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University of California

Powers-Beck offers a readable and enjoyable examination of American Indian baseball. There are points where he lapses into antiquated terminology when discussing American Indian life. For instance, he writes that a Pawnee story "vividly represents the plight of the Pawnees throughout the nineteenth century" (145). In recent decades, scholars have attempted to eschew words such as "plight," as it connotes hopelessness in American Indian lives. Powers-Beck also misses an opportunity to examine baseball in the reservation context. Certainly the ability of Meyers, Yellowhorse, and others to integrate baseball is significant. Nevertheless, many American Indian athletes brought the games back to the reservation. Future studies should examine baseball and other sports on the reservation and see how many American Indians integrated baseball into their twentieth-century lives.

The American Indian Integration of Baseball arrives at an important moment. Despite the successes of various American Indian athletes in football, baseball, and Olympic sports, many people wonder why so few American Indians are professional athletes today. Part of this, Powers-Beck argues, stems from the contemporary debate about professional teams, such as the Cleveland Indians and Atlanta Braves, using American Indian images as mascots: "While the racial slurs that fans once hurled at Jackie Robinson and Larry Doby in 1947 are now considered anathema in American public life, the racial mockery launched against Sockalexis in 1897 still lives and helps to sell caps, jerseys, souvenir towels, and plastic tomahawks in Cleveland and Atlanta" (169–70). Caricatures of American Indians in professional baseball have erased their historical contributions and rendered American Indians little more than sideshows in professional baseball. However, the success of Bobby Madritsch, who played for the Seattle Mariners in the 2004 season, gives hope to those who want to see American Indians playing baseball, not on baseball caps.

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The Apache Indians: In Search of the Missing Tribe. By Helge Ingstad. Translated by Jannine K. Stenehjem with a preface by Benedicte Ingstad and an introduction by Thomas J. Nevins. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2004. 188 pages. $24.95 cloth.

I remember the first time I heard about Apaches living in the Sierra Madre Occidental in Mexico. It was about 1966, when I was a graduate student in the anthropology department at the University of Arizona. Somewhere I came across a reference to a book by a Norwegian named Ingstad who had looked for these so-called "lost Apaches." I also remember I was quite disappointed to learn that while Ingstad's book was in the University of Arizona library it was in Norwegian, and although I am sure my Scandinavian grandmother could have read it, I of course couldn't. The idea that there were still Apaches living traditional lives in the Sierra Madre of Mexico excited me as it did some

of my fellow graduate students. I remember one in particular discussing what types of guns might be necessary for an expedition to find them. What could be more romantic than a band of unrepentant Apaches living in the wilds of the Sierra Madre in Mexico?

Finally, there is an English translation. I accepted this review eagerly in the hopes of learning more about these mysterious people who continued to resist conquest. Unfortunately, whatever secrets I supposed the book to contain turn out to be far more mundane than I had envisioned, and in the meantime two other books have been published that deal with these same people. They both contain more detail and and are more accurate. I am referring to Grenville and Neil Goodwin's *The Apache Diaries* (2000) and Douglas Meed's *They Never Surrendered* (1993).

Whereas the Goodwins' and Meed's books should be considered scholarly contributions to history and ethnology, Ingstad's book brings to mind more of the type of travel literature characteristic of one of his late-nineteenth-century Norwegian predecessor's writings. I am, of course, referring to Lumholtz, who covered some of the same ground (literally) that Ingstad does.

This new translation begins with an introduction to the Apache by anthropologist Tom Nevins. He reviews the historical and cultural background of the Apaches. Ingstad's writing itself is picturesque and evocative. See, for example, the following passage: "Donkeys doze motionless in the shade of a large, leafy tree, and the Indians retreat under their sunshades while the children splash around in the river. Sunlight shimmers in through the trees and dances over their plump, bronzed bodies" (45).

Although the writing is artistic, it's hard to tell where fact ends and romanticized fiction begins. In the beginning we read a story of his stay with northern Athapaskan peoples in Canada, where he hears a tale about a group who left and went south at some time in the past. These are the Apacheans who went to live in the American Southwest and northern Mexico. Ingstad's account creates the impression that he was fully integrated into this northern Athapaskan society and probably understood the language.

Similarly, when arriving in the American Southwest he was easily and fully accepted into the reservation community, rides a beautiful, fast horse called *k'a 'onih* (Flying Arrow) in a brilliantly painted land, and is perfectly at home in his new surroundings. When he searches for Apaches from the Mescalero Reservation to accompany him on his quest into Mexico, the Indian agent is fully cooperative, and he readily finds knowledgeable, cooperative Apaches to accompany him. The story continues with Ingstad's travels through Mexico, where the saga now incorporates tales of Spanish treasure. It all seems too smooth.

There is no mention of others who were working with Apaches at that point in time, especially Grenville Goodwin, who corresponded with Ingstad and gave him advice based on his own search for these same Apaches. Goodwin's reply to Ingstad's letter is reproduced in full in *The Apache Diaries* and it seems strange that Ingstad makes no mention of Goodwin other than citing two of his papers in the bibliography, or gives him any credit in the course of this romantic quest. The letter Goodwin sent to Ingstad in 1937 is

quite specific on the subjects of where to look for Apache camps and who to interview when he is in Mexico.

Like Goodwin, Ingstad never did make direct contact with the fabled Sierra Madre Apaches. He thought that his Apache companions made voice contact but was not sure. He also interviewed some of the same people that Grenville Goodwin interviewed, specifically an Apache woman called Lupe who had been captured and raised by the Mexicans. Ingstad also interviewed another captured Apache girl, Bui (Owl Eyes), probably in Los Angeles, where she had been taken after having been adopted by the Harrises, an American family. Grenville never spoke with her, but Neil tracked her down and talked to her adopted sister. Her new name was Carmela Harris and her adoptive parents took her to Los Angeles; as an adult she went to Italy, where she died.

I have always thought Bui's or Carmela's case interesting because I believe it hints at the possibility that some of the Sierra Madre Apaches were White Mountain or San Carlos Apaches rather than Chiricahua Apaches. Her name, Bui, supposedly translated as Owl Eyes, is distinctive in that in Western Apache Bui doesn't mean Owl Eyes; it simply means Owl and probably is actually something like ^{m}*bóhí* with a relative suffix *-í* (and therefore in rapid speech it comes out sounding like "Bui"). She may have been so called because of her eyes, but if I am correct in my analysis, her nickname was definitely simply Owl, not Owl Eyes. I am also quite sure it was only a nickname since her "true name" would have been something more formal, and nearly all Apaches have a nickname.

Owl Eyes in Western Apache would be ^{m}*bóh bidáá* (owl, its eyes). What's important here however is the particular lexical item. The word for *owl* in Western Apache is lexically unique in the Apachean languages. Here are the forms for Western Apache's closest neighbors as compared to Western Apache, based on published dictionary sources and my own research.

Navajo	Chiricahua	Mescalero	Western Apache
né'eshjaa'	*niishjaa*	*niishjaa*	^{m}*bóh*

The three non–Western Apache forms use a verb stem that refers to multiple small objects and relates to the numerous small feathers on an owl's face. There is also a Navajo form, *náátélí* (wide eyes, owl eyes), that is used as a nickname, but it has as its base the stem for "wide." The Western Apache dictionary (which uses the spelling *búh)* claims the word is a Spanish loan from *buho,* but this seems highly unlikely. Owl is too important in Apache mythology, and owl seems like too common a bird in both the North, from where the Apaches emigrated, and the Southwest for them to borrow the word. It also begins with a rare phoneme, /^{m}b/. Whatever its origin, it is unique in the Southwest to Western Apache. No one has reported it for Chiricahua. This would seem to imply that the people from whom this girl was taken were Western Apaches and *not* Chiricahuas.

Another problem with Ingstad's romanticized account is the inclusion of some factual errors. He describes a Mexican blacksmith and states that he learned his trade in terms of the Aztec metalworking tradition, "whose

ironworks astonished the conquistadors." Yet the Aztecs had no knowledge of iron or iron working. They did develop the lost wax method of casting gold and had some beaten copper implements but did not know how to smelt iron.

So, what are we to make of this work? I believe that Ingstad wanted to focus attention on his own heroic efforts to contact the Sierra Madre Apaches. His lack of mention of Goodwin's earlier parallel effort and his romanticized description of his own acceptance and intimacy with Apaches all point to a rather self-centered effort. From a historical perspective it is nice to have this work available in English, but it contributes little in terms of new information about the Sierra Madre Apaches or Apaches in general that other recent works have not covered.

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Assimilation's Agent: My Life as a Superintendent in the Indian Boarding School System. Edwin L. Chalcraft. Edited by Cary C. Collins. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2004. 302 pages. $59.95 cloth.

When he retired in 1925, Edwin Chalcraft could look back upon thirty-seven years of service within the Office of Indian Affairs (later called the Bureau of Indian Affairs [BIA]) and, for the most part, find it satisfactory, often gratifying. There were ups and downs, of course, but overall Chalcraft's experiences were more positive than negative. His memoir covers the years 1883 to 1925 and shares specifics of his role as the superintendent of schools on several reservations, among them Chehalis, Washington; Puyallup, Washington; Wind River, Wyoming; and Salem, Oregon.

The memoir consists mainly of anecdotes and reflections, highlighting successes as well as some failures in carrying out his duties. Chalcraft, an ardent supporter of assimilation, gave full effort to preparing Indians for interaction with and eventually membership in the dominant society. It is clear, as editor Cary C. Collins states in his introduction, "Chalcraft never questioned the propriety of American Indian policies and he remained unwavering in his commitment to assimilation" (xv). The BIA-sponsored schools were the major vehicle in the drive to assimilation, and Chalcraft devoted his considerable energies to setting and maintaining high—and rather rigid—standards in dealing with the Indians under his care.

Chalcraft's devotion to his task comes through consistently in his writing as he describes the regimen he imposes or follows in his many years in the Indian Service. But politics frequently interfered with his goals and methods. We read, for instance, of pressure put on Chalcraft at times to fire an employee simply because he or she was of the wrong party and of cases when he had to rebut charges against himself by a disgruntled employee or superior whom Chalcraft had angered in some way.

While these clashes occur periodically, Chalcraft's lengthy memoir is upbeat overall, carrying the reader on a long, interesting journey among