are among the most traditionally Western of the Hubbell stories as they feature more violence than most of the others. These stories paint Hubbell as a decisive, powerful man who fits well the stereotype of frontier sheriff, and in this chapter, I analyze how these stories fit into the myth- and place-making processes at work in the Southwest. Though these stories were removed in both time and setting from J. L.’s corner of Navajo country, they lent him a frontier pedigree, marking him as one of the West’s quintessential archetypes: the lawman.

Finally, the conclusion briefly traces what happened to J. L. Hubbell's legend and his guests' sense of place after his death in 1930. It provides a shot overview of the roles of his two sons, Lorenzo Jr. and Roman, in strengthening the connection between the Hubbell name and the Navajo landscape as Lorenzo Jr. operated a second trading post near the Hopi villages and Roman ran a touring company based out of Gallup. Their association with Navajo country, however, was weakened after their father's death. I argue that the change in how people traveled and the absence of Hubbells at Hubbell Trading Post led to a gradual disconnect between the Hubbell stories and the landscape. Nevertheless, at the time when Dorothy Hubbell was trying to interest the National Park Service in buying the ranch, former visitors still felt enough attachment that they lobbied to save it. The Hubbell legends continued, enduring and enjoying a revival in the 1960s due to the Park Service's purchase of the site and the decline of Indian trading as a profession that lent the site nostalgic distinction. Finally, the study concludes with a brief exploration of how it has become popular in recent years to shine a light on J. L. Hubbell's less altruistic side, as his biographer, Martha Blue, does in *Indian Trader*, and Warren Perkins does in his twenty-first century novel *Putrefaction Live*. These recent interpretations of the Hubbell legend offer an interesting commentary on the continually changing nature of the stories and their meaning.

CHAPTER 2

THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF JUAN LORENZO HUBBELL

One “rainy, snowy, blowy afternoon” in 1912, a romance novelist sat with pen and notebook in hand in the warehouse of Lorenzo Hubbell’s trading post in Ganado, Arizona, watching the work of valuing and baling Navajo rugs for shipment. Perched out of the way of the two Navajo workers and the trader’s son, Roman, she jotted down descriptions of the dazzling designs that charmed her one by one, the Navajos who ducked in from time to time to get out of the rain, their turquoise jewelry adding to the “riot of color,” and even the dog who ran in and interrupted the activity.¹¹¹ But her attention was inexorably drawn back to her half-Spanish, half-Yankee host, who sat at the desk scratching figures into neat columns in his ledger books. She studied him “covertly, as wielders of the pen have a trick of doing,” trying to solve the intriguing puzzle of his character.¹¹²

The writer, Grace MacGowan Cooke, had come to Hubbell Trading Post at the particular insistence of one of Hubbell’s close personal friends, Southwest devotee Charles F. Lummis. She had spent the winter enduring the “excessive and continual hardships of living in a one-roomed Indian house” in the Hopi pueblo of Oraibi, researching and writing her latest novel, *The Joy Bringer*.¹¹³ The romance was typical—midnight elopement, mistaken identities, unrequited passion—except that its lovers were an Eastern coquette and an Indian trader. Cooke’s time in the desert allowed the sense of place to soak into the pages of her

¹¹¹ Grace MacGowan Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert,” *The Lookout*, July 12, 1913. As an overview of Juan Lorenzo Hubbell’s life and the history of Navajo country, this chapter draws from and summarizes portions of Cottam, “Hospitable Home,” especially chapters one through three. Another description of Cooke’s visit can be found in Cottam, 1-2.

¹¹² Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.”

¹¹³ *Ibid.*

story, much of which took place in Navajo country. When it was published, readers could not help but notice “the abundance of local color” infused in her words.¹¹⁴ One critic was fascinated by the novel’s “many picturesque details concerning the manners and customs of the Hopi and other Indians,” and thought that “without the background reflecting as it does an intimate acquaintance with the country and the people,” the story itself would have been “slight” and only “sufficiently interesting.”¹¹⁵ Knowing that Cooke had come to Arizona with the express purpose of experiencing its sense of place, all throughout the winter she spent in Oraibi, it seemed that nearly everyone she met told her that she had not truly experienced Navajo country until she had met its most fascinating and hospitable occupant—Lorenzo Hubbell. Lummis urged her to visit the trader he described as a “magnificent...specimen of the western path-breaker, a man who makes possible the civilization he rather shuns.”¹¹⁶

When the time came for her to leave the desert behind, rather than heading back to the railhead in Gallup the way she had come, through Fort Defiance, she loaded her baggage onto one of Hubbell’s wagons and rode the rutted trail down to Ganado with Don Lorenzo himself as her amiable driver. At dusk, they were welcomed by the sight of “a long, log adobe house, built in the unimposing Mexican style, sitting on the river bank with its store

¹¹⁴ “The Joy Bringer,” *The San Francisco Call*, June 9, 1913.

¹¹⁵ Ibid. Even twenty-first century critics have seen in *The Joy Bringer* “a strong sense of place, setting, environment...giving it an almost magical, mythical significance.” Charles I. Switzer, “The MacGowan Sisters: Early-Twentieth-Century Popular Writers,” *Journal of Popular Culture* 34, no. 1 (Summer 2000): 97-98. Another modern critic similarly states, “Her adventures in the desert enabled Grace to create a setting that rises above a contrived romantic plot to provide an important documentation of Hopi village life.” Kay Baker Gaston, “The MacGowan Girls,” *California History* 59, no. 2 (Summer 1980): 121.

¹¹⁶ Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.”

beside it.”¹¹⁷ Hubbell showed her into his home, “a great assembly hall...of noble proportions, rough-ceiled to be sure, and with a big stone fireplace, but richly beautiful with its rug-covered floor, its walls a-tapestry of good paintings, admirably chosen photographs, and its ceiling a treasure of Indian baskets set in lines between the big beams.”¹¹⁸ Cooke spent three days at Hubbell’s trading post, “trying to forget in its delightful hospitality the hardship we had passed through.”¹¹⁹ Like many visitors before her, she admired the “treasures of art, civilized and barbaric...beneath its roof” and reveled in the companionship of the Hubbell dinner table.¹²⁰ “What is it that gives the final exquisite flavor to a feast of this sort?” she marveled. “We all ate, the white people, the Indians, and the dog...and I think I never tasted food so delicious.”¹²¹

Throughout her stay, she watched her host most carefully, trying—and failing—to capture his enigmatic personality in the words that were her stock and trade. In an account of her stay at Hubbell Trading Post that was published in the local newspaper back home in Tennessee, she wrote, “I decided early in my study of the man and his surroundings that it was quite too romantic for any writer to put it in a book. One has to make up one’s romance, and that of reality is apt to be voted quite too incredible by the reader.”¹²² A year after she left Ganado, when *The Joy Bringer* finally rolled off the presses after running serially, she sent an autographed copy to Hubbell. She had described the trading post in great detail

¹¹⁷ Ibid.

¹¹⁸ Ibid.

¹¹⁹ Ibid.

¹²⁰ Ibid.

¹²¹ Ibid.

¹²² Ibid.

in one of her chapters, but Hubbell himself did not appear. She explained, “I took plenty of liberty with your place at Ganada [sic], but no liberties with your person. You’re too big a man to be put in as a side character—when I go to writing about you it will take a whole book to hold you!”¹²³ *The Joy Bringer*, after all, was “only a fiction story.”¹²⁴

Who was this Don Lorenzo that an authoress, quite willing to ask her readers to believe that a woman might accidentally elope with and marry the wrong man in a fantastical case of mistaken identity, thought too romantic for the reading public’s credulity? What manner of stories was he made of that caused Charles Lummis to exclaim:

All along that strange, bald country are men worth knowing; for the frontier is the hardest test of manhood. It breaks the weaklings, and they slink off and fritter away. The strong man it makes a giant; and every man who has stood sentry in that land for a quarter of a century is worth knowing and worth counting for friend. . . . But I believe not one of these grizzled veterans will grudge my estimate of Don Lorenzo as their dean. A frontier sheriff in the hard old times of Arizona and New Mexico; a political manager whose rival has never been known in the Territories; a handsome man, who looks old or young according to the activity of his razor; a mild blue-eyed person who no sane desperado would ‘tackle;’ the courtliest of men, the most generous of friends and foes, he has lived the paradoxes to the full.¹²⁵

By the time Cooke met him, Hubbell was 60 years old and an Arizona state senator, well-practiced in the art of subtle showmanship as he took off and put on his many guises—Indian trader, gracious host, businessman, fiery Republican, lawman, captivating storyteller. At home, playing the part of an old pioneer, he might wear “his Ganado look—long, unkempt hair, raggedy beard, suspended pants, and short-sleeved jacket.”¹²⁶ In Phoenix or

¹²³ Grace MacGowan Cooke to J. L. Hubbell, May 20, 1913, Box 19, Folder Cooke, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁴ Grace MacGowan Cooke to J. L. Hubbell, May 29, 1912, Folder Cooke, Historical Files, Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site, Ganado, AZ (hereafter cited as Historical Files, HU’TR); Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.”

¹²⁵ Charles F. Lummis, “The Swallow’s-Nest People,” *Out West* 26, no. 6 (June 1907): 500-501.

¹²⁶ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 173.

Washington, D.C., fighting for Hispanic voting rights or critical water legislation, he would be “groomed for political battle...smartly suited, hair clipped short and neatly parted and a mustache that copied Teddy Roosevelt’s.”¹²⁷ When eager travelers asked him for stories about the rough-and-tumble days of the old Southwest, he might oblige them with “an endless flow of droll anecdotes,” or he might “[shun] the limelight” and remain strangely coy until his guests wheedled a tale out of him or got some other visitor, better-acquainted with his repertoire, to tell it for him.¹²⁸ When he did open his mouth, his stories were orchestrated to please the antimodernist sensibilities of the travelers by his fireside, for “memories, of course, are not just recollected or reproduced: they are constructed, even invented.”¹²⁹ Hubbell’s home, too, festooned every inch with Indian arts and crafts and fine Western paintings, was “a showplace, a well-set stage upon which he could royally entertain guests from all walks of life with food, drink, good conversation, and music.”¹³⁰ Even his farm, with its fields of waving alfalfa and corrals teeming with Navajo sheep, was “part of the mystique and part of a setting carefully staged by John Lorenzo.”¹³¹

In setting this stage and casting himself as a character in the conquering of the frontier, Hubbell undoubtedly knew precisely the elements of his nineteenth-century adventures that would satisfy the longings of his twentieth-century guests. It was, in a very real sense, his business to know, for Americans’ Southwestern fantasies fuelled his curio

¹²⁷ Ibid.

¹²⁸ Dixon, “Arizona in 1900,” 125.

¹²⁹ Wrobel, *Promised Lands*, 13.

¹³⁰ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 44.

¹³¹ Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 300.

trade. Circumstance had given him abundant raw materials out of which to fashion a mythic identity. The Legend of Don Lorenzo began with his heritage.

The Legendary Ancestry of Juan Lorenzo Hubbell

Much of what occupied Grace MacGowan Cooke's mind that rainy afternoon in 1912 was the contemplation of Lorenzo Hubbell's ancestry. He was half-Hispanic, half-Anglo, and completely immersed in Indian culture—a true product of the tri-cultural Southwest.¹³² On the surface, his parents came from starkly different worlds: his mother from Spanish New Mexico and his father from Yankee Connecticut. The combination of these two family lines allowed Hubbell to occupy a privileged and ambiguous space that straddled both worlds. On one hand, his Hispano heritage lent him some of the romance of old Mexico that so charmed visitors to the Southwest. On the other hand, his Yankee blood allowed his guests to account for his transcendence of some of American culture's most deeply ingrained negative stereotypes of Mexicans. With such a heritage, Navajo country pilgrims could explain away any combination of paradoxical characteristics by declaring that "Juan Lorenzo Hubbell was a combination of Yankee stability and Spanish charm."¹³³

According to family stories, Juan Lorenzo's mother, Juliana Gutiérrez, was a graceful, aristocratic woman with blonde hair and blue eyes that betrayed her Castilian blood.¹³⁴ Her pedigree was, if not precisely noble, at least wealthy, powerful, and long

¹³² See Meinig, *Southwest*. Paul Horgan called the Southwest's signature tri-cultural mixture the "'Heroic Triad,' a regional interpretation based on images of the mission/hacienda Hispanics, the Native Americans, and the cowboys/ranchers." Keith L. Bryant Jr., *Culture in the American Southwest: The Earth, the Sky, the People* (College Station: Texas A&M University, 2001), 180-181. See Paul Horgan, *The Heroic Triad: Essays in the Social Energies of Three Southwestern Cultures* (Austin: Texas Monthly Press, 1987).

¹³³ Agnes M. Pharo, "Don of Ganado," *Old West* 9 (Summer 1973): 6. This section on Juliana's Spanish heritage draws from Cottam, 30-33.

¹³⁴ Joseph Emerson Smith, 372.

established in the Southwest. According to genealogies compiled by her descendants, her New World roots extended as far back as the 1500s when her ancestor, Luis Baca, left Toledo, Spain behind him and made the perilous journey to Mexico City. His grandson, Cristobal Baca, took the family line into what would later become New Mexico in 1600 as part of the first waves of Spanish settlement under Juan de Oñate. For generations afterwards, the lives of the Bacas were intertwined with the violent history of the conquest of the Southwest. The family produced army captains who struggled against the Native Americans for every acre they claimed. The Bacas were among those who fled New Mexico in the wake of the Pueblo Revolt of 1680, abandoning their hard-won foothold, and they were also among those who, a generation later, returned to retake their *estancias* in the Spanish Reconquista.¹³⁵

Though the Baca line grants Juliana's family the oldest ties to New Mexico, her ancestry is an intricate latticework of Bacas, Chavezes, Gutiérrezes, and Garcias whose early efforts in colonizing New Mexico developed similar patinas of nobility. They were soldiers, involved in some of the most famous clashes with the Apaches and Navajos. They were Spanish merchants and businessmen who married into old New Mexican landholding families, combining wealth with influence. They were politicians, governors, and mayors with enough prestige and power to retain their high position in society through the regime change when Mexico won its independence from Spain in 1821, and even after the United

¹³⁵ Lawrence Lane, "The Family History," *La Bandera de la Casa Hubbell-Gutiérrez* 4, no. 3 (September 2007): 5-6; Julian G. Baca, "Juliana Hubbell de Gutiérrez Family History and Genealogy," n.d., Box 3, Folder Baca, Julian G..., Unprocessed Collection, David Brugge, MS 770, Center for Southwest Research, University Libraries, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM (hereafter cited as Brugge Papers, Center for Southwest Research), 1-4. While Lane traces back several of Juliana's ancestral lines, Baca's narrative focuses on tracing a direct line to Captain Cristóbal Baca. The idea of pure Spanish heritage still carries tremendous weight in American culture, making the Baca line the most important as the one that preserves a pure Spanish inheritance for Juliana.

States took control in 1848. With the passing generations, Juliana's ancestors amassed huge sections of property, including a tract of land at Pajarito, not far from Albuquerque, where Juan Lorenzo Hubbell would one day be born.¹³⁶

Such a complicated pedigree rarely made it into popular accounts of Juan Lorenzo's ancestral background, and he most certainly did not weigh his guests down with details of his ancestors' migrations. Most writers presented a simplified version that capitalized on and exaggerated the most important elements: Juliana was not Mexican, but Spanish, through and through. She was rich. And she came from a family of political and economic influence. Take, for example, Joseph Emerson Smith's effusively romantic description of Juan Lorenzo's background in the obituary he wrote for the trader:

He was born at Pajarito, fourteen miles from Albuquerque, N.M., on the old Spanish grant a king of Spain had deeded to his mother's family. She was Juliana Gutierrez, and her Castilian blood was traceable in her sparkling beauty. To her young husband, one of the early American settlers coming to New Mexico shortly after the war with Mexico, she brought a princess' dowry in sheep, cattle and lands.¹³⁷

Kingly gifts, princesses' dowries, pure bloodlines, and unparalleled beauty: Juliana was in memory a fitting mother to the man who would be called "the King of Northern Arizona."¹³⁸

The fundamental elements of Juliana's character emphasized in accounts of Hubbell's origins held a profound significance for Anglo readers. Prior to 1890, most Anglo-Americans harbored negative views of the Hispano Southwest, seeing Mexicans as vastly inferior not only to themselves, but to the Native Americans. Early Anglo travelers to the

¹³⁶ Lane, 5-6, 8; Baca, "Juliana Hubbell," Brugge Papers, Center for Southwest Research, 1-12; John O. Baxter, *Las Carneradas: Sheep in New Mexico, 1700-1860* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1987), 47.

¹³⁷ Joseph Emerson Smith, 372.

¹³⁸ Laut, 126.

Southwest, influenced by deep cultural Hispanophobia and anti-Catholicism amplified by territorial disputes in Texas, were primed to depict Mexicans and Spaniards alike as “innately rapacious, cruel, and treacherous.”¹³⁹ Though “American travelers almost unanimously considered Mexican women to be incomparably superior to the men,” their appreciation for the Señoritas’ hospitality and charm always stood in stark contrast with the men’s corruption.¹⁴⁰ As more and more disparaging depictions of Mexicans flooded American popular culture, travelers, having read the accounts of those who had gone before them, already “knew” what they would find, and thus the image of the lazy, greedy Mexican perpetuated itself. Some few travelers nuanced the common stereotypes, but “not until the 1880s, when Charles F. Lummis arrived in the Southwest, would there be any Anglo traveler of prominence who voiced...appreciation for the ‘Spanish’ element.”¹⁴¹

Lummis represented a new kind of traveler, one “more cosmopolitan and introspective” than the old trappers, traders, and soldiers.¹⁴² He began “a love affair between the Spanish Southwest and Anglo-American travelers from the East.”¹⁴³ Lummis would

¹³⁹ Raymund A. Paredes, “The Mexican Image in American Travel Literature, 1831-1869,” *New Mexico Historical Review* 52, no. 1 (January 1977): 8. David J. Weber elaborates on this idea, explaining that in order to justify English or American expansion into Spanish territory in North America, Anglo writers “uniformly condemned Spanish rule,” arguing that “centuries of Spanish misgovernment...had enervated all of Spain’s New World colonies.” They found the reason behind this misgovernment in the character of Spaniards. “From their English forebears and other non-Spanish Europeans, Anglo Americans had inherited the view that Spaniards were unusually cruel, avaricious, treacherous, fanatical, superstitious, cowardly, corrupt, decadent, indolent, and authoritarian—a unique complex of perjoratives that historians from Spain came to call the Black Legend, *la leyenda negra*.” David J. Weber, “The Spanish Legacy in North America and the Historical Imagination,” *The Western Historical Quarterly* 23, no. 1 (February 1992): 6-7.

¹⁴⁰ Paredes, 13, 18. Seen in this light, it becomes significant that Juan Lorenzo Hubbell’s Spanish heritage came to him through his mother, and that his children’s Spanish heritage came through their mother, Lina Rubi.

¹⁴¹ Burl Noggle, “Anglo Observers of the Southwest Borderlands, 1825-1890: The Rise of a Concept,” *Arizona and the West* 1, no. 2 (Summer 1959): 121.

¹⁴² *Ibid.*, 124-125.

¹⁴³ *Ibid.*, 130.

become one of the most influential writers in creating the image of the Southwest, but when he first arrived on his famous tramp across the continent, he shared America's disdain for Mexicans. In his letters home, he reported the same kinds of caricatures that his predecessors had as he made his way through New Mexico and Arizona. However, after an extended stay with the family of Amado Chaves, he "not only dismissed Euro-American stereotypes of Mexican Americans but praised the 'social virtues' of Hispanos in direct relation to the 'unbred boorishness' of lower-class Euro-Americans."¹⁴⁴ Lummis became a champion of the Hispanos as a romantic and essential part of the Southwestern experience. But even as his views towards Hispanos softened, Lummis relied on a construction first articulated by John R. Bartlett of the Boundary Commission, who "distinguished the 'inferior' Mexican of Texas and New Mexico—who could either assimilate and profit, or resist and be shoved aside—from the 'superior' Castilian aristocrat in California who not only would be assimilated, but who was being accepted as an equal by the Anglo."¹⁴⁵ While he was not without appreciation for those poor mestizo Hispanos "whose racial and cultural traits were confused," he reserved his highest praise for the "old Spanish colonial elite."¹⁴⁶ As Martin Padget writes, Lummis was continually fascinated by the Southwest's Spanish colonial heritage, and he theorized that "elite Hispanos allegedly owed their nobility to 'pure' European blood and their direct lineage to Europe."¹⁴⁷

This dualistic construction of Hispano identity that elevated the pure-blooded Spanish American over the Mexican gained lasting cultural currency in the twentieth

¹⁴⁴ Padget, 120-121.

¹⁴⁵ Noggle, 121.

¹⁴⁶ Padget, 128, 118.

¹⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, 128.

century.¹⁴⁸ In fiction and travel literature alike, Hispanos appeared in two guises: “the sinister, mestizo scoundrel, and, less frequently, the decadent ‘Castilian’ romantic.”¹⁴⁹ American travelers would have been familiar with these tropes, having encountered them in countless dime novels. When they met an Indian trader with “piercing blue eyes” who frequently broke into Spanish and displayed a lavish hospitality, they could thus fit him quite neatly into an idyllic category.¹⁵⁰ He was no lowly Mexican, but the son of “a high-bred señorita from the Rio Grande Valley.”¹⁵¹ As the descendant of Spanish pioneers, even “aristocrats,” who had been given land by the Spanish king himself, Juan Lorenzo Hubbell was an object of great romance.¹⁵²

Nevertheless, in some visitors’ eyes, the Spanish half of his blood still required a little leavening, and to that end, they turned to his father, James Lawrence Hubbell. James was born in 1824 in Connecticut, where his family had lived since his ancestor, Richard Hubbell, had left his native England around 1645.¹⁵³ The Hubbells stolidly thrived in the New England soil for generations, and it seemed the most romantic thing that could be said of them was that they “were of sturdy English stock.”¹⁵⁴

¹⁴⁸ Todd Mitchell Meyers, “A ‘Fantasy Heritage’?: A Review of the Changing Literature on Hispano Identity in New Mexico,” *Journal of the Southwest* 51, vol. 3 (Autumn 2009): 403-421.

¹⁴⁹ Paredes, 24.

¹⁵⁰ Pharo, 6.

¹⁵¹ Erna Fergusson, *Our Southwest* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1940), 216.

¹⁵² Pharo, 7.

¹⁵³ Harold Berresford Hubbell and Donald Sidney Hubbell, eds., *History and Genealogy of the Hubbell Family*, 3rd ed. (Brooklyn, NY: Theo. Gaus, Ltd., 1980), 343-344; Walter Hubbell, *History of the Hubbell Family, Containing a Genealogical Record*, 1st ed. (New York: J.H. Hubbell & Co., 1881), 4-5. This discussion of James Lawrence Hubbell draws from Cottam, 33-36.

¹⁵⁴ Frank C. Lockwood, “More Arizona Characters,” *University of Arizona General Bulletin*, no. 6 (Tucson: University of Arizona, 1943), 53.

James Lawrence, however, swapped his family legacy for adventure at the age of twenty-two when he left the verdant East and headed into the desert Southwest during the Mexican-American War. In Kansas, he joined the Missouri Mounted Volunteers in July 1846, and then, in a column of men that looked “like a combination of American trappers and Mexican vaqueros,” he marched the “eight hundred dusty, hot miles of plains and deserts” to Santa Fe to reinforce Colonel Stephen Kearny’s forces.¹⁵⁵ By the time the Missouri Volunteers reached their destination, however, the Americans had already captured Santa Fe and the war was all but over. James Lawrence served in New Mexico for a year before he mustered out of the army, but rather than returning to the state of his birth, he stayed in the newly-American Territory, making a name for himself as a trader.¹⁵⁶

There must have been something about New Mexico that appealed to the young Hubbell. As historian Marc Simmons writes, “For a New Englander, the land and people were as foreign as anything that could be imagined. But since youth often responds to the adventuresome and exotic, Hubbell concluded to stay and make a new life for himself.”¹⁵⁷ He was not the only one—as New Mexico became an American Territory, Yankee traders raced west to take advantage of new markets that had formerly been quite firmly closed to them. They often “married Hispanic or Indian women, and immersed themselves in the area’s cultures.”¹⁵⁸ One of James’ descendants muses of his ancestor’s decision, “Presumably he fell in love with this strange land—or perhaps it was the beautiful Juliana...who caused

¹⁵⁵ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 9.

¹⁵⁶ Cottam, 33-36.

¹⁵⁷ Marc Simmons, *Albuquerque: A Narrative History* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982), 161.

¹⁵⁸ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 8.

him to resign his commission.”¹⁵⁹ In either case, James married the sixteen-year-old heiress on May 31, 1849, and traded his English moniker for the Hispanicized Santiago Lorenzo. With Juliana’s family connections, “he soon unleashed his Yankee-trader ‘know-how’ and rapidly became one of the wealthiest traders in the entire territory.”¹⁶⁰

James was an unlikely, but oddly suitable heir of the Gutiérrez family legacy. As Martha Blue writes, “James, who could move gracefully from ‘good morning’ to ‘*buenos días*’ and from ‘mister’ to ‘*señor*’ and back again, was heavily relied upon by his in-laws for his bilingual skills. These, coupled with his vigor in pursuing his various private endeavors—freighting and sheepraising—rapidly carried him up the Southwest’s ladder of success.”¹⁶¹ He was elected the first sheriff of Valencia County as New Mexico transitioned to American control, became a U.S. Marshall by 1851, and built extensive freight lines to Kansas City and down into Mexico, fast increasing his wealth.¹⁶² His brothers, John, Sidney, and Charles, along with their parents, soon forsook New England, too, establishing a Hubbell dynasty in New Mexico politics.¹⁶³

Being of sturdy English stock seemed woefully inadequate to account for either Santiago Hubbell’s adventuresome life or his son’s. As writer Ed Ellinger once noted in an article about Hubbell, “Apparently there is little explanation why certain men attain a

¹⁵⁹ Donald Sidney Hubbell, ed., *Hubbell Pioneers*, Hubbell Family Historical Society (Downers Grove, IL: Johnson Printers, 1989), 335.

¹⁶⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁶¹ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 10.

¹⁶² Larry D. Ball, *Desert Lawmen: The High Sheriffs of New Mexico and Arizona, 1846-1912* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1992), 3; Lane, 4; Donald Sidney Hubbell, *Hubbell Pioneers*, 336.

¹⁶³ Donald Sidney Hubbell, *Hubbell Pioneers*, 338-340; Lane, 4; Baca, “Juliana Hubbell,” Brugge Papers, Center for Southwest Research, 9.

greatness apart from their fellow man.”¹⁶⁴ But such an uncertainty is vastly unsatisfying, and so in the stories, James L. Hubbell of Salisbury, Connecticut became “a direct descendant of the Vikings who wrested part of England from Alfred The Great.”¹⁶⁵ Over time, this virile Viking became Hubba the stalwart Dane, who “with his followers crossed to England and there fortified himself up on a hill which became then Hubba’s hill. Time has done the rest until today the name is Hubbell.”¹⁶⁶ This robust, masculine heritage seemed a far more fitting counterpart to Juliana’s gentle Spanish nobility than mere Englishness possibly could.

Hubbell may very well have heard such romantic tales of his ancestry from his father and paternal grandparents, who followed their son out to New Mexico. Even if not the author of the idea, Hubbell certainly enjoyed boasting of such noble ancestry and seemed to delight in the fact that his Spanish-Yankee background made him into a kind of enigma, intriguing his guests as they tried to attribute parts of his character to one side of his family or the other. He presented his guests with the outlines of a wealthy Spanish mother and an adventurous Yankee father, and let them decide how the particular cocktail of his birthright accounted for his virtues. Dorothy Mott, an Arizona journalist, wrote, for example, that the “mixture of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon accounted, to those who knew Don Lorenzo intimately, for the seemingly irreconcilable characteristics of his nature. He was a worker and a doer, yet he possessed that easy graciousness so innate in the gentlemen of the old world.”¹⁶⁷ A Franciscan missionary and neighbor of Hubbell’s similarly noted that the

¹⁶⁴ Ed Ellinger, “The Hubbell Trading Post at Ganado,” *Arizona Highways* 34, no. 8 (August 1958): 37.

¹⁶⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶⁶ Dorothy Challis Mott, “Don Lorenzo Hubbell of Ganado,” *Arizona Historical Review* 4 (April 1931): 45. One of Juan Lorenzo Hubbell’s relatives later wrote a book about their illustrious forebears’ legacy. See Donald Sidney Hubbell, *The Legacy of Hubba the Dane* (Mountain Home, AR: New Author Publishers, 1977).

¹⁶⁷ Mott, 45.

trader's mixed heritage accounted for his "genuine Mexican hospitality and frank Yankee cheerfulness."¹⁶⁸ Others, like author Hamlin Garland, were blunter in their estimation of the effects of his ancestry. Garland wrote that Hubbell's "mixed blood had...given him a singular power over his dark-skinned neighbors of the territory."¹⁶⁹ Yet another observer noted that "with a combination of Yankee ingenuity and Spanish vitality and spirit of adventure, John Lorenzo Hubbell received as his birth right a place in life that afforded him the qualities necessary to carve out his own place in life, which included not only the place of 'famous Indian trader,' but a law man and legislator as well."¹⁷⁰

The romance writer who followed Hubbell about his trading post with her notebook must have had her head filled with tales of his ancestry one night by the Hubbell hearth. As she watched him, she "tried to find the Yankee in him—and failed. After all," she reasoned, "it is the mother that counts in a man, and the master of Ganado is all Spanish."¹⁷¹ But after some thought, she concluded:

Yet back of that Hubbel [sic] who came from Connecticut to the southwest and married his black-haired Senorita, there is a line which reaches to England, and tells of a Danish ancestry, a Hubbell who swept down his Viking crew and made himself master of a portion of the tight little island, so that he lived like a king in his day—even as his descendant rules now in his own province of Ganada [sic]. Perhaps some of the spirit of this master whom the person at Ganada jokingly alludes to as 'an old pirate,' may manifest itself in his own aversion to the thought of the railroad breaking into the peace and beauty of the country about his home, and in the courage and enterprise which has made possible such a home.¹⁷²

¹⁶⁸ Leopold Ostermann, O. F. M., "Neighbors," in *The Navajo as Seen by the Franciscans, 1989-1921: A Sourcebook*, ed. Howard M. Bahr (Lanham, MD: Scarecrow Press, 2004), 174.

¹⁶⁹ Hamlin Garland, *A Daughter of the Middle Border* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1922), 128.

¹⁷⁰ Hubbell and Hubbell, 466.

¹⁷¹ Cooke, "Experiences in the Desert."

¹⁷² Ibid. Another author similarly traced all of the trader's greatest character traits back to his heritage in a volume of *Who's Who in Arizona* published in 1913, when J. L. was at the height of his political career. It reads, "Being a born and bred Westerner, the freedom of the pioneer life on the plains could not but appeal to the

Whether chalking up to Hubbell's Yankee side his ingenuity, cheerfulness, or work ethic, or ascribing his hospitality, vitality, or gentlemanliness to his Spanish side, visitors seemed to conclude that a man with such a romantic heritage, the blood of two of the Southwest's three cultures in his veins, could not have evaded greatness had he tried.

The Early Adventures of J. L. Hubbell

Stories about the life of J. L. Hubbell have a propensity to gloss over most of his childhood in a few short sentences. Having already neatly accounted for his attributes of character by describing his Spanish and Viking heritage, they might at most mention his schooling or the fact that he grew up speaking Spanish, and then skip ahead to the time he left home to embark upon his first Southwestern adventures. The childhoods of legends, after all, are usually only useful as origin stories, attempts to account for the hero's unique personal characteristics using what scraps of the past can be found in record and rumor. Hubbell rarely told stories about his boyhood, and the archival sources are scarce. Even Martha Blue's full-length biography of Hubbell manages only a handful of pages on the trader's boyhood.¹⁷³ But as Charles S. Peterson has argued, Hubbell's upbringing, far more than the chemistry of his blood, decisively shaped his personality and his business.¹⁷⁴

boy, in whose veins coursed the blood of the Vikings, for Senator Hbubell [sic] is a lineal descendant of one of the virile Danes who centuries ago wrested part of England from Alfred the Great. His maternal ancestors came from Toledo, Spain, three generations ago, and settled in New Mexico. Lorenzo Hubbell is a true disciple of his illustrious forebears, strong and vigorous of body, manly and individual in character, quick and keen of mind, and just and generous of soul." Jo Conners, *Who's Who in Arizona*, Vol. 1 (Tucson: Press of the Arizona Daily Star, 1913), 722.

¹⁷³ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 5-6, 12-13.

¹⁷⁴ See Charles S. Peterson, "Big House at Ganado: New Mexican Influence in Northern Arizona," *Journal of Arizona History* 30 (Spring 1989): 51-72. For a brief account of Lorenzo Hubbell's childhood and early adventures, see Cottam, 36-44.

Juan Lorenzo Hubbell was born the third of Santiago and Juliana's twelve children on November 23, 1853, on the Pajarito land grant that his mother had inherited from her family. Pajarito was a lively multicultural settlement of Indians, Hispanos, and *mestizos*, vibrant and humming.¹⁷⁵ Hubbell's biographer, Martha Blue, paints a colorful image of little Lorenzo's boyhood home: "Within the adobe walls, dried anise and coriander hung from the *vigas* (roof beams) and scented the air; burros and roosters vied with each other at dawn and bullfrogs held forth at dusk; and alfalfa, chile peppers, corn, geraniums, and grapes colored the irrigated river lands."¹⁷⁶ Other writers would imagine that Pajarito had been an idyllic place for the formative years of "an athletic lad" who "joined in the sports and games of the Indian boys, and established a comradeship with them that stood him in good stead in his later dealings with the Indians."¹⁷⁷ New Mexico society was still highly stratified in those days, and Lorenzo grew up as part of the wealthy Hispanic ruling class, *ricos*, in a culture where peonage had not yet been abolished. In Pajarito, the Gutiérrez-Hubbell family lived in a relationship of economic inequality coupled with social responsibility with the *pobres* who worked for them as servants and laborers.¹⁷⁸ Blue asserts that Lorenzo's mother, Juliana, served as a kind of village matriarch, known for her generosity and honored with titles like "*mi mama* or *mi Tia Julianita*, 'my mother' or 'my Aunt Julianita,'" by the poor who looked to her for help.¹⁷⁹

¹⁷⁵ Blue *Indian Trader*, 5.

¹⁷⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁷⁷ Harriet Mayfield, "Great Southwest Pioneer Passes On," *The Santa Fe Magazine* 25, no. 2 (January 1931): 30.

¹⁷⁸ Darlis A. Miller, "Hispanos and the Civil War in New Mexico: A Reconsideration," *New Mexico Historical Review* 54, no. 2 (April 1979): 105.

¹⁷⁹ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 11.

Given his father's embrace of Hispanic culture, it is no surprise that Juan Lorenzo learned to speak Spanish before English and that it would later be the dominant language spoken at the Ganado trading post. "In his boyhood," Frank Lockwood wrote, "there were no public schools in that less than half-civilized region, where English was less spoken than Spanish, and where Indians were more numerous than Mexicans and Americans combined."¹⁸⁰ And so Lorenzo learned from Spanish tutors until his father sent him to boarding school in Santa Fe at the age of nine.¹⁸¹ Even with the limited resources available in nineteenth century New Mexico, Juliana and Santiago managed to instill in their son a passion for learning and literature that would remain with him throughout his life.

Lorenzo, however, was never described by either his contemporaries or later researchers as a bookish child; his early education also undoubtedly included unofficial apprenticeships in business, ranching, and the hyperbolic art of frontier storytelling.¹⁸² Perhaps the fifteen-year-old boy heard his father talk of his days campaigning with Kit Carson against the Mescalero Apaches just after the end of the Civil War, or listened as Santiago described the jubilant procession of Navajos as they left Bosque Redondo and passed over his toll bridge on their way back to their homeland after their forced exile.¹⁸³ Surely when he stopped at Pajarito on leave, Lorenzo's uncle Charlie riveted him with stories of his skirmishes with the Navajos in the roundup in 1864.¹⁸⁴ Though the historical traces of Juan Lorenzo Hubbell's childhood are scattered and obscure, historians have argued that his

¹⁸⁰ Lockwood, "More Arizona Characters," 53.

¹⁸¹ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 24. See Blue, *Indian Trader*, 13 for alternate renderings of J. L.'s early education.

¹⁸² Cottam, 39; Blue, *Indian Trader*, 17.

¹⁸³ Baxter, *Las Carneradas*, 330.

¹⁸⁴ Cottam, 36, 39; Blue, *Indian Trader*, 14-15.

multi-cultural upbringing deeply affected his lifelong business endeavors and the culture of his home.¹⁸⁵ His mother certainly taught him of the *ricos*' obligation to the *pobres*, while his father introduced him to half a dozen business pursuits, for, to borrow the narrative strategies of his contemporaries, Juan Lorenzo was unfailingly generous like his mother, and an ambitious and shrewd trader like his father.

Around the age of seventeen, eighteen, or twelve, depending on the storyteller, Juan Lorenzo's "education was considered sufficiently complete for me to seek my own fortune in the world."¹⁸⁶ The "self-reliant fellow" found his first job outside his family's holdings as a clerk in the Albuquerque post office.¹⁸⁷ The job paid well, but Lorenzo quit after a year because, as he said, "the indoor life of a postal clerk did not satisfy my craving for romance and adventure which seemed to beckon to me from the newly developed Utah Territory to the Northwest."¹⁸⁸ Here is where the stories usually pick up once again. As one version of events that serves as well as any other has it, Hubbell spent his entire savings buying a saddle horse and outfit before following that inexplicable tug towards Utah Territory. After a brief stopover at Lee's Ferry, Hubbell made his way to the Mormon settlement of Kanab, Utah, where he worked as a trading post clerk and gained his "first practical knowledge of the Navahos...picking up some of their language."¹⁸⁹ As David Brugge writes of this period of

¹⁸⁵ For an excellent exploration of the influences of Hubbell's upbringing on his later practices at his Arizona trading ranch, see Peterson, "Big House at Ganado," 51-72.

¹⁸⁶ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 24. Compare with International News Service, *Notables of the West, Being the Portraits and Biographies of the Progressive Men of the West Who Have Helped in the Development and History Making of This Wonderful Country*, Press Reference Library (New York: International News Service, 1913), 187; and Mayfield, 29.

¹⁸⁷ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 142.

¹⁸⁸ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 24.

¹⁸⁹ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 144. Competing narratives give vastly different accounts of where Hubbell went and what he did during his first years away from home. In *Notables of the West*, for example, Hubbell states that after

Hubbell's life, "He loved to indulge in romantic tales of his youth....Something of the sort that he described probably happened, but the truth may be a bit more prosaic than the story he spun for visitors. In any case, he traveled widely for his time and met many prominent people in the region."¹⁹⁰

"After nearly five years of wandering," Hubbell reflected, "I drifted back into New Mexico again, and then into Navajo Country."¹⁹¹ After his storied flight from Utah across the Colorado River, Hubbell arrived in Hopi country more or less in the early spring of 1873. He stayed with the Hopis through the summer, adding a smattering of the Hopi language to his Navajo, Spanish, and English, and somehow earning enough of the Hopis' trust that they allowed him to watch the Snake Dance ceremony long before it became an annual attraction for Anglo tourists.¹⁹² In the fall, he wandered further south and found work as an interpreter at Fort Defiance, where he became entangled in the politics and vicissitudes of the new Navajo Reservation.¹⁹³

While Juan Lorenzo was wandering about the Southwest, the Navajos were adjusting to the new shape of their lives under American administration. In 1863, when Hubbell was just a boy, the Navajos had been forcibly removed from their homeland and incarcerated in a flat, barren wasteland in eastern New Mexico known as Fort Sumner or Bosque Redondo. Years of warfare between the Navajos and the invading Americans had culminated in Kit

leaving the post office, he worked at two of Henry Reed's trading posts in Fort Wingate, New Mexico and Fort Defiance, Arizona before setting off for Utah. International News Service, 187.

¹⁹⁰ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 22.

¹⁹¹ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 26.

¹⁹² Ibid.

¹⁹³ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 21-23.

Carson's brutal and much-remembered winter campaign, where the Navajos were driven out of their mountain strongholds as Carson's men scorched the earth behind them. Once the starving Navajos had surrendered, they were force-marched 300 miles to a remote reservation, a haunting and disastrous episode known as the Long Walk. At Fort Sumner, the Navajos were to be taught Christianity and agriculture in a grand assimilation experiment, but the four years they spent there were physically and psychologically devastating. Twenty-five hundred of the eleven thousand Navajos who went to Fort Sumner died there, far outside the traditional boundaries of their homeland. In the end, the United States abandoned the experiment and created a new reservation for the Navajos in more familiar lands.¹⁹⁴

Fort Defiance, constructed in 1851 at the height of the army's campaign to subdue the Navajos, became the reservation's new political hub after Bosque Redondo, the site of the first Indian Agency, day school, mission, and hospital.¹⁹⁵ It was there that Lorenzo Hubbell would become immersed in Navajo customs and language, forging friendships and alliances with some of Navajo country's most important figures, both Navajo and Anglo, and nursing the seeds of his own business schemes. As Frank McNitt writes, "Lorenzo Hubbell was drifting about in the vicinity of the Navaho agency unattached and looking for

¹⁹⁴ Peter Iverson, *Diné: A History of the Navajos* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2002), 48-65; Jennifer Denetdale, *Reclaiming Diné History: The Legacies of Navajo Chief Manuelito and Juanita* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2007), 70-76. For additional accounts of the Long Walk, see Lynn R. Bailey, *The Long Walk: A History of the Navajo Wars, 1849-1868* (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1964); Lynn R. Bailey, *Bosque Redondo: An American Concentration Camp* (Pasadena, CA: Socio-Technical Books, 1970); and Clifford E. Trafzer, *The Kit Carson Campaign: The Last Great Navajo War* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1982). For a Navajo perspective, see Broderick H. Johnson and Ruth Roessel, eds., *Navajo Stories of the Long Walk Period* (Tsaile, AZ: Navajo Community College Press, 1973).

¹⁹⁵ Maurice Frink, *Fort Defiance and the Navajos* (Boulder, CO: Pruett Press, 1968), 2.

a means to keep a full stomach” when he was hired as a Spanish interpreter.¹⁹⁶ Lorenzo was present at Fort Defiance through the dramatic ouster of the controversial Indian Agent William F. M. Arny, serving as translator and penning the letter himself to President Grant calling for Arny’s removal.¹⁹⁷ He was also at Fort Defiance when three Navajos were killed in Utah, supposedly by Mormons, heightening tensions between the two groups to dangerous levels as the Navajos threatened reprisals. Hubbell accompanied Ganado Mucho, a Navajo headman, to investigate the murder scene and settle the dispute with the Mormons’ chosen representative and mediator, Jacob Hamblin. It was probably on that assignment that Juan Lorenzo’s friendship with Ganado Mucho took root; it would prove an important relationship in the story of the young man’s life, for the Navajo headman lived in the Pueblo Colorado Valley, where Hubbell would soon build his famous trading post.¹⁹⁸

When Hubbell’s days as agency interpreter were over, he clerked in other men’s trading posts for a time. Some accounts say he worked for a trader named Henry Reed in Fort Wingate, while others say he worked in Albuquerque upon leaving Fort Defiance.¹⁹⁹ Regardless of which set of scattered details is strictly correct, “what we do know is that Hubbell clerked for traders to the Navajos, worked for the BIA, and befriended key people in Navajo country during a tumultuous time,” including the famous trader Thomas Keam.²⁰⁰

¹⁹⁶ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 146.

¹⁹⁷ Ibid., 144-163. For more information about Hubbell’s years at Fort Defiance with Thomas Keam and William F. M. Arny, see William H. Moore, *Chiefs, Agents, and Soldiers: Conflict on the Navajo Frontier, 1868-1882* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994).

¹⁹⁸ McNitt describes this incident in *Indian Traders*, 146-149. See also Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 22-23; Blue, *Indian Trader*, 21-24; and Cottam 42-44.

¹⁹⁹ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 164-165.

²⁰⁰ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 23.

As Martha Blue imagines, “By the time he finished with government work and trading-post clerking, he had experienced the crowded New Mexican pueblos, the Paiutes’ bare homeland, the Hopis’ agricultural industriousness, and the Navajos’ adaptability.”²⁰¹ Navajo country, as it existed in the mid-1870s, with only a “handful of government employees and buildings at Fort Defiance, its scattered Navajo camps, flocks of sheep, and eight thousand or so Navajos led by Manuelito and Ganado Mucho....must have looked good.”²⁰²

He knew the smell of a Navajo sheep camp: pungent wool, oiled saddles, and mutton stew. He heard the sound of wind kicking sand, the staccato thump of a weaver’s fork beating the weft into a blanket, the bleats of corralled sheep, and the rhythms of the Navajo language—nasal, tonal, and glottal. He tasted ashy coffee, roasted corn, and sweet Navajo tea. He watched the landscape’s wash of colors: alkali patches, crimson mesas, apricot sand dunes, evergreen forests, green-gray junipers, and khaki sage.²⁰³

In the same way that business, beauty, or some combination of the two seemed to have compelled James Lawrence to adopt New Mexico as his own, writers have imagined Juan Lorenzo’s attraction to Navajo country. By Hubbell’s own, less effusive account, “By that time, I had learned a great deal about the Indians and Indian trading, and was anxious to get into the business for myself.”²⁰⁴ In 1876, he struck out on his own and bought a trading post in the Pueblo Colorado Valley, a crossroads in the expanse of the desert where ancient ruins crumbled while Navajos farmed along the fertile riverbeds.

The Pueblo Colorado Valley as Space

There were not many Anglo stories to go along with the Pueblo Colorado Valley when Juan Lorenzo Hubbell bought his first trading post there, no narrative threads

²⁰¹ *Ibid.*, 24.

²⁰² *Ibid.*, 23-24.

²⁰³ *Ibid.*

²⁰⁴ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 26.

overlaying the physical contours of the landscape. In Anglo eyes, it remained just one of the many verdant valleys scattered throughout Navajo country that sheltered human life from the roughness and severity of the desert. Its prospect was seemingly undistinguishable in outsiders' eyes from any other set of Arizona hills clothed in piñon pine, juniper, and sagebrush. But Pueblo Colorado Valley held in its embrace a small natural lake and a river flowing southeast from it, making it an attractive home for ancient pueblo-builders, Navajos, and Anglo entrepreneurs alike.

Evidence of life in the Pueblo Colorado Valley goes back as far as 10,000 BCE, when a group of Paleoindian hunters moved through the region—not yet a desert, but a lush, greener Arizona that predated the end of the last ice age—leaving behind a dusting of projectile points and the faintest evidence of campsites.²⁰⁵ The only stories that remain of them are the ones archeologists tell, pieced together from the tangible remains of a distant past. Later inhabitants left behind more substantial traces, archaeological relics that later gave the Pueblo Colorado Valley its name in Lorenzo Hubbell's time. The name comes from the Spanish *Pueblo Colorado*, “Red Village,” and the Navajo *Kin Dah Lichi'i*, “Red Upon the House,” both references to an Ancestral Puebloan ruin whose “massive walls—originally two or three stories tall—[are] reminiscent of the Anasazi great houses at Chaco Canyon.”²⁰⁶ A second ancient pueblo, called *Lóke' aahnteel*, “Place of Wide Reeds,” stood a few miles down the Pueblo Colorado Wash.²⁰⁷ But a devastating drought descended on the Colorado

²⁰⁵ Peggy Froeschauer-Nelson, *Cultural Landscape Report: Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site, Ganado, Arizona* (Santa Fe, NM: U.S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service, Intermountain Region, 1998), under “Prehistoric and Proto-historic Periods,” http://www.nps.gov/history/history/online_books/hutr/clr/clr.htm (accessed June 24, 2013); Thomas E. Sheridan, *Arizona: A History*, rev. ed. (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2012), 11-15.

²⁰⁶ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 5.

²⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, 6.

Plateau and the civilizations that thrived there in the eleventh and twelfth centuries disappeared. Navajo tradition has it that the ancients “were driven from their homes by a whirlwind in supernaturally-derived punishment for abandoning their traditional ways.”²⁰⁸ Some stories say that amidst the wind and fire of destruction, they moved to Zuni and Hopi, where their descendants remain.²⁰⁹ They left the valley devoid of human life for centuries until the Navajos came. As David Brugge writes:

The scars of erosion—arroyos, washed slopes, blowouts, and dunes—gradually disappeared when the rains returned. New vegetation spread to hold the runoff....Animal life followed wherever there were plants to graze, browse, or nibble. But the Pueblo people did not return to live in the Pueblo Colorado Valley. Over a wide area, two millennia or more of cultural development were truncated by the drought. When human beings again took up residence, they brought new ways of life, influenced by the old, but with traditions that grew from other roots.²¹⁰

When the Navajos migrated into the Pueblo Colorado Valley from their ancestral homeland of *Dinétab* in New Mexico as their herds increased, they began to fill the valley with stories and experiences that tightened the bonds between the landscape and their community.²¹¹ For a hundred years, they lived in the shadows of *Kin Dah Lichi’i* and *Lóké’aabnteel*, passing down stories of family kinship ties, old warriors’ clashes with enemies, and the doings of the Holy People, each story and each generation strengthening the sense

²⁰⁸ Kelli Carmean, *Spider Woman Walks This Land: Traditional Cultural Properties and the Navajo Nation* (Walnut Creek, CA: AltaMira Press, 2002), 69.

²⁰⁹ David M. Brugge, “Traditional History of Wide Reeds,” in *Wide Reed Ruin: Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site*, ed. James E. Mount, et al. (Santa Fe, NM: Southwest Cultural Resources Center, 1993), 121. For a brief overview of human history in the Pueblo Colorado Valley, see Cottam, 10-11.

²¹⁰ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 6-7. Some recent scholars have reevaluated the traditional wisdom that the Ancestral Puebloans, or Anasazis, were unrelated to modern Navajos, positing instead a fertile blending of cultures. See Iverson, *Diné*, 16-21.

²¹¹ For a small sampling of works discussing the development of Navajo culture, see Iverson, *Diné*, 12-24; David M. Brugge, “Navajo Prehistory and History to 1850,” in vol. 10 of *Handbook of North American Indians*, ed. Alfonso Ortiz (Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution, 1983), 489-501; and Marsha Weisiger, “The Origins of Navajo Pastoralism,” *Journal of the Southwest* 46, no. 2 (Summer 2004): 253-282.

of place. Through the ordinarily daily activities of herding sheep, birthing and burying loved ones, planting, harvesting, weaving, and, of course, storytelling, the Navajos created their own meanings for the land they lived in.²¹² According to LaCharles Goodman Eckel, Hubbell's granddaughter, the Navajos sometimes called the Pueblo Colorado Valley the "Mother of the Navajos—with head to the East and feet to the West."²¹³ Navajo legends came to rest in the Pueblo Colorado Valley, like that of Jihaal, "Sound of a Rattle," a tall man and a great runner with a giant bow, who was believed to have lived in the valley's ancient ruins with his many wives—what Eckel cheerfully called "his hapless harem."²¹⁴ All across Navajo country, the *Diné* affixed their rich oral tradition to the landscape, to the four sacred mountains that mark the boundaries of their homeland, to the lava flows of Mount Taylor where the dried blood of the monster One Walking Giant, slain by the Hero Twins, lays upon the land.²¹⁵ As Klara Bonsack Kelley and Harris Francis illustrate:

Because the Holy People are so much a part of Navajo stories, and because they are associated with particular places, landscapes are strongly associated with these stories. Indeed, especially when Navajos passed down their chronicles mainly by word-of-mouth, the landscape provides a material anchor for those stories and thereby stores them. The landscape is a physical link between people of the present and their past. The landscapes and the stories that go with them depend on each other. In a sense, the landscape is part of the "text."²¹⁶

²¹² Teresa J. Wilkins, 26. Some oral histories with Navajos in the Hubbell Trading Post collections contain stories about life in the Pueblo Colorado Valley before Hubbell's arrival. See Oral Histories, HU'TR.

²¹³ LeCharles G. Eckel, "History of Ganado, Arizona." *Plateau* 6, no. 10 (April 1934): 48.

²¹⁴ Brugge, "Traditional History of Wide Reeds," 122; Eckel, 47.

²¹⁵ For examples of Navajo creation stories that illustrate this pattern of connection between story and place, see Jerrold E. Levy, *In the Beginning: The Navajo Genesis* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998). Like most oral traditions, Navajo creation stories vary somewhat in details depending on the teller and the reason for the telling. Another full-length version can be found in Paul B. Zolbrod, trans., *Diné Babane': The Navajo Creation Story* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984). Shorter summaries can be found in Iverson, *Diné*; and Denetdale, *Reclaiming Diné History*.

²¹⁶ Kelley and Francis, 2. Kelley and Francis include several stories told to them by Navajos that illustrate neatly the centrality of the landscape to Navajo stories on pages 65-80.

Stephen C. Jett similarly argues, “For those conversant with Navajo mythology, especially with the Origin Legend, to travel through the land is to intersect the footsteps of the Holy People and the heroes of times gone by.”²¹⁷

To the Anglos and the Hispanos before them, however, the Pueblo Colorado Valley meant nothing. When the Spanish explorer Antonio de Espejo passed by the valley in 1583 on his way to the Hopi mesas, there was nothing there but the lake, for the Navajos had not yet built their hogans in its bosom and the Ancestral Puebloans had long since fled.²¹⁸ It was, in short, scarcely worth a line in a traveler’s journal. Likewise, the first Americans who traversed Navajo country centuries later barely remarked upon the place, though by that time it was filled with Navajos and their stories. Gradually, however, as they encountered it again and again, Anglos began to see the little valley as a place with meaning. When Lieutenant Joseph Christmas Ives of the U.S. Corps of Topographical Engineers finished his exploration of the Colorado River for the in 1857 and set off overland to Fort Defiance from the Grand Canyon, his route took him directly through the valley. He put upon it the first English words, the faintest pen strokes declaring it a place separate from the surrounding, undifferentiated space. Upon arriving in the valley on May 20, 1858, Ives described in his journal seeing a scene sure to cheer the heart of a weary traveler after days of traveling through a country bearing “generally the same features—a rolling mesa covered with cedar forest.”²¹⁹ As he and his party crested a plateau, he found himself looking down

²¹⁷ Jett, 41.

²¹⁸ See Cottam 15-23 for an overview of Spanish and American exploration of the region surrounding the Pueblo Colorado Valley.

²¹⁹ Joseph Christmas Ives, *Report upon the Colorado River of the West, Explored in 1857 and 1858...*, 36th Cong., 1st sess., Hse. Exec. Doc. 90 (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1861), 128.

on “an extensive and lovely valley, a brilliant sheet of verdure dotted with clumps of cedars, and extending far to the north and south. Countless herds of horses and flocks of sheep were grazing upon the plain.”²²⁰ They spent the night on “Pueblo creek” joined by an ever-increasing number of curious Hopis and Navajos, before continuing east past Ganado Lake the next day. On the way to Fort Defiance, they followed “well-beaten trails, and parties of Indians were constantly riding by.”²²¹ In the years to come, increasing numbers of American military expeditions would follow those same trails. By the time tensions between the Navajos and Americans exploded and Kit Carson and his men scoured the land for Navajo bands, the Pueblo Colorado Valley was no longer unknown—neither was it spared. Once again, the valley would fall into the silence of absent life.²²²

When the Navajos were released from Bosque Redondo, the Valley of the Red House lay outside their new reservation boundaries, which were “laid out along lines of latitude and longitude,” an “arbitrary description [that] ignored the natural geography and the customary uses the people made of the land.”²²³ Navajo country, however, had not yet been surveyed, and in the absence of white settlers and effective federal oversight, the Navajos ignored the boundaries and returned to their old homes and grazing lands largely uncontested. Followers of Navajo headman Tótsohnii Hastiin, “Man of the Big Water Clan,” who J. L. Hubbell knew by his Spanish name, Ganado Mucho, went back to the Pueblo Colorado Valley to rebuild their destroyed and abandoned farms and hogans.²²⁴ It

²²⁰ Ibid.

²²¹ Ibid.

²²² Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 17-18.

²²³ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 11.

²²⁴ Ibid., 11-13.

would not be long, however, before American traders followed, eager to capitalize on the new opportunities the disaster at Fort Sumner had created.

When they returned from Bosque Redondo, the Navajos did not return to the life they had known. Exile had permanently altered their economy. Though over centuries of Spanish, Mexican, and American presence in the Southwest, a broad spectrum of goods had passed hands, and though the introduction of some elements, such as horses and sheep, had significantly altered Navajo customs and culture, up until their incarceration the Navajos had remained economically and militarily independent.²²⁵ Carson's campaign and the years of exile, however, would precipitate a "profound alteration of the whole Navaho economic structure."²²⁶ Carson followed "a scorched-earth policy designed to destroy the Navajo economy, reducing them to starvation and thus forcing them to surrender to eat."²²⁷ His men destroyed whatever crops, food stores, and animals they found. The four years of incarceration that followed the Navajos' surrender further severed their ties with their old seasonal economy, creating in its stead a new dependence on manufactured American products.²²⁸ As Willow Powers states in her study of Navajo trading:

The years at Fort Sumner, coupled with the need for rations when they returned home, had broken up the old ways and led to new habits. Now, the Navajos were familiar with and reliant on flour, lard, and other foods, and factory goods. These were at first essential, and then, increasingly, seen as convenient; and from this familiarity and need, trade was born. As people settled down and built homes, and

²²⁵ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 17. David M. Brugge, "Trading, Interpretive Note #39," 1975, Historical Files, HUTR, 2-3; Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 15-16. For a history of the evolution of Indian trading broadly, see Robert A. Trennert Jr., *Indian Traders on the Middle Border: The House of Ewing, 1827-54* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1981).

²²⁶ Willard Williams Hill, "Navaho Trading and Trading Ritual: A Study of Cultural Dynamics," *Southwestern Journal of Anthropology* 4, no. 4 (Winter 1948): 373.

²²⁷ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 11.

²²⁸ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 46.

returned to the patterns of herding and farming, a few traders came out onto the reservation to barter goods for wool and sheep. So begins the trader story.²²⁹

The Navajos' crippled economy created a ready market for entrepreneurial traders, and where there had once been a few scattered men trading from tents and wagons in *Diné* territory, there were now dozens building permanent trading posts of lumber, stone, and adobe scattered across the reservation and clustered along its borders. By the 1880s, "the trading post emerged as the focal point in the workings of Navajo life," where they brought their wool, crafts, and piñon nuts to exchange for flour, sugar, coffee, and nearly every other conceivable necessity.²³⁰ But the trading post became far more than a simple country store—it also functioned as a social hub and a connection to the outside world. Federal oversight was spread so thinly over the sprawling Navajo Reservation that that traders were often the only connection between the Navajos and the United States government, fulfilling important functions in the local community.²³¹ Frank McNitt writes:

He had to be a doctor ready at any moment to treat a snake bite or sew up the most ghastly wound. Many times, with the Navahos, he was required to go miles to bury the dead. He was expected to be banker, adviser, and sometimes father-confessor. In disputes between man and wife, as between men quarreling among clans, he had to be a peacemaker. All but lost and forgotten in his frontier post, he was required to keep himself informed of every new shift in government policy as it effected his Indians and to interpret these policies and counsel his Indians accordingly.²³²

McNitt's words echo Lorenzo Hubbell's, who earlier told a curious journalist, "Out here in this country the Indian trader is everything from merchant to father confessor, justice of the

²²⁹ Powers, 28. For a discussion of the difficulties the Navajos faced upon returning from Bosque Redondo, see John O. Baxter, "Restocking the Navajo Reservation after Bosque Redondo," *New Mexico Historical Review* 58, no. 4 (October 1983): 325-334.

²³⁰ Iverson, *Diné*, 79. See McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 69-68 for a description of the shape of Indian trading in the early years of the Navajo reservation.

²³¹ Robert M. Utley, "The Reservation Trader in Navajo History," *El Palacio* 68, no. 1 (Spring 1961): 6.

²³² McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 70.

peace, judge, jury, court of appeals, chief medicine man, and *de facto* czar of the domain over which he presides.”²³³ It was a paternalistic role that suited the young adventurer.

Juan Lorenzo Hubbell was not the first trader to set up shop in the Pueblo Colorado Valley. The presence of a local Navajo population, a reliable water source, and its position at a well-traveled crossroads off the reservation (and therefore free of the onerous burdens of federal licensure) ensured that the valley would be an attractive location for entrepreneurs. Even after Hubbell bought his trading post there, the infrequent early travelers who passed through the valley failed to associate him with the place until well into the 1880s. For many years, his ambitions ranged all over Northern New Mexico and Arizona, and while he was pursuing ventures elsewhere, his employees and business partners were just as likely to be remembered by passersby as Hubbell. Mention of the Pueblo Colorado Valley remained infrequent, the sense of place weak without Hubbell’s stories and hospitality giving meaning to those undifferentiated sagebrush-covered hills.

The earliest traders in the Pueblo Colorado Valley have been largely lost to historical memory, overshadowed by Lorenzo Hubbell even as their wooden shacks have crumbled and been forgotten while Hubbell’s stone edifice endures. Many eager businessmen came, “but most lasted only a few months, or at most a few years,” finding that the complex and cash-poor life in the crevices of Navajo country did not suit them.²³⁴ David Brugge writes that “few planned to stay permanently in Navajo country. Many intended to get rich quick by cornering the market for wool, blankets, or some other tempting product, then moving

²³³ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 24.

²³⁴ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 18.

away to live the life of luxury among their own people.”²³⁵ Travelers in the 1870s and 1880s were infrequent enough that a trader might come and go without anyone from the Anglo world noticing that he had been there at all, especially outside the official boundaries of the reservation where the usually dependable cogs of government failed to generate paperwork. Various sources put traders named Charles Crary, called Cha-leh Sani by the Navajos, William B. “Old Man” Leonard, George M. “Barney” Williams, Clinton Neal Cotton, and Misters Stover, Webber, and Pillsbury, in addition to Juan Lorenzo Hubbell and his younger brother, Charles M. Hubbell, in the Pueblo Colorado Valley in the 1870s and 1880s. Hubbell apparently bought his first trading post from Crary in 1876 on the shores of the lake, while Leonard operated a separate post a few miles downstream, at the present-day site of Hubbell Trading Post. The stories say that Hubbell bought Leonard out in 1878 after a Navajo witch was dramatically killed in the doorway of Crary’s old post, placing it off-limits to traditional *Diné*.²³⁶

But even after Hubbell bought the trading post and land that would become synonymous with his hospitality, it took years before he settled down and spent enough time there to become part of the landscape. He had business interests elsewhere in Navajo country and in the booming little town of St. Johns south of the reservation. While he visited frequently, he left a string of business partners in charge of his trading post and at one point in the mid-1880s even sold his interests in the venture completely to C. N. Cotton,

²³⁵ Ibid., 19.

²³⁶ For various interpretations of ownership, see Arthur Woodward, *A Brief History of Navajo Silversmithing* (Flagstaff: Northern Arizona Society of Science and Art, 1938), 48; Charles Avery Amsden *Navaho Weaving: Its Technic and History* (1934; repr. Glorieta, NM: Rio Grande Press, 1969), 174-175; McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 80, 201; Eckel, 48; Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 19; and Cottam, 52-54.

his longest-standing and most reliable partner.²³⁷ For years, the trading post that had once been Hubbell's was known as "Cotton's" in traveler's diaries and on government maps.²³⁸ Hubbell and Cotton maintained their connections, however, and at some point—it is not clear exactly when—Cotton sold the whole post, lock, stock, and barrel, back to Hubbell.²³⁹

Early documentary evidence of travelers' impressions of the trading post at the Pueblo Colorado Valley indicates that only occasionally was Hubbell associated with the location. Of the late 1870s and early 1880s, we have only blurred snapshots of moments in time, impressions jotted down in diaries or dry government reports: in 1878, Hubbell appeared to be spending much of his time in Navajo City, New Mexico (also called Manuelito's Camp or Manuelito Spring), establishing another trading post while his brother Charlie operated the Pueblo Colorado Valley store on his own.²⁴⁰ In 1881, when scientist John G. Bourke traveled through the Pueblo Colorado Valley en route the Hopi Snake Dance, he described in his diary partaking of grand hospitality at a trading ranch there. But Hubbell was not the proprietor, as we might expect; rather it was Barney Williams and his partner, Mr. Webber, who took in the weary traveler and showed him the valley's ancient ruins. Bourke encountered "our friend Mr. Hubbell" a few days later as the time of the Snake Dance drew near.²⁴¹ In his diary, Bourke depicts Hubbell as a helpful fellow, securing

²³⁷ Lester L. Williams, *C. N. Cotton and His Navajo Blankets: A Biography of C. N. Cotton* (Albuquerque: Avanyu Publishing, 1989); John Kevin Fellin, "The Role of C. N. Cotton in the Development of Northwestern New Mexico," *New Mexico Historical Review* 55, no. 2 (April 1980): 151-156.

²³⁸ Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 26.

²³⁹ The exact date of the transfer is unknown, though most sources point to the mid-1890s. See Cottam, 69-71.

²⁴⁰ See Martha Blue, *The Witch Purge of 1878: Oral and Documentary History in the Early Navajo Reservation Years* (Tsaile, AZ: Navajo Community College Press, 1988).

²⁴¹ John G. Bourke, *The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona* (1884; repr., Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1984), 89.

food for the travelers from nearby Navajo hogans in the midst of a violent storm and helping them across a quicksand-filled wash—but he is a side character, unconnected with any particular place.²⁴²

Other brief mentions muddy the waters even further. A few short years later, in 1884, Herbert Welsh, traveling under the auspices of the Indian Rights Association, recording staying a night near Washington Pass with Charlie Hubbell and a Mr. Clark, who were trading from a tent but who nevertheless “received us with cordial Western hospitality, and spared no pains to make us comfortable.”²⁴³ He found Charlie’s brother, Lorenzo, and his partner, Mr. Pillsbury, equally hospitable at the trading ranch in Ganado, though he was careful to note that Hubbell made his home in the rough and tumble border town of St. Johns.²⁴⁴ Testifying before the General Land Office, Hubbell’s friend E. S. Clark later gave a flatly contradictory account, stating that in 1882, Hubbell “was living there and had made extensive improvements thereon, consisting of a dwelling house, store building, warehouse, stable, wells, enclosure and other improvements of a substantial nature.”²⁴⁵ On the other hand, even as late as 1890, travelers recorded Cotton as the proprietor of the trading post, and some, such as the artist Julian Scott, failed to mention Hubbell at all when they passed

²⁴² Ibid., 67-70, 89, 173.

²⁴³ Herbert Welsh, *Report of a Visit to the Navajo, Pueblo, and Hualapais Indians of New Mexico and Arizona* (Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association, 1885), 22, 29.

²⁴⁴ Ibid., 32. According to David Brugge, Pillsbury was probably a hired clerk and not an owner. Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 26.

²⁴⁵ E. S. Clark, “In the Matter of the Homestead Entry of John Lorenzo Hubbell,” April, 1908, Box 529, Folder 2, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

through the town that would later become synonymous with his name on the way to the Hopi mesas.²⁴⁶

From this patchwork of passing references, it becomes clear that the restless Hubbell had not yet settled down in one place, and that the few travelers who passed his way were quite likely to associate the landscape with other people—or no one at all. For years, as Hubbell dabbled in various business pursuits in Northeastern Arizona and New Mexico, the Pueblo Colorado Valley failed to make much of an impression in visitors' memories. Meanwhile, other traders like Thomas V. Keam at the Hopi mesas became famous among the invading scientists. Hubbell was not yet in the story-telling phase of his life—he yet had adventures to live.

Romance and Politics in St. Johns

For all that he frequented the Navajo Reservation, appearing here and there at his store or the annual Hopi Snake Dance, Hubbell spent most of his time in those early years after he left Fort Defiance in the budding town of St. Johns, Arizona. He opened a store there in 1878, the same year he bought his second trading post in the Pueblo Colorado Valley from William Leonard. Eight years earlier, St. Johns had been little more than a shack built by an express carrier on the banks of the Little Colorado River. As it grew into a bustling frontier town fit for any Western, Hubbell dipped his toe in the turbid waters of politics “as store owner and member of the St. Johns ‘junta’ that picked off the county seat

²⁴⁶ Julian Scott, “Report on the Moqui Pueblos of Arizona,” in *Moqui Pueblo Indians of Arizona and Pueblo Indians of New Mexico*, ed. Thomas Donaldson (Washington, DC: U.S. Census Printing Office, 1893), 51.

and did battle with the Mormons,” living the events that would later provide him with ample story fodder.²⁴⁷

Those who met J. L. Hubbell in St. Johns did not yet encounter a legend, but a real man who was either friend or enemy in a landscape marked by conflict. When they described him, few of the hallmarks for which he would later be known appeared. For example, in 1879, when Mormon settler Joseph Fish visited St. Johns, he was not terribly impressed by Hubbell or his hospitality. Hubbell operated the “only hostelry and eating place” in St. Johns, and evidently it was the lack of competition that drove customers to his door.²⁴⁸ Fish stopped at Hubbell’s store for breakfast, describing it in his diary as “rather a poor one. There was no woman about the place and no regular cook, everyone cooking or getting his own breakfast.”²⁴⁹ The indifference of the sleeping arrangements, too, could not have been more different from later descriptions of Ganado’s welcoming warmth. Fish recorded that “at a late hour he gave us the keys and went off, and it was surmised by us that he had an engagement with one of the gentler sex of the Mexican race. He returned about daylight.”²⁵⁰ In Fish’s eyes, primed to see Hispanic culture unfavorably, Hubbell and his hostelry perfectly reflected St. Johns’ general air of disorder and vice. “The houses were all built close together and of the Mexican style having no floors, no windows, and flat roofs covered with dirt,” Fish described. “There were two stores, two billiard halls, one saloon, and one monte bank [gambling house], where most of the male population spent the greater

²⁴⁷ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 67; Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 19. For a more detailed account of Hubbell’s life in St. Johns, see Cottam, 57-62.

²⁴⁸ Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 19.

²⁴⁹ John H. Krenkel, ed., *The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer* (Danville, IL: Interstate Printers & Publishers, 1970), 200.

²⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, 201.

part of their time and money.”²⁵¹ Hubbell was quite likely among them, as he admitted to Hogg that he had once been “a tremendous gambler.”²⁵² Later travelers would regard Hubbell’s Spanish hospitality with romantic appreciation verging on awe, but Fish remained uninspired by either his cordiality or his character.

This was quite likely exacerbated by the fact that Hubbell and Fish found themselves on quite opposite sides of a bitter political and religious divide. In the short time since its founding, a wide array of would-be citizens had descended upon the St. Johns area with conflicting claims. “Between the Navajos to the north and the Apaches to the south were Catholic Hispanic sheepmen and farmers, Texas cattlemen, Jewish merchants, Indian agents, traders, some outlaws and rustlers, and increasing numbers of Mormon farmers,” whose interests collided, sometimes violently.²⁵³ The groups wrestled with each other over grazing rights and political offices, issuing threats and rigging elections.²⁵⁴ As a member of the St. Johns Ring, a group of non-Mormon business leaders with common political interests, Hubbell entered the fray on the side of the Mexicans, the sheepmen, and the Republicans. Citing the “need for honest men in political affairs here in this territory,” he ran for and won the office of sheriff on the anti-Mormon platform in 1884.²⁵⁵ He would later delight in

²⁵¹ Ibid., 200.

²⁵² John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27.

²⁵³ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 68.

²⁵⁴ Ibid. See James H. McClintock, *Mormon Settlement in Arizona: A Record of Peaceful Conquest of the Desert* (Phoenix: Manufacturing Stationers, 1921), 178-182.

²⁵⁵ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 26; Ball, 63.

spinning harrowing tales of his exploits as sheriff with three of his brothers deputies as at his side—but those are stories for another day.²⁵⁶

It was while he was in St. Johns that Hubbell also pursued interests of a more amorous nature. Lina Rubi, a young Mexican woman who was married to another man, caught his eye. She had been married when just eleven years old to Encarnacion Lucero, a man given to excessive drinking and gambling. Lucero had abandoned her twice, the last time in 1877, a year before Juan Lorenzo arrived in St. Johns.²⁵⁷ When they met, Hubbell was twenty-five years old, and Lina seventeen. Lina would bear three children—Adele in 1880, Barbara in 1881, and Lorenzo Jr. in 1883—before filing for divorce from her absent husband in 1884, and the fourth—Roman—would be well on the way before she and Lorenzo would finally marry on July 27, 1891. But Lorenzo always told his guests that he married his bride in 1879, for the past was as easily amended in the service of propriety as it was in the service of romance.²⁵⁸ Their relationship was never the subject of much fancy. Writers liked to claim beauty for Lina, while J. L.'s praise for her emphasized her noble birth. He claimed that Lina's parents, like his mother's family, were “descended from old Spanish-American families who have lived in this part of the country since the Sixteenth Century.”²⁵⁹

²⁵⁶ Fish counted Hubbell among St. John's most “rabid anti-Mormons.” Krenkel, 248. However, Hubbell would later become quite friendly with the Mormons, even those who had been his staunchest enemies. As we will see in later chapters, this change of heart affected how Hubbell remembered his days as sheriff in his stories. For stories of J. L.'s exploits as sheriff, see Chapter Six.

²⁵⁷ Court Proceeding 68, District Court of the Third Judicial District, County of Apache, Lina Rubi de Lucero v. Encarnacion Lucero, December 26, 1885, Box 3, Folder “Hubbell, Lina Rubi, 1884,” Brugge Papers, Center for Southwest Research. The copies in Brugge's collection were sent to him by Martha Blue. The originals can be found in the collections of the Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records, Phoenix, Arizona. See Cottam, 61-62.

²⁵⁸ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 69; Krenkel, 201; John Lorenzo Hubbell, 26.

²⁵⁹ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 26.

Not long thereafter, Hubbell began to spend more and more time at his store in the Pueblo Colorado Valley. His years in St. Johns had certainly been productive. Not only did he operate his store, serve as sheriff, and woo his lady, but he dabbled in half a dozen other business interests including freighting and saloon-owning, and served on the Board of Jail Commissioners of Apache County and as superintendent of the Arizona Cooperative Mercantile Institution.²⁶⁰ But as the 1890s brought to the Southwest increasing numbers of scientists and artists even as gun battles became the stuff of stories, he turned his attention to trade with the Navajos.

The Pueblo Colorado Valley as Place

The twenty years between 1880 and 1900 saw the trading post in the Pueblo Colorado Valley transformed from empty space to meaningful place. Both jointly and separately, Hubbell and Cotton poured their energies into improving the 160-acre homestead, and each addition set the place apart from the neighboring landscape. Gathering rocks from the surrounding hills and, some say, nearby ruins, Hubbell and Cotton built a new trading post building, a mammoth two-story barn, and a small manager's residence.²⁶¹ They built sheds, a well house and watering trough, corrals, and bread ovens, marking the landscape with the signs of their "improvements."²⁶² The trading post became the local post office, and the Pueblo Colorado Valley received the new moniker Ganado, named after

²⁶⁰ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 71-72, 81; Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 21.

²⁶¹ Martha Blue, "A View from the Bullpen: A Navajo Ken of Traders and Trading Posts," *Plateau* 57, no. 3 (1986): 12; William J. Robinson, "A Construction Sequence for Hubbell Trading Post and Residence," *Kiva* 50, no. 4 (1985): 226; Blue, *Indian Trader*, 83. This period of the trading post's development is discussed in greater detail in Cottam, 72-100.

²⁶² Froeschauer-Nelson, under "Early Settlement," and "Zenith Period of the Hubbell Trading Post and Farm (1895-1922)."

Hubbell's friend, Ganado Mucho.²⁶³ After Cotton sold the trading post back to Hubbell and moved to Gallup where he built a home and wholesale business catering to reservation traders, Hubbell built in stages between 1889 and 1910 a permanent, sturdy home for his wife and children.²⁶⁴ In those years, the trading post gradually transformed from a lonely, ramshackle outpost where a party of Navajos loaded down with sheep pelts or a wagon driven by Mexican teamsters might be the trader's only company for the day to a bustling center of activity. Hubbell began bringing Lina and the children to the store in the summers when they were out of school, teaching young Lorenzo Jr. how to trade and trying to keep an eye on lively little Roman. Scientists, artists, and writers began stopping by as they discovered the allure of the Southwest, leaving presents of paintings and books, and Hubbell decorated his new home with hundreds of Hopi baskets and Navajo rugs as the curio trade blossomed.

By 1900, Juan Lorenzo Hubbell had been on his own in the great expanses of Navajo country for more than thirty years, and an Indian trader in the Pueblo Colorado Valley for more than twenty. The turn of the century marked a significant divide in Hubbell's life. The years before were the stuff of danger and adventure; the years after the stage on which he performed his identity as Don Lorenzo for the likes of Grace MacGowan Cooke. The tenor of his life mellowed even as Navajo country itself became safer, more familiar. Hubbell still reveled in reliving the days of his adventurous youth, but in the twentieth century with his fiftieth birthday in sight, he admitted to his cousin, "I have quit all

²⁶³ Will C. Barnes, *Arizona Place Names*, rev. ed (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1960), 12.

²⁶⁴ Lester L. Williams, 29; Robinson, 231-235.

those foolishness long ago. I am the oldest of the family, and am now forty nine years of age, and will soon have one foot in the grave.”²⁶⁵

Hubbell, however, still had nearly thirty years of life ahead of him, and not all of them would be spent enveloped in the haze of memory—not by a long shot. They would be years filled with political involvement, including terms in both the Arizona Territorial Legislature and the first Arizona State Senate. During those years, he would build up his business to the point where observers routinely called it an “empire,” with trading posts scattered across the reservation, connected by freight and mail lines that were always ready to ferry a passenger or two across the great expanses between. They would be the days when his family grew, his sons becoming almost as well known in Navajo country as he was while his grandchildren’s laughter mingled with the shouts of teamsters in the barn. And they would be the endless nights spent telling stories at the head of the table, by the glow of the fire, or under the stars at a Navajo dance.

The year 1900 divided the past from the nostalgic present for Navajo country, too. The Southwest was now firmly “civilized,” offering just enough adventure for tourists willing to brave a little discomfort and just enough wildness to give a pioneer’s stories a proper backdrop. At the same time Hubbell began to spend more and more time at his trading post, visitors began arriving in ever greater numbers. The Ganado trading post was perfectly positioned on the path to Canyon de Chelly and the Hopi mesas, and with his old partner Cotton in Gallup, Hubbell had an ally at the railhead who could point drifting travelers in his direction. At the home of Don Lorenzo, they would find a comfortable place to eat and sleep when few such places were available, a dazzling selection of curios for the

²⁶⁵ J. L. Hubbell to Charles H. Hubbell, November 19, 1902, Box 95, Folder 1902, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

buying, wagons or cars and guides for hire, and delicious stories. They would come to know Juan Lorenzo Hubbell as the enigmatic descendant of Vikings and Spanish dons, the steely-eyed Sheriff of Apache County, the unflinching conqueror and open-handed benefactor of the Navajos, the savior of Native arts—but first, they would know him personally and intimately as the prince of hospitality.

CHAPTER 3

THE PRINCE OF HOSPITALITY

The artist Elbridge Ayer Burbank was nearly forty years old when he finally stumbled upon his life's passion: to paint portraits from every Native American tribe before, as the conventional wisdom of the day feared, they disappeared beneath the crushing wave of progress. The task would lead him from the turn-of-the-century commotion of Chicago to Navajo country and Hubbell Trading Post. Though Burbank was a stranger when he arrived, the trader welcomed him, invited him to stay as long as he pleased, and ensured that his canvas never wanted for subjects nor his imagination for stories. Like many American artists and intellectuals in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Burbank's sense of place in the Southwest would be shaped in part by the experience, memory, and legend of Don Lorenzo Hubbell's Spanish hospitality. At Hubbell Trading Post, he would find a sense of belonging and refuge that eluded him in the crowded, verdant East, making Hubbell the center of his mental map of the desert. "To me," he later wrote in his memoir, "no picture of a Navajo scene is complete without...J. L. Hubbell."²⁶⁶

Burbank first heard of Hubbell in 1897, when he ran into C. N. Cotton after stepping off the train in Gallup, New Mexico. What brought him out of Chicago to the Southwest was a commission from his uncle, Edward E. Ayer, an important patron of the arts who had grown very wealthy selling railroad ties and telegraph poles to the transcontinental railway companies. Ayer had developed an interest in Native Americans when stationed in the Indian territories during the Civil War. When he returned, he traveled

²⁶⁶ E. A. Burbank, Earnest Royce, and Frank J. Taylor, *Burbank Among the Indians* (Caldwell, ID: Caxton Printers, 1944), 41. Burbank's background and encounters with J. L. Hubbell are also described in Cottam, 223-229.

extensively in the West and Southwest, collecting Indian artifacts and history books, pouring his fortune into the preservation of Indian cultures widely believed at the time to be on the brink of vanishing. As a founding member and the first president of Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History, Ayer supported artists and literary men, including George Catlin, Hamlin Garland, Herman MacNeil, and Charles Francis Browne, encouraging them to study and record Native American life firsthand before it vanished altogether in the rush of modernity.²⁶⁷ As the nineteenth century drew to a close, Ayer sent his nephew to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to paint a life portrait of Geronimo, the famous Chiricahua Apache resistance leader. Leaving behind a fairly lucrative career painting sentimental portraits of African Americans, Burbank boarded the rails for Oklahoma, where the aged Geronimo was held prisoner.²⁶⁸

When he arrived, Burbank managed to convince Geronimo to sit for a portrait—the first of many—and the two soon developed a kind of friendship. Burbank said that he “became so attracted to the old Indian that eventually I painted seven portraits of him,” and in each he endeavored to capture the essence of Geronimo's character with painstaking care.²⁶⁹ That summer at Fort Sill, Burbank painted not only Geronimo, but other Apaches, Kiowas, and Comanches, the idea for a new lifelong project seeming to blossom in his mind. He wrote in a letter to his uncle Edward Ayer that he “had never been so taken with a

²⁶⁷ Judith A. Barter, *Window on the West: Chicago and the Art of the New Frontier, 1890-1940* (Chicago: Art Institute of Chicago, 2003), 21-24; Padget, 137. For more on Edward E. Ayer, see Padget, 151-155; Caralyn Kastner, “Collecting Mr. Ayer's Narrative,” in *Acts of Possession: Collecting in America*, ed. Leah Dilworth (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 2003), 138-162; and Frank C. Lockwood, *The Life of Edward E. Ayer* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1929). And for E. A. Burbank, see Susan Marie Sullivan, “Many Brushes: Elbridge Ayer Burbank, Painter of Indian Portraits” (MA thesis, University of San Diego, 1983).

²⁶⁸ Charles Francis Browne, “Elbridge Ayer Burbank: A Painter of Indian Portraits,” *Brush and Pencil* 3, no. 1 (October 1898): 16-35.

²⁶⁹ Burbank, Royce, and Taylor, 21-22.

subject as I am with these Indians.”²⁷⁰ In the spirit of Ayer’s commitment to preservation, he determined paint portraits from every tribe in America.²⁷¹

For nearly two decades, this “would-be artist-ethnologist” painted thousands of portraits of Western and Southwestern Indians, ceaselessly traveling from reservation to reservation.²⁷² His work proved quite popular with American audiences—he began exhibiting at world’s fairs, selling pieces to some of the country’s finest ethnographic museums, and even distributing reproductions in newspapers, postcards, and travel literature just as the antimodern spirit began to take hold in Americans’ hearts.²⁷³ Within three years of painting his first Indian portrait, Burbank was declared by Charles Lummis to be the “master of Indian faces,” unrivaled by any other artist in the field.²⁷⁴ Lummis breathed a sigh of relief that Burbank had taken up the task of painting the Indians just in time to record them before American influences corroded their “Indianness.”²⁷⁵ In his eyes, Burbank possessed something rarer than artistic talent:

He can not only see but understand. They are to him not merely line and color, but human character. More ignorant people, who fancy that aboriginals are not quite men and women, might be enlightened—if anything can enlighten them—by talk with this unassuming painter. His ethnologic horizon is not scientifically exhaustive; but he has got far enough to understand the fact of human nature—and this is much

²⁷⁰ E. A. Burbank, qtd. in Navajo Nation Museum, *Diné Ndaashch’aggo Be’ehyaa, Portraits of the People: E. A. Burbank at Hubbell Trading Post* (Window Rock, AZ: Navajo Nation Museum, 2001), 2.

²⁷¹ Padget, 138; Bill Mercer, introduction to *American Indian Portraits: Elbridge Ayer Burbank in the West, 1897-1910*, ed. M. Melissa Wolfe (Youngstown, OH: The Butler Institute of American Art, 2000), 9.

²⁷² Padget, 143, 148.

²⁷³ M. Melissa Wolfe, *American Indian Portraits: Elbridge Ayer Burbank in the West, 1897-1910* (Youngstown, OH: The Butler Institute of American Art, 2000), 14.

²⁷⁴ Charles F. Lummis, “Painting the First Americans: Burbank’s Indian Portraits,” *Land of Sunshine* 12, no. 6 (May 1900): 340.

²⁷⁵ *Ibid.*

deeper in wisdom than many who pass for scientists, and write monographs of very large words, ever wade.²⁷⁶

A few years later, George Wharton James more cautiously declared Burbank a fitting successor for the famed Indian portraitist George Catlin. He echoed Lummis's sentiments that with "the red races of America...fast perishing...it is to be hoped that so sympathetic and successful a student of their lives, manners and customs as Mr. Burbank, will not allow himself to be lured back into civilization to take up less important labor. May he continue and complete the work accomplished by Catlin for art and ethnology!"²⁷⁷

Such praise and commercial success was still in Burbank's future in the fall of 1897. When he had painted all there was to paint at Fort Sill, Burbank headed to Gallup in search of Navajo subjects.²⁷⁸ When he bumped into C. N. Cotton, he had not yet heard of a place called Ganado, nor an Indian trader called Hubbell. "A bluff and hearty man who spoke loudly and chomped on a big cigar," Cotton took the artist in hand, pointed him in the direction of Ganado, and handing him a safety razor, instructed Burbank to give it to Hubbell "and tell him to shave himself."²⁷⁹ The artist pocketed the razor and embarked on the two-day journey across the plateau from Gallup to Ganado. In his memoir, Burbank recreated the scene of his congenial welcome at Hubbell's trading post:

I found Hubbell looking like a wild man with a beard hanging to his belt. He welcomed me heartily and invited me to occupy a room in his house. But he refused to shave.

"How much is it going to cost to live here?" I asked.

²⁷⁶ Ibid.

²⁷⁷ George Wharton James, "A Noted Painter of Indian Types," *The Craftsman* 7, no.3 (December 1904): 281.

²⁷⁸ Navajo Nation Museum, 3.

²⁷⁹ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 82; Burbank, Royce, and Taylor, 41.

“It will not cost you anything,” he replied.

“Then I won’t stay,” I said. “I will have to find quarters where I can pay for them.”

The old Indian trader looked genuinely hurt.

“I have been here for thirty years,” he said, “and I have never yet charged anybody anything for either food or lodging. Are you going to make me break my rule now?”

I stayed, but eased my conscience by presenting him with pictures, and by copying rug designs for him.²⁸⁰

Hubbell gave the artist space in the old Leonard trading post to set up a studio and asked his Navajo neighbors to sit for portraits, beginning with his good friend, Many Horses.²⁸¹ The Navajos had no cultural qualms about portraiture, but without an introduction Burbank likely would not have found them so accommodating.

Burbank found at the Hubbell Trading Post far more than free room and board and an abundance of willing subjects, however. Hubbell’s open-handed hospitality created for him a little pocket of sanctuary in the Navajo landscape. Though he had been born in Chicago, and though the demands of selling and exhibiting his works often compelled him to return to the East, Burbank felt that he *belonged* in the West. For his part, Lorenzo considered Burbank to be “the best Ind[ian] Painter in existence.”²⁸² He invited the artist to stay as a guest at Ganado any time he chose, and over the next few decades, Burbank came so often that the Hubbell children and grandchildren remembered him as a regular feature of life at the trading post during the summertime.²⁸³ He sketched dozens upon dozens of

²⁸⁰ Burbank, Royce, and Taylor, 41-42.

²⁸¹ Ibid.

²⁸² J. L. Hubbell to Sam S. Porter, March 4, 1909, Box 95, Folder March 1-9, 1909, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

²⁸³ J. L. Hubbell to E. A. Burbank, March 27, 1909, Box 95, Folder March 20-31, 1909, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Roman Hubbell to Edward Eberstadt and Sons, March 20, 1956, Box 121, Folder 1955-

portraits of Navajos at the trading post, which Hubbell bought in great quantities, along with portraits from other tribes, until nearly a third of the art cluttering the trading post's walls bore Burbank's signature.²⁸⁴ In fact, later observers, including his daughter-in-law, Dorothy Hubbell, attributed the genesis of Burbank's mission to paint the Indians to Lorenzo Hubbell, stating that it was the trader who asked the artist to create a drawing from every tribe in the United States for his collection.²⁸⁵ Burbank became such a familiar sight that the Navajos gave him the names *Náá'badaa'dit*, "Dangling Eye," and *Hastiin Naaltsoos Yik'ndaa'anilí*, "A man who puts you on a piece of paper."²⁸⁶

Despite all his Western travels and his long sojourns at Hubbell Trading Post, Burbank did occasionally have to return to the East to promote his art and attend to matters of business, but whenever he left, he found his heart straining back towards the sunset. Writing one April from the "Forest City" of Rockford, Illinois, Burbank told Hubbell, "I want to get out West soon as I can. I love the life. I cannot stand civilization and I would rather live on a ranch like yours than to live in New York City. Where you are you are living...like a King. You don't know your good luck."²⁸⁷ Burbank's mental health placed an extra burden on his shoulders. The artist often complained of "nervousness, exhaustion,

1956, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Hubbell Parker, interview with Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives.

²⁸⁴ E. A. Burbank to J. L. Hubbell, June 19, 1906, Box 12, Folder Burbank, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Dorothy Hubbell, interview by Frank McNitt, May 1, 1972, interview II, transcript, Box 2, Folder 17, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, 1899-1982, MS 322, University of Arizona Library Special Collections, Tucson, AZ (hereafter cited as Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections).

²⁸⁵ Dorothy Hubbell, interview by Frank McNitt, May 1, 1972, interview II, transcript, Box 2, Folder 17, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

²⁸⁶ Navajo Nation Museum, 3.

²⁸⁷ E. A. Burbank to J. L. Hubbell, April 10, 1902, Box 12, Folder Burbank, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

and neuralgia,” vacillating between “periods of intense activity followed by comparative paralysis.”²⁸⁸ He often overworked himself and had a troubled relationship with his wife. When his struggles overwhelmed him, Burbank retreated “out West where I belong.”²⁸⁹ The hospitality of J. L. Hubbell and, before he left the reservation in 1902, Thomas Keam, offered Burbank asylum from the pressures that triggered his mental breakdowns. As Melissa Wolfe writes, “Both men gave him free private lodging and board, allowing him to come and go as he pleased without the slightest restriction or expectation.”²⁹⁰ Navajo country became his sanctuary.

E. A. Burbank was only one among hundreds of travelers who sought in the Southwest artistic and scientific material, or, more elusively, some sliver of authenticity and closeness with the landscape. As the “romance of cultural primitivism” seized the nation, “Anglo-American artists, writers, intellectuals, scholars, archaeologists, and tourists descended, almost locust-like, on the Southwest,” hoping not only to make scientific advancements, but also “to discover the secret of a more authentic lived experiences. This was the core issue of modernization: the loss of connection to the land.”²⁹¹ In northeastern Arizona, the whole of Navajo country lay like an unopened treasure trove. The Hopi mesas and the spectacular Canyon de Chelly particularly enticed Anglo visitors. Many of them found their paths taking them through a little-known place called Ganado, where they found a blue-eyed half-Hispanic Indian trader who provided both welcome hospitality and crucial guidance. From the time the first wave of visitors broke over Navajo country in the 1880s

²⁸⁸ Padget, 159.

²⁸⁹ E. A. Burbank to Edward Ayer, November 5, 1902, qtd. in Wolfe, 17.

²⁹⁰ Wolfe, 16.

²⁹¹ Neff, 135.

until his death in 1930, Hubbell made himself both useful and fascinating as he opened his doors to the weary travelers and captivated them with the romance of his heritage and early adventures.

It was Hubbell's hospitality, first and foremost, that made him into a legend. His willingness to offer a room to sleep in—and not just any room, but one decorated with blankets, rugs, and ollas—a place to set up an easel, and a free meal crafted a focal point in visitors' memories of Navajo country. Hubbell created a place that stood apart from the surrounding landscape in its welcoming comfort, its verdant fields, and its touches of culture, art, music, and literature, even while it remained inseparably connected to the landscape with its Mexican stone and adobe architecture, its dazzling selection of Native curios, and the constant presence of alluring Navajos. It seemed a contradiction, but Hubbell endeavored to make his guests “at home at once to enjoy the strangeness of the surroundings.”²⁹² As a result, visitors left his corner of Navajo country declaring, “He is the last of the Patriarchs—a Prince of the old Frontier, whose house is one of the few places left in all the West where the storied hospitality of Spanish American is still unspoiled and uncrippled.”²⁹³ For Burbank and hundreds of other travelers like him, Hubbell became an archetype, the most hospitable man in a country known for its Western hospitality.

Indian Traders and Antimodernists

In the earliest years of Indian trading, before America's upper- and middle-classes packed their bags for the Southwest, the trader's life was marked by isolation, for the Navajo

²⁹² Rufus Eley, “The Arizona Home of J. L. Hubbell,” *The Irrigation Age* 18 (July 1903): 271.

²⁹³ Lummis, “Swallow's-Nest,” 500.

Reservation was one of the remotest places in the American West.²⁹⁴ Before 1880, the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (later the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway) disgorged west-bound freight and passengers in Fort Dodge, Kansas, and the rest of the distance had to be covered by ox team.²⁹⁵ The hours at the trading post in Ganado ticked away slowly. Days might pass between shipments of goods or the welcome faces of customers. The mail arrived only once weekly, and in the long silences in between, Lorenzo and Charlie doodled absently in the margins of the account ledgers.²⁹⁶

The rapid advance of steel rails across New Mexico and Arizona soon broke the silence, connecting the Navajo Reservation with the rest of the world. The railroad steamed closer every year, reaching Albuquerque in 1880, Gallup in 1881, and Flagstaff in 1882.²⁹⁷ The railway did more than connect isolated Indian traders more closely with their supply lines, however; it connected the region to the rest of the nation right at the moment Americans became suddenly and ravenously infatuated with the Southwest. As the trains powered westward, archaeologists, anthropologists, artists, writers, and finally tourists descended on the Southwest, “determined to salvage information about a culture that many Americans believed would disappear through the ‘progress’ of civilization,” and in the process gain some semblance of “authenticity” for themselves.²⁹⁸

²⁹⁴ Peterson, “Big House,” 62.

²⁹⁵ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 203.

²⁹⁶ C. N. Cotton to W. K. P. Wilson, March 3, 1885, Box 91, Folder 2, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Cottam, 78. See pages 76-83 for a more detailed account of the nature of trading in the early years of the trading post.

²⁹⁷ Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 212.

²⁹⁸ Dilworth, 24.

Beginning in 1880 and stretching to the 1920s, a cultural movement known as antimodernism blossomed in the United States and Europe.²⁹⁹ Disturbed by the staggering rapidity and scale of change as industrialization and new technologies completely transformed modern life, Americans worried over “the fate of the ‘American character.’”³⁰⁰ Their anxieties manifested as “public concern with immigration, industrialization, labor unrest, and the disquieting effects of world war,” but also as a more nebulous unease centered on the increasing dissolution of the bonds between men, nature, and craftsmanship.³⁰¹ America’s upper- and middle-class intellectuals turned to the nostalgic past, to the land, and to exotic cultures to rescue themselves from the impersonal drudgery of modern life. In his landmark study of antimodernism, T. J. Jackson Lears describes the movement as a whole as “the recoil from an ‘overcivilized’ modern existence to more intense forms of physical and spiritual experience supposedly embodied in medieval or Oriental cultures.”³⁰²

In America, the hopes of many antimodernists fixed upon the Native American cultures and Southwest—what Barbara A. Babcock has aptly called “America’s Orient.”³⁰³ In the drama of the West, Indians were suddenly recast from military threats to “people doomed to vanish or as living relics of the past, as performers of colorful ceremonies, and as

²⁹⁹ See Cottam 175-176.

³⁰⁰ Kerwin L. Klein, “Frontier Products: Tourism, Consumerism, and the Southwestern Public Lands, 1890-1990,” *Pacific Historical Review* 62, no. 1 (February 1993): 44.

³⁰¹ *Ibid.*

³⁰² T. J. Jackson Lears, *No Place of Grace: Antimodernism and the Transformation of American Culture, 1880-1920* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1981), xv.

³⁰³ Barbara A. Babcock, “‘A New Mexican Rebecca’: Imaging Pueblo Women,” *Journal of the Southwest* 32, no. 4 (Winter 1990): 406. See also Edward W. Said, *Orientalism* (New York: Vintage Books, 1979).

makers of pots, baskets, blankets, and jewelry.”³⁰⁴ As Leah Dilworth argues, “These images were more about their makers than about Native Americans.”³⁰⁵ Indeed, Americans who had once banished countless Native Americans to desolate reservations to “civilize” them now saw in Indian cultures traits they felt their own culture had lost: spirituality, authenticity, and unalienated labor. Indian rights activist John Collier captured the essence of America’s sudden fascination with Native Americans:

We—I mean our white world in this country—are a shattered race—physically, religiously, socially and esthetically shattered, dismembered, directionless...But let us examine with a wondering and tender concern, and with some awe, these Indian communities which by virtue of historical accidents and of their own unyielding wills are even today the expressions, even today the harborers, of a great age of integrated, inwardly-seeking life and art...Our understanding of art, of work, of pleasure, of the values of life, and even our world-view, may be somewhat influenced if we will pay attention to them.³⁰⁶

At the same time this intense desire to escape the evils of modern life struck mainstream America, many archaeologists, ethnologists, and anthropologists began to focus their attention on the Southwest. Soldiers and explorers had been publishing descriptions of Navajo country for decades, but their brief and usually pejorative accounts had done little to capture the imaginations of ordinary Americans. But as the professional disciplines of anthropology and ethnology began to develop, along with museums and world’s fairs, the Southwest started to draw scientists whose descriptions would take on an entirely different tone and meaning.³⁰⁷ In the 1880s and 1890s, ethnographers turned to studying Native

³⁰⁴ Dilworth, 3.

³⁰⁵ Ibid.

³⁰⁶ John Collier, copy of speech sent to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., Box 18, Folder Collier, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

³⁰⁷ Cottam, 212; Don D. Fowler, *A Laboratory for Anthropology: Science and Romanticism in the American Southwest, 1846-1930* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2000), 71. For more information on the development of anthropology, see Curtis M. Hinsey Jr., *Savages and Scientists: The Smithsonian Institution and the*

American cultures as a way of studying previous stages of their own cultural development.

As Leah Dilworth explains:

Many of these men were influenced by the writings of anthropologist Lewis Henry Morgan, who developed a theory of cultural evolution. He argued that all cultures represented different states of social development along a progressive, evolutionary scale: from savage to barbaric to civilized, with European society being the standard of civilization....These ethnographers believed anthropology was a science that could be an agent of social reform; by observing civilization at earlier stages of its evolution they could understand the nature of progress and use this knowledge to further the nation's progress. They also felt their studies would provide answers to the "Indian problem."³⁰⁸

Ethnologists were particularly fascinated by the pueblo-dwelling Native Americans of the Southwest:

The combination of an open, unspoiled landscape and a settled, agrarian, highly developed Native American population made for a timeless, edenic image that contrasted sharply with the unhealthy, aggressive, industrial culture of the eastern and Midwestern United States. As such, the region became the focus of economic and aesthetic as well as anthropological interest—places and peoples to be discovered, enjoyed, exploited, marketed, represented, and studied.³⁰⁹

With the formation of the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of Ethnology in 1879, the Native Americans of the Southwest "came under systematic scrutiny."³¹⁰ At first, still leaning on the negative cultural perceptions colored by extended warfare that had led the U.S. Government to exile the Navajos to Fort Sumner, the ethnologists were attracted to the more agrarian Hopi, Zuni, and Pueblo peoples. Leah Dilworth states, "The Navajos, relative newcomers to the region who lived in a nomadic existence and had a habit of raiding other

Development of Anthropology, 1846-1910 (Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution, 1981); and Nancy J. Parezo and Don D. Fowler, *Anthropology Goes to the Fair: The 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2007).

³⁰⁸ Dilworth, 24.

³⁰⁹ Barbara A. Babcock and Nancy J. Parezo, *Daughters of the Desert: Women Anthropologists and the Native American Southwest, 1880-1980* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1988), 7.

³¹⁰ Dilworth, 15.

groups for livestock, did not exemplify the purely primitive traits that interested most ethnographers.”³¹¹ But even the Navajos did not evade the scientists’ interest for long, and parties of anthropologists and ethnologists, both privately and publically funded, soon roamed the landscapes of northern New Mexico and Arizona recording ceremonies while archaeologists dug up the remains of the past.

Artists and writers followed soon after, for the “the Modernism of the West was expressed in the aesthetic qualities of the land itself: broad expanses of ‘empty’ space, angular mesas, vivid and bold colors, and intense light that flattens forms.”³¹² The colors of the Southwest, fiery in the sunset or muted in twilight, astonished Anglo artists, while Native American and Hispanic cultures intrigued writers. Both artists and writers flocked to art colonies like Taos and Santa Fe as early as 1898, where they created “the first images of the land and its native peoples seen by thousands of Americans.”³¹³ Scientific drawings had trickled out of the Southwest along with early written accounts, but these new images, created by artists with very particular nostalgic and antimodernist impulses, made “the West look like a time-less, sepia-toned or strangely colored dreamworld that was closed off, distinct, and isolated from the ‘outside world,’ or from time itself.”³¹⁴ In their paintings and in their crafted words, artists and writers mythologized the Southwest and its peoples, making it both exotic and enticing.

³¹¹ Ibid., 16.

³¹² Neff, xiii.

³¹³ Weigle and Babcock, 3. See Cline, *Literary Pilgrims*; and Schimmell and White, *Bert Geer Phillips and the Taos Art Colony*.

³¹⁴ Neff, 53.

The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway, in partnership with the Fred Harvey Company, a major player in the creation of the Southwest, quickly harnessed that mystical desirability in its advertising to draw tourists to the region in unprecedented numbers. In its early years, the AT&SF, like other railroads, focused its advertisements on real estate and portrayed the Southwest in its promotional literature as a health spot for the tubercular and asthmatic.³¹⁵ But when the railroad reorganized in 1895, interest in the Southwest and its peoples had clearly begun to take hold in the nation, and the AT&SF began to market the region to tourists. Drawing on the creative reserves at Taos and Santa Fe, the railway hired “ethnographers, artists, photographers, and writers to publicize the attractions of the region,” a campaign that proved wildly successful.³¹⁶ Over the years, the Fred Harvey Company became nearly synonymous with tourism in the Southwest and it professionally and efficiently ferried thousands upon thousands of upper- and middle-class Americans into landscapes that had once been accessible only to the very intrepid.

Curious Americans who boarded the railroad for the Southwest, however, soon found that alighting in Gallup or Winslow still left them with the considerable task of getting from the railhead to the interior of Navajo country. Many miles of trail, susceptible to the whims of Navajo country’s capricious climate that might transform a dusty road into a treacherous quagmire within minutes, still lay between the rails and the Hopi mesas, Canyon

³¹⁵ Dye, 17-21.

³¹⁶ Dilworth, 17. For more information on the Fred Harvey Company, see Weigle, “From Desert to Disney World,” 115-137; Brandt, “Necessary Guidance”; Weigle and Babcock, *The Great Southwest of the Fred Harvey Company*; Keith L. Bryant, *History of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway* (New York: Macmillan, 1974); Lesley Poling-Kempes, *The Harvey Girls: Women Who Opened the West* (New York: Paragon House, 1989); Stephen Fried, *Appetite for America: How Visionary Businessman Fred Harvey Built a Railroad Hospitality Empire that Civilized the Wild West* (New York: Bantam Books, 2010); and Diane Thomas Darnall, *The Southwestern Indian Detours: The Story of the Fred Harvey/Santa Fe Railway Experiment in Detourism* (Phoenix, AZ: The Hunter Pub. Co., 1978).

De Chelly, the Painted Desert, and many other points of interest in the region. The government presence, too, hovered near the edges of the reservation, and where normally the Indian agent would have acted as intermediary between inquisitive outsiders and Native American communities, with a reservation covering tens of thousands of square miles, that function by necessity fell to others.³¹⁷

Indian traders were perfectly positioned to fill that role. With the Indian agent and the railroads often hundreds of miles distant, the traders “became the only educated, reliable source of information on the region.”³¹⁸ Traders knew that they held valuable knowledge about Navajo country’s geography and Indian cultures, and they marketed it, providing “privileged details about the Southwest’s exotic peoples” and satisfying “tourists’ hunger for Southwestern Indian souvenirs.”³¹⁹ Visiting scientists, artists, writers, and later, tourists, came to depend on traders as guides, interpreters, outfitters, and hosts in the unfamiliar desert landscape.³²⁰ Traders by necessity straddled the Anglo and Indian worlds and were the perfect vehicles through which scientists could be introduced to the Native communities they wished to study. With the trader vouching for outsiders who would otherwise have been viewed with suspicion, scientists gained easy access to homes, dances, and ceremonies.

The first trader to play a significant role in smoothing relationships between anthropologists and Southwestern Indians was Hubbell’s old friend from Fort Defiance,

³¹⁷ Graves, 140.

³¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 139. For a discussion of the relationship between Indian traders, including Thomas Keam and J. L. Hubbell, and visiting scientists, see Cottam, 212-216.

³¹⁹ Scott Charles Zeman, “Traveling the Southwest: Creation, Imagination, and Invention” (PhD diss., Arizona State University, 1998), 75-76.

³²⁰ Fowler, 138.

Thomas Varker Keam.³²¹ Keam's trading post was situated near the Hopi mesas, which were among the earliest destinations in Northeastern Arizona to attract scientific curiosity. From 1882 to 1897 there was no agent at Hopi, making Keam "the only man who could arrange for local guides and establish contact with the various Hopi and Navajo headmen. Thomas Keam thus became the vehicle through which the outside world made contact with the Hopis and Navajos living in the area."³²² His efforts were crucial to the success of leading Southwestern anthropologists John Gregory Bourke, Frank Hamilton Cushing, Washington Matthews, Alexander McGregor Stephen, Victor and Cosmos Mindeleff, and James and Matilda Coxe Stephenson in their work with both living Native American informants and in ancient archaeological ruins. Keam's biographer, Laura Graves, argues that Keam's influence was so widespread that "by the mid-1880s Keams Canyon had become the nominal field headquarters for the Bureau of Ethnology scientists working in northeastern Arizona."³²³

As an increasing number of scientists showed interest in the Southwest, other Indian traders also became involved in facilitating their work, most notably the Day family in the Chinle area, the Wetherills at Mesa Verde, and the Hubbell family around Ganado, though many others leveraged their privileged knowledge about Indians and the country into business opportunities.³²⁴ Once J. L. began to spend more time at his trading post, many of

³²¹ For accounts of Keam's relationship with early Southwestern anthropologists, see Graves, 139-170; and McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 190-191.

³²² Graves, 140; Cottam, 213-214.

³²³ Graves, 152.

³²⁴ For information on the Day family, see McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 247-251; Fowler, 230, 325, 346; Clifford Trafzer, "Anglos among the Navajos: The Day Family," in *The Changing Ways of Southwestern Indians: A Historic Perspective*, ed. Albert H. Schroeder (Glorieta, NM: Rio Grande Press, 1973): 259-275; Clifford Trafzer, "Sam Day and His Boys: Good Neighbors to the Navajos," *Journal of Arizona History* 18, no. 1 (Spring 1977): 1-22.

the same individuals Keam assisted became guests and friends of Hubbell's. Joseph

Emerson Smith would later write in his obituary of Hubbell:

The immortal Adolf Bandelier, ragged and bearded, a small gray-brown burro carrying his water jugs, blankets and provisions, was a frequent guest while wandering from pueblo to pueblo during his years of studying and writing about the southwestern Indians....Practically every scientist who has delved into the prehistoric life in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona has been Lorenzo Hubbell's guest. The late Dr. J. Walter Fewkes and Dr. Stewart Culin, the latter curator of the Brooklyn museum; Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley, now having charge of the extensive Chichen Itza restorations, in Mexico; Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, were lifelong friends.³²⁵

Unlike Keams Canyon, however, Ganado was not in particularly close proximity to either noteworthy ruin complexes or contemporary pueblos, so while scientists counted Hubbell a friend and enjoyed his assistance throughout Navajo country, his home was never the center of their operations.³²⁶ Rather, he hosted them on short visits and used his influence among the Navajos and the resources of his trading empire to provide them with transportation, supplies, information, and introductions.

Artists, too, found the traders to be invaluable resources. Many of the artists and writers hired by the AT&SF Railway in the 1890s, including Fernand H. Lundgren, Maynard Dixon, Louis Akin, William R. Leigh, and Charles F. Lummis would spend time at J. L.

The Wetherill family, who were also involved in Indian trading, played a significant role in the creation of the curio business, and serve as a fascinating example of the way archaeology, trading, and tourism interlocked in the Southwest during these years. In southwestern Colorado, the Wetherill family discovered some of the region's most spectacular ruins in 1880 while running cattle on the Mesa Verde. They commenced to plundering the ruins for artifacts, selling several large collections which were exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair. Taking advantage of the riches to be taken from the soil, they expanded their business to include "selling artifacts and guiding tourists to see the ruins. Between 1889 and 1901, approximately one thousand people visited the ranch and were taken to see the cliff dwellings." Fowler, 189. These tourists published articles and books that drew national attention to the ruins at Mesa Verde—further fueling the boom in tourism in the Southwest. Fowler, 189. For more information about the Wetherill family, see Fletcher, *The Wetherills of the Mesa Verde*; Mary Apolline Comfort, *Rainbow to Yesterday: The John and Louisa Wetherill Story* (New York: Vantage Press, 1980); Gillmor and Wetherill, *Traders to the Navajos*; Frank McNitt, *Richard Wetherill: Anasazi* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1966).

³²⁵ Joseph Emerson Smith, 374.

³²⁶ The archaeologist Jesse Walter Fewkes was an exception to this general rule, having stayed at Ganado through the summer of 1897 to study the smaller ruins present in the Pueblo Colorado Valley. Cottam, 215.

Hubbell's trading post.³²⁷ Just as "those seeking information of the Navajo knew no better place to go, for here was a man who could tell them accurately all they wanted to know," artists seeking the exotic and the picturesque could find no better guide.³²⁸ He provided unparalleled access to Navajo subjects for artists, like Burbank, who were interested in painting portraits or other Indian pictures, and skillfully guided those enchanted by the landscape into dazzling hidden nooks of the desert. As Burke Johnson wrote, "Artists were welcomed, encouraged and wet-nursed. If they wanted to sketch a certain type face or see a certain ceremony, Don Lorenzo made the Indian available for them or provided them with a wagon, supplies and a guide."³²⁹

Ordinary tourists who followed in the deluge thereafter received the same benefits. As Snake Dance-bound tourist Joseph Amasa Munk explained in his 1920 memoir-cum-guidebook, on the journey from Gallup to the Hopi mesas, "Hubbell's is the only stopping place in a radius of many miles and is a favorite resort for travelers, scientists, and artists who visit the Indian country to study and paint the desert."³³⁰ He continued:

A stop at Hubbell's is alone worth the trip. Anybody who has the good fortune to receive the hospitality of this home will not be disappointed, as the host knows how to entertain friends and takes the very best care of his guests. His never failing kindness and generosity are above praise, and are doubly appreciated in a country where everything is new and the conveniences and comforts of travel are yet few.³³¹

³²⁷ Dilworth, 17.

³²⁸ Mott, 49.

³²⁹ Burke Johnson, "The Story of Don Lorenzo," *Arizona Days and Ways* (December 26, 1965): 6.

³³⁰ J.A. Munk, *Southwest Sketches* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1920), 28-29.

³³¹ *Ibid.*, 101.

In return for providing guests of every stripe with his hospitality and the “authentic” experiences they so craved, satisfied travelers paid Hubbell dividends in unexpected quarters. As Frank Lockwood wrote, “If he gave much, he received much also.”³³²

The Rewards of Hospitality

As the tide of travelers broke over the Navajo Reservation, Lorenzo Hubbell opened his doors to greet them. From the beginning, Hubbell “instituted the custom of holding open house to all visitors and travelers in the country.”³³³ It was a point of great pride for Hubbell that he “never charged anyone for a meal or a night’s lodging,” whatever the expense.³³⁴ Trail-weary travelers, famous or humble, friends or strangers, found under his roof a comfortable room to sleep in, decorated romantically with Indian curios, and a hearty, jovial dinner table. “It is estimated that he gave away in lodging, meals, and gifts—for everyone left with a valuable souvenir of the visit—more than a million dollars,” one of the recipients of his generosity wrote.³³⁵

Hubbell, however, found other ways of profiting from his guests’ Southwestern adventures. Like the other traders of his time, he knew full well that in facilitating the work of scientists who collected specimens for museums, artists who painted brilliant images, and writers whose words would reach faraway audiences, he was breathing life into the growing market for Indian-made products.³³⁶ Though Hubbell did often give his guests little gifts,

³³² Frank C. Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits, Selected Vignettes* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1968), 157.

³³³ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 29.

³³⁴ *Ibid.*

³³⁵ Joseph Emerson Smith, 376. See Cottam, 208-212 for a more extended discussion of the relationship between Hubbell’s hospitality and his business endeavors.

³³⁶ Graves, 142.

most of them also purchased some sort of souvenir of their experience or gifts for their friends back home, and Hubbell cheerfully accepted their business. The trader's close friend, Maynard Dixon, recorded that before he knew Hubbell's stubborn ways, he had once offered to pay his host for his room and board. Lorenzo told him, "No, sir, not a cent. I don't run a hotel. I'm in the blanket business. I'm the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat. If you want to spend your money just come over in the blanket room with me and watch me knock your eye out."³³⁷ The trader had no objection to making a profit from his friends, so long as it was not for the basic courtesies of food and shelter that were his duty and pleasure to provide. His other services to travelers were not without their cost—wagons and teams, and later automobiles with knowledgeable drivers, might cost a traveler up to thirty dollars a day.³³⁸

Payment came in other forms, as well. Hubbell's artistic guests often repaid him for his hospitality by giving him paintings or drawings, as Burbank did. Hubbell, despite being far removed from the salons and galleries that usually attracted collectors, developed a fondness for art, particularly paintings of the Southwest and its peoples. The more artists he ushered through the landscape, the larger his collection grew until walls were covered in faces and scenes from New Mexico and Arizona, including portraits of Lorenzo and his family. The artist Frank P. Sauerwein once joked to Hubbell in a letter that with every inch of his walls "fairly covered with paintings," and the ceiling taken up by Hubbell's collection of Hopi baskets, "you can now have recourse to your floor space for the disposal of such canvases, drawings, and general fine art as your pet weakness may in future lead you to

³³⁷ Maynard Dixon qtd. in Donald J. Hagerty, *The Life of Maynard Dixon* (Layton, UT: Gibbs Smith, 2010), 68.

³³⁸ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 169.

accumulate.”³³⁹ Not all of the paintings that hung on Hubbell’s walls, however, were gifts in the strictest sense. As Martha Blue writes, Hubbell created a “complicated system of barter with the artists. Artists became blanket brokers, trading and buying blankets and other crafts from him, most often on credit. In this way, the artists—like customers and laborers—became part of Hubbell’s web.”³⁴⁰ Each painting, however, represented more than a financial transaction. They were symbols representing friendships and memories of Navajo country travels—and soon the paintings became part of the romantic ambiance of Hubbell’s home. Writers, too, sent him autographed copies of the books they wrote about their travels, and as the years went by an impressive collection of Southwestern literature filled his shelves, personal inscriptions hidden behind the desert-colored covers. Travelers came to describe Hubbell’s home as a “museum of Indian baskets, blankets, paintings, desert books and the many things Indian we were looking for.”³⁴¹

The last bits of payment came in the form of fame and reputation. With every effusive thanks in the preface of a scientific study, every retelling of one of Hubbell’s swashbuckling stories, every description of his unique home, his guests made him the most well-known and romantic trader on the Navajo reservation. When they wrote guide books, they sent travelers to his door, lauding Hubbell as the one connection visitors needed to get the most profound, visceral experience available to travelers in Navajo country. As descriptions of Hubbell’s character like the one proffered by Southwest Society director Frank M. Palmer in his account of his archaeological adventures in northeastern Arizona

³³⁹ Frank P. Sauerwein to J. L. Hubbell, February 9, 1910, Box 73, Folder Sauerwein, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

³⁴⁰ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 207.

³⁴¹ James H. Ferris, “The Navajo Nation,” *The Nautilus* 34, no. 1 (July 1920): 11. See Cottam, 220-223 for more information about Hubbell’s relationship with the artists.

proliferated, Hubbell's reputation took on legendary proportions. In attributing the success of his expedition to J. L. Hubbell, Palmer wrote:

The sudden hyphenation between the Age of Stone and the Age of Electricity brought out extraordinary types. It was a wonderful opportunity, but it took men of depth and breadth and elasticity to meet it. It found such men. The weaklings who tried, sank. The strong men who tried—they grew giants. Of what a man can do in this curious relation, as an intermediary between the new and the old, between the patriarchal and the commercial, I have never known so extraordinary an example. Every man who has stood sentry there for twenty years is worth knowing, worth earning for a friend: but I believe not one of these gray pioneers will grudge my estimate of Don Lorenzo as their Dean. Every scientist, artist, writer, globe-trotter, Indian or tramp that ever passed his way is his particular debtor.³⁴²

Praise of such rich flavor was not an unusual reward for Hubbell's hospitality, and it seemed that with very visitor who slept under a Navajo blanket in his home, the trader's fame grew.

The Experience and Narrative of Hubbell's Hospitality

Travelers' personal encounters with Hubbell's hospitality formed the glowing core of his legend. The experience of staying at his home and partaking of his courtesy was crucial—for though “one also becomes attached to places by the power of imagining alone,” usually the landscapes that collect the strongest emotions are experienced first-hand.³⁴³ Equally important was the sharing of experiences through what folklorists refer to as “personal experience stories.” As Sandra K. D. Stahl states, folklorists define personal experience stories as “first-person narratives usually composed orally by the tellers and based on real incidents in their lives.”³⁴⁴ Many of Hubbell's guests shared their experiences orally with family members and friends, some who had been to Hubbell Trading Post and some

³⁴² Palmer, 39.

³⁴³ Lawrence Buell, *The Future of Environmental Criticism: Environmental Crisis and Literary Imagination* (Malden, MA: Blackwell Pub., 2005), 72.

³⁴⁴ Sandra K. D. Stahl, “Personal Experience Stories,” in *Handbook of American Folklore*, ed. Richard M. Dorson (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1983), 268.

who had only heard of it. But because many Navajo country pilgrims were of a literary bent, quite a few of them wrote and published narrative accounts of their journeys and experiences as Hubbell's guests. With the popularity of exotic travel narratives in the early twentieth century and the many personal connections that linked Southwestern travelers with one another, tales of the regal treatment weary travelers found in the home of an Indian trader in Ganado spread quickly and solidified into legend. By the turn of the century, Hubbell's trading post had earned its reputation as "the greatest trading post in the Navajo reservation," and travelers went there expecting to find the kind of place that "is just what you read of in books."³⁴⁵

Published accounts of Hubbell's hospitality seldom describe the trader and his home in isolation—after all, Hubbell's trading post was usually not a traveler's ultimate destination, but a stopping-point in a tour that ranged over the varied landscapes of Navajo country. Before they passed the trading post threshold, tourists rode in wagons or automobiles over open landscapes of sage and pine, looking "anxiously for local color."³⁴⁶ They caught glimpses of Navajos and their herds, exchanged banter with quintessentially Southwestern guides who told stories and led them to the choicest shady picnic spots along the trail. They climbed to the tops of Hopi mesas and walked the sunken floor of Canyon de Chelly, its flame-colored walls towering above them. One tourist's words capture the feelings travelers deliberately cultivated as they journeyed in the desert:

They were wonderful weeks, those weeks under the Arizona skies, for in them we quite lost the trail of the twentieth century and of our materialistic and commercial civilization. We seemed here a large part of ancient America and of a world to which

³⁴⁵ William Allen White, "In Moki Villages," *Emporia Gazette*, November 25, 1903.

³⁴⁶ Mrs. George Eustis, "Our Trip to the Hopi Indian Reservation in Arizona," *Motor Travel: A Magazine for Automobile Owners* 8, no. 1 (June 1916): 52.

the European was but a newcomer; for we lived among those whose home this land has been for probably thousands upon thousands of years and whose life and thought seemed but a human expression of the land itself.³⁴⁷

Travelers' personal experience narratives often begin with the two-day journey across the desert from Gallup to Ganado. Long paragraphs of rapturous prose—some more polished than others—describe the “pictured rocks and fantastic shapes” that surprised the pilgrim in his first intimate glimpses of the desert.³⁴⁸ One traveler, Rufus Eley, described his awestruck approach to Ganado by wagon in language that aspires to capture his feeling:

There is an ever-changing panorama behind one as successive heights are reached. The morning sun sends long lance-like beams of light into the canyons brilliantly illuminating bold cliffs that stand out in strong relief. At the summit the long stretches of the descent come into view. The winding way of the stream of living water that flows by Ganado is seen as if but a few miles away, though thirty miles distant. Many flocks of sheep and goats, the property of thrifty Navajos, are passed....Toward evening Ganado comes into view. The large, low, one-story building of Mr. Hubbell, the adjoining buildings, the public well with its old-fashioned bucket and pulley, the river and the ford make an impressive scene that is not soon forgotten.³⁴⁹

Charles Lummis, a more practiced word-smith, described that journey as “one of the most fascinating experiences open to any American traveler.”³⁵⁰ He wrote:

Traveling those wastes is itself a joy. There is a marvel in the air. The lungs swell to it, in conscious luxury; and in its virgin clarity distance ceases, and the eye is a liar. Down the bewitched plains the buckboard rolls. The horses are of the country, and never tire; and the jet-eyed driver has a Mexican jest for every turn of the road.³⁵¹

³⁴⁷ Natalie Curtis, “Theodore Roosevelt in Hopi-Land: Another Personal Reminiscence,” *The Outlook* (September 17, 1919): 87.

³⁴⁸ Eley, 271.

³⁴⁹ Ibid.

³⁵⁰ Lummis, “Swallow’s-Nest,” 498.

³⁵¹ Ibid., 503.

At the end of the journey across the desert, Hubbell Trading Post appeared nestled low in the valley. The architecture was striking, as trading posts went. Frank McNitt writes, “Of the old traders, only Lorenzo Hubbell built with feeling or flair for structural materials and architecture, his massive buildings of stone, wood, and ironwork at Ganado and Chinle—the latter now in ruins—as unique monuments to his imagination.”³⁵² But still, from the outside, its architecture was, as one visitor put it, “unimposing.”³⁵³ What it lacked in grandeur on first sight, however, it made up in suitability with its “Mexican style.”³⁵⁴ It fit perfectly in the surrounding landscape. “From the outside,” another visitor wrote, “you see the typical squat adobe oblong so suited to a climate where hot winds are the enemies to comfort.”³⁵⁵

Impressions of the exterior of the trading post and home were soon eclipsed when travelers met their host, “the most interesting character in Arizona, Don Lorenzo Hubbell.”³⁵⁶ One August afternoon, early in the twentieth century, Edgar K. Miller, director of the Arts and Crafts publication *The Indian School Journal*, “drove up to the Spanish-looking, flat-topped adobe building” that was Lorenzo Hubbell’s trading post.³⁵⁷ “[U]nheralded, tired and thirsty from the long drive in the Arizona sun,” he inquired after Hubbell and settled

³⁵² McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 77.

³⁵³ Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.”

³⁵⁴ *Ibid.*

³⁵⁵ Laut, 125.

³⁵⁶ Lummis, “Swallow’s-Nest,” 498.

³⁵⁷ Edgar K. Miller, “The Indian and the Trader,” *The Indian School Journal* 7, no. 9 (July-September 1907): 11. For more on Edgar K. Miller, see Jonathan Batkin, “Tourism is Overrated: Pueblo Pottery and the Early Curio Trade, 1880-1910,” in *Unpacking Culture: Art and Commodity in Colonial and Postcolonial Worlds*, eds. Ruth B. Phillips and Christopher Burghard Steiner (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999), 295-297; and Harry Clebourne James, *Pages from Hopi History* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1974), 184.

down to wait for his host, whom he knew only by reputation.³⁵⁸ “I had not long to wait,” he later wrote:

Soon an elderly, thickset man with a Mexican air and physique came in. It proved to be J. L. Hubbell, gentleman, pioneer soldier, Indian trader, politician, business man, lover of art, and celebrated from coast to coast as a man whose hospitality knows no bounds. He greeted me in a manner that would make most of us, who live in civilization, think our education along this line had been neglected. His manner was that of a gentleman; his greeting and handshake teemed with the real kind of sincerity.³⁵⁹

Even at first meeting, the genial trader seemed to fit so perfectly travelers’ dreams and expectations of a colorful Indian trader, “iconic figures closely associated with the Southwestern mythscape.”³⁶⁰ Master of the “strange, bald country” travelers had just crossed, Hubbell, whether sporting a wild beard or groomed moustache, seemed a giant.³⁶¹ As Charles Lummis wrote, “There is something about this strange enchanted land which works on human nature. And those who know the modern humans that stand sentry along this frontier can understand something of what those prehistoric folks must have been whose monuments are in every cañon.”³⁶²

First impressions of the trader’s noble bearing solidified when, “like the true Spanish host,” Hubbell invited his guests to dine at his table and take their rest in one of the bedrooms lining the long center hall of his home.³⁶³ The dinner table received a sumptuous description, for “no Spanish Don in the days of old could conduct things in such lordly style.

³⁵⁸ Edgar K. Miller, 11.

³⁵⁹ Ibid.

³⁶⁰ Zeman, 76.

³⁶¹ Lummis, “Swallow’s-Nest,” 500

³⁶² Ibid., 502.

³⁶³ Edgar K. Miller, 13.

At a great double table at least forty feet long he served dinner to his guests in relays.”³⁶⁴ Don Lorenzo sat at the head of the table, flattering the ladies with delicate compliments while his servants reached over shoulders to lay down steaming plates of hearty Western fare. Always well-read, he engaged scientists, politicians, and guests from every walk of life with “wit, humor, and a lively fancy.”³⁶⁵ Many remembered that the meal’s savor benefited from the added spice of Hubbell’s stories, for the “host is a man who has a short, striking little story for every and any occasion and entertains his visitors in a manner that makes the visit a pleasant and lasting remembrance.”³⁶⁶

Visitors also memorialized their impressions of the trading post as they marveled at the rug paintings on the wall behind Hubbell’s office desk, witnessed the delicate bartering process in the bullpen, or watched the loading of a freight wagon or the baling of blankets. The inside of Hubbell’s home surprised and enchanted guests. Agnes Laut, who was fairly unimpressed with the outside of the building, changed her tune when she passed through its two-foot-thick walls. “You had expected a bare ranch interior with benches and stiff chairs backed up against the wall,” she wrote. “Instead, you see a huge living-room forty or fifty feet long, every square foot of the walls covered by paintings and drawings of Western life....You could spend a good week studying the paintings of the Hubbell Ranch.”³⁶⁷ Some were lucky enough to arrive when Hubbell was throwing one of his famous chicken pulls, and they recalled how in the “morning, on the plain before the Post, there were horse races and wrestling matches, and naked Indians swinging down from their ponies to snatch buried

³⁶⁴ Dane Coolidge, *California Cowboys* (1939; repr., Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1985), 47-48.

³⁶⁵ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 154.

³⁶⁶ Ostermann, 174.

³⁶⁷ Laut, 125.

roosters by their heads.”³⁶⁸ The festivities might last all through the day and long past sundown. “There was singing and dancing until far into the night; and when it was all over....Every room was filled with his friends and, on rich piles of blankets, he bedded the rest down in the hay.”³⁶⁹ They slept soundly, ate an early breakfast, and departed, moving their narratives onward to descriptions of destinations beyond Ganado.

Later visitors and writers perpetuating the legend of Don Lorenzo long after his death typically added to their descriptions of Hubbell’s hospitality a list of his guests. Sometimes, they gave his credentials broadly, calling the trading post “the rendezvous for artists, men of literary genius and those of exalted position,” for example.³⁷⁰ Other writers included catalogues of luminaries: “Such men as E. Irving Couse, J. H. Sharp, Bert Phillips, Carlos Vierra, Blumenschein, Dunton, Burbank—in fact, all the stars in the new Taos school of art—have been his guests and have left paintings with their affection,” and so on.³⁷¹ Even early travelers might mention a few notables they encountered personally under Hubbell’s roof. The trading post was not a salon like Mabel Dodge Luhan’s in Taos, but with such a profusion of guests constantly coming and going, the paths of artists and intellectuals often crossed there. A reporter for the *Arizona Republic* who was writing a travel piece in the summer of 1915, for example, found himself rubbing elbows at Hubbell’s table with Owen Wister, author of *The Virginian*.³⁷² With every account, traded verbally or published, the name Hubbell became more synonymous with hospitality until such lists were a staple of the

³⁶⁸ Coolidge, *California Cowboys*, 48.

³⁶⁹ *Ibid.*

³⁷⁰ Mayfield, 30.

³⁷¹ Joseph Emerson Smith, 374.

³⁷² “Recognition of Northern Arizona Summer Resorts,” *Arizona Republican*, July 13, 1915.

Hubbell legend. Though visitors' own experiences breathed life into the sense of place, knowing that they shared Hubbell Trading Post with some of the West's most famous people increased its value. As one guest spoke for all those who personally partook of the Hubbell hospitality, "It was an unforgettable experience to have been a guest at Ganado. Those who had the good fortune were brought within an epic as rare as it was beautiful, and many will have occasion to say gratefully, 'I knew him,' when the tradition of Don Lorenzo is re-told as a story which exemplifies the noble virtue of friendship."³⁷³ Every well-known guest added height to Don Lorenzo's stature—and none more than Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt: A Case Study

Of all of Hubbell's guests, there was none he and the writers who made him legend mentioned more often and with greater pride than President Theodore Roosevelt. J. L. hosted a great many politicians in his day, bringing friends and opponents alike into his domain, often in the hope of garnering their support on various political issues, especially when they affected the Navajos or his own homestead. Dorothy Hubbell, J. L.'s daughter-in-law, told historian Frank McNitt, "During his campaign time they all came...Democrats and Republicans."³⁷⁴ Hubbell counted dozens of state and national politicians among his guests, including senators Ralph Cameron and Carl Hayden, Arizona's first governor, George W. P. Hunt, John Collier of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes.³⁷⁵

³⁷³ Ibid.

³⁷⁴ Dorothy Hubbell, interview by Frank McNitt, May 1, 1972, interview II, transcript, Box 2, Folder 17, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

³⁷⁵ This section is based on the description of Hubbell's political guests, including Theodore Roosevelt, in Cottam, 216-220.

But President Theodore Roosevelt was by far the brightest luminary in J. L.'s collection of famous guests, political or otherwise. Towards the end of his life, Hubbell boasted to a reporter in an interview, "My political activities have given me many intimate State and federal contacts. I've been personally acquainted with every president from Grover Cleveland to Warren G. Harding. Theodore Roosevelt was long one of my best friends."³⁷⁶ Though his statement contained a grain of truth, Martha Blue notes:

[I]n reality, these presidential contacts were quite superficial—"Thank you" notes on White House stationery in return for a Navajo blanket or J. L.'s letters encouraging the appointment of this person or that person to a position constitute most of these "intimate contacts." Teddy Roosevelt's 1913 visit to Hubbell's trading ranch was the only true personal contact J. L. had with any of the country's presidents.³⁷⁷

Indeed, it would be Roosevelt's friendship with Hubbell that would become a hallmark of Hubbell's legend, and Roosevelt's name that would appear most frequently alongside his than any other guest's. As Frank McNitt writes, "There was no other man whom Hubbell admired so much as Theodore Roosevelt, no one whose friendship he cherished with greater pride....Nothing ever pleased him more than to have people tell him that he reminded them of Roosevelt."³⁷⁸

According to legend, Hubbell's acquaintance with Roosevelt had roots extending back to the turn of the century, when the trader was still fighting an extended battle in congress to win title to his land, which had been swallowed up by the expanding boundaries of the Navajo reservation. The stories say that the bill that would finally grant Hubbell legal rights to his homestead was sitting on President William McKinley's desk on the day of his

³⁷⁶ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27. This idea has persisted into contemporary biographical accounts. See, for example, John Arthur Garraty, et al., *American National Biography*, vol. 11 (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999), 392.

³⁷⁷ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 170.

³⁷⁸ Lockwood, "More Arizona Characters," 77.

assassination. It lay there until Roosevelt took up his predecessor's post, and signing it was said to be one of his first official acts as President of the United States.³⁷⁹ The stories, however, shed little light on when the politician and the trader became more personally acquainted. The two shared many friends and associations in circles political and literary, and some writers imply that their friendship influenced Roosevelt's decision to let Hubbell keep his land.³⁸⁰ Many like to note the parallels between the two men's appearances, especially their mustaches, and one even claimed—third- or fourth-hand, of course—that Hubbell “had once gone hunting in Africa with Roosevelt,” and that the walls of his home were “covered with trophies from that trip.”³⁸¹ However, Hubbell's surviving correspondence indicates a first face-to-face meeting when Roosevelt took a trip through Navajo country in 1913.

Between the time Roosevelt signed Hubbell's bill and the time he shook his hand, the two stood on the opposite sides of many political issues, most notably the split in the Republican Party Roosevelt caused when he ran against his own hand-picked successor, William H. Taft, for the presidency in 1912.³⁸² Before Roosevelt created the Progressive Party, while he was still hoping to win the Republican nomination, Hubbell complained to Charles F. Lummis that if Roosevelt beat out Taft for the nomination, he would

³⁷⁹ See, for example, Dorothy E. Albrecht, “Vignettes of Arizona Pioneers: John Lorenzo Hubbell, Navajo Indian Trader,” *Arizona* 4, no. 3 (Fall 1963): 34; Edward B. Danson, “Last of the Frontier Merchants: Navajo Still Barter at Ganado, Arizona Trading Post,” *National Parks Magazine* (May 1960): 8; Margaret Shevill Link, *The Pollen Path: A Collection of Navajo Myths Retold* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1956), 191; Lockwood, “More Arizona Characters,” 53-55; and Lester L. Williams, 16. See Cottam, 69-71 for a discussion of Hubbell and Cotton's struggle to obtain title to the land in Ganado.

³⁸⁰ Marshall Trimble, *Roadside History of Arizona* (Missoula, MT: Mountain Press Pub. Co., 1986), 321.

³⁸¹ Hannum, 42. Martha Blue states that Hubbell deliberately copied Roosevelt's mustache, and that he “liked to be told that he looked like T. R., even though he did not always agree with him on political issues.” Blue, *Indian Trader*, 173.

³⁸² Cottam, 217.

begrudgingly support him, but only because “in choosing between him and a democrat the Lord himself may forgive me the smaller sin for having failed to commit the bigger one.”³⁸³ When Taft won the nomination and Roosevelt reacted by creating the Progressive Party, neatly splitting the Republican vote and gift-wrapping the presidency for the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson, Hubbell put him down as a traitor.³⁸⁴ The effects of the split echoed across the country, and in Arizona it resulted in sweeping victories for the Democrats at every level of state government. In fact, the divide would later cost Hubbell his seat in the Arizona State Senate.³⁸⁵ Such differences, however, are scarcely remembered in the stories, which paint Hubbell and Roosevelt as fast friends, any disagreements between them merely fuel for cheerful debates.³⁸⁶

Their meeting, when it finally came about in the wake of Roosevelt’s defeat, seemed an event Hubbell anticipated highly. When the former president’s cousin, Nicholas Roosevelt, wrote to Hubbell in the spring of 1913, he began his letter, “The time has come of which I spoke to you several years ago. I refer to the fact that Colonel Roosevelt is at last definitely coming out to the Snake Dance, and is in fact going to make an extended tour of Arizona.”³⁸⁷ The former president’s itinerary would take him hunting along the north rim of

³⁸³ J. L. Hubbell to Charles F. Lummis, May 6, 1912, Box 97, Folder May 1-9, 1912, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

³⁸⁴ Jimmy H. Miller, *The Life of Harold Sellers Colton: A Philadelphia Brahmin in Flagstaff* (Tsaile, AZ: Navajo Community College Press, 1991), 63.

³⁸⁵ Cottam, 135-136.

³⁸⁶ Dorothy Albrecht, for example, depicts the two as fast political allies, especially in Indian affairs. She indicates that after Roosevelt signed Hubbell’s homestead bill the trader depended on the president’s aid on several other issues, including “his protests over the rulings that Navajo men must cut their hair and that tribal dances must be stopped. Roosevelt rescinded the rulings and promised a more understanding policy toward the Indians.” Albrecht, 34. See also Joseph Emerson Smith, 376.

³⁸⁷ Nicholas Roosevelt to J. L. Hubbell, May 26, 1913, Box 71, Folder Roosevelt, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

the Grand Canyon, then across Lee's Ferry and into Navajo country for the Hopi Snake Dance, then down through Ganado. "I am writing you this," Nicholas informed Hubbell, "as I wish to know whether you are willing to bury political differences, and if you want to outfit us with a wagon and team, and a man to drive it who is willing to cook."³⁸⁸ Nicholas seemed confident that Hubbell would be the best person to "make the Colonels stay in Arizona as attractive as possible," and relied upon him for suggestions of sights and attractions.³⁸⁹

Hubbell was only too happy to set aside his differences with Roosevelt and immediately wrote back to accept Nicholas's proposition. That summer, he devoted what corner of his divided attentions he could spare to arranging Roosevelt's trip. In the late spring, Lorenzo's son, Roman, unexpectedly abandoned home and his job keeping the trading post's books, and in July, Lorenzo's wife, Lina, passed away, all while he struggled to manage business affairs through correspondence while stuck in Phoenix for an interminable special session of the legislature.³⁹⁰ Nevertheless, when August came, Hubbell sent his own personal cook, Loco, another driver, and two of his best wagons to meet Roosevelt, his two sons Archie and Quentin, and Nicholas at Lee's Ferry. Hubbell himself joined the party a few days later at Walpi, the site of that year's Snake Dance, finally "meeting Colonel Roosevelt man to man."³⁹¹

³⁸⁸ Ibid.

³⁸⁹ Ibid.

³⁹⁰ See Cottam, 130-133.

³⁹¹ Nicholas Roosevelt to J. L. Hubbell, June 17, 1913, Box 71, Folder Roosevelt, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

When Nicholas originally wrote Hubbell, he indicated that he hoped that Roosevelt's "position as ex little White Father," combined with Hubbell's influence, might gain the Colonel special privileges at the Hopi ceremonials.³⁹² And, in fact, J. L. exerted all his influence and goodwill with the Hopis to make sure his famous guest experienced the Snake Dance in a way that few ordinary tourists could. As Roosevelt wrote in the article describing his Southwestern adventures that he published in *The Outlook* a few months later:

[T]hanks to Mr. Hubbell, and to the fact that I was an ex-President, we were admitted to the sacred kiva—the one-roomed temple-house which I had already visited—while the snake priests performed the ceremony of washing the snakes. Very few white men have ever seen this ceremony. The sight was the most interesting of our entire trip.³⁹³

An amateur anthropologist himself, Roosevelt took copious notes, his scientific interest adding to his personal enjoyment of the "strange heathen ceremonies."³⁹⁴ After witnessing the washing of the snakes, Roosevelt joined Hubbell in the bright, crowded plaza to watch the public dance in the afternoon. Hubbell remembered:

I still have a mental picture of him, clad in a pair of old shoes, a flannel shirt, two-gallon hat, and his corduroy trousers stuffed into canvas leggings that laced down the sides. He watched the dance from a sitting position in the sand, with his back against an old adobe wall, and raising himself on his hands occasionally so he might see better during some of the most interesting moments of this strange spectacle.³⁹⁵

As Roosevelt watched the ceremonies, the tourists, in turn watched him. One spectator recorded that "the news, 'Roosevelt is coming,' seemed to flash across the desert in all

³⁹² Ibid.

³⁹³ Theodore Roosevelt, "The Hopi Snake Dance," *The Outlook* (October 18, 1913): 371. Roosevelt wrote three separate articles about his travels: Theodore Roosevelt, "Cougar Hunt on the Rim of the Grand Canyon," *The Outlook* (October 4, 1913): 259-266; Theodore Roosevelt, "Across the Navajo Desert," *The Outlook* (October 11, 1913): 309-317; and Roosevelt, "The Hopi Snake Dance," 365-373. For a spectator's perspective on Roosevelt's visit, see Curtis, "Theodore Roosevelt in Hopi-Land," 87-88, 92-93.

³⁹⁴ Roosevelt, "The Hopi Snake Dance," 367.

³⁹⁵ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 28.

directions. It tingled in our ears with the fresh arrival of every white visitor speeding in from the nearest railway station to combine a glimpse of the great ex-President with the sight of the Hopi ceremony.”³⁹⁶

At the end of the dance, as the crowds dispersed and the sun disappeared behind the mesas, the Roosevelts and a handful of other noted politicians, including Arizona Governor George W. P. Hunt, “motored across the desert with Mr. Hubbell to his house and store at Ganado, sixty miles away.”³⁹⁷ Roosevelt stayed a day in Hubbell’s home, though the trader and his myth-making friends liked to expand the president’s visit to at least a week. Hubbell described the visit, made longer in his memory, to Edwin Hogg, saying, “After we’d spent several evenings discussing politics, Indian affairs, and various other subjects, Mr. Roosevelt said to me: ‘Mr. Hubbell, you’re a strenuous man!’ ‘Maybe so,’ I replied. ‘But if I am, I’m only following in your footsteps!’”³⁹⁸ J. L.’s grandson, Hubbell Parker, provides a slightly more human picture their discussions about politics. He remembered the ex-president and the trader arguing “like they were mad at each other. It was very vociferous, that argument. But they were just good friends...oh, they’d cool off by the next morning, they’d never know they’d had an argument.”³⁹⁹

³⁹⁶ Curtis, 87.

³⁹⁷ Roosevelt, “The Hopi Snake Dance,” 373.

³⁹⁸ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27.

³⁹⁹ Hubbell Parker, interview with Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives.

In his account of the trip, Roosevelt made a point of thanking Hubbell, “to whose thoughtful kindness we owe much” and “whose courtesy towards us was unwearied.”⁴⁰⁰ He wrote of Hubbell:

Mr. Hubbell is an Indian trader. His Ganado house, right out in the bare desert, is very comfortable and very attractive, and he treats all comers with an open-handed hospitality inherited from pioneer days. He has great influence among the Navajos, and his services to them have been of much value. Every ounce of his influence has been successfully exerted to put a stop to gambling and drinking; his business has been so managed as to be an important factor in the material and moral betterment of the Indians with whom he has dealt. And he has been the able champion of their rights wherever these rights have been menaced from any outside force.⁴⁰¹

Such praise must have more than compensated Hubbell for whatever extra inconvenience Roosevelt’s visit might have cost him during one of his busiest times. Martha Blue argues, “Roosevelt seems to have validated J. L.’s view of himself as a national figure, an active man, and a risktaker. That Roosevelt, so well traveled and versed in the world’s exotica, viewed his Arizona sojourn as adventurous and thrilling reinforced J. L.’s self-image.”⁴⁰²

It also reinforced others’ image of him as an extraordinary host worthy of a visit from such a dignitary, for not only would Hubbell forever treasure Roosevelt’s visit, but it became a favorite device of writers for illustrating the greatness of Hubbell’s fame and hospitality. Roosevelt has been enshrined in legend as the man who first dubbed the Indian trader “Lorenzo the Magnificent,” and his became the archetypal visit.⁴⁰³ Historian Frank Lockwood’s statement that “Hubbell’s neighborliness and generosity as a host were revealed

⁴⁰⁰ Roosevelt, “Across the Navajo Desert,” 310; Roosevelt, “The Hopi Snake Dance,” 365.

⁴⁰¹ Roosevelt, “The Hopi Snake Dance,” 373.

⁴⁰² Blue, *Indian Trader*, 197.

⁴⁰³ See, for example, Hubbell and Hubbell, 466; Beverley Hilowitz, and Susan Green, *Great Historic Places* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1980), 23; Robert Ferris, ed., *Soldier and Brave: Historic Places Associated with Indian Affairs and the Indian Wars in the Trans-Mississippi West* (Washington, DC: U.S. Dept. of the Interior, National Park Service, 1971), 76; and “Hubbell’s Was Center of Activity,” *Navajo Times*, August 28, 1969.

at their best on the occasion of Theodore Roosevelt's visit" is typical.⁴⁰⁴ Roosevelt's stay, however, reveals even more about the community of guests and the role of storytelling in bringing Navajo country to remembrance for onetime travelers who longed for the desert in its absence.

Before Nicholas Roosevelt's letter arrived at the trading post, J. L. had made arrangements for Dr. Harold S. Colton and his wife, Mary-Russell Ferrell Colton, to make their first trip to Navajo country to see Canyon de Chelly and the Snake Dance.⁴⁰⁵ He facilitated such trips constantly during Snake Dance time and the Coltons would be but two specks of dust in the storm of annual visitors, but their time in the Southwest would leave "an indelible impression" on the scientist and the artist.⁴⁰⁶ When it was over, they returned home to Philadelphia, but "their minds and hearts were not far removed from the land of the San Francisco Peaks, the Colorado Plateau and the Navajo and Hopi Indians."⁴⁰⁷ As Harold wrote in a letter to J. L. that fall, "Arizona you see is always before us."⁴⁰⁸ They decorated their home with little touches of the Southwest, named their dog Quachi, Hopi for "friend," and took every opportunity to visit Arizona.⁴⁰⁹ After twelve years of yearning towards the Southwest, the Colton's moved to Flagstaff and founded the Museum of Northern Arizona and the famous Hopi Craftsman Exhibition. In August 1913, however,

⁴⁰⁴ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 156.

⁴⁰⁵ See Cottam, 216.

⁴⁰⁶ Jimmy H. Miller, 63.

⁴⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, 64.

⁴⁰⁸ Harold S. Colton to J. L. Hubbell, October 28, 1913, Box 18, Folder Colton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁰⁹ Jimmy H. Miller, 64.

Harold and Mary-Russell were relatively unknown. In fact, when Nicholas's letter arrived, Lorenzo commandeered the horses and wagon he had previously set aside for the doctor and the artist and sent them Roosevelt's way, leaving the Coltons "with an improvised and inferior set....The price of anonymity!"⁴¹⁰

As Hubbell and Roosevelt sat on the ground watching the Snake Dance, Harold and Mary-Russell perched above them, their feet dangling over the edge of the roof and the heads of the former president and the trader.⁴¹¹ When the ceremony was over and the crowds dispersed, the Coltons also traveled south to Ganado. Kept from the hospitable Hubbell home by Roosevelt's presence, they camped across the wash. They were not, however, forgotten by their host. Harold Colton remembered that J. L. breakfasted with them regularly, venturing across the wash in order to grumble about Roosevelt's disloyalty to the Republican Party since his sense of hospitality evidently prevented him from expressing his true feelings to Roosevelt himself.⁴¹² Despite the singularity of Roosevelt's presence, to have a crowd camped outside at Snake Dance time was not unusual. Joseph Amasa Munk, a doctor who made his trip to Navajo country the previous year had also experienced the crowds and Hubbell's efforts to maintain his generous reputation in spite of them. In his account of his journey, Munk described how those who could not find a room in the "Hubbell mansion" camped outside—in perfect contentment.⁴¹³ "It is a picnic occasion," he wrote cheerfully, "and everybody is disposed to be satisfied with what he gets. Nobody ever goes away hungry at Hubbell's. His dining room table seats thirty guests and the chairs are

⁴¹⁰ Ibid., 63.

⁴¹¹ Ibid., 62.

⁴¹² Ibid., 62-63.

⁴¹³ Munk, *Southwest Sketches*, 34.

often filled two or three times during a meal.”⁴¹⁴ Munk concluded that “the novelty of the experience compensates for any trifling discomfort that the crowded condition occasions.”⁴¹⁵ And so, despite their obscurity, the Colton’s experienced some measure of the Hubbell hospitality, the trader’s character coloring their lifelong remembrance of their first trip to the land in which their hearts would settle.

A few months later, when Roosevelt’s article in *The Outlook* rolled off the press, a letter arrived in Ganado from New York, written by a woman of no particular fame named Jessie Bogert, who had once visited Hubbell Trading Post. “I have thought of you very often and have been reading with great interest Col. Roosevelt’s articles in the Outlook in regard to his trip to Walpi,” she wrote. “What did you think of the gentleman? I am sure you gave him a good time, but then you give everybody a good time, even humble individuals like myself, with no claim to distinction, so I am not jealous of Teddy.”⁴¹⁶ Certain that she had experienced the same regal treatment as a former president, Bogert happily told Hubbell of her intention to leave New York for San Diego, where she was planning a redwood bungalow to be decorated with Navajo blankets. For seekers like her, whose stay in Navajo country had left an impression, an article like Roosevelt’s could bring the sense of place back into the forefronts of their minds. Published accounts of other travelers’ experiences under Hubbell’s roof added layers of meaning to their mental maps of Navajo country and encircled them in the bonds of community. Roosevelt’s experience was

⁴¹⁴ Ibid.

⁴¹⁵ Ibid., 34-35.

⁴¹⁶ Jessie Bogert to J. L. Hubbell, November 21, 1913, Box 10, Folder Bogert, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

personal, but in the sharing it became communal, tied to the memories of fellow-travelers like his cousin Nicholas and the Coltons, and even the obscure Jessie Bogert.

The Legendary Limits of Hubbell's Hospitality

Personal experience stories were not the only form tales of Hubbell's hospitality took. Travelers' warm memories of staying as guests in the Hubbell home were joined by stories that expanded the trader's hospitality—and its limits—to legendary proportions. As Barbara Allen Bogart states, "To hear a story about a place is to expand our own perception of the place, to deepen its meaning beyond our own experience."⁴¹⁷ A cycle of stories centering on the bounds of Hubbell's ordinarily boundless generosity provided an exciting and mythic context for travelers' memories and a shared background that made each individual's experience part of the community's lore.

The foundation of "Don" Lorenzo's hospitality in legend is his Spanish heritage.⁴¹⁸ In travelers' eyes, Hubbell's was "a type of the old-time baronial Spanish hospitality, where no door was locked and every comer was welcomed to the festive board."⁴¹⁹ Leaning on common stereotypes of Spanish culture freely depicted in the literature of the Southwest, in the Hubbell stories his noble generosity is accompanied by an exaggerated Spanish pride that obligated the trader to act the part of the host.⁴²⁰ "In fact," the stories caution travelers headed Don Lorenzo's way, "if you offered money for the kindness you receive, it would be

⁴¹⁷ Bogart, 12.

⁴¹⁸ For an excellent analysis of the ways Hubbell's Spanish heritage influenced his business and home, see Peterson, "Big House," 51-72.

⁴¹⁹ Laut, 105.

⁴²⁰ See Noggle, 121-135; Paredes, 13, 18, 24.

regarded as an insult.”⁴²¹ Such discourtesy would so affront the host’s keen Spanish honor that “if he made such a mistake he could never come again.”⁴²²

One particular story became a favorite of guests to illustrate the gravity of insulting Don Lorenzo’s pride. As Western novelist Dane Coolidge writes:

His great adobe house was open to all who came, and he told me that only once in forty years had he turned a man away from his door. That was when an Englishman, after being told that he was welcome and to be sure and stay longer the next time, had left two dollars on the bureau of his room, in payment for what he had received. That night in a terrible storm there was a knock at the door. It was the Englishman, who had been turned back by a devastating flood, but J. L. Hubbell closed his door.

“No,” he said. “You have insulted me, sir, by daring to offer to pay me.”

He drove him out into the storm and that was the last of him.⁴²³

Not all versions of the tale end with quite such a grim fate for the hapless guest. Sometimes, he is allowed to return, but forced to sleep in the storeroom and take his meals with the hired help in the kitchen, barred from the convivial warmth of the party in the main house.⁴²⁴

But in either case, the story takes Lorenzo’s Spanish hospitality to its romantic extreme.

⁴²¹ Laut, 105.

⁴²² Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 154.

⁴²³ Coolidge, *California Cowboys*, 47.

⁴²⁴ Burke Johnson, 6. This somewhat milder version of the story ended up in Johnson’s hands through Ed Newcomer, who visited the reservation in the late 1920s, when J. L. was aging. While Newcomer was at Oraibi, Lorenzo Jr. told him the story as a warning not to try to pay for anything during his upcoming stay at Ganado. Journalist Ed Ellinger relates a story that adds another layer to Hubbell’s refusal to accept pay. He writes, “Shortly after the turn of the century, George Eastman, of Kodak fame, sent out an emissary from Rochester, New York. Mr. Eastman wanted to bring out a party to spend a vacation at the hacienda as a paying guest. Don Lorenzo insisted, as always, there would be no charge. But the emissary was adamant as he had been told to bring back an estimate. In desperation, Don Lorenzo finally said, ‘All right then, make it \$7,000.00,’ picking a figure from thin air. Two weeks later a check for that amount arrived in the mail. Mr. Eastman and his party arrived soon after. They had a wonderful time driving through the country in horse-drawn buckboards and visited a large part of the Reservation.” Ellinger, 39. In this case, when confronted by a guest who insisted on paying, Hubbell did not turn him out into the cold—he made him dig deeply into his pockets for a service he would have gladly offered for free.

Hospitality was the stereotypical mark of the “true hacendado,” and stories like this made Hubbell’s legendary.⁴²⁵

Other stories about Hubbell’s hospitality explore the consequences when the trader’s generosity was “sorely abused.”⁴²⁶ Canadian novelist and historian Agnes C. Laut deeply appreciated Hubbell’s hospitality when she visited the Navajo Reservation, but watched with disdain as other travelers took advantage of the welcome they received. She takes her narrative beyond the bounds of her own personal experience by recounting a story of a Berlin professor who arrived at the trading post “unwanted and unannounced after midnight, and quietly informed his host that he didn’t care to rise for the family breakfast but would take his at such an hour.”⁴²⁷ She continues in her list of ungracious guests: “There was the drummer who ordered the daughter of the house ‘to hustle the fodder.’ There was the lady who stayed unasked for three weeks, then departed to write ridiculous caricatures of the very roof that had sheltered her.”⁴²⁸ For such ungrateful travelers who “afterwards break out in patronizing print,” Laut recommends Hubbell “to have kitchen quarters for such as they.”⁴²⁹ She does not indicate whether Hubbell or someone else told her these stories, but her tone conveys her outrage on her host’s behalf. By her account, the surface of Hubbell’s gracious calm was rarely ruffled, but in another story Laut relates, the Spanish grandee could take no more. She writes of a government man who, upon arriving at the trading post

⁴²⁵ Burke Johnson, 5.

⁴²⁶ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 51.

⁴²⁷ Laut, 106.

⁴²⁸ *Ibid.*, 106-107. It is unknown to whom in particular Laut might be referring here, but her statement raises the important idea that not every published account of a stay at Hubbell Trading Post pleased the host or his friends.

⁴²⁹ *Ibid.*, 106.

“calmly ordered his host to have breakfast ready at three in the morning.”⁴³⁰ Unwilling to ask his kitchen help to rise at such an unearthly hour, Hubbell himself prepared the guest’s breakfast while the house slept. But when he woke, the traveler parted the curtains and gazed out into the night only to see signs of a storm brewing in the darkness. He informed Hubbell that perhaps he would not leave after all. “What?” Hubbell demanded, evidently reaching his limits. “You will not go after you have roused me at three? You will go; and you will go quick; and you will go this instant.”⁴³¹ Once again, the harried host drove his guest out into the stormy night.

Other stories tell of Don Lorenzo responding to guests’ unreasonable demands with an *increase* in generosity. In one story, a guest who was a connoisseur of Native American basketry spied a particularly rare specimen tacked to Hubbell’s ceiling. He asked Hubbell if he might purchase it for his collection, but Hubbell told him regretfully that it was not for sale. Unwilling to drop the matter, the man mentioned the basket again and again over the course of his stay, hinting that he would buy it at any price. The traveler left empty-handed and disappointed, but as soon as he had gone, Hubbell told his clerk to wrap the basket up and ship it to the traveler’s home address. Before long, a telegram from the surprised traveler arrived, asking for the bill. Hubbell wrote to him, “Once more I will tell you, that it is not for sale. But since you are so interested in baskets, you can have it for nothing.”⁴³² Years later, when he heard the tale from Hubbell Parker, Frank McNitt exclaimed, “I’m

⁴³⁰ Ibid., 107.

⁴³¹ Ibid.

⁴³² Hubbell Parker, interview with Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives.

surprised he didn't get very annoyed at this man."⁴³³ Hubbell's grandson explained, "Well, he *was* quite annoyed. He was."⁴³⁴ But all Lorenzo's sense of honor would allow was to punish the man by making him wait for the basket. Other stories reflect this same theme, that "if a man expressed great admiration for some beautiful object, he would give it away."⁴³⁵ Leo Crane once found himself accidentally accepting the gift of a Navajo blanket he had expressed particular delight in; likewise Chee Dodge with a handsome buffalo robe.⁴³⁶ Though they lack the disapproving tone of the story of the basket, these anecdotes offer visitors a sort of warning—if they wished to avoid taking advantage of their host, they had better keep to themselves their longing for the rare articles decorating his home.

In the stories, not all guests who prove themselves unbearably obnoxious end up either silently tolerated or expelled into the desert, for "spoofing the stranger has always been a popular pastime in the Southwest."⁴³⁷ When confronted with pompous, demanding travelers, Hubbell and other Indian traders took no small pleasure in pulling pranks. Sam Day Jr., one of the Hubbells' neighbors at St. Michaels, another frequent stopping-place for travelers, told of an encounter with a particularly irritating tourist, a Dr. Ashley. "He just thought he could do everything anybody out west here could do," Day remembered.⁴³⁸ The doctor got on everybody's nerves and the other men of the party took it upon themselves to

⁴³³ Ibid.

⁴³⁴ Ibid.

⁴³⁵ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 155.

⁴³⁶ Ibid.

⁴³⁷ Neil M. Judd, *Men Met Along the Trail: Adventures in Archaeology* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1968), 110.

⁴³⁸ Sam Day Jr. interview with Bernard L. Fontana, April 1-2, 1960, transcript, Box 3, Folder 1, Day Family Collection, NAU.MS.89 and NAU.PH.120.1-88, Cline Library, Special Collections and Archives Department, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, AZ (hereafter cited as Day Family Collection, Cline Library).

put him in his place through a series of challenges. One of them took place as the group passed through Ganado. Dr. Ashley boasted of his swimming prowess, and in response, Hubbell challenged him to a race across Ganado lake. Day urged the Easterner not to try it since he was used to swimming in salt water, but the traveler could not back down from a challenge. The two swimmers set off. After about 150 yards, Day had to haul the drowning doctor into his boat while Hubbell floated about blithely, spurting water up into the air. Both traders were delighted to get “a few cracks” on Dr. Ashley.⁴³⁹

Hubbell Parker told historian Frank McNitt of another story where Don Lorenzo put a particularly obnoxious dude in his place. The fellow came to Ganado “decked out in riding clothes and puttees...he was one of these debonair type men.”⁴⁴⁰ One evening after supper, when the family and guests were out in front of the store, the tourist declared unequivocally that he did not believe all the fantastic stories about the “Wild West.” Feeling vastly superior to his over-eager fellow-travelers, he boasted, “You may fool some of these other tourists, but not me.”⁴⁴¹ Don Lorenzo assured him that the stories were indeed true, and to prove it he had in his employ a mule skinner who could do almost anything with a blacksnake whip. He could knock a cigarette out of a man’s mouth with that whip, or flick a spot of lint off a man’s pants without so much as a touching the skin underneath. The skeptical Easterner doubted such a thing could be done. Reaching into his vest pocket, Hubbell produced a ten-dollar gold piece and laid his bet. “You stop over there,” he instructed the tourist, “oh, about ten-twelve feet away, and he’ll stand back here, and he’ll

⁴³⁹ Ibid.

⁴⁴⁰ Hubbell Parker, interview with Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives.

⁴⁴¹ Ibid.

knick those trousers of yours and never touch you.”⁴⁴² Hubbell promised to pay the doubter ten dollars if his muleskinner could not perform the feat, and the tourist in turn promised to pay Hubbell ten dollars if he could. With the stage set, Don Lorenzo then gave the muleskinner “the eye” and, knowing precisely what to do, the teamster laid the blacksnake whip across the tourist’s proffered hind end. The tourist howled and cursed, and Lorenzo quite happily handed over his ten dollar piece, laughing, “I lost, son! I lost!”⁴⁴³

Hubbell’s neighbor, Dr. Salsbury, recorded in his memoir a story that “everybody in Ganado talked about for years.”⁴⁴⁴ One day, he wrote, a tourist drove up to the trading post in a big, heavy car. He got into a heated argument with Lorenzo’s son, Roman, which culminated in the tourist calling the ten-year-old boy a “damned dirty little Mexican.”⁴⁴⁵ When he heard what had happened, Lorenzo jumped into a light, stripped-down Ford and took off down the rough road toward Klagetoh after the tourist. He caught up with the man at the Wide Ruins Wash, where the traveler’s heavy car was hopelessly mired. In his lighter vehicle, Hubbell drove right across, and from the other side called back, “Need a little help, sir?”⁴⁴⁶ The tourist answered, “I’d sure appreciate it,” and just as he had for countless other

⁴⁴² Ibid.

⁴⁴³ Clarence G. Salsbury, 139. Sometimes traders pranked travelers just for the fun of it, not in response to any particularly obnoxious behavior. Parker tells a story where Hubbell was on a bear hunt with two tourists who had never been out West. At night, the yipping and howling of coyotes echoed across the desert and Hubbell told the tourists they needed to stay up all night and keep the fire going in order to keep from being attacked. The tourists stayed up nervously all night while Hubbell slept like a baby. Hubbell Parker, interview by Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives.

⁴⁴⁴ Clarence G. Salsbury, 139.

⁴⁴⁵ Ibid. It is likely that Roman was actually older than this. He was born in 1891, and the Hubbells did not buy their first automobile until 1912, which would have made him at least 21 years old. See J. L. Hubbell to Ford Motor Company, February 3, 1913, Box 97, Folder February 1-9, 1913, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁴⁶ Clarence G. Salsbury, 140.

motorists stranded in Navajo country's treacherous washes, Lorenzo got out a towrope, climbed down into the mud to attach it to the stuck car, and pulled the tourist up to dry ground. Lorenzo accepted the man's thanks, and, pleasantries out of the way, said, "I believe you're the man who called my son a damned dirty little Mexican."⁴⁴⁷ Hubbell then beat the sense of him and sent him down the road "bruised and bleeding."⁴⁴⁸

For Salsbury, the story captured perfectly Hubbell's peculiar combination of Spanish pride and hospitality. "For all his cordiality with Indians and Anglos," he wrote, "Don Lorenzo never forgot his Spanish heritage, and never ceased being profoundly proud of it."⁴⁴⁹ At the heart of the stories, Hubbell is a character quintessentially Spanish and Western because he embodied purely the ideals of Western hospitality and Spanish nobility. As Dorothy Albrecht writes, "Pioneer ways *required* that you give food and shelter to the wayfarer, but Don Lorenzo entertained royally everyone who came by, humble or highborn."⁴⁵⁰ Hubbell far exceeded the "characteristic hospitality of the West."⁴⁵¹ The stories also added to the legend of Hubbell's hospitality an exciting, almost dangerous flare. They depict man with a lively sense of humor who cherished his honor deeply, but who could nevertheless be pushed too far. Guests experienced for themselves Hubbell's open-handedness when they stayed under his roof, but the belief that if pushed too far his boundless generosity could come to an abrupt end made their encounters more thrilling.

⁴⁴⁷ Ibid.

⁴⁴⁸ Ibid. There is another cycle of stories traded mainly among Hubbell's close friends that center around the perils of motoring on the reservation. See Blue, *Indian Trader*, 143-145; Faunce, 66-72; and Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 148-150.

⁴⁴⁹ Clarence G. Salsbury, 139.

⁴⁵⁰ Albrecht, 38. Emphasis added.

⁴⁵¹ Eley, 271.

The Darker Side of Hospitality

Tales of ungrateful tourists aside, many of Hubbell's guests had a keen appreciation of the financial costs of his hospitality. Hubbell boasted that he spent tens of thousands of dollars on hosting travelers from all over the world, and others put the estimate closer to a million dollars.⁴⁵² But in the many travelers' accounts, beneath the praise and appreciation, runs a current of sadness. Agnes Laut saw Hubbell's hospitality as a threatened virtue of a type "that has all but vanished from this sordid earth; it is a type, I am sorry to write, ill-suited to an age when the Quantity travel quite as much as the Quality."⁴⁵³ Hubbell's growing fame was, to her, an ill omen of his downfall:

[E]veryone who has crossed the Painted Desert knows that Lorenzo Hubbell, who is commonly called the King of Northern Arizona, has yearly spent thousands, tens of thousands, entertaining passing strangers, whom he has never seen before and will never see again, who come unannounced and stay unurged and depart reluctantly. In the old days, when your Spanish grandee entertained only his peers, this was well; but [not] to-day.⁴⁵⁴

Archaeologist Neil M. Judd likewise expressed admiration for Hubbell's "Spanish-American hospitality," but noted, "Indeed, hospitality was finally Don Lorenzo's undoing. His Mexican and American acquaintances were too numerous and some of them simply stayed too long."⁴⁵⁵ When Hubbell fell on hard financial times later in life, many of his friends laid the blame at the feet of his generosity. Leo Crane, a longtime neighbor of Don Lorenzo's on the reservation, once "vigorously took him to task for his lavish and indiscriminate outlay

⁴⁵² John Lorenzo Hubbell, 29; Joseph Emerson Smith, 375.

⁴⁵³ Laut, 105-106.

⁴⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, 106.

⁴⁵⁵ Judd, 105.

on transient guests.”⁴⁵⁶ Crane estimated that Hubbell spent some \$5,000 a year “entertaining bums, coffee salesmen, and other traveling men of that sort with only now and then a distinguished man.”⁴⁵⁷ Hubbell admitted that he probably spent even more than that—but “his intense Spanish pride made it impossible for him to do otherwise.”⁴⁵⁸

Dane Coolidge perhaps understood and articulated the darker side of Hubbell’s hospitality better than any other traveler who enjoyed its benefits.⁴⁵⁹ The novelist based his Western *Lorenzo the Magnificent* on Hubbell’s character, though he took no small creative license with the trader’s personality traits. Coolidge grew up on his father’s orange ranch in Riverside, California. He spent his childhood hunting and trapping in the mountains, becoming “known as the boy naturalist of his town...digging out coyote dens and robbing eagle’s nests.”⁴⁶⁰ He parlayed his youthful adventures into stories, working his way through Stanford by writing adventure tales for boys and spending his summers vagabonding “over southern and Baja California, Nevada, Arizona, and northern Mexico, collecting specimens for the university’s natural history collection, the British Museum, the national Zoological Park, and other wildlife mausoleums.”⁴⁶¹ After he graduated, he enrolled at Harvard to do graduate work in biology, but a Westerner and an outdoorsman to the core, Coolidge found himself a foreigner among the ivy. As Owen Ulph states, “There remained only one

⁴⁵⁶ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 156.

⁴⁵⁷ Ibid.

⁴⁵⁸ Ibid.

⁴⁵⁹ The following section on Dane Coolidge is based on Cottam, 240-241.

⁴⁶⁰ H. Harold Shamel, “Dane Coolidge, 1873-1940,” *Journal of Mammalogy* 22, no. 1 (February 1941): 114.

⁴⁶¹ Owen Ulph, “A Dedication to the Memory of Dane Coolidge, 1873-1940,” *Journal of the Southwest* 23, no. 1 (Spring 1981): 2; Ed Herny, Shelley Rideout, and Katie Wadell, *Berkeley Bohemia: Artists and Visionaries of the Early 20th Century* (Layton, UT: Gibbs Smith Publishers, 2008), 112-113.

salvation for a sane man. Dane abandoned Harvard with a bouquet of B's after one year and came home—not simply to the geographical west, but to the *real* West—Arizona at the close of the century.”⁴⁶² The next twelve years Coolidge spent in traveling on his own until he married sociology professor Mary Elizabeth Burroughs Roberts. She, fortunately, was as adventuresome as he, and the two never “abandoned the active life of field research,” collaborating on books about the Indians of the Southwest.⁴⁶³

A reviewer of Coolidge's work once called him “a good naturalist spoiled to make a good writer.”⁴⁶⁴ From his youth, Coolidge was “devoted to literature,” and when his studies at Harvard proved unsuccessful, he turned his attention to writing fiction, eventually producing forty novels, five works of nonfiction, and sundry articles.⁴⁶⁵ Although critics have argued that Coolidge “never had the talent to create serious literature,” his Westerns, steeped in the authenticity lent by his first-hand experience, were popular with readers in his time.⁴⁶⁶ Coolidge, along with writers like Owen Wister, Zane Grey, and Eugene Manlove Rhodes, and illustrators like his friend, Maynard Dixon, helped give rise to the Western as a literary genre and to the West “as a symbolic concept.”⁴⁶⁷ Perhaps more than other Western novelists of his time, Coolidge “tried to reconcile fact and romantic fancy.”⁴⁶⁸ He personally knew the men and women who were the stock characters of the Western, and endeavored to

⁴⁶² Ulph, 2.

⁴⁶³ Ibid., 3

⁴⁶⁴ Edgar Joseph Hinkel and William E. McCann, eds., *Criticism of California Literature, Fiction, Poetry, Drama: A Digest and Bibliography*, vol. 1 (Oakland, CA: Alameda County Library, 1940), 184.

⁴⁶⁵ Ulph., 2; Hagerty, 96.

⁴⁶⁶ Herny, Rideout, and Wadell, 112-113.

⁴⁶⁷ Hagerty, 105.

⁴⁶⁸ Ibid., 96.

portray the West accurately in both his fiction and nonfiction. Unfortunately, “Coolidge’s insistence upon authenticity and his uncompromising disregard for conventionality undermined the marketability of his ‘westerns,’ while his inventive disposition rendered his works of nonfiction academically suspect.”⁴⁶⁹ His work, however, was marked by wit and intelligence, and three of his nonfiction works, *Texas Cowboys*, *Arizona Cowboys*, and *Old California Cowboys*, have been praised as “deceptively simple, but truly acute.”⁴⁷⁰

As he wandered the Southwest, cultivating friendships with Indians, old cowboys, and other frontier types, Coolidge took copious photographs and maintained a clippings file of material for his books.⁴⁷¹ We can imagine him inserting notes on Lorenzo Hubbell and his stories into that file after his visit in 1913 to be drawn on later to dramatize the old West. Coolidge’s dedication to truth and authenticity is perhaps what led him to depict Hubbell’s hospitality under the harsh light of the trader’s dwindling finances. Coolidge’s depictions of Hubbell always hint that too much generosity would one day ruin the old man. In *Lorenzo the Magnificent* and *California Cowboys*, fiction and nonfiction alike, Coolidge draws equally laudatory and equally bleak portraits of Don Lorenzo, the gracious host.

Lorenzo the Magnificent tells the story of Don Lorenzo De Vega, a Spanish gentleman attended by servants and retainers who obey his every command, who owns one of the choicest stretches of range in New Mexico. De Vega is a remnant of a simpler time, when he and his *vaqueros* wrested control of the land from the Apaches. Trouble brews when a group of range-stealing Texans begin to arrive with their hordes of hungry cattle, having

⁴⁶⁹ Ulph, 3-4.

⁴⁷⁰ Ibid., 4; Dane Coolidge, *Texas Cowboys* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1937); Dane Coolidge, *Arizona Cowboys* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1938); and Coolidge, *California Cowboys*.

⁴⁷¹ Ulph, 3; Dane Coolidge to Mr. Hubbell, December 5, 1913, Folder “Dane Coolidge,” Historical Files, HUTR.

outgrown their own ranges in Texas. In a portrait that mirrors the legend of Don Lorenzo Hubbell, the open-hearted and open-handed De Vega invites the first of the Texans to water his cattle at his lake. The Texan, Ike Monk, thanks him, but De Vega begs him not to mention it:

I have lived here for twenty years and no one has paid me yet. That is, with one exception—and he is the only man that I ever turned away from my door. It is the custom of my people and all are welcome to Su Casa, which is the name I give my poor home. It means in Spanish: “Your house.”⁴⁷²

De Vega then takes Monk on a tour of his magnificent compound, a far more castle-like structure, complete with watchtower, than Hubbell’s Ganado home ever was. But then they step into De Vega’s store and the reader is suddenly transported to Navajo country, for Hubbell’s hospitality had become inseparably connected to that landscape in Coolidge’s imagination. De Vega leads Monk to “where a group of bold-faced Navajoes were gathered about the door of a squat adobe”:

Behind counters, built breast-high to ward off thieving hands and a possible hostile rush, two clerks were busily engaged spreading out bolts of rich cloth and measuring out coffee and sugar. Navajo men in gorgeous tunics of velvet and velour, white *pantalones* and buckskin leggings and moccasins, stood about in statuesque poses while they purchased still more bright-hued finery. Ponderous necklaces of beaten silver were suspended from their necks, along with strings of polished turquoise and coral; bandoliers, studded with *conchas*, hung over their shoulders; and belts and bracelets revealed such a wealth of precious metal that the myth of the Gran Quivira seemed real.⁴⁷³

De Vega greets the Navajos, shaking their hands. “He spoke to them in Navajo, with a word for every man and gay smiles for the round-eyed children, and then the other Navajos from the outside strode in and added their salutations to the rest.”⁴⁷⁴ Monk spies a blanket

⁴⁷² Dane Coolidge, *Lorenzo the Magnificent: The Riders from Texas* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1925), 3.

⁴⁷³ *Ibid.*, 7-8.

⁴⁷⁴ *Ibid.*

in a pile that arrests him in his tracks with its stark beauty and silky luster, and asks De Vega how much the Navajo weaver might want for it. Seeing his guest's desire, De Vega insists on making the blanket a present, repeatedly refusing payment and ordering his men to tie it to Monk's saddle. "Don't mention it, my friend," De Vega says in Hubbell's voice, "it is the custom of the country, with us. I am very glad you were able to find something which pleased you in this poor place of mine."⁴⁷⁵

Over the course of the novel, a series of trials befall De Vega, many of them stemming from his insistence on maintaining the generosity of his forefathers in a time when such gestures would only be used abused by greedy men. Tricked by lawyers' schemes and his own optimistic hospitality, De Vega finds himself on the brink of bankruptcy and is saved only when his beautiful daughter marries a wealthy Texan, rescuing him from the life of a pauper. The differences between the two men's characters are many, but in the tragic-heroic figure of Lorenzo De Vega we nevertheless see Coolidge's understanding of Lorenzo Hubbell. In his nonfiction book, *Old California Cowboys*, Coolidge describes a Hubbell who is not so very different from De Vega. "Long after the Mexicans had lost out in California I met in Arizona a man who still lived as if the world had not changed," he wrote:

He was J. L. Hubbell...and at his trading post at Ganado on the Navajo Reservation he was at all times the Spanish gentleman. As in the days before the Gringos came he had his feudal retainers, thousands of Indians who called him Don Lorenzo and many Mexican servants who had remained in his family all their lives.⁴⁷⁶

⁴⁷⁵ Ibid., 9.

⁴⁷⁶ Coolidge, *California Cowboys*, 46-47. This feudal image persists in many visitors' understandings of Hubbell's hospitality. William Allen White, for example, wrote that Hubbell lived "surrounded by Mexicans in regal style." William Allen White, "In Moki Villages." Other writers compared his home to a Southern plantation. One writer stated, "The charming hospitality of the Hubbell home reminds one of the old days in the south, when the guest owned the entire plantation during the time of his visit." E. L. Graves, "Ganado in Apache County One of Arizona's Interesting Spots," *Arizona Republican*, August 30, 1914.

But Hubbell's generosity came with a cost; he could not conduct his affairs "in such a lordly style," filling his house with an endless parade of guests and doling out countless gifts, without a price.⁴⁷⁷ And, in fact, the decade of the 1910s marked the beginning of a period of financial turbulence for the Hubbell family, in which Hubbell borrowed himself deeper and deeper into debt. In *Old California Cowboys*, Coolidge recounts how Lorenzo Jr. sold his two best trading posts to pay his father's debts, much like De Vega's daughter paid his.⁴⁷⁸ But still, the old man insisted on running his house in a free-handed way.

In 1925, when *Lorenzo the Magnificent* was published, Coolidge returned to the trading post at Ganado to give Hubbell an autographed copy of the book he had inspired. On the inside cover, he wrote, "To J. L. Hubbell, 'Lorenzo Magnifico,' whose old-time hospitality at Ganado stands out like an island in a land being submerged by a commercialism which counts the cost even of friendship—From his friend, Dane Coolidge."⁴⁷⁹ Though, as Coolidge wrote in a letter to Hubbell, he had "enjoyed very much your open-hearted hospitality," his outlook for his friend was somber, a gray echo of the trials that befell De Vega.⁴⁸⁰ In *Old California Cowboys*, he finishes his description of Hubbell by writing, "That was the old Spanish *caballero*, still living in the past, thinking nothing of money and everything of friends—his religion, hospitality. But these ways cannot last much longer. The Mexican people are not geared up to meet the tempo of this barbed-wire and gasoline

⁴⁷⁷ Coolidge, *California Cowboys*, 47.

⁴⁷⁸ *Ibid.*, 48.

⁴⁷⁹ Dane Coolidge, *Lorenzo the Magnificent: The Riders from Texas* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1925), HUTR 1654, Museum Collections, Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site, Ganado, AZ (hereafter cited as Museum Collections, HUTR).

⁴⁸⁰ Dane Coolidge to Mr. Hubbell, December 5, 1913, Folder "Dane Coolidge," Historical Files, HUTR.

age.”⁴⁸¹ To Coolidge, the ways of Lorenzo Hubbell, like so many things in the West, were fated to fade away from “the rushing highways—back in the side canyons, where it is more like the old days,” and then to disappear entirely.⁴⁸²

The Shrine of Memory: Longing and Attachment

Despite its shadow, Hubbell’s hospitality was a bright spot in the collage of traveler’s Navajo country memories. Rufus Eley assured future travelers who might come to Ganado after him that “However far you travel you will never have extended a more hearty welcome than at Ganado....After the return trip is finished and you are home again it is to Ganado, the trading post in the heart of the Navajo reservation, that your mind will oftenest revert. You will never forget Mr. J. L. Hubbell, the Indian trader.”⁴⁸³ Having come to the desert expecting to be spiritually touched, and having found in Hubbell the fulfillment of their romantic expectations of Spanish grandee and Indian trader, they remembered him almost as part of the landscape of Navajo country. In letters written to Hubbell from city apartments, hotels, and bungalows, travelers expressed an intense longing for the desert and the intangible meanings they assigned to it. In being separated from Navajo country, their sense of place solidified through stories, for, as Robert B. Riley states, “The greater power of place lies not in inhabiting it but remembering it.”⁴⁸⁴ As one traveler wrote to Hubbell, “The more I think over my trip...to your place the more pleasure I get out of it.”⁴⁸⁵

⁴⁸¹ Coolidge, *California Cowboys*, 49.

⁴⁸² Ibid.

⁴⁸³ Eley, 271.

⁴⁸⁴ Robert B. Riley, “Attachment to the Ordinary Landscape,” in *Place Attachment*, ed. Irwin Altman and Setha M. Low (New York: Plenum Press, 1992), 20.

⁴⁸⁵ J. A. Munk to J. L. Hubbell, August 7, 1908, Box 60, Folder Munk, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

Outside Navajo country, Hubbell's guests drifted around as the winds of fortune pushed them, publishing stories, mounting exhibitions, traveling to new landscapes, many of which touched them even as Arizona had. In their memories, the mesas and skies were attached to a near-mythic figure, and when they chanced to meet another person who had experienced Navajo country under the care of Lorenzo Hubbell, the stories flowed. At the Grand Canyon, California promoter Charles Lummis met an old traveling companion and the two talked of Hubbell "early and often."⁴⁸⁶ In Santa Barbara, California, a trio of artists got together nearly every day in a home decorated with Navajo curios to reminisce about Hubbell and Navajo land.⁴⁸⁷ Artist Carl E. Moon and his poet wife, Grace Moon, recalled daily the Ganado trading post, having fallen "in love with the people and the country," always looking forward to their next trip to Navajo country.⁴⁸⁸ In New York, an editor longed for Navajo country, attending every exhibit that might feature a glimpse of it and soaking up the stories of Hubbell's friends, whose work she published. "I think of those wide vast places...the sunlight and the wonderful skies, and the moonlight that is more bright and wonderful. I can close my eyes and see it all," she wrote.⁴⁸⁹ Elsewhere, artists William Penhallow Henderson and John Warner Norton met every Thursday: "We talk of

⁴⁸⁶ Charles Lummis to Lorenzo Hubbell, August 31, 1908, Box 53, Folder Lummis, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁸⁷ Lucile B. Borein to Lorenzo Hubbell, March 6, 1923, Box 10, Folder Borein, Edward and Lucile, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Edward Borein to Lorenzo Hubbell, n.d., Box 10, Folder Borein, Edward and Lucile, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁸⁸ C. E. Moon to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., November 29, 1913, Box 59, Folder Moon, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁸⁹ Minnie Hoover Linton to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., December 3, 1923, Box 52, Folder Linton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

Arizona during lunch and wish we were there.”⁴⁹⁰ Memories of Hubbell’s hospitality passed between them like a kind of currency, marking them as members of a community with indelible ties to a faraway place. The Hubbells kept pile after pile of letters filled with expressions of gratitude and an almost homesick longing.

Even travelers who did not have to part with the desert remembered Ganado as a distinct place with meaning connected inseparably to Hubbell’s hospitality. Frank P. Sauerwein, an artist who lived and worked in Taos, made a trip to Hubbell Trading Post around 1907. Thereafter he fairly begged Hubbell to come to Taos to visit him, for a losing battle with tuberculosis—the disease that had brought him and so many others to the Southwest—kept him from returning to Ganado. He lived next to his doctor, T. P. Martin, and passed his store of Hubbell stories on to him. Sauerwein wrote to Hubbell that Martin seemed to have heard all about the trader even “before I had dissected you for his benefit; at least he knew a few of your virtues, and now since I have made my visit to your land, he knows all the bad there is to know about the Apache County Indian Trader.”⁴⁹¹ Even though surrounded by the celebrated virtues of Taos, Sauerwein confessed with an air of sadness, “Often do my thoughts revert pleasantly to the pleasant place where this letter shall find you.”⁴⁹²

In 1908, the artist sent Hubbell a painting that he had promised him when he visited. It had taken him some time to paint, hampered by the heaviness in his lungs. He called the painting *Before the Storm*. He explained the painting’s significance to Hubbell, only half in jest:

⁴⁹⁰ William P. Henderson to J. L. Hubbell, Sunday night, Box 39, Folder Henderson, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁹¹ Frank P. Sauerwein to J. L. Hubbell, November 22, 1907, Box 73, Folder Sauerwein, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁹² Ibid.

I thought a Navajo subject would please you about as well as any other; and if you want to go into the matter psychically, you may interpret the storm of rain and dust-cloud as representing the spirit of Señor Hubbell hard at the heels of the poor Red Man, driving him to perdition. I prefer to think that Ganado lies just this side of the canvas, where I have seen all alike, red man and white, made welcome from the storm and stress of the outer world.⁴⁹³

The intensity of Sauerwein's longing increased when he was forced to abandon art and Taos in favor of lower altitudes in the hope of a cure. He moved first to Tempe, Arizona, then California, then Connecticut.⁴⁹⁴ "I long to be up in your country, active and working," he wrote to Hubbell from the East.⁴⁹⁵ He wrote letters "prompted by nothing more than the mere recollection of my pleasant visit at Ganado, and a sort of vague feeling that perhaps by writing about it I may be able to strengthen my hope of getting out there again."⁴⁹⁶ He continued, "I do not for many days at a time forget that a Ganado exists, that by the cooperation of gods and men and nature it is fitted to be precisely what it is, what I know we all think it: a painter's Mecca."⁴⁹⁷ Sauerwein never did return to Ganado. He died of tuberculosis on June 13, 1910 at age thirty-nine.

Even those still within the embrace of the Navajo country sometimes found themselves yearning for the "hospitable home of Lorenzo Hubbell."⁴⁹⁸ While living at Hopi, Joseph Jacinto "Jo" Mora, a sculptor, painter, illustrator and all around "Renaissance man of

⁴⁹³ Frank P. Sauerwein to J. L. Hubbell, September 2, 1908, Box 73, Folder Sauerwein, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁹⁴ Michael R. Grauer, Elaine Maher Harrison, and Steve Holmes, *Frank Paul Sauerwein: An Early Master Painter of the American Southwest, the Biography* (Santa Fe, NM: Rio Grande Press, 2002), 15.

⁴⁹⁵ Frank P. Sauerwein to J. L. Hubbell, March 7, 1909, Box 73, Folder Sauerwein, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁹⁶ Frank P. Sauerwein to J. L. Hubbell, February 9, 1910, Box 73, Folder Sauerwein, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁴⁹⁷ Ibid.

⁴⁹⁸ George Wharton James, *New Mexico: Land of the Delight Makers* (Boston: The Page Company, 1920), 405.

the West,” often found his thoughts straying southward to Hubbell’s hacienda.⁴⁹⁹ Authentic experiences, he had learned, were sometimes lonely. Mora wrote in a letter to Hubbell, “Many and many a time have my thoughts wandered out over the country to your ranch.”⁵⁰⁰ His experience with the Hubbells both at Keams Canyon and Ganado had been so pleasant that he admitted that “I really feel homesick when I think of the blooming places.”⁵⁰¹ Mora described his longing in words that are both fanciful and poignant:

It’s fearfully lonesome out here now and every evening when the day’s work is over with and I sit out on my ‘front veranda’ and punish a bit of weed, I look over towards Keam’s and then beyond to where Ganado lies and I only wish I had the possession of that magic carpet the Arabian Nights tell us of, that I might whiz over to both places and have a good chat and a jolly with “people.”⁵⁰²

Hubbell’s hospitality left a permanent mark on Mora’s relationship with the desert, “that country I love so well.”⁵⁰³ When Don Lorenzo passed away in 1930, Mora told Roman that he had “spent so many happy days with him at Ganado, sharing a hospitality and a kindly unselfish treatment that has ever left with me a memory of him that I will always cherish to my last days and much akin that of father to son.”⁵⁰⁴

Just as in their published travel narratives, Hubbell’s guests connected his hospitality and the sense of place to the peculiar aesthetics of Navajo country in their letters to him.

For example, William Penhallow Henderson wrote to thank Hubbell for his hospitality on a

⁴⁹⁹ See Stephen Mitchell and Jo Mora, *Jo Mora: Renaissance Man of the West* (Ketchum, ID: Dober Hill, 1994).

⁵⁰⁰ Jo Mora to Mr. Hubbell, April 28, 1907, Box 60, Folder Mora, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁰¹ Jo Mora to Dear Friend, June 26, 1907, Box 60, Folder Mora, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁰² Jo Mora to Mr. Hubbell, September 8, 1905, Box 60, Folder Mora, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁰³ Jo Mora to Lorenzito, January 20, 1927, Box 60, Folder Mora, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁰⁴ Jo Mora to Roman, November 23, 1930, Box 60, Folder Mora, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. Mora, in fact, offered to carve a headstone for Don Lorenzo. See Jo Mora to Lorenzito, November 23, 1930, Box 60, Folder Mora, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

trip he had taken with fellow artist Carl N. Wertz, “I don’t forget it nor your country—the light, the color and the wonderful unending stretches—away from men—are as beautiful as the ocean. I want to get out there again...and I hope I’ll find you there.”⁵⁰⁵ When the actress and novelist Marah Ellis Ryan found herself “hungry for a sight of the land of sage brush,” her thoughts drifted towards Hubbell Trading Post.⁵⁰⁶ Incidents as mundane as bad weather could send a one-time traveler’s heart back to the blue sky desert. John Warner Norton wrote jokingly to Hubbell, “The winter here has been hell. Rain, rain, rain and mud, mud, mud. I’ll buy a corner lot from you and build a shelter to which I can flee and escape the rotten climate of the middle west. I’m dreaming about Arizona again.”⁵⁰⁷

But something more than the aesthetics of the landscape drew their memories back to Ganado. As Nicholas Roosevelt put it, “My visit to Ganado shall always be remembered—not so much for what I saw as for the welcome you made me feel.”⁵⁰⁸ For many sojourners, like Sauerwein and Burbank, Hubbell Trading Post represented a refuge from the modern world. For many others, Hubbell’s hospitality had given “the name of Ganado a far-sounding ring of cheer.”⁵⁰⁹ The trading post represented something more than its component parts. Artist Herbert Bolivar Tschudy (Judy) wrote, “It is a pleasure to think of my visits at Ganado for even yet I can feel the sense of relief and of serenity that every

⁵⁰⁵ William P. Henderson to J. L. Hubbell, May 22, 1905, Box 39, Folder Henderson, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁰⁶ Marah Ellis Ryan to J. L. Hubbell, July 8, 1910, Box 72, Folder Ryan, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁰⁷ John Norton to Mr. Hubbell, n.d., Box 63, Folder Norton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁰⁸ W. A. White to J. L. Hubbell, November 14, [1903], Box 86, Folder White, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁰⁹ Witter Bynner to Roman Hubbell, September 22, 1930, Box 2, Folder 5, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

traveller must feel as he approaches Ganado, when I think over the summer in the southwest.”⁵¹⁰

Hubbell’s hospitality was the most personal and visceral experience travelers had with the legendary figure. Though other stories of Hubbell the sheriff and Hubbell the Indian-tamer were more calculated to thrill, the simple experience of Hubbell’s hospitality laid an emotional foundation without which his other tales would be meaningless. Stories of his generosity and its limits turned him into legend, playing to visitors’ romantic notions of the Spanish Southwest. When they left Navajo country, travelers shared memories verbally with other former guests over lunch or in art galleries. In leather armchairs they read personal experience narratives and enticing legends of unlucky travelers who trespassed too far on their host’s kindness. Each encounter tied them closer to Hubbell and the sense of place in Navajo country. But memories and narratives were not their only reminders of Hubbell Trading Post and the desert, for when they left, they traveled with suitcases bulging with Indian curios—memories made tangible.

⁵¹⁰ Herbert B. Judy to J. L. Hubbell, September 2, 1905, Box 47, Folder Judy, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

CHAPTER 4

MEMENTOS OF THE ENCHANTED DESERT

As evening descended, the great Southwest promoter George Wharton James and a friend drove a wagon leisurely towards Ganado, “enjoying the delightfully bracing air of the plateau, and of the pines, pinions, and cedars.”⁵¹¹ They looked forward with anticipation to the warm welcome of their destination, “the hospitable home of Lorenzo Hubbell, that genial and royal host, at whose table every reputable traveler of the past thirty years has been made welcome.”⁵¹² James would stay a good ten days at Hubbell Trading Post on this particular trip, undoubtedly spending much of the time with his host discussing their mutual passion, one that they shared with many Southwestern travelers: the art of Navajo weaving.⁵¹³ An antimodernist and self-made expert in the study of Navajo textiles, James knew Hubbell as one of “the fathers of the [rug] business among the white race,” his own personal wellspring of information on all things relating to the Navajo art.⁵¹⁴ To him, the character of Don Lorenzo Hubbell was defined not only by his Spanish hospitality, but by his role in the development of a market for Indian products and his rescue of the Navajo rug from the ravages of commercialization.

⁵¹¹ George Wharton James, *New Mexico*, 405. This chapter of this dissertation uses text from chapter seven, “‘No misrepresentations, no shams, and no counterfeits’: Southwestern Tourism and the Curio Trade at Hubbell Trading Post,” of Cottam, 170-205. Because this chapter contains much technical information about the Hubbell curio trade, it borrows from that document, though the interpretive focus is different. I have attempted to make it clear in the footnotes when the text is taken from the earlier document.

⁵¹² George Wharton James, *New Mexico*, 405. My account of George Wharton James draws on Cottam, 238-239.

⁵¹³ *Ibid.*, 406.

⁵¹⁴ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets and Their Makers* (1914; repr., Glorieta, NM: Rio Grande Press, 1970), 203.

George Wharton James was born in 1858 to a working-class family in a small town in Lincolnshire, England, that was neither beautiful nor charming. Suffering from painful respiratory problems, the boy lived a solitary, bookish childhood.⁵¹⁵ Peter Wild describes James as a “bright, obedient, but high-strung” child who “developed neurotic tics: fears of the dark, of high places, of drunken men, the sight of blood, and the thought of death.”⁵¹⁶ As he grew older, James became almost obsessed with various health rules and schemes for self-improvement, and soon became involved in the Methodist church.⁵¹⁷ Though the contours of his young life are obscure, James left England in favor of the mining camps of Nevada by 1881. He preached in the saloons for five years, supplementing his meager missionary income by lecturing and giving music lessons, all the while pursuing his own studies in phrenology and natural history.⁵¹⁸ When he took off the frock of the itinerant minister and settled with his wife in California, he began making connections in artistic circles. For a time, he enjoyed success as a minister in Long Beach, but his life came crashing down around his ears in the spring of 1889 when his wife “gathered up the children and moved out, nailing the parson to the wall of public scandal with charges of brutality, incest, and adulterous behavior.”⁵¹⁹ The divorce that followed was prolonged, public, and sensational. “James ended up divorced, disgraced, and all but forced to resign from the

⁵¹⁵ Roger Joseph Bourdon, “George Wharton James: Interpreter of the Southwest” (PhD diss., University of California, Los Angeles, 1965), 3, 6. Bourdon’s dissertation represents the single most thorough biography of George Wharton James. See also Paul R. Arreola, “George Wharton James and the Indians,” *Masterkey* 60, no. 1 (Spring 1986): 11-18; Enrique Cortés, “George Wharton James: Advocate for the Golden State,” *Masterkey* 60, no. 1 (Spring 1986): 19-25; and Stephen G. Maurer, “In the Heart of the Great Freedom: George Wharton James and the Desert Southwest,” *Masterkey* 60, no. 1 (Spring 1986): 4-10.

⁵¹⁶ Peter Wild, *George Wharton James*, Western Writers Series 93 (Boise, ID: Boise State University, 1990), 13-15.

⁵¹⁷ *Ibid.*

⁵¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 15.

⁵¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 16. See also Bourdon, 46-67.

ministry,” convicted in the popular press.⁵²⁰ As Roger Joseph Bourdon states, “This crisis period was a time of great nervous strain for James with his delicate health.”⁵²¹ Unemployed, plagued by insomnia, and with his name thoroughly sullied in California, James “went into the wilds of Arizona and New Mexico, seeking oblivion in the solitude.”⁵²² In the desert, James was “born again,” converted to the gospel of the Southwest.⁵²³ As Peter Wild writes:

James began to tingle with excitement as he explored the diversity of a Southwest then all but unknown to the rest of the nation. It is perhaps possible to explain the factors that combine to turn a crisis into bright renewal. Whatever they were in this case, James emerged from the untracked deserts and forests a changed person, a new, even radiant, man.⁵²⁴

Throughout the rest of his life, James would write more than forty books and hundreds of articles about the Southwest. He became particularly interested in Indian-made crafts.⁵²⁵ Likely James’ newfound passion for basketry and weaving is what brought him into J. L. Hubbell’s sphere of influence around 1903, for by the turn of the century, the trader had a well-established reputation as one of the foremost dealers in Indian arts and crafts, popularly referred to as “curios.”⁵²⁶ As a major player in the coevolution of tourism and the curio trade in the Southwest, Hubbell had fashioned himself as an authentic, trustworthy expert as he hosted visitors in his showcase home, peddled Indian products, and used his connections with his Navajo neighbors to supply Native arts and crafts demonstrators to

⁵²⁰ Wild, 17.

⁵²¹ Bourdon, 60.

⁵²² *Ibid.*, 62.

⁵²³ Kevin Starr, *Inventing the Dream: California through the Progressive Era* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985), 111; Cottam, 239.

⁵²⁴ Wild, 17.

⁵²⁵ Starr, 111.

⁵²⁶ Bsumek, 103-104; Howard, 3.

white audiences from California to New York. By the turn of the century, Hubbell's reputation was such that James and many others considered him the ultimate authority on Navajo arts and crafts. In fact, over twenty years of corresponding, the two of them would exchange hardly a note that did not reference Navajo weaving.⁵²⁷

As he researched the history and technique of Navajo weaving for his 1914 book, *Indian Blankets and Their Makers*, James relied upon Hubbell's expertise. Occasionally, James sent him blankets for authentication and appraisal, and even took special trips to Ganado to make use of Hubbell's "kind and generous assistance."⁵²⁸ The book was the first in a long line of treatises on Navajo weaving, and its hagiographic treatment of Hubbell's influence on the development of the craft and its market would reverberate through those that followed. In exchange for a fee of \$150 and the loan of some rugs and a loom for illustrating the book, James portrayed Hubbell as the single most trustworthy trader in Navajo rugs, peppering the text with references to his influence and devoting a section to him in the chapter "Reliable Dealers in Navaho Blankets."⁵²⁹ Of Hubbell, James wrote:

Few men have ever held so honored and rare a position in the esteem of the Navahos and in relation to the blanket industry as does John Lorenzo Hubbell, of Ganado, Arizona....He gains the best kind of work, and can supply anything makeable by a Navaho weaver, with sureness, accuracy, skill, and speed. That his name is synonymous with honorable and upright dealing goes without saying, for no man can stand as he does with the Navahos without being—as the Indians would say—"a walker on the beautiful way."⁵³⁰

⁵²⁷ Cottam, 239.

⁵²⁸ George Wharton James to J. L. Hubbell, March 9, 1908, Box 46, Folder James, George Wharton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; George Wharton James to J. L. Hubbell, September 5, 1912, Box 46, Folder James, George Wharton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵²⁹ George Wharton James to J. L. Hubbell, September 14, 1914, Folder James, George Wharton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. James also offered to publish an article about J. L. called "A Day with a Navaho Indian Trader" in *Out West*, but the article never made it to print. George Wharton James to J. L. Hubbell, July 11, 1913, Folder James, George Wharton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵³⁰ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 204-205.

Rival experts, later scholars, and ordinary travelers alike echoed James' praises, adding to the Hubbell legend a reputation as the savior of Southwestern Indian arts and crafts, the man who ushered the Navajo blanket out of obscurity and into the homes of thousands of Americans. "J. Lorenzo Hubbell," wrote Charles Lummis, one of the Southwest's most ardent promoters and James' nemesis, "did more to save and rehabilitate this noble art-craft [weaving] than all government, philanthropic and other influences and agencies put together."⁵³¹ Herman Schweizer, the heart and soul of the Fred Harvey Company's Indian Department and an experienced collector of Indian arts and crafts, similarly declared, "There is no doubt that Mr. Hubbell was the greatest Indian Trader, and did more in a practical way to promote the sale of their products than anyone else."⁵³² They called him the "father of the Navajo rug trade," and the "greatest patron of Navajo artistry," painting him in the soft, heavenly glow of sainthood.⁵³³ Hubbell's role as the "very best judge" of Navajo weaving, working with the "best weavers" and able to secure the "best specimens," became a major part of his legend—and one that directly affected travelers' relationship with Navajo country as a place.⁵³⁴

An essential component of physical and spiritual pilgrimage to Navajo country was the purchasing of souvenirs, by which travelers sought to capture memories of their experiences. As Nigel Morgan and Annette Pritchard write, "There is no perception of place

⁵³¹ Charles F. Lummis, *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* (New York: D. Appleton-Century Co., 1938), 182.

⁵³² Herman Schweizer to T. E. Purdy, December 4, 1930, Box 38, Folder Harvey, Fred 1928-1930, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵³³ Joseph Emerson Smith, "Greatest Patron of Navajo Artistry in Rug Weaving Dies," *Denver Post*, November 30, 1930. The preceding several sentences are from Cottam, 171.

⁵³⁴ Edgar K. Miller, 12; Albrecht, 37; "Big Man of Arizona," n.d., newspaper clipping, Box 545, Folder 2, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

and landscape without memory, and souvenirs are totems that evoke certain memories and past experiences of tourism places.”⁵³⁵ Faraway from the desert, curios served as tangible reminders that encapsulated all the intangible aspects of Navajo country that travelers were seeking—primitivism, connection to nature, escape from modernity. The stories travelers told about Hubbell’s influence on Navajo weaving, though less grandiose and adventurous than other incarnations of his legend, nevertheless formed a crucial aspect of visitors’ relationships to the sense of place in Navajo country. As pioneer and savior, the legendary Hubbell lent some of his own authenticity to the curios he sold his guests. Travelers who bought from him—or, better still, were given gifts by him—could have confidence in the genuineness of their souvenirs. But more than that, their memories of their personal experiences with romantic Don Lorenzo found perfect embodiment in the Navajo arts and crafts he had fought to save from oblivion.

J. L. Hubbell, C. N. Cotton, and Navajo Weaving

Long before railroads and automobiles carried tourists into Navajo country and away again laden with bright memories and souvenirs of rugs, baskets, and jewelry, even before the young J. L. Hubbell first crossed *Diné Bikéyah* alone on horseback, Navajo women sat at their looms and wove the designs passed down to them by their mothers.⁵³⁶ Using wool

⁵³⁵ Morgan and Pritchard, 41; see also Christine Ballengee-Morris, “Tourist Souvenirs,” *Visual Arts Research* 28, no. 2 (2002): 102.

⁵³⁶ This section follows closely Cottam, 171-182. It appears here in a slightly condensed form, but borrows freely from the language of the original. A great many of the dozens of histories of Navajo weaving, past and present, discuss the role of Hubbell Trading Post and the Hubbell family in the development of the art. A few classics include George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*; Amsden, *Navaho Weaving*; and H. L. James, *Rugs and Posts: The Story of Navajo Weaving and Indian Trading* (West Chester, PA: Schiffer Publishing, 1988). Two of the best and most recent studies of weaving deal directly with Hubbell Trading Post: Kathy M’Closkey’s *Swept Under the Rug*, which presents an excellent critical quantitative and economic analysis of the role of the blanket trade in the business, and Teresa J. Wilkins, *Patterns of Exchange*, which provides perhaps the most thorough and human analysis of weaving at Hubbell Trading Post. Elizabeth Bauer, *Research for a Catalog of the Navajo Textiles of Hubbell Trading Post* (Ganado, AZ: U.S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service, Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site, 1987) is also a good reference work. My summary of Navajo weaving at Hubbell

from their own treasured herds of sheep, which they carded, cleaned, spun, and dyed with sage brush and sumac, piñon pitch and prickly pear, they wove blankets and clothing for their families and to trade with their neighbors, Zunis, Hopis, and Utes.⁵³⁷ As sheep became the center of Navajo life, weaving became the heart of the Navajo economy, and “by the early nineteenth century, Navajo blankets were prized within a wide regional market for their quality—so tightly woven they were waterproof—and their beauty.”⁵³⁸ Scholars generally suppose that the Navajos learned weaving from Pueblo peoples who took refuge with them during the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 and the Spanish Reconquista.⁵³⁹ Navajos, however, say that Spider Woman taught the Hero Twins to weave, and Navajo women have carried on the tradition, passing down from generation to generation the stories and songs that give it meaning.⁵⁴⁰ In either case, by the time American explorers began journeying into northeastern Arizona, the Navajos had earned a reputation as skillful weavers, and whatever

Trading Post is drawn mostly from the above sources. For a broader sampling of the voluminous literature on Navajo weaving, see Ann Lane Hedlund, *Beyond the Loom: Keys to Understanding Early Southwestern Weaving* (Boulder, CO: Johnson Books, 1990); Kate Peck Kent, *Navajo Weaving: Three Centuries of Change* (Santa Fe: School of American Research Press, 1985); Marian E. Rodee, *One Hundred Years of Navajo Rugs* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1995); Marian E. Rodee, *Old Navajo Rugs: Their Development from 1900 to 1940* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1981); and Joe Ben Wheat, *The Gift of Spiderwoman: Southwestern Textiles, the Navajo Tradition* (Philadelphia: University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, 1984), as well as other books and articles by the above-mentioned authors.

⁵³⁷ For information on traditional Navajo dyes and weaving, see Nonabah Gorman Bryan, Stella Young, and Charles Keetsie Shirley, *Navajo Native Dyes: Their Preparation and Use* (Palmer Lake, CO: Filter Press, 1978).

⁵³⁸ Laura Jane Moore, “Elle Meets the President: Weaving Navajo Culture and Commerce in the Southwestern Tourist Industry,” *Frontiers: Journal of Women Studies* 22, no. 1 (2001): 25; Teresa J. Wilkins, 13. Wilkins provides a concise summary of the history of textiles in Southwestern trade on pages 12-21.

⁵³⁹ Joe Ben Wheat and Ann Lane Hedlund, *Blanket Weaving in the Southwest* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2003).

⁵⁴⁰ See M'Closkey, *Swept Under the Rug*, 19-20.

else the Americans thought of the peoples they encountered in the deserts and canyons, they could not help but notice the quality of their textiles.⁵⁴¹

The American conquest of the Southwest—military, economic, and cultural—affected weaving as it affected other areas of Navajo life, and by the close of the nineteenth century, outside pressures had transformed Navajo weaving from a home industry with a small but significant place in the local economy to a commercial product coveted nationwide.⁵⁴² At the crux of the shift were the Indian traders, exerting their influence on Navajo weavers and Anglo buyers alike in order to make the trade in curios, especially textiles, the backbone of their businesses instead of a deadweight of unmovable merchandise. In the 1870s and 1880s, there was no ready market of eager Easterners hoping to decorate the parlors of their Victorian homes with authentic Indian products, and the Navajos' incarceration at Bosque Redondo and the subsequent establishment of trading posts had destroyed the traditional market for their textiles as Navajos and other Southwestern Indians adopted Anglo-style clothing and cheaper factory-made Pendleton blankets.⁵⁴³ Traders who bought the products of Navajo looms had to find a market for them elsewhere or cut off the blanket trade altogether in order to turn a profit.

⁵⁴¹ For example, James H. Simpson noted in an ethnocentric attitude characteristic of the period, "It seems anomalous to me that a nation living in such miserably constructed mud lodges should, at the same time, be capable of making, probably, the best blankets in the world!" James H. Simpson, *Navaho Expedition: Journal of a Military Reconnaissance from Santa Fe New Mexico, to the Navaho Country, Made in 1848 by Lieutenant James H. Simpson*, ed. Frank McNitt (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1964), 96.

⁵⁴² Scholars of Navajo weaving divide its development into three periods. The classic period lasted from 1650 to 1868, during which "global processes, especially trade between divergent local communities, such as European cloth manufacturers, Mexican traders, and Navajo weavers, occurred," and the textiles from the period often reflect the interaction between Navajo, Spanish, and indigenous Mexican influences. The transitional period stretched from 1868 to 1890, when the market for Navajo blankets shifted to tourists. Textiles from this period show the influence of industrialization and consumption, reflected in the use of Germantown yarn, chemical dyes, new designs, and the weaving of rugs rather than blankets for clothing. The third period is the rug period, 1890 onward, in which trader-introduced designs dominated. Bsumek, 26.

⁵⁴³ Laura Jane Moore, 27.

At the little trading post in the Pueblo Colorado Valley, young traders Hubbell and Cotton bought only a few Navajo blankets at first, focusing their buying power instead on wool, skins, and livestock. According to George Wharton James, Hubbell and Cotton purchased only three or four hundred pounds of common blankets in 1884, which probably amounted to only a few dozen pieces, but that was a few dozen more than they could sell.⁵⁴⁴ While J. L. divided his attentions between St. Johns and the reservation, Cotton launched a campaign to find a market for the Navajo blankets piling up at the trading post. He did not advertise them to wealthy collectors and connoisseurs as authentic works of Native American art, but to suppliers at mining camps and Indian reservations as durable, waterproof blankets able to stand up to the harsh treatment of a rural life. In their descriptions to potential buyers, Hubbell and Cotton said not a word about the blankets' beauty. They saw Navajo textiles as utilitarian products and they advertised them as such: they were warm, thick, sturdy, and large enough for a bed.⁵⁴⁵

Cotton had some success selling blankets to mining camps and other reservations, but not enough to use up his supply.⁵⁴⁶ If he was going to realize the potential for profit that he could see in his mind's eye, he was going to have to cast his net wider, and for the next few years, Cotton worked to develop a market nationwide. His descriptions to buyers became more and more detailed as he and other traders exerted all of their influence "in adapting Navajo weaving to the tastes of the Anglo buying public" by introducing new commercial dyes and yarns to the Navajos and new uses for Navajo textiles to Anglo

⁵⁴⁴ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 47.

⁵⁴⁵ C. N. Cotton to unnamed recipient, November 7, 1885, Box 91, Folder 6, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁴⁶ C. N. Cotton to H. F. Douglas, April 24, 1886, Box 91, Folder 8, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

buyers.⁵⁴⁷ Cotton, in fact, is often credited with the idea of selling Navajo blankets, originally woven for clothing, as rugs, an idea which “revolutionized the trade and greatly increased the potential market for Navajo blankets.”⁵⁴⁸ By late 1887, Cotton was writing to buyers not in Colorado mining camps, but in New York City, calling their attention “to Navajo Indian Blankets which can be used for rugs, curtains they are very pretty and much sought after by people in Washington and elsewhere where known.”⁵⁴⁹ He described the “fine blankets...made of scarlet yarn with very unique and pretty designs in yellow, green, blue, white, and black,” and the months it took for a “squaw’ to make one as each thread has to be put through the loom by hand.”⁵⁵⁰ Cotton still sold coarse blankets woven of the Navajos’ “own native wool” to miners and cattlemen, but he had turned his efforts to cultivating buyers among the Easterners to whom he was already selling petrified wood, garnets, piñon nuts, and whatever other lucrative curiosities Navajo country had to offer.⁵⁵¹ When he moved his business to Gallup, handing the Ganado post back over to Hubbell, Cotton kept on executing his scheme, printing circulars and mailing them to merchants in cities across the country.⁵⁵²

Cotton’s circulars went out just as antimodernism began to emerge as a major cultural force in the United States and Europe. The retreat from urban industrial America

⁵⁴⁷ Rodee, *Old Navajo Rugs*, 65.

⁵⁴⁸ Lester L. Williams, 24.

⁵⁴⁹ C. N. Cotton to Arnold Constable and Co., November 2, 1887, Box 92, Folder 15, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁵⁰ *Ibid.*

⁵⁵¹ *Ibid.*; Teresa J. Wilkins, 28; see also correspondence from February 1888, Box 93, Folder 16, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁵² Lester L. Williams, 33; Amsden, 179.

birthed, among other things, an “Indian craze,” a “widespread passion for collecting Native American art, often in dense, dazzling domestic displays called ‘Indian corners.’”⁵⁵³ By buying handmade Native American products—products seen no longer as merely utilitarian, but as art—upper- and middle-class Americans attempted to create for themselves a small pocket of the real in a modern world, as if mere proximity to Indian art would elevate them to a higher plane.⁵⁵⁴ Cotton, Hubbell, and other traders like J. B. Moore and Richard Wetherill knew of and even sympathized with the sentiments of antimodernism and the intimately related Arts and Crafts Movement. With the help of writers like Charles Lummis and George Wharton James, they intensified their efforts to develop Eastern markets for Navajo products, freely utilizing the language of antimodernism:

To increase sales of Navajo-made rugs and jewelry, traders realized that products had to make their way into the stockrooms of curio shops, ethnic-art dealers, and department stores across the country. To achieve this goal, the traders used the same marketing approaches that larger companies used: advertising. They advertised in regional and national newspapers and in widely circulated magazines and gazettes. They mailed out their own sales circulars to potential customers and retailers, with whom they worked. They paid to be mentioned in books as reliable dealers of Navajo textiles. In all these venues, they emphasized the ways in which their businesses were unique in the American marketplace.⁵⁵⁵

⁵⁵³ Elizabeth Hutchinson, *The Indian Craze: Primitivism, Modernism, and Transculturation in American Art, 1890-1915* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2009), 3.

⁵⁵⁴ Teresa J. Wilkins, 52.

⁵⁵⁵ Bsumek, 84. Hubbell and other traders designed elaborate letterheads on their business stationery that pictured Navajo weavers. Hubbell’s stationery proclaimed him as a “Dealer in Navajo Blankets...Silverware, Baskets, and Curios” with “old style weavings and patterns a specialty” as early as 1890. The Hubbells also toyed on more than one occasion with the idea of making postcards of rugs designs, but ultimately discarded the idea for fear that the designs might fall into the hands of competitors. J. L. did some of his own advertising by talking up the merits of Indian products in his personal and political travels across Arizona and the country, carting displays of blankets around with him. Joann F. Boles, “The Navaho Rug at the Hubbell Trading Post, 1880-1920,” *American Indian Culture and Research Journal* 5, no. 1 (1981): 60-61; J. L. Hubbell letterhead, May 14, 1890, Box 95, Folder 1878-1895, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to Roman Hubbell, April 2, 1912, Box 97, Folder April 1-7, 1912, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; “J. L. Hubbell packed up the remainder of his Navajo blankets today,” *Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner*, February 19, 1890.

Cotton issued a catalog in 1896, its pages resounding with romantic descriptions of “simple and primitive” Navajo weavers, the “mythologic symbolism [that] seems to be instinctive with the Navajos,” and the “beauty and attractiveness” of the patterns, no two of which were ever the same.⁵⁵⁶ As anthropologist Teresa Wilkins states, “Cotton marketed the idealized Navajo weaver as a savage person of ‘unrestrained freedom’ whose designs teemed with the influences of the natural environment of which she was such an integral part.”⁵⁵⁷

The catalog described Navajo weaving as a series of simple, traditional forms

produced in endless combination, and often in brilliant kaleidoscopic grouping, presenting broad effects of scarlet and black, of green, yellow and blue—a wide range of color skillfully blended upon a ground of white. But the great charm of these Navajo fabrics is the unrestrained freedom shown by the weaver in her treatment of primitive conventions. To the checked emblem of the rainbow she adds sweeping rays of color typifying sunbeams; below the many-angled cloud group she inserts random pencil lines of rain; or she softens the rigid meander signifying lightning with graceful interlacing and shaded tints.⁵⁵⁸

In 1902, Hubbell followed Cotton’s lead and issued his own mail-order catalog featuring not only Navajo blankets, but jewelry and silverware, as well as Hopi basketry, pottery, and katsinas. He commissioned his friend H. G. Maratta, a graphic artist from Chicago, to design and print it, sending him a selection of curios to photograph.⁵⁵⁹ J. L., too, played to antimodernist sensibilities by emphasizing the rarity and great antiquity of genuine Navajo blankets, tracing their reputation for “richness, beauty, and durability” back to the

⁵⁵⁶ C. N. Cotton and George Wharton James, *Wholesale Catalogue and Price List of Navajo Blankets* (Pasadena, CA: G. Wharton James, 1896). This catalog, along with several later catalogs issued by Cotton, can be found reprinted in Lester L. Williams, 54-102.

⁵⁵⁷ Teresa J. Wilkins, 58. Wilkins provides an analysis of catalogs by Cotton, Hubbell, Moore, and the Hyde Exploring Expedition on pages 56-73.

⁵⁵⁸ Cotton and James, qtd. on Lester L. Williams, 61.

⁵⁵⁹ See letters from H. G. Maratta in Box 54, Folder Maratta, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

“first white occupation of the Southwest.”⁵⁶⁰ Hubbell, however, was not only selling curios; he was selling *himself* as a trustworthy dealer absolutely committed to preserving ancient patterns and techniques. He cautioned consumers against crooked dealers who took advantage of Easterners’ ignorance and positioned himself as a champion of authenticity. As soon as Navajo products became connected with Eastern markets, he declared, “unscrupulous dealers took advantage of the ignorance of those desiring to purchase such goods”:

Cheap and gaudy blankets, loosely put together—made here, there and everywhere—have been sold at fabulous prices. Unless one has given study to the matter, it is easy to be deceived. I point to my long residence and my extended references in this country as guaranty [sic] of my sincerity and honesty. I have been at the greatest pains to perpetuate the old patterns, colors and weaves, now so rapidly passing out of existence even in the memory of the best weavers. I have even at times unraveled some of the old genuine Navajo blankets to show these modern weavers how the pattern was made. I can guarantee the reproduction of these antique patterns....no misrepresentations, no shams and no counterfeits.⁵⁶¹

Such language was calculated to appeal to the hunger of the antimodernists for the primitive and authentic. Hubbell emphasized that the jewelry in his catalog was made “from coin silver, melted, hammered and molded with their own primitive appliances,” and promised to attach a tag to every item sold with his personal guarantee of its quality and the name of the Indian artist who made it.⁵⁶² A sense of urgency permeated the catalog, as well, reminding potential buyers that the truly genuine products would inevitably vanish along

⁵⁶⁰ J. L. Hubbell, *Catalogue and Price List: Navajo Blankets & Indian Curios* (Chicago: Press of Holister Brothers, 1902), 2. A copy of this catalog can be found in Box 545, Folder 13, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁶¹ Ibid. Though Cotton continued to issue catalogs as long as he was in the rug business, the Hubbells did not. As Forrest Parker wrote to one customer, “It is a difficult problem to give ideas of patterns by letter as you probably know that no two blankets are just alike as regards pattern. We issued a catalogue several years ago but it gave such a poor idea of what we carried we have not issued any since.” Forrest M. Parker to Jas. Hughes, March 4, 1915, Box 100, Letterbook, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁶² J. L. Hubbell, *Catalogue and Price List*, 11, 2.

with the Indians. “The old blankets are passing away, in the nature of things,” Hubbell warned.⁵⁶³ Some blankets in his catalog he claimed were made “only by the best weavers, of whom there are but few living with skill to make two blankets nearly alike.”⁵⁶⁴ The oldest designs of Hopi pottery he sold for twice the price because there was “but one squaw living [who] knows the secret of making this pottery.”⁵⁶⁵ He even sold “genuine pre-historic pottery.”⁵⁶⁶ His wares, in short, were a limited quantity in a market tainted by cheap knockoffs, and he, as an old-time Indian trader, could be trusted absolutely to provide only the oldest, most genuine products.

Hubbell’s rhetoric proved effective; in fact, the blanket and curio trade exploded around the turn of the century as these catalogs and other forms of advertisement went into circulation. “The impact was obvious. In 1899,” Robert S. McPherson writes, “the weaving trade amounted to only \$50,000 reservation-wide; fifteen years later it had skyrocketed to \$700,000, and by 1923, a variety of blankets were available from the Sears and Roebuck catalog.”⁵⁶⁷ Hubbell’s shipments of rugs doubled from 14,000 pounds to 28,000 pounds within a year of publishing his catalog, and he soon sold curios to authorized dealers in dozens of Eastern cities.⁵⁶⁸ Other traders opened up curio outlets in the East as well, including the Hyde Exploring Expedition’s New York store in 1899, and overnight, it

⁵⁶³ Ibid., 2.

⁵⁶⁴ Ibid., 5.

⁵⁶⁵ Ibid., 13.

⁵⁶⁶ Ibid.

⁵⁶⁷ Robert S. McPherson, “*Naalye’be Ba’ Hooghan*: ‘Home of Merchandise,’ The Navajo Trading Post as an Institution of Cultural Change, 1900-1930,” *American Indian Culture and Research Journal* 16, no. 1 (November 1992): 34-35.

⁵⁶⁸ Teresa J. Wilkins, 105; Boles, “The Navaho Rug,” 59.

seemed, an “Indian decorating craze” swept the country, driving demand.⁵⁶⁹ No longer did the traders advertise Navajo textiles simply as warm, durable bed or saddle blankets, but as parlor and dining room rugs, table runners, portieres (Victorian-era curtains for interior doors), couch covers, pillow tops, and auto robes.⁵⁷⁰ Indian curios—even entire Indian Rooms—had become an essential element “in every tastefully decorated Victorian home.”⁵⁷¹

As demand rose, curios became one of the most important—if not *the* most important—cornerstones of the Indian trading business. At the high point of their business, the Hubbells sold to hundreds of curio shops nationwide and enjoyed a reputation as the dealers with the highest quality Navajo rugs and the widest variety of Native American products on the reservation since, as Hubbell often boasted, “[H]aving seven stores scattered over the reservation, [we] are in a position to get a greater variety of patterns than any other dealer.”⁵⁷² J. L. was a well-liked and knowledgeable trader, which meant he commanded a huge share of the Navajo trade, and when Lorenzo Jr. took over the trading post at Keams Canyon, he secured a hefty slice of the Hopi trade as well.⁵⁷³ By the turn of the century, Hubbell confidently assured his customers that he had the very best Navajo blankets and curios available. “It is very customary for men to brag about their ability to do better than

⁵⁶⁹ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 64.

⁵⁷⁰ Boles, “The Navajo Rug,” 56-57.

⁵⁷¹ Teresa J. Wilkins, 53; M’Closkey, *Swept Under the Rug*, 73-79.

⁵⁷² Forrest M. Parker to Jas. Hughes, March 4, 1915, Box 100, Letterbook, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Teresa J. Wilkins, 106.

⁵⁷³ Better access to Hopi goods must have formed a good part of J. L.’s motivation for locating his son at Keams Canyon. As he wrote to C. E. Wood on the day he bought the trading post, “I think that I can supply you with what Moqui [Hopi] goods you may need at reasonable prices.” J. L. Hubbell to C. E. Wood, May 17, 1902, Box 94, Letterbook, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. Lorenzo Jr. also took frequent collecting trips to the Hopi mesas. Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to J. L. Hubbell, August 4, 1902, Box 95, Folder 1902, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

others by you,” he wrote to a customer. “But I assure you that when I say that I have the very best and the best assortment of Navajo Blankets placed in the market, that is something that does not bear contradiction.”⁵⁷⁴

Tourism, the Harvey Company, and Hubbell

The success of the curio trade hinged not only on nationwide marketing and demand for Indian-made products, but on the growth of Southwestern tourism.⁵⁷⁵ In fact, the catalogues and advertisements Indian traders issued on their own were only a drop in the bucket when compared with the efforts of the passenger departments of railroads and their subsidiaries, most importantly the Santa Fe Railway and the Fred Harvey Company. Beginning in the 1890s, the Santa Fe spent millions of dollars on a massive and revolutionary advertising campaign that dramatized the scenery of the Southwest and romanticized Native American life, casting the Indians as “premodern actors in a modern drama.”⁵⁷⁶ The railroads capitalized on the growing fascination with Indians and Western landscapes in their advertising to lure tourists to the Southwest in great flocks.⁵⁷⁷ Through their pioneering “promotional efforts, the passenger departments of the major western railroads helped reimagine the West, transforming it from a desert wasteland to a tourist wonderland, rivaling, if not surpassing, the most famous tourist destinations in Europe.”⁵⁷⁸

⁵⁷⁴ J. L. Hubbell to Hugh B. E. Brown, Box 95, Folder March 1-9, 1909, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. See also J. L. to Ind. Trader, Osage Agency, January 21, 1902, Box 94, Letterbook, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁷⁵ This section presents a condensed form of Cottam, 187-194.

⁵⁷⁶ Bsumek, 32.

⁵⁷⁷ See, for example, T. C. McLuhan and William E. Kopplin, *Dream Tracks: The Railroad and the American Indian, 1890-1930* (New York: Abrams, 1985); and Shelby J. Tisdale, “Railroads, Tourism, and Native Americans in the Greater Southwest,” *Journal of the Southwest* 38, no. 4 (Winter 1996): 433-462.

⁵⁷⁸ Shaffer, 21.

The Hubbells had a vested interest in the success of mass tourism, for the more tourists who came to Navajo country, the more curios the Hubbells were able to sell. They understood that the popularity of Navajo arts and crafts depended on the tourist trade, boosted by the efforts of the kinds of people who often stayed under the Hubbell roof—artists, writers, anthropologists, politicians, and tourist industry executives. The Hubbells gladly did their part “to feed the growing craze for all things ‘primitive.’”⁵⁷⁹ Chief among the “network of curio entrepreneurs [who] played a major role in shaping the public’s conception of the Southwestern United States,” the Hubbells turned their Indian trading businesses into “a publicity vehicle promoting an entire region of the country.”⁵⁸⁰ To that end, J. L. Hubbell formed an early partnership with the Fred Harvey Company, supplying the company with an array of Navajo and Hopi products as well as the Indian demonstrators who were the keystone of the company’s advertising strategy.⁵⁸¹ In fruitful cooperation with the Harvey Company, the Hubbell Trading Post played a cardinal role in the promotion of Navajo country as a “wonderland of the pictorial in geography and in humanity,” shifting “the stereotype of the Navajos decisively and quickly...from that of ‘savage’ plunderers to ‘primitive’ artists.”⁵⁸²

The Fred Harvey Company was founded by an English immigrant, Frederick Henry Harvey, who climbed his way out of obscurity working as a restaurant dishwasher to preeminence as “the legendary ‘Civilizer of the West,’” the creator of America’s first chain of

⁵⁷⁹ Bsumek, 46.

⁵⁸⁰ Howard, 1.

⁵⁸¹ Bsumek, 46.

⁵⁸² Charles F. Lummis, “The Artist’s Paradise,” *Out West* 29, no. 3 (September 1908): 191; Bsumek, 31.

restaurants and railroad hotels.⁵⁸³ Scholars have characterized Harvey as “the epitome of the Victorian era’s self-made man, an entrepreneur who developed a distinctive niche in the growing consumer economy.”⁵⁸⁴ At a time when the food offered on the new railways of the West was so notoriously abysmal travelers packed their own meals to avoid eating off the moldy menu, Harvey struck a deal with the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe Railway to provide food service to its passengers. The Santa Fe realized “that travelers could be enticed to see ‘primitives’ but did not want to be treated like them.”⁵⁸⁵ Harvey opened his first restaurant at the rail depot in Topeka, Kansas, and the business soon blossomed into a hospitality empire founded on good food, comfort, and polite service. By the time Harvey passed away in 1901, his business included twenty-six restaurants, sixteen hotels with restaurants, and twenty dining cars.⁵⁸⁶ His son, Ford Harvey, took over the business, and, with the help of his younger brother Byron, his sister Minnie, and her husband John Frederick Huckel, he led it—and thousands of Americans—“away from its midwestern roots to focus on the Southwest.”⁵⁸⁷ In the twentieth century, the Fred Harvey Company did more than make travelers comfortable as they endured rail trips across Arizona and New Mexico; it transformed the Southwest into a romantic and desirable destination, the antidote to the over-civilized East.

⁵⁸³ Weigle, 115.

⁵⁸⁴ Kathleen L. Howard and Diana F. Pardue, *Inventing the Southwest: The Fred Harvey Company and Native American Art* (Flagstaff, AZ: Northland Publishing, 1996), 1.

⁵⁸⁵ Bsumek, 32.

⁵⁸⁶ Howard and Pardue, 9.

⁵⁸⁷ Brandt, 80-81.

In 1887, Herman Schweizer, a German immigrant, began managing the Harvey lunch room in Coolidge, New Mexico when he was only 16 years old. Like Hubbell, Schweizer was a young adventurer, traveling around the West on his own as a young boy. He began buying Navajo jewelry and blankets and selling them to travelers: “In his free time, he rode horseback across the adjacent reservation lands and became acquainted with local people, Native American craftsmen, and Anglo traders,” creating a network of friendships and mastering “the art of intriguing train travelers with Native American arts and crafts.”⁵⁸⁸ Schweizer’s work came to the attention of Minnie Harvey Huckel, who had proposed the idea of integrating an ethnographic museum and curio shop into the design of the Fred Harvey Company’s new Southwestern-themed Alvarado hotel in Albuquerque. Minnie herself had cultivated an interest in the Southwest’s native cultures and become “an ardent student and discriminating collector of Native American arts and crafts.”⁵⁸⁹ She suggested putting Schweizer in charge of the museum, and together, Schweizer, Minnie, and J. F. Huckel formed the new Fred Harvey Indian Department and “established The Alvarado Hotel complex as the heart of the Southwest in the minds of tourists.”⁵⁹⁰ When the hotel opened in 1902, tourists stepped off the train in Albuquerque into a passageway that led directly to the hotel, with its impressive architecture evoking both Pueblo and Spanish heritage, passing through the Indian Building on the way with its museum and gift shop filled with “the finest old Navajo blankets ever woven,” and space where Indian artisans, “undisturbed by the eager gaze of the tourist,” demonstrated their techniques and skills.⁵⁹¹

⁵⁸⁸ Howard and Pardue, 10.

⁵⁸⁹ *Ibid.*, 11.

⁵⁹⁰ *Ibid.*, 10.

⁵⁹¹ 1904 brochure, qtd. in Howard and Pardue, 18.

The Alvarado boasted in its brochure, “For five years the Harvey experts have been engaged in making the collections here displayed. Indian villages, buried cities, remote cliff dwellings, and isolated hogans have been searched for the rarest exponents of Indian Life.”⁵⁹² It was through Schweizer’s contacts on the reservation among Indians and traders—among them Lorenzo Hubbell—that the Fred Harvey Company was able to secure both goods and demonstrators.⁵⁹³

J. L. began selling blankets and curios to Schweizer and the Fred Harvey Company around the turn of the century, and when Lorenzo Jr. took over the Keams Canyon post, he assumed Thomas Keam’s role as the Fred Harvey Company’s supplier of Hopi goods.⁵⁹⁴ During the decades-long business relationship between Hubbell Trading Post and the Fred Harvey Company, Hubbell’s access to the best blankets and curios available made him “nearly indispensable” to the Harvey Company, which bought more Indian-made goods from him than from any other source.⁵⁹⁵ Huge amounts of Hubbell’s blanket inventory went to the Fred Harvey Company, often the very best of the blankets. J. L. told Schweizer in 1902 that he “would like to give you the first show at all the good Bkts that I get....When I do not send them to you, and sell them to some one else I feel almost like I have not treated you right....I will have to acknowledge that so far you have been my best customer and will do anything in reason to please you.”⁵⁹⁶ Some years, in fact, Hubbell could not scrape

⁵⁹² Ibid.

⁵⁹³ Brandt, 92.

⁵⁹⁴ See Fred Harvey Company to J. L. Hubbell, May 24, 1902, Box 36, Folder Harvey, Fred 1902-1904, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁵⁹⁵ Brandt, 93.

⁵⁹⁶ J. L. Hubbell to Fred Harvey Company, January 22, 1902, Box 94, Letterbook, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

together enough blankets to sell to his other buyers by the time he finished selling them to the Harvey Company, and the company also became J. L.'s largest wholesale account for Navajo silver and jewelry.⁵⁹⁷

Rugs and silverware were far from the only things to pass from the Hubbells' hands to the Harvey Company's. J. L., and later Lorenzo Jr. and Roman, also supplied the company with a steady stream of Navajo and Hopi demonstrators to enchant and entice tourists at the Alvarado in Albuquerque, the La Fonda in Santa Fe, and the Hopi House at El Tovar on the south rim of the Grand Canyon. Schweizer and Huckel painstakingly created idyllic scenes of domestic and artistic life at their destinations, populating mock pueblos and hogans with silversmiths, weavers, and picturesque children, while carefully concealing every sign that the Navajos were anything but a pure and primitive society.⁵⁹⁸ Tourists fresh off the train watched the demonstrators with keen interest, snapping photographs and buying their wares, convinced that here at last was the elusive authenticity they had been searching for.

Hubbell's close relationship with the Navajos and Hopis was crucial to the success of the Harvey Company's live demonstrations. Lorenzo used his influence to convince artists and their families to uproot from their homes, farms, and herds for months at a time, and when problems inevitably arose when demonstrators wanted to go home for cultural "reasons that mystified the Harvey people," Hubbell smoothed over disagreements and

⁵⁹⁷ Forrest M. Parker to Alexander Squibb, January 3, 1916, Box 101, Folder January-March 1916, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Blue, *Indian Trader*, 150.

⁵⁹⁸ For example, Schweizer once wrote to J. L. asking him to send to the Grand Canyon not only a silversmith, but a couple of Navajo forges made from "a piece of steel rail or whatever there may be that is homemade and a homemade bellows." He wrote that he would also "like for the Navahos at the Canyon to have and *use* some of their homemade pots to cook in as [we] would not want them to use a stove there." Herman Schweizer to J. L. Hubbell, November 17, 1904, Box 36, Folder Harvey, Fred 1902-1904, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

supplied replacement demonstrators.⁵⁹⁹ After all, it would not do “to have Albuquerque out of Indians” and tourists “going to the Hopi House...asking where the Hopi Indians are.”⁶⁰⁰ While they were working for Harvey, the demonstrators relied on Hubbell to send supplies, check on their families, and even settle disputes. Martha Blue states that “It was only J. L.’s standing and quarter of a century in the Navajo and Hopi communities that enabled the Fred Harvey Company to carry off such a vast and regular display of Navajos and Hopis.”⁶⁰¹ Without him, their living displays would have quickly died—but he was well paid in the form of a vastly expanded market for Native products.

Marketing Indians at Fairs, Exhibitions, and Museums

In promoting the Southwest by populating mock villages with picturesque Indian craftspeople, the Harvey Company followed tried and true techniques first developed at the spectacularly popular world’s fairs, beginning with London’s 1851 Crystal Palace Exhibition.⁶⁰²

From then until 1915 world’s fairs sprang up like mushrooms to celebrate the heyday of European and American industrialism and imperialism. In Europe international exhibitions became grandiose stages on which nations bragged about their industrial, financial, technical, intellectual, social, and scientific ‘progress,’ their ability to extract raw materials from their colonies, and their success in ‘civilizing’ their colonial subjects.⁶⁰³

⁵⁹⁹ Moore, 28, 32.

⁶⁰⁰ J. F. Huckel to J. L. Hubbell, May 23, 1905, Box 36, Folder Harvey, Fred, January-June 1905, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; J. F. Huckel to J. L. Hubbell, July 1, 1905, Box 36, Folder Harvey, Fred July-December 1905, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶⁰¹ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 151.

⁶⁰² This section is a condensed version of Cottam, 194-203. Howard and Pardue, 23.

⁶⁰³ Parezo and Fowler, 3-4.

By the late nineteenth century, “displayed people, billed as ‘savages’ from Africa or Polynesia, who could be gawked at for a fee” had become a mainstay of world’s fairs, and visitors thronged by the thousands to ogle both sideshows and official anthropological displays that reinforced “stereotypical images of colonized ‘native’ peoples.”⁶⁰⁴ As the world’s fair tradition blossomed in the United States in the 1880s and 1890s, Native Americans found themselves counted among the “exotic” peoples of the world, and a “long line of Southwestern Indians [found] themselves willingly or unwilling on exhibit.”⁶⁰⁵

As a well-known supplier of Indian demonstrators, the Hubbell Trading Post played roles ranging from negligible to pivotal in providing Navajos and Hopis and their products to world’s fairs, traveling exhibitions, and museum collections as anthropological interest in the Southwest blossomed. Before the twentieth century, J. L.’s influence was small; he played only a minor role in the hugely influential 1893 Chicago World’s Columbian Exposition, popularly known as the Chicago World’s Fair, especially compared to other Indian traders, such as Thomas Kean and the Wetherills, who supplied major anthropological exhibits. While Arizona’s various economic and political interests squabbled over how best to present their territory to the expectant eyes of the world, Hubbell was busy running for the Territorial Legislature, his attention bent on passing water rights legislation that would help him secure title to his homestead. His involvement at the Chicago World’s Fair seemed almost an afterthought, a coincidence. The trader-turned-politician had begun carting loads of blankets around with him for display, sale, and promotion in his political travels as early as 1890, and when it came time to send the Arizona exhibits to Chicago in

⁶⁰⁴ Ibid., 5; Fowler, 204.

⁶⁰⁵ Fowler, 205.

early 1893, he happened to have with him in Phoenix a load of seven Navajo blankets, including a particularly fine one he told people had taken over sixty days to weave.⁶⁰⁶ The *Arizona Weekly Republican* supposed that “Mr. Hubbell will either take them to the world’s fair or send them as part of the Arizona exhibit.”⁶⁰⁷

Whether he did so is a matter of speculation, but his blankets may well have been among the “unique exhibition of native crafts and artwork” put together by the Arizona lady managers in the Women’s Building, or among those displayed at several anthropology exhibits featuring Navajo demonstrators living in “authentic” Indian villages.⁶⁰⁸ At the Chicago World’s Fair, dazzled by spectacles of every kind, many Americans encountered their first “real” Navajo weaver “toiling at her rude loom and the Navajo girl twisting wool on the rude hand-spindle as she watches her sheep.”⁶⁰⁹ There on the Midway Plaisance visitors stood watching the weavers, having just come from the deafening machinery building, and pondered the implications of Darwin’s theories of evolution and the modern slavery of the “soulless, bloodless, nerveless” machine in the industrial age.⁶¹⁰ “How very rude and primitive they look,” one observer remarked of the Navajos’ looms.⁶¹¹ “Yet on such a loom I have seen a Navajo woman weave with wonderful skill, producing red and

⁶⁰⁶ “J. L. Hubbell,” *Arizona Silver Belt*, January 25, 1890; “J. L. Hubbell packed up,” *Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner*, February 19, 1890.

⁶⁰⁷ “Fine Navajo Blankets,” *Arizona Weekly Republican*, February 23, 1893.

⁶⁰⁸ Bruce Hilpert, “Arizona Goes to the Fair: The World’s Columbian Exposition of 1893,” *Arizona and the West* 25, no. 3 (Autumn 1983): 272; Fowler, 209.

⁶⁰⁹ J. B. Parke, “Great is Evolution,” *Cedar Rapids Evening Gazette*, September 8, 1893.

⁶¹⁰ Ibid.

⁶¹¹ Ibid.

yellow flowers with colored yarns, making a blanket of such fine texture that water could be carried in it.”⁶¹² The fame of the Navajos and their craftsmanship spread.

Ten years later, St. Louis commemorated the one-hundredth anniversary of Thomas Jefferson’s three-cents-an-acre real estate deal at the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Glowing from the success of the Indian Building at the newly-opened Alvarado in Albuquerque, the Fred Harvey Company created an award-winning exhibit of Indian arts and crafts at the request of the Territory of New Mexico, further fueling consumers’ desire to purchase Indian curios in “ethnology-crazed America.”⁶¹³ Well-known anthropologist George A. Dorsey and a Mennonite missionary who had spent ten years among the Hopis, Henry Voth, worked with Huckel and Schweizer in putting together the exhibition.⁶¹⁴ In November 1903, while planning and collecting for the exhibit, Huckel, Dorsey, Voth, and a handful of others traveled to the Hopi pueblos and Canyon de Chelly, stopping in at Ganado on their way home.⁶¹⁵ With J. L.’s stock of Navajo blankets and curios piled up in the rug room and adorning the walls of his home, and with his relationship with the Fred Harvey Company already well established, it seems likely that at least some of the objects in the Harvey Company’s eye-catching display came through Hubbell Trading Post. But Hubbell was also involved more directly. Indian Exhibit Superintendent Samuel M. McCowan, who had once been superintendent of the Phoenix Indian School, asked J. L. to supply blankets for the Exposition’s anthropology displays and demonstrators to staff his “thorough,

⁶¹² Ibid.

⁶¹³ Fried, 206.

⁶¹⁴ Howard and Pardue, 62-63; Fried, 205.

⁶¹⁵ J. F. Huckel to J. L. Hubbell, November 5, 1903, Box 36, Folder Harvey, Fred 1902-1904, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

realistic Navaho exhibit of home life and native industries.”⁶¹⁶ He asked J. L. to send a family of silversmiths and weavers, explaining:

They can work a few hours each day, or all day, as they desire. Booths are prepared in this building for these workers, and besides the Navahos we will have Pueblo pottery makers, Pima, Apache and other basket workers, Sioux stone workers, Chippewa bead workers, etc., etc. There will be some two or three hundred old Indians from various tribes in the country. These Indians, of course, will all live in realistic fashion and in homes as near like their native homes as it is possible to construct for them.⁶¹⁷

Cowan invited Hubbell to come along with the Navajos to the fair, expenses paid, and J. L. may well have taken him up on the offer and become one of the nineteen million Americans to visit the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Decades later, his daughter-in-law Dorothy remembered hearing the old trader talk about the fair as one of the first places he had exhibited Indian products.⁶¹⁸

Southwestern Indians again went to the fair with Hubbell’s help in 1915 when San Diego and San Francisco, neither city willing to grant the honor of hosting to the other, celebrated the opening of the Panama Canal with the Panama-California Exposition and the Panama-Pacific International Exhibition. The Fred Harvey Company seized the opportunity to advertise the Southwest with glee, creating elaborate exhibits at both fairs with replica pueblos, hogans, and panoramas of the Grand Canyon “assembled from adobe on location, cholla, cactus, sagebrush, and yucca, as well as willow, cedar posts, and sandstone imported

⁶¹⁶ S. M. McCowan to J. L. Hubbell, March 23, 1904, Box 43, Folder Indians 1873-1905, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; S. M. McCowan to J. L. Hubbell, November 2, 1903, Box 43, Folder Indians 1873-1905, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶¹⁷ S. M. McCowan to J. L. Hubbell, March 23, 1904, Box 43, Folder Indians 1873-1905, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶¹⁸ Dorothy Hubbell, interview by David M. Brugge, October 13, 1969, interview 052, transcript, Oral Histories, HUTR.

from Arizona and New Mexico.”⁶¹⁹ Schweizer began coordinating Indian demonstrators for the fair with Hubbell in 1914, asking the Indian trader to find ten additional families to staff the California exhibits along with the usual rotation of demonstrations at the Grand Canyon and in Albuquerque.⁶²⁰ Hubbell also ended up supplying ponies, burros, and 100 each of Navajo sheep and goats to complete the tableaux.⁶²¹

The Fred Harvey Company made a good deal of money selling curios at the fair and the Santa Fe Railway happily cashed in on fares as tourists flocked to San Diego and San Francisco—and from thence, tantalized by glimpses of the staged Southwest, into Arizona and New Mexico. It seemed that wherever tourists found Navajos on display in the early twentieth century, J. L. Hubbell was the man responsible for getting them from off the reservation and into the spotlight—he supplied three families of Indians for a Fred Harvey exhibit in Chicago’s Coliseum in 1909, a handful more to one of his guests who wanted to include Navajos in a small exhibition in Columbus, Ohio, in 1919, and even a few for Hollywood actor Harry Carey’s California ranch.⁶²² The Hubbells sent exhibits or Indian craftspeople to at least two other world’s fairs—the Century of Progress Exposition in

⁶¹⁹ Howard and Pardue, 71-76; Phoebe S. Kropp, “‘There is a little sermon in that’: Constructing the Native Southwest at the San Diego Panama-California Exposition in 1915,” in Weigle and Babcock, 40.

⁶²⁰ Herman Schweizer to J. L. Hubbell, September 8, 1914, Box 37, Folder Harvey, Fred 1913-1914, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶²¹ For Schweizer’s account of Hubbell’s efforts, see Herman Schweizer to T. E. Purdy, December 4, 1930, Box 38, Folder Harvey, Fred 1928-1930, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶²² Fred Harvey Company to J. L. Hubbell, October 20, 1909, Box 37, Folder Harvey, Fred 1909-1910, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; H. A. Bassett to J. L. Hubbell, April 29, 1919, Box 8, Folder Bassett, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; H. A. Bassett to J. L. Hubbell, May 15, 1919, Box 8, Folder Bassett, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Roman Hubbell to Harry Carey, April 6, 1931, Box 106, Folder April 1931, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

Chicago in 1933 and the unofficial Fort Worth Frontier Centennial Exposition in 1936, as well as dozens of local fairs, parades, and ceremonials in Arizona and New Mexico.⁶²³

During the time world's fairs and the railways began using Navajo and Hopi demonstrators to sell curios and the Southwest as a tourist destination, museums also began collecting the products of the "vanishing Indians," and the Hubbells contributed to some of the greatest museum collections in the country. Some of their contributions were through the Fred Harvey Company and other dealers who bought curios from the Hubbells and then sold or donated them to museums.⁶²⁴ But the Hubbells also directly provided assistance to museum anthropologists on collecting trips to Navajo country and donated or sold curios to several museum collections. Between 1902 and 1910, for example, J. L. provided blankets and curios to Stewart Culin, curator of Ethnology at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences—today the Brooklyn Museum—including a Navajo shield in 1903 and other curios in 1908.⁶²⁵ Culin wrote to Hubbell regularly asking for additional specimens both for the

⁶²³ Dorothy Hubbell remembered the family exhibiting at "the Chicago World's Fair in the 1930s" and sending some Indians "to the Quarto-Centennial at Fort Worth" in 1936. She was likely referring to the Fort Worth Frontier Centennial Exposition, which operated in unofficial competition with the Central Centennial Exposition in Dallas, Texas. Dorothy Hubbell, interview by David M. Brugge, October 13, 1969, interview 052, transcript, Oral Histories, HUTR

⁶²⁴ M'Closkey states, "Major museums in the United States, including the Chicago Natural History Museum, Columbia University, and the Carnegie Museum, owe the nucleus of their ethnographic collections from the Southwest to Schweizer and the Harvey family." M'Closkey, *Swept Under the Rug*, 267. The Hubbells also sold blankets to the Hyde Exploring Expedition, an archaeological party from the American Museum of Natural History that excavated the ruins at Pueblo Bonito and operated several trading posts and retail stores in cities like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Bauer, 48; Amsden, 193. The Hyde Exploring Expedition was sold in 1903 to the Benham Indian Trading Company, but it had a lasting influence. As Bauer states, "The Expedition had advertised extensively and assembled exhibits that were shown in western cities, creating interest in Navajo weaving at a time when the traders in the Southwest were attempting to develop eastern markets." Bauer, 48.

⁶²⁵ *The Twenty-first Year Book of The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, 1908-1909* (Brooklyn, NY: Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, 1909), 256; Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences to J. L. Hubbell, November 21, 1903, Box 12, Folder Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. Joe Ben Wheat and Ann Hedlund state, "The museum curators Stewart Culin and George Pepper acquired many textiles from Richard Wetherill and J. L. Hubbell." Wheat and Hedlund, 355.

museum and for sale, including a full-sized Navajo loom, and he even once asked J. L. to send him a buckskin to bind his museum reports.⁶²⁶ J. L. arranged Culin's first collecting trip to the Navajo Reservation, on which the curator "collected a wide array of Indian-made goods—including prayer sticks, buckskin costumes, jewelry, and rugs—which he used in a display of 'traditional' Indian culture in the Brooklyn Museum."⁶²⁷ All across the country, visitors to America's new scientific museums looked at tableaus of Navajo and Hopi life and displays of their products enshrined in glass cases. In many cases, they gazed upon objects that had passed from the hands of their makers to the Hubbells' before finally coming to rest in the museums' marble halls. J. L. contributed twenty ceremonial masks to the Field Museum of Natural History in 1910, and Lorenzo Jr. later assisted bronze sculptor Malvina Hoffman in "gathering types" for her "Hall of the Races of Mankind" exhibit at the Field Museum.⁶²⁸ J. L. even sold a collection of ancient pottery he scavenged from the ruins at Canyon de Chelly and elsewhere to George G. Heye, a wealthy collector who had one of the

⁶²⁶ See correspondence between Culin and Hubbell, Box 22, Folder Culin, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶²⁷ Bsumek, 120. All of the exhibits and demonstrations, from museums to world's fairs, were fraught with contradictions. The displays in Culin's museum were meant to be scientific and to preserve American Indian history, but they also "helped legitimize whites' construction and racialization of Navajo identity," portraying Indians as primitive peoples. Bsumek, 146. At the world's fairs, in the Harvey Company's demonstrations, and even the Gallup Ceremonial, which was billed as "for, of, and by the Indian," the presentation of Navajos' lives was carefully staged. The organizers asked Lorenzo Jr. to "tell the Indians to come to Gallup in their native costumes—to leave everything of the white man at home, so far as is possible." Charles A. Williamson to Sir (Probably Lorenzo Hubbell Jr.), July 22, 1925, Box 45, Folder Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial Association, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; "Gallup, New Mexico, invites you to attend its Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial," pamphlet, 1925, Box 45, Folder Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial Association, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶²⁸ "Annual Report of the Director," *Annual Report of the Director to the Board of Trustees for the Year 1910* 4, no. 1, Publication 150 (Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History, 1910), 15; S. C. Simms to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., May 7, 1934, Box 28, Folder Field Museum of Natural History, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

best private ethnology and archaeology collections in the United States.⁶²⁹ Heye's collection would later become the core of the National Museum of the American Indian.⁶³⁰

Every display in the public eye fed the contradictions of consumerism and antimodernism in American culture, simultaneously celebrating modern progress and offering an escape from it. As the displays portrayed Indians as fragile populations on the brink of vanishing while promoting their crafts as a way to help them survive, the Indian collecting impulse migrated from museums to the general public.⁶³¹ At the vanguard of the movement were travelers who wanted souvenirs to remember their Southwestern adventures.⁶³² Those who knew Hubbell liked to know that they bought their mementos from the same source that supplied the nation's wealthiest patrons and museums. Every donation Hubbell made to prestigious, elite museums added to his stature as an authority on Navajo arts and crafts. As Joseph Emerson Smith declared:

The most representative and valuable collections of baskets, pottery, rugs, blankets, and other Indian handcraft in the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, and at the Brooklyn Museum, were presented by Lorenzo Hubbell. Objects beyond price, since they were the work of the old people and are no longer made, are included in these donations, the cream of years of collecting.⁶³³

⁶²⁹ This collection of pottery may be the same collection referred to by James Mooney as the second largest and most important archaeological find in the history of the area. He referred to it as the "cave deposit, consisting of about one hundred and sixty pieces, discovered north of St. John's about six years ago [1886 or 1887], and now in the possession of Mr. Lorenzo Hubbell, of that place." James Mooney, "Recent Archaeologic Find in Arizona," *The American Anthropologist* 6, no. 3 (July 1893): 283.

⁶³⁰ Kathleen S. Fine-Dare, *Grave Injustice: The American Indian Repatriation Movement and NAGPRA* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2002), 93.

⁶³¹ Kropp, 38; Bsumek, 94.

⁶³² Howard, 229.

⁶³³ Joseph Emerson Smith, 374.

Each account travelers wrote of Hubbell's "greatest achievement...the improvement of the beauty and quality of the Navajo blanket," added to his reputation and the symbolic weight of their souvenirs.⁶³⁴

J. L. Hubbell's Legendary Influence on Navajo Textiles

In his classic study of Navajo weaving, George Wharton James wrote that "it would be as impossible to write truthfully and comprehensively of the history of the Navaho blanket and leave out Mr. Hubbell's relation to it, as it would be to give the history of the phonograph and leave out the name of Edison."⁶³⁵ James, of course, exaggerates, for even the legendary J. L. Hubbell cannot be credited with the invention of the art, nor did he so easily outweigh the quiet influence of thousands of Navajo weavers, as recent scholars have been at great pains to demonstrate.⁶³⁶ James and Hubbell's other friends and guests, however, together told a story about the trader's influence on Navajo weaving that portrayed him as a prescient visionary who "saw the art deteriorate, and then set himself to work to stem the tide of ignorance and carelessness which bid fair speedily to wreck what his far-seeing vision knew might be a means of great wealth to an industrious and struggling

⁶³⁴ Albrecht, 37.

⁶³⁵ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 204.

⁶³⁶ The exact extent of J. L. and other traders' influence on Navajo textiles has been debated extensively in the recent literature on weaving. See JoAnn F. Boles, "The Development of the Navaho Rug, 1890-1920, As Influenced by Trader J. L. Hubbell," 2 vols. (PhD diss., Ohio State University, 1977). Bauer also provides analyses of several other traders' influence: C. N. Cotton on pages 27-30, J. B. Moore on p. 33-38, J. L. Hubbell on p. 44-116, Lorenzo and Roman Hubbell on p. 117-130, and Roman and Dorothy Hubbell on p. 131-146. Most accounts tend to emphasize the traders' influence, echoing the sentiments of early scholars like George Wharton James. M'Closkey, however, argues that the traders' influence has been greatly overestimated. As she states, "One could argue that standards were imposed concerning quality (i.e., clean wool, straight edges), excepting special orders, and preferences for conservative versus innovative designs. The inducement to place borders around the perimeter of the rug took nearly a generation to effect. There is no question that traders were responsible for this change, as the niche for the Navajo wearing blanket had vanished. For the most part, although Hubbell encouraged the production of oversized textiles, weavers held their own matters of color, design, and size." M'Closkey, *Swept Under the Rug*, 169-170. J. L. Hubbell's influence on other Native arts and crafts has been less studied.

people.”⁶³⁷ Their collective narrative, which stood unchallenged for many years, depicted Hubbell as the first trader to envision the market potential in Navajo crafts, the savior who rescued the art from the insidious effects of cheap, foreign innovations, and a gentle critic who guided weavers towards better quality and more attractive designs.⁶³⁸

The legend of Hubbell’s influence on Navajo weaving entered the written record from two directions. First, because he was so knowledgeable on the subject, scholars both amateur and professional who were interested in the craft approached him for his expertise, and as a result, he appears as an unimpeachable authority in classic tomes like George Wharton James’ and the dozens of weaving studies that followed. Second, because the rug trade was such a “romantic and picturesque” part of Hubbell Trading Post, visitors often indulged in long digressions on the history of Navajo weaving in their accounts of their time as Hubbell’s guests, adding his influence on the craft to his credentials as a gracious Spanish host and a true Southwestern pioneer.⁶³⁹ To both groups, Hubbell’s authority mattered profoundly. If he was indeed “the most extensive dealer of Navajo rugs in the world,” and if it really was “thanks to Mr. Hubbell” that the art survived the ravages of commercialization, the rugs and other curios travelers and museum curators alike purchased from him were imbued with that much more purity in a market tainted by fakes.⁶⁴⁰ The unwelcome truth, as

⁶³⁷ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 204.

⁶³⁸ Parts of this paragraph are from Cottam, 182.

⁶³⁹ Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.”

⁶⁴⁰ *Ibid.*; Lummis, “Swallow’s-Nest,” 498-500. As soon as the Indian decorating craze took off, Eastern mills began manufacturing and selling imitation “Indian” blankets. The Hubbells and others involved in the blanket and curio trade became concerned that the public were being duped into believing the manufactured knockoffs were in fact genuine Navajo blankets. In 1910, for example, J. F. Huckel sent a spurious advertisement to J. L., asking him to consider using his position as a well-known Indian trader and politician to bring the matter to the attention to the federal government. J. F. Huckel to J. L. Hubbell, November 22, 1910, Box 37, Folder Harvey, Fred 1909-1910, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. Five years later, a similar advertisement rekindled

newspaper writer Emerson Hough noted, was that “genuine Navajos’ are made in very large quantities outside of Arizona.”⁶⁴¹ The greater Hubbell’s influence, the greater travelers’ own claims to ownership of a piece of the authentic Southwest.

Descriptions of Hubbell’s influence on Navajo weaving often begin by explaining the simple fact that when he first came to Navajo country, a curio market had been conceived of in the minds of neither traders nor Indians. In an interview with Edgar K. Miller, in which he spoke in depth about his role in the development of the Navajo rug trade, Hubbell admitted, “For about ten years I had no idea of the possibilities of what might be accomplished in the way of industrial development of the Navajo tribe.”⁶⁴² But eventually, he said, an idea struck him, and from about the mid-1880s, he “commenced to insist that the weavers should improve upon the weaving of their blankets.”⁶⁴³ Often erasing Cotton’s influence altogether or demoting him to a supporting role, the stories portray Hubbell as *the* pioneer of Navajo weaving. As Frank Lockwood writes, “It was he who first introduced to eastern markets the beautiful creations of the Navajo people, and it was he who encouraged these Indians to build up a profitable trade with the white people of the world by increasing the output of their distinctive art products.”⁶⁴⁴ The legendary Lorenzo Hubbell was nearly always first.

Huckel’s ire. See J. F. Huckel to Herman Schweizer, March 10, 1915, Box 37, Folder Harvey, Fred 1915, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶⁴¹ E. Hough, “Chicago and the West,” *Forest and Stream* 60, no. 15 (October 18, 1900): 288.

⁶⁴² Edgar K. Miller, 14.

⁶⁴³ Ibid.

⁶⁴⁴ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 150.

For example, in his obituary of Hubbell that ran in the *Denver Post* under the banner “Greatest Patron of Navajo Artistry in Rug Weaving Dies,” Joseph Emerson Smith claimed that Hubbell was “the first to bring word to the Navajos that they could build a profitable trade with the whites.”⁶⁴⁵ He paints an image of the half-Spanish trader as a solitary crusader for Indian arts and crafts, riding across the reservation on horseback, seeking “the Navajo women who, tailor fashion, squatted before a loom made of three sticks, a rope, and a stone, erected in the shade of the cedars and pinon trees.”⁶⁴⁶ He bought their priceless blankets made of native wool by the dozen, and at night, “at his lonely little trading post of the danger days,” he toiled writing letters “telling art dealers the story of their manufacture.”⁶⁴⁷ In Smith’s vision, and in many others like it, rather than assisting Cotton in his desperate search for something to do with piles of apparently useless blankets in his warehouse, Hubbell unearths Navajo weavers from the secret places of the desert and brings their priceless wares directly to the art world, bypassing muddy mining camps altogether. Working both ends of the trade at once, Hubbell uses his friendships in artistic and scientific circles to get his wares in the collections of country’s greatest museums and thence into consumers’ hands, while simultaneously encouraging crucial innovations among his weavers.⁶⁴⁸ In his account, Burke Johnson gives Hubbell credit for one of the trade’s central developments:

He was instrumental—some say he was the first—in encouraging the Navajos to weave rugs. Up until this time they had made only blankets, either plain or with a fixed pattern. He explained to them that there was a limited market for blankets

⁶⁴⁵ Joseph Emerson Smith, 372.

⁶⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, 373.

⁶⁴⁷ *Ibid.*

⁶⁴⁸ Albrecht, 37-38.

among the white man but that if they made them heavier and with more intricate designs the white man would buy them for his floors.⁶⁴⁹

Neither did the legendary Hubbell limit his influence to the development of Navajo textiles. Many accounts depict him as a pioneer in Navajo silverwork, as well, paying “the price, without question, of the Navajo smiths, working with their few rude tools on a flat stone for an anvil. These men produced the silver rings, bracelets, belts disks, and bridal ornaments that, for the first time, were shipped in quantity over the United States.”⁶⁵⁰ Some even credit the trader with the very invention of Navajo silversmithing, claiming that he—or occasionally Cotton acting with his partner’s approval—“brought a silversmith from Mexico to teach a few talented men the art, who then taught it to others.”⁶⁵¹ In all of the stories, he is cast as a prophet who “foresaw great possibilities of increasing the income of the Indians by creating a demand for rugs and jewelry.”⁶⁵² In short, the mythmakers declare, “The Indians of Navajoland owe much of their present prosperity and happiness to Don Lorenzo for it was he who taught them that their wares had a marketable value.”⁶⁵³

The stories say that the Navajo curio trade briefly flowered under Hubbell’s well-intentioned influence. But as demand rose in response to his efforts and the growth of

⁶⁴⁹ Burke Johnson, 9.

⁶⁵⁰ Joseph Emerson Smith, 372-373.

⁶⁵¹ Albrecht, 38. For more on Hubbell and Cotton’s role in the development of Navajo silversmithing, see Woodward, 72-73; John Adair, *The Navajo and Pueblo Silversmiths* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1946), 8, 13-15; and Lester L. Williams, 26. Both Woodward and Adair credit Hubbell with bringing a Mexican silversmith to his trading post to teach the Navajos.

⁶⁵² LaCharles G. Eckel, “Ganado, Home of the Hubbells, Noted Place in Apache County,” *St. Johns Observer*, July 7, 1934.

⁶⁵³ Mott, 50. This theme of crediting Hubbell with the Navajo people’s prosperity is echoed elsewhere. In his history of Arizona, Peplow, for example, writes “J. Lorenzo Hubbell was one of the first to encourage the Navajo weavers and silversmiths to trade their products and by finding a market for them he helped bring a degree of prosperity to the Indians.” Edward Hadduck Peplow, *History of Arizona*, Vol. 3 (New York: Lewis Historical Pub. Co., 1958), 391.

tourism, other traders began to introduce damaging innovations such as cotton warp and harsh aniline dyes to speed the production of Navajo rugs, paying for rugs by the pound without any effort to control quality. Even Cotton favored some of these changes, leaving Hubbell to stand alone against them, “foreseeing what afterwards actually occurred—the deterioration of the quality of the work.”⁶⁵⁴ As George Wharton James describes the insidious effects of the greedy market:

Rushed to complete her task, for which she knew she would get a small price, the weaver spun her dirty, poorly-carded, imperfectly-dyed wool into the loosest, thickest, and coarsest kind of yarn, and then hastily and indifferently wove it—upon the cheap and flimsy cotton warp—in poor designs, with a loose stitch, the sooner to get it into the trader’s hands and secure her pay.⁶⁵⁵

In such a market, “the art of the Navajo blanket (once the best textile output in the New World) was practically lost.”⁶⁵⁶ Hubbell’s friends uniformly laid the blame of the decline of Navajo weaving at the feet of his competitors, placing him as a sole crusader against “a new order of traders,” “one against many.”⁶⁵⁷ Charles Lummis pits Hubbell against the newcomers:

The degradation of the Navajo blanket from its old-time preeminence, came with the later ‘smart American’ Indian-traders. The Old-Timers who held down the lonely little trading-posts of the danger days, were content with the unadulterated Indian product. But 30 years ago, when there was no longer risk or hardship, came different traders. Progressive! They fooled weaker Indian women to weave un-Indian designs—blankets with Swastikas, alphabets, figures of men and women, even railroad trains! Worst of all, to use Haste and indecent aniline colors.

On the other hand, one Indian-trader, J. Lorenzo Hubbell, native of New Mexico, the last and greatest of the Patriarchs and Princes of the Frontier, did more to save

⁶⁵⁴ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 48.

⁶⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, 48-49.

⁶⁵⁶ Lummis, “Swallow’s-Nest,” 498-500.

⁶⁵⁷ Joseph Emerson Smith, 373; LaCharles G. Eckel, “Ganado, Home of the Hubbells, Noted Place in Apache County,” *St. Johns Observer*, July 7, 1934.

and rehabilitate this noble art-craft than all government, philanthropic and other influences and agencies put together. He insisted on ‘honest Injun’ blankets—and in a generation he almost effected a renaissance in this most notable art product of American aborigines.⁶⁵⁸

Others placed some of the guilt on the growing crowds of tourists. “The best blankets and silver were made before the railroad brought buyers of cheap ‘Indian curios,’” New Mexico author and historian Erna Fergusson wrote in her 1940 book, *Our Southwest*. “But when twenty-five-cent bracelets and gaudy blankets were demanded, Navajos eagerly bought aniline dyes and wove careless blankets on cotton warp,” while “silversmiths wrought thinner and thinner pieces, marked with arrows and swastikas, and forgot all the old designs.”⁶⁵⁹ Still, it was Don Lorenzo Hubbell who, against the natural declension of the market “began to demand, and to get, good blankets.”⁶⁶⁰

Seeing themselves as elevated above the corrupting influence of modern American consumerism, Hubbell’s guests were eager to depict the trader as laboring on the side of authenticity—the side they saw themselves on. Travelers’ accounts agree that in his fight, Hubbell began by paying more for better quality products rather than buying blankets by the pound, “the price always being proportioned to the tightness and fineness of the yarn, the cleanliness of the wool, the color scheme, the individuality of the design, and the closeness of the weave.”⁶⁶¹ James depicts Hubbell taking “the most progressive men and women of the tribe” into his office one by one and explaining to them that although commercially-available cotton warp saved the weavers time, it deteriorated so quickly that he could not pay

⁶⁵⁸ Lummis, *Mesa, Canon, and Pueblo*, 182.

⁶⁵⁹ Fergusson, 217.

⁶⁶⁰ *Ibid.*

⁶⁶¹ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 48. See also Eley, 270; and Boles, “The Navaho Rug,” 55.

as much for such blankets as he could for those woven with a traditional wool warp.⁶⁶² As Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. told Frank Lockwood, the trader began to set himself up as a “friendly critic” of Navajo work, “and in this way contributed something really notable to the industry.”⁶⁶³

Next, he fought the use of synthetic aniline dyes, which came in every color imaginable and had a tendency to fade unevenly over time. Proponents of the arts and crafts movement, with their loyalty to the natural and traditional, would have seen the colors as garish. George Wharton James wrote acerbically that the aniline dyes “gave to the civilized world more gorgeous brilliant hues, dazzled its eyes as well as those of the Navaho weavers, and helped pervert the popular taste in regard to colors, just as too much salt in a cooked dish destroys the subtler and finer flavors and essential essences of the dish itself.”⁶⁶⁴

Aesthetically, Hubbell himself preferred that Navajo textiles remain as close to their roots as possible—as he put it in his catalog, he sought the “antique” and “genuine” over the “cheap and gaudy.”⁶⁶⁵ But even if he had personally preferred brightly-colored rugs, he knew that his customers did not. As he told one buyer, “I have made a specialty of the old styles that contain only the four standard colors Navajo Blue, Blk [black], Red and white. Also the old style grey Bkts. I get a few of the very bright ones but have found that the taste of my...customers is turning to the darker colors.”⁶⁶⁶ As weaving scholar Liz Bauer states,

⁶⁶² George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 205.

⁶⁶³ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 153.

⁶⁶⁴ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 46-47.

⁶⁶⁵ J. L. Hubbell, *Catalogue and Price List*, 2.

⁶⁶⁶ J. L. Hubbell to H. E. Skinner Co., October 3, 1901, Box 94, Letterbook, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

“Aesthetically, the eye-dazzlers that were being woven during the late 1800s were unacceptable to Anglos. Light colors and busy optical rugs did not fit into the interior decoration of many of the homes of the period,” and simply could not be sold.⁶⁶⁷ In this case, Hubbell and his customers were in accord that the “native vegetable dyes...were really more a part of the Indian art.”⁶⁶⁸ And so he “refused to keep the colors that the Indians used so recklessly when they had once broken loose from the old traditions of pure colors,” guiding the art back to its roots.⁶⁶⁹

Despite the common rhetoric that Hubbell’s efforts unswervingly pushed the art of Navajo weaving back towards purer traditional forms, there were some innovations he did not oppose. Hubbell knew that some people argued that only native wool should be used in Navajo weaving because anything else would “kill the sentimental part of the industry.”⁶⁷⁰ He encouraged most of his weavers to stick to native wool and traditional colors, but when he found a Navajo weaver of unusual skill, he granted her the same leeway he would grant any other artist in using Anglo products like Bayetta yarns. As he explained to Edgar K. Miller:

I hold that a Navajo is an artist of no mean ability in the production of Navajo blankets—as much as in weaving as in the design. Who would find fault with Burbank, Remington, Mora, or any other artist, who in the making of an artist

⁶⁶⁷ Bauer, 25.

⁶⁶⁸ LaCharles G. Eckel, “Ganado, Home of the Hubbells, Noted Place in Apache County,” *St. Johns Observer*, July 7, 1934.

⁶⁶⁹ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 204. Hubbell compromised somewhat on the matter of dyes, allowing blue and black dyes to be sold at the trading post on the grounds that they were traditional Navajo colors that were simply easier to achieve using commercial dyes. Lester L. Williams, 23. Parts of this paragraph are from Cottam, 182.

⁶⁷⁰ Edgar K. Miller, 16.

painting does not use the canvas, the paint, or anything else that he needs in producing the same, because these articles were not a product of his own?⁶⁷¹

Writers deep in the throes of Hubbell's praises, however, generally either failed to mention innovations that took weaving away from, not towards, its roots, or mischaracterized them as traditional. Navajo patterns, for example, did not originally contain borders or other design elements, but Hubbell and other traders encouraged weavers to add them into their compositions because they sold more readily than the traditional "plain stripe blankets."⁶⁷²

While maintaining the rhetoric that he was deeply committed to reproducing the old patterns, Hubbell tried to accommodate the colors, patterns, and sizes his customers suggested in their letters, and as a result, new patterns emerged that combined elements from both traditional and nontraditional styles, including Oriental influences.⁶⁷³ Other traders did the same, and soon characteristic styles emerged around specific trading posts, such as the Two Gray Hills, Teec Nos Pos, Crystal, Chinle, and Burntwater—around Hubbell Trading Post, the regional style became known as the Ganado Red.⁶⁷⁴

Antimodernist travelers, however, rarely acknowledged such deviations, and when they did, they argued, like Grace MacGowan Cooke, that Hubbell "has thrown his influence

⁶⁷¹ Ibid.

⁶⁷² Boles, "The Navaho Rug," 52. Amsden states that as Hubbell and other traders bowed to the tastes of their customers, there "crept in that tendency toward standardization of pattern, with the white man's preferences consecrated in such items as the border and the use of isolated geometric figures in the field thus enclosed—for the Navaho seldom or never employed these graphic devices in earlier times." Amsden, 190.

⁶⁷³ Boles, "The Navaho Rug," 54; M'Closkey, *Swept Under the Rug*, 92-93.

⁶⁷⁴ Parts of this paragraph come from Cottam, 183-184. Bauer states that "The Ganado regional style comes closest to what most people think a Navajo rug should look like, that is...strong geometric patterns, bold and clean cut, with good solid colors." She states that Ganado Red rugs typically feature crosses and diamonds with a main central element and smaller motifs in each corner, on a solid background (usually red) with a border. Bauer, 184. Along a similar vein, C. N. Cotton has been credited with introducing the "floating element style" into weaving in his 1896 catalog. This style, which featured geometric figures in red, black, and gray on a solid background of gray or white, "came to dominate blanket design and was found all over the reservation between the mid-1890s to about 1915." Bauer, 25.

heavily for the old dyes and the old patterns, and when a new pattern or a new dye is admitted it must have proved its excellence.”⁶⁷⁵ Most, however, did not admit the presence of a modern influence in Navajo designs, depicting Hubbell as the one who steered wandering weavers back to traditional patterns. In his promotional materials and in his conversations with interested guests, Hubbell depicted himself as a great connoisseur of antique designs and techniques who encouraged his weavers to keep the old patterns alive in their new blankets.⁶⁷⁶ In his catalog, Hubbell claimed that he had on a few occasions “unraveled some of the old genuine Navajo blankets to show these modern weavers how the pattern was made.”⁶⁷⁷ In fact, these blankets, using classic designs and Germantown yarns, became known as “Hubbell Revival.”⁶⁷⁸

Writers were more likely, however, to remark upon another of Hubbell’s methods in reviving and preserving the old patterns—one that they could see for themselves when they visited the trading post. Upon arriving at Hubbell Trading Post for the first time, Edgar K. Miller found himself at loose ends while he waited to meet Lorenzo. He walked around the bullpen and the warehouse, and finally into the trader’s office, where he became transfixed by a colorful and unexpected sight. One corner of the large room was taken up by the Ganado post office: pigeonholes, a roll-top desk, and a typewriter. Bookcases and filing

⁶⁷⁵ Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.” Cooke continues, “And with it all, he is a hearty believer in the Germantown blanket, has examples in his ware-room which prove his contention that the Germantown blanket with the colors properly selected and the weaving done by a good Navajo weaver is a matchless production.” Her defense of Hubbell’s position indicates that she recognized many of her readers would balk at the Germantown blanket and its bright colors as nontraditional.

⁶⁷⁶ J. L. Hubbell to Fred Harvey, September 21, 1901, Box 94, Letterbook, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶⁷⁷ J. L. Hubbell, *Catalogue and Price List*, 2.

⁶⁷⁸ Bauer, 47.

cabinets lined one wall. Another corner held a bed and washstand, evidence that “the proprietor [was] a very busy mortal—even sleeping in his office.”⁶⁷⁹ Piles of Navajo blankets waiting to be tagged slumped here and there. In the center of the room was a large oblong desk covered in papers and magazines. But it was the sight of little oil paintings of blanket designs, ranging in size from five-by-seven to twelve-inch-square, hanging on the wall behind J. L.’s desk in a colorful hodgepodge of crooked rows that held Miller’s attention. When he finally met Hubbell, Miller inquired about them and learned that the trader had commissioned several of his artist friends, including Elbridge Ayer Burbank, Bertha Little, H. G. Maratta, and Herbert B. Tschudy (Judy) to make the paintings “with the sole purpose of helping the Navajo weavers to perpetuate some of the oldest and best patterns.”⁶⁸⁰

George Wharton James described the paintings and the process:

In his office at Ganado, Arizona, John Lorenzo Hubbell has scores of blanket designs, painted in oil, hung upon the walls, and they present a most surprising and wonderful combination. These are designs that have been found to be pleasing to purchasers, and when a special order for a blanket of a certain design comes in, the weaver is shown the picture of the one desired. She studies it a while, takes the wool provided, or herself prepares it, and then, with such slight variations as she is sure to introduce, goes ahead and makes her blanket.⁶⁸¹

As James noted, Navajo weavers seldom followed J. L.’s instructions exactly, or copied in every detail the patterns he showed them in the paintings. Modern scholars have asserted that “though weavers were concerned with the serious business of earning a livelihood by making a marketable product, they also asserted their own ideas about weaving,” echoing,

⁶⁷⁹ Edgar K. Miller, 12.

⁶⁸⁰ Ibid., 12. See M’Closkey, *Swept Under the Rug*, 83-84 and Wilkins, 82-106 for a thorough discussion of the paintings, their origins, use, and influence. The following discussion of the blanket paintings uses text from Cottam, 184-185.

⁶⁸¹ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 125; see also Amsden, 189-190; Albrecht, 37; and William Allen White, “In Moki Villages.”

rather than imitating, the patterns in the paintings.⁶⁸² Hubbell and Cotton both always cautioned their buyers that they could not get exact duplicates of the rugs featured in their catalogs since no two blankets were ever woven exactly alike.⁶⁸³ In the eyes of Hubbell's contemporaries, such innovations were a delightful quirk of the craft—a mark of originality that set them apart from factory-made goods. James and most other guests who stumbled upon the paintings in Hubbell's office and learned of their origin and function insisted that the copies were of “designs of pure Navaho origin.”⁶⁸⁴ Newspaperman Emerson Hough similarly insisted that Hubbell had the paintings made of the “old patterns...whenever a real specimen was secured,” and that Maratta and Burbank had “an open order to-day to send him the reproduction of any genuine old pattern which they may come across.”⁶⁸⁵

The result of all this, Hubbell's guests declared, was that he “gathered around him by far the finest set of weavers on the whole reservation.”⁶⁸⁶ Eventually, as Hubbell put it, “the fact dawned upon almost all the Indian traders that besides being a fad of mine it was a paying proposition” to encourage the Navajos towards higher quality, so that by the time most tourists made their way into Navajo country he was far from the only source of quality Indian art.⁶⁸⁷ Hubbell's longstanding efforts, however, put him in the position of possessing “the greatest collection of blankets in the world.”⁶⁸⁸ Having saved Navajo weaving, Hubbell

⁶⁸² M'Closkey, *Swept Under the Rug*, 99.

⁶⁸³ Boles, “The Navaho Rug,” 52.

⁶⁸⁴ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 204.

⁶⁸⁵ Hough, 289.

⁶⁸⁶ George Wharton James, *Indian Blankets*, 204.

⁶⁸⁷ Edgar K. Miller, 15-16

⁶⁸⁸ William Allen White, “In Moki Villages.”

no longer held a monopoly on quality, but his friends made sure that he maintained his preeminence by virtue his pioneering efforts and by the Navajos' respect for him. Calling Hubbell "the greatest blanket man in all the West," Rufus Eley wrote:

It is only in Mr. Hubbell's store that you can appreciate the Indian's love for Mr. Hubbell. There you find the choicest of the Indian's produce. The finest blankets in the oldest patterns and rarest colorings, the choicest jewelry, strings of wampum that would adorn the modern belle, amulets, stones and pottery that Mr. Hubbell alone could buy. Year after year he has encouraged them to better work, more conscientious effort. He preserves for them and for his own pleasure many of the oldest and rarest patterns and colorations of the famed Navajo blanket.⁶⁸⁹

As pioneer and beloved rescuer, Hubbell's legend acquired a halo of purity and reliability as a dealer in Navajo arts and crafts. His reputation reinforced buyers' confidence in the authenticity of his wares. And for travelers in Navajo country, Hubbell's status as the inventor and savior of the curio trade tied his personality to the souvenirs they packed home as remembrances of their travels.

Curios, Souvenirs, and Place Attachment

Though Hubbell supplied curios to museums and tourism giants like the Fred Harvey Company, many of his best, most loyal customers were his own guests, travelers who stayed a night or two under his roof. Enchanted by his home and its décor and driven by the same impulses of antimodernism that fueled the curio trade more broadly, they loaded up on Southwestern memorabilia when it came time to board the train and set up shrines to the Southwest in their homes. Guests remembered Hubbell's home as "a veritable museum" housing "one of the finest collections of Indian handicraft in the whole state—blankets which are now priceless, baskets whose makers are long dead, pottery of exquisite

⁶⁸⁹ Eley, 269-270.

workmanship, silver jewelry set with turquoise, delicate and beautiful.”⁶⁹⁰ They preserved their memories in words, sumptuous and detailed descriptions of the home, but they also “went away with some priceless bit of Indian work” to remember their trip by.⁶⁹¹ Souvenirs—whether purchased from Hubbell’s store or given as gifts by the host—served as reminders on Navajo country, authenticity, and Hubbell himself.

Having made a personal connection with the Southwest’s premier dealer in Native American arts and crafts, travelers who stayed as guests in the Hubbell home relied on their relationship with the trader to obtain the very best curios to decorate their homes, give as gifts to friends, and even to sell. Taos artist Bert Greer Phillips, for example, ordered a supply of Hopi plaques from Hubbell three years after his own visit to Hubbell Trading Post to sell to the increasing number of tourists who began to flock to Taos in the 1910s.⁶⁹² Several of his neighbors had already done the same. A few years earlier, Frank P. Sauerwein decorated his Taos home with mementos of his trip to Hubbell Trading Post.⁶⁹³ Friends who saw his collection of rugs and basketry invariably wanted to know where they could get items of equal quality and beauty, and Sauerwein gladly directed them to “the only place and the only dealer.”⁶⁹⁴ Upon seeing Sauerwein’s collection of Hopi plaques and Navajo rugs, Joseph Henry Sharp wrote a letter to Hubbell to order some for himself to “decorate my

⁶⁹⁰ Mott, 50.

⁶⁹¹ *Ibid.*

⁶⁹² Bert G. Phillips to J. L. Hubbell, September 15, 1913, Box 67, Folder Phillips, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶⁹³ Frank P. Sauerwein to J. L. Hubbell November 22, 1907, box 73, Folder Sauerwein, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶⁹⁴ Frank P. Sauerwein to J. L. Hubbell, February 24, 1908, Box 73, Folder Sauerwein, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

northern cabin and studio.”⁶⁹⁵ In keeping with the sentiments of antimodernism and the arts and crafts ideal, he was very adamant about wanting only baskets with vegetable dyes and traditional patterns and rugs only in grays and natural browns—none of the modern dyes in reds, yellows, or greens.⁶⁹⁶ The well-known photographer of Native Americans, Edward S. Curtis, who visited Hubbell in 1907, bought rugs from the trader after returning home with the purpose of decorating his new bungalow, office, and studio. As he told Hubbell, “we will use nothing but blankets for floor coverings.”⁶⁹⁷ Artist John Edward Borein and his wife Lucile took the Indian decorating craze a step further. They ordered Navajo rugs and Hopi blankets from Hubbell in their attempts to recreate the feeling of the desert in their new home overlooking the ocean. “The ground is rough and broken into many little hills and gullies. Looks like a miniature grand canyon, a scrap of Arizona country with a lovely California background,” Lucile told Hubbell. “We are to build a Hopi house of adobe brick and...I hope it will look like an Oraibi house furnished with our rugs, jars, and baskets.”⁶⁹⁸

Other visitors adorned themselves with souvenirs—rings, bracelets, concho belts, necklaces. French biophysicist and philosopher Pierre Lecomte du Noüy and his wife, Mary Bishop Harriman, visited the trading post on one of their Southwestern journeys. Du Noüy told Hubbell in a letter that “I have always kept a very charming remembrance of my short stay with you and was always happy to think that I had a friend in this far country which I

⁶⁹⁵ Joseph Henry Sharp to J. L. Hubbell, July 16, 1908, Box 74, Folder Sharp, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶⁹⁶ Ibid; Joseph Henry Sharp to J. L. Hubbell, July 27, 1908, Box 74, Folder Sharp, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶⁹⁷ E. S. Curtis to J. L. Hubbell, February 1, 1907, Box 22, Folder Curtis, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁶⁹⁸ Lucile E. Borein to Mr. Hubbell, March 6, 1923, Box 10, Folder Borein, Edward and Lucile, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collection.

love so.”⁶⁹⁹ Dorothy Hubbell remembered that Mary had a Navajo dress made for herself—a black velvet blouse and silk skirt, which she wore with a squash blossom necklace—that she used as her tea gown in Paris.⁷⁰⁰ Ethel Traphagen, wife of the artist William Robinson Leigh, took ample inspiration for her fashion school from Indian curios, taking home from her trip to the Southwest “many very beautiful and valuable objects...which will be very helpful to our school and pupils.”⁷⁰¹

The curios and souvenirs visitors to Hubbell Trading Post carted back home, however, symbolized more than a rejection of industrialism and an embrace of authenticity and modern decorating principles. On a personal level, they functioned as one of the primary means through which visitors expressed and remembered their relationship with the sense of place in Navajo country. As Paul Cleve argues, souvenirs are one of several means by which tourists “capture memories of their experiences,” acting as “touchstones of memory, evoking memories of places and relationships.”⁷⁰² Hubbell’s guests took home little pieces of his world in the form of blankets, rugs, jewelry, baskets, katsinas, baskets, and jars. Hung on the wall in a stark New York City apartment, or draped over the sofa in a California seaside bungalow, these souvenirs transported their owners back in memory to a place they had loved and left, but not forgotten. For example, a Cincinnati woman named Mary Krippendorf who had been a guest of the Lorenzo Hubbell Jr.’s, wrote to him after

⁶⁹⁹ Pierre Lecomte du Noüy to Mr. Hubbell, October 11, 1923, Box 51, Folder Lecomte du Noüy, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁷⁰⁰ Dorothy Hubbell, interview by David M. Brugge, October 13, 1969, interview 052, transcript, Oral Histories, HUTR.

⁷⁰¹ W. R. Leigh to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., September 27, 1937, Box 51, Folder Leigh, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁷⁰² Paul Cleve, “Narrating Travel and Tourism in Peace and Wartime, Home and Abroad,” in *Narratives of Travel and Tourism*, ed. Jacqueline Tivers (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2012), 45.

leaving to ask him to send her more curios for her growing collection. As she reminisced in her letter about her visit, she wrote:

And you sold me two wonderful Hopi trays which you said you really wanted to keep for yourself—they hang in my country house where I see them many times every day—and always when I pass them I have a lightning-like flash across my brain of some picture from those more than happy days when we went a-gipsying with Mike thru Hopi-land and the Navajo Reservation.⁷⁰³

For Krippendorf, the souvenirs served as very real triggers of memory. A solid bond seemed to exist between Arizona, the two Hopi trays, and the Hubbell name. Out of place in a country house, the curios were Krippendorf's tie to Navajo country. Similarly, Harold Harrington Betts, the artist who painted Hubbell's portrait, wrote a letter to Lorenzo Jr. upon the death of his father in which he remembered fondly the nights sitting around the fireplace in Ganado, listening to the old trader tell stories. "We have some beautiful blankets that were given me by your father," he wrote, "and they bring back the good old times we had at Ganado."⁷⁰⁴ Frank P. Sauerwein joked that the rugs Hubbell sent him to decorate his house surrounded him with "these ghosts of your evil ways," and Ethel Traphagen and William Robinson Leigh remarked that their collection of curios was accompanied by "many pleasant recollections."⁷⁰⁵ Another guest, Edna Hope Gregory, was given a "lovely old Navajo necklace" during her stay, which she vowed to treasure and wear often, as the

⁷⁰³ Mary Krippendorf to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., August 17, 1925, Box 49, Folder Krippendorf, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁷⁰⁴ Harold Harrington Betts to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., November 14, 1930, Box 9, Folder Betts, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁷⁰⁵ Frank P. Sauerwein to J. L. Hubbell, April 13, 1903, Box 73, Folder Sauerwein, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; W. R. Leigh to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., September 27, 1937, Box 51, Folder Leigh, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

Hubbell family was “closely linked in our thoughts with our early days in the desert country.”⁷⁰⁶

Many of Hubbell’s guests articulated clearly the relationship they perceived between the curios, the Hubbells, and Navajo country. For example, when the writer Hamlin Garland visited Hubbell in 1899, he felt enchanted by “the peace, the poetry, the suggestive charm of that silent, lonely, radiant land.”⁷⁰⁷ After crossing the varied country between Fort Defiance and Ganado and arriving in the evening at the trading post, he spent several days in the company of the bush-bearded trader. When he heard that Garland was engaged to marry Zulime Taft, Hubbell insisted on giving him a gift of Hopi jars as a wedding present. Garland also purchased articles of Navajo silver, “in order that I might carry back to Zulime some part of the poetry of this land and its people.”⁷⁰⁸ For him, the souvenirs seemed to embody the “compelling power” of the country.⁷⁰⁹

Similarly, the artist Maynard Dixon, who went to Ganado to paint the Navajos and who also painted a loving description of the golden, luminous desert in his stories of Hubbell Trading Post, felt compelled to take away with him tangible souvenirs of Navajo country beyond his own paintings as an expression of his deep ties to the landscape.⁷¹⁰ When the 1906 earthquake struck San Francisco, Dixon rushed into the city to check on his studio where he kept not only his artwork, but his collection of Indian curios. He found all

⁷⁰⁶ Edna Hope Gregory to Lorenzo Hubbell, September 20, 1940, Box 34, Folder Gregory, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁷⁰⁷ Garland, *Middle Border*, 127.

⁷⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, 128.

⁷⁰⁹ *Ibid.*, 127.

⁷¹⁰ See Cottam, 232-234.

of his Pueblo pottery smashed on the floor. With fires blossoming all around the city, he hurriedly loaded a two-wheeled cart—not with his own canvases, which, unlike the pottery, had survived the quake, but with Hubbell’s rugs. Afterwards, he drew a cartoon of himself fleeing the burning city with a suitcase in one hand, a few canvases in the other, and a pile of Navajo rugs slung over his shoulders.⁷¹¹ He tried to joke about the loss to Hubbell, downgrading the fire to a “little warm spell,” and assuring Hubbell that “the pictures can be repainted some day.”⁷¹² But his cheerfulness flagged—Dixon lost almost all of his paintings and drawings in the fire and had to resort to exhausting newspaper work in Los Angeles to make a living in the months after.⁷¹³ He wrote longingly to Hubbell, “Do you know, Ganado seems more like home to me now than any other spot! We are both really homesick for it...I tell you, querido Viejo, we will be mighty glad to see you.”⁷¹⁴ Dixon’s souvenirs of Navajo country, supplied by Hubbell, clearly symbolized more to the artist than an impulse away from mass-manufacture. The rugs he saved from the flames were memories of a place and a personality he longed for.

The relationship between souvenirs and attachment to place through Hubbell is perhaps most aptly dramatized in Grace MacGowan Cooke’s 1913 novel *The Joy Bringer*, which features the Hubbell home as a setting. Cooke made up one half of a prolific writing duo, along with her younger sister, Alice MacGowan. The sisters grew up in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and came west in 1908 to join a literary colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea,

⁷¹¹ Hagerty, 70-71, 82-83.

⁷¹² *Querido Patron: Letters from Maynard Dixon to Lorenzo Hubbell*, introduction by Bernard L. Fontana (Tucson: Friends of the University of Arizona Library, 1987), 14, 15.

⁷¹³ Hagerty, 85-86.

⁷¹⁴ *Querido Patron*, 15.

California.⁷¹⁵ Grace published her first story in 1888 and over the course of her life would amass a repertory of twenty-three novels (eight of which were co-authored with Alice), seventy-five short stories, over thirty poems, and many essays. Her work “ran the gamut of popular literature during this period, including historical romances, detective and mystery novels, westerns (using a southwestern setting), local color fiction...social fiction touching upon labor relations, racial issues, and women’s issues, and children’s stories and novels.”⁷¹⁶ Grace and Alice were both described by contemporaries as “extremely witty, charming, entertaining companions,” and Grace was remembered as “mild, retiring, and self-effacing,” a woman with “a gentle voice and gentle ways, and great patience.”⁷¹⁷

Grace visited Ganado in 1912 on her way home from living in the Hopi village of Oraibi for a few months, where she gathered material for a novel that she would title *The Joy Bringer*. She conceived the trip as a way to cope with a devastating period of creative separation from Alice that lasted from 1910 to 1915, and for a woman who had enjoyed a fairly pampered existence, the experience of living in Navajo and Hopi country must have made a significant impact.⁷¹⁸ As Yi-Fu Tuan states, “A major motivation for travel—hardships notwithstanding—is the vague expectation of entering a state of being, identified with a particular place or landscape, that, however transient, reveals an aspect of our character that we have not previously known.”⁷¹⁹ And there were hardships. The stenographer she took with her to Oraibi fled after only a few days, leaving her to do her

⁷¹⁵ Gaston, 116.

⁷¹⁶ Switzer, 85.

⁷¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 86; Gaston, 125.

⁷¹⁸ Switzer, 85; Gaston, 121-123.

⁷¹⁹ Tuan, *Place, Art, and Self*, 16-17.

own typing for the first time in her literary career, and Grace and her two children lived in a one-room house in the Hopi pueblo. But they were apparently kept from noticing the discomfort of their living situation by a novel succession of Hopi dances and ceremonials.⁷²⁰

Grace spent three days as Lorenzo Hubbell's guest on her way home from Oraibi. She wrote an article for *The Lookout*, a Chattanooga society magazine, in which she described his house as "richly beautiful with its rug-covered floor, its walls a tapestry of good paintings, admirably chosen photographs, and its ceiling a treasure of Indian baskets set in lines between the big beams."⁷²¹ She spent a cold, rainy afternoon in the warehouse perched on a box watching Hubbell bale rugs for shipment. She described the scene:

Two Indians did the heavier part of the work and Mr. Hubbel's [sic] son, having grown up in this business, was assisting, while his father sat at the desk and put down the figures. One after another rugs that would have charmed you, combinations of the natural colors of white, black, gray and the brown goats' wool, conservative splashes of good dye judiciously placed, square after square was held up, its weave classified as "fair, good, excellent," its weight given and its value set down. The rain fell outside, the big brown room was a riot of color on its floor and over the boxes and chairs....I would pick out one rug as the most beautiful I had seen and by the time three others were shown I had chosen a later favorite.⁷²²

The "crude, rich silverware and jewelry which the Navajo silversmiths hammer from Mexican dollars, quarters and dimes" also captured her fancy during her week-long stay.⁷²³

When she left the desert and wrote *The Joy Bringer*, Lorenzo Hubbell did not appear as a character, for she deemed him too complex to be a mere member of the supporting cast.

His home and captivating curio collection, however, did appear. The connection Grace felt

⁷²⁰ Gaston, 121-123.

⁷²¹ Qtd. in Gaston, 123.

⁷²² Cooke, "Experiences in the Desert."

⁷²³ Ibid.

to the landscape and to the Hopi people emerges clearly through the novel's heroine, who reprises Grace's own physical and spiritual journey through the desert.

The Joy Bringer is at its heart a romance. It follows the tempestuous relationship between the beautiful and selfish Cliffe McFarland and the unrefined Indian trader, Heath Crittenden. In a rather fantastical beginning, the pair find themselves unhappily married when Heath, smitten with Cliffe and fooled by her coquettishness into thinking she loves him, poses as his brother, Julius, on the stormy night on which Cliffe and Julius had secretly planned to marry. In the thick darkness and the excitement of the elopement, Cliffe does not realize her mistake until the deed is done, and in the light of morning, she finds herself married to a man she finds brutish and uncouth. Cast off from her friends and family, she has no choice but to follow Heath into Navajo and Hopi country, where he works as a trader. Over the course of the novel, Cliffe falls in love with the desert landscape, and, as she comes to understand its harshness, also grows to love her husband, who, having been once spurned can scarcely endure her presence. The two finally reconcile when a smallpox epidemic sweeps through the desert. Cliffe nurses Heath back to health before succumbing to the illness herself; the smallpox robs her of her beauty, but grants her triumph in love.

On her way to Oraibi, where she and Heath will live, Cliffe stops at Ganado—called Ganada in the novel—at the trading post of Heath's employers, Dave and Bartley Ballard. In a nod to Hubbell, the two brothers have been trading on the reservation for twenty years and have become “sort o' landmarks,” respected by the Navajo community.⁷²⁴ Their house

⁷²⁴ Grace MacGowan Cooke, *The Joy Bringer: A Tale of the Painted Desert* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1913), 125.

is the twin of Hubbell's, "lit by lamps and the broken shimmer and shine of fire on the open hearth."⁷²⁵ Cooke writes:

The ceiling was lofty, crossed by great cottonwood beams between which rows of priceless Indian baskets were fastened in place. The walls were covered with pictures; paintings of the desert, photographs of its landscapes and of the dwellers in it, red chalk heads of the fast-disappearing pueblo clans. On the floor lay softly coloured, beautifully harmonious Navajo rugs, and the chairs and couches were draped with blankets of thinner, finer weave and gayer tinting; it was a massive stone fireplace which held the blazing heap of piñon logs. At the farther end of the room a tall Navajo laid the silver methodically upon a snowy cloth.⁷²⁶

Upon entering the house, Cliffe becomes engrossed by a small painting depicting the Hopi mesa where she will live. "Somehow, with brush and pigment, with colour and form, this painter had grasped the fierce, reluctant soul of the desert and set it on his canvas forever," she muses.⁷²⁷ She joins the hosts of guests who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Ballard brothers, "since all who passed this way into the reservation beyond must be entertained by them."⁷²⁸ Like Grace, Cliffe spends an afternoon watching her hosts bale rugs, observing the curios, the Navajos, the shelves of merchandise in the trading post, and when she departs, they insist on making a wedding present of some silver Navajo spoons.⁷²⁹ For a chapter, Cliffe drifts around the trading post at Ganada, a little terrified of all the newness that surrounds her, before hastening on to Oraibi.

Later in the novel, before news of the smallpox brings her rushing back to her ailing husband's side, Cliffe leaves Navajo country when she can stand his repeated rebuffs no

⁷²⁵ Ibid., 115.

⁷²⁶ Ibid., 115-116.

⁷²⁷ Ibid., 117.

⁷²⁸ Ibid., 121.

⁷²⁹ Ibid., 121-127.

longer. She flees in such a hurry that she leaves behind her belongings—among them the beautiful curios a happier Heath had given to her as wedding presents. She takes refuge at the home of an acquaintance in St. Louis, where she waits for Heath to pack and send her trunks, ridding himself of any reminders of her. Cooke describes Cliffe as returning “to civilization like a person who comes out of a hospital, or one struggling up from a swoon. The world about was almost too glaring, too noisy, too insistent, to be endured.”⁷³⁰ When her trunks finally arrive, Cliffe locks herself in the quiet of her room. Estranged from the land and the man she has grown to love, she unpacks her things in a scene that poignantly evokes deep attachment to the landscape expressed through the ownership of curios and souvenirs. Cooke writes:

She drew out fabrics, pottery, the little carved figures, a great olla she had filled with scarves and embroideries and packed in the middle of the box. The clumsy, frail ware was cracked across. It would never hold water again. For one dizzy moment she found herself staring at it, whispering over and over, “It’s broken. That’s too bad. I’m sorry it’s broken.” Then she sank slowly to her knees, spread out her arms on the trunk edge, and burst into a passion of weeping so violent that it was convulsive.⁷³¹

The reader understands that Cliffe weeps not for a mere broken jar, but because of what it symbolizes—separation from place and person. For Cliffe, for Cooke, and for many of the individuals who found a feeling for the open spaces of Navajo country taking root in their hearts, the tangible items they took home with them, supplied by the hand of one who was tightly bound up in their memories of place and whose reputation as a curio dealer was unsurpassed, held a heavy symbolic weight. They were gateways to memory and expressions of love and longing for Navajo country.

⁷³⁰ Ibid., 297.

⁷³¹ Ibid., 300.

CHAPTER 5

CONQUEROR AND BENEFACTOR OF THE NAVAJOS

Night was fast approaching in Navajo country, and Lewis B. Merwin and his companion were lost. At last they stumbled upon a solitary hogan, but their entreaties in Spanish and English fell on deaf ears as the Navajos within met them with blank stares and an “inhospitable silence [that] threatened a cold, hungry night in the open.”⁷³² In a last ditch effort to communicate his need, Merwin said the name “Hubbell. Lorenzo Hubbell.”⁷³³ The transformation that came over the Navajos was startling—“suspicious stares changed to smiles. Under the stars, the two white men were cheerfully guided by Navajos to the trading post, forty miles distant!”⁷³⁴

This brief vignette appeared in an obituary for Lorenzo Hubbell written by Joseph Emerson Smith, editor of *The Denver Post* and an occasional archaeologist. It had been told to him by Merwin, who was a writer, art collector, and world-traveler, perhaps when their two paths had crossed in some unexpected place and the conversation had turned towards a trading post in the desert. Like all stories, this one served a purpose. News of Hubbell’s death had reached Denver on Saturday, and as Smith labored at his typewriter to produce a fitting elegy for the next morning’s paper, he chose Merwin’s story to “show the depth of affection in which Hubbell was held by the Indians.”⁷³⁵ Smith followed the anecdote with a long and eloquent description of Hubbell’s friendship with the Navajos—his intimate

⁷³² Joseph Emerson Smith, 375. The story is repeated in Dickson Hartwell, “White Brother of the Navajo,” *Colliers* (April 30, 1949): 30.

⁷³³ Joseph Emerson Smith, 375.

⁷³⁴ *Ibid.*

⁷³⁵ *Ibid.*

knowledge of their language and customs that made him invaluable to ethnologists, his unflagging selflessness in helping them in times of poverty and illness, his passionate defense against the “ignorant tyranny” of misguided government directives.⁷³⁶ Hubbell was first and foremost their “friend and benefactor,” and when he died, Smith imagined, Navajos old and young must have appeared out of the silent desert by the hundreds to mourn his death.⁷³⁷

The bond of love between the trader and the Navajos is one of the principal facets of the Hubbell legend. Very few stories about the King of Northern Arizona fail to include some combination of the elements present in Smith’s obituary: colorful anecdotes and descriptions of unselfish good deeds meant to elevate the trader’s relationship with the Indians to noble heights. Such a bond between Native American and Anglo, built on mutual trust and friendship, was the highest kind of credential among those whose search for “home” led them to a “romantic attachment to Indian culture and its seemingly simpler way of life.”⁷³⁸ As they traveled in Navajo country seeking authenticity and a spiritual connection to the desert and its peoples, many Anglos found such a connection through Hubbell, whose store was known as “the center of Navajo life.”⁷³⁹ Hubbell and his sons alike were keenly interested in the preservation and interpretation of Navajo culture, and so they placed ethnologists in Navajo homes, arranged for Navajos to sit for portraits, and kept curious scholars and tourists informed about the locations and dates of dances and ceremonies. As one anthropologist wrote in the acknowledgements for her book on the Navajos, she could not have completed her work without “the cooperation of the Hubbell family, the only

⁷³⁶ Ibid., 375-376.

⁷³⁷ Ibid., 376.

⁷³⁸ Neff, 68.

⁷³⁹ Garland, *Middle Border*, 125.

white people who could obtain permission from the Navajos to allow their sacred ceremonies to be photographed.”⁷⁴⁰ Merwin’s encounter thus symbolizes a central aspect of Hubbell’s legendary character, that his name was the key that opened doors otherwise firmly shut to yearning outsiders.

The turn-of-the-century romanticization of Navajo culture, however, rested on a foundation of older and more complicated Anglo views of Native Americans, where the “civilized” was positioned against the “savage,” and the “good” Indian against the “bad” Indian. As Leah Dilworth argues, “The primitive is a concept that has existed, in Western cultures at least, since ancient times. It depends on a comparison between some standard of ‘civilization’ and ‘others’ thought to be somehow simpler and has traditionally functioned as a kind of field on which ‘we’ write fantasies about ‘them.’”⁷⁴¹ In American culture, fantasies about “others” have generally portrayed Native Americans in the mold of two enduring stereotypes: the good “Noble Savage” and the bad “Ignoble Savage.” As Shepard Krech III explains:

The Noble Savage, the first of the two stereotypes or images, has drawn persistently on benign and increasingly romantic associations; the Ignoble Savage, the second, on a menacing malignancy. The first has emphasized the rationality, vigor, and morality of the nature-dwelling native; the second, the cannibalistic, bloodthirsty, inhuman aspects of savage life. Often elements from the two stereotypes have been combined in a single portrait.⁷⁴²

⁷⁴⁰ Laura Adams Armer, *Southwest* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1935), 207.

⁷⁴¹ Dilworth, 4.

⁷⁴² Shepard Krech III, *The Ecological Indian: Myth and History* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1999), 16. The literature exploring the concept of the “Noble Savage” and other Indian stereotypes is vast. For a brief exploration of the evolution of these two stereotypes, see Krech, 15-22.

Krech further explains that the term *savage* derives from the Latin *sihaticus*, which signifies a state of nature, invoking images of woods and forests.⁷⁴³ Since its invention in ancient Greece, the idea of the savage has been used by Western cultures for thousands of years to describe non-Western cultures. As Robert A. Williams argues, “Alien and exotic, threatening and subversive, the savage has long been imagined as a familiar, diametrically opposed figure throughout the history of the West, helping to define by counterexample and antithesis a distinctive form of Western civilization.”⁷⁴⁴ Greeks in the Classical Age used the idea to depict their non-Greek-speaking neighbors, who they called “barbarians,” crafting enduring stereotypes that served to distinguish them from distant and strange peoples. As Williams writes, “To the Greeks, the lack of sophisticated laws; institutions of government; private property; appropriate religious rituals, dress, and countenance; and meaningful familial or social bonds [became] key identifying markers of the barbarian’s irredeemable primitive nature.”⁷⁴⁵ Such ideas saturated Western philosophy, were handed down to the Romans, and were later used by medieval Christians. Renaissance scholars and travelers borrowed freely from the Classical Greek and Roman ideas of the savage to craft stereotypes of Native Americans and other indigenous peoples. The idea persisted into the Enlightenment Era, influencing the earliest Indian policies in the United States.⁷⁴⁶

In the nineteenth century, the idea of the savage became deeply encoded in the disciplines of anthropology and sociology. In 1877, Lewis Henry Morgan published *Ancient*

⁷⁴³ Ibid., 16-17.

⁷⁴⁴ Robert A. Williams, *Savage Anxieties: The Invention of Western Civilization* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012), 9.

⁷⁴⁵ Ibid., 50.

⁷⁴⁶ Ibid., 6-8.

Society, or Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization, in which he “developed an elaborate evolutionary scheme to portray the development of human society.”⁷⁴⁷

He argued that the road to civilization passed through a series of stages, each with its own distinctive culture and mode of subsistence. Morgan also seemingly observed that ‘with the production of inventions and discoveries, and with the growth of institutions, the human mind necessarily grew and expanded; and we are led to recognize a gradual enlargement of the brain itself.’ He thus argued that there was a correlation between ‘cranial capacity’ and social as well as technological development, asserting the belief that contemporary races were arranged hierarchically and reflected different stages in the evolution to civilization.⁷⁴⁸

Morgan’s idea proved highly influential, percolating into American popular culture and influencing federal Indian policy. In this social evolutionary paradigm, building on the foundation laid by the ancient Greeks, the “good” Indian was equated with “civilization,” and the “bad” Indian with “savagery.” Krech explains that “nineteenth-century anthropologists and sociologists positioned savages on the earliest and lowest rungs of human society,” and thus, “Overwhelmingly derogatory connotations effaced the original woodland meanings of savage and even survived the now-discredited evolutionary schemes.”⁷⁴⁹

Even as American antimodernists turned to certain Native American cultures as models for superior and more authentic ways of living, they relegated others to the overwhelmingly demeaning rhetorical realm of the “wild,” “savage,” or “barbaric.” Leah Dilworth writes:

⁷⁴⁷ Lee D. Baker, *From Savage to Negro: Anthropology and the Construction of Race, 1896-1954* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998), 43.

⁷⁴⁸ Ibid.

⁷⁴⁹ Krech., 17.

In the representation of the Southwest as a regional other, Indians became a kind of folk. The Pueblos, and to some extent the Navajos, attained this status. Unlike the Plains Indians, who were usually represented as savage (though sometimes noble) warriors, the Pueblos were ‘semicivilized,’ self-sufficient, settled, and agricultural people who lived in houses and produced attractive handicrafts....they seemed to be ethnic others who were happy to remain outside modernity.⁷⁵⁰

Both “good” and “bad” Indians were described in language laden with ethnocentric value-judgments about Native American cultures. The rhetoric of “savagery” and “civilization,” with all of its negative racial connotations, saturates the writings of turn-of-the-century Americans, including Hubbell’s guests. Both terms appear here as a reflection of that world-view, which deeply influenced how travelers in the Southwest experienced and thought about Native American cultures, especially the Navajos.

Within the framework of these two sets of stereotypes, the Navajos were seen as neither as “civilized” as the Pueblos nor as “savage” as the Apaches. In the earliest years of the American presence in the Southwest, the Navajos provided “a counterfoil to the base, cowardly Mexicans,” and were thought to be “possessed of many traits of Anglo-American civilization.”⁷⁵¹ William H. Lyon argues, “In the popular imagination, the Navajos were powerful, dominant, noble, aboriginal, and wealthy.”⁷⁵² But by the late 1850s, when it became the task of the American army to quell Navajo military activity, “war had begun to color Anglo-American impressions of the Navajos,” and images of treachery and lawlessness dampened admiration into ambivalence.⁷⁵³ The Navajos came to occupy a liminal space in the American imagination where contradictions abounded. Twentieth century romantics

⁷⁵⁰ Dilworth, 6.

⁷⁵¹ William H. Lyon, “The Navajos in the Anglo-American Historical Imagination, 1807-1870,” *Ethnohistory* 43, no. 3 (Summer 1996): 505.

⁷⁵² *Ibid.*, 497.

⁷⁵³ *Ibid.*

were inclined to see the Navajos as “strong, virile, industrious, and intelligent.”⁷⁵⁴ Others, however, saw them only as “crafty and warlike—western Ishmaelites, whose hands are against every man, and against whom every man’s hand is raised in turn.”⁷⁵⁵

In that twilight area between admiration and trepidation, a cycle of stories grew up around Lorenzo Hubbell’s relationship with the Navajos. They ranged from the personal experience narratives of travelers like Merwin in the touristic Southwest to second-, third-, and fourth-hand legends that evoked the mythically violent past. The stories portray Hubbell as both the Navajos’ benefactor—often their *best* benefactor—and as their peaceful conqueror. That the Navajos and their inhospitable landscape must be tamed by the pioneer on some level is unquestioned in the stories, but rather than following the narrative arc of traditional Western stories where the white man masters the Indians by force, the Hubbell stories depict their hero besting the Navajos with wits, outrageous bluffs, and acts of sincere friendship. He is the Navajos’ “friend, guard, counselor, with a strong hand to punish when they required it, but a stronger hand to befriend when help was needed.”⁷⁵⁶ The ambiguity in these two poles reflects visitors’ attitudes towards the Navajos, and both the language and the content of the stories follow suit, vacillating between genuine appreciation and overt racism. Whether they feature Hubbell facing a crowd of hostile Indians intent on murder without a weapon save his own bravery or accepting a financial loss in order to help out a destitute customer, the stories leave enough interpretive space for a broad spectrum of meaning and feeling. Nearly all of them, however, ring with the language of paternalism,

⁷⁵⁴ Joseph F. Anderson, “The Navajos,” *The Indian’s Friend* 26, no. 5 (February 1914): 8.

⁷⁵⁵ Windham Thomas Dunraven, *Hunting in the Yellowstone*, ed. Horace Kephart (New York: Outing Publishing Co., 1917), 270.

⁷⁵⁶ Laut, 126.

true to the prevailing views of the day as well as Hubbell's own conception of his relationship with the Native Americans.

Hubbell Among the Paiutes and Hopis

J. L. Hubbell's relationship with the Native Americans of the Southwest began early in his history. In the stories, his first encounters came when "wracked with pain and in a delirious state of mind the gallant pioneer...stumbled into a Piute encampment" after being shot in his headlong flight from Utah.⁷⁵⁷ Many of the stories hint that the root of Hubbell's lifelong loyalty to Indians of all kinds stemmed from the kindly ministrations of the Paiutes tendered in his hour of need. His was the ultimate debt of a life saved from "certain death."⁷⁵⁸ As journalist Dorothy Challis Mott wrote, "This act of kindness was one which Don Lorenzo never forgot."⁷⁵⁹ But it was not the Paiutes whose lives would be entangled with his, for after he moved on and headed southward, they never again appeared in the narratives of his life. Rather, Hubbell "strove to repay his debt through his fair dealing, his kindness and service to the Indians at his post in Ganado," the Navajos.⁷⁶⁰

But before he took up his residence in Navajo country, Hubbell next encountered the Hopis. The stories claim that he lived among them for some time, learning their language and earning their trust and friendship. All that survives of this encounter is the persistent legend that Hubbell "may well have been the first white man to witness a Hopi

⁷⁵⁷ LaCharles G. Eckel, "Ganado, Home of the Hubbells, Noted Place in Apache County," *St. Johns Observer*, July 7, 1934.

⁷⁵⁸ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 25.

⁷⁵⁹ Mott, 46. For a discussion of the place Paiutes occupied in American popular perception, see Martha C. Knack, *Boundaries Between: The Southern Paiutes, 1775-1995* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001).

⁷⁶⁰ "King' Hubbell Dies at Post," *Los Angeles Times*, November 14, 1930.

Snake Dance.”⁷⁶¹ Leo Crane, a Hopi Indian agent who spent nearly a decade witnessing the yearly barrage of tourists that descended on the mesas for the famous ceremony while he was stationed at Keams Canyon, mused that Hubbell and his son, Lorenzo Jr., surely held the record for Snake Dance attendance. Hubbell told Crane that he had seen his first Snake Dance in the 1870s, “a solitary white spectator where now several thousands congregate annually. The tourist was not in those days,” Crane observed wryly, “and had he been, under the circumstances of the back-country, it is likely he would have been going away from a Snake Dance rather than attending one.”⁷⁶²

Eight years after Hubbell saw the ceremony, the first Anglo observers to publish accounts of the Snake Dance would dramatize “sinister rites” that make “the blood curdle.”⁷⁶³ Soldier-scientist John Gregory Bourke witnessed the Snake Dance in 1881 in the company of several other Anglos, Indian trader Thomas Keam and the artist Peter Moran among them, publishing his observations in 1884 in the popular book *The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona*. Believing that he was “the first white man to carefully note this strange heathen rite during the moment of its celebration,” Bourke described the scene most carefully.⁷⁶⁴ But he could not help occasionally interjecting into his scientific narrative exclamations of disgust, colored deeply by his own cultural prejudices: “The spectacle was an astonishing one, and one felt at once bewildered and horrified,” the whole drama marked by

⁷⁶¹ Ellinger, 38.

⁷⁶² Leo Crane, *Indians of the Enchanted Desert* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1925), 148.

⁷⁶³ Walter Hough, *The Moki Snake Dance: A popular account of that unparalleled dramatic pagan ceremony of the Pueblo Indians of Tusayan, Arizona, with incidental mention of their life and customs* (N.p.: Passenger Department, Santa Fe Route, 1899), 14.

⁷⁶⁴ Bourke, 1.

“the lurid tinge of a nightmare.”⁷⁶⁵ When it was all over, he expressed amazement that such a scene could take place “within our own boundaries, less than seventy miles from the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad in the year of our Lord 1881.”⁷⁶⁶ Jesse Walter Fewkes, describing the scene in a scientific report ten years later, similarly vacillates between “dispassionate, precise language” and “Gothic horror.”⁷⁶⁷ At one point, he exclaims:

The sight haunted me for weeks afterwards, and I can never forget this wildest of all the aboriginal rites of this strange people, which showed no element of our present civilization. It was a performance which might have been expected in the heart of African rather than in the American Union, and certainly one could not realize that he was in the United States at the end of the nineteenth century.⁷⁶⁸

Trained scientists could scarcely keep their feelings in check—let alone tourists. In light of these early accounts, when Crane quips that had tourists been around in the 1870s, they certainly would have been heading in the opposite direction of the Snake Dance, he seems to imply that because Hubbell witnessed the dance before it had been billed for mass consumption as a primitive spectacle “of great interest to the traveler,” the very act of seeing “the whole ceremony from beginning to end—the washing of the snakes, the dance, and the final liberation of the snakes as messengers in their prayer for rain” constituted some feat of bravery.⁷⁶⁹

⁷⁶⁵ Ibid., 162-163. For an excellent analysis of representations of the Hopi Snake Dance, see Dilworth 21-76.

⁷⁶⁶ Bourke, 169.

⁷⁶⁷ Dilworth, 28.

⁷⁶⁸ Jesse Walter Fewkes, “The Snake Ceremonials at Walpi,” *Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology* 4 (1894): 85.

⁷⁶⁹ Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway Company, *Off the Beaten Path in New Mexico and Arizona* (Chicago: Press of the H. O. Shepard Co., 1917), 34; John Lorenzo Hubbell, 25-26. In this article, Hubbell claims to have arrived in Hopi country in the spring of 1873, “and by late summer had acquired a smattering of the very difficult Hopi language. I also succeeded in establishing myself on friendly terms with these Indians, and to such an extent that they permitted me to witness their snake dance of that year....I was probably one of the first white men to witness such a spectacle.”

The stories also say that the Hopis honored the trader with the privilege of witnessing the sacred ritual of the washing of the snakes—an experience denied to most Anglos and abused by many who had the opportunity.⁷⁷⁰ The Hopis' regard for Hubbell ran deep enough that he was able to gain entrance to the kiva to other select Anglos as well, including Leo Crane and former President Theodore Roosevelt.⁷⁷¹ Not only do these stories mark Hubbell as a pioneer—literally the first—but they also set him apart as an especially honored and trusted friend, one privy to secrets.

“Grotesque” ceremonies aside, the Hopi life was too sedate for Hubbell.⁷⁷² Even as the magnetic pull of Utah had once drawn him northwest, the legends indicate that the lure of adventure drew him away from the sedentary Hopis to the Navajos. One author imagined, “Maybe it was an innate love of freedom which drew him close to these nomadic shepherds, whose widely scattered hogans blend into the brown soil of their far-flung domain.”⁷⁷³ The stories take him, at last, to Navajo country, a land and people who seemingly more closely mirrored the restless heart of the pioneer.

A Debt Earned and a Debt Repaid

In Hubbell's legend, the ties that bind Hubbell to the Navajos run far deeper than an old obligation transferred from the Paiutes to more convenient recipients. The stories tell of other rescues that indebted Hubbell to the Navajos, and they, in turn, to him. One of the

⁷⁷⁰ LaCharles G. Eckel, “Ganado, Home of the Hubbells, Noted Place in Apache County,” *St. Johns Observer*, July 7, 1934. Leah Dilworth discusses many of these abuses, noting, “Ethnographers made it their business to ‘discover’ and then publicize Hopi ritual knowledge. Consequently, the men who recorded their rituals (particularly the Snake dance) most thoroughly—Voth, Stephen, and Fewkes—were and still are not well regarded among Hopis.” Dilworth, 42.

⁷⁷¹ Crane, 269-270; Roosevelt, “The Hopi Snake Dance,” 371.

⁷⁷² D. H. Lawrence, “The Hopi Snake Dance,” *Salmagundi*, no. 33-34 (Spring-Summer 1976): 135.

⁷⁷³ Ellinger, 38.

most beloved and oft-repeated Hubbell legends dramatizes an incident where the young adventurer encountered a group of violent Navajos—and was delivered by one of their own. It happened, some say, as he was crossing Navajo country with a wagon loaded with goods, searching the sage-covered landscape for a place to build his trading post. As he passed through the Pueblo Colorado Valley, a band of “hostile Navajo” attacked him “in the spirit of a lark.”⁷⁷⁴ Without provocation, they plundered his goods, took him prisoner, and then “decided to make a full day of it and burn him at the stake.”⁷⁷⁵ They tied him to a nearby mesquite tree and were about to light the blaze when a second group of Navajos thundered onto the scene on horseback.

At first, it seemed the newcomers merely intended to join the attack. But one of their number recognized the prisoner. He slashed the rawhide ties binding Hubbell to the tree and declared, “You no kill him. He my brother.”⁷⁷⁶ The Navajos and their former prisoner were equally dumbfounded, until the rescuer explained that Don Lorenzo had once saved his life. As Dorothy Mott records in her particularly stereotypical vision of the confrontation:

The Indian, with friends, had attempted to swim the river—and Indians are notoriously poor swimmers. In mid-river, after the others of the group had crossed, the buck’s horse had slipped and fallen, then floundered about on the rocks until he had broken his master’s arm. The Indian was powerless. Don Lorenzo, on the bank, plunged in, swimming quickly and deftly to the Indian’s side, and dragged him ashore.

That was all. But the Indian never forgot this act of bravery and kindness; his own people would have let him drown rather than attempt the precarious rescue.⁷⁷⁷

⁷⁷⁴ Mott, 47.

⁷⁷⁵ Ibid.

⁷⁷⁶ Ibid.

⁷⁷⁷ Ibid., 48.

Having explained the circumstances of his unusual actions, the Navajo told those gathered around him, “Look well at him. Always, he my brother. He your brother. What is yours is his.”⁷⁷⁸

After many grunts, the Indians, one by one, filed past the amazed man, peered deeply at his face, returned what of his wares they had stolen from him, helped repack them, and sent him on his way. This was the foundation of Don Lorenzo Hubbell’s friendship with every Navajo of the tribe. Fathers told sons, and sons told their sons until each knew that he “my brother.”⁷⁷⁹

The details of the story vary. In some, the Navajos tie Hubbell to a wagon wheel or a cedar tree. The identity of his rescuer fluctuates, too—the deliverer unidentified by Mott appears more frequently as either Manuelito or Many Horses, both Navajo headmen and friends of Hubbell. Some separate the event into two distinct rescues—one where a band of “renegade Indians” ties Hubbell up and draws a picture in the sand of how they intend to kill him, while Manuelito, having spied the gathering from afar, rides to his rescue; and a separate incident where the Navajos tie Lorenzo to a tree in order to torture him before Many Horses intervenes.⁷⁸⁰ Others fail to link the rescue with Hubbell’s having saved the Navajo from drowning, instead listing the trader’s already established reputation for fairness and justice as the reason for his salvation—in these versions, the local Navajos rescue him from a marauding band unfamiliar with Hubbell’s better qualities. Some ascribe to the Navajos a motive less overtly stereotypical than mere bloodthirsty caprice, situating

⁷⁷⁸ Ibid.

⁷⁷⁹ Ibid.

⁷⁸⁰ Mayfield, 32.

Hubbell's capture in a string of robberies. The basic outlines and the message of the story, however, remain constant.⁷⁸¹

Take, for instance, a version recounted by Don Lorenzo's grandson, Hubbell Parker, handed to him from his father, who heard it from the hero himself. In this iteration, when Juan Lorenzo was crossing the Colorado after his ordeal in Utah, he spied the Navajo chieftain Many Horses drowning in the river. Many Horses had been trying to cross the Colorado on his horse when he lost balance and toppled into the rapid waters. Lorenzo jumped into the river and pulled the drowning man out just in time. Gratefully, Many Horses signed to Hubbell, "I owe you my life."⁷⁸²

Years later, when Lorenzo had established his trading post in Ganado, where Many Horses wielded much influence, a group of Navajos from another part of the reservation, unfamiliar with Hubbell, one day got between the trader and the safety of his store and took him prisoner. They tied him to a cedar tree while they debated at length what to do with him. Whatever it was, Parker explained, "it wasn't going to be very pleasant."⁷⁸³ Fortunately, one sympathetic bystander had slipped away from the crowd and run to fetch Many Horses. The Navajo headman gathered his men and rushed to Hubbell's rescue. They arrived "with Winchesters across the saddles," and looking down at the unfamiliar band from the height of his mount, Many Horses demanded:

"Turn him loose."

⁷⁸¹ For other versions of this story, see "Don Lorenzo Hubbell, Beloved Character of Old Arizona, Is Dead," *Arizona Republic*, November 13, 1930; Burke Johnson, 8; Ellinger, 39; Mayfield, 32; and Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 137.

⁷⁸² Hubbell Parker, interview by Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives.

⁷⁸³ *Ibid.*

They said, “You’re a Navajo, aren’t you?”

And he said, “Of course I’m a Navajo—you know that. But this man saved my life, so you’re going to have to turn him loose.”⁷⁸⁴

The Navajos argued that Hubbell was *their* captive, not his, and Many Horses replied that if that was in fact the case, he would simply have to kill them. Baffled by this, the Navajos asked, “You mean you would kill us over a white man?”⁷⁸⁵ Many Horses replied, “This one, I would. He saved my life and I got a chance to pay him back, and now I’m going to rescue him even if I have to kill a few of you...I want it known all over this reservation that if anybody bothers that man, he’s going to have to deal with me.”⁷⁸⁶ The Navajos decided to let Hubbell go, deferring to Many Horses’ judgment in light of his threats. In Parker’s version of the story, the life debt Many Horses and Hubbell owed each other coalesced into a friendship that transcended cultural difference.⁷⁸⁷

The insignificant details in Parker’s story differ from Mott’s in nearly every point. The tone and characterization of the Navajos delivered in the dialogue also diverge widely in the two tales. Both, however, share the same purpose. First, both versions of the story illustrate dramatically the precarious position of young Hubbell when he was himself a newcomer to Navajo country. Whatever comforts surrounded him later in life and made the desert Southwest a picturesque destination for travelers, the story reminds the hearer that the path of an Indian trader was a “hazardous one...hazardous because at that time men and manners were wild and crude, human life being considered at less worth than that of a

⁷⁸⁴ Ibid.

⁷⁸⁵ Ibid.

⁷⁸⁶ Ibid.

⁷⁸⁷ Ibid.

horse.”⁷⁸⁸ Though Parker’s version seems less overtly stereotypical in its depiction of the Navajos than Mott’s, which “bristle[s] with clichés and pidgin English—‘grunts’ and ‘sons of their sons’—a writer’s license run amuck,” both present the Navajos as willing to kill without provocation.⁷⁸⁹ The language of the stories places them squarely within the framework of the Western myth, marking Hubbell as a pioneer, one who had faced both the land and the Indians in their “wild” state. Hubbell, however, is an odd sort of conqueror. In the story, he does not even speak, but exists only as a bewildered silence in the narrative as he passively awaits his fate. Yet he comes out victorious. He is rescued, to be sure, but the rescue is not an act of simple altruism, but a trade—a life for a life, fairness for fairness. He is saved, in short, by his own “inherent goodness and brotherhood.”⁷⁹⁰

Second, the story serves to explain the origin of Hubbell’s friendship with the Navajos, a friendship that was central to his legend. As Frank Lockwood wrote, “After all, astonishing as were Hubbell’s exploits...his chief fame, his wide and commanding influence, was won as a man of peace, a humanitarian, an able and honorable trader with the Indians.”⁷⁹¹ To be held in such high regard by the Navajos was a badge of honor for Hubbell, even a point of envy for antimodern seekers in Navajo country. The incident marks the genesis of that relationship in “true movie fashion.”⁷⁹² These two messages—that

⁷⁸⁸ “Big Man of Arizona,” newspaper clipping, title unknown, Box 545, Folder 2, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁷⁸⁹ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 56.

⁷⁹⁰ *Ibid.*

⁷⁹¹ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 144.

⁷⁹² Ellinger, 39. In some versions of the story, the site on which the attack and rescue took place become hallowed symbols to Hubbell. Mott claims he marked the spot of the mesquite tree that was almost his pyre by building his trading post there. Mott, 48. Another writer added to the legend a physical memorial, saying that Hubbell built a wall around the tree to preserve it, for “it was almost sacred to him.” “Don Lorenzo Hubbell, Beloved Character of Old Arizona, Is Dead,” *Arizona Republic*, November 13, 1930.

Hubbell was pioneer and peaceful conqueror, and that his friendship transcended the barriers between Anglo and Navajo—are the hallmarks of Hubbell’s legendary relationship with the Indians.

Pioneer and Conqueror

Having embarked on his adventures in 1870, Hubbell had at least two decades of experience under his belt before the closing of the frontier was declared by Frederick Jackson Turner. By 1890, even in Navajo country, which clung fiercely to its remoteness, “No longer did the forest and Indian have to be battled in hand-to-hand combat. The average citizen could approach wilderness with the viewpoint of the vacationer rather than the conqueror.”⁷⁹³ This shift sparked what David Wrobel calls “frontier anxiety” as “newspapers and magazines grew eager for stories of past pioneer struggles.”⁷⁹⁴ Hubbell conveyed his pioneer status to the region’s newcomers primarily through the telling of stories that dramatized “what had been endured by an older generation of pioneers to lay the foundation for their present comforts.”⁷⁹⁵ In Navajo country, the obstacles to development were much the same as they were anywhere in the West: a landscape unbent to the Anglo will and Indians uninspired by Anglo ways of living. The two, in fact, were often seen as one and the same.⁷⁹⁶ The contradictions in images of the desert and the Navajos paralleled one another neatly. For example, when one of Hubbell’s guests, John L. Cowan, described traveling across the “waterless and treeless wastes of the Painted Desert,” where the only signs of human habitation were a few “widely scattered hogans,” he nevertheless noticed its

⁷⁹³ Gerald D. Nash, 143.

⁷⁹⁴ Wrobel, *Promised Lands*, 99.

⁷⁹⁵ *Ibid.*

⁷⁹⁶ See Gerald D. Nash, 55.

“amazing wealth of gaudy colors.”⁷⁹⁷ The same kinds of descriptions, highlighting the simultaneous danger and beauty of the landscape, followed Anglo encounters with the Navajos; they were portrayed as both “the unrefined ‘savage’ foes of other American Indians, settlers, and the federal government” and “strong-willed ‘nomadic’ and ‘semiprimitive’ people who could adapt to a variety of circumstances.”⁷⁹⁸

As a pioneer in this rhetorical framework, Hubbell preceded American “civilization” and helped bring about the pacification of both landscape and Indian. He was swift to point out to curious visitors, “The west in those days was not like it is now. The outposts of white civilization were few and far between, and there were vast areas of country of which white men knew nothing at all. Many tribes of Indians were far from friendly.”⁷⁹⁹ As the Hubbell of legend embarked upon the universal project of “the western path-breaker, . . . [making] possible the civilization he rather shuns,” he emerged as a bridge between Anglo pilgrims and a land and people that they saw as alien but that they were nevertheless drawn to.⁸⁰⁰ In his study of folklore and place, Kent Ryden invokes the idea that as part of the process of story-telling and place-making, when a prominent local character becomes a folk hero, it is often because “in his mastery of the harsh conditions imposed by the local terrain, he crystallizes local geographical experience. On the surface, such lore concentrates on a human hero, but the local landscape nevertheless looms large over his shoulder, conditioning not only what he does but who he is.”⁸⁰¹ With the landscape and the Navajos seen as

⁷⁹⁷ John L. Cowan, “Sanitation Among the Hopi Indians,” *Modern Sanitation* 10, no. 4 (April 1913): 142.

⁷⁹⁸ Bsumek, 147.

⁷⁹⁹ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 24.

⁸⁰⁰ Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.”

⁸⁰¹ Ryden, 91.

intimately connected, stories about Hubbell's relationship with the Navajos are therefore one of the chief ways Hubbell is portrayed as a hero who conquers the landscape.

Although many of Don Lorenzo's stories about his early encounters with the Navajos do indeed paint him in a more decisive, heroic light than does the story of his rescue, he conquers the Navajos not by force, which had, after all, already been tried, but by fearlessness and wit. Burke Johnson once wrote that Don Lorenzo "was not an Indian fighter, in the classic sense," but rather, he "won over the Indians with an iron will tempered by understanding."⁸⁰² Similarly, a scholar compiling a biographical article out of the scraps of legends others had published long before her, wrote, "In these days, when the more violent characters in Arizona's history have been given an exaggerated amount of attention, it is pleasant to discover a pioneer who, while hard and tough when necessary, did not consider violence a way of life."⁸⁰³ For 20th century travelers with complex feelings about Native Americans, Lorenzo Hubbell was perhaps the best kind pioneer to play the necessary role of conqueror, at once heroic and peaceful.

Many of these stories take place in the unstable years following the Navajos' return from Bosque Redondo. In those early days of trading on the Navajo Reservation, as Anglo entrepreneurs moved into Navajo communities where they were neither known nor trusted by a people who had just endured a devastating exile, relations were often strained, at best. Hubbell was not immune. As one writer imagines:

Out of cold, expressionless eyes, the Navajo considered the Hubbell family at Ganado. They had no love for the white man. To them Don Lorenzo was a white man like those who had taken them from their land. Hadn't they seen their old men and children die on that 'long walk?' They, themselves, had been hurt deeply and the

⁸⁰² Burke Johnson, 8.

⁸⁰³ Albrecht, 33.

hurt was in their soul and in their eyes when they looked at Don Lorenzo and his family.⁸⁰⁴

With the painful past lingering in recent memory, violence occasionally erupted. Martha Blue calls these incidents of conflict between new traders and Navajos “baptisms,” where the Navajos tested the traders’ courage.⁸⁰⁵ Tense encounters were “predictable at every trading post in the Navaho country until a new trader gave convincing proof that he was unafraid—or was driven off.”⁸⁰⁶ Rarely did such confrontations escalate to murder until after 1900 when alcohol began to make serious inroads on the reservation. In the 1870s and 1880s, when Juan Lorenzo Hubbell was a stranger in Navajo country, Anglo traders need only let the Navajos know they would not be easily intimidated. In his study of such encounters, Frank McNitt concluded, “The stricture is crystal clear: a trader may feel fear from his hair roots to his toes—but never, never, can he let any inward quaking take control.”⁸⁰⁷ As Hubbell himself put it:

I learned a great many things about Indian psychology very early during my first years as an Indian trader. And, one of the first things I learned was that a white man must never let an Indian know that he has the slightest fear of a single Indian, or any hundred Indians. The slightest show of fear would put the white man on the defensive, and the Indians would literally have him ‘on the run’ from that very moment.⁸⁰⁸

⁸⁰⁴ Raymond Carlson, “Lorenzo Hubbell: Trader to the Hopi and the Navajo,” *Arizona Highways* 13, no. 4 (April 1942): 2.

⁸⁰⁵ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 55.

⁸⁰⁶ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 322.

⁸⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, 321.

⁸⁰⁸ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 28.

In 1878, when Hubbell was a newcomer in Navajo country, he found himself undergoing several such “baptisms.”⁸⁰⁹ As he established his trading post in the Pueblo Colorado Valley, the Navajos who lived there yet lacked any reason to trust him. As Martha Blue states, “The Navajos were not reluctant to relieve themselves of undesirable non-Indians.”⁸¹⁰ They had a “reputation for testing the mettle of traders,” and turned their sights on the inexperienced Juan Lorenzo.⁸¹¹ Legend has it that one day a Navajo man walked into the trading post and demanded Lorenzo give him a sack of flour. As the Navajo had neither money nor goods to trade, the trader quite naturally refused. In response, the Navajo shouldered a sack of flour, which left Hubbell standing behind the counter, frantically weighing his options:

I realized that if I let him get away with it, every Indian in the country would storm the post to carry off anything they might lay hands upon. I'd have been financially ruined, and any further hope of doing business on peaceful terms would be gone forever. There was nothing to do but settle the matter then and there. I bounced over the counter and overtook the Indian with the sack of flour as he got outside the door.⁸¹²

The thief's plan became immediately apparent when Lorenzo burst out the door to find seventy-five other Navajos ready to back up their kinsman's demands. Lorenzo was unarmed, and the waiting Navajos looked at him, “apparently wondering just what I was going to do about the Indian making off with the sack of flour. Well,” Hubbell declared, “it didn't take them long to find out.”⁸¹³ Acting quickly, J. L. grabbed the Navajo standing next

⁸⁰⁹ The description of the incident here draws from Cottam, 45-46.

⁸¹⁰ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 56.

⁸¹¹ *Ibid.*

⁸¹² John Lorenzo Hubbell, 29.

⁸¹³ *Ibid.*

to him by the hair and wrestled him to the ground. Twisting the man's ear, Hubbell then marched him back inside and ordered him to put the flour back where he had found it. "He obeyed like a whipped dog," Hubbell said, "with all the other Indians looking on in amazement."⁸¹⁴ But they were not pacified. A few began making threats, and another Navajo, "a little braver than the rest," broke away from the crowd to confront the trader.⁸¹⁵ The second challenger fared no better than the first: "I pounced upon him, bore him to the ground and twisted his ear as I'd done with the first man. When I let him up he whined and ran away like a rabbit."⁸¹⁶ Hubbell faced the crowd defiantly and, speaking in Navajo, yelled, "Come on any of you who think you can steal from me. I'll twist the ears of any Indian who wants to try it—and I'll twist all your ears at once if you want them twisted!"⁸¹⁷ J. L. confessed:

Of course I was running a tremendous bluff...But, it worked successfully. I stood there eyeing the angry throng for several minutes, ready to begin twisting ears—and there were no ears to be twisted. One by one the Indians began slinking away. That lesson seemed to last. At least, I've gotten along for forty-eight years now without a repetition of any similar incident.⁸¹⁸

In a version of the story LaCharles Eckel told to Agnes M. Pharo, Hubbell nearly twists the Navajo's ear clean off, but other authors suggest that the outcome could have been far worse.⁸¹⁹ When he told the story to journalist Edwin Hogg, Hubbell made a point

⁸¹⁴ Ibid.

⁸¹⁵ Ibid.

⁸¹⁶ Ibid.

⁸¹⁷ Ibid.

⁸¹⁸ Ibid. Despite the outcome, this tale would not have been unappreciated by Navajo listeners who may have heard Hubbell tell it. As Martha Blue notes, "Navajos are known for their sense of humor—dry, witty, often self-effacing—and most traders' 'baptismal' tales end with acceptance of the trader by the Indians, who often laughed in appreciation of the trader's besting them." Blue, *Indian Trader*, 57.

⁸¹⁹ Agnes M. Pharo, "Don of Ganado," *Old West* 9 (Summer 1973): 63.

of emphasizing that when he dragged the offending Navajo out into the daylight, “I was entirely unarmed. In fact, I have never carried a gun, and had I had a gun I’d probably have started trouble that could have been ended only by a regiment of soldiers.”⁸²⁰ Hubbell’s boast contains the implicit message that had he been armed, he could have held his own even against seventy-five opponents. That he bested the Navajos with only a bluff and ear-twisting seemed to make him even more worthy of legend in the eyes of his guests than had he done it with gunpowder and cartridge.

There are other stories in which Hubbell walks the fine line between violence and restraint as he establishes his right of presence on the Navajo Reservation. The artist Maynard Dixon, who stayed at the trading post in 1902 and several times thereafter, wrote down a story he first heard from Sam Day, another trader and Hubbell’s friend, which the old man later corroborated. The story goes that a dozen “swaggering young Navajos...used to come to old man Hubbell’s trading post at Ganado, tie up their ponies, spread a blanket on the ground near the door and start a gambling game.”⁸²¹ The Navajos were not only in the way, but disorderly and disruptive, demanding goods from the store and declaring that they had no intention of paying. At the end of his patience, Hubbell told the gamblers to take their game elsewhere. “They went,” Dixon wrote, “but after a week or so sent word that on a certain day they would bring their game to Ganado and if Hubbell tried to stop them they would kill him.”⁸²² A few days passed and the gamblers returned, spread their blanket in front of the store and began their game:

⁸²⁰ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 29.

⁸²¹ Maynard Dixon, “1900,” n.d., unpublished manuscript, Folder “Dixon,” Historical Files, HUTR.

⁸²² Ibid.

They were all armed. The trading store doors were closed. Hubbell waited until the game was going well and the players boisterous. Then, unarmed, he flung open the doors, walked straight to the game, shoved the nearest Indians out of the way, and reaching down (they could easily have got him then) grabbed cards, money, and blanket and threw them as far as he could, kicked over the nearest Indians and without a sidewise glance walked back into the store and closed the doors. With his Winchester cocked he looked through the barred window; but the gamblers were departing. And they never came back.⁸²³

Just as in the confrontation with the Navajos over the sack of flour, even Hubbell himself seems unsure of the outcome of his brash “fearlessness and penchant for immediate action.”⁸²⁴ He teeters on the brink of disaster, the Winchester in his hands evidence that he hopes, but does not truly expect, the moment to pass without bloodshed. In another version of the story, Forrest Parker, Hubbell’s son-in-law, is also present when the Navajos return to make good on their threat, but knowing that “a crisis was at hand,” Hubbell motions him into the house and goes to confront the gamblers alone.⁸²⁵ After he shoves his way into the game and scatters cards and coins, the tension builds as the Navajos stare him down “with their hands on the butts of their guns.”⁸²⁶ The tension suddenly dissipates when the assembled crowd “realized that their money was scattered all around, and they all went for it, arguing sharply as to whose it was. Very likely their cupidity was all that kept them from killing Hubbell. But there was no more gambling at the trading post.”⁸²⁷

The Navajos’ decision not to kill Hubbell or at least continue to test their will against his seems inexplicable. The hearer of the tale is left to assume Hubbell’s brashness earned

⁸²³ Ibid.

⁸²⁴ Albrecht, 35.

⁸²⁵ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 138.

⁸²⁶ Ibid.

⁸²⁷ Ibid.

the Navajos' respect rather than stoking their ire. The Navajos' gambling, in fact, was not Hubbell's concern. Hubbell himself was a "tremendous gambler," and one of the ways Hubbell earned the friendship of the local Navajo community while simultaneously increasing the reach of his business, was by facilitating social activities around his trading post.⁸²⁸ He sold cards and provided space for gambling, while his Mexican and Anglo employees often joined the Navajos for a game of poker, rummy, or other game.⁸²⁹ E. A. Burbank even did a painting of Navajo men playing poker on a Ganado Red blanket spread on the floor of the old Leonard building, where Burbank and other passing artists kept their studios. Hubbell removed the gamblers not because he objected to their game, but because he dared not allow the Navajos to think he could be crossed. Hubbell was willing to accommodate, but not to be tested.

Franciscan missionary Leopold Ostermann recorded another tale of danger, where Hubbell's unflappable façade protected him from harm. The story invokes the mythic West "when it was a highly unsafe and risky thing to be in the neighborhood of the Navajo."⁸³⁰ One day, he relates, Hubbell and two Mexican guests were sitting at dinner, chatting and enjoying their meal when they heard a voice ominously declare, "Killing a Mexican is like killing a dog!"⁸³¹ Through a broken window pane, they could see a Navajo warrior, an arrow

⁸²⁸ Cottam, 98. In his interview with Edwin Hogg, Hubbell related an incident where his gambling habit got him in trouble with his wife. When he lost \$60,000 in a single poker game, Lina, who is normally a conspicuous absence in the Hubbell stories, made her opinions known. She snapped at him in Spanish, "Well, Don Lorenzo! I think it is about time for you to choose between your penchant for gambling and the question of whether or not our children are to be educated ladies and gentlemen. I'll be pleased to hear your decision after you've had sufficient time to think it over." Her rebuke hit Hubbell hard. He recalled, "Coming from her, this was a rebuff that stung, and my decision was made *muy pronto*." He promised never to gamble again. John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27.

⁸²⁹ Cottam, 98; Blue, "Bullpen," 14.

⁸³⁰ Ostermann, 174.

⁸³¹ *Ibid.*

in his bent bow aimed right at them. The Mexican dinner guests dropped to the floor and hid under the table, but Hubbell, with the arrow trained straight at him, did not dare to move. He had no illusions about his likelihood of survival. Ostermann writes, “He felt that his life was not worth a cent with a hole in it just then; he saw the period which was about to be put on his life’s course hovering about the tip of that arrow. He made inward acts of contrition, striving to hide his feelings from the Indian, to whom he showed an indifferent front, riveting his eyes on his.”⁸³² While Hubbell contemplated his mortality, the Navajo repeated his threat and drew the bowstring back until it could go no further, asking Hubbell, “Are you not afraid?”⁸³³ Ostermann writes:

Mr. Hubbell, summoning his courage together and preserving his bold front, answered: “If I were, I wouldn’t tell you!” Then the Indian, who, it seems, was not in a killing mood just then, slowly relaxed the tension of his bow, thrust the arrow into his quiver, shouldered his bow, turned on his heel, and deliberately walked off, without ever turning back to see if a Winchester were pointed at him. He was suffered to disappear unmolested, but after the two Mexicans had cautiously ventured forth from their hiding place, the appetite for dinner was totally spoiled.⁸³⁴

Once again, Hubbell’s action is small—in fact, he does nothing at all, except refuse to let his fear show. But his bravery is enough.

In the twentieth century, Hubbell’s guests were happy to believe that such days were over, but their perceptions of Navajos often still teetered on the edge of suspicion, weighed down by earlier depictions of Navajos as hostile. In response, they elevated Hubbell to the status of hero, immune to danger by virtue of his goodness. Invoking popular stereotypes of Native Americans, Novelist Grace MacGowan Cooke writes:

⁸³² Ibid.

⁸³³ Ibid.

⁸³⁴ Ibid.

Living as he does in the midst of a savage people, with everything which such a people desire on his shelves and in his store rooms, his life has only been safe because of the man who defended it. . . . Yet, men in his position are shot frequently for a trifle, a refusal of credit, a dispute over a debt. One who has enjoyed the hospitality of Ganada [sic] is glad to believe that the day is past when this could happen to its master. He is too big a figure, too marked a man in that sparse community for even a drunken Indian to think it safe to take his life, yet it is from years of such danger that he has built up the beautiful estate and charming home, and the troops of friends which now surround him.⁸³⁵

One last story, told by the artist E. A. Burbank, who knew Hubbell very well, illustrates the point. He writes that one day, a party of Navajos, each armed with a six-shooter, arrived at the trading post on horseback. The leader asked what Hubbell would charge for meals, lodging, and food for their horses, perhaps expecting a different answer than the one Hubbell gave, which was “Nothing. . . . Put your horses in the stable.”⁸³⁶ The men entered the trader’s home. “You’ll have to take those guns off. Put them on the table,” Hubbell told them, adding with a touch of humor, “What do you think this is, the wild and woolly West?”⁸³⁷ They complied without complaint, and the next morning, picked up their guns and left without incident. But Burbank ends the story with a twist when he reveals the destination and purpose of such a well-armed group: “The party continued to Gallup, New Mexico, where they robbed a gambling house, staging one of the biggest holdups in that part of the country!”⁸³⁸ Burbank implies that had Hubbell been a less generous man, had he tried to exact some fee from the robbers, he might have found himself less a considerable amount of money. Hubbell had deflected violence merely by expecting polite behavior from his guests.

⁸³⁵ Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.”

⁸³⁶ Burbank, Royce, and Taylor, 44-45.

⁸³⁷ Ibid.

⁸³⁸ Ibid.

The above stories plainly reflect the ambiguous position of the Navajos in Anglo perceptions of the Southwest. For the same reasons that ethnographers did not rush to study the Navajos with the same enthusiasm as they did Pueblo groups—the Navajos’ resistance to U.S. military conquest, nomadic lifestyle, and legacy of raiding—Anglo tourists in the twentieth century remained somewhat ambivalent toward them.⁸³⁹ Cultural evolutionary theories and the quest for pure primitivism contributed to a sort of ranking system that “rated Indian groups ‘good’ or ‘bad’ according to their hostility to civilized life.”⁸⁴⁰ In *Imagining Indians in the Southwest*, Leah Dilworth puts the hierarchy in the Southwest as follows:

At the bottom were the Apaches, a conquered people who remained unregenerate savages; then came groups like the Mojave and Pima Indians, who were very primitive but harmless and doomed to disappear; then the Navajos, whose nomadic ways made them somewhat suspect but whose industriousness redeemed them; and finally the Pueblo Indians, peaceful and settled agriculturalists who lived in houses. Among the Pueblos, Hopis were deemed the “most primitive,” meaning the most isolated and culturally “pure.”⁸⁴¹

Accordingly, none of Hubbell’s stories of tense encounters feature Hopis as the antagonists. This is at least partly because Hubbell’s trading post put him in Navajo, not Hopi country, but the unlikelihood of his guests conceiving of Hopis in violent terms certainly colored the stories. When Hubbell encounters the Hopis, they welcome him and allow him into their sacred kivas—he becomes merely the first white man to participate in a ritual that would one day draw thousands of tourists who had no thought of fear for their safety. Historian Hubert Howe Bancroft provides a typical characterization of pueblo-

⁸³⁹ Dilworth, 15-16.

⁸⁴⁰ Ibid., 95.

⁸⁴¹ Ibid. See also Krech, 15-22.

dwelling Native Americans as “‘industrious, honest, and peace-loving.’ Emerging from ‘the ruder phases of savagism, they were approaching ‘civilization.’”⁸⁴²

The Navajos, however, enjoyed no such position in American thought. They, along with the Apaches, Bancroft called “‘American Arabs’ and ‘American Bedouins’ who plundered and killed strangers.”⁸⁴³ As Erika Bsumek argues, while turn-of-the-century Americans could understand and relate to Puebloan peoples, seeing in them the possibility of recovering a more authentic past, the “complex culture of the scattered and sometimes contentious Navajos who lived on the Pueblos’ western periphery was more alien to the public and to the government—especially in the period directly before and after they were interned at Fort Sumner in 1868.”⁸⁴⁴ In Anglo eyes, the Navajos were redeemable—but only just—and their redemption required the assistance of outside forces. Many of his contemporaries, especially in government, considered J. L. Hubbell to be just that kind of force. “He has great influence among the Navajos, and his services to them have been of much value,” President Roosevelt wrote of Hubbell in a magazine article chronicling his visit to the Hopi Snake Dance. “Every ounce of his influence has been successfully exerted to put a stop to gambling and drinking; his business has been so managed as to be an important factor in the material and moral betterment of the Indians with whom he has dealt.”⁸⁴⁵

Importantly, in the minds of his guests and government officials, Hubbell’s “civilizing” influence was closely tied to his efforts to subdue the Arizona landscape. His

⁸⁴² Qtd. in Jerold S. Auerbach, *Explorers in Eden: Pueblo Indians and the Promised Land* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2006), 42-43. See Hubert Howe Bancroft, *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*, 5 vols. (New York: Appleton, 1875), 1472-1473.

⁸⁴³ Ibid.

⁸⁴⁴ Bsumek, 147-148.

⁸⁴⁵ Roosevelt, “The Hopi Snake Dance,” 373.

homestead as it appeared in the twentieth century, surrounded by stock animals grazing in irrigated fields and gardens, stood as a symbol of his mastery over the harsh conditions of the local terrain that travelers partook of in some small measure when their cars got mired in desert washes transformed by flash floods. Hubbell was passionate about his farm and expended colossal amounts of cash and energy building dams, ditches, and flues to bring his land under cultivation.⁸⁴⁶ What's more, Hubbell believed deeply in the project of irrigating the Navajos' lands as a way to stabilize their economy in the dry, unpredictable climate of Northeastern Arizona, and worked closely with government officials to introduce irrigation to the Navajo Reservation.⁸⁴⁷ Many travelers—especially government officials—saw his efforts as admirable and central to the process of assimilating the Navajos, a goal that remained popular even after the disaster at Fort Sumner. When John L. Cowan stayed at Hubbell Trading Post while traveling through Navajo country as he prepared to write an article on the Navajos for *Modern Sanitation*, he wrote that Hubbell's reservoir and irrigation works had "[transformed] the Hubbell ranch into a blossoming bower in the very heat of the arid desert."⁸⁴⁸ In his eyes, Hubbell had conquered the desert, creating in Ganado a little pocket of Eden. But Cowan, like Hubbell himself, was not content for only 160 acres of the vast reservation to bow before the plow. He wrote, "By similar means many millions of acres of the reservation could be made as productive as any lands in America."⁸⁴⁹ As another

⁸⁴⁶ See Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 22-25. Peterson's entire study chronicles Hubbell's struggle with the landscape.

⁸⁴⁷ Hubbell expressed his views on the importance of irrigating the Navajo Reservation in an interview with Edgar K. Miller, 18. See also Charles S. Peterson, "Headgates and Conquest: The Limits of Irrigation on the Navajo Reservation, 1880-1950," *New Mexico Historical Review* 68, no. 3 (July 1993): 269-290.

⁸⁴⁸ Cowan, "Sanitation," 446.

⁸⁴⁹ *Ibid.*

writer noted, Hubbell's influence in urging the Navajos to irrigate their farms could "break the deadlock of the Navajos' nomadic life," thereby bringing them a few steps closer to Anglo ways of living.⁸⁵⁰

In fact, when Hubbell was before congress fighting for the title to his homestead that had been swallowed up by the expanding Navajo Reservation, his petition was granted partly because members of congress were persuaded that J. L. would "give the Indians in that part of the country a daily object lesson, in the way of farming and stock raising."⁸⁵¹ They saw Hubbell as a positive example that would help the Indians transition from their traditional migration patterns to a sedentary, agricultural lifestyle. In short, Hubbell was a driver behind the then-popular goal of assimilation. Congress agreed to let J. L. keep his land, a rare island of privately-owned acreage on the vast Navajo Reservation.⁸⁵² In a very real way, Hubbell's efforts to tame the landscape were seen as inseparable from his influence on the Navajos.

Stories about Hubbell as a peaceful conqueror of both land and Indian thus simultaneously depict the Navajos as stereotypes of violence in the tradition of the Western myth while leaving room for their transformation into "primitive" artisans calculated to appeal to antimodernist sensibilities. They show Hubbell as a tamer of violence, not a perpetrator of it. Though his guests would have had mixed feelings about the Navajos, and were quite willing to believe the Indians of yesteryear capable of killing the trader on a whim, many were involved in Indian rights and few would have advocated further violence as the

⁸⁵⁰ Burke Johnson, 9.

⁸⁵¹ G. W. Hayzlett to Col. L. B. Henderson, December 2, 1899, qtd. in Peterson, *Homestead and Farm*, 36.

⁸⁵² Cottam, 71.

appropriate response. Whether he twists some ears, wrecks a poker game, or simply clamps down on his fear and faces his own death, Hubbell always comes out of these tussles on top—alive, but also on his way to earning the real respect of the Navajos.⁸⁵³

Benefactor of the Navajos

When they remembered and told stories about Don Lorenzo’s tense encounters with the Navajos in his early days, his guests usually juxtaposed them against stories about his friendship with the Navajos later in his life. The theme of the stories is that though at first the Navajos regarded Hubbell as just another white man, his acts of kindness, both small and extraordinary, won them over. Though in the wake of Bosque Redondo they regarded Hubbell with suspicion and hostility, he soon had opportunities to prove himself above other Anglos. As Raymond Carlson writes:

And then came two hard and bitter winters, as if the very gods conspired with the white man to persecute the Navajo people. But Don Lorenzo was a different kind of white man, and during these winters his little trading post was open to them and when they came in to the store with despair and hunger gripping them, Don Lorenzo gave them food and so they survived the hard winters and Don Lorenzo treated them with kindness and he respected them and they came to love him and his family in their own silent way.⁸⁵⁴

Hubbell and his guests were rather prone to exaggerating his stature in the Navajos’ eyes. Joseph Emerson Smith claimed that the Navajos called Hubbell “the little god,” and Hubbell liked to boast that the Navajos’ saw in him a little of the miraculous.⁸⁵⁵ One of his stories tells of the role he played in saving the Navajos from a smallpox epidemic that swept the reservation in the 1880s. Having survived smallpox as a child, J. L. knew he was immune

⁸⁵³ Cottam, 63.

⁸⁵⁴ Carlson, 2.

⁸⁵⁵ Joseph Emerson Smith, 376.

and had nothing to fear from the disease. He “waded right in to help the Indians with their sick, their dead, and their dying. I vaccinated Indians by the hundreds, and buried dead Indians by the wagonload.”⁸⁵⁶ He said that although the Navajos “understood the contagious nature of the disease,” they did not understand the concept of immunity.⁸⁵⁷ “Naturally,” he said, “they credited me with the possession of supernatural power when I worked among the sick and dying, and buried their dead without coming down with the plague that ravaged them in such a wholesale manner.”⁸⁵⁸ From their perspective, the stories say, Hubbell had triumphed over a disease “against which all their chants and rituals had failed.”⁸⁵⁹ LaCharles Eckel put the period on her version of the story by declaring, “From that time on, Old Mexican was big medicine.”⁸⁶⁰

The smallpox aside, visitors’ stories about Hubbell’s role as the Navajos’ benefactor were often of a more personal nature—they were not there when Hubbell supposedly faced down the Navajos unarmed, but they could observe with their own eyes his interactions with them in the present. Whether watching him mingle with Navajos at his trading post or elsewhere in Navajo country, travelers became convinced by the evidence of their own eyes that their host’s relationship with the Navajos ran far deeper than business. When, for example, novelist Grace MacGowan Cooke visited the trading post in 1913, she observed the interactions between Hubbell and his Navajo servants, concluding, “His relations with them are beautiful. He speaks Navajo as freely as he does English, and when we got in

⁸⁵⁶ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 29. This story is also related in Cottam, 63.

⁸⁵⁷ Ibid.

⁸⁵⁸ Ibid.

⁸⁵⁹ Ibid.

⁸⁶⁰ Pharo, 63.

everybody had a hand-shake from the master, and a kindly inquiry as to how this particular dependent had fared during his absence.”⁸⁶¹

Another of Hubbell’s guests, Rufus Eley, wrote a tribute to the trader published in the magazine *Irrigation Age*. He waxed eloquent about Hubbell’s relationship with the Navajos:

[H]is fair dealings with them, his understanding of their labors, trials and difficulties and his sympathy for them has endeared him to the heart of every tribe within two hundred miles of Ganado. Long before the setting apart of that large plot of land in Arizona known as the Navajo reservation Mr. Hubbell was at Ganado doing business with the Indians. His heart is in his work. For forty years he has been the Indian trader of northern Arizona, and for forty years, strange as it may seem, the Indian has always found him to be a staunch, true friend. Never has he had any trouble with the tribes that knew him.⁸⁶²

What inspired such rapturous praise? Eley’s own observations as he took a trip across Navajo country with Hubbell in 1901 set the image of the benevolent trader firmly in his memory. He recorded that any time they met Navajos on the trail, they stopped. Hubbell would shake hands with them and ask them in Navajo about their health, their families, their financial situation. “The simplicity and kindness of the greetings, the light of friendship in the social eyes, all proclaimed most eloquently the fact that these men were friends,” Eley wrote, continuing, “Not merely friends of barter and exchange, but friends of heart and soul, each understanding the other, each sympathetic and kindly, always ready to lend a helping hand.”⁸⁶³ When these impromptu meetings ended, the Navajo would ride away across the desert to tell his family that Hubbell was coming, so that by the time the wagon carrying the trader and his guest made its way a few more miles down the road, they would find Navajo

⁸⁶¹ Cooke, “Experiences in the Desert.”

⁸⁶² Eley, 269.

⁸⁶³ Ibid.

women “hurrying across the sage brush plain toward the road, or already waiting there for us”:

Mr. Hubbell would alight, greet them, encourage them, entering their sphere of life so completely that to him they brought their cares, their troubles and their happiness. Some old woman who had not seen Hubbell for a long time would put her arms around his neck and cry and croon, as if he were her first-born returned, recalling to his mind things that had long been forgotten. “Do you remember the dismal winter when our food was gone? We were sick and could not pay, and you brought us the flour. God bless you, my friend. God bless you.”⁸⁶⁴

Eley confessed that these meetings moved him, writing, “More than once the pathos of these scenes brought a tear to my eye.”⁸⁶⁵

These two accounts hint at how profoundly personal and emotional travelers’ perceptions of Hubbell’s relationship with the Navajos could be. This personal dimension was, in fact, integral in giving meaning to the more legendary of Hubbell’s stories about the Navajos, and anchoring their attachment to Navajo country. As Yi-Fu Tuan states, “Emotion tints all human experience” and is the foundation for the sense of place.⁸⁶⁶ To remain unmoved would be to remain unattached. After all, the feeling of authenticity tourists searched for was “neither a ‘thing’ you can possess nor a ‘state of mind,’ but something which people can *do* and a feeling which is *experienced*.”⁸⁶⁷

⁸⁶⁴ Ibid.

⁸⁶⁵ Ibid.

⁸⁶⁶ Tuan, *Space and Place*, 8.

⁸⁶⁷ Britta Timm Knudsen and Anne Marit Waade, “Performative Authenticity in Tourism and Spatial Experience: Rethinking the Relations Between Travel, Place and Emotion,” in *Re-Investing Authenticity: Tourism, Place and Emotions*, ed. Britta Timm Knudsen and Anne Marit Waade (Buffalo, NY: Channel View Pub., 2010), 1.

The artist Maynard Dixon's experience is exemplary and warrants a closer look.⁸⁶⁸ He was one of those seekers who came to the Southwest full of myth and expectation and found there an intense and immediate affinity for the landscape. Born in 1875, Dixon grew up in Fresno, California, where he whittled away the years of a sickly childhood by sketching the landscape and devouring stories about the West. Civil War stories his Confederate veteran father told him mingled in his imagination with tales of Indian battles and gold rush adventures he read in popular magazines, nurturing in him "a romantic yearning for America's mythic past."⁸⁶⁹ At sixteen, he sent his sketchbooks to Frederic Remington, the famous Western illustrator, whose kind response provided Dixon the encouragement he needed to pursue his artistic career. He published his first illustrations in *Overland Monthly* in 1893, and over the next few years gained prominence and acclaim. Dixon would go on to become "one of America's foremost illustrators of western life, his art bound up with literary appeal for a departed and increasingly mythic Old West."⁸⁷⁰ Dixon found commercial success, but, as Donald J. Hagerty argues, it was when Dixon first went to Arizona in 1900 at the urging of his friend, Charles F. Lummis, that "his life would take a new turn. He would discover out in the desert a new defining revelation of beauty and power."⁸⁷¹

Dixon's attachment to the desert landscape was instant. He wrote of that first crossing over the Colorado River, "Arizona—the magic name of a land bright and mysterious, of sun and sand, of tragedy and stark endeavor. So long had I dreamed of it that

⁸⁶⁸ This description of Dixon's relationship with Navajo country and John Lorenzo Hubbell is based on Cottam, 230-234.

⁸⁶⁹ Thomas Brent Smith and Donald J. Hagerty, *A Place of Refuge: Maynard Dixon's Arizona* (Tucson, AZ: Tucson Museum of Art and Historic Block, 2008), 13.

⁸⁷⁰ Hagerty, 13.

⁸⁷¹ Ibid.

when I came there it was not strange to me. Its sun was my sun, its ground my ground.”⁸⁷²

He would spend the rest of his life making regular pilgrimages from his home in San Francisco to Arizona, roaming “the American West’s plains, mesas, and deserts—by foot, horseback, buckboard, and, ultimately, the dreaded automobile—drawing, painting, and expressing his creative personality in poems, essays, and letters in a quest to uncover the region’s spirit.”⁸⁷³

Dixon’s desert wanderings took him to Ganado in August 1902 while traveling with photographer Frederick I. Mosen. They had come to Navajo country to paint Canyon de Chelly and the Hopis, but the Hopis failed to satisfy Dixon—as he wrote to Charles Lummis, they were “all right but the Navajos are twice as Indian to me. They are the people.”⁸⁷⁴ Lummis directed him to Hubbell Trading Post, and Dixon’s brief stopover there turned into a stay of more than two months, for the trading post was constantly thronged by “the Navajo Dixon had come to see: women in wide swinging skirts and velveteen blouses; men in colored shirts and cotton pants split at the leg....and everywhere he looked lay Navajo country, brick-dust red, reaching away to the far blue mesas and the empty sky beyond.”⁸⁷⁵ As he joked to Lummis, who also knew Hubbell well, “Señor Hubbell has invited me to stay here with him and paint the Navajoes...the Navajoes are all right to paint,—if you nail them to a post and have somebody hold a gun to ‘em while you do it.”⁸⁷⁶

⁸⁷² Dixon, “Arizona in 1900,” 17.

⁸⁷³ Hagerty, 12.

⁸⁷⁴ Maynard Dixon to Charles F. Lummis, September 2, 1902, Charles Fletcher Lummis/Mr. Maynard Dixon Correspondence, 1919-1928, MIMSY MS.1.1.1138B, Charles Lummis Manuscript Collection, Braun Research Library, Southwest Museum, Pasadena, CA (hereafter cited as Lummis Collection, Southwest Museum).

⁸⁷⁵ Hagerty, 65.

⁸⁷⁶ *Querido Patron*, ii.

When not painting the Navajos or the surrounding landscape, Dixon wandered the trading post, closely watching the bartering process in the bull pen, admiring the trader's collection of blankets and jewelry, and talking with Lorenzo Hubbell, bristle-bearded, barrel-chested, and full of interesting facts and fictions.⁸⁷⁷

As he traveled the Navajo and Hopi Reservations, Dixon had his eyes peeled for trouble in behalf of Lummis, who had founded an Indian rights group called the Sequoya League. Dixon declared Hopi Agent Charles E. Burton a believer in “civilization (or rather ‘syphilization’ as we of the party called it) via the shears,” and warned Lummis that Burton was likely to embark on another hair-cutting crusade among the Hopis at any time.⁸⁷⁸ He had a host of other criticisms to level at the agent, from his strict letter-of-the-law approach to his work, to his failure to learn the Hopi language, to his role in forcing Hopi children to attend school. Clearly, the relationship between Anglo and Native American was significant to Dixon and an item of intense scrutiny as he packed his notebooks and canvasses around the desert. His first impressions of Hubbell, however, were more favorable. He wrote to Lummis from the trading post, “As for my host here he seems to treat them well and fairly.”⁸⁷⁹ Though he noted that Hubbell made a profit of 50 to 100 percent off his Navajo

⁸⁷⁷ Hagerty, 64-66.

⁸⁷⁸ Maynard Dixon to Charles F. Lummis, September 2, 1902, Charles Fletcher Lummis/Mr. Maynard Dixon Correspondence, 1919-1928, MIMSY MS.1.1.1138B, Lummis Collection, Southwest Museum. For more information about the hair-cutting incident, see Fowler, 252-254 and Harry Clebourne James, 123-129. Mott may have been referring to this incident when she wrote: “Whenever the federal government, through ignorance, issued an order which was contrary to Navajo custom, Don Lorenzo was given the task of straightening it out. This happened once when an order was issued that all Navajo bucks must cut their hair. They were caught by the Indian agents, tied with bailing wire and their locks forcibly cut with sheep shears. To the Navajo, this was nothing short of sacrilege, as his hair is a part of his religion. Don Lorenzo understood. He wired to Washington to the Great White Father who was also his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, and the order was quickly rescinded.” Mott, 49.

⁸⁷⁹ Maynard Dixon to Charles F. Lummis, September 16, 1902, Charles Fletcher Lummis/Mr. Maynard Dixon Correspondence, 1919-1928, MIMSY MS.1.1.1138B, Lummis Collection, Southwest Museum.

weavers, he conceded, “That’s what he’s here for.”⁸⁸⁰ Over the months he stayed at Ganado, Dixon’s opinion would warm further, until he became entirely convinced of the trader’s benevolence toward the Navajos.

By the time Dixon left Ganado in early November, “his bags stuffed with drawings, pastels, and a few small oil sketches, visual memories of the Navajo and their country,” he and Hubbell had forged what would be a lasting friendship.⁸⁸¹ Not only had Hubbell’s trading post provided Dixon with the artistic inspiration he was searching for—in fact, Dixon’s biographer has identified Ganado as having an important impact on the artist’s development—but Hubbell captured Dixon’s imagination with his stories.⁸⁸² Among the drawings and oil paintings that Dixon took home with him from Ganado were scraps of paper upon which he had scratched fragments of Hubbell’s stories and descriptions of the trading post and the vivid landscape.⁸⁸³ Later, he refined his jottings into stories that captured the sense of place he felt at Ganado. Out of a jumble of notes under the title “Navajo Burial,” he wrote a semi-fictional short story called “Chindih,” which he never published. He also memorialized Hubbell and his trading post in an article called “Arizona in 1900” for *Arizona Highways* that appeared in print many years later, in 1942. The notes contain the seeds of the stories—some copied nearly word-for-word—and reveal how tightly bound were Dixon’s sense of place and the Hubbell lore surrounding the trader’s relationship with the Navajos.

⁸⁸⁰ Hagerty, 80.

⁸⁸¹ *Ibid.*, 69. Hubbell and Dixon would carry on a warm correspondence for many years, and Dixon would visit the trading post several more times, including in 1905, 1915, and 1923. Cottam, 231; Hagerty, 80, 149.

⁸⁸² Hagerty, 70.

⁸⁸³ Cottam, 231-232.

One story fragment, titled simply “1900” dramatizes Hubbell’s tense encounter with the gambling Navajos, recounted above.⁸⁸⁴ On another scrap of paper titled “1905,” Dixon relates an anecdote that also appears almost word-for-word in the story “Chindih,” and one that was later picked up by subsequent writers as a favorite device for demonstrating Hubbell’s generosity towards the Navajos. In the story, Dixon describes Hubbell’s personal attention to his customers who would pawn jewelry at his store.⁸⁸⁵ Dixon wishes to buy some of the overdue or “dead” pawn for his own collection. Hubbell looks at the piece he had selected. “H’m—that was due last December,” he says. “I know that family. They had bad luck—Lot of their sheep froze to death last winter. They’ll redeem it sometime.”⁸⁸⁶ Hubbell rejects another one because its owner values it as sacred, and still another because “that man has confidence in me. He’s my friend.”⁸⁸⁷ But he finally finds one he agrees to sell because “That fellow, he’s no good. Gambled everything away.”⁸⁸⁸

Dixon combined these notes and others into a story he called “Chindih,” a personal anecdote that blurs the line between fiction and nonfiction.⁸⁸⁹ Though Dixon tells the story in first person and he and his wife appear as actors, a comparison of Dixon’s notes and the

⁸⁸⁴ Maynard Dixon, “1900,” n.d., unpublished manuscript, Folder “Dixon,” Historical Files, HUTR.

⁸⁸⁵ For an analysis of the role of pawn in the Navajo economy, see William S. Kiser, “Navajo Pawn: A Misunderstood Traditional Trading Practice,” *The American Indian Quarterly* 36, no. 2 (Spring 2012): 150-181.

⁸⁸⁶ Maynard Dixon, “1905,” n.d., unpublished manuscript, Folder “Dixon,” Historical Files, HUTR.

⁸⁸⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸⁸⁸ *Ibid.*

⁸⁸⁹ Maynard Dixon, “Chindih,” n.d., unpublished manuscript, Folder Dixon, Historical Files, HUTR. These manuscripts were sent to Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site curator David M. Brugge by Dixon’s widow, Edith Hamlin. Her note, attached to the document, states that the story was written as a letter to Charles Lummis. It is, however, quite possible that Dixon intended the story for publication and may have even sent it to Lummis for that purpose, especially given the fact that he changes the names of nearly every character in the story. In the final version of “Chindih,” Lorenzo is called simply Old Man; Dixon’s wife is called Lenni; Hubbell’s cook, Loco, is called Capitan; the Mexican driver, Emilio, is called Aurelio; Hubbell’s daughter, Adela, is called Maria; and Hubbell’s son-in-law, Forrest Parker, is called Mr. Forrest.

finished story make it clear that the events described in it are not strictly true. Some lines are delivered by different characters, details and orders of events vary, and some characters come across in one version with vastly different personality traits than the other. This is a story not *by* Hubbell, but *about* Hubbell, constructed from Dixon's own experiences in Navajo country. In the story, a young Navajo girl named Little Sister, a delightful, lively child, dies of pneumonia. Her family comes to the trading post to beg the Anglos to give her a Christian burial because of their own cultural prohibitions against contact with the dead—they worry that her ghost, her *chindi*, will haunt them. Dixon helps with the burial, a sadly botched affair with a too-short coffin and a shallow grave in the frozen ground. The incident, in whatever form it actually happened, had a sobering effect on Dixon, who had tried to sketch the elusive girl before her death.⁸⁹⁰

Despite its bittersweet tone and the fact that the story is ostensibly about a burial, Hubbell and the landscape are constant presences that shape the sense of place in the story. It begins with a description of the setting:

Ganado stood like a fort in a wilderness that was vast but not empty. Bare ground slanted gently down to the sandy creek bottom, and beyond that up to Coronado's Hill where, not Coronado, but one of his lieutenants had fought the Navajos in 1540. And miles beyond that again lay a long pink-and-white line of level mesas against a vacant horizon. In the west too they were blue and far. Nearer, low hills were spotted with juniper and piñon. The long, low buildings were of stone laid in the red mud of Navajoland; the doors were solid; the windows small and iron-barred; the roof was flat.⁸⁹¹

"Navajo Burial," Dixon's first draft of the story, begins with a similar sweeping introduction to the landscape, with Dixon and his party approaching the trading post on horseback. They are met by "the Patron shouting English greetings to me and orders to his men in Spanish

⁸⁹⁰ Hagerty, 80-81.

⁸⁹¹ Dixon, "Chindih," 2.

and Navajo all at once, and nearly breaking my hand with the grip that Arizona has learned to respect in peace and brawl.”⁸⁹² Both stories follow up with a description of the scene inside, where Dixon and his wife sit down to dinner with Lorenzo, his daughter, her husband, and other guests. Hubbell, “a great barrel-chested bear of a man, heavy shouldered, thick necked, his square jaw overgrown with bristling, gray beard,” rules the scene with gray eyes twinkling humorously behind thick glasses.⁸⁹³ He sits in a “position of command” at the head of the table, where his dictates are obeyed without argument, for “those who did not get satisfactory results.”⁸⁹⁴ Dixon paints the setting of Hubbell’s house in images familiar to Navajo country travelers of all stripes: “the low room, the log vigas overhead, the broad fireplace, the Indian curios, the blankets...and El Patron himself,” joking and inquiring after friends.⁸⁹⁵

Color and light suffuse the pages of Dixon’s story. Travelers arrive with faces “powdered with the red desert dust.”⁸⁹⁶ Outside the trader’s office, “the yellow light of the afternoon sun cut level across the flat and glared upon the grouped ponies, brightened the blankets and glistened on the silver and turquoise worn by the Navajos who lingered by the trading post door.”⁸⁹⁷ A Navajo rides away from the trading post “in a spatter of sunlit dust, the bright blanket...diminishing into the glare of the setting sun.”⁸⁹⁸ As the bright, lazy

⁸⁹² Maynard Dixon, “Navajo Burial,” n.d., unpublished manuscript, Folder “Dixon,” Historical Files, HUTR.

⁸⁹³ Dixon, “Chindih,” 8.

⁸⁹⁴ *Ibid.*, 1-2.

⁸⁹⁵ Dixon, “Navajo Burial.”

⁸⁹⁶ Dixon, “Chindih,” 4.

⁸⁹⁷ *Ibid.*, 3.

⁸⁹⁸ *Ibid.*, 5.

October days pass, Dixon busies himself with his painting while Lorenzo and Forrest take care of the business with the Navajos, who are a picturesque part of Dixon's sun-drenched landscape.

Small groups lolled in the keen sunlight about the fort-like stone building. Ponies with high native saddles covered with brightly dyed goat skins were tethered to the old dead juniper, or wandered dragging their ropes. Battered farm wagons, Government issue, loaded with bundles and sheep skins, stood here and there at odd angles. And spreading in all directions lay Navajoland, red a[nd] tawny, reaching away and away to the far blue mesas and the empty sky beyond.⁸⁹⁹

And through it all, Hubbell is a constant presence in the background, a source of desert wisdom. When Little Sister's family comes to ask for help in her burial, his son-in-law bristles and asks, "Haven't we got enough to do without playing undertake for 'em?"⁹⁰⁰

Hubbell speaks up quietly:

You see, this is a lonesome place. We help these people sometimes. *Es costumbre*—the custom of the country, you might say. And this family—well, they are friends of mine. They are afraid now, like children. And so:

*Nada es verdad ni mentira
En este mundo traidor;
Todo es segun el color
Del cristal con que se mira.*⁹⁰¹

Hubbell drifts out of the room, leaving his words behind him: "Nothing is true of false in this traitor world; everything partakes of the color of the crystal through which it is seen."⁹⁰²

Dixon's loving description of the gilded desert and his anguish at the death of Little Sister in his stories illustrates how deeply his personal attachment to Navajo country and its

⁸⁹⁹ Ibid., 11.

⁹⁰⁰ Ibid., 19.

⁹⁰¹ Ibid., 19-20.

⁹⁰² Ibid., 20. Hagerty writes that "Dixon remembered the words and wrote them down, integrating their meaning into his personal and artistic journey." Hagerty, 81.

people ran. As Hagerty writes, “the desert offered two redemptive qualities: sanctuary from pressures of an urban civilization and direct experience activating the creative drive.”⁹⁰³ It was the place to which he retired “when San Francisco became too pretentious and overbearing, his personal life uncontrollable, the art stale.”⁹⁰⁴ The personality of Lorenzo Hubbell seemed to embody both the romantic West that had enthralled him as a child and the authentic West he sought as an artist. Hubbell’s trading post was one of Arizona’s “*real* trading posts—not small town stores transplanted. Ganado was a solid mud-and-stone bastion—almost a fort—with barred windows and heavy double doors and ready firearms in every room.”⁹⁰⁵

When he was separated from Navajo country, Dixon enjoyed the felicity of membership in the community of artists, writers, and scientists that Hubbell built, where stories—legends and personal narratives alike—were currency. As soon as Dixon returned home to San Francisco after his first trip to Navajo country, he wrote to Hubbell to tell him that he had just enjoyed dinner with Dr. Philip Mills Jones, another of Hubbell’s guests. The two had spent the evening discussing Hubbell’s “virtues freely, much to our benefit & pleasure.”⁹⁰⁶ Dixon lavished Hubbell stories upon his wife, too, who, at least by his account, “greatly enjoys listening to everything I say about you and about Navajo country.”⁹⁰⁷ Though separated from Navajo country, Dixon could still share its stories. He maintained an honest, friendly correspondence with Hubbell in a mixture of English and Spanish until

⁹⁰³ Hagerty, 113.

⁹⁰⁴ *Ibid.*

⁹⁰⁵ Dixon, “Arizona in 1900,” 40.

⁹⁰⁶ *Querido Patron*, 1.

⁹⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, 9.

the trader's death in 1930. Dixon could not make the journey to Ganado in time for his old friend's funeral, but as Hagerty imagines, "his thoughts must have returned to the old days when, as a young man, he had come into Navajo country and been befriended by Hubbell, who encouraged him to seek his spirit and dreams in this red-earth country."⁹⁰⁸

Dixon's experiences in Navajo country witnessing the relationship between Hubbell and the Navajos were at once uniquely personal and remarkably common. The elements in his story appear in other travelers' accounts. Many visitors chose to use Hubbell's generosity in holding on to dead pawn indefinitely, for example, as a way of illustrating the trader's willingness to accommodate the Navajos, even to his own detriment. In Dixon's tale, when the trader refuses to sell him one piece of dead pawn after another, the artist laughs and asks, "This is part of your regular business, isn't it?" The trader answers, "Oh—well....Yes, you could call it that. But I don't figure to make much on it."⁹⁰⁹ Another artist who enjoyed the benefits of Hubbell's close relationship with the Navajos, E. A. Burbank, similarly recounts a few anecdotes about Hubbell's generosity with Navajos who needed food but lacked the money to pay for it as well as his practice of holding onto overdue pawn without interest. He concludes by writing, "Several times Mr. Hubbell said to me, 'I am going to quit being so

⁹⁰⁸ Hagerty, 180.

⁹⁰⁹ Dixon, "Chindih," 14. However, as Hubbell's final acquiescence in selling a piece pawned by a "bad Indian" to Dixon in the story illustrates, Hubbell's generosity had limits. The trader did not tolerate behavior that he viewed as intentionally deceptive or greedy. A story related by Neil Judd conveys this point. He writes, "Among Don Lorenzo's Navaho neighbors at Ganado were several veterans of the Kit Carson campaign in 1863 and of Bosque Redondo. One of these elders, whom we may call Hosteen Chee, had been in the habit of coming in periodically with a seamless sack for a contribution of coffee, flour, and other essentials. With edibles provided gratuitously, several of the old man's relatives had moved in with him and brought their several families. They were prepared to stay indefinitely. Finally, Hosteen Chee died and was buried out among the rocks. Two weeks later a son-in-law appeared at the trading post and tossed the seamless sack upon the chest-high counter with peremptory "Fill 'er up." Don Lorenzo leaned forward across the counter and with gentle finality said, 'Hosteen Chee is dead and so is the sack.'" Judd, 105-106.

softhearted.’ But he never did.”⁹¹⁰ It is not surprising that Hubbell’s pawn practices should show up in so many accounts of his life. As fellow-trader Elizabeth Compton Hegemann writes in her autobiography, “it was well known that he would hold their pawn for years.”⁹¹¹ If travelers did not observe such a practice with their own eyes while lurking about the trading post, likely some Navajo country denizen would remark upon it when the conversation turned towards the trader.

Dixon’s “Chindih” highlights another common component of the stories about Hubbell’s relationship with the Navajos: his willingness to perform services far outside the ordinary purview of business. Hogg recorded Hubbell’s explanation of the breadth of his duties as the Navajos’ principle contact with the Anglo world:

If there’s a family squabble in the Hogan, they feel that the white trader should be able to settle it to the satisfaction of all concerned. If someone dies—well, the Indians are always in mortal terror of the spirits that hover around a dead person. Spirits don’t bother the white man trader they reason, so call him in. Let him take over the unpleasant task of burying the dead....That is Indian reasoning, and the trader must understand it in order to get on with these people. He must cater to their whims, their superstitions, and their childlike psychology. Otherwise, he can be only a failure as an Indian trader.⁹¹²

He summed it up more succinctly by stating, “Out here in this country the Indian trader is everything from merchant to father confessor, justice of the peace, judge, jury, court of appeals, chief medicine man, and *de facto* czar of the domain over which he presides.”⁹¹³ Like

⁹¹⁰ Burbank, Royce, and Taylor, 14. In an interview with Hubbell, Edgar K. Miller asked Hubbell whether the practice of pawn benefited the Navajos and if it brought the trader profit. Hubbell explained that though pawn itself did not necessarily bring in money, it did bring customers, and a trader unwilling to take pawn would find himself very short on customers. It was an inseparable part of the trading business, in his opinion. He told Miller, “There is no money really to the Indian trader in the pawn business, but it is a source of security for what he lets the Indian have, and naturally helps increase his business.” Edgar K. Miller, 17.

⁹¹¹ Hegemann, 114-115.

⁹¹² John Lorenzo Hubbell, 28.

⁹¹³ *Ibid.*, 24.

most of his Anglo guests, Hubbell's view of his role was certainly paternalistic, and it is clear that he took no small amount of pleasure in playing the role of lord to his vassals. But he took that duty seriously, and, according to the stories, never brushed off the Navajos' requests, even when they threatened to overwhelm him. The Western novelist Dane Coolidge observed when he was at the trading post that "deputations of Navajos entered his office all day to talk with Venerable Respected Mexican; and, while some brought gifts to him, he was giving out more gifts, until it seemed he would impoverish himself."⁹¹⁴ The end result of his selflessness in the stories is always the same: through "his charitable efforts to help by word or deed," the Indians had come to "trust him as they do no other outsider."⁹¹⁵

The Friendship of Lorenzo and Many Horses

Hubbell's relationship with the Navajos—violent and peaceful—is distilled in legend in his friendship with Navajo headman Many Horses, the friendship that began in "the first of the great Hubbell legends" when Hubbell rescued Many Horses from drowning and he in turn rescued Hubbell from murder.⁹¹⁶ Many Horses was the son of Ganado Mucho, Hubbell's old friend from his days as interpreter at Fort Defiance. The trader and the Navajo were nearly the same age, and when Hubbell settled in the Pueblo Colorado Valley, where Many Horses had risen to power as the local war-chief, the two struck up an unlikely friendship.⁹¹⁷ Depictions of their personal camaraderie encapsulate all of the contradictions and cultural biases that colored any interaction between Anglo and Navajo in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The stories present a combination of paternalism,

⁹¹⁴ Coolidge, *California Cowboys*, 48.

⁹¹⁵ Edgar K. Miller, 19.

⁹¹⁶ "Don Lorenzo Hubbell, Beloved Character of Old Arizona, Is Dead," *Arizona Republic*, November 13, 1930.

⁹¹⁷ Brugge, *Hubbell Trading Post*, 78. For more information about Many Horses, see Ostermann, 175-181.

admiration, and stereotypical depictions of Navajos as prone to violence. In the relationship, Hubbell is the peaceful one, putting a check on Many Horses' war-like tendencies, but nevertheless benefitting from them.

A group of stories follow Hubbell and Many Horses as the two save one another's skins in the rowdy days of the old Southwest. One of these stories, recounted by Frank Lockwood, tells a tale where Many Horses and his people became engaged in a feud with a rival clan. One day, when the headman was absent on some errand, word reached Ganado that his enemies were riding towards the little Navajo village to make their attack. Hearing this news, Many Horses' wife went to Hubbell's trading post to tell him that, in the absence of her husband and his warriors, the women intended to "take up the defense, and, if necessary, fight to the end."⁹¹⁸ Hubbell rushed to avert such a crisis, riding out to meet the attacking party. When he reached the approaching warriors, the trader put his negotiating skills to the test—and not only was he able to arrange for an end to the attack, but he laid the entire feud to rest as well. "But for this prompt pacific move on his part," Lockwood speculates, "there would have been prolonged warfare between these clans."⁹¹⁹

It was not long before an opportunity arose for Many Horses to return the favor, for Hubbell was at the time still serving as the Sheriff of Apache County, and a band of desperados he was pursuing had fled onto the Navajo Reservation. Two writers, traveling around Arizona and sending back dispatches to the *Arizona Republic*, heard the story when they were staying with Lorenzo Jr. at his trading post in Oraibi, near the Hopi mesas. "While a fresh pot of coffee was brewing the host told a story of the days when his father

⁹¹⁸ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 139.

⁹¹⁹ *Ibid.*

was a trader in this same country, showing well the fierce nature that lies hidden in the nomad heart of the Navajo.”⁹²⁰ In pursuit of the desperados, Hubbell enlisted Many Horses’ help in tracking them. Together, they followed the men into the mountains and finally overtook them. “Which one shall we kill first?” grunted the chief, fingering his gun” as they came upon the renegades.⁹²¹ Reigning in his partner’s enthusiasm, Hubbell replied that they would not kill any of them. “What, no kill?” Many Horses exclaims in disgust. “If I had known that I would not have come!”⁹²²

These two stories demonstrate that in their partnership, Hubbell acts as the peacemaker, ensuring that justice—and not the frontier type—is served and problems resolved peacefully, while Many Horses acts as the warrior. But as the Navajo headman’s earlier rescue of Hubbell from his tribesmen illustrates, the trader benefits from his friend’s proclivities. Lockwood relates yet another tale where “the willingness of Many Horses to slay an enemy in good cause saved the life of his much-honored friend.”⁹²³ In the story, Many Horses saves Hubbell’s life when a quarrel erupts between the trader and some Navajo customers after the trader shoots a dog that bit one of his employees. The dog’s owner threatens to kill Hubbell in retaliation—but Many Horses intervenes with the shout, “No

⁹²⁰ Melvin T. Hutchinson, “Lorenzo Hubbel Entertains Adventurers As Journey Ends,” *Arizona Republic*, n.d., newspaper clipping, Indians of North American, Navajo Trading Posts ephemera file, Arizona Historical Society, Tucson, AZ.

⁹²¹ Ibid.

⁹²² Ibid. Agnes C. Laut relates another version of this story that does not include Many Horses’ involvement. In her version, a bunch of cowboys “took a swoop into the Navajo Reserve and stampeded off 300 of the Indians’ best horses; but they had reckoned without Lorenzo Hubbell. In twenty-four hours he had got together the swiftest riders of the Navajos; and in another twenty-four hours, he had pursued the thieves 125 miles into the wildest canons of Arizona and had rescued every horse.” Laut, 127.

⁹²³ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 139.

you won't; I'll kill you!"⁹²⁴ Many Horses' reputation is such that the offending Navajo discreetly puts down his weapon and agrees to negotiate a peaceful settlement—but probably does not foresee the outcome in which it is eventually agreed by all that the dog's death was fair enough payment for the biting!

The legend of the friendship of Many Horses and Hubbell has a tenderer side as well. A few travelers who knew both Hubbell and Many Horses personally wrote descriptions and stories that recalled the more playful and human aspects of their friendship. In an unusually touching account recorded by the artist E. A. Burbank, who was a frequent visitor to the trading post, we see the friendship played out in more personal terms than is usually the case. The sketch, nevertheless, begins with a brief anecdote meant to evoke all the trappings of the Wild West. Burbank writes, "Once when [Hubbell] was arresting a horse thief, the bad man turned and drew a bead on him. Many-Horses, chief of the Navajos, took the situation in at a glance and shot the thief, saving Hubbell's life. That was the beginning of one of the finest friendships I ever encountered between a white man and an Indian."⁹²⁵ But here is where Burbank's story departs from the legendary, as he relates a personal encounter with the storied Navajo headman.

When Burbank arrived at the Hubbell Trading Post in 1897, Lorenzo gave him the Leonard building for a studio. He set about painting portraits, and, thanks to Lorenzo's close ties to the local community, he "had no trouble in getting the Navajos to pose."⁹²⁶ Many Horses was the first to sit before Burbank's easel. Burbank drew the Navajo's portrait

⁹²⁴ Ibid.

⁹²⁵ Burbank, Royce, and Taylor, 42.

⁹²⁶ Ibid.; See also Cottam, 225-226.

in the traditional costume of a Navajo headman in his signature red Conté crayon. Many Horses reportedly liked the result so much that he returned the next day for a second portrait. Burbank wrote:

Imagine my consternation when Many-Horses appeared again in his Navajo costume, but in addition he was wearing a tall stovepipe hat which had been presented to him by a tourist. I urged him to take the hat off, explaining that no one would want a picture of an Indian in such a garb. Many-Horses was terribly disappointed. He left the studio completely crushed. In a short time he was back. This time he had the plug hat decorated with eagle feathers. I decided that such perseverance should be rewarded. So I painted him, plug hat and all. Much to my surprise, Mr. Hubbell was delighted with the portrait and bought it. He had a cut made of the picture and used it on his stationery.⁹²⁷

In this brief account, we catch a glimpse of humor and humanity in the friendship. It is further born out in Burbank's description of the two friends joking with one another about "the Happy Hunting Ground":

"If you die before I do," the trader told the old chief, "I will put a rope around your neck and drag you to the top of the hill. I will put the largest stone I can find on top of you so that you can never go to the Happy Hunting Ground."

Many Horses would laugh. "You die first, and I do that to you," he would say.

While I was at the trading post Many-Horses did die. I helped Mr. Hubbell bury him on top of the hill. True to his promise, the Indian trader put the largest stone he could find at the head of the Indian's grave, crying like a baby while he was doing so. Later on, both he and Mrs. Hubbell were buried beside Many Horses.⁹²⁸

The burial of Many Horses on top of Hubbell Hill and Hubbell's eventual burial next to him were, in the end, perfect literary vehicles for portraying the depth of their unusual friendship, and through it, Hubbell's compassion towards *all* Navajos. Burbank's first-hand recollections, however, are unique; other writers would happily imagine the "pact that no matter which went to the eternal sleep first, the survivor promised at his death he would be

⁹²⁷ Burbank, Royce, and Taylor, 43.

⁹²⁸ Ibid.

buried next to him,” but Burbank alone helped dig the hole into which Many Horses’ body would be lowered.⁹²⁹ It is the only time in any of the stories of Hubbell’s life that the fearless adventurer weeps.

Don Lorenzo’s burial is a scene far more often dramatized than Many Horses’, though the two are almost always linked. Three days after his death, J. L. was buried next to his friend on top of Hubbell Hill, a little knoll overlooking the trading post, “in the kind of weather he liked so well, sleet and snow; there he rests leaving a memory of his kind deeds, that will never be forgotten.”⁹³⁰ The local newspaper printed an account of the burial:

With simple Catholic ceremony Don Lorenzo Hubbell was buried on Hubbell hill in Ganado at 2 o’clock yesterday afternoon between the graves of Lina Rubic [sic] Hubbell, his wife, and Chief Many Horses, great Navajo ruler. Snow fell upon the bared heads of more than 100 friends of Don Lorenzo, the most noted of Navajo Indian traders and friend to everyone, as the body was lowered into the grave. The Rev. Jerome Hesse, O. F. M., superior, who came from St. Michael’s mission to administer the last rites of the Roman Catholic church, led these friends in prayer during the service at the grave....Then, as the snows formed a blanket of warmth over the grave of Don Lorenzo, they departed.⁹³¹

Hubbell’s community of artists and writers, however, took this simple, sedate account and added dramatic touches, replacing Catholic prayer with the somber pounding of Navajo drums.⁹³² Far away in Denver, Joseph Emerson Smith imagined what was, in his mind, a more fitting end to Hubbell’s lifetime of dedication to the Navajos: “Drums of the Navajos beat the funeral dirge, and the voices of a thousand bronzed shepherds of the Arizona hills

⁹²⁹ Hubbell Parker, interview by Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives.

⁹³⁰ Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to Dane Coolidge, December 2, 1930, Box 106, Folder May-December 1930, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁹³¹ “Don Lorenzo Hubbell is Laid At Rest in Ganado Cemetery,” November 15, 1930, newspaper clipping, Box 545, Folder 1, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁹³² Cottam, 169.

chanted the Indian songs of the dead, as the body...was carried up the ruby colored Hubbell hill at Ganado.”⁹³³

That Hubbell was buried next to Many Horses was a poetic ending to their friendship. Other writers, who did not know Many Horses as Burbank did, would still perpetuate the legend that Hubbell’s “closest friend was Chief Many Horses who loved him as a brother. Chief Many Horses sat long and often with him, silently, over a pipe,” and when the end of his life neared, “his dying wish was that he be buried on Hubbell Hill, not far from the hacienda, and that Don Lorenzo come to rest, some day, beside him, so that those long silent watches together might continue.”⁹³⁴

Shortly after Hubbell’s death, when tributes proliferated in newspapers and magazines in Arizona and New Mexico, writers began to use a poem to end their accounts of Hubbell’s burial. They attributed it to an unnamed Navajo or to a long-time Navajo employee of Hubbell’s, Hastiin Ne’e’y, who was known around the trading post as Loco. It first appeared in January 1931, a few months after Hubbell’s death, and was picked up by subsequent writers until it became part of the Hubbell legend.⁹³⁵ After the burial, the story goes, when the family members came down from the hill and huddled before the fire in the great hall “to recover from the chill which was on their hearts and their bodies, a Navajo, long a friend of Don Lorenzo’s came and stood before them. He said simply:

You wear out your shoes, you buy another pair;
When your food is all gone, you buy more;
You gather melons, and more will grow on the vine;
You grind your corn and make bread, which you eat;

⁹³³ Joseph Emerson Smith, 372.

⁹³⁴ Mott, 50.

⁹³⁵ See Mayfield, 32-33, and Ellinger, 34.

And next year you have plenty more corn.
But my friend Lorenzo is gone, and none to take his place.⁹³⁶

Black Sheep Among All Herds

The stories about Hubbell and the Navajos document a transition from open hostility to paternalistic friendship, simultaneously tracing Hubbell's journey from an outsider to, if not exactly an insider, at least a person who "knows how to get along with the Indians as no tourist can," and the Navajos' rhetorical shift from formidable to friendly.⁹³⁷ But the stories, of course, were filtered through Hubbell's own self-perceptions and travelers' ideas about Indians in general and the Navajos in particular. The Navajos, on the other hand, have their own set of oral traditions about *Naakaii Sání*, brought forward in print only recently to balance the one-dimensional Anglo view.⁹³⁸ Martha Blue, for example, takes pains in her biography of Lorenzo Hubbell to demonstrate that his relationship with the Navajos was far more complicated than the stories suggest. Through interviews with local Navajos, she and other recent scholars have unearthed a more nuanced picture of Hubbell and the Navajos, one that acknowledges the low wages in trade tokens he paid his Navajo employees, his intimate relationships with Navajo women, and his unacknowledged Navajo children.⁹³⁹

But just as recent scholarship has reacted against Hubbell's hagiographic portrayal in legend, Hubbell himself was responding to common stereotypes of "bad" traders. Frank

⁹³⁶ Mott, 51.

⁹³⁷ Hough, 289.

⁹³⁸ Other scholarship aims to correct the imbalance by exploring how Navajos viewed Anglo Americans. See William H. Lyon, "Americans and Other Aliens in the Navajo Historical Imagination in the Nineteenth Century," *American Indian Quarterly* 24, no. 1 (Winter 2000): 142-161.

⁹³⁹ See Blue, *Indian Trader*, 227-237; Teresa J. Wilkins, 146-148; and Blue, "Bullpen," 15-16.

McNitt argues that traders among the Navajos largely escaped the myth-making impulses that swallowed up other Western characters. “Few if any of these men fitted into the molds of writers of western lore and fiction,” he writes. “As pioneers who bridled and saddled the frontier without bravado or six-guns, they were unpromising material for writers.”⁹⁴⁰ Obscurity, however, was not to be their lot. Instead, “the trader in fiction became a stereotype as silly and untrue as Uncle Tom: a money-grabbing, gun- and whiskey-selling rascal.”⁹⁴¹ The name of the Navajo Indian trader was especially blackened in the public eye in 1931 by historian C. C. Rister, who called the Southwest’s traders “part of the jetsam of the turbulent sea of border life,” who, “devoid of principle or honor...ruthlessly took advantage of the helpless frontier in plying their trade.”⁹⁴² Though perceptions of the Indian trader in popular culture have remained relatively unexplored, it is clear from the defensive tone in many of the stories about Hubbell’s relationship with the Navajos that the profession of the Indian trader did not, as a rule, inspire the same kind of romanticism as other frontier figures. One writer felt compelled, for example, to state that Hubbell “was not the cruel, grasping trader sometimes portrayed in fiction, the type that gave whisky to the Indians to cheat them of their goods.”⁹⁴³

Lorenzo himself was always at great pains to contradict the trader’s reputation for dishonesty.⁹⁴⁴ In his interview with John Edwin Hogg, Hubbell acknowledged, “I know a lot

⁹⁴⁰ McNitt, *Indian Traders*, 69.

⁹⁴¹ *Ibid.*

⁹⁴² C. C. Rister, “Harmful Practices of Indian Traders of the Southwest, 1865-1876,” *New Mexico Historical Review* 6, no. 3 (July 1931): 232.

⁹⁴³ Burke Johnson, 9.

⁹⁴⁴ See Cottam, 96-98.

of people have the idea that an Indian trader is a first-class scoundrel—a man who attains financial prosperity by fleecing the Indians.”⁹⁴⁵ There may have been a few, but they never lasted long, he insisted. From Hubbell’s perspective, the trader lived in a mutually-beneficial relationship with his customers, and, if anything, took on more than his share of burdens.

He told Hogg:

I’ve been an Indian trader for fifty years, but I’ve dealt honestly with them. I’ve never taken a dollar from an Indian without giving the Indian value received, and I’ve often given the Indian what should have been my own legitimate margin of business profit just to help them when they needed it. The Piutes saved my life, and I’ve saved the lives of a lot of Indians in return for what they did for me. There are black sheep among all herds, and by the same token a mere handful of dishonest Indian traders have brought disrepute upon the heads of a great many traders—many of whom have been too honest for their own good.⁹⁴⁶

He painted a similar picture for Edgar K. Miller, who was involved in Indian boarding schools and intended to write an article defending the besmirched reputation of traders.

Hubbell argued:

[N]o intelligent Indian trader desires to live among a community of Indian paupers....The first duty of an Indian trader, in my belief, is to look after the material welfare of his neighbors; to advise them to produce that which their natural inclinations and talent best adapts them; to treat them honestly and insist on getting the same treatment from them; to practice honesty and enforce on the Indians the same policy by all legitimate means in his power; to find a market for their products and vigilantly watch that they keep improving in the production of same, and advise them which commands the best price. This requires patience, energy and unselfish interest in the Indian. This does not mean that the trader should forget that he is to see that he makes a fair profit for himself, for whatever would injure him would naturally injure those with whom he comes in contact.⁹⁴⁷

However one interprets Hubbell’s relationship with the Navajos, it is clear that in his eyes the stereotype of the bad trader was patently false. His stories, clouded as they were with

⁹⁴⁵ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 26.

⁹⁴⁶ Ibid.

⁹⁴⁷ Edgar K. Miller, 17.

nineteenth-century Anglo biases and paternalism, were meant to contradict the image of Indian traders as “disreputable white men [who] made the Indian problem harder to solve.”⁹⁴⁸

The Murder of Charlie Hubbell

The Navajos’ relationship with Hubbell and his strategies for closing the cultural gulf between them were thus far more complicated than the legends suggest. One last story—one that rarely gets told and one that most guests probably never heard, and certainly not from the mouth of their host—concerns Hubbell’s younger brother and first trading partner, Charlie. One spring, well into his trading career when most guests would have viewed the trader’s friendship with the Navajos inviolable, J. L. heard the news that Charlie, who had been running Lorenzo Jr.’s trading post at Cedar Springs, had been murdered by Navajos.⁹⁴⁹

In the early morning hours of March 22, 1919, a Navajo man by the name of Little Gambler pounded on the door of William F. Williams’ trading post in Leupp. He shouted that Charlie Hubbell’s trading post was burning down. The veteran trader cursed, and he and his family fumbled for their clothes in the darkness. “When we opened the front door,” Billie, the trader’s daughter, recalled, “an amazing sight met our eyes”:

The whole northern part of the valley was brilliant in reflected light as huge red flames licked into the sky. It was ten miles away, yet those leaping tongues of fire seemed so near that I imagined I could feel their heat. . . . The sky was partly cloudy, with broken rifts showing the moon. The wind blew unusually strong, as it always does on the Arizona desert in March. The fire would burst into tremendous vividness as the wind caught points of flame, curling them into weird and eerie shapes. Then there’d be a lull and the north would become as dark as the rest of the night.⁹⁵⁰

⁹⁴⁸ Rister, 248.

⁹⁴⁹ This account of Charlie Hubbell’s murder is based on Cottam, 143-148.

⁹⁵⁰ Yost, 222.

Little Gambler got the horses ready while Williams finished dressing, and then the two of them rode off towards the hot beacon to see if they could help. Even at a gallop, Charlie's trading post was a half an hour away, and by the time the two of them arrived, "the place was completely destroyed."⁹⁵¹ The wooden trading post had gone up like a match, and only the chimney still jutted out of the smoldering embers. The contorted remains of the cookstove, the iron bedstead, and four five-gallon kerosene cans were the only relics distinguishable in the mass of ashes. They found Charlie's body, burned and shriveled, and the blackened bones of his dog.⁹⁵²

Little Gambler and Williams were soon joined by Big Belly, a skilled Navajo tracker. Williams asked him to cut for sign, and he found two sets of moccasin tracks that led into a stand of greasewood where two horses had been tethered. The three of them followed the trail northward for ten miles before the tracks disappeared in a dry lake bed. Big Belly circled the lake and found the tracks on the other side, continuing on their trail, while Williams and Little Gambler turned back—Williams to sit with Charlie's body and Little Gambler to go to Oraibi to deliver the news to Lorenzo Jr.⁹⁵³

Lorenzo Jr. arrived at the trading post two days later. He identified his uncle's body, still lying in the ashes, from its frail, wasted form. Roman and J. L., too, hurried to Cedar Springs as soon as they heard the news. As they waited for the sheriff to arrive, the grisly tale spread across the reservation. Charlie's friends reacted with a mixture of horror and confusion. Williams' wife exclaimed, "Everyone around here loved Charley Hubbell; he was

⁹⁵¹ *Ibid.*, 223.

⁹⁵² *Ibid.*, 223-225.

⁹⁵³ *Ibid.*, 223-225.

a fine man!”⁹⁵⁴ Ed Thacker, an employee and friend of the family, held out hope that the rumors were wrong, that maybe Charlie was just missing. “Please let us know all you can about the matter as I am very anxious to hear,” he begged Lorenzo Jr. “Charlie and I have been friends for years and there is not a man that I would do a favor for any quicker than I would for Charlie...Lorenzo, it hurts me as much as if it were my own brother that was dead and I hope that it is not true about Charlie.”⁹⁵⁵ The Hubbells were simultaneously stricken with guilt for having left Charlie at Cedar Springs on his own and stirred by anger. The sheriff finally arrived with the county attorney and the judge, and they held a coroner’s inquest. Once it was decided that Charlie had been murdered, the Hubbells took his body from the cold ashes and buried him in Winslow.⁹⁵⁶

From the beginning, the murderers were suspected to be young Navajos.⁹⁵⁷ Within a few days of the fire, the newspapers were reporting that “the charred body of Charles Hubbell was found lying beside the cash register in the ruins of a fire which destroyed the trading post...It is believed he was robbed and murdered by Indians and the post set on fire to hide the crime.”⁹⁵⁸ Tracking the murderers proved a lengthy ordeal, and in the meantime, the macabre romance of the crime sparked a minor sensation in papers across the West as they ran the story under lurid headlines that conjured the specter of the Wild West: “Brother of Senator Is Burned to Death”; “Indian Slayer of White Barricaded”; “Navajo Slayers

⁹⁵⁴ Ibid., 223.

⁹⁵⁵ Ed Thacker to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., March 24, 1919, Box 101, Folder January-July 1919, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁹⁵⁶ “Trader Murdered at Trading Post by Indians is Belief,” *The Gallup Independent*, March 27, 1919.

⁹⁵⁷ Yost, 225.

⁹⁵⁸ “Trader at Hopi Post Found Dead,” *Salt Lake Telegram*, March 25, 1919.

Standing at Bay—Ex-Senator of Arizona to Join Posse”; “Medicine Man did Killing.”⁹⁵⁹ The Hubbells traded on their connections in Navajo country to track down the killers. Lorenzo Jr. offered a reward and had “every Indian that I can see interested in the case...I tell the Indians, that I have never asked them for a favor but I do now, and expect it.”⁹⁶⁰

Big Belly and the other Navajo trackers eventually caught up the killers, two brothers, sons of a Navajo medicine man. They tracked them first to the home of their father, where they had hidden the goods they had stolen from the trading post before setting the fire, and from there to a cave some 55 miles northeast of Cedar Springs.⁹⁶¹ The sheriff’s posse gathered in Winslow, with J. L. among them, ready to ride north and pry the brothers, who were “ready to die rather than surrender,” from their refuge.⁹⁶² But before the heavily armed posse reached the caves, Big Belly and Hosteen Shoshi, a Navajo policeman, had surprised the brothers, arrested them peacefully, and delivered them to the care of the superintendent of the Indian boarding school in Leupp.⁹⁶³

That July, when the trial was held in Flagstaff, Lorenzo Jr., who was described by John Collier as “Lorenzo the Unselfish, the Radiant and the Good,” testified before the

⁹⁵⁹ “Brother of Senator Is Burned to Death,” *San Francisco Chronicle*, March 25, 1919; “Indian Slayer of White Barricaded,” *Salt Lake Telegram*, April 3, 1919; “Navajo Slayers Standing at Bay,” *San Francisco Chronicle*, April 3, 1919.

⁹⁶⁰ Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to Leo Crane, March 29, 1919, Box 101, Folder January-July 1919, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. For a letter Lorenzo Jr. wrote to some Navajo friends asking for help, see Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to Hastiin Nez and Adakai, March 29, 1919, Box 101, Folder January-July 1919, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁹⁶¹ Cottam, 145.

⁹⁶² “Confessed Slayers Barricade Selves in Mountain Cave,” *Tombstone Epitaph*, April 6, 1919. See also “Two Indian Murderers Surrounded in Cave,” *Mohave County Miner*, April 5, 1919.

⁹⁶³ Yost, 234.

court.⁹⁶⁴ As the trial wore on, two conflicting versions of the events of that windy March night emerged, with the defense arguing that the brothers had killed Charlie in self-defense, while the Hubbells' attorney scoffed at such an idea, arguing that Charlie "was a frail man weighing only 103 pounds, and he was 63 years old, opposed to men with the drop on him, who, under such circumstances were in a position of advantage that required no defense of their own lives."⁹⁶⁵ Self-defense or not, public opinion was against the brothers. Lorenzo Jr. had set his heart upon the death penalty, and the locals seemed to agree.⁹⁶⁶ As the *Coconino Sun* reported in language that relied heavily on Morgan's evolutionary schema:

It was generally felt that the extreme penalty was justified and that nothing short of it would serve as a restraint upon the aborigines against future crimes of the very same nature. In fact, there are many who openly say that they believe failure to assess the extreme penalty in such cases operates virtually as an encouragement of these semi-savages in showing more openly their contempt of the law and its penalties.⁹⁶⁷

To the bitter disappointment of the Hubbells and their friends, who had hoped the killers would "stretch hemp for it," however, the jury settled on a lesser sentence.⁹⁶⁸ The elder brother was convicted of first-degree murder, the younger of second-degree, and both of

⁹⁶⁴ John Collier, "Lorenzo Hubbell Is Dead," *Indians At Work* 9, no. 7 (March 1942): 3.

⁹⁶⁵ "Life is Jury's Verdict in Hubbell Murder Case; General Disappointment at Verdict," *Coconino Sun*, August 1, 1919. See Cottam, 145-146; and State of Arizona vs. Adeltoni Bigue No. 1 and Adeltoni Bigue No. 2, Superior Court of Coconino County (no docket number), Coconino County Courthouse, Flagstaff, Arizona. A copy of these court records can also be found in the Brugge Papers, Box 3, Folder "Hubbell, Charles—Killing of," Center for Southwest Research.

⁹⁶⁶ See Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to J. L. Hubbell, April 29, 1919, Box 101, Folder January-July 1919, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections, as well as other letters in the same folder.

⁹⁶⁷ "Life is Jury's Verdict in Hubbell Murder Case; General Disappointment at Verdict," *Coconino Sun*, August 1, 1919.

⁹⁶⁸ Ed Thacker to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., April 4, 1919, Box 101, Folder January-July 1919, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

them were shipped to the state prison in Florence.⁹⁶⁹ As Lorenzo Jr. wrote poignantly to his friend, Ed Thacker, “It’s too bad, but some people don’t believe in hanging, though their own mothers were killed in cold blood.”⁹⁷⁰ To add insult to injury, both brothers were released on parole by Christmastime in 1920.⁹⁷¹

No surviving correspondence from J. L. preserves his feelings at his brother’s death, and he evidently never spoke of it to the travelers he so loved to regale with tales of his close encounters with hostile Navajos. When interviewed by the *Coconino Sun* for his views on the trial, J. L. gave statements that perpetuated unflattering images of Navajo culture while maintaining the privileged status his friendship with the Navajos granted him. On one hand, he speculated that Charlie’s murder had “not been committed altogether for loot, but for the scalp of the murdered man.”⁹⁷² He painted a lurid picture, where aspiring young men took scalps from whites in order to become “full-fledged” medicine men.⁹⁷³ On the other hand, resting on his credentials as “a most excellent judge of Indian character,” he stated, “There are good and bad Indians, the same as among the people of any other race, and knowing the friendly feeling among the Indians with whom my brother has lived for years, I doubt if any of the older men would ever have thought of murdering him.”⁹⁷⁴ In another article, he is quoted as warning travelers “to stay away from the reservation or know just where and who

⁹⁶⁹ “Life is Jury’s Verdict in Hubbell Murder Case; General Disappointment at Verdict,” *Coconino Sun*, August 1, 1919.

⁹⁷⁰ Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to Ed Thacker, July 31, 1919, Box 101, Folder January-July 1919, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

⁹⁷¹ “Cheerful Chirps,” *Coconino Sun*, May 28, 1920; Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to J. L. Hubbell, December 12, 1920, Box 102, Folder October-December 1920, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Yost, 237.

⁹⁷² “Case Against Indians for Hubbell Murder Postponed to July 21,” *Coconino Sun*, July 11, 1919.

⁹⁷³ Ibid.

⁹⁷⁴ Ibid.

you are going with.”⁹⁷⁵ His statements about Navajo medicine men directly refute the popular perception that J. L. had an unsurpassed knowledge of Navajo culture; Martha Blue has called it “a whopping misrepresentation.”⁹⁷⁶ But even as his statements subtly reinforce that key aspect of the Hubbell legend, that the Navajos are—or were—dangerous, and that Hubbell’s fearless friendship placed him above threat, the glaring fact of Charlie’s murder broadcast a different message. Even Hubbell was not immune to violence.

For such a momentous event, the murder of Charlie Hubbell is a deafening silence in the body of lore surrounding his brother’s celebrated relationship with the Navajos. One writer, Toney Gladwell Richardson, who was a close personal friend of Lorenzo Jr.’s and a fellow trader, mentioned the incident. In a tribute to the younger Lorenzo written under the pseudonym Maurice Kildare, he wrote:

Despite all the love Lorenzo had for the Navajos, one cruel episode bothered him to the end. . . . Considering their premature release and outright miscarriage of justice for a deliberately planned, cold-blooded murder, Lorenzo could never mention his Uncle Charles without becoming very bitter. In all the long years I knew him this was the only subject I ever heard him discuss with passion; otherwise, he was almost always kindly, considerate, and tolerant in his association with other people.⁹⁷⁷

Lorenzo Jr. “felt it was his fault. He’d suggested building the post and staked his uncle to it. He said he never should have allowed the old man to live there alone. He knew it and intended to do something about it, but you know how those things are.”⁹⁷⁸ It is hard to imagine that his father would be free of the guilt and bitterness that plagued Lorenzo Jr. But Charlie’s death was a knot in the complicated tangle of the Hubbells’ relationship with the

⁹⁷⁵ “Don’t Visit Indians Without Proper Guides,” *Coconino Sun*, August 1, 1919.

⁹⁷⁶ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 245.

⁹⁷⁷ Maurice Kildare, “The Second Lorenzo, the Great,” *Old West* 9 (Summer 1973): 52.

⁹⁷⁸ Yost, 233.

Navajos that could not survive the legend-making process. It was a story without a hero, and the twentieth-century touristic experience required that the land be already conquered, and Hubbell among its conquerors. Unlike Don Lorenzo, whose legend would survive his death, Charlie would fade, claimed by the silence of the grave.

CHAPTER 6

SHERIFF OF APACHE COUNTY

In February 1921, a reporter for the Phoenix newspaper *The Arizona Republican* ran into John Lorenzo Hubbell while the sixty-eight-year-old trader was sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Adams. It had been nine years since Hubbell had stood behind President Taft with the other members of Arizona's first state legislature as the flash-bulb went off and the president signed the territory into statehood. The Hotel Adams, built by loyal Republican and two-time mayor of Phoenix John C. Adams, was like a second home to Hubbell. It had long been the favored haunt of Arizona's politicians, "and within its walls [had] occurred many legislative conferences and political deals."⁹⁷⁹ The reporter sat down with his notebook and pencil to interview the "Grand Old Man of Apache County," who struck him as tall and dignified with his "snow white hair and mustache," his "Irish-blue eyes," and his "air of a real Spanish 'cavallero.'"⁹⁸⁰

The nineteenth amendment, extending suffrage to women, had passed less than a year before, and the reporter hoped to quiz Hubbell on the subject of women's dress, a topic Hubbell wisely avoided "with quickness and dispatch" by complimenting the universal beauty of Arizona's women—in whatever dress.⁹⁸¹ He used the rest of the interview to promote an image of himself as a Western politician with the kind of frontier credentials that marked him as a bridge between the uncivilized past the civilized present. He told the reporter, as he had told many politicians before, "I was not born in Boston, with a silver

⁹⁷⁹ "The Burning of the Adams Hotel..." *Bisbee Daily Review*, May 19, 1910; "Mr. Hubbell Here," *Arizona Republican*, August 21, 1908; "Rump Steak Cut out of Bill of Fare," *Weekly Arizona Journal-Miner*, April 29, 1908.

⁹⁸⁰ "Grand Old Man of Apache County Presents a Few Political Rules," *Arizona Republican*, February 21, 1921.

⁹⁸¹ *Ibid.*

spoon in my mouth, but down on the Rio Grande, where men had to work hard to make a living.”⁹⁸² In typical hyperbole, Hubbell insisted that he had not had above twelve months of schooling in his life, but that he still considered himself an educated man, punctuating his point by flourishing his latest reading material. He said that when people asked him what university he had attended, he answered, “No College; I have attended the university of the outdoors.”⁹⁸³ His point in all this was that he had not risen in Arizona politics through any advantage of birth or education, but by grit and perseverance, those marks of the true pioneer.

These were themes Hubbell cultivated elsewhere. Becoming a notable player in Territorial and State politics made him the subject of *Who's Who* articles, political directories, and the first histories of Arizona. In national publications, his entry was usually brief, an unembellished list of his accomplishments and political offices. Several reference books in the early years of the twentieth century carried the following entry for John Lorenzo

Hubbell:

In 1855-86 [sic] he was sheriff of Apache county, Arizona territory; in 1893 was a member of the territorial council; and in 1896 was alternate to the national republican convention. He is a successful merchant and Indian trader of Ganado, Arizona territory; and resides in Ganado, Ariz.⁹⁸⁴

⁹⁸² Ibid.

⁹⁸³ Ibid.

⁹⁸⁴ This entry appeared word for word in several reference volumes in the early 1900s, including Thomas William Herringshaw, *Herringshaw's American Statesman and Public Official Year-Book, 1907-1908* (Chicago, IL: American Publishers' Association, 1908), 308; *Progressive Americans of the Twentieth Century, Containing Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Americans* (Chicago, IL: Progressive Publishing Co., 1910), 211; *Distinguished Successful Americans of our Day* (Chicago, IL: Successful Americans, 1911), 8; Thomas William Herringshaw, *Herringshaw's American Blue Book of Biography: Men of 1912* (Chicago, IL: American Publishers' Association, 1913), 359. The mistaken listing of the dates of Hubbell's term as 1855-86 rather than 1885-86 is reproduced in all of them.

State-level references, however, were more likely to include lengthier entries, giving Hubbell ample room to take advantage of the publicity to shape his image as an impeccably pedigreed frontier politician. He was allotted two pages of text and a full-page photograph in the Press Reference Library's 1913 *Notables of the West*, while that same year *Who's Who in Arizona* featured a one-page biography and photograph. After exploring the trader's illustrious heritage, the *Who's Who* entry paints an image of Hubbell's political career that would be echoed in his interview at the Hotel Adams many years later:

Practically his whole life has been spent in Arizona; her interests are his interests, a fact that has evidently been appreciated by his fellow citizens in Apache, since they have on various occasions made him their choice for official positions. Twice they have elected him to the office of Sheriff, and in 1893 to the Council of the Territorial Legislature, and in 1912 made him their Senator in the First State Legislature. He has also been chairman of the State Republican Central Committee. Senator Hubbell is a notable example of the successful, self-made, self-educated man, and although his early education consisted of only nineteen months' schooling, there are few more generally well informed in literature or current events than Senator Hubbell; few who have a better command of language, or a keener insight into the problems of the day, and it is his thorough knowledge of the trend of affairs that has made him a valuable member of the State Legislature.⁹⁸⁵

These interviews and entries reveal a glimpse of another integral facet of Hubbell's self-perception and legend: his indelible ties to the mythic frontier West. The keystone of that aspect of his persona, buried in the reference books, was his term as Apache County's sheriff in the 1880s. In more informal settings, Hubbell used his political fame to craft a deeply romanticized re-imagining of his years as a lawman. In his stories, they were years fraught with danger in which "his personal courage had been well tested."⁹⁸⁶ As he told Edwin Hogg, when he became sheriff, "had I known at the time what a kettle of fish I was

⁹⁸⁵ Conners, 722.

⁹⁸⁶ Elizabeth Smith Brownstein, *If This House Could Talk: Historic Homes, Extraordinary Americans* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1999), 128.

getting into my political career would probably have ended right there. It's a wonder it didn't end with my death as it was, for short of bearing a charmed life I'd undoubtedly have been killed."⁹⁸⁷ Not only did Hubbell survive the sensational violence of his first office, it granted him a political origin story that set him apart from the silver spoon crowd and marked him as a pioneer who straddled the great divide between the Wild West and the civilized, booster West. In the words of Charles Lummis, he was "a frontier sheriff in the hard old times of Arizona and New Mexico; a political manager whose rival has never been known in the Territories...[and] a mild blue-eyed person whom no sane desperado would 'tackle.'"⁹⁸⁸

The cycle of stories that Lorenzo Hubbell spun around his days as sheriff had an appeal that transcended politics, however. The stories captivated his guests, for Hubbell drew on the rapidly-expanding Western myths that pervaded American popular culture to reshape his image into the recognizable and romantic likeness of the frontier lawman. While many of Hubbell's other stories of hospitality and friendship with the Navajos connected directly to visitors' personal experiences in Navajo country, Hubbell's sheriff yarns linked him to the Old West they had been primed to long for. Writers and historians who traveled the West in search of inspiration for their craft found him a perfect specimen. Dane Coolidge, Hamlin Garland, and Frank Lockwood all parleyed Hubbell's tales of range war, single-handed arrests, and triumph over unbeatable odds into articles and books. Thereafter,

⁹⁸⁷ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27.

⁹⁸⁸ Lummis, "Swallow's-Nest," 501.

the knowledge that Hubbell's political career "inspired novels and other literature" added to his towering stature.⁹⁸⁹

The myths that Hubbell built upon have been studied extensively by scholars over the last thirty years. Thousands upon thousands of pages have been filled up in its exploration, but in *The American West: The Invention of a Myth*, David Hamilton Murdoch sketches the outlines of the American belief that the West and its conquest defined, "in some special way, their characteristics as a unique people."⁹⁹⁰ Namely, that the presence of a continually-advancing western frontier in need of taming by hardy individuals instilled into American culture a trio of core values: individualism, self-reliance, and democracy.⁹⁹¹ Unsurprisingly, the idea of the West as a place where the American spirit was forged was born out of the same antimodern anxieties that opened the Southwest to science and tourism. As Murdoch states, "The myth of the West emerged...out of a groundswell of nationwide nostalgia. This hankering after the good old days was one response to a present that seemed to have gone very badly wrong and it took the form of an obsessive brooding about the loss of a world where special American values had flourished."⁹⁹² The West of the imagination became a place for redemption and the cultivation of the American spirit. In the enduring words of Richard Slotkin, "the Myth represented the redemption of American

⁹⁸⁹ H. L. James, 105; Albrecht, 37.

⁹⁹⁰ Murdoch, 2.

⁹⁹¹ Ibid., 3.

⁹⁹² Ibid., 61.

spirit or fortune as something to be achieved by playing through a scenario of separation, temporary regression to a more primitive or 'natural' state, and *regeneration through violence*.”⁹⁹³

The myth of the West spawned a pantheon of heroes: frontiersmen, pioneers, cowboys, gunfighters, even outlaws. As Murdoch explains:

The frontier...brought forth men of extraordinary stature, men possessed of courage and skills to meet and overcome the dangers, so that the West could be made ready for the advance of civilization. Thus the archetypal American hero is the frontier-tamer. Even those who put themselves beyond the law might become folk heroes, for if authority was arbitrary law might serve interest, not justice, and the outlaw appear just another rugged individualist.⁹⁹⁴

Among these larger-than-life heroes was the lawman. His characteristics became codified in dime novels and pulp magazines until his outline was instantly recognizable against the desert backdrop. “Somewhere deep within the folklore of America may be found a figure of heroic stature,” Frank Richard Prassel writes:

Against a background of almost limitless expanse he is found in silhouette. In the public mind he sits at ease astride a horse, wearing a broad-brimmed hat. While his face is shadowed, the eyes glint with a peculiar light of hard finality. Perhaps most clearly identified are the six-shooter at his side and, caught in the rays of the sun, the shining badge upon his chest.

This is the western peace officer, engraved into the hearts of Americans and others throughout the world by books, comic strips, radio, television, and virtually every other known means of mass communication. In various portrayals the peace officer may be called sheriff, marshal, ranger, or by some other designation. He may be in Montana, Arizona, Oregon, Kansas, Texas, or elsewhere in the West. The details are varied and subject to endless combination. At times the peace officer may even be villainous, but he is usually fearless and deadly. It is widely accepted that he played a major part in bringing order to a lawless frontier during the last half of the century.⁹⁹⁵

⁹⁹³ Richard Slotkin, *Gunfighter Nation: The Myth of the Frontier in Twentieth-Century America* (New York: Atheneum, 1992), 12.

⁹⁹⁴ Murdoch, 3.

⁹⁹⁵ Frank Richard Prassel, *The Western Peace Officer: A Legacy of Law and Order* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1972), v-vi.

It was this figure that Hubbell patterned his stories after, and the myth of the West that provided him the themes that pervaded his tales: individualism, self-improvement, and self-reliance developed and exercised in the service of promoting democracy, civilizing the wilderness, and redeeming the community.⁹⁹⁶ Of course, he carefully tailored the details of his story to fit his own unique persona and the flavor of the Southwest. The latter required little effort beyond the presence of the occasional Navajo and a smattering of Spanish, for the myth of the Southwest “has a foundation in the frontier mythology that is central to the larger American experience.”⁹⁹⁷ The former required Sheriff Hubbell to be less violent than his gunfighting peers, for he was at the same time hospitable Don Lorenzo, friend to the Navajos. Nevertheless, the Hubbell that emerges in the stories as a quintessentially Western character who embodies both violence and gentility, wildness and civility. As he said to the reporter in the Hotel Adams:

“In politics one must be diplomatic to one’s enemy,” he said gravely, but his twinkling eyes gave the opposite impression. “Forgive him—when you can’t lick him. When he smites you on one cheek, smite him on both so as to have the balance in your favor.”

He laughed a laugh of pure joy, before continuing. “You’ll get the idea that I have a bad temper, and that wouldn’t be a fair impression for me to leave. I am, in the language of Captain Kidd, ‘as mild mannered a man as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat.’ But he who licks me today, will have to lick me tomorrow—and keep on licking me, until there’s no breath left in my body.”⁹⁹⁸

⁹⁹⁶ Murdoch, 3; Spude, 1.

⁹⁹⁷ Mark Busby, “Texas and the Great Southwest,” in *A Companion to the Regional Literatures of America*, ed. Charles L. Crow (Malden, MA: Blackwell, 2003), 434. Busby continues, “Southwestern mythology draws from frontier mythology, particularly the emphasis on the Southwest as a land of freedom and opportunity, where individuals can demonstrate those values that the Anglo myth reveres—courage, determination, ingenuity, and loyalty, among others.”

⁹⁹⁸ “Grand Old Man of Apache County Presents a Few Political Rules,” *Arizona Republican*, February 21, 1921.

The creation of this persona, however, took a good deal of creative editing on Hubbell's part. The Sheriff of Apache County revealed in the harsh light of history is largely a different fellow from the one constructed in the soft glow of Hubbell's crackling fire.

J. L. Hubbell in Politics

Lorenzo Hubbell, inheritor of a family legacy of civic involvement, entered the world of politics at the age of thirty when he ran for the office of Sheriff of Apache County in 1884.⁹⁹⁹ He remembered that the state of affairs was marked by corruption and greed and that he “went into politics in this territory as one of the first and few men who had the courage to tell certain politicians that they were a lot of damned rascals!”¹⁰⁰⁰ The county, covering a massive section of the northeastern quarter of Arizona Territory and with its seat in St. Johns where Hubbell had personal and business interests, did indeed suffer from many typical frontier maladies—cattle rustling, racial and religious conflict, range disputes, and the interference of the railroads, mining interests, and large cattle companies.¹⁰⁰¹ Arizona in the early 1880s was not far off from the lawless West popularized in fiction. In a passionate report to the Secretary of the Interior in 1881, Arizona Territory's acting governor, John J. Gosper, described a country plagued by disorder:

Crime, everywhere present in our common country, is far more frequent and appalling in the Territories than elsewhere, because of the less regard generally paid to virtue and the rights of property, but more generally because of the fact that criminals—fugitives from justice—from thickly settled portions of the East, flee to the wild and unsettled portions of our Territories, where they can form in bands for mutual protection against arrest and punishment.

⁹⁹⁹ Hubbell had dabbled a little in politics before this, serving as a jail commissioner and as a delegate to the Democratic Territorial Convention in 1884, for example, but this was his first elected position. See “Local Brevities,” *Mohave County Miner*, May 18, 1884; and “Tuesday,” *Weekly Arizona Miner*, August 22, 1884.

¹⁰⁰⁰ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 26. See Cottam, 58-61 for a brief account of Hubbell's term as sheriff.

¹⁰⁰¹ Ball, 63, 286.

Within the limits of this Territory there have existed companies or bands of outlaws, commonly called “cow-boys,” who, the past year have committed many murders, and have stolen thousands of dollars’ worth of stock and other property. Many times the stages carrying the United States mails, passengers, and the usual express, have been suddenly stopped by armed, masked men, who have rifled the mails, robbed the express, and deprived the passengers of all their valuables; and not unfrequently, they have committed murder in connection with these robberies—always where resistance has been offered.¹⁰⁰²

Hubbell’s term as sheriff would, in fact, include the kinds of duties such a portrait of lawlessness requires. The local newspapers, without elaborating much, would note Sheriff Hubbell as being “in the Navajo country looking after evil doers,” or re-capturing escaped prisoners, or chasing down stage robbers.¹⁰⁰³ Sometimes, though, the hold-ups turned out to be nothing more than the products of the imagination of a young boy “frightened at the approach of a party of strange men,” and the papers were as likely to chide Hubbell for failing to hold his mandatory office hours as to praise him for the apprehension of a criminal.¹⁰⁰⁴ Though Hubbell would later claim to be a purifying influence on local politics, kindling fear in the hearts of his opponents “because they knew that truth and honesty are not afraid of man, beast, or devil,” he was as partisan as any other candidate, and, in the eyes of some, downright corrupt.¹⁰⁰⁵

The town of St. Johns was founded in 1874 by Hispanos and a few Americans who had married into Hispanic families, chief among them Jewish merchant Solomon Barth. By 1880, the town boasted a population of several hundred citizens, most of them Spanish-

¹⁰⁰² Qtd. in Prassel, 5.

¹⁰⁰³ “Local News,” *St. Johns Herald*, May 14, 1885; “Thomas Youngblood...” *St. Johns Herald*, October 29, 1885; “The Hold-up,” *St. Johns Herald*, September 3, 1885.

¹⁰⁰⁴ “No ‘Hold-up,’” *St. Johns Herald*, September 10, 1885; “According to the reading...” *St. Johns Herald*, April 2, 1885.

¹⁰⁰⁵ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 26.

American. But when members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormons) began showing up as part of Brigham Young's plan to establish a "settlement corridor" from Utah to Sonora, Mexico, a classic conflict for political control between "oldtimers" and "newcomers" ignited.¹⁰⁰⁶ Barth, who owned most of the land in town, initially could not resist the opportunity to make a profit. He sold the Mormons a tract of land surrounding the poorer, Mexican side of town. The town's residents, however, viewed the land as communal grazing property and had not known that Barth owned it; when the Mormons began driving survey stakes into the ground, the Mexicans were furious.¹⁰⁰⁷ As Historian Mark E. Miller argues, Barth, Hubbell, and other wealthy and influential citizens "played upon this misunderstanding to further league themselves with the large Hispanic worker population against the newcomers."¹⁰⁰⁸ They "took advantage of this rift...to gain popular political support against the growing number of Saints. With their established economic power and government influence, Barth, Hubbell, and others consolidated themselves into a cohesive organization known as the St. Johns Ring."¹⁰⁰⁹

This alliance, including the two largest landowners in town, the publisher of the local newspaper, the sheriff's office, and the U.S. District Attorney, mounted a formidable

¹⁰⁰⁶ Mark E. Miller, "St. Johns's Saints: Interethnic Conflict in Northeastern Arizona, 1880-85," *Journal of Mormon History* 23, no. 1 (Spring 1997): 67-68. Miller provides an excellent analysis of the conflict between the Mormons and the "St. Johns Ring," and is one of the few accounts, popular or historical, in which Lorenzo Hubbell comes out looking like a villain.

¹⁰⁰⁷ David K. Udall writes in his memoirs, "I doubt that they realized we had bought this land with the view of making homes there. I am sure they did not realize that we had no intention of molesting them; rather they looked upon us as enemies, who had come to encroach upon their old 'San Juan'....The Mexicans resented us and we did not blame them very much. Their 'squatters' rights' had not been properly respected by those who had sold the land to our people." David King Udall and Pearl Udall Nelson, *Arizona Pioneer Mormon: David King Udall, His Story and His Family* (Tucson: Arizona Silhouettes, 1959), 77.

¹⁰⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, 75.

¹⁰⁰⁹ *Ibid.*

opposition to the normally powerful Mormon voting bloc. Together, they formed “a true ‘ring,’ dominating political and legal offices, manipulating the local economy to their benefit, and aggressively asserting their views against the Mormons in [the] paper.”¹⁰¹⁰ As a prominent member of the ring, Lorenzo Hubbell was among the first to react publically against the Mormon presence in St. Johns. On behalf of the justice of the peace and dozens of community members, Hubbell penned and personally delivered a letter to the local Mormon bishop, David K. Udall, in the wake of the surveying fiasco. In words bristling with anti-Mormon sentiment, he accused Udall of encouraging his followers to invade the land that was by rights the property of the Mexican Catholics, because “all the world knows that the members of the Mormon sect live under blind obedience to their leaders.”¹⁰¹¹ Voicing the townspeople’s very real fears, he wrote, “We see in your determination only the intention of surrounding and oppressing us,” and informed Udall that they would not “feel it inconvenient to show you that we will place all the means in our power and within our reach to impede the establishment of the Mormons in the surroundings of this town.”¹⁰¹² If they failed to reconsider their settlement, he wrote, they would face “difficulties and disagreeable consequences.”¹⁰¹³ Udall’s reply was, by contrast, measured and calm. He suggested a public

¹⁰¹⁰ Ibid., 79.

¹⁰¹¹ J. L. Hubbell et al. to David J. Udell, October 26, 1880, Box 6 Folder 10, David K. Udall Papers, 1847-1988, MS 294, University of Arizona Library Special Collections, Tucson, AZ (hereafter cited as David K. Udall Papers, U of A Special Collections).

¹⁰¹² Ibid.

¹⁰¹³ Ibid.

meeting to resolve differences, only adding at the end of his letter the rebuke, “As for the insinuating and insulting sentences in your document I will not condescend to reply.”¹⁰¹⁴

The tensions between the Mormons and the Mexicans did not ease up in the years that followed. The Mormons constantly cried out against voter fraud and intimidation, but because the St. Johns Ring controlled both the sheriff’s office and the court system, investigations never progressed far.¹⁰¹⁵ Occasionally, violence erupted, such as when a Mormon leader, one fairly well-liked by both sides, was fatally shot in front of Barth’s store during the annual “St. Johns Day” festivities one year, but somehow it was only ever Mormons who were arrested.¹⁰¹⁶ The Mormon practice of polygamy proved a lightning rod for animosity between the two groups. Relentless railings against the “moral ‘evils’ of polygamy and Mormon lawlessness” appeared in the *St. Johns Herald* daily.¹⁰¹⁷

This was the situation in 1884 when Lorenzo Hubbell determined to run for sheriff on the anti-Mormon platform. The opposition was not inconsiderable. The Mormons, weary of disenfranchisement, reached out to the railroad and cattle companies, forming an alliance in the hopes of moving the county seat out of St. Johns to the railroad town of Holbrook.¹⁰¹⁸ The scheme to weaken the ring’s hold over county offices, however, proved unsuccessful. The predictions of the *Weekly Arizona Miner*, that “Mr. Hubbell’s election to the office for which he aspires is generally conceded by the best informed citizens of his

¹⁰¹⁴ D. K. Udall to Mr. Marcus Baca y Padia, and others, October 27, 1880, Box 6, Folder 10, David K. Udall Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹⁰¹⁵ Mark E. Miller, 79.

¹⁰¹⁶ *Ibid.*, 80

¹⁰¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 84-85,

¹⁰¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 83.

County,” proved correct.¹⁰¹⁹ Hubbell, half-Spanish and more or less married into one of the town’s prominent Mexican families, triumphed on the strength of his connections with the still predominant Hispano community.

During Hubbell’s tenure as sheriff, more episodes of violence marred the relationship between the two groups, and from the Mormons’ perspective, Hubbell repeatedly failed to enact anything like justice. In one particularly violent episode, Solomon Barth and Mormon settler Franklin Banta got into a fist fight over a debt owed by Barth to Banta. Barth reportedly began choking Banta, who defended himself by stabbing Barth in the head with a metal nail file. Nathan Barth, Solomon’s brother, saw the scuffle, drew his .44 revolver, and shot Banta through the neck. Banta survived the wound, but was the only one arrested for the fiasco.¹⁰²⁰ According to Joseph Fish, who considered Hubbell to be among the most prominent of St. Johns’ “rabid anti-Mormons,” the sheriff had declared on no uncertain terms that “that he would fight them until Hell froze over and then give them a round on the ice.”¹⁰²¹

In 1884 and 1885, however, the ring began to break up. Solomon Barth changed sides over personal differences with other ring members in 1884, and Lorenzo Hubbell began showing misgivings during the perjury trial of David K. Udall in the late summer of 1885. Udall was convicted and sent to the penitentiary, but the proceedings were evidently such a gross miscarriage of justice that Hubbell and several others, including the prosecutor, immediately broke ranks and wrote to President Cleveland to request a pardon.¹⁰²² Udall was

¹⁰¹⁹ “Friday’s Editio,” *Weekly Arizona Miner*, August 22, 1884.

¹⁰²⁰ Mark E. Miller, 81-82.

¹⁰²¹ Krenkel, 247-248.

¹⁰²² Mark E. Miller, 96-97; Udall and Nelson, 131-132.

released, and he and Hubbell became personal friends. It was Udall's belief that the fasting and prayers of the Saints had broken up the St. Johns Ring:

Within two years after the special fast, and the solemn prayer meeting, five of the six ringleaders, one by one, met with violent deaths, and none of them at the hands of their Mormon neighbors. The sixth man had a change of heart and became a true friend of the Mormon people. He was none other than Don Lorenzo Hubbell.¹⁰²³

Udall attributed Hubbell's transformation to "a comforting thing in human nature," that "when he came to know us and we to know him, we became true friends."¹⁰²⁴

Just before Udall's trial, perhaps precipitated somewhat by his betrayal of the ring's anti-Mormon interests, Hubbell began to face concerted opposition from his former allies in the District Attorney's office and the Board of Supervisors of Apache County. His friends maintained that the Board's opposition was motivated by revenge, because once elected Hubbell "indignantly refused to be used as a tool of the old clique of corruptionists, and the result was an early declaration of hostilities on their part."¹⁰²⁵ The fact, however, was that the trading post in Ganado required a good deal of attention from Lorenzo, and his long absences caused him to neglect many of his duties as sheriff and gave his opponents abundant justification and opportunity to challenge his authority. During one of his frequent absences of four or five weeks, while his deputies (who were also his brothers) were also away, the local paper grumbled, "The county seat is thus left practically without an officer for the time being. We hope the gentlemen will pay us a visit soon to prevent the people from forgetting our officers, and who they are."¹⁰²⁶

¹⁰²³ Udall and Nelson, 95.

¹⁰²⁴ Ibid., 181. Joseph Fish also noted Hubbell's transformation. Krenkel, 248.

¹⁰²⁵ "Apache County Imbroglia," *Weekly Arizona Miner*, July 3, 1885.

¹⁰²⁶ "Sheriff Hubbell has been absent. . ." *St. Johns Herald*, May 27, 1886. See Cottam, 59-61 for a brief account of the ouster that forms the basis of this section.

In the spring of 1885, Hubbell left St. Johns, first for Albuquerque and then for Ganado, leaving the duties of the office in the hands of his brother, Deputy Frank A. Hubbell, for more than two months. Fed up with his absence, the Board of Supervisors of Apache County convened a meeting on June 22, 1885. An affidavit read there leveled a long list of charges against the sheriff:

That he had failed to give a proper bond and that his bondsmen were insufficient; that he had absented himself from the county without permission for more than sixty days; that he refused to serve bench warrants issued by the county judge; that he refused to serve numerous subpoenas issued out of the county court; that he has refused to work in harmony with the District Attorney's office, and that he has been insulting to said officer and also to the Judge...of the county court, etc.¹⁰²⁷

Hubbell had apparently on one occasion told the District Attorney “to stick said subpoenas — — —.”¹⁰²⁸ Reasoning that the Navajo Reservation was outside Apache County and even the Territory of Arizona, the Board of Supervisors declared that Hubbell had vacated the office of sheriff during his long trips to Ganado, and appointed a new sheriff, James E. Porter, to take his place.¹⁰²⁹

When one of his deputies brought him the news at Ganado, Hubbell reacted by selling his interest in the store to his partner, likely in an effort to prove—at least on paper—that his dedication to the interests of St. Johns and the shrievalty was complete. He abandoned the trading post and raced to counter the charges leveled against him in his absence. Once in St. Johns, he managed to secure a ten-day reprieve. Ordering his deputies

¹⁰²⁷ “At a special meeting...” *Arizona Champion*, July 11, 1885.

¹⁰²⁸ “Special Meeting of the Board of Supervisors. Digest of Proceedings,” *St. Johns Herald*, June 25, 1885.

¹⁰²⁹ “At a special meeting...” *Arizona Champion*, July 11, 1885; Cottam, 59.

not to turn the office over to Porter, he rushed to the District Court in Prescott to obtain an injunction against the Board of Supervisors and the newly appointed sheriff.¹⁰³⁰

Newspapers throughout Arizona Territory dramatized the “disgraceful state of affairs in Apache County.”¹⁰³¹ The *Arizona Champion* declared the county “rightly named, in view of the continual turmoil which prevails, and the thievery and other crimes perpetuated in that delectable portion of the ‘sun-kissed land.’”¹⁰³² Papers from Prescott to Flagstaff chimed in with sensational headlines. “Over in Apache County, where law is ignored, and sometimes lawlessness, murder and the rabble is accepted in its place, is about to become the scene of riot and perhaps bloodshed,” the *Weekly Arizona Miner* intoned. “The Sheriff, Mr. Hubbell, has been deposed by the Board of Supervisors, but he refuses to obey or acknowledge the authority of that body.”¹⁰³³ The paper went on to claim that Hubbell instructed his deputies to defend the office “at all hazards” and had shipped them “five thousand rounds of ammunition and other munitions of war.”¹⁰³⁴

At present the condition of affairs is anything but pacific, as Mr. Hubbell’s opponents have expressed a determination to disregard the mandates of any tribunal except the County Court, and declare that they will take the office by force. Should this be attempted there is no doubt but what a bloody conflict will take place, as both sides are armed to the teeth and dying for a chance to wipe out old scores with each other.¹⁰³⁵

¹⁰³⁰ “From Tuesday’s Daily,” *Arizona Weekly Miner*, July 3, 1885; “Local News,” *St. Johns Herald*, June 25, 1885; “Local News” *St. Johns Herald*, July 9, 1885; Cottam, 60.

¹⁰³¹ “Disgraceful State of Affairs in Apache County,” *Arizona Champion*, July 18, 1885.

¹⁰³² *Ibid.*

¹⁰³³ “Sheriff Turned Out of Office,” *Weekly Arizona Miner*, July 3, 1885.

¹⁰³⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁰³⁵ *Ibid.*

Its sensibilities clearly offended, the *St. Johns Herald* countered with an article refuting deliberately titillating headlines featuring “Arms, Blood, Entrails and sich [sic].”¹⁰³⁶ The editor set out to rectify the depiction of St. Johns as a lawless frontier:

A more causeless tail to the Shrievalty kite can scarcely be imagined, and this circumstance is giving our county much unenviable notoriety....It is true that Mr. Hubbell’s many friends were indignant at the summary actions of the Board and made public expressions of it. In the absence of the Sheriff his deputies refused to turn the office over to Mr. Porter, and on the return of Mr. Hubbell at a later day, he instituted proceedings to annul the acts of the Supervisors, and accompanied by his counsel left for Prescott to obtain a decision. All this was done in a legal and orderly manner, and we will venture the statement that no town in Arizona or any other place in the Union has presented a more quiet, peaceable and satisfied outward appearance than has St. Johns, the County Seat of Apache county, for the past two weeks; nothing short of a country cemetery could approach it for sweet peace.

What would have occurred had a forcible attempt been made to get possession of the Sheriff’s office and property we do not know, and we have no right to discuss the subject. It was not done and may never have been intended. While we write, the gentlemen composing the Board of Supervisors of the County are holding their regular meeting and are diligently discharging their official duties, we believe, without fear or favor. If you want to hear unpleasant news regarding your own home, watch the country papers.¹⁰³⁷

The matter was indeed eventually settled peacefully. Though “in disgrace,” J. L. kept the shrievalty, but was plagued by continual charges of malfeasance in office from the Board of Supervisors, and was defeated soundly during the next election a year later.¹⁰³⁸ His supporters steadfastly maintained, “Mr. Hubbell’s hands are clean, and that he is in the right, we have no fear that we shall be contradicted except by demagogues, shysters, and

¹⁰³⁶ “Tis Distance Lends Enchantment...” *St. Johns Herald*, July 9, 1885.

¹⁰³⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁰³⁸ “Disgraceful State of Affairs in Apache County,” *Arizona Champion*, July 18, 1885. Hubbell was plagued particularly by financial controversies. It was found after Hubbell’s term ended that he “kept no books whatever during his term of office,” an unsurprising discovery in retrospect, given that his books at the trading post were never orderly. “The Sheriff,” *St. Johns Herald*, March 10, 1887.

hypocritical American apostates, and Mormons.”¹⁰³⁹ His opponents, however, welcomed his challenger, Commodore Perry Owens, with open arms, and Hubbell was defeated in the court of popular opinion long before the election. The paper that had once supported him crowed:

There is a good time coming when Commodore Owens is installed in the Sheriff's Office. The cattle and sheep will be able to browse unmolested upon the plains, lawbreakers must seek another climate, and cattle and horse thieves must adopt a safer business even if it should be less profitable, and when one of them gets into jail he will learn he is in 'for keeps.' Witnesses will be both found and brought in to convict those who depredate upon the property of other people and criminals will learn in sorrow that Apache County has at last some officers, courts, and judges who will bring them to grief.¹⁰⁴⁰

In the end, Hubbell lost 419 to 499 votes to Owens.¹⁰⁴¹

Hubbell's two years as Sheriff of Apache County, however, were only the beginning of his political career.¹⁰⁴² Hubbell was a man of ambition and iron opinions. Politics was a tool in his hands for furthering his business interests and his ideals, giving him a platform from which to spread his influence and fame, broadening his circle of political acquaintances from low-level local authorities in Navajo country to state and even national luminaries.¹⁰⁴³ Hubbell took a deep pleasure in winning, especially against terrible odds. He was nearly always in the minority as a Republican in a Democratic state, but the controversies he faced as Sheriff of Apache County seemed to whet his appetite for opposition.

¹⁰³⁹ “Sheriff Hubbell brought in two prisoners...” *St. Johns Herald*, October 15, 1885.

¹⁰⁴⁰ “There is a good time coming...” *St. Johns Herald*, October 21, 1886.

¹⁰⁴¹ “The Official Vote,” *St. Johns Herald*, November 18, 1886; Ball, 64. See Earle R. Forrest, *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, rev. ed. (Caldwell, ID: Caxton Printers, 1962), chapters 7 and 15 for an account of Owens' tenure as sheriff and the Apache County strife.

¹⁰⁴² Summaries of J. L.'s political involvement can be found in Blue, *Indian Trader*, 170-188; and in International News Service, 187-188. This brief account here is based on Cottam, 108-114.

¹⁰⁴³ See Cottam, 108-109 for a discussion of Hubbell's activities in the territorial legislature. See also *Journals of the Seventeenth Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Arizona* (Phoenix: Herald Book and Job Office, 1893).

In 1893, Hubbell successfully ran for a spot in the Seventeenth Territorial Legislature of Arizona.¹⁰⁴⁴ If his experience selling his interests in his store to protect his position as sheriff did not convince him, he soon found that politics almost always proved detrimental to his business, requiring him to be away from home for long periods of time. As he confessed quite simply, “I find that business and politics do not work well together.”¹⁰⁴⁵ He returned resigned to Ganado after a single term in the Territorial Legislature, but remained politically active. He faithfully upheld the interests of his party at territorial and national Republican conventions, and in 1908 found himself being prodded none too gently to run for congress by his friends and supporters.¹⁰⁴⁶ Hubbell, however, refused to run, maintaining that his business needed him.¹⁰⁴⁷ But he was drawn back into the fray in 1909 when the heated debate over statehood turned ugly with a law that threatened to disenfranchise Hispanic voters who could not read the United States Constitution in English. Hubbell battled the Education Qualification Act with great fervor, freely trading on his political connections and even traveling to Washington, DC, to testify in hearings.¹⁰⁴⁸

J. L. eventually emerged from the fight victorious. Enlivened by his success and intrigued by the opportunity to help shape Arizona’s future as it transitioned to full

¹⁰⁴⁴ “Apache County,” *The Arizona Republican*, November 26, 1892.

¹⁰⁴⁵ J. L. Hubbell to Charles H. Hubbell, November 19, 1902, Box 95, Folder 1902, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹⁰⁴⁶ “The Republican Territorial Convention...” *Cochise Review and Arizona Daily Orb*, May 12, 1900; “Hon. Lorenzo Hubbell of Apache,” *Coconino Sun*, August 7, 1908; “A. Hubbell has Support of Gov. Kibbey,” *Bisbee Daily Review*, August 13, 1908; “Judge Ruiz Bitter Against Accuser Barth,” *Weekly Arizona Journal-Miner*, August 19, 1908.

¹⁰⁴⁷ “Hubbell Balks at Nomination Won’t Have It,” *Bisbee Daily Review*, August 22, 1908.

¹⁰⁴⁸ See U.S. Congress, Senate Committee on Territories, *Statehood: Hearing Before the Subcommittee on Territories on the Bill S. 5916*, 61st Cong., 2nd sess., 1910; “Former Arizona Opponents Now Friends of Territory,” *Weekly Journal-Miner*, March 9, 1910.

statehood, he ran as the Republican candidate for Apache County to the fledgling state's constitutional convention. He lost the election to Democratic opponent Fred T. Coulter by only four votes.¹⁰⁴⁹ In 1911, Hubbell would face Coulter again in a race for a seat on the first Arizona State Senate, but in the meantime, he busied himself serving as chairman of Arizona's Republican Central Committee.¹⁰⁵⁰ Though the race against Coulter looked hopeless, Hubbell pulled through in a narrow victory and enjoyed the immensely satisfying reward of standing directly behind President William Howard Taft when he signed Arizona into statehood on February 14, 1912.¹⁰⁵¹

Even as Hubbell savored his political involvement, his business predictably suffered. He spent months at a time in Phoenix, connected to his trading posts only by letter. Indian trading was an uncertain business in the best of times, and though Hubbell's sons and employees did their best to manage in his absence, Hubbell was a terrible delegator and record keeper. At the end of his term in the Senate, he returned home deeply in debt, turning to friends for loans and even mortgaging his trading ranch. In a moment of resolution, he declared, "I am through with all politics till 1916."¹⁰⁵² But within the year, he was campaigning for the United States Senate—a move that proved fatal to his political career. He received a crippling defeat at the hands of his Democratic opponent, Marcus A.

¹⁰⁴⁹ "The Republican Organization," *Bisbee Daily Review*, November 3, 1911.

¹⁰⁵⁰ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 178; "Republican State Committee Elects Hubbell Chairman," *Weekly Journal-Miner*, November 8, 1911; "The Republican Organization," *Bisbee Daily Review*, November 3, 1911.

¹⁰⁵¹ "The Triumph of Democracy at Phoenix," *Bisbee Daily Review*, December 10, 1911.

¹⁰⁵² J. L. Hubbell to S. B. Wood, June 21, 1913, Box 99, Folder June 1913, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

Smith, whose 25,790 votes buried J. L.'s pitiful 9,178.¹⁰⁵³ The trader never again held a major public office and he nearly bankrupted himself during his campaign.¹⁰⁵⁴

Hubbell, however, left politics with a gleaming reputation of integrity and determination, despite his losses. H. L. James' summation is typical:

He served in the Territorial Council, helped guide Arizona to statehood, was a State Senator, and ran unsuccessfully for the U.S. Senate. Hubbell's political philosophy was quite liberal for his time. He was a supporter of women's rights to vote, opposed to disenfranchising the Spanish-speaking Americans through use of literary requirements in English, and favored prohibition. He conducted himself so honorably in his campaigns for office that even his opponents complimented him on his methods. He did not lack conviction, however, and was noted for his tenacity and enthusiasm in debate.¹⁰⁵⁵

Hubbell had the reputation and the raw material to construct an image of his early days that fit perfectly within the emerging type of the Western peace officer.

The Rise of the Lawman Legend

By the time Lorenzo Hubbell began telling Navajo country travelers about his exploits as the Sheriff of Apache County, the mythic West and the characters that populated it, including the lawman, were firmly established in the American consciousness. Stories of Western peace officers, popularized in dime novels and pulp magazines, gave Hubbell the framework he needed to rework his term as sheriff into the proper shape, where he "was the man of the hour, the hero in his own personal drama."¹⁰⁵⁶ As Kent Steckmesser states in his analysis of the qualities of the Western hero, a legend is required to be genteel, clever,

¹⁰⁵³ James H. McClintock, *Arizona: Prehistoric—Aboriginal—Pioneer—Modern. The Nation's Youngest Commonwealth Within a Land of Ancient Culture*, vol. 2 (Chicago: S. J. Clarke Pub. Co., 1916), 380; "Election Returns as Officially Canvassed by Counties," *The Graham Guardian*, December 14, 1914.

¹⁰⁵⁴ See Cottam, 128-136 for a more detailed account of the havoc J. L.'s political propensities had on his business and family relationships.

¹⁰⁵⁵ H. L. James, 105.

¹⁰⁵⁶ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 74.

exceptionally skilled in the frontier arts, and epically significant—and when history falls short, “the hero’s speech, character, philosophy, appearance, and actions are altered to conform to a preconceived ideal.”¹⁰⁵⁷ Hubbell quite readily altered his past to conform to the image.

The mythic West was birthed from the same antimodern cultural cocktail that produced Southwestern archaeology, tourism, and the curio trade. Joseph G. Rosa asserts that America’s fascination with the West “stemmed largely from the escapism that followed four years of civil war,” and manifest itself in a barrage of Western fiction:

The restrictions imposed by government, the military, and the exigencies of war encouraged people to seek freedom from daily routine, if not physically, then mentally. The written word was one way to escape. Monthly journals and newspapers were crammed with stories of the West and accounts of derring-do among hostile Indians. People anxious to rid themselves of the restrictions of post-war unemployment, recession, and the over crowding in many larger eastern cities dreamed of risking the Indians, climate, and other hazards to reach the rich, fertile regions to the West. So when they read about those places and the adventures of the “plainsmen” or “frontiersmen,” they formed a vision that was largely fictional yet left them yearning for the “wide open spaces.”¹⁰⁵⁸

Many of those Western stories appeared in dime novels and took as their blueprint for character and plot a mixture of fictional and folk heroes like Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and James Fenimore Cooper’s Leatherstocking.¹⁰⁵⁹ Publishing houses, gathering up the “raw material [that] lay in fragments of history and accumulated legends,” churned out formulaic adventure stories set in the West at astonishing rates.¹⁰⁶⁰ There was little variation in the tenor of the tales, but as Christine Bold argues:

¹⁰⁵⁷ Steckmesser, 241.

¹⁰⁵⁸ Joseph G. Rosa, *Wild Bill Hickok: The Man and His Myth* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1996), xvii-xviii.

¹⁰⁵⁹ Murdoch, 27-28.

¹⁰⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, 17.

However simplistic the dime—and nickel—novel formula, the embedding of topical references in the narratives and their responsiveness to changing cultural climates suggest that these melodramas were offered as prisms through which to view current affairs. Implicitly and explicitly the frontier wilderness came to be aligned with modern society, to the extent that the dime Western could be read, in Daryl Jones's words, "as a vehicle for addressing social problems associated with urbanization and industrialization." Public discourse and cheap fiction symbiotically supported a vibrant, optimistic political rhetoric that characterized the Far West as site of national, economic, and personal regeneration.¹⁰⁶¹

Other writers and artists followed the dime novelists, approaching their task with greater intention but no less romance. Among the most significant to the creation of the Western myth were Owen Wister, Frederic Remington, and Theodore Roosevelt, each of whom was a "deliberate and self-conscious myth-maker."¹⁰⁶² Wister's wildly popular 1902 novel, *The Virginian*, was especially significant in that it "popularized the gunfight, the standard of any Western."¹⁰⁶³ Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show, too, helped generate popular images of the West—indeed, some have argued that he "did more to foster the wild

¹⁰⁶¹ Christine Bold, "Malaeska's Revenge; or, The Dime Novel Tradition in Popular Fiction," in *Wanted Dead or Alive: The American West in Popular Culture*, ed. Richard Aquila (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1996), 29. Bold's words echo Richard Slotkin, who argues in his seminal work that "the myth of regeneration through violence became the structuring metaphor of the American experience." See Slotkin, *Regeneration Through Violence*, 5. See also Jones, *The Dime Novel Western*.

¹⁰⁶² Murdoch, 64. Interestingly, all three of these men were within Hubbell's sphere of influence. Roosevelt, of course, visited Hubbell during his trip to the Snake Dance in 1913. See Roosevelt, "The Hopi Snake Dance," 365-373. Owen Wister toured Navajo country under J. L. Hubbell's care in 1915, staying with Lorenzo Jr. at Keams Canyon. He told Hubbell after the trip that "no part of it, although all of it was pleasant, was so pleasant as the part conducted under your auspices....Indeed, my trip with Sam Day and my glimpse of you have left me with great desire to return some day and do it again." Owen Wister to J. L. Hubbell, August 27, 1915, Box 87, Folder Wister, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. See also Owen Wister to J. L. Hubbell, July 9, 1915, Box 87, Folder Wister, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections. Only Frederic Remington is not known to have visited Hubbell Trading Post. Charles Lummis, however, once told Hubbell that he had nearly sent Remington to Hubbell when the artist wrote to him asking where he should go to sketch in Arizona or New Mexico—but Remington's wife needed a warmer climate than Ganado could offer. Charles F. Lummis to J. L. Hubbell, January 1, 1907, Box 52, Folder Lummis, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹⁰⁶³ See Stewart L. Udall, Robert R. Dykstra, Michael A. Bellesiles, Paula Mitchell Marks, and Gregory H. Nobles, "How the West Got Wild: American Media and Frontier Violence, A Roundtable," *Western Historical Quarterly* 31, no. 3 (Autumn 2000): 287.

West legends than any other individual.”¹⁰⁶⁴ William F. Cody, in fact, was himself a regular star in the dime novels and the pulps, mythologized as “‘the hero of heroes’ who is superior in plainscraft to all the frontiersman around him.”¹⁰⁶⁵ In every media available, the American public “polished, embellished and admired their invention and peopled it with inhabitants of their imagination.”¹⁰⁶⁶

The heroes that emerged in these stories changed shape over the years, solidifying into types: the frontiersman, the plainsman, the mountain man, the soldier, the cowboy, the outlaw, and, almost inextricably intertwined, the gunfighter and the lawman.¹⁰⁶⁷ As Frank Prassel writes, “Some of the legends on frontier peace officers originated before the Civil War, with fiction preceding written history,” and before too long some writers began to base their creations on the lives of real lawmen.¹⁰⁶⁸ The West’s police forces—the Texas Rangers, the Pinkertons, and the U.S. Marshals—generated seemingly endless stories of their exploits, real and imagined.¹⁰⁶⁹ But as Rosa argues, the gunfighting lawman truly “came into his own” in the cattle towns of Kansas.¹⁰⁷⁰

¹⁰⁶⁴ Joseph G. Rosa, *The Gunfighter: Man or Myth?* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1969), 7. Much has been written about Buffalo Bill’s Wild West Show and its role in the creation of the mythic West. See, for example, Joy S. Kasson, *Buffalo Bill’s Wild West: Celebrity, Memory, and Popular History* (New York: Hill and Wang, 2000).

¹⁰⁶⁵ Bold, *Selling the Wild West*, 11-13.

¹⁰⁶⁶ Murdoch, 31.

¹⁰⁶⁷ Steckmesser provides an excellent analysis of the legends of several of these types in *The Western Hero in History and Legend*.

¹⁰⁶⁸ Prassel, 245, 250.

¹⁰⁶⁹ Rosa, *The Gunfighter*, 55-60.

¹⁰⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, 11.

There, during the cattle season that stretched through the hot, dusty months from May to September, Texas cowboys, flush with cash, occasionally stirred up trouble when they mixed alcohol, gambling, prostitution, and guns. In turn, the towns hired marshals, often more for their reputation as gunfighters than any policing ability, to attempt to maintain some semblance of order.¹⁰⁷¹ As Rosa dramatically explains, “After months on the trail, coaxing and bullying longhorns to keep moving, hoarse from dust, sodden with rain, ‘poisoned’ by what passed for food, he longed for the sights and the enjoyments of the cowtowns, and it was a bitter shock to find them policed by Yankee marshals bent on frustrating his need to let off steam.”¹⁰⁷² Lawmen and cowboys clashed, and from time to time their encounters resulted in shootings and death. Just how often such bloody conflicts happened is a matter hotly contested by historians.¹⁰⁷³ But regardless of the facts, the popular press picked up the stories and the lawlessness of the Kansas cattle towns became legendary. Rosa writes, “From these killings evolved one of the most durable elements of the Western legend—the ‘war’ between the Texas cowboys and the Kansas marshals.”¹⁰⁷⁴ They also produced some of the most fabled lawmen—William B. “Bat” Masterson, William M. Tilghman, and Thomas J. Smith, among others. By the end of the nineteenth century, “dozens of periodicals devoted to the West routinely included stories of sheriffs, marshals, and rangers battling cattle thieves and murderers.”¹⁰⁷⁵

¹⁰⁷¹ Ibid. See also Robert R. Dykstra, *The Cattle Towns* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1983).

¹⁰⁷² Rosa, *The Gunfighter*, 71.

¹⁰⁷³ See Udall, et al., 277-295.

¹⁰⁷⁴ Rosa, *The Gunfighter*, 64. See also pages 84-110.

¹⁰⁷⁵ Prassel, 250.

The lawmen themselves often played a significant role in the advancement of the Western peace officer in myth. Frank Richard Prassel argues that even before 1900, many of them “acquired a clear awareness of their popular image and they sometimes added to the evolving mystique.”¹⁰⁷⁶ In their autobiographies, individual lawmen expanded their legends, emphasizing the dramatic and amplifying the danger. “With hindsight,” Prassel writes, “former lawmen tended to exaggerate the problems of slow transportation, poor communication, difficulty of identification, and possible violence. And, strangely, they increasingly remembered outlaws as likeable fellows with courage and an unwritten code of honor.”¹⁰⁷⁷ It was with great deliberateness that the West’s peace officers cultivated the image of the lawman.

One of the most famous of these is James B. Hickok, whose legend “epitomizes the dead-shot gunfighting peace officer who kept the mob at bay.”¹⁰⁷⁸ Hickock started his career as a peace officer in Kansas at the age of twenty in 1858.¹⁰⁷⁹ As Rosa states, “The average person knew little about the gunfighters until long after they were gone, when their heroic or villainous exploits became the subjects of stories and novels.”¹⁰⁸⁰ Hickok was a notable exception, appearing in an article in *Harper’s New Monthly Magazine* that would catapult him into national fame in 1867 while he was still plying his trade.¹⁰⁸¹ Dozens of dime novels,

¹⁰⁷⁶ Ibid., 246.

¹⁰⁷⁷ Ibid., 249.

¹⁰⁷⁸ Rosa, *Wild Bill*, xv.

¹⁰⁷⁹ For a selection of accounts of Wild Bill’s career, see Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell, *Why the West was Wild: A Contemporary Look at the Antics of Some Highly Publicized Kansas Cowntown Personalities* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2003), 173-210.

¹⁰⁸⁰ Rosa, *The Gunfighter*, 11.

¹⁰⁸¹ Rosa, *Wild Bill*, 1. See George Ward Nichols, “Wild Bill,” *Harper’s New Monthly Magazine* 34 (February 1867): 273-285.

including not a few by Ned Buntline, and a brief stint in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Exhibition soon solidified "Wild Bill's" reputation as a plainsman, scout, gunfighter, and lawman, and he was a staple of the Western myth by the 1870s.¹⁰⁸² Even as regional newspapers castigated him as a "notorious gambler and desperado," the national press exalted him a well-spoken, genteel fellow who had killed a hundred men, but not a one without a good cause.¹⁰⁸³ His exploits as a Deputy U.S. Marshal in the late 1860s and as the Marshal of Abilene in the early 1870s were well-dramatized and widely popularized a good ten years before Lorenzo Hubbell would be elected Sheriff of Apache County.¹⁰⁸⁴

In contrast, the other most famous Western lawman, Wyatt Earp, did not achieve true legendary status until after his death well into the twentieth century. Like Hickok, Earp made his reputation as a lawman in the Kansas cattle towns in the 1870s, but it was the 1881 gunfight at the O. K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona, for which he would become most notorious. After the shooting and the well-known vigilantism that followed, Earp's reputation suffered, and he was forced to flee Arizona. Having grown up in the culture of the dime-novel Westerns, Earp knew the shape his story ought to have taken, and it galled him to be seen as anything but a hero. Towards the end of his life, he courted biographers, trying to redeem his public image in the mold of Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, something fit for the silver screen.¹⁰⁸⁵ But in his obsessive attempts to control the message of his biography, he burned through several writers and died before he could approve the work of his latest choice, Stuart N. Lake. Knowing that "Earp's legacy could be a gold mine for

¹⁰⁸² Rosa, *Wild Bill*, 61-135.

¹⁰⁸³ Rosa, *Gunfighter*, 89, 119.

¹⁰⁸⁴ Rosa, *Wild Bill*, 157-162.

¹⁰⁸⁵ Andrew C. Isenberg, *Wyatt Earp: A Vigilante Life* (New York: Hill and Wang, 2013), 41, 72, 202.

him...he proved even more skilled than Wyatt himself at characterization. Lake crafted a portrayal of Earp as a tight-lipped marshal who was as virtuous as he was violent.”¹⁰⁸⁶ His book, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, proved wildly successful when it was released in 1931. The first printing sold out by the end of the year, Lake sold the film rights in 1932, and the decades that followed saw dozens of film and television adaptations that “institutionalized the Western lawman as a solitary embodiment of duty, order, and sacrifice; the gunfight as the ultimate Western test of manhood; and vigilantism as the necessary imposition of justice upon a lawless West.”¹⁰⁸⁷

Like Earp, Hubbell used the popular literary legacy that blossomed around the turn of the century to reshape his story. Hubbell’s term as Sheriff of Apache County was only a few short years after the Earps’ feud with the cowboys in Cochise County. In fact, Lorenzo claimed that after the Earps drove the Clantons out of Tombstone, they headed north to terrorize St. Johns.¹⁰⁸⁸ With Hickok already a national legend and the figure of the Western peace officer well-established in popular culture, Hubbell, too, knew the shape his stories ought to take. Unlike Earp, however, Hubbell was not working from a deficit, nor was he attempting to establish a reputation on the scale of more famous lawmen. Whereas countless Americans would encounter the likes of Hickok and Earp in the pages of books and magazines, a smaller subset of travelers would encounter Hubbell personally—and only then would they learn his stories. Lorenzo had only to be selective in his storytelling, drawing on popular tropes of the Western lawman, to draw in his listeners and impress them

¹⁰⁸⁶ Ibid., 216.

¹⁰⁸⁷ Ibid., 217.

¹⁰⁸⁸ Thomas Edwin Farish, *History of Arizona*, vol. 6 (Phoenix: Manufacturing Stationers, 1918), 282.

with his frontier pedigree. As David Wrobel reminds us, the Hickoks and the Earps, the Wisters and the Remingtons, were not the only Americans engaged in Western myth-making:

All these memorable individuals certainly played a pivotal role in forging a frontier-western heritage. But the lesser-known participants in the events of that great and often lamentable drama...by clinging so steadfastly to their memories of those events, were also vital to that process of frontier heritage preservation. By actively, albeit selectively, remembering their pioneer days, hundreds of thousands of Americans helped forge a meaningful past for themselves, and in lamenting the frontier's passing, they helped ensure its persistence as a theme in the popular consciousness.¹⁰⁸⁹

The unique circumstances under which Hubbell cultivated his image as the Sheriff of Apache County shaped the content of his stories. His image as a Western peace officer was still connected with his image as a gracious host, a knowledgeable curio dealer, and a friend to the Indians. Readers might be thrilled to encounter a gentlemanly murderer in fiction, but Hubbell was known and loved for being “a man of peace, a humanitarian.”¹⁰⁹⁰ As such, the Sheriff of Apache County who emerges in the stories is no gunfighter. He rarely kills—and when he does, it is no one in particular. There is no Dave McCandles or Ike Clanton opposite Hubbell's Hickok or Earp. Like the young trader tested by the Navajos, the young sheriff prefers to best his enemies with nerve and wit. Nevertheless, the qualities of the hero are everywhere evident.

Legendary Sheriff Hubbell

The historian Frank Lockwood wrote that of all Lorenzo Hubbell's many “picturesque and stirring anecdotes...among the dramatic incidents he related none were

¹⁰⁸⁹ Wrobel, *Promised Lands*, 12.

¹⁰⁹⁰ Lockwood, “More Arizona Characters,” 66.

more enthralling than experiences from his own life as a pioneer trader and sheriff.”¹⁰⁹¹ To achieve such a result, Hubbell engaged in some judicious rearranging of the past. His stories, while evidently not entirely fabricated, seem to bear little resemblance to the picture of events that historians have uncovered. To begin with, Hubbell always told people he had served two terms as sheriff, and he rarely managed to pin the dates down with any exactness. Thomas Perez preceded Hubbell to the office in 1882, and Commodore Perry Owens followed him in 1886, but this did not stop Hubbell from claiming the accomplishments of Owens or the election date of Perez.¹⁰⁹² Rather than admitting his ignominious defeat at Owens’ hands, the Hubbell of legend rolls into his second term victorious and ready to face the villains.

The villains, however, do not come in the guise of Mormons. Hubbell’s stories scarcely mention the bitter religious conflict that was one of the defining characteristics of his tenure as sheriff. Hints of the rivalry survive only here and there. Herbert Welsh, who met Hubbell while traveling through the Navajo reservation on behalf of the Indian Rights Association in 1885, caught a glimpse of the animosity only because Hubbell was still in the thick of it. After praising the trader’s hospitality and describing him as “most courteous and agreeable, and possessing a clear and intelligent mind,” Welsh noted in his report that Hubbell lived in St. Johns,

where, judging from the account which he gave us, the most bitter hostility and jealousy exists between the American population of the town and the large Mormon element, by which it is about balanced in numbers. The ballot seemed to be not the only weapon with which the contending parties fought for municipal control, but a frequent display of revolver and rifle was made by either side, with a view at least to

¹⁰⁹¹ Lockwood, *Pioneer Portraits*, 154.

¹⁰⁹² Blue, *Indian Trader*, 72-73; Ball, 346; Hubbell, *Fifty Years*, 27; “Don Lorenzo Hubbell, Beloved Character of Old Arizona, Is Dead,” *Arizona Republic*, November 13, 1930.

overawe the enemy, if not to inflict upon him a physical injury. We have since had evidence that St. Johns is not the only border town where Mormon and Gentile regard each other with deadly hatred, and where the appeal to arms has resulted in bloodshed and murder.¹⁰⁹³

Welsh wrote nothing further on the matter, and few mentioned it after him. Hubbell, having genuinely made friends with the Mormons, could not then make them the enemy, even though they were stock villains in the Western genre and polygamy was a popular and titillating subject that lured American audiences to dime-novels and magazines by droves.¹⁰⁹⁴ If the Mormons could not be the antagonists of the story, then, Hubbell himself was, at least at first—and so tales of Hubbell’s arrest of Mormon miscreants never materialized.

Instead, the main villains Sheriff Hubbell crossed wits and guns with are Texas cowboys. In his stories, they sweep into northeastern Arizona, steal the range from the Mexicans, ruin the delicate grazing lands with their cattle, and rustle livestock. As David H. Murdoch reminds us, cowboys were not always the heroes of Westerns. Texans especially were portrayed as drunken delinquents far more likely to shoot up the town and engage in immoral behavior than rescue the damsel in distress.¹⁰⁹⁵ Cowboys were familiar villains in the legends of the Kansas lawmen like Wild Bill Hickok, but they were also real threats in Arizona. In the early 1880s, “American rustlers who had been stealing cattle in Mexico began, predictably, to steal cattle in Arizona, too.”¹⁰⁹⁶ Rustling became a significant problem and the word “cowboy” quickly became “a euphemism for ‘outlaw’ among many

¹⁰⁹³ Welsh, 32.

¹⁰⁹⁴ For an analysis of how and why Mormons functioned as villains, as seen in the work of Zane Grey, whose famous *Riders of the Purple Sage* features a Mormon polygamist antagonist, see chapter four, “Polygamy and Empire: Grey’s Distinctions” in William R. Handley, *Marriage, Violence and the Nation in the American Literary West* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), 97-124.

¹⁰⁹⁵ Murdoch, 47-52.

¹⁰⁹⁶ Isenberg, 140.

Arizonans.”¹⁰⁹⁷ Cowboys were therefore recognizable antagonists to Arizonans and travelers alike, and with them as his villains, Hubbell could keep his old alliances with the Hispanos and sheepmen of St. Johns without having to mention his friends the Mormons at all.

Some of the stories begin not with Hubbell’s election to the office of sheriff, but with his arrival in a St. Johns plagued by outlaws. As Hubbell told Edwin Farish for his 1918 *History of Arizona*, “At the time I came into the country it was controlled by a lot of outlaws who would rob a man on the highway, and would enter the stores and take what they wanted....[W]herever they went they left a trail of blood.”¹⁰⁹⁸ It was the Snyder-Cavanaugh gang, “a notorious band of outlaws who came into the Little Colorado River country in 1878,” about the same time Hubbell arrived.¹⁰⁹⁹ Not about to be terrorized himself, Hubbell reportedly bought enough guns and ammunition to arm the town and settled down to wait. Violence erupted when the gang murdered and robbed a German on his way to Prescott.¹¹⁰⁰ Coming away with a staggering \$12,000 in gold, the outlaws got into a gunfight over how to divide the spoils near the little town of Springerville, some 28 miles up the river from St. Johns. Bill Cavanaugh, the leader, was badly wounded and several other gang members were killed. The rest of them made for St. Johns, where Hubbell and his well-armed townspeople waited. The survivors of that bloody encounter evidently limped back to Springerville, only to be cut down by the locals there.¹¹⁰¹

¹⁰⁹⁷ Ibid.

¹⁰⁹⁸ Farish, 281, 283.

¹⁰⁹⁹ *Pistols, Plows, and Petticoats* (Springerville, AZ: Springerville-Eager Regional Chamber of Commerce, 2002).

¹¹⁰⁰ Farish, 281.

¹¹⁰¹ *Pistols, Plows, and Petticoats*. The story of Hubbell’s encounters with the outlaws is retold, borrowing heavily from Farish’s account in Albert Hugh Lee and Ella Roth Lee Danoff, *Gaamaliitsob, Indian Trader: An Autobiography of Albert Hugh Lee, 1897-1976* (Mesa, AZ: Lofgreens, 1982), 192.

Exactly how many outlaws there were, how long the fight lasted, or how much of it Hubbell embellished is unknown. Hubbell said that when the fight started in St. Johns, “in the first week seventeen of them were killed, and eight of our boys...It was a rough fight and lasted a long time. It would die out and then start up again.”¹¹⁰² According to his stories, the townspeople triumphed, bringing their homes and businesses back under the purview of civilization. But although the bullets were finished flying, the trouble was not over. Hubbell remembered that once the dust settled, his vigilante group caught the attention of more official legal channels, resulting in the dispatch of troops from Fort Apache to arrest them. When they arrived, Hubbell approached the officer in command: “I stood up to him, and told him that we would not be arrested; that we were in the right, and I was prepared to look him in the eye and resist arrest.”¹¹⁰³ The tense moment diffused when the officer “said we were perfectly right, and he didn’t arrest us.”¹¹⁰⁴

This encounter embodies perfectly the “scholarly consensus...that popular western fiction, whether in print or film, embodies a deep formula in which the hero...mediates between civilization and savagery...culture and nature, order and chaos.”¹¹⁰⁵ Though Hubbell and his allies are vigilantes, the officer in command and the modern listener alike are forced to recognize that they are nevertheless on the side of law and order. As Richard Maxwell Brown argues, “The gunfighting skill of the hero represents the savagery of violence, but his objective of besting evil is in the interest of civilization. In this deep

¹¹⁰² Farish, 281-282. These figures are repeated in Robert L. Wilkien, *Anselm Weber, O. F. M.: Missionary to the Navaho, 1898-1921* (Milwaukee, WI: Bruce Publishing Co., 1955), 54.

¹¹⁰³ Farish, 282.

¹¹⁰⁴ Ibid.

¹¹⁰⁵ Richard Maxwell Brown, “Violence,” in *The Oxford History of the American West*, ed. Clyde A. Milner II, Carol A. O’Connor, and Martha A. Sandweiss (New York: Oxford University Press, 1994), 421.

formula the hero is...one who employs the violence of the frontier West to establish the peaceable society of civilized values that should succeed it.”¹¹⁰⁶ As Hubbell stated matter-of-factly in Farish’s *History of Arizona*, “They were all outlaws, and we had to get rid of them.”¹¹⁰⁷ As David Murdoch similarly argues, “Westerns are about conflict: they consistently pit the lone hero, often as not on behalf of the community, against enemies who impede ‘progress’—the land itself, Indians, criminals and those who would abuse power.”¹¹⁰⁸ Hubbell’s stories of vigilante justice, like Wyatt Earp’s, are calculated to put him on the right side.

Hubbell suggested that it was his success restoring order to St. Johns as a citizen that led to his election to the office of sheriff in 1885. Others said it was “his courage and just plain guts.”¹¹⁰⁹ But in either case, the stories agree that he had “scarcely more than taken the oath of office” before another conflict erupted, this one between cattlemen from Texas and the local Hispanic shepherders.¹¹¹⁰ The “range war” forms the central conflict in many of Hubbell’s sheriff stories.¹¹¹¹ In them, the Texans try to take over the range, ignorant of the fact that the country offers too little water to support cattle.¹¹¹² Lorenzo’s place on the side of the Hispanic sheepmen does not stem from any prejudice against the Texans. He insists that he made his decision “purely on the basis of logical reasoning,” because the fact was

¹¹⁰⁶ Ibid.

¹¹⁰⁷ Farish, 283.

¹¹⁰⁸ Murdoch, ix.

¹¹⁰⁹ Hubbell and Hubbell, 466.

¹¹¹⁰ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27.

¹¹¹¹ Brownstein, 128; Pharo, 9; Albrecht, 36.

¹¹¹² Albrecht, 36.

that “the country was better suited for sheep than it was for cattle.”¹¹¹³ But, more to the point, the usurping Texans “opened bloody warfare upon all the poor, ignorant Mexicans, Indians, and Spanish-Americans who were owners of sheep. It’s the same sort of war that many a section of the country has seen.”¹¹¹⁴ Like Cavanaugh’s gang, the cowboys are violent and therefore in need of subduing.

As a result of his stance, Hubbell finds himself “slated for killing for a period of nearly three years.”¹¹¹⁵ He is “shot at from ambush no less than a dozen times,” but the Texans’ true villainy is revealed in their targeting of the sheriff’s family. Hubbell claimed that he had to convert his home into “a veritable fort” and that “for one solid year not a member of my family went to bed except behind doors and windows barricaded with mattresses or sand bags.”¹¹¹⁶ His daughter, Barbara, once told visiting anthropologist Edward T. Hall that on a day when her father and the other men were away, a group of armed cowboys rode into town. With no men to drive the Texans out, it was up to the women and children to defend themselves. They retreated behind the high walls of the Hubbell hacienda—complete with barred windows and parapets on the roof. The little girls put on men’s hats and patrolled the roof with rifles, while the women fired from the windows. “All this provided enough real and apparent resistance to keep the Texans at bay,” Hall writes. “That evening the men returned, the cowboys hastily withdrew, and everyone could breathe easily again.”¹¹¹⁷

¹¹¹³ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27.

¹¹¹⁴ Ibid.

¹¹¹⁵ Ibid.

¹¹¹⁶ Ibid. Nearly identical phrases appear in Pharo, 9; Mott, 48; and Albrecht, 37.

¹¹¹⁷ Edward T. Hall, *West of the Thirties: Discoveries Among the Navajo and Hopi* (New York: Doubleday, 1994), 162.

“I settled that war,” Hubbell told Edwin Hogg, “although it took me three years to do it.”¹¹¹⁸ Save for a few brief episodes, however, the stories are short on the details of exactly how he did it. In the most commonly told story, Sheriff Hubbell cuts a romantic figure as he rides over the landscape in hot pursuit of vast herds of Navajo horses—103, 200, 300 head—driven off by the Texan rustlers.¹¹¹⁹ His words ring with the decisive bravado of the lawman legend: “[I]t was up to me to go after the Texans and the Indians’ horses. And, by *todos santos* I went—and, I never let them quit running until I had chased them 125 miles and had the last Texan in jail and the stolen horses returned to the Indians.”¹¹²⁰

The character that emerges in this group of stories is calm, resolute, smart, and, like the Hubbell who faces down the Navajos, seldom violent. Unlike other lawmen who

¹¹¹⁸ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27.

¹¹¹⁹ The lowest, and likely most accurate, figure comes from the local newspaper shortly after the incident happened. “Items from Down the River,” *St. Johns Herald*, April 7, 1887. Hubbell gave the figure 200 head to Hogg in John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27. The figure of 300 head comes from Laut, 127.

¹¹²⁰ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27. There is evidence that this incident, also recounted in Chapter Five, actually happened, though not until 1887, after Hubbell’s term as sheriff ended. The *St. Johns Herald* reports, “We have had considerable excitement here during the last ten days over horse stealing. Two men went over into the Navajo country and stole 103 head of horses, belonging mainly to Indians. Some of them were the property of ex-sheriff Hubbell. They made no attempt at concealment, but drove them in broad day across the country and up in the Mogollon mountains. The Indians followed in a day or two, accompanied by Mr. Hubbell and a constable. The trail led to Canon creek, just over the rim of the Tonto Basin, where the horses were found.” On their way back with the stolen stock, the party “met a young man named Bliven, a brother of the notorious Andy Cooper. Bliven was said to be one of the two men who stole the stock, so the Indians captured him. He went with them a short distance, but suddenly broke away, drew his revolver and began firing at the Indians, who returned his shots. One shot struck Bliven in the thigh, but he managed to escape to a ranch near by, and the men living there prepared for a siege. The Indians, however, drew off and left them, being satisfied to get back their stock.” “Items from Down the River,” *St. Johns Herald*, April 7, 1887. In some cases, this incident led listeners to recall that the range war was fought not between cowboys and Mexicans, but between cowboys and Navajo shepherders. Using the same explanation Hubbell used to justify his support of the Hispanos, LaCharles Eckel remembered that her grandfather “backed the Navajos, not only because they were ‘his people,’ but also because he believed the country was better suited to the raising of sheep than cattle.” Pharo, 9.

achieved some level of notoriety, Hubbell was rarely remembered as a gunfighter.¹¹²¹ His weapons are props, as in Emerson Hough's story of how Hubbell became "the only single individual that ever stopped a whole railway system by himself."¹¹²² He explains, "It is said that once upon a time the Santa Fe Railroad forgot to pay its taxes in some little forgotten sand county in the desert and Hubbell strapped on his guns, threw the switch and held the whole thing up till the taxes were paid."¹¹²³ Though Hubbell is armed, he does not shoot—he is, after all, holding up the train for tax-collection, not robbery. As Frank Lockwood writes:

He rarely drew a gun. Though he sometimes carried one during the years that he was sheriff, he made use of it only when it was necessary to hold a violent prisoner. His blue eyes never winced in time of excitement and danger, and it was a bold man, indeed, whom he could not subdue with his steady and unflinching gaze.¹¹²⁴

In his recounting of Hubbell's legend, Lockwood offers two anecdotes by way of illustration. In the first, a Texan and a sheepman get embroiled in a drunken argument at the saloon. In true old West fashion, they take their differences into the street "to shoot it out."¹¹²⁵ The sheepman, too drunk to draw quickly, catches the Texan's bullet and drops to the dusty ground "like a bag of wet sand."¹¹²⁶ Hearing the shot, Sheriff Hubbell approaches the excited and dangerous Texan. Unintimidated, "the sheriff in his usual calm and quiet

¹¹²¹ The term is very occasionally used, such as in Jim Kristofic's memoir of growing up in Ganado in the twenty-first century. Jim Kristofic, *Navajos Wear Nikes: A Reservation Life* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2011), 6.

¹¹²² E. Hough, 289.

¹¹²³ *Ibid.*

¹¹²⁴ Lockwood, "More Arizona Characters," 64.

¹¹²⁵ *Ibid.*

¹¹²⁶ *Ibid.*

way walked up to him, took the gun from his hand, and marched him to jail.”¹¹²⁷ The sheriff requires no weapon but his nerves, even against a man who had killed not a minute before.

Lockwood’s second story centers on Hubbell’s arrest of a notorious villain named Cooper, who had robbed a train and in the process murdered a few men. Cooper holes up somewhere near Navajo Springs and Hubbell determines to arrest him, unfazed by the outlaw’s “reputation as a gunman” and “a desperate killer.”¹¹²⁸ The citizens of St. Johns urge Hubbell to take twenty or thirty men with him, but the sheriff refuses, reasoning that “if we take a lot of men somebody’s going to get killed....If I go alone, I’ll get him, and, furthermore, will bring him back alive.”¹¹²⁹ And so he sets off alone in a buckboard. In the scene Lockwood paints, Hubbell emerges as a picture of nonchalance:

As he approached the wash below Navajo Springs, he saw Cooper stroll down the opposite bank with his Winchester held in readiness for action. With a careless manner Hubbell drove into the wash and up the other side, whistling indifferently.

“What’s the matter, Cooper?” he said as he drove up the slope. “What are you doing with that rifle; it looks as if you’d sighted big game.”

Cooper replied, “Never mind, you can’t bluff me. I know what you’re here for; but you’re not taking me.”

“Who’s said anything about taking you? You must have done something, Cooper; you seem to have a guilty conscience.”

The only reply from the outlaw was a cold, suspicious stare.

“Well, anyway,” said Hubbell, jumping out of his buckboard, unbuckling his gun and throwing it on the seat, “help me unhook these horses. I’ve had a long trip today and I’m tired.”

“Whatever your game is,” said Cooper, “it won’t work.”

¹¹²⁷ Ibid.

¹¹²⁸ Ibid., 64-65.

¹¹²⁹ Ibid., 65.

Hubbell said, “For heaven’s sake, come and help me. I’ve had a long drive today and I’m tired and hungry. Let’s get these horses unhitched and have something to eat.”¹¹³⁰

Somewhat soothed by Hubbell’s calm demeanor, the still-suspicious Cooper relents and helps the sheriff unhitch his horses, and then the two of them walk together to the trading post for their evening meal. They are far from the only ones present, and as the crowd grows, Hubbell is careful to position himself opposite his quarry, and Cooper, growing increasingly careless, leaves his Winchester propped up against the wall. He still has a revolver in his belt, so Hubbell bides his time, engaging Cooper in “ordinary casual conversation,” until the perfect moment arrives, when both of Cooper’s hands are on the table.¹¹³¹

Hubbell pretended to be seized with a fit of sneezing. As he lowered his head to sneeze, he suddenly reached across the table, grasped the outlaw’s right hand, and with a desperate wrench drew it toward him. At the same instant he jerked out his revolver, pointed it at Cooper, and said,

“Up with your hand; this gun is looking right straight at your heart.”

Utterly unsuspecting at the moment, Cooper was dumbfounded. Up came his hand over his head. At the same time both men rose from the table, Hubbell walking around in such a way—as he drew his captive along—as to get between him and his rifle. In an instant he had taken possession of Cooper’s weapons and had slipped handcuffs on him. A little later, the horses having had some rest in the meantime, Hubbell began his return journey to the county seat.¹¹³²

Once again, the sheriff gets his man. He proves himself among the outlaws the same way he proves himself among the Navajos—with a bluff rather than bloodshed—and the hearers appreciated Hubbell as a man, who, “while hard and tough when necessary, did not

¹¹³⁰ Ibid.

¹¹³¹ Ibid.

¹¹³² Ibid., 65-66.

consider violence a way of life.”¹¹³³ Lockwood, in fact, seems to have especially appreciated that aspect of Hubbell’s stories. In the mid-1920s, when he was traveling around the West interviewing old pioneers for his book *Arizona Characters*, he managed, with some perseverance, to set up an interview with Wyatt Earp. Lockwood and his brother went to Earp’s home, hoping to get the inside story of the events in Tombstone. But the interview thoroughly convinced Lockwood that “the old gunfighter ‘was not only a killer but in general a bad citizen’”:

Lockwood found Wyatt’s descriptions of the violence in Arizona “not pleasant to listen to.” He was appalled by Wyatt’s recollections of his actions as a vigilante in 1882, particularly the killing of Frank Stilwell. “Earp’s physical reactions that day as he sat talking to us of the way in which he shot Stilwell, the supple slithery fingering of the trigger of his gun as he visualized and re-enacted the scene, somehow fixed the impression in the minds of both my brother and myself that he had been a cold and cruel killer.”¹¹³⁴

Earp did not appear in *Arizona Characters*. When Lockwood did finally include him in his 1932 book *Pioneer Days in Arizona*, his depiction of Earp’s deeds and character was ambiguous at best. As Isenberg states, “Lockwood could not comfortably place Wyatt on the side of either the forces of light or the forces of darkness—the only two categories as far as he was concerned.”¹¹³⁵

Lockwood seemed to have no trouble, on the other hand, writing a lengthy and glowing report of Sheriff Hubbell’s activities. Though he never got a chance to interview Lorenzo before his death, Lockwood’s conversations with Hubbell’s old friends, the bearers of his stories, convinced him of the trader’s place on the side of good. Courtly, hospitable

¹¹³³ Albrecht, 33.

¹¹³⁴ Isenberg, 211.

¹¹³⁵ *Ibid.*, 212.

Don Lorenzo was not a man his guests and friends could readily imagine as a true enemy to much of anyone. In the end, he befriended them all, in life as much as in legend, from party traitor Teddy Roosevelt, to the Mormons, to the once-distrustful Navajos, to the outlaws he subdued as sheriff. In fact, Agnes Laut, when visiting the trading post in 1913, supposedly heard the stories of Hubbell's term as sheriff not from the trader, but from his old enemies, the cowboys. "You can't make him talk about himself," she wrote:

It is from others you must learn that in the great cattle and sheep war, in which 150 men lost their lives, it was he who led the native Mexican sheep owners against the aggressive cattle crowd. They are all friends now, the oldtime enemies, and have buried their feud; and dynamite will not force Mr. Hubbell to open his mouth on the subject. In fact, it was a pair of the "rustlers" themselves who told me of the time that the cowboys took a swoop into the Navajo Reserve and stampeded off 300 of the Indians' best horses; but they had reckoned without Lorenzo Hubbell. In twenty-four hours, he had got together the swiftest riders of the Navajos; and in another twenty-four hours, he had pursued the thieves 125 miles into the wildest cañons of Arizona and had rescued every horse. One of the men, whom he had pursued, wiped the sweat from his brow in the memory of it.¹¹³⁶

Hubbell is in no way rendered weak by his preference for civilizing by friendship rather than force. As the sweat on the former rustler's brow attests, Sheriff Hubbell was still a feared man.

Paradoxically, Hubbell's self-reported body count from the range war was staggering, despite his bloodless arrests. The number seemed to grow every year. The cowboys told Laut 150 men lost their lives, and by 1930, the number had grown twice as tall.¹¹³⁷ Hubbell told Edwin Hogg that in the three years it took him to settle the war, 300 men were killed—five deputies and the rest a mixture of sheepmen, cattlemen, and Indians "who shot it out

¹¹³⁶ Laut, 127.

¹¹³⁷ Ibid.

with each other while the war lasted.”¹¹³⁸ Those numbers reverberate through the Hubbell legends, despite the fact that they are far in excess of the twenty to thirty dead in Arizona’s bloodiest range war, the Tonto Basin Feud.¹¹³⁹ And yet, even with such a lot of outlaws killed, Hubbell assured his guests, “I didn’t do any of the killing myself.”¹¹⁴⁰ He had simply supplied the weapons and ammunition, content to be “the man behind the guns.”¹¹⁴¹

Other contradictions flirt with the border between gritty violence and miraculous survival. Hubbell claimed to have lived “a charmed life,” and many storytellers emphasized that facet of his term as sheriff, claiming that “he was ambushed many times, but never seriously hurt.”¹¹⁴² Others resisted the urge “to place a halo over the head of Don Lorenzo. In fact, he was shot at and wounded several times in his life by men who were quite sure that he was only mortal....So it would seem that Don Lorenzo realized that there was nothing over his head but a hat.”¹¹⁴³

Hat or halo, the urge to exaggerate got the better of Lorenzo on many occasions. His propensity to claim accomplishments that were not his own sometimes irked the few people who had been around in those days and remembered things differently. In her biography of Hubbell, Martha Blue states that Solomon Barth’s son leveled an accusation that Hubbell stole the material for his stories from his successor to the office of sheriff, Commodore Perry Owens. The facts in the historical record are, in fact, a bit deflating: the

¹¹³⁸ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27.

¹¹³⁹ Brown, 404.

¹¹⁴⁰ Farish, 282.

¹¹⁴¹ Ibid.

¹¹⁴² John Lorenzo Hubbell, 27; Mott, 48.

¹¹⁴³ Hubbell and Hubbell, 466.

newspapers are oddly silent on the matter of the range war, with the exception of a few commonplace rustling episodes, while the recorded number of county sheriffs and deputies killed in Arizona in more than a hundred years is scarcely double the number Hubbell attributed to his little corner of time and space.¹¹⁴⁴ “Nevertheless,” she writes, “Hubbell’s recollections of his involvement in violent or potentially violent conflicts during his St. Johns’ years were typical of his tendency to rewrite his own life story.”¹¹⁴⁵

Hubbell’s rewriting stuck in the memory of his family and friends far more indelibly than any paltry truth. Many years later, historian Frank McNitt sat down to interview the trader’s grandson, Hubbell Parker. Parker remembered that his grandfather was the sheriff and the leader of the sheepmen—but then placed him right in the middle, not of a nameless range war, but the famous Tonto Basin Feud, also known as the Pleasant Valley War. That conflict was, indeed, Commodore Perry Owens’ territory, but Parker, knowing the feud had to do with cattle and sheep, thought it “reasonable it involved Grandfather some.”¹¹⁴⁶ When McNitt said Jacob Barth told him there was never any range war in St. Johns, Parker interjected, “Oh yes there was!”¹¹⁴⁷ McNitt assuaged him by saying, “I think he just wanted

¹¹⁴⁴ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 73. A range war on the scale Hubbell describes would almost certainly have left some imprint in the local press, no matter how civilized the town wanted to appear. There are, however, tantalizing hints that a smaller conflict may have happened, and that Hubbell might have played a role something like the one described. Take this report, for example: “A few days what came near culminating into a shooting scrape, between two factions of cattlemen, was averted by the timely interference of Sheriff Hubbell.” “Local News,” *St. Johns Herald*, June 18, 1885. The cattle companies did in fact oppose Hubbell’s election, as well. See Ball, 63-64.

¹¹⁴⁵ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 74.

¹¹⁴⁶ Hubbell Parker, interview by Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives. Parker even seemed to suggest that Earle R. Forrest’s *Arizona’s Dark and Bloody Ground* and Zane Grey, *To the Last Man* (New York: Harper, 1921) would shore up his assertion.

¹¹⁴⁷ Hubbell Parker, interview by Frank McNitt, May 12, 1972, transcript, Box 16-25(18), Folder 7, Frank McNitt Papers, New Mexico State Archives.

to let bygones be bygones.”¹¹⁴⁸ Even if they accepted that Hubbell might have stretched the truth, hearers of his stories, it seems, tended not to mind much if his “tales of bullet wounds, narrow escapes, and dramatic rescues” were a little “tall” so long as they were “engrossing.”¹¹⁴⁹

Although Hubbell’s sheriff anecdotes tended to gloss over the more controversial aspects of his tenure as a lawman in favor of tried and true tropes of Western myth, he did not avoid telling visitors to Navajo country about the attempt to oust him from office. He did, however, change a few of the details to make himself more heroic and the action more thrilling. Some of his accounts only gestured vaguely at the event. For example, in his biographical submission for Farish’s 1918 *History of Arizona*, Hubbell recounted that three men who were elected to office only with his help turned on him in order to depose him from office. He kept his description of events nebulous, writing only, “I refused to go out, and held office. I was the strongest. I had the position and held it. Then it was decided in my favor. Then we compromised and there has been peace ever since.”¹¹⁵⁰

His biography in the International News Service’s 1913 *Notables of the West*, however, goes into greater detail, calling the incident “one of the most historic and dramatic situations in the political history of the United States.”¹¹⁵¹ It is an account that matches far better the sensationalized speculations of the Territory’s newspapers than the sedate account of events outlined in the *St. Johns Herald*. The story opens with Hubbell mounting his horse and

¹¹⁴⁸ Ibid.

¹¹⁴⁹ Brownstein, 128.

¹¹⁵⁰ Farish, 283.

¹¹⁵¹ International News Service, 187.

“riding 100 miles between suns” when he hears the news that he had been ousted.¹¹⁵² He arrives in St. Johns mere moments before his replacement, Porter, is set to take possession of his office. Knowing that “his opponents had imported a band of heavily-armed desperate gun-men,” Hubbell gathers his supporters from among the local Hispanic population in even greater numbers before striding into the courtroom.¹¹⁵³ With the enemy’s forces crowding the inside, he stations his own armed men at the windows and doors and enters alone to demand an explanation for his removal from office. The judge hedges around the issue, giving Hubbell the opportunity to give a stirring speech about his innocence and his right to a trial by jury. Evidently on the strength of his supporters’ greater numbers, he then escorts the court’s prisoners to jail unopposed and the following day makes it known that the opposition’s hired guns had better leave town. His veiled threats have the “desired effect,” and his enemies leave him in possession of the shrievalty for the remainder of his term.¹¹⁵⁴ The article laments Hubbell’s defeat in the next election “owing to a combination of various interests opposed to him,” concluding with the flourish, “This is but a mild incident of one of the most exciting chapters in the history of early-day Western politics, wherein Senator Hubbell, hundreds of miles from a railroad, maintained peace and order against tremendous odds.”¹¹⁵⁵

Hamlin Garland and Delmar of Pima

Nowhere was Hubbell’s role as a lawman more elaborately detailed than in Hamlin Garland’s 1902 short story, “Delmar of Pima.” Born in Salem, Wisconsin in 1860, Garland

¹¹⁵² Ibid., 187-188.

¹¹⁵³ Ibid., 188.

¹¹⁵⁴ Ibid.

¹¹⁵⁵ Ibid.

grew up on an ever-westward series of frontier homesteads in Iowa and South Dakota before he made his escape to Boston to pursue his literary career in 1884. According to his biographer, when he made the journey east, Garland was “an uncouth, ill-educated youth of twenty-four with a half-formed ambition to become a writer.”¹¹⁵⁶ In Boston, Garland studied feverishly at the public library, reading widely for hours upon hours every day. Eventually, he took a teaching position at the Boston School of Oratory and began writing stories about Midwestern farm life. His first book, *Main-Travelled Roads*, a collection of short stories published in 1891, sparked controversy and won critical acclaim for shining an unforgiving light on the realities and hardships of pioneer life. For several years, Garland championed the causes of realism and local color, but by 1895, the “Janus-faced” author had turned to writing romances—specifically Westerns.¹¹⁵⁷

Garland first visited the West in 1892 at the urging of Benjamin O. Flower, editor of the literary magazine *Arena* that had published many of Garland’s earlier stories. In order to collect materials for the kinds of Western yarns the magazine’s broad American audience thirsted after, Garland went first to Colorado, and then to other Western states, including New Mexico and Arizona. Traveling with artists Herman MacNeil and Charles Francis Browne, the writer visited Isleta, Acoma, Laguna, and Zuni pueblos in New Mexico before traveling across the Navajo Reservation to Walpi to watch the Hopi Snake Dance. On that trip, he met Navajos, teamsters, archaeologists, and traders, and parlayed his observations and experiences into stories, including one of the earliest popular accounts of the Snake

¹¹⁵⁶ Keith Newlin, *Hamlin Garland: A Life* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2008), 3.

¹¹⁵⁷ Robert Gish, *Hamlin Garland: The Far West*, Western Writers Series 24 (Boise, ID: Boise State University, 1976), 5.

Dance.¹¹⁵⁸ Like other travelers, Garland viewed the landscape and the Indians through an antimodern lens. When he passed through a Navajo village early one morning on horseback, the cluster of hogans, cornfields, and flocks of sheep struck him as both timeless and universal. He wrote:

There was something old and primitive in it all. I felt it to be a scene out of the pastoral life of all peoples, elemental and unchanging. These mud huts, this herdsman in his covert of branches, the woman with her loom hung up on the trees, had their counterparts in Arabia, in Galilee, in the hill countries of Thibet and China, and in the Saxon swineherd of the time of Caesar. The dogs were such as fought under the table of Cedric the Saxon.¹¹⁵⁹

Where Garland had seen only squalor and deprivation in the lives of the Midwestern pioneers, in the Rocky Mountains and in the desert Southwest he saw magnificence.¹¹⁶⁰

Through the rest of his life, he would travel extensively in the West, gathering material for stories and novels marked by “rhapsodic, lyrical tributes to the spirit of place.”¹¹⁶¹ Though many critics lambasted Garland for selling “his Western, reformist, and realistic birthright to produce the long series of inanities which comprises his later work,” the romantic adventures Garland penned reflected his own feelings about travel in the West.¹¹⁶² Garland wrote:

¹¹⁵⁸ For accounts of Garland’s first trips into the Southwest, see Hamlin Garland, “Among the Moki Indians,” *Harper’s Weekly* 40 (August 15, 1896): 801-807; Hamlin Garland, “Into the Happy Hunting-Grounds of the Utes,” *Harper’s Weekly* 46 (September 6, 1902): 1254-1255; and Hamlin Garland, “A Day at Isleta,” in *Hamlin Garland’s Observations on the American Indian, 1895-1905*, Lonnie E. Underhill and Daniel F. Littlefield Jr., eds. (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1976), 74-81.

¹¹⁵⁹ Qtd. in Lonnie E. Underhill, and Daniel F. Littlefield Jr., “Hamlin Garland and the Navajos,” *Journal of Arizona History* 13, no. 4 (Winter 1972): 280.

¹¹⁶⁰ Newlin, 206.

¹¹⁶¹ Gish, 24.

¹¹⁶² Bernard I. Duffey, “Hamlin Garland’s ‘Decline’ from Realism,” *American Literature* 25, no. 1 (March 1953): 69.

It has given me blessed release from care and worry and the troubled thinking of our modern day. It has been a return to the primitive and the peaceful. Whenever the pressures of our complex city life thin my blood and benumb my brain, I seek relief on the trail; and when I hear the coyote wailing to the yellow dawn my cares fall from me—I am happy.¹¹⁶³

Garland returned to Navajo country in the summer of 1899 to visit Lorenzo Hubbell, “whose store was known to me as the center of Navajo life.”¹¹⁶⁴ He was engaged to marry Zulime Taft, and the bride and her sister chased him out of Chicago to get him out of the way of the wedding plans. Garland struck out for Navajo country in search of further literary material and gifts for his bride. As on his previous trip, he was enchanted by the landscape. “I wished that Zulime might have shared this strange landscape with me,” he recalled. “On the right a distant, dimly-blue wall of mountains ran, while to the west rolled high, treeless hills, against which an occasional native hut showed like a wolf’s den, half-hid among dwarf piñon trees and surrounded by naked children and savage dogs.”¹¹⁶⁵ Garland traveled by train to Gallup—which he called “a vile little town in the midst of a splendid and austere land” littered with the “refuse of humanity...the floating wreckage of the west”—then continued on horseback to the Navajo agency at Fort Defiance, where he acquired a Navajo guide to lead him to his “real objective,” Ganado.¹¹⁶⁶

Garland parted ways with his guide about half a day’s journey from Ganado, the Navajo showing him the rest of the way through washes and over hills through signs. On his own now, Garland continued:

¹¹⁶³ Qtd. in Gish, 18.

¹¹⁶⁴ Garland, *Middle Border*, 125. Garland’s visit to Hubbell is also recounted in Cottam, 206-208.

¹¹⁶⁵ Garland, *Middle Border*, 125.

¹¹⁶⁶ Hamlin Garland, “Notes and Sketches of Indians and the West...” Item 54-1, Series II, Hamlin Garland Papers, collection no. 0200, Special Collections, USC Libraries, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA (hereafter cited as Hamlin Garland Papers, USC Libraries); Garland, *Middle Border*, 126.

As I rode on alone, the peace, the poetry, the suggestive charm of that silent, lonely, radiant land took hold upon me with compelling power. Here in the midst of busy, commonplace America it lay, a section of the Polished Stone Age, retaining the most distinctive customs, songs and dances of the past...Late in the afternoon (I loitered luxuriously) I came to the summit of a long ridge which overlooked a broad, curving valley, at the far-away western rim of which a slender line of water gleamed. How beautiful it all was, but how empty!¹¹⁶⁷

As he recorded years later in his memoirs, an hour later he approached the trading post, “a long, low, mud-walled building, and was met by the trader, a bush-bearded, middle-aged man with piercing gray eyes and sturdy, upright figure. This was Lorenzo Hubbell...living here alone, a day’s ride from a white settler.”¹¹⁶⁸ In his notebooks, however, Garland’s observations are as loose as his scrawl. “A Spanish ranch in effect—big adobe house—huge beams of pine—rough floor—bare plastered walls,” he observed, continuing, “lounging Indians—swarthy Mexicans busied at stables—dogs, chickens, turkeys—men leading horses out on the sands of the stream to drink of the rose-golden water.”¹¹⁶⁹ Hubbell, rendered as an erect figure with a powerful, keen gaze in Garland’s memoirs appears in his notebooks as “shock-haired, dark, slouchy—kindly—humorous spectacled eyes—a singular man to meet with here—takes twenty newspapers and magazines—loves music.”¹¹⁷⁰ Hubbell’s stories of his daring days, perhaps, transformed him in Garland’s version of his legend, if not his memory.

The writer stayed at the trading post for several days. In the “intimacy of our long days together,” Garland and Hubbell developed a friendship, Garland soaking up the sights

¹¹⁶⁷ Garland, *Middle Border*, 127.

¹¹⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, 128.

¹¹⁶⁹ Hamlin Garland, “Notes and Sketches of Indians and the West...” Item 54-1, Series II, Hamlin Garland Papers, USC Libraries.

¹¹⁷⁰ *Ibid.*

and stories of Navajo country while Hubbell enjoyed his appreciative audience.¹¹⁷¹ Garland made fifteen pages of notes on the post and the Navajos who came to it, and jotted down plans for stories that Hubbell, fountain of tales, suggested to him, both about his own past and about the Navajos.¹¹⁷² Unlike later visitors, Garland did not experience the scene of the crowded dinner table, for Hubbell's famous home had not yet been built. In 1899, Hubbell still lived in the old adobe building he had bought a decade earlier, and his visitors were still few enough that Garland did not have to vie for his host's attentions. With Hubbell's wife and children away visiting family in Albuquerque, Garland was a welcome companion. But he did not stay long. Anticipation for his upcoming marriage tugged at him insistently from the east and he soon departed in a headlong rush towards Zulime, laden with memories, notes, and curios.¹¹⁷³

After his wedding, Garland shaped his notes into polished stories which made the long journey from notebook to newsprint. Two of his short stories about Navajo life appeared in *The Independent* in 1900, bearing the imprint of both Hubbell and Garland. The first, "The Bad Medicine Man," tells the story of a Navajo witch, Gray Eagle, and the Navajo policeman, Aglar, who takes justice into his own hands and kills the old man in order to put a stop to his murdering.¹¹⁷⁴ Lorenzo Hubbell's experiences during the witch scare of 1878, when, according to legend, a witch was killed in the doorway of his store, echoes through the tale. The Navajo words for witchcraft, according to Martha Blue, translate roughly to

¹¹⁷¹ Garland, *Middle Border*, 128.

¹¹⁷² Lonnie E. Underhill and Daniel F. Littlefield Jr., eds. *Hamlin Garland's Observations on the American Indian, 1895-1905* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press), 29.

¹¹⁷³ Garland, *Middle Border*, 128.

¹¹⁷⁴ Hamlin Garland, "The Bad Medicine Man," *The Independent* 52, no. 2714 (December 6, 1900): 2899-2904.

“shooting stones into bodies,” a concept Garland either misunderstands or alters in the story when he asserts that Gray Eagle’s witchcraft includes killing people by shooting poison pellets into their bodies.¹¹⁷⁵ Though the story ends with the Indian agent stripping Aglar of his badge and uniform as punishment for overstepping the bounds of the law, the ending nevertheless contains a faint tang of victory, for Aglar “was once more Left Hand, a chief, and not a soldier for the white man.”¹¹⁷⁶ The second story, “Big Moggasen,” has a similar moral—it is the story of a Navajo elder living in the remote recesses of Navajo country beyond American influence and without the benefit of manufactured goods that so many other Navajos had come to depend on.¹¹⁷⁷ When his people begin to complain about their hardships, Big Moggasen agrees to travel to the agency to see if he can secure these goods, though he remains skeptical. When he arrives, the Indian agent demands that he send his children to school in exchange for the goods. Refusing to pay such a price, Big Moggasen leaves empty handed. “I am old and I have not departed from the ways of my fathers,” he says. “I have lived thus far without the white man’s help, I will die as I have lived.”¹¹⁷⁸ Both stories reveal the sentiments of the author, who would soon become heavily involved in agitating for Indian rights, as well as his dedication to realism in speech, setting, character, and drama.¹¹⁷⁹

¹¹⁷⁵ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 59.

¹¹⁷⁶ Garland, “The Bad Medicine Man,” 2904.

¹¹⁷⁷ Hamlin Garland, “Big Moggassen,” *The Independent* 52, no. 2709 (November 1, 1900): 2622-2624.

¹¹⁷⁸ *Ibid.*, 2624.

¹¹⁷⁹ Keith Newlin and Joseph B. McCullough, eds, *Selected Letters of Hamlin Garland* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1998), xi, xxxii.

It is in a third story, published in 1902 in *McClure's Magazine*, however, that we see most clearly Lorenzo Hubbell's influence. On the surface, the story has nothing to do with Garland's visit to Navajo country; it is called "Delmar of Pima," and relates the adventures of Andrew Delmar, the sheriff of Pima County.¹¹⁸⁰ Arizona Historian Frank Lockwood later said that "Garland himself told me that Hubbell was the hero of the story," but to any reader who had met Don Lorenzo and heard him tell stories, Delmar would have been instantly recognizable.¹¹⁸¹ In personal characteristics, Delmar is Lorenzo's double—a "natural-born politician" with "dark gray eyes and a keen hawk-like stare which could make a man feel uncomfortable."¹¹⁸² Delmar, too, is half-Spanish with a command of both languages, a "shrewd trader and ambitious to rule."¹¹⁸³ In his notebooks, Garland's hurried sentence fragments bounce between the third person "Delmar" and the first person "I," and it is easy to imagine the writer furiously scribbling notes to jog his memory as Hubbell unfolded the tales of his tenure as sheriff.¹¹⁸⁴

¹¹⁸⁰ Hamlin Garland, "Delmar of Pima," *McClure's Magazine* 18, no. 4 (February 1902): 340-348. The character of Andrew Delmar had made a previous appearance in Garland's *The Eagle's Heart* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1900). The character bears some resemblance to the Andrew Delmar of "Delmar of Pima" in that he is a skilled fighter and a sheepherder warring against the interests of the Texas cattlemen. In the novel, Delmar is an old man who wears a sombrero and hires Mexican herders. But because he is a side character, appearing only on a few pages, he is faintly defined and does not immediately strike the reader as a thinly-disguised incarnation of Lorenzo Hubbell. In fact, Garland started writing the story when he was in the Klondike and had sent a draft to press by August 1899, before he visited Ganado. It seems likely that Garland used the details of Lorenzo Hubbell's life to create a back story for the character of Andrew Delmar; in "Delmar of Pima," Delmar is 35 years old, making the short story into a kind of prequel to *The Eagle's Heart*. Underhill and Littlefield, *Garland's Observations*, 134.

¹¹⁸¹ Lockwood, "More Arizona Characters," 64.

¹¹⁸² Garland, "Delmar," 341.

¹¹⁸³ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁸⁴ Hamlin Garland, "Notes and Sketches of Indians and the West..." Item 54-1, Series II, Hamlin Garland Papers, USC Libraries.

The story as it appears in *McClure's* begins with Andrew Delmar riding into the little Mexican town of San Felipe, the county seat of Pima, where he intends to open a grocery. He has come a long way from Santa Fe, with wagons loaded with goods bought on credit, and is accompanied by Mexican teamsters. The reader is introduced to the tenor of Delmar's character immediately when Delmar encounters a toll-bridge over a weak little stream run by Texan thugs who attempt to extort an outrageous fifteen-dollar fee for the privilege of crossing. Calmly, Delmar drives his wagon through the stream, trusting in his steely gaze and the two revolvers at his hip to intimidate the Texan bridge-keeper. But once he reaches the other side, the bridge-keeper, having gathered reinforcements, confronts him:

"You'd better pony up the metal," he said menacingly. "We don't allow no funny business about it."

"Get out of my way," replied Delmar and his hand fell with a swift flirt upon his revolver. "You'll repent of any gun-play you start with me." There was something in his tone which ended the controversy, for the moment at least. The two tax-gatherers retired, muttering threats.

"We'll make this town hot for you."

"That's all right," he replied; "I'm used to a hot climate."¹¹⁸⁵

Having thus made a memorable impression on two prominent San Felipe citizens, Delmar finds himself in a world of trouble when he arrives in town to find out that the Texas cattlemen "held every office and controlled every election."¹¹⁸⁶ Delmar immediately sides with the Mexican townspeople, the sheepherders, and the Republicans in a range-war against the troublesome, violent, Democratic Texas cattlemen. In a series of short vignettes, Garland details Delmar's gradual triumph over his enemies as he leverages his dual heritage

¹¹⁸⁵ Garland, "Delmar," 341.

¹¹⁸⁶ Ibid.

and honest business reputation into local support. Delmar makes his first move on election day, when not a single Republican vote manifested in the results. This hardly surprised the Mexicans, who had been suffering ballot-box stuffing and voter intimidation for years, but Delmar refuses to submit, threatening the judges “with a deadly earnestness which stopped their gaping mouths in a distorted grin” that his Republican vote would not be so easily “lost” in future elections.¹¹⁸⁷ He spends the next year organizing the Mexican vote, showing up at the polls with seventy-five other men—a staggering turnout after the previous year’s half-hearted dozen. Backed by twenty “ominously silent” armed Mexicans and “calm with the calmness of the rattlesnake,” Delmar declares that “if every one of those seventy-six ballots does not appear in the returns, we’ll kill every man of you right where you sit. You can’t count us out the way you do the niggers in Arkansas.”¹¹⁸⁸ Reluctantly, the fraudsters comply, granting Delmar his first victory.

Garland then puts forth a description of the lawlessness of the county that echoes Hubbell’s descriptions of the state of affairs that prompted him to run for the office of sheriff. The cattle men were wreaking havoc among the Mexican shepherders, shooting the men, stampeding their horses, and insulting their women. The sheriff, conveniently, had a singularly difficult time rounding up the lawbreakers and always seemed to be absent when the drunken cowboys rode through town taking shots at Mexicans. Delmar, against the advice of his friends, announces his intention to run for sheriff, an election he wins, but only after foiling another attempt at voting fraud.¹¹⁸⁹ Upon his victory, Delmar mounts the band-

¹¹⁸⁷ Ibid. 342.

¹¹⁸⁸ Ibid.

¹¹⁸⁹ Ibid., 343.

stand in the town square and declares an end to the free reign the cattlemen have enjoyed under the tenure of the previous sheriff “so long as I can sit a horse and hold a gun.”¹¹⁹⁰

Sheriff anecdotes follow in which Delmar repeatedly out-shoots and out-wits the cowmen—but he kills surprisingly few lawbreakers, relying instead on his piercing gaze, his reputation as a crack shot, and the loyal support of the Mexican population. “Delmar met every test,” Garland wrote. “He proved himself fearless and cool and adroit. No man ever got the drop on him. When he went after a criminal he got him. Twice he brought in his man in a blanket, and once the coroner’s services were required.”¹¹⁹¹ The stories are often slightly comical and always perfectly Western in their tropes.

The first test of his courage came shortly after his entering upon his duties. Word was brought to him that Jack Haley was “shooting up” the town of Paint Rock, and Delmar jumped a horse and galloped over the divide to bring the desperado in. Haley heard he was coming, and stuffing his Winchester throat full of cartridges, ran into the back parlor of the “Cowboy’s Home,” and stood ready with his gun at full-cock expecting Delmar to come in the front way.

But the sheriff ran swiftly and noiselessly round to a side door, and stealing close to the listening desperado, thrust his own Winchester against Haley’s side and said, “Drop that gun!”

Haley gave one scared look at Delmar and his gun clattered to the floor. His surprise and fear were so “comic” to the other cowboys that they roared over it for a whole day. Delmar mounted his horse, and with Haley meekly obeying every order, rode away. The desperado was taking no chances with a sheriff who poked Winchesters into his ribs.¹¹⁹²

Whether all of the stories recounted in “Delmar of Pima” came from Hubbell’s imagination or whether Garland supplied some himself to embellish the trader’s already

¹¹⁹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹⁹¹ Ibid., 345.

¹¹⁹² Ibid., 343.

embellished tale is not immediately evident. Clues from the local newspaper hint at the seeds of some of the episodes. Garland relates a story where Sheriff Delmar takes his prisoners out to dinner at the hotel, bound not by handcuffs, but by their word of honor that they will not attempt to escape. For a few weeks, “the convicts moved to their dinner like gentlemen of a jury, with Delmar quietly bringing up the rear,” but Haley, the desperado who had already given Delmar such trouble, one day saw fit to break his vow and make a run for it.¹¹⁹³ Someone on the outside had left a horse for Haley, and he swiftly disappeared into the dust whipped up by the wind. Delmar followed on foot before commandeering a cart horse. The little mare displayed hidden depths of speed and stamina, and Delmar caught up to the fugitive, keeping him busy with an exchange of friendly threats until the sheriff’s deputy arrived and took the fight out of him with a bullet to the hip. When they returned Haley to the jail, Delmar was pleased to find out that his other prisoners, left to their own devices when he took off after Haley, had returned to the jail of their own volition, true to their word. “They are gentlemen,” Delmar declares. “I’ll stand treat to the crowd to-morrow.”¹¹⁹⁴ As fantastic as the story is, it appears at least a kernel of truth lay at the heart of this particular exploit of Sheriff Delmar’s. Jail breaks did occasionally occur in the real Apache County, and the *St. Johns Herald* reported that on September 23, 1885, the Board of Supervisors called a special meeting “for the purpose of issuing an order to the Sheriff, not to take prisoners out of jail to their meals, but to have their meals taken to them in jail.”¹¹⁹⁵

¹¹⁹³ Ibid.

¹¹⁹⁴ Ibid., 344.

¹¹⁹⁵ “Board of Supervisors,” *St. Johns Herald*, October 15, 1885; “Thomas Youngblood and Samuel Edwards...” *St. Johns Herald*, October 29, 1885.

Hubbell's ouster from the office of the sheriff serves as the climax of "Delmar of Pima." Garland writes that because Delmar's thrall over the Mexican voters was so complete and his response to lawlessness so swift, the cowboys began to scheme of other ways to depose the sheriff. Like Hubbell, Delmar had opened a trading post on the Indian reservation; because "the county was quiet, there were few prisoners, and with his brother as deputy, Delmar felt it safe in leaving the county temporarily during the time when court was not in session, especially as he was always within call."¹¹⁹⁶ One morning, while Delmar is on the reservation, his deputy, Tom Perez, rides in on a sweaty, trembling horse to tell him that the cowboy-controlled court has declared the office of sheriff vacant and appointed the villainously-named cattleman Abe Snivley in his place. Delmar saddles his horse and rides like hell over the seventy-five miles between his trading post and San Felipe, arriving just as the sun sets.¹¹⁹⁷

He finds the cattlemen celebrating in the local saloon, the judge playing cards with the county attorney and the newly-appointed sheriff. Garland writes, dramatically:

They were all pretty drunk when Delmar walked in quietly, without hurry and without bluster. Every man in the room was his enemy, and every one was armed but himself. He moved straight toward the group at the table, and as he came their faces set in surprise and fear. His approach was as sinister as the movement of a wildcat, but his smoothly-shaven face as fair as a boy's, and his broad hat sat gracefully on his head. His small hands seemed to glisten like those of a woman, and his black suit suggested priests and undertakers.

The room was absolutely silent as he reached the table, and every word he spoke could be heard in the farthest corner of the room.

"Judge Murdock, I understand you have declared the office of sheriff vacant. I give notice that I am still the Sheriff of Pima County, and will be until I am impeached by

¹¹⁹⁶ Garland, "Delmar," 345.

¹¹⁹⁷ Ibid.

a jury of my peers and after a fair, open trial. I shall open court to-morrow morning.” Turning, he said, “Boys, take a drink with me.”¹¹⁹⁸

The next day, Delmar finds Snivley in his place in court and every bench filled with rowdy cattlemen. Delmar sits beside the imposter with the quiet threat, “If you move, I’ll kill you,” while his faithful Mexican supporters, armed and ready to kill or be killed, file into the room and lean in through the windows with Winchesters cocked.¹¹⁹⁹ With the cattlemen and judge yellow and shaking like “rats in a trap,” Delmar steps before the bench and challenges the court:

“Judge Murdock, you put up a plot to oust me. You declared the office of sheriff vacant, and appointed a man to fill the vacancy. I want to know by what right? I was elected sheriff by the people of Pima County. By what process of law did you remove me? Is there a line of ink as a record of an investigation or trial? Will you quote the statute by virtue of which you set me aside?...I will not take dismissal from a scoundrel of your stripe. You are a blackguard and a loafer. You are indictable at this minute for a dastardly crime....I will never rest till you leave here, the low-lived hound I know you to be.”¹²⁰⁰

In the wake of Delmar’s speech and with the Mexicans staring him down with their “dark eyes...balefully agleam,” Judge Murdock wisely and weakly declares the court adjourned until the following day.¹²⁰¹

The cattlemen, allowed to leave by the grace of Delmar, regroup on the mesa above town while the Mexicans gather to be sworn in as deputies one by one. In the final confrontation, when it seems no other outcome but mutual slaughter is possible, Delmar faces the cowmen alone and, characteristically, unarmed. He demands their surrender—and after some deliberation and the exchange of threats, they finally admit that Delmar, with

¹¹⁹⁸ Ibid., 345-346.

¹¹⁹⁹ Ibid., 346.

¹²⁰⁰ Ibid.

¹²⁰¹ Ibid.

every Mexican in the county at his side, is unbeatable. They flee, their power broken, leaving the Mexicans, the sheep industry, and all good Republicans in peace.¹²⁰²

Garland's retelling of Hubbell's term as sheriff is highly polished. Between Hubbell's editing of his own past and Garland's shaping of the story, they transfigure the plight of the Mormons into the plight of the Mexicans, allowing the hero to emerge as an untarnished specimen of the Western lawman. Garland's Westerns were often a little different from his contemporaries'. As Prassel writes, he typically "made his sheriffs...more palpable personalities with problems apart from those of duty."¹²⁰³ "Delmar of Pima" was even odder in a genre where the heroes were almost always white, for Garland "romanticized a Mexican character," granting him "virtues that Anglo-Saxons usually reserve for themselves."¹²⁰⁴ Delmar nevertheless emerges as a "white hat" character with "the modesty, courage, and high moral sense characteristic of pulp-fiction lawmen."¹²⁰⁵

Sheriff Hubbell and the Sense of Place

In his study of Western pioneer reminiscence, David Wrobel argues that stories relating the violence and hardship of the frontier past give the teller "the power of primacy—the notion that length of residence in a place (chronological proximity to an earlier age of authenticity) confers the right to speak for the 'spirit' of that place."¹²⁰⁶ Hubbell's

¹²⁰² Ibid., 347-348.

¹²⁰³ Prassel, 246.

¹²⁰⁴ Jackson R. Bryer, Eugene Harding, and Robert A. Rees, *Hamlin Garland and the Critics: An Annotated Bibliography* (Troy, NY: Whitston Publishing Co., 1973), 239; Bold, "Malaeska's Revenge," 28.

¹²⁰⁵ Arthur G. Pettit, and Dennis E. Showalter, *Images of the Mexican American in Fiction and Film* (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1980), 182-183. Because of its unique characteristics, this story is frequently analyzed in studies of representations of Chicanos in American culture, such as Edward Simmen, *The Chicano: From Caricature to Self-Portrait* (New York: New American Library, 1971); and Cecil Robinson, *With the Ears of Strangers: The Mexican in American Literature* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1963).

¹²⁰⁶ Wrobel, *Promised Lands*, 183.

sheriff yarns, like other pioneers' reminiscences, established him as a survivor of a more dangerous time, creating in him an "elevated attachment to place" and making him a symbol for that landscape in the eyes of newcomers.¹²⁰⁷ Steeped in the mythic West that was everywhere being created—in dime novels, magazines, Wild West exhibitions, museums, world's fairs, and later, the movie screen—travelers to the Southwest arrived as "convert[s] to western mythology—with all the passion of the newly converted," which fueled the fervor of their attachment to place.¹²⁰⁸ Hubbell's sheriff anecdotes offered a personal connection to the kinds of stories one normally only encountered in print. When travelers met the smiling trader at his home, they were gratified to believe that he had come from a time when "the West was still a place where disputes and differences in opinion, ethnicity, and politics were settled with guns."¹²⁰⁹

When his guests retold his stories about his adventures as Sheriff of Apache County, they did so through the interpretive lens that Hubbell was part of the West. Before launching into her tale of his early life, Dorothy Mott declared, "Don Lorenzo's life was, in many respects, a saga of the Old West."¹²¹⁰ Agnes Laut declared him to be "a type of the man that the Desert produces: quiet, soft spoken—powerfully soft spoken—alert, keen, relentless and versatile; but also a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions, a passionate patriot, and a lover of art."¹²¹¹ Garland's retelling of Hubbell's sheriff stories, though it lacks the poetic descriptions of the Navajo landscape that can be found in his personal writings,

¹²⁰⁷ Ibid., 185-186.

¹²⁰⁸ Ibid., 195-196.

¹²⁰⁹ Hall, 162.

¹²¹⁰ Mott, 46.

¹²¹¹ Laut, 127-128.

nevertheless conveys an intensely mythic sense of place in its descriptions of Delmar's Spanish heritage and the lawlessness of the frontier.

Hubbell's sheriff anecdotes, repeated by his friends, served, like his other stories, to tie their bearers back to Hubbell and Navajo country. "Delmar of Pima," for example, clearly marked Garland as a member of Hubbell's dispersed community. Despite the obvious parallels between the character of Andrew Delmar and the person of Lorenzo Hubbell, that Delmar was not the sole product of Hamlin Garland's imagination was not widely known by readers. George Wharton James blithely reviewed the story in the literature and art section of the state guide *Arizona the Wonderland* in 1917, depicting it as a straightforward tale of frontier justice, seemingly unaware that the character of Delmar had in fact been an Arizona state senator.¹²¹² But for those in the know, like Frank Lockwood, or those who had heard Hubbell tell the same stories he told Garland, the true identity of Delmar would have been plain. Their recognition marked them as insiders, members of the tribe of Hubbell. Curled up in a chair by window overlooking a busy New York intersection with a copy of *McClure's* in hand, those who had shared Garland's experience would have found themselves transported in imagination back to Navajo country.

For many years after he left, Garland hung on to his relationship with Hubbell and his memories of Navajo country. He sent the trader copies of seven of his books, six of which bear personal inscriptions: "To Lorenzo Hubbell I send this record of 'the long trail,'" he wrote in the cover of *The Trail of the Goldseekers*, and "To Lorenzo Hubbell from an old trailer," in *Prairie Songs*.¹²¹³ He spoke of his visit to Ganado with his and Hubbell's mutual

¹²¹² George Wharton James, *Arizona the Wonderland* (Boston: Page Co., 1917), 2.

¹²¹³ The following books by Hamlin Garland in Lorenzo Hubbell's collection bear an inscription from the author: *Hesper* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1903), HUTR 339, Museum Collections, HUTR; *Prairie Songs*:

friends, including Maynard Dixon, Charles Lummis, and President Theodore Roosevelt. As Garland's good friend and western travel companion, the artist Charles Francis Browne, who also visited Ganado, wrote in a letter to Hubbell shortly after Garland's visit, "Mr. Garland has often spoken of his visit to you and how pleasant and profitable it was."¹²¹⁴ Browne, too, expressed his desire to someday return to Navajo country again and accept Hubbell's open invitation to visit at Ganado, for he "would like nothing better than to camp out there for a year."¹²¹⁵ Though scattered across the country, each had a tie to Navajo country, expressed in their relationships with each other and in story. Hubbell's guests seemed to feel, as did Clarence Salsbury, "He was the American West summarized in one man."¹²¹⁶

Being Chants Rhymed and Unrhymed of the Level Lands of the Great West (Chicago: Stone and Kimball, 1893), HUTR 1697, Museum Collections, HUTR; *Jason Edwards: An Average Man* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1897), HUTR 1699, Museum Collections, HUTR; *A Member of the Third House: A Story of Political Warfare* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1897), HUTR 1702, Museum Collections, HUTR; *The Trail of the Goldseekers: A Record of Travel in Prose and Verse* (New York: Macmillan, 1899), HUTR 1705, Museum Collections, HUTR; and *Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character* (New York: Doubleday and McClure Co., 1898), HUTR 1735, Museum Collections, HUTR. The only one of Garland's books not to bear a personal inscription is *Other Main Travelled Roads* (New York: Harper and Brothers Pub., 1910), HUTR 1700, Museum Collections, HUTR.

¹²¹⁴ Charles Francis Browne to Lorenzo Hubbell, June 13, 1900, Folder Browne, Historical Files, HUTR.

¹²¹⁵ Ibid.

¹²¹⁶ Clarence G. Salsbury, 137.

CHAPTER 7

CONCLUSION

When John Lorenzo Hubbell died at the close of a cold November, his artistic and literary friends marked his passing with a feeling of deep nostalgia. Joseph Emerson Smith's obituary, hastily composed at a typewriter in Denver, began with the simple declaration, "Lorenzo Hubbell is dead," but then flowered into an image of the bonds connecting him to his scattered community of travelers and friends:

This news, coming out of Navajo land, will bring a pause and a shadow in studios of painters in New York, Paris, Rome. Archaeologists and ethnologists in the jungles of Yucatan, the plains of Assyria, and the steppes of the Gobi desert, will find themselves transported in memory away from their excavations, to the sun-swept trading post in Arizona. To the seekers of beauty and the adventurers in to the buried long-ago, J. Lorenzo Hubbell, "patriarch and prince of the frontier," was friend and host.¹²¹⁷

Smith's obituary was like the first few pebbles skidding down a mountain face before a rockslide; it was reprinted in newspapers across Arizona, mixed liberally with tributes written by other friends of "the most universally loved citizen of Arizona."¹²¹⁸ Then, within a month, the California motoring magazine *Touring Topics* published the autobiography of Lorenzo Hubbell as he told it to journalist J. Edwin Hogg just a few months before his death.¹²¹⁹ In January, Harriet Mayfield's "Great Southwest Pioneer Passes On" appeared in *The Santa Fe Magazine*, and three months later, the *Arizona Historical Review* published Dorothy Challis Mott's "Don Lorenzo Hubbell of Ganado."¹²²⁰ And from there, stories about old Don Lorenzo and his trading post appeared as regularly as the summer monsoons.

¹²¹⁷ Joseph Emerson Smith, 371.

¹²¹⁸ "The Shrine of Hubbell Hill," *Tucson Daily Citizen*, November 15, 1930.

¹²¹⁹ John Lorenzo Hubbell, 24-29, 51.

¹²²⁰ Mayfield, 29-33; Mott, 45-51.

Certain of his legends were told again and again, the printed word freezing key phrases of what was once a malleable oral legend into a kind of recitation.

But even as the stories proliferated and became fixed in their forms, their connection to the sense of place in Navajo country weakened. With the ascension of the automobile and the taming of Navajo country by paved roads, visitors began to experience the landscape differently. During the 1910s and 1920s, the automobile represented freedom, a way for travelers to get away from the confines of the railways and seek more “authentic” experiences.¹²²¹ The roads in Navajo country, however, were still few enough and bad enough that the number of tourists willing to brave the journey was relatively small and the role of the trader as host and cultural intermediary remained paramount to a successful trip.¹²²² For a decade or two after Hubbell’s death, his sons, Lorenzo Jr. and Roman, filled their father’s role as the conduit through which some travelers experienced Navajo country, but the Great Depression and the Second World War dammed the flood of visitors to a trickle, and the golden age of antimodernism began to wane. By the 1950s, when “Americans hit the highways by the millions, freed up from gas and rubber rationing and ready to take long-delayed vacations,” Lorenzo, Jr. had followed his father into death and Roman was mired by debt and bankruptcy.¹²²³ Pavement transformed the once treacherous roads of the reservation into smooth highways, allowing tourists to visit Navajo country in the comfort of their own automobiles, blazing across the landscape towards air-conditioned

¹²²¹ Rothman, 143-148.

¹²²² Ibid., 144.

¹²²³ David Louter, *Windshield Wilderness: Cars, Roads, and Nature in Washington's National Parks* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 2006), 119.

motels in Flagstaff and Albuquerque. By the middle of the twentieth century, not only were the Hubbells fading or gone, but travelers no longer had any need for them to be present.

Without direct experience with Don Lorenzo Hubbell as a key part of travelers' heartfelt pursuit of connection to the past and the primitive, modern tourists felt no personal connection to his stories. Tourists in the latter half of the twentieth century may have read Hubbell stories in the newspaper or in their favorite travel magazine, or they may even have stopped by his trading post, run by the National Park Service as a National Historic Site, but Hubbell was no longer the lens through which the majority of visitors experienced the landscape of the Navajos. His stories gradually became less like memory and more like history. Travelers might "enjoy hearing or reading those tales," but they no longer "appreciate them in the same way as does the audience which shares the land in which the hero and his acts are rooted."¹²²⁴ In short, with the end of the Hubbell dynasty and the sweeping transformations that engulfed the Navajo Reservation after the war, the connection between story and place that gave the legend of Don Lorenzo its vitality was severed.

The Second Generation

For many years after John Lorenzo Hubbell's death, his family carried on his legacy of hospitality, storytelling, and embodiment of the landscape. His daughter, Barbara, who had long been the hostess at Ganado, continued to play her role even as her brothers, who had reputations for being even more fully steeped in Navajo culture than their father had been, ushered a new generation of travelers, artists, and anthropologists through Navajo

¹²²⁴ Ryden, 91.

country.¹²²⁵ Both Lorenzo Jr. and Roman successfully kept up their father's traditions, keeping his stories alive even as they themselves became in the eyes of mid-century travelers what Don Lorenzo had been to Navajo country pilgrims in earlier days.

Long known as the “hospitable son of a hospitable father,” Lorenzo Jr. had a well-established reputation as a selfless host and friend to the Indians by the time of his father's death.¹²²⁶ He had operated his own trading post near the Hopi Mesas since 1902. After decades of feeding and sheltering Snake Dance crowds, artists, politicians and all their ilk, Lorenzo Jr. came second in fame only to his namesake. As the archaeologist Neil M. Judd wrote, “At his Oraibi home and trading post, young Lorenzo Hubbell was an echo of his father—a trifle broader and heavier, perhaps, but cast in the same mold and possessed of the same too-generous disposition.”¹²²⁷ Like his father, Lorenzo hosted many artists, writers, anthropologists, and politicians at his home, sharing his knowledge freely and fulfilling the role of guide and facilitator that had made J. L. indispensable to travelers, and earned the same caliber of gratitude. For example, anthropologist Edward Twitchell Hall dedicated his book *West of the Thirties* to “Lorenzo Hubbell, second-generation Indian trader, friend and mentor, who grew up as Spanish, Navajo, Hopi, and Anglo-American. Sharing the real-life experience of four cultures, he set me straight as to the true meaning of accommodation and understanding.”¹²²⁸ Similarly, Laura Adams Armer wrote extensively of Lorenzo Jr. in her books *The Traders Children*, *Southwest*, and *In Navajo Land*, telling stories of his generosity to

¹²²⁵ Cottam, 242.

¹²²⁶ Charles Francis Saunders, “Side Trips in the Indian Southwest,” *Travel Magazine* 30, no. 5 (March 1918): 34-38.

¹²²⁷ Judd, 105.

¹²²⁸ Hall, ix.

the Navajos in an article for *Desert Magazine*, and dedicating her Newberry Award-winning children's novel, *Waterless Mountain*, "To Lorenzo Hubbell whose faith inspired this book."¹²²⁹

In fact, Lorenzo Jr.'s trading post in Oraibi became in many ways what the trading post in Ganado had once been when Don Lorenzo still presided over the dinner table. Only a few years after the old trader was buried atop Hubbell Hill, Edward T. Hall visited both locations. In his estimation, Lorenzo Jr.'s home in Oraibi was not and never would be the comfortable showpiece that his father's home in Ganado had been. Hall described the former as a place "devoted to inner things," where celebrities might come, but only if they were "the kind who penetrated appearances," "were not fooled by pretense," and "could accept what was offered—a rich experience in the simplest of surroundings."¹²³⁰ Ganado, by comparison, was a sumptuous palace of crisp sheets, Navajo servants, and matched china. Something that previous travelers had found there, however, was now missing. Hall explained:

[T]he conversation lacked Oraibi's spontaneity and sparkle. Around the table at Oraibi you might find Lorenzo's truck drivers, an occasional Navajo headman, a government stockman, visiting scientists from Europe, an Eastern writer who was a household name, occasionally the commissioner of Indian Affairs, John Collier, or the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, Mrs. Ickes, who was well known for her deep and abiding interest in the Indians and their affairs. I heard Navajo, Hopi, Spanish, English, and French all spoken within the course of an hour in that irreverent, freewheeling atmosphere.¹²³¹

¹²²⁹ Laura Adams Armer, *The Trader's Children* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1937); Armer, *Southwest*; Laura Adams Armer, *In Navajo Land* (New York: David McKay Co., 1962); Laura Adams Armer, "The Big Snow," *Desert Magazine* 24, no. 4 (April 1961): 18-19; Laura Adams Armer, *Waterless Mountain* (New York: Junior Literary Guild, 1931), v.

¹²³⁰ Hall, 161.

¹²³¹ *Ibid.*

As Hall's words indicate, Lorenzo Jr. was a different sort of man than J. L. Where Don Lorenzo cultivated his own legends on a well-set stage, Lorenzo Jr. was known for his unaffected kindness and helpfulness, inviting travelers into his simple home without pretense. The elder Hubbell's stories were fraught with exciting danger and larger-than-life deeds, but Lorenzo Jr.'s were all of calm wisdom, diplomacy, and selfless giving.¹²³² Much of the difference came down to temperament. While J. L. kept up correspondence with hundreds of friends and former guests, seeming to deeply enjoy his connections, Lorenzo Jr. rarely replied to letters. He was prone to depression, and despite the ready praise of his many friends, he struggled to see himself as good and deserving of love.¹²³³ As fellow-trader Gladwell Richardson, writing under the pseudonym Maurice Kildare, perceptively noted, "Everyone called him 'friend' but the truth is that the short, portly Spanish-American actually accepted few people as a friend."¹²³⁴

Lorenzo Jr., however, was so personable and friendly that few travelers seemed to notice. When the novelist and playwright Nina Wilcox Putnam wrote about her stay at his trading post, she declared him "Lorenzo the Magnificent," and insisted that she need not give him any other name, for "anybody who ever went near Oraibi will know it."¹²³⁵ She continued:

I'll never forget Lorenzo as I seen him first—a stout young man with a largeness that was more than his physical largeness about him, his eyes black as sloes, his color

¹²³² See Kildare, 12, 52; Mrs. White Mountain Smith, "He is our Friend," *The Desert Magazine* 4, no. 1 (November 1940): 7-10; Collier, 3-4.

¹²³³ Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to Ed Thacker, November 12, 1919, Box 101, Folder August-December 1919, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections; Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to Adele Hubbell Parker, Box 102, Folder January-September 1920, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²³⁴ Kildare, 12.

¹²³⁵ Nina Wilcox Putnam, *West Broadway* (New York: George H. Doran Co., 1921), 211.

high, his poise superb. Living on the desert does one of two things to a man: It makes him mean or it gives him this wonderful bigness, this peculiar brand of poise. And the Magnificent One had it.¹²³⁶

When Lorenzo Jr. read Putnam's book, *West Broadway*, her glowing description of his home, his knowledge of the Indians, and his personality seemed to disturb him. "It is sad that people think of me what I am not," he wrote to an old friend. "[M]y life in the country and environment, has made me smaller both mentally and physically, but for the part it speaks of me personally the book was thoroughly enjoyed. I am a failure."¹²³⁷

Elsewhere, however, Putnam's tribute to "Lorenzo the Magnificent" stirred in one-time travelers fond memories of Navajo country and Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. The book's editor, Minnie Hoover Linton, had once known Lorenzo Jr. and the desert. In New York, she worked on books by Charles Lummis, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and the Dixons—even her doctor had once been to Arizona and met Lorenzo Jr., and so the talk inevitably traveled back to Navajo country and the portly proprietor of the Oraibi trading post.¹²³⁸ After finishing Putnam's book, she sat in her studio, which was decorated with Indian curios, and wrote him a letter, confessing, "I have often pictured to myself, how, *someday*, I would go back to Arizona. I should arrive at dusk, and you would come out, and greet me in your husky voice."¹²³⁹ Though Lorenzo Jr.'s legend was never the epic that his father's had been, travelers were no less connected to him as a symbol of Navajo country. In fact, Lorenzo

¹²³⁶ Ibid., 212.

¹²³⁷ Lorenzo Hubbell Jr. to Minnie H. Linton, December 10, 1923, Box 103, Folder November-December 1923, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²³⁸ Minnie Hoover Linton to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., December 3, 1923, Box 52, Folder Linton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²³⁹ Minnie Hoover Linton to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., January 13, 1924, Box 52, Folder Linton, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

Jr.'s personal attachment to the Navajos and their country was said to be something extraordinary. As Raymond Carlson wrote, "Once, several years ago, Lorenzo Hubbell came to Phoenix to receive medical attention. After several weeks he fretted to return to Oraibi. 'This is not for me,' he said. 'I don't feel right being away from the reservation. I could never be at home here.'"¹²⁴⁰ Just as Lorenzo Jr. could not stand to be separated long from the country he grew up in, visitors could not imagine Navajo country without Lorenzo in it. Eleanor Murphy Montague encapsulated perfectly her fellow travelers' feelings about Lorenzo Jr.'s relationship with the landscape: "Others have *come* to it, but you are *of* it, the desert."¹²⁴¹

In his own way, Roman, too, became closely associated with the sense of place in Navajo country. Tourism had always been Roman's passion. He "never cared so much about trading with the Navajos as he did exploring their beautiful country and taking visitors to the hidden away spots no casual traveler could find."¹²⁴² Roman had been showing visitors around Navajo country since the 1910s under his father's direction, and after J. L.'s death, he turned all of his attention to leveraging his family reputation for hospitality and knowledge about the Indians into a real business: Roman Hubbell Navajo Tours.¹²⁴³ Following in the footsteps of the Fred Harvey Company's motorized "Indian Detours," Roman bought touring cars, hired guides, and began tirelessly advertising his custom tours

¹²⁴⁰ Carlson, 2.

¹²⁴¹ Eleanor Murphy Montague to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., March 1, 1932, Folder "Murphy," Historical Files, HUTR.

¹²⁴² White Mountain Smith, 10.

¹²⁴³ See Cottam, 268-274 for more information on Roman Hubbell Navajo Tours.

of the “Seven Great Wonders of the Southwest.”¹²⁴⁴ He capitalized on the Hubbell name to draw in tourists eager for an intimate glimpse of the country that railway tours could not provide. In his brochures, he highlighted his father’s fame, positioning himself as heir to Don Lorenzo’s legacy:

Since 1873 the Hubbell family has worked and traded with the Indians, learning to know their language and customs, visiting far corners of their country. This trading post of Don Lorenzo Hubbell is famous throughout two states, and a son of Don Lorenzo operates this new and unique way to see this country that so few white people have ever seen....Knowing the country and the Indian tribes intimately (Roman Hubbell has been initiated into Navajo ceremonies and speaks their language), we hear by grapevine telegraph of strange ceremonial dances—and on such occasions can show our guests such weird ceremonies as the Yei-bei-chai, the Night chant, the Fire Dance, or the amusing Squaw Dance.¹²⁴⁵

Where Lorenzo Jr. never openly sought publicity, Roman shrewdly courted it. He bought advertisements in travel magazines, sent his brochures to motoring clubs across the country, and recruited his friends to write articles and radio broadcasts about his business—and about him.¹²⁴⁶ Roman very carefully cultivated his own personal image and legend, knowing that tourists in search of authenticity wanted an authentic guide. As he led his tours, “flamboyant Roman” wore “striking Indian jewelry and colorful, handwoven vests.”¹²⁴⁷ The stories that he told about himself portrayed him as an insider in Navajo culture, even more fluent in their customs and ways than his father. Roman’s stories

¹²⁴⁴ Memorandum, n.d., Box 4, Folder 2, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections. For more information about the Harvey Company’s Indian Detours, see Padget’s chapter “Indian Detours Off the Beaten Track”; Darnall; and Weigle and Babcock.

¹²⁴⁵ “Roman Hubbell Navajo Tours,” brochure, n.d., Box 6, Folder 10, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁴⁶ Cottam, 271.

¹²⁴⁷ Hall, 160; Hartwell, 64.

painted him as a “white brother of the Navajo,” a believer in their ceremonies.¹²⁴⁸ One of his most often-told tales centered on his participation in a Navajo healing ritual:

Threatened with deafness as a youth, he consulted a medicine man about appropriate Navajo countermeasures. A fire dance was ordered. Though it was deep winter and 10 degrees below zero, Roman donned the Navajo G-string dress and for nine days and nights was the subject of feasting, prayer, chanting and dance. Elaborate sand paintings were painstakingly constructed and he was placed on them. His body was anointed, he was baptized and he became in the Navajo concept, not only pure, but Navajo!

By the ninth day, as the sing climbed to zenith intensity, hundreds of Indians arrived hourly at the ceremonial Hogan—some after a 150-mile trip on horseback. Before the evening 5,000 of them, the largest such crowd ever known, had gathered to participate in the united plea to let their beloved friend hear again. They sang, danced and feasted—at a cost to Roman of some \$4,000—and with the sunrise, headed homeward, confident that they had accomplished their purpose.

Roman Hubbell is still deaf. But within a year of the sing a marvelous new hearing aid was developed and with it Roman enjoys almost normal hearing. There isn’t a Navajo anywhere but knows—as does Hubbell—that the appearance of the device following the sing was more than coincidental.¹²⁴⁹

Other stories feature Roman covering vast distances and undergoing great physical challenges to help the Navajos complete a rain ceremony to break a terrible drought.¹²⁵⁰ In fact, when Roman married his first wife, Alma Dorr, newspapers across the country ran a romantic story of the couple being married by a Navajo medicine man, in which Roman had to ride 60 miles across the desert to obtain cornmeal for the wedding cake, “the eating of which by the young couple constituted the marriage ceremony.”¹²⁵¹ In short, the Roman of

¹²⁴⁸ Hartwell, 30.

¹²⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, 64-65.

¹²⁵⁰ James P. Welsh, “Ceremonials,” radio script, Box 5, Folder 9, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections; Hartwell, 65.

¹²⁵¹ “Indian Did Not Tie Knot Tight Enough,” *Anaconda Standard*, September 7, 1912. See also “Not Satisfied with Wedding Ceremony,” *Evening Telegram*, September 7, 1912; and “Married Under Moki Rite,” *Washington Post*, September 7, 1912.

story “grew up with the Navajo, is an adopted member of the tribe, sits in their councils, speaks Navajo as well as he speaks English...and he knows the Navajo as few white men know them.”¹²⁵²

Roman, too, made himself invaluable to artists and scientists of all stripes. As Hall wrote, “Roman could be depended on to pave the way by helping outsiders, who, for a variety of reasons, wanted to see Navajo ceremonies, listen to their music, make movies, or work with the Navajos as anthropologists and ethnographers.”¹²⁵³ For example, he escorted conductor Leopold Stowkowski and composer Carlos Chavez to Navajo sings so they could study Navajo music.¹²⁵⁴ He made himself indispensable to the work of anthropologist Gladys Reichard, and Laura Adams Armer declared, “Roman has the open sesame to all which lies hidden in Navaho land.”¹²⁵⁵ Even the tourists he charged for his services still felt like they were taking part of the Hubbell hospitality. As one traveler wrote, “We felt as guests or as part of the family, never as tourists. This made the experience twice as delightful.”¹²⁵⁶ For these people, Roman, like his father and brother, became deeply associated with the landscape. When he passed away, Senator Barry Goldwater told Dorothy in a letter that as he sat staring at the map of Arizona in his office, he found it “almost impossible...to believe that Ramon [sic] is no longer with us. He was part and

¹²⁵² James P. Welsh, “Medicine Men,” radio script, Box 5, Folder 9, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁵³ Hall, 158-159.

¹²⁵⁴ Dorothy Hubbell, interview by David M. Brugge, October 13, 1969, interview 052, transcript, Oral Histories, HUTR.

¹²⁵⁵ Armer, *Southwest*, 207; Gladys Amanda Reichard, *Spider Woman: A Story of Navajo Weavers and Chanters* (Glorieta, NM: Rio Grande Press, 1968), vii..

¹²⁵⁶ N. Ziebolz to Roman Hubbell, October 10, 1941, Box 6, Folder 12, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

parcel...of that section of our State and to say that I will miss him would be an incomplete statement because I'm afraid the experience will be far more than just 'missing.' He was a friend in every good sense of the word."¹²⁵⁷ Another former friend and guest took the news of his death as a symbol for the dying of the Southwest as it she had known it. She wrote:

To me, an era that I truly loved, is fast coming to a close. The past few years have marked the passing of so many people that meant Gallup and the Southwest to me. We know that we cannot cling to loved ones forever yet their departures leave us with a feeling of loss and nostalgia. Some of these people were not close friends, but they were the Southwest that I love so much. To us, Roman was such a grand man and he typified that era of which today's youth is so unaware. A gentleman of the old school.¹²⁵⁸

Even though they carried on their father's legacy of hospitality, keeping alive his legend in Navajo country and building their own connections to the landscape, both Lorenzo Jr. and Roman confronted comprehensive changes that Don Lorenzo never faced. Hubbell died just as the Great Depression crippled the Navajo economy even as it did the national economy. A series of devastating financial and personal losses ate up the once mighty Hubbell trading empire—stock reduction, drought, family tragedy, war.¹²⁵⁹ The hardships of the 1930s kept would-be travelers at home, and just as tourism began to pick up again in the 1940s, rationing of tires, fuel, and auto parts during World War II forced Roman to sell his tour company.¹²⁶⁰ After the war, the entire Navajo economy was irreparably altered, old patterns of trade breaking down as wage-work and automobiles weakened the

¹²⁵⁷ Barry Goldwater to Dorothy Hubbell, October 17, 1957, Box 1, Folder 7, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁵⁸ Mrs. O. C. Havens to Dorothy Hubbell, October 25, 1957, Box 1, Folder 7, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁵⁹ See Cottam, 249-285 for a detailed exploration of the sweeping changes that affected the Hubbell business in the years immediately following John Lorenzo Hubbell's death.

¹²⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, 273-274.

ties between traders and Navajos.¹²⁶¹ The tourism arm of the Hubbell business suffered, too, for in the wake of the war, travel became a “mass leisure activity” centered around theme parks, ski resorts, and seaside getaways, “tourist destination[s] that catered predominantly to amusement rather than cultural uplift or identity.”¹²⁶² As Marguerite Shaffer explains,

Tourism was no longer a romantic middle-class journey shaped by a dialogue about national identity and personal discovery. Postwar tourists no longer felt the need to connect with a national ideal of collective memory and tradition. Rather, tourism emerged as the ultimate quest for self-indulgent individual pleasure and hedonistic personal freedom in a culture of mass consumption that revolved around spectacle, fantasy, and desire.¹²⁶³

Patterns of travel in Navajo country altered significantly. Paved roads and modern cars made the once-difficult proposition of crossing the Navajo reservation into an easy, even forgettable experience, allowing modern tourists to completely cut out traders as middle men.¹²⁶⁴

Over time, the homestead at Ganado, once perpetually bustling with family and visitors, fell increasingly into silence. For many years, Barbara was the only Hubbell left there—Lorenzo Jr. ran his part of the family business from Oraibi, while Roman based his operations first out of Gallup, and later out of Winslow. As members of the Hubbell family began to follow Don Lorenzo and Lina into death or drifted away from the reservation, the old homestead seemed emptier. Adele passed away in 1939. Lorenzo Jr. followed not far behind in 1942. Roman’s son, Monnie, who “seemed attuned to trade and Navajo culture”

¹²⁶¹ Ibid., 288-289. See Iverson, *Diné*, 188-189, 216-217; Powers, 106-114.

¹²⁶² Shaffer, 314, 316.

¹²⁶³ Ibid., 320.

¹²⁶⁴ Howard, 231.

and was to be the heir of the business, was killed in the war.¹²⁶⁵ As the family dispersed, the qualities that had once enchanted visitors, especially the “Hispanic elements in the Hubbell tradition,” also faded.¹²⁶⁶ For a time, Roman hired a couple to run his father’s home as a guest house, Casa Don Lorenzo, but the venture did not last long.¹²⁶⁷ Travelers, even close friends of the family, found themselves directed to “stay overnight at the Ganado Mission,” the doors to the Hubbell home closed as they had never been before.¹²⁶⁸ Margaret Schevill Link, an anthropologist and writer who had once benefited from the friendship and assistance of Lorenzo Jr., found herself sleeping at the mission rather than the trading post in 1946.¹²⁶⁹ She had once told Lorenzo Jr., “It is only through such a man as you, with your long experience and your knowledge of the country, that others can glimpse what that primitive beauty and peace mean. It has entered into me.”¹²⁷⁰ The sense of place in Navajo country had come to her through a Hubbell—but as time wore on, that kind of connection grew increasingly impossible. After 1957, Roman’s wife, Dorothy, was the only Hubbell left, and the trading post at Ganado the only part of the empire that had not been eaten away by debt and bankruptcy.¹²⁷¹

¹²⁶⁵ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 270; Cottam, 278.

¹²⁶⁶ Peterson, “Big House,” 69.

¹²⁶⁷ Cottam, 293-295. See “Casa Don Lorenzo form letter,” n.d., Box 121, Folder November-December 1950, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁶⁸ Roman Hubbell to Karl L. Gardner, June 17, 1949, Box 120, Folder June 1949, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁶⁹ Roman Hubbell to Margaret Schevill, September 15, 1946, Box 6, Folder 2, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections. See Margaret Schevill Link, *Beautiful on the Earth* (Santa Fe, NM: Hazel Dreis Editions, 1947); and Link, *The Pollen Path*.

¹²⁷⁰ Margaret E. Schevill to Lorenzo Hubbell Jr., n.d., Box 73, Folder Schevill, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁷¹ Cottam, 296-298.

Preserving a Sense of Place

Near the end of Roman's life, it became necessary for the Hubbells to confront the ugly truth that their beloved homestead was in danger of disappearing from history.¹²⁷² Roman and Dorothy had seen it happen before. When John and Louisa Wetherill had died, their priceless collection of Indian artifacts was scattered. Dorothy was horrified: "The place was sold, everything was gone. *Everything was gone*. Nothing was collected, put into a collection where it could be studied. It was gone. I thought, well, now, what would happen to Ganado if I sold to somebody?"¹²⁷³ They tried for years to find a buyer who would understand the intangible meanings that were written across the Ganado landscape, someone who would be able to feel that the trading post "was more than just a collection of buildings."¹²⁷⁴ They came upon the idea of selling it to the National Park Service for a national historic site just before Roman's death in 1957—but the process of convincing congress would take a decade.

Getting support for the transition was perhaps harder than it may have once been. Many of the old place-makers who had counted John Lorenzo Hubbell among the Southwest's most illustrious pioneers had long since died. Charles Lummis preceded Hubbell into death in 1928; Theodore Roosevelt even earlier in 1919; Dane Coolidge and Hamlin Garland both passed away in 1940; Maynard Dixon in 1946; E. A. Burbank in 1949. Those individuals with the deepest attachments to Navajo country and the most intimate knowledge of Hubbell's legends, formed in the time before the cynicism of war would make

¹²⁷² See Cottam, 302-315 for a detailed account of the process of selling the trading post to the National Park Service.

¹²⁷³ Dorothy Hubbell qtd. in Manchester and Manchester, under "The Birth of an Idea."

¹²⁷⁴ Dorothy Smith Hubbell, "Arizona," in *Hubbell Pioneers*, Hubbell Family Historical Society, ed. Donald Sidney Hubbell (Downers Grove, IL: Johnson Printers, 1989), 351.

their quest for authenticity seem “sanctimonious” and “naïve,” were no longer around to preserve the place that was the nucleus of their memories.¹²⁷⁵ The number of individuals for whom Navajo country and Hubbell were synonymous had never been large, and he had certainly never achieved the fame of more widely-known Western legends. Bert Fireman of *The Phoenix Gazette* perfectly encapsulated the broader public’s indifference to the preservation of Hubbell Trading Post in the absence of personal connection:

Through the papers I’ve watched the growing campaign to make this post a National Historic Site, but have never been able to generate any enthusiasm about it, although I’m a bug on Arizona history. To me it lacks popular appeal. I recognize the Hubbells’ great contribution to the development of Navajo crafts and their considerable contribution to better understanding between redmen and white, but even so cannot feel that this project would ever have broad public support.¹²⁷⁶

Nevertheless, there were still a few influential individuals for whom Hubbell had been Navajo country. Some of the trading post’s earliest champions in congress had personal ties to the site—Representative Stewart L. Udall was born in St. Johns, a relative of Hubbell’s old adversary and friend, David K. Udall, and both Senators Carl Hayden and Barry Goldwater knew the family and the trading post well.¹²⁷⁷ Grassroots support came from a small, but dedicated group of people who had traveled Navajo country under the Hubbells’ care in years long past. For example, Anna Kopta, an 82-year-old former school teacher who had lived on the reservation in the 1920s with her husband, sculptor Emry Kopta, rallied the women of the Daughters of the American Colonists to lend their support when she heard from a friend that the trading post might soon be lost if congress failed to

¹²⁷⁵ Rothman, 148.

¹²⁷⁶ Bert to Stew, December 8, 1958, Box 26, Folder 2, Stewart L. Udall Papers, U of A Special Collections. See also Stewart L. Udall to Edward B. Danson, December 9, 1958, Box 26, Folder 2, Stewart L. Udall Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁷⁷ Cottam, 304; Dorothy Hubbell to Edward B. Danson, August 20, 1957, Box 26, Folder 2, Stewart L. Udall Papers, U of A Special Collections.

act.¹²⁷⁸ As Kent Ryden points out, it is common for “groups of displaced people” to feel “emotional distress and personal threat when their places have been destroyed” or threatened.¹²⁷⁹ Many react passionately to “keep place alive in memory and tradition so that its nature and meanings, so important to their lives,” do not disappear.¹²⁸⁰ Even as they wrote to their representatives in government, some of Hubbell’s displaced devotees returned to Ganado to revive old memories. One former tourist, who had longed to revisit Ganado for many years returned in 1965, after congress had been battling around the bill for years.¹²⁸¹ “To see it again,” she later thanked Dorothy, “almost exactly as I remembered it, was like walking back into a wonderful dream. Thank you for making that dream a reality.”¹²⁸² Articles perpetuating the legend of Lorenzo Hubbell proliferated in Arizona’s travel magazines and local newspapers, stirring up memories.¹²⁸³ Each time a magazine filled its pages with pictures of the bullpen and stories of Don Lorenzo, Dorothy received letters “from those who visited here and knew the family in the early years.”¹²⁸⁴

The efforts of the one-time travelers to Navajo country finally bore fruit when the law authorizing the creation of Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site passed in

¹²⁷⁸ Cottam, 310-311.

¹²⁷⁹ Ryden, 94.

¹²⁸⁰ Ibid.

¹²⁸¹ Mrs. Linda G. Walker to Dorothy Hubbell, June 19, 1965, Box 3, Folder 5, Roman Hubbell Family Papers, U of A Special Collections.

¹²⁸² Ibid.

¹²⁸³ See Harold S. Colton, “The Hubbell Trading Post at Ganado,” *Plateau* 30, no. 4 (April 1958): 85-88; Ellinger, 34-39; Bud DeWald, “The Heritage of Don Lorenzo,” *Arizona Days and Ways* (August 3, 1958):28-31; Danson, 7-9; Albrecht, 33-41.

¹²⁸⁴ Dorothy Hubbell to Mr. Ralph Lowell, August 27, 1958, Box 121, Folder 1957-1959, Hubbell Papers, U of A Special Collections.

1965.¹²⁸⁵ The authorizing legislation specified that the trading post not just be preserved, but that it continue to be operated in as traditional a manner as possible. As Park Service Director George Hartzog told historian Robert Utley, Hubbell Trading Post would be preserved as “a living trading post” because he could “not countenance another goddamned dead embalmed historic site.”¹²⁸⁶ After two years of negotiations and transition, the National Park Service officially took over the management of the trading post in 1967, committed to continuing its operation in a world that was fundamentally altered.

The Separation of Legend and Landscape

Although the National Park Service had rescued Hubbell Trading Post, prompted and prodded by the remnants of those who had slept under its roof and enjoyed the stories shared around its dinner table, the ties between the Don Lorenzo, his home, and the surrounding landscape had been irrevocably weakened by the early 1970s. For decades, tourists had been zooming past Ganado on their way to Canyon de Chelly without noticing it much. Now that the trading post was under the Park Service’s care, more visitors than ever before could visit Hubbell’s home. The statistics at first seem promising: over 200,000 visitors a year stop at Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site, and some 10,000 of those take a guided tour of the Hubbell home.¹²⁸⁷ But “almost none of them knows anything about the Navajos, trading posts, or traders.”¹²⁸⁸ As Manchester and Manchester note in their administrative history of Hubbell Trading Post, “The average tourist is at the site less than an hour. With a good guide on the tour of the home, they might hear most of the

¹²⁸⁵ Cottam, 311.

¹²⁸⁶ Manchester and Manchester, under “The Origin of the Live Trading Post Concept.”

¹²⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, under “Interpretive Objectives (1980).”

¹²⁸⁸ *Ibid.*

ideas” the Park Service has determined to be important in their interpretive plans, but “otherwise, they may go away almost as ignorant about trading posts as when they arrived.”¹²⁸⁹ None of them sits at Hubbell’s table. While they may hear an anecdote or two from their tour guide, the stories are divorced from the original context that gave them meaning, even as the walls of the Hubbell Trading Post remain intact. Kent Ryden explains that “the sense of place can outlast place itself.”¹²⁹⁰ Sometimes, even though places may “change radically or vanish....the layers of the sense of place remain, like stacks of valuable china on a table after the magician has whisked the tablecloth away.”¹²⁹¹ At Hubbell Trading Post, the opposite seems to have happened. Those with an attachment to the place managed to save the buildings, but for new generations of tourists, the sense of place and the significance that the Hubbell legend once had, were lost.

Not only have Hubbell’s stories become increasingly separated from the landscape and travelers’ sense of place, their content has been challenged. Hubbell’s legend, once unexamined by its bearers as anything other than a faithful telling of history or a collection of delightfully tall tales that invited visitors to share in the magic of the Southwest of the imagination, came under scholarly scrutiny. With the rise of the New Western History, scholars began to challenge older interpretations of the West that had been so heavily influenced by Turner’s idea of the frontier and the romanticism that had saturated the early decades of the twentieth century. The New Western Historians sought to dismantle that

¹²⁸⁹ Ibid.

¹²⁹⁰ Ryden, 95.

¹²⁹¹ Ibid.

myth, re-telling “regional history from the point of view of the oppressed, colonized, and conquered,” reconstructing the narrative of the past from the “bottom up.”¹²⁹²

Though the Park Service generated many studies of Lorenzo Hubbell and Hubbell Trading Post once they took possession of the site, the first widely-published work to substantially challenge the legend of Don Lorenzo was Martha Blue’s *Indian Trader: The Life and Times of J. L. Hubbell*, published in 2000. Not coincidentally, the book opens with an epigraph from Patricia Nelson Limerick’s seminal work in New Western History, *The Legacy of Conquest*:

Indian history inspired the development of ethnohistory, which places actions and events in a carefully explored context of culture and world view. Ethnohistory reaches its peak when its techniques are applied across the board, when white people as well as Indians are cast as actors in complex cultural worlds, and when no point of view is taken for granted.¹²⁹³

Having worked as a legal services lawyer on the Navajo reservation in the 1960s, Blue began her research into Hubbell’s life “bothered by the Eurocentric orientation of trader literature (and its “Wild West” style) as well as its treatment of Indians as objects, not as subjects/actors.”¹²⁹⁴ In her examination of his life, she incorporated Navajo perspectives and historical research that challenged Hubbell’s own narrative of his life. For the first time, a scholar turned a critical, analytical eye at Hubbell’s stories, seeing them as the deliberate constructions they were. Though her biography still portrayed Hubbell in mostly positive terms, Blue shined a light into areas left in darkness by his legend: the affairs he had with

¹²⁹² Jerome Frisk, and Forrest G. Robinson, “Introduction,” in *The New Western History: The Territory Ahead*, ed. Forrest G. Robinson (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1998), 5. The essays in this volume provide a useful overview of the New Western History and its critiques. See also Patricia Nelson Limerick, Clyde A. Milner, and Charles E. Rankin, eds., *Trails: Toward a New Western History* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1991).

¹²⁹³ Qtd. in Blue, *Indian Trader*, vii. See Limerick, 220-221.

¹²⁹⁴ Blue, *Indian Trader*, xvii.

Navajo women and the unacknowledged Navajo children who bore his name; his patriarchal relationship with the Navajos that strangely blended exploitation and generosity, manifest in low wages for his workers; his transgression of Navajo social boundaries, despite his reputation for cultural understanding.¹²⁹⁵ She depicted him as a coin or trade token “minted with Naakaii Sání’s conflicting aspects. On one side was stuck the ‘good trader’ image, the man who helped many a lame sheep over an arroyo; the other showed a self-important exploiter who had his trading fingers into everything.”¹²⁹⁶ Other scholars followed suit, delving even deeper into some of these issues and examining Lorenzo Hubbell and the business of Indian trading from less hagiographic perspectives.¹²⁹⁷

One more story, Warren Perkins’ 2009 novel *Putrefaction Live*, suggests just how much has changed in the years since Lorenzo Hubbell’s death. The novel follows the character of James Claw, a mixed-blood Navajo in his twenties who gets a job as a tour guide at Hubbell Trading Post after getting into trouble for smuggling alcohol and drugs onto the reservation. Taking his cues from Martha Blue, Perkins’ James Claw simply does not buy into the popular version of Hubbell’s life. Before he takes the job, James sits down with a Navajo friend, Adrian, who used to work at Hubbell Trading Post before being fired. Adrian explains that his termination was “a matter of freedom of speech,” since he refused to tout “their approved U.S. government Disneyland version of history.”¹²⁹⁸ Adrian had heard stories from an old Navajo man who used to work for Roman Hubbell, about how Roman,

¹²⁹⁵ Ibid., 53-54, 113-114, 227-237. See also Blue, “Bullpen,” 15-16. In *Patterns of Exchange*, Teresa J. Wilkins also discusses Hubbell’s extramarital relationships with Navajo women. Wilkins, 146-148.

¹²⁹⁶ Blue, *Indian Trader*, 229.

¹²⁹⁷ See Wilkins’ *Patterns of Exchange*, M’Closkey’s *Swept Under the Rug*, and Powers’ *Navajo Trading*.

¹²⁹⁸ Warren Perkins, *Putrefaction Live* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2009), 73.

like his father, had had affairs with Navajo women. Unable to “sing the praises of a sexual predator...[s]omeone who was preying on *my* female ancestors,” Adrian crosses the park superintendent one too many times and finds himself out of a job.¹²⁹⁹

James knows what conflicts lie ahead of him, “but being an adult meant needing a job.”¹³⁰⁰ Gabaldon, the park superintendent, gives him a book about Hubbell’s life to study up on for his tours. In it, James reads an account of one of Hubbell’s favorite yarns about how he rescued a Navajo from drowning and thus won the trust of the Indians. James thinks, “*I hate this guy*. No wonder Adrian quit. Hubbell had been an asshole, and he taught asshole values to his sons. Somehow he got Teddy Roosevelt and the Park Service to declare him some kind of racial hero, and now they hired young Navajo men to parrot it.”¹³⁰¹ Stories of Hubbell listening to the Navajos’ troubles, handing out silver coins, and pinching the Navajo women’s cheeks do not endear the old trader to James, and early travelers’ romantic declarations of attachment to Navajo country only strike him as funny. He snickers as he reads the words of Dorothea Lange, “We went into a country which was endless and timeless. The earth, the heavens, the changes of seasons, I’d never really experienced until that time. Then I became aware.”¹³⁰²

But James cannot deviate much from his scripted tour without facing the wrath of the park superintendent. When he does manage to tell a more nuanced story about Hubbell’s relationship with the Navajos, the tourists seem to appreciate it, but Gabaldon

¹²⁹⁹ Ibid.

¹³⁰⁰ Ibid., 76.

¹³⁰¹ Ibid., 77-78.

¹³⁰² Qtd. in Perkins, 204.

fumes and reminds him to stick to the “approved text.”¹³⁰³ Working means “telling tourists about how Hubbell wasn’t in it for the money or the women, just the noble cause of the Navajo people and the Republican Party.”¹³⁰⁴ In one scene, James leads a group of Anglo and Japanese tourists on a tour of the house that had lived in the memories of so many visitors from an earlier time. “He led them through the well-furnished rooms, pointing out the paintings and sketches by Maynard Dixon and E. A. Burbank, and Mary-Russell Ferrell Colton. He talked about Hubbell’s friendship with Teddy Roosevelt, his Republican political aspirations,” all according to the script.¹³⁰⁵ But his “usual spiel” seems to fall on deaf ears; “the tourists were polite but bored.”¹³⁰⁶ A few of them are the parents of Mormon missionaries in Chinle, touring the reservation to learn more about Navajo culture—but it is clear that they already have their own narratives of the land and its people. Hubbell’s stories, his relationships with famous Southwestern artists, and even his home cause barely a ripple on the surface of the meanings they assign to the Navajo landscape.

In another tour, James leads a group of Elderhostel tourists through the house. He expects them to be the sort of visitors who plague him with irrelevant personal questions, but is surprised when it turns out that several of them are professors. One of them had read the “new book” on J. L. Hubbell—what is clearly Blue’s biography. He observes sharply, “I think the verdict is still out, don’t you? Who got more out of Hubbell’s Trading Company, Hubbell or the Navajos?”¹³⁰⁷ Other groups of elderly tourists, stupefied from the motion of

¹³⁰³ Ibid., 230-233.

¹³⁰⁴ Ibid., 113.

¹³⁰⁵ Ibid., 81.

¹³⁰⁶ Ibid.

¹³⁰⁷ Ibid., 87.

motorized travel, shuffle through blankly, “herded around” by their van drivers.¹³⁰⁸ “They had their eyes open, the way sheep did, but none of them really seemed to know where they were.”¹³⁰⁹ James leads them through the house, giving up on his lecture entirely, before loading them back into their van to be whisked away, unchanged by the experience.

For James, the legend of Don Lorenzo Hubbell has no bearing on reality. Not only does it get history wrong, but it is meaningless. Even as he recites facts to tourists, he finds himself thinking, “As if anybody cared.”¹³¹⁰ Rather than shepherding dazed tourists through the halls of the Hubbell home, he wants to show them Ganado, “this crummy little place that liked to imagine itself a real town,” and explain to them how it got to be so run down.¹³¹¹ For the tourists, too, the stories do not seem to matter much. For some, Hubbell’s trading post is just a stop on an itinerary, barely registering on the map of meanings they are busily writing over the landscape. For others, Navajo country is a blur, unconnected to Hubbell or the self in any meaningful way. Even as their blank eyes take in the once wondrous sight of Hubbell’s home, they “forgot where they were.”¹³¹² A uniformed tour guide and a gift shop are no substitute for Hubbell’s hearty welcome after days of travel over muddy, rutted roads. The threads that had come together to create a body of folk stories that connected a community of people to each other and to a place in which they did not live—the travelers’ longing for connection to the landscape in a

¹³⁰⁸ Ibid., 88.

¹³⁰⁹ Ibid.

¹³¹⁰ Ibid., 116.

¹³¹¹ Ibid.

¹³¹² Ibid., 230.

modernized world, the inaccessibility of Navajo country, and, of course, Hubbell himself—
had snapped.

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