LETTERS FROM MAYNARD DIXON
TO LORENZO HUBBELL

with an introduction and annotations
by
BERNARD L. FONTANA
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Friends of the University of Arizona Library
Tucson, Arizona
1987
Maynard Dixon, Arnold Genthe photo, San Francisco, 1900. (Photo courtesy University of Arizona Library Special Collections.)
INTRODUCTION

L. MAYNARD DIXON AND LORENZO HUBBELL, by any measure, were two leading stars in the romantic drama that was the American Southwest of the early 20th century. The one an artist and illustrator and the other a fabled trader in Navajo Indian country, they became acquainted when Dixon visited Hubbell’s trading post at Ganado during his second foray into Arizona. This trip included stops at the Hopi villages of Oraibi, Polacca, and Walpi as well as at Ganado where he stayed with Hubbell. He sketched the people and places he saw and later was drawn again and again to the Colorado Plateau, a place which he described as “A vast and lovely land . . . saturated with inexhaustible sunlight and astounding color, visible and unbelievable distinctness, and overspread with intense and infinite blue.” He also wrote Hubbell on July 5, 1906 that “Ganado seems more like home to me now than any other spot!”

Dixon’s first stay at Ganado was in the fall of 1902. On September 16, he wrote a letter to his Southern California mentor, Charles F. Lummis, which reads, in part, “Señor Hubbell here 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.” Four decades later he recalled of the Ganado region that it was characterized by “. . . 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. Here Lorenzo Hubbell, the elder, 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 to visiting senators, traveling salesmen and Mexican teamsters alike with equal and unfailing courtesy.”

Born January 24, 1875 in Fresno, California, by the time Lafayette Maynard Dixon was sixteen he had decided he wanted to devote his life to illustrating the Old West. He sent two of his sketchbooks to Frederic Remington, and Remington’s encouraging response was all it took to launch him permanently in a direction he followed unerringly to the end. Today his works
are among the most prized and cherished of those of any artist who has ever drawn or painted the American West. Several articles, books and catalogues of exhibits have been devoted to Dixon’s drawings, paintings, and illustrations. Although Dixon died in November, 1946, his star has continued to ascend in the Western sky and, indeed, in the firmament of all artists. This publication of his letters to Hubbell will not be the last an admiring reading, and art-loving, public will hear from him.

Lorenzo Hubbell, the “Querido Patron” (“Dear Boss”) to whom most of these letters were sent, was born of an Anglo father and Spanish-American mother in Pajarito, New Mexico in 1855. He arrived in Navajo country in 1876 and two years later bought a couple of buildings at Ganado that would become the seed of a great trading post enterprise. Don Lorenzo, as he was known, married Lina Rubi and they had two daughters and two sons. Before he died at Ganado on November 12, 1930, Hubbell built the imposing complex that is the Hubbell Trading Post and which today is cared for by the National Park Service and which continues to be operated as a trading post by the Southwest Parks and Monuments Association. An extraordinarily cultured man, Don Lorenzo lined the walls of his Ganado home with books by Alexander Dumas, John Ruskin, and Mark Twain. He had all of Bancroft’s Works as well as the complete works of Charles Dickens, Edgar Allen Poe, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. There were dozens of western novels, George Catlin’s two-volume The North American Indians, Ralph Emerson Twitchell’s six-volume Spanish Archives of New Mexico, and a fifteen-volume set of the works of Lord Lytton.

As one historian has observed, “In a region known for its easy hospitality, the Hubbell home at Ganado became famous as a free haven for literally hundreds of visitors, from lonely lost souls of no rank or name to President Theodore Roosevelt. Generous to a fault, Lorenzo would not let his guests pay for anything, whether they came by invitation or strayed his way by accident or out of curiosity. He had a large capacity for liking people, all kinds of people. Henry Coddington once recalled that ‘it was nothing for him to entertain one hundred and fifty people at his place at a time—Indians, Mexicans, bull-whackers, Eastern tourists, anthropologists, archaeologists, ethnologists—he was the most hospitable man in the world!’” Coddington might have added artists to his list, L. Maynard Dixon among them.
The letters published below are preserved in the Hubbell Collection in Special Collections in the University of Arizona Library. Except for brief excerpts from one or two of them, none has been published before.

The eighth letter is undated and may possibly appear here out of sequence. Dixon’s use of “Dear Hubbell” as a greeting, however, matches that of his letter of June 29, 1904, and the next dated letter is more than a year later, August 13, 1905. There may, of course, have been additional Dixon letters which Hubbell failed to save or which were lost before the collection came to the University of Arizona Library in 1971. None of Hubbell’s letters to Dixon seem to have survived in any collection and Hubbell kept no copies of his outgoing personal correspondence.

All of these letters but two were written to Don Lorenzo Hubbell, Sr. The last one, that of December 3, 1923, was written to Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr., and the letter of February 20, 1906 (no. 12) was written to Forrest Parker, who was married to Hubbell’s daughter Adele and who in later years ran a trading post owned by his father-in-law in Long Beach, California.

In a few places in these letters, Dixon makes reference to paintings or drawings he sent to Hubbell. It is impossible to identify them from the context, although today two oils, a Navajo weaver (1902) and “Desert Showers” (1907); one watercolor, a female dancer (Christmas, 1908); and two 1902 pencil sketches of the interior of Sam Day’s place in Chinle remain at the Hubbell Trading Post under care of the National Park Service.

The letters, spanning the period from November, 1902 through December, 1923, coincide with a time in Dixon’s life when he married Lillian West Tobey (May 7, 1905); began to sell illustrations to Sunset Magazine and Cosmopolitan Magazine; suffered through the San Francisco earthquake and fire of April, 1906, and which he describes here in his letter of May 3, 1906; lived in New York (1907–1912); became the father of a daughter, Constance (letter of October 8, 1910); and returned to the West and Los Angeles. He suffered a nervous breakdown in 1916 and the following year he and Lillian were divorced, with Constance remaining with her mother. Dixon married photographer
Dorothea Lange in March of 1920; Hubbell had died by the time they were divorced in October, 1935 and before he married artist Edith Hamlin in September, 1937. Edith Hamlin was ultimately to become his widow when Dixon died in Tucson 1946.

Taken in total, these twenty-three letters give us an intimate glimpse into the lives of Maynard Dixon and Lorenzo Hubbell. They also carry the flavor of the barning of a new West, one of struggling artists and desert businessmen trying to make their way in a larger, urban world, one of Los Angeles patrons, San Francisco buyers, and New York publishers. They also show us connecting links among men and women of artistic and economic prominence of the early part of the present century, persons drawn together in a web of mutual and supportive achievement. Theirs are the shoulders upon which a present generation of Southwesterners stands. We owe them our respect.

Bernard L. Fontana
The University of Arizona Library
Dear Boss—

After a good deal of hemming & hawing our old Hebrew friend here¹ says that he intends to go back into the curio business again, & is therefore unwilling to furnish you the list of dealers at any price. The best thing now is for you to send me up a bunch of cards & circulars & let me [see] what I can do with them here in my own desultory way. The length of time that will elapse before he finds out whether he is going back into the business for good will probably make his information valueless to you anyhow.

Your picture is being framed now & looks 200 per cent better. All who have seen it like it, & I am in hopes that [it] will “take”—but I never count on that until it has happened.

I hope the blankets are on the way. I’m still new in town & people take an interest, so they’d strike it just about right now.

I took dinner with Jones² & his wife last night, in their cozy homelike little flat, & it was one of the pleasantest evenings I have spent for a long time. We discussed your virtues freely, much to our benefit & pleasure. Of course I did not say anything indiscreet, but somehow I can’t help but think that Mrs. Jones is a little bit suspicious of you. Jones says he will be back in April at latest, so we hope for a reunion & a good Mexican feed when you come up here.

Mis mas afectos recuerdos a Don Antonio Panzon,³—& to yourself I am always

your friend

L.M. Dixon
Dear Patron—

The blankets reached me safely enough, but only 3 days before Christmas so I did not succeed in selling any of them on that layout. However, if you will send me one that is to go with the picture to D.E. Newell, 424 Pine St.—S.F. who [is] handling them for me I think we will stand a fair chance of selling it. By the way, I did not get the circulars you were to enclose with the blankets. The pottery was all unbroken. With best wishes for the New Year

Yours hastily

L.M. Dixon

All right sir: the blanket is all o.k. but you forgot to send the bill. Meanwhile I’m asking $150.00 for it. Circulars are here too.

Yours in haste

Dixon

Dear Patron—

I have just got back from spending 3 warm weeks in Los Angeles, (where I distributed a bunch of your circulars), & found your letter waiting for me.
If everything comes out well with my plans I will get away in about a month, but in the meantime I have one more shift to try with the picture. If that don’t work I should think Los Angeles would be a good place for it. Money is much freer down there than here—no end of suckers. I can’t at all make sure of seeing you again this summer, as much as I wish to, unless I can fix my transportation with the Santa Fé as well as the S.P. This time I am striking for the Chiricahua Mountains & Chihuahua.

As for Neubert, I did not see him again before I left. I suppose you got him back all right.

I got home just in time to miss Jones, too. He was to be here about a week, & must have left the same day I arrived. So near & yet so far! This world’s a funny mix-up, when you stop to look at it.

Bien, ya me voy,—& in the meanwhile good luck to you, & strength to the small of your back.

Your friend

Dixon

Sausalito, Cal—May 6—03.

Dear Patron—

Very well,—but I’m afraid it will be about 2 weeks before I can attend to the blanket for you, as I am laid up with a bad case of the mumps & do not expect to be out much before then. I’m going to stay right here & nurse it & not run any risk of having it go down on me. Oh, it’s lovely!

Meanwhile there is a small order here. There’s a young lady here in Sausalito who wants a Navajo bracelet—a wide one,—& I told her about the wrist-bands that the men wear, & she was much taken with the idea of having one, though I had forgotten what they were worth. She said she could spend about $500 on
it. So I told her that I thought perhaps you might send a few in my care for her to select from,—that is, say, 2 or 3 of each.

I can't think who that mysterious "cousin" of mine could be. I didn't know I had any knocking around Albuquerque, nor any by the name of North. You've got me guessing.

Well, I'm too mumpy & grumpy to write any more, so ta-ta-

My regards to the outfit.

Your loving little

Lumpy-jaw.

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604 Merchant St.
San Francisco.
June 12 '03

Dear Patron—

At last your picture & blanket have been delivered to Mr. Stacey for shipment to Albuquerque. I must ask your pardon for the delay, which was due to my whole family being ill at once, which freed me to close my studio & stay home for the last 2 weeks. I write to Mr. Harvey\(^6\) today & hope he receives the box in good shape. I enclose a bill for framing & packing, which comes inside the figure I named to you.

The man with whom I placed your blankets has closed his place for the summer & I now have them here. What do you wish me to do with them?

I am very sorry that he did not succeed in selling any of them,—but this does not seem to be much of a market for that kind of goods.

My purse has been shrinking so of late that it seems I shall not be able to visit Ganado again this season And now to "grafting".

With best wishes

Yours

Dixon
Dear Hubbell—

A friend of mine wants to know if you will send him 2 or 3 gray & black carded blankets on approval. He dont want to pay more than $10.00 or $12.00 apiece. You can address them to me here if you care to send them. He wants something simple & quiet in pattern & color. You know what our aesthetic taste is.

Our friend Genthe\(^7\) departed last Sunday for Spain, & we gave him a great send-off at the Bohemian Club.\(^8\) I wish you could have been there.

It begins to look as though I would never see Arizona again. I tell you, these girl troubles are hell on a young fellow!—My friend Martinez\(^9\) & I are trying to bunco the Mex. Central\(^10\) into taking us to Guadalajara,—dont you want to come with us? We’ll meet you at El Paso.

As ever your friend

Maynard Dixon

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Dear Hubbell—

It seems so long since I wrote that I am almost ashamed to write now. I remember that you asked me the title of the drawing I sent you. That is a puzzle, because it never had any. It is part of an illustration to one of Joaquin Miller’s poems called “The Tales of the Amazons” & shows the queen of the Amazons & some of her attendants coming out of the river. According to Miller’s fancy the Amazons were a bunch of female celibates who seemed to have been mostly Indians living along the Amazon river near the Andes. And the rest is too awful!\(^11\)

Do you remember you sold me a blanket with one or two holes & some weak spots on it? I sold it again to a trusting female, who now complains that the holes seem to be getting larger & the weak spots are becoming holes all of their own
accord; so I promised I'd write & ask you how she could patch 'em up.

Our old fat friend Jones has been in town for some time, but I have only seen him twice. He is the same cheerful cynic that he was when you knew him,—and sends his respects to you. He intimated to me in a burst of bar-room confidence that he is subsisting chiefly on assurance,—which he says is all he has.

I have not seen Monsen since he returned from your country. I suppose he has gone to N.Y. by this time.

As for me I am worked right to the verge of nervous prostration, & feel about ready to throw up the sponge,—which I can't do because I have not swallowed it yet.

With best wishes I am

Always yours

L.M. Dixon

424 Pine St.
San Francisco.
13 de Agosto de 1905

Querido Patron—

Me perdono que no he respondido desde tanto tiempo a su muy buena carta;—pero he estado tanto ocupado con muchisimo trabajo y obligaciones sociales desde mi matrimonio que no he tenido casi ninguna hora llamar mia propia,—y para correspondencia nada mas que el gusto.

Entonces recibe mis apológinas, y dame su atención: Si no es demasiado tarde aceptar su bondadosa invitación visitarle, la esposa y yo deseamos irnos a Ganado como al 15 de Setiembre que viene (si es enteremente conveniente para Ud.; entiende,) despues de todos los turistas han ido—n-záh-deh Deseamos verle, y gozar su hospitalidad por tres ó cuatro semanas, quizás,—ó tanto tiempo como puede sufrir nos. Pues debe escribirnos como le va, y que piense en este proyecto.

Mi esposa nunca ha visto el desierto y tiene mucho gusto en oir todo lo que digo de Ud. y el país de los Navajoces Estoy cierto que va tener mucho placer en conocer la. Ella es muy
Irlandesa, muy simpatica, vivisma, y no mas grande que una cuarta. Habré tener cuidado que los Indios no la roban.

Escribe me, muy francamente, amigo mio, si era conveniente tenemos en su casa, y creye que soy, con mis mas afectos recuerdos

Siempre su amigo

Maynard Dixon

Espero que puede entender algo de esta carta.

--- translation ---

Dear Boss—

Forgive me for having taken so long to answer your very good letter;—but I have been so busy with so much work and so many social obligations since my marriage that I have hardly been able to call any hour my own,—and as far as correspondence goes, nothing but the desire.

Then accept my apologies, and give me your attention. If it is not too late to accept your gracious invitation to visit you, my little wife and I would like to go to Ganado about the 15th of next September (if this is completely convenient for you, understand), after all the tourists are gone—n-záh-deh (Navajo: “a place far away”) We would like to see you and enjoy your hospitality for perhaps three or four weeks—or whatever length of time you can put up with us. So you should write to us how things are going and what you think of this plan.

My little wife has never seen the desert and she greatly enjoys listening to everything I say about you and about Navajo country. I am sure you will greatly enjoy getting to know her. She is very Irish, very simpatico, very lively, and no bigger than a dime. I will take care the Indians don’t steal her.

Write me very frankly, my friend, whether it will be convenient to have us in your house, and be assured that I remain, with very fond memories,

Ever your friend

Maynard Dixon

I hope you can understand some of this letter
Querido Patron—

No recibí su buena carta hasta ayer, y tengo algo de verguenza por sus apologías, las cuales no son necesarias. No me diga otra palabra: tengo la culpa que no sabía que Ud. estaba demasiado ocupado responder inmediatamente, hombre de los “ratos.”

Nuestros negocios están ahora en tal forma que se hace imposible irnos antes que tres semanas de hoy. Le escribiremos cuando sabramos ciertamente el día. En el rato escribame (cuando tiene el tiempo) que tiempo hace, y si es probable nevar antes el 15 de Noviembre.

Ahorita mi esposa está preparando para una exposición de sus obras de ella,—cosas artísticas de cuero gravado,—y yo lo mismo para dos exposiciones de pinturas. Así estamos muy ocupados—por fuerza. Es un caso triste, pero si pueda presevar las reliquias de mi salud hasta la vista, creyame.

Siempre su amigo

Dixon

_ translation_

Dear Boss—

I didn’t get your good letter until yesterday, and I feel a little shamed by your unnecessary apologies. Don’t say another word. It’s my fault that I didn’t know you were too busy to answer immediately, you timekeeper.

Our affairs are presently such that it’s impossible for us to go earlier than three weeks from today. We will write you when we know the day for certain. In the meantime, write me about the weather when you have time and whether it is likely to snow before the 15th of November.

My wife is presently preparing an exhibit of her works,—artistic leather engravings,—and I’m doing the same for two exhibits of my
paintings. Thus we are very busy—by necessity. It's a sad situation, but if only I can keep what's left of my health until I see you, believe me

Ever your friend

Dixon

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424 Pine St.
San Francisco
Nov. 4—05

Dear Patron—

We leave here on the 9th—stop over a day or two in Los Angeles & will be in Gallup on the 14th—barring measles & trainwrecks. If this needs an answer, address me in care of Chas. F. Lummis 1100 Ave. 43, Los Angeles. We are rushed to the verge of insanity.

Saludos—in great haste

Your friend

Maynard Dixon

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424 Pine St.
San Francisco
Jan. 30—06

Dear Patron—

So far I have succeeded in selling three blankets for you—($25.00, $17.50 & $13.50) but I think my chances would have been better if you had sent me the grays I selected. The kind of people I deal with dont, as a rule, like gaudy blankets because they are hard to harmonize with other house furnishings. I have orders for 2 gray black & red, not over $15.00 each, subdued patterns & 2 saddle blankets, all-over designs or in gray & red, not gaudy—not over $5 each—all on approval. I have a good bid on the red & black swastika though I am not sure it will go—I find the red comes off quite badly. Can I do anything to
it? I think I know where I could sell a squaw dress—(new) if you would care to send one or two. If the others don't go within a month or so I will ship them all back together unless you direct me otherwise. I am adding 3 or 4 dollars to your prices—enough to pay freight & time. If you intend to send another batch please do so at once, as these people are furnishing new places & will not wait. I have been lucky to hold them up since November.

The pictures reached me O.K. I'll tackle them soon.

with best wishes to all
Sincerely yours

Maynard Dixon

424 Pine St.
San Francisco
Feb. 20th—06

Dear Parker—

I have got a woman here interested in your goods & think she will prove to be a good customer, if you are willing to begin business with her in a small way & work up. She is a society woman here of good family & connections who has gone into the antique & curio business & has a very good patronage among wealthy & society people.

She has commissioned me to place an order with you for the following articles which she wishes to handle on commission.

Goods received on approval.

6 bracelets—(old preferred)
6 pins—swastika [drawing] design—3 with turquoise centre.
6 rings—small—old preferred
12 buttons—assorted,—
6 Nampea pots & bowls—assorted small sizes 75¢ $1.00 & $1.50
simple designs preferred
3 carded blankets—$10.00 to $25.00 gray red & black—simple designs
You might also put in one or two small katchinas if you can conveniently pack them with the other articles.
Address
Miss Dangerfield
Room 2
246 Sutter St.
San Francisco

If you have not the first 2 items on hand you might have them made up for her, as she will pay for them on delivery.

Please send catalogue

Well!—— ——

Life has been such a mad rush with us for the past 3 months that I am beginning to wonder if there will be anything left of us to get back to the mesas. But we can make time to say hello & wish you luck. And more particularly to inquire after Mrs. Parker, whom we hope is well & happy. Mrs. Dixon got a very nice letter from her a few days ago. Please tell her, if she is still at Ganado, that the package in question was sent to Albh—as we expected she would have gone there several weeks ago. It seems rather hard luck that you should be separated from her just at this time,—& have to hold down the store alone with el Patron away in Washington,—but it never rains but it pours, & we must make up our minds to it. The Dixon family has just been going through a patch of pretty short grass,—but it looks green ahead now.

Anyhow we’ll hope to see you in the springtime.

With best wishes
Sincerely yours

Maynard Dixon

Fresno, Cal.
May 3rd—06

Querido Patron—

Now that the little warm spell in San Francisco is all over, & the good old financial frost just commencing, it is up to me to account to you for goods of yours entrusted to me. Of course I was cleaned out, along with the rest of them, but I saved all the blankets in the studio but 2—one of yours ($1350) & one of mine—One which was out at Miss Dangerfield’s place ($250)
was burnt & the others are accounted for thus—Sold & paid for (if I can remember rightly) 4 for $12.50, 2 for $25.00 each—and another for $25.00 on which $5.00 deposit is paid—the owner will be good for the balance in time when things get straightened out again—He is an S.P. man & all right. So I now have 3—2 at $15.00 each & 1 at $35.00. As I figure it now I owe you $79.00 with $20.00 yet to collect. The one with Miss Dangerfield was beyond my power to save, so I will have to ask you to shoulder that loss. The money for the others was in the bank, & I will have to await the opening of the vaults & the terms of settlement to be made with depositors, as well as the developments of my own future, before I can say what I shall be able to do about it. I can only say I will do the best I can.

The fire in our part of town started only 2 blocks away from the studio, & we saved only what my wife and I could carry on our backs. I lost a lot of my Indian things, all my canvases, & a great many books & sketches, but rescued a few—my most valuable sketches etc—The picture can be repainted some day—

We are on our way to Los Angeles looking for longer grass—& if we can’t find it there we may shift on east—it all depends. We don’t feel a bit discouraged. I would not have missed that experience for what it cost me;—it was one of a lifetime. It was an education. I learned more in those three terrible days than in any ten years of ordinary life.

Good luck, Viejo—and best wishes to you all, from

Your friends

The Dixons

Address in care of
Out West Magazine.
Los Angeles.
Cal.

Los Angeles, Cal.
July 5—06

Querido Patron—

For a long time I had been intending to write you, but the unsettled state of my affairs, the pressure of work, & this rotten
enervating climate they have here, have all kept me in bondage. But now I think we see our way clear for the rest of the summer, though we had hoped to be at Ganado with you by now. Do you know, Ganado seems more like home to me now than any other spot! We are both really homesick for it. From here we are going up into the Sierra Nevada until about Aug. 1st & then if all is well, down to you,—& I tell you, querido Viejo, we will be mighty glad to see you.

How did you like the Lummis combination that visited you lately?18 Wow! Let us say no more.

How are Mrs. Parker & the baby? We heard they are not with you. I hope this does not mean they are in ill health. My best regards to Parker, & for you, my dear Commander of the Faithless, my best wishes always.

Your friend

Maynard Dixon

Address till Aug. 1st care

W.W. Phillips.19
Shaver.
Fresno Co’ Cal.

Querido Patron—

All right,—you have been too good to us to think of crowding you at any time. But I hope to be in your country before Sept.—as I am trying to get a start for N.Y. by the 15th of that month. But I think the joke is on you;—I will come over to see you & explain it to you.

Good luck

Siempre suyo20
Maynard Dixon
Querido Patron—

The grass has got so short here that we are starting for New York in about 10 days to try our luck in new pasture. If we have luck I may be able in 6 months to square up some of my debts & have enough to get west in the summer. God forbid that we should have to live the year through in that monster mad-house.

Some time back I heard that you had been ill, but as letters do not cure people, & as I was a little ashamed to write you for other reasons, I kept still. I hope by now you are repenting of your sin & are fully cured of it—whatever it was.

I can both blame & excuse myself for my delinquencies—in that my efforts have been unavailing, & the situation has been hard. As for the latter, I have certainly given it a fair trial here,—though perhaps not a wise one,—for I always act more upon sentiment than upon judgement—& I am always puzzled when I see somebody with less brains but more sabe getting the lion’s share. Sometimes a fellow is inclined to think that the world does not want honest work,—but as soon as that becomes a conviction effort ceases to be worthwhile;—& then the next thing he sees some earnest fellow making good—Buzz!—around & ’round!

We were down at Tucson lately to attend to the putting up of some mural decorations I had painted for the new S.P. depot there.21 A mighty interesting town—& I had the pleasure of cracking you up to a couple of dealers there,—particularly Herbert Drachman.22 If you have heard from him, take an extra turn—he’s one of the Chosen People—& a big one in Tucson.

The town took kindly to my work—the Americans, because they had heard it was the proper thing. The first breeze I got from one [of] these was the question “Are they all hand painted?” The ones who really seemed to understand the pictures were the Mexicans. My fine knowledge of Spanish perhaps saved me some embarrassment.

Now, querido viejo, you know that though I may pay you in money what I owe you—& God knows I have spared no
labor—I can never repay you in kindness,—so this is not to say adios, but hasta luego—

Sincerely your friend

Maynard Dixon

Querido Patron—

At last I have succeeded in getting my packer to understand what I wanted done with your picture, & it is on the way. After receiving written orders he kept it a month in storage waiting for instructions!

Now listen to the mocking-bird—we moved out here in the wood (nice place too) to await the arrival of a little Dixon, who is due in Sept. Think of me being a dad! That's pretty near a joke, aint it? The lady is getting along fine, & we have good hopes.
We have not seen, nor even heard of any of our mutual acquaintances in town since your visit—which marks a red-letter day on our calendar—and in fact we are thankful to get out of the crush & noise & confusion of town. I think we’ll finally settle down on the desert where being lonesome is the real thing.

I don’t suppose you spend much time reading magazines;—but if you do at all I want you to take a look at Pearson’s,—not because I work for it, but because out of all the muckrakers, so & so-called, it seems to be the sanest. It’s the only one that has had the nerve to come down to bedrock facts on the race question in the South—right back to plain old gonorrhea.

It seems to me that most of these magazines spend their time goat-hunting—looking for somebody or some class to take the blame for our national troubles, when as a fact most of them come right back to the greed or carelessness or ignorance of the plain citizen. How about that, you party man?

July 5.

And aint it Hell to have that nigger whip Jeffries? I’ll bet there are some niggers get themselves killed before night, & glad of it, too. These N.Y. niggers need it a little worse than any I ever saw.

Let us pray.

Yours

Maynard Dixon

10 Mile Sq. Road.
Yonkers. N.Y.
Oct. 8—10

Querido Patron—

The eastern coast of our fair land is a-quiver with the great news. I write it in case the wires have not flashed it to you. On the 4th there was born to the wife of one M. Dixon a girl child of goodly proportions & strong lungs,—officially called Constance Maynard, but better known as Mike. Mother [and child] are both well & doing better, (though the world still looks a little pale & strange to them)—& bid me send you their greetings.
Now we call your attention to this great event not in a spirit of conceit nor yet of raillery, but just as plain human fact, not connected with any present fortune, future prospects nor past heredity.—Somos mortales—Manzanita capricornus—or words to that effect. Hah-lah ha nih!—We salute you.

Yours ever

Maynard D

Did the picture ever reach you, & if so was it in good condition?

Querido Patron—

My angel here, for whom I am painting some decorations, wants 4 antique bowls to use as light fixtures, & I promised to write you for them. I know these are worth money & you can get your price. They should be 12 to 15 inches wide, & 6 to 8 inches deep,—sound & in good condition. Bill them to Mrs. A.B. McClaughray in my care at above address. I will be responsible.

There was a rumor that you were to be here soon,—if so be sure you let me get a chance to see you, if only for 3 minutes. No artist has any right to get gay with a Senator & I will be respectful. Wife & daughter are with me, & we will be here 3 or 4 months longer, while I am finishing up my big job. Luck has been fairly good, & I hope the same with you. But it strikes me this country down here is either busted or [scared?]—not sure which.

My wife sends her warmest regards, & with all my best wishes I am

Always yours

Maynard Dixon
Querido Patron—

Here’s a little surprise for you. Now for the first time in 10 years I feel I can safely pay what I have so long owed you, & believe me it is a great satisfaction to do so, even at this late date. This is not saying that I might not have fulfilled this obligation earlier if I had been able to trim & deny some extravagances,—but I can only say, without attempting to defend my faults, “every man according to his nature.”

I hope this finds you well & cheerful, old-timer, & not embittered by the meanness of this muddled world of ours. Some of our old acquaintances have gone this way (I among the rest)—so I find a little staleness around the gizzard much easier to put up with than formerly.

We are planning to go to Ariz. in Jan. for a long stay—& if Fortune is good to me I shall see you again before a year is out. Here’s hoping so.

Always your friend

Maynard Dixon

We will aim for Tempé—my permanent address is always
Bohemian Club
San Francisco

Querido Patron—

Arizona at last!—& believe me, in spite of all the drawbacks, it looks good.
Now here’s the scheme, so far as there is one—to get a team & camp wagon here, put my family (the kid is now 4 1/2) & my plunder into it [and] strike off east & north, taking our time, & work up through the Apache country, White Mts, Chiricahua Cattle Co’s range, maybe go as far as Zuni, thence to Gallup & Ganado—take a whole summer to it. How does that look for a short-horn?

The information I want about the country seems a hard to get here. Do you think such a trip would be all right for a woman & small youngster? Any hints from you I would regard as valuable, & a word would be appreciated.

If this should not turn out to be practical, how would travel be in your part of the country at this season? And would outfitting at Gallup, Winslow or Holbrook be expensive? I have only about $2,000 to blow & want to make it carry us a year or more.

This is asking a lot, but I know you are strong on patience. If you have the time please let me hear from you.

Best wishes from both of us.

Yours

Maynard Dixon

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COMMERCIAL HOTEL

W. V. BELDING PROP’R

HOLBROOK, ARIZONA

Dec. 3—1923

Dear Lorencito—

On the way over the other day Kopta & I were talking about the possibility of a really fine Indian arts store somewhere in Calif.—& then the talk turned to your venture there & how you might find a way to advertise your goods outside. Looking over some magazines this evening the following idea occurred to me,—but before giving it to you I want to tell you that I have had over 5 years practical experience in advertising, coming into direct contact with advertisers & their problems & working with members of the firm who were devising their “campaigns” & learning something of the practical psychology of advertising.
So what I offer you is not merely the guess-work of a crazy artist. To begin with, here’s a list of magazines that might be good for your purpose—

Country Gentleman
House & Garden
House Beautiful
Home Owner (Los Angeles)
Outdoor Life
Field & Stream
Outer’s Magazine
Sunset

To begin with, draft an article on the designing & making of Navajo & Hopi blankets & their other weaves, & all their handicrafts in general. Treat the subject from the picturesque rather than the technical angle, assuming always that your reader’s interested & a prospective purchaser. Have also something to say briefly about the history & development of this art & about the beauty & utility of the product. If you like I will go over it for you. At the same time draft what you would like to print as an adv. When the article’s placed (accepted) in one of these magazines then send in your paid ad. I would suggest that it be brief—a cut of a very simple Navajo pattern—with your name and something about blankets direct by parcel post at reservation prices—goods sent on receipt of money order.

When you come to town look over these magazines & others you think would be good for you, the kind of thing they print & the ads they run. I am pretty sure something of this kind would bring results.

I wrote your father telling him why I did not get to Gallup—but hope I’ll see you both again next year.

Yours for hope & matrimony

Maynard Dixon
NOTES

1. This nameless “old Hebrew friend” refers to a Jewish merchant. As will be seen below, Dixon apparently wore his prejudices—which were widely shared by many of his early 20th-century contemporaries—on his sleeve. He was, at least, unguarded in his letters to Hubbell.

2. Dr. Philip Mills Jones, a physician and Bohemian Club member who lived at 1710A Stockton Street in San Francisco, wrote some 26 letters to Hubbell between September 28, 1902 and July 10, 1907. These letters indicate that by March of 1904 Jones and Dixon had visited Hubbell at Ganado together on at least one occasion. On March 26, 1905, Jones wrote Hubbell that, “Dixon is a nice boy and a clever artist and I think is going to ‘make good’ if he lives long enough. His health is not of the best and he takes no care of it at all. In my humble opinion he is doing the best work of any man in this country who has tackled the south-west; he seems to get more life into his stuff than the rest of them” [letter in the Hubbell Collection, Special Collections, University of Arizona Library].

Jones is mentioned again by Dixon in undated letter number 8.

3. “My most affectionate remembrances to Sir Anthony Big Belly.” Who Anthony “Big Belly” (Antonio “Panzón”) was is unknown.

4. Julius Neubert, as indicated in a letter he wrote to Hubbell from San Francisco on July 6, 1902 and which is present in the Hubbell Collection, had been at Ganado with Hubbell. He was a bakery foreman.

5. “Well, I’m going.”

6. This is probably Ford Harvey, son of Frederick Henry Harvey who died in 1901 and who with other family members and employees of the famed Fred Harvey Company built an extraordinary collection of Southwestern Indian and Spanish colonial arts and crafts (Harvey 1976; Mather 1983: 2).

7. Arnold Genthe, born in Berlin in 1869, came to America and San Francisco in 1895 as tutor for the son of Baron and
Baroness von Schroeder. He took up photography and became one of the most accomplished photographers of the early 20th century. Photographer Dorothea Lange, who later worked as an assistant to Genthe in New York City (Tchen 1984: 3, 9–10), was destined to become Dixon’s second wife in 1920 (Hagerty 1981: 24).

8. Genthe provides a good description of San Francisco’s Bohemian Club, of which he and Dixon were members, in his autobiography: “A club like the Bohemian could not have developed anywhere else. It started from small beginnings in 1872 when San Francisco was still an outpost, removed by time and distance from the artistic advantages of the larger and older cities of the American East. A group of men of education and travel met to discuss the possibility of creating these benefits for themselves, and having a good time of it as well. . . . With its atmosphere of cordiality it became the rendezvous of wits, bon vivants, and celebrities—writers, painters, sculptors, musicians, men of the theater, and those who occupied high places in government and finance” (Genthe 1936: 59). The Bohemian Club continues that tradition today (Domhoff 1974).

9. This is artist Xavier Martínez (Hagerty 1981: 17), two of whose letters are preserved in the Hubbell Collection (December 17, 1914 and June 6, 1924). His 1914 letter indicates he saw the Hopi snake dance at Polacca that year.

10. The Mexican Central Railroad ran from El Paso, Texas, to Mexico City with branch lines to Tampico and to Guadalajara (Pletcher 1958: 24).


The poem, “Isles of the Amazons,” was written when Miller was living in San Francisco. First published simultaneously in the United States in Overland Monthly and in England in Gentleman’s Magazine in 1872, this five-part narrative epic brought Miller both pride and grief. “I do not like this,” he later wrote, “although I have cut it up and cut it down, and worked it over more than anything else. I had seen this vast and indescribable country, but not absorbed it; and that, most likely, is the reason
it seems artificial and foolish, with knights and other things I know nothing about. . . . It was written at the instance of the Emperor [Dom Pedro II of Brazil], who translated it and to the last was brave and courtly enough to insist that it was a good work. I had hoped to induce people to pour out of crowded London and better their fortunes there; for there is great wealth, far up the Amazon. Aye, what exultant praises swelled my heart one happy day in Rome when Partridge, our minister to Brazil, gave me that message of thanks from the good Emperor, with a request to make his home my own while he lived” (Miller 1897: 108).

12. Frederick Inman Monsen was a Norwegian-born explorer, artist, ethnographer, and professional lecturer who came to America in 1880 at the age of 15. He died in 1929 (Marquis—Who's Who 1966: 855). There is an entire folder of his correspondence in the Hubbell Collection.

13. Charles Fletcher Lummis, who was born in Massachusetts in 1859, walked from Ohio to Los Angeles in 1884–85 to become one of the Southwest’s most remarkable men of letters. He edited the influential journal Land of Sunshine, changing its name to Out West in 1902. A journalist, editor, photographer, librarian, museum man, patron of the arts, ethnographer, poet, builder, preservationist, and friend of painters, sculptors, and writers, before his death in 1928 he published more than 450 books, monographs, articles, stories, poems, and translations of Spanish documents (see Moneta 1985).

A highly laudatory article about Dixon was published by Lummis (1898) in The Land of Sunshine. Dixon, for his part, “credited ‘Pop’ Lummis with having been one of the two or three people whose advice and ideas had a strong impact on his artistic life” (Hagerty 1981: 13).

14. Nampeyo was a Hopi-Tewa potter from Hano on First Mesa in Arizona who by 1890 was making art pottery modeled after Sikyatki Polychrome and other late prehistoric wares. Her “combination of superior craftsmanship with an appropriate antique model was the prototype for art pottery revivals at other Pueblos and set the pattern for twentieth-century Hopi art pottery” (Brody 1979: 604–05).
15. I have been unable further to identify Miss Dangerfield.

16. That is, a Southern Pacific employee. Such employees were regarded as good credit risks.

17. *Out West* was the name given by Charles Lummis to *Land of Sunshine* in 1902 (Moneta and Butz 1985: 52). It continued publication until 1923.

18. The “Lummis combination,” which paid a visit to Hubbell in May and June, 1906, consisted of Charles Lummis; Bertha Belle Page (Lummis), his daughter born out of wedlock in 1879 to him and Emma L. Nourse; and his English secretary, Gertrude Redit. Given the fact that Lummis at the time was married to Eva Douglas, their entourage doubtless struck a few observers as being scandalous. Redit became the third Mrs. Lummis in 1915 (Gordon 1972: 41, 51, 53; Fiske and Lummis 1975: 204; and entries for May 27 through June 7, 1906 in Lummis’s diary in the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles).

19. I have been unable further to identify W.W. Phillips.

20. As always.

21. These paintings, four lunettes, were Dixon’s first public works. Hung in the waiting room of Tucson’s Southern Pacific depot, they were *The Cattleman, The Apache, The Prospector, and Irrigation*. “They disappeared when the station was remodeled in the 1940s. Only the last three surfaced twenty years later and are now at the Arizona Historical Society, the gift of Dixon’s friend, Clay Lockett, the anthropologist-trader” (Powell 1985: 11). Preliminary colored drawings of “The Apache” and “The Cattleman” are published in Burnside (1974: 50–51).

22. Herbert Drachman was one of four children of Sam Drachman and Jennie Miguel. Sam and his brother, Phillip, had come to Tucson from their native Poland in the mid-19th century and had successfully established themselves in various mercantile enterprises. Although Herbert spent a few years living in San Francisco, he eventually established Tucson’s Herbert Drachman Realty and Insurance Co., the later Drachman-Grant Co. (Drachman n.d.: 19). Many descendants of Phillip and Sam
continue to live in Tucson today where they continue to make important contributions to the political, social, and economic life of the community. (See Taylor [1943 and 1944] for first-hand accounts of life in Tucson by one of Phillip Drachman’s granddaughters.)

Dixon’s pushing the Drachman-Hubbell connection apparently got results. The Drachman file in the Hubbell Collection indicates that Herbert was billed by Hubbell for $144 in 1909 and for $73.10 in 1915. And in 1907 Hubbell sent the L.H. Drachman Cigar Company three packages weighing 473 pounds containing goods worth $1123.55.

“Chosen People” is a euphemism for “Jews.”

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23. Not “goodbye,” but “until later.”

24. Jim Jeffries, who had been heavyweight champion of the world from 1899 to 1905, was lured from retirement to fight John Arthur “Jack” Johnson in Reno, Nevada, on the Fourth of July, 1906. Jeffries was knocked out in the 15th round and Johnson, who in 1908 had become the first black world’s heavyweight champion, maintained his title until 1915. Johnson’s flamboyant life-style, and especially his relations with white women (three of his four wives were white), made him the object of tremendous public hostility. It was the public’s desire for a white man to beat him that brought the expression, “the great white hope,” into the English language (Encyclopedia Americana 1983a, 1983b).

25. Dixon’s “angel” was Anita Baldwin McClaughry, daughter of Nevada silver-millionaire E.J. “Lucky” Baldwin. She commissioned Dixon to paint a series of wall murals in her Sierra Madre home near Pasadena (Hagerty 1981: 21). Two of these are reproduced in an exhibition catalogue (California Academy of Sciences 1981: 10-11).

26. Hubbell, a Republican, was elected to the Arizona State Senate in the first election after Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912. He served until 1914 when he lost in an attempt to become one of Arizona’s two United States senators (McNitt 1962: 218–19).

27. “Lorencito” is Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr. He and his brother,
Roman, assumed increasing responsibility for handling Hubbell business affairs after the death of their mother in July, 1913 (McNitt 1962: 220).

28. Emry T. Kopta—for whom there is a whole folder of correspondence in the Hubbell Collection—was an Austrian-born painter and sculptor who lived and worked in the Hopi village of Polacca for twelve years. His first visit to Don Lorenzo Hubbell and his subsequent career are chronicled by O’Kane (1957).

That Dixon and Kopta were advising Lorenzo, Jr. on his “venture” in 1923 probably reflected their concern for the falling economic fortunes their old friend, Lorenzo, Sr. was experiencing at the time. In 1925 or 1926, four or five years before his death in 1930, the senior Hubbell confided to a friend, “I’m broke” (McNitt 1962: 221).
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I wish to acknowledge with gratitude the inspiration, help, and encouragement of Lawrence Clark Powell, a Dixon fan who continues to hope someone will write the story of Dixon’s last years spent in Tucson. I am also indebted to Patrick Houlihan, Director of the Southwest Museum, for providing translations of Lummis’s Spanish entries in the diary chronicling his May–June, 1906 visit to Hubbell’s Trading Post and for copies of Lummis’s photos taken on that trip; to Edith Hamlin, for reading the letters and giving her approval to publish them; and to Daniel Matson and Kieran McCarty who translated Dixon’s Spanish letters into English. BLF