

MY FIRST DAYS AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN
SCHOOL

BY HOWARD GANSWORTH
AN ANNOTATED MANUSCRIPT

Editors

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Howard Edward Gansworth was born in 1876 in New York.¹ The son of Seneca and Tuscarora parents, Gansworth was a descendent of Iroquois leader Red Jacket and related to General Eli S. Parker of Civil War fame. His parents, desiring that he receive an education, sent him to the Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Gansworth graduated in 1894 and enrolled at Dickinson College, also in Carlisle, to prepare for admission to Princeton University. In 1897, he began his studies at Princeton, where he was very successful and was named Junior Orator in 1900, a position that gave him the opportunity to deliver a commencement address. In 1901, he received his Bachelor of Arts degree and returned to Carlisle as the school's Assistant Disciplinarian. In this capacity he took charge of the outing program.² The program was designed to send Indian children to spend the summers working for Euro-American families and businesses, primarily Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, to apply their technical and academic skills and acquire experience in white society.

In 1879, General Richard Henry Pratt had officially opened Carlisle Indian Industrial School, the first federal Indian off-reservation boarding school, in the hopes of removing Indians from what he perceived as the degenerate influences of reservation life and assimilating them into Euro-American culture. During its first year, Carlisle enrolled more than two hundred students from various tribes graduating them with little more than an eighth grade education. In addition to the outing program, Carlisle's curriculum focused on instruction in communication, reading, and writing in English. Though an industrial school, Carlisle also encouraged students to take courses in history, mathematics, and various other fields. The Carlisle Indian Industrial School closed its doors forever in 1918, having graduated thousands of students.³

In 1905, Gansworth went to work for the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia while working on his Master's degree, which Princeton granted him in 1906.⁴ Upon completion of the degree, Gansworth moved to Buffalo, New York, and took the position of Department Manager with the General Specialty Company. Working himself up the corporate ladder, Gansworth became general manager, treasurer, and in 1929, owner of the corporation.⁵ The successful businessman remained active in Indian affairs, serving on the advisory committee of the Society of American Indians and as contributing editor for their *Quarterly Journal*. In 1921, he was the president of the New York Indian Welfare Society.⁶

At some point in his life for which the date is unknown, Howard Gansworth reflected on his early years at Carlisle and wrote the following manuscript. Although the manuscript was edited, it is unclear whether Gansworth wanted to publish his work. Upon his death, Gansworth's papers were donated to the Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society in Buffalo, New York, where this manuscript is located. Gansworth was clearly unsatisfied with his introduction to this manuscript and, as a result, the first page is missing. Despite the loss of the first page, the manuscript stands as a contribution to our understanding of the boarding school experience. Whenever possible, we have left Gansworth's prose intact, making only the changes he suggested on the work. Annotations provide further insight into the subject.

My First Days at the Carlisle Indian School

By

Howard Gansworth

Such were the things that were being said of Carlisle and passed from mouth to mouth among the Tuscaroras. How *could* I go there?⁷

But my feelings were to come to naught for Father came right through with the next question: "Well, boys, what do you say? Do you want to go to Carlisle?"

"Yes I do," Lea blurted out.⁸

That was the second blow and it finished me. I couldn't let Lea go alone. I couldn't appear less courageous. So I too said "yes."

"All right!" answered Father. "We'll have to hurry. The man must be there by now."

So we made a bee-line for the church, Father leading the way. In twenty minutes we were there hot and excited. Fifteen or twenty were already there standing in groups. They had come to see who was venturesome enough to join the Carlisle party.

The man from Carlisle proved to be Dr. C.R. Dixon, the school physician. He greeted us warmly and after some pleasantries with Father proceeded to give Lea and me a physical examination. "Good!" he remarked after he got through. He then asked us to read carefully and sign the application forms which he handed us. This meant agreeing to stay at Carlisle five years unless we graduated sooner. For father it meant waiving all parental authority over us for the same period.⁹

"Report to me at Exchange Depot, Buffalo, next Wednesday afternoon, not later than four o'clock" were the doctor's parting words.

II

Three days later came our leave taking. There wasn't much ceremony about it. We took our baths in a wooden washtub [in] back of the house, slipped into our Sunday clothes and started off—that was all. All we took with us was what we wore or carried in our pockets. We were told not to bring any baggage. We said "good bye" to our little brothers and sisters and the house-keeper who was taking care of them and struck out for the little station of Sanborn where we were to take the train for Buffalo. We went cross-lots to save time. When we came to a point where our path ran through the thicket of wild crabapple, scrub oak and maple sapling which grew along the old rail fence which formed the boundary line between Father's and Eli Johnson's farms we stopped and looked back. There stood the weather stained barn where we played on rainy days. There was the white L-shaped house which had sheltered us from earliest youth. There playing in the yard were our

brothers and sisters. And there was old Shep who had followed us half way across the field and now with tail drooping and head erect stood solemnly gazing after us. For the first time Lea and I wept. We lingered but a moment, then climbed over the fence, made smooth by long use, and, as we stepped into [the] field beyond, our view of all that meant home was cut off by the bushes.

We were in high spirits when we arrive[d] at Exchange Depot, Buffalo, two or three hours later. There were only three from Tuscarora. But there were other Indians. There were some from Tonawanda, some from Cattaraugus, some from Allegany—three reservations in western New York. It was plain to see that most of them had come to see the party off rather than join it. We tried to spot the ones who were going. Then we thought we'd make sure by asking. There was an Indian sitting alone on a bench. I asked him. "I dunno," he replied, "my cousin he going, tha's all I know." I couldn't pluck up enough courage to ask anyone else. But a little later I ran into Kitty Silverheels, a cousin of mine from Cattaraugus, and she gave me a lot of information. Yes, she was going and she pointed out quite a number of others who were. There were about forty in the party she had heard; about equally divided between boys and girls.

Before we realized it, the time came to entrain. We could see Dr. Dixon darting about from group to group trying to get his party together. When he finally succeeded in corralling the last one he took us out to our train and we clambered eagerly into our special coach. The first thing the boys did was to open the windows but a man came along and made us pull in our heads and close the windows. Then someone started a raid on the water coolers. Just as the train pulled out, at about six o'clock, we tackled the lunch boxes which had been provided by the ladies of one of the Buffalo churches. This act had a quieting effect on everybody.

III

It was early morning when we arrived at Gettysburg Junction just at the edge of the town of Carlisle and within sight of the Indian school. We left our train here, stiff, tired and hungry but eager to get inside the school grounds. Two by two we walked to the school. We passed through the South Gate and found ourselves in a large enclosure surrounded by a high whitewashed board fence. Before us stretched a rectangular parade [ground] running north and

south, about the length of a city block and about a third as wide. On either side and at the ends stood long brick buildings, some two, some three stories high. Most of them were calcimated a dull gray. Only two retained their original brick color. Each story had a veranda which ran the full length of the building and faced the parade [ground] or one of the squares at the sides. One of these squares filled with stately trees furnished a setting for the band stand which stood midway of the western edge of the parade [ground]. We were halted in front of the Administration Building which was the first building we came to after we entered the grounds. Here the party was divided. The girls were taken to the "Girls' Quarters," the older boys to the "Large Boys' Quarters," and the rest of us to the "Small Boys' Quarters."

Half an hour later, after a hasty clean-up, pupil officers took us over to the Dining Hall for breakfast. This was a large frame building well lighted and airy and capable of serving seven or eight hundred pupils at one time. We sat on stools at long tables seating ten or twelve. The meal consisted of bread and gravy and coffee. It was light because, as I learned later, this was Pot Pie Day (Thursday was always Pot Pie Day at Carlisle) and it wasn't well to have too many heavy meals in one day. The bread and gravy were very good but not so the coffee. In fact, I wasn't certain that it was coffee. But whatever it was, we drank heartily from the bowls in which it was served.

This was the last time we were together as a unit. Up in New York we were known at the "Carlisle Party." At Carlisle we were the "New York Party." But presently we were to lose our identity and be merged in the larger family of the Carlisle School.¹⁰

After breakfast, the group to which I belonged was marched back to the Small Boys' Quarters where I was to make my home. Mrs. Lida B Given, the matron in charge, was waiting for us in the assembly room. A rare woman was Mrs. Given! Her large heart, unfailing humor and inspiring personality coupled with her wonderful executive ability and a thorough understanding of boys fitted her nobly for her position. "Boys," she said as our little squad stood before her wondering what was going to happen next, "please report to me after the other boys have gone to school. When you hear me blow my whistle just come in and wait for me here. That's all for now. Maybe you'd like to look around for a while."¹¹

The suggestion was most welcome. My curiosity had been aroused by strange sounds outside—thud, thud, thud—and voices calling out, "Hep! hep! hep!...Fours right!...Hr-r-rch!...Fours right about!...Hr-r-rch!...Hep! hep! hep!...Left front into line, double time!...Hr-r-rch!...Gui-i-ide right!"

I wanted to see what all this hullabaloo was about. So the minute we were dismissed I made for the door. Well, when I saw two companies of boys drilling, my old longing to march and carry a gun came back to me and I was thrilled at the thought that now perhaps my dreams were to come true.¹² To add to my excitement a boy who was sweeping the veranda came and stood beside me with his broom to watch the drill; and, seeing that I was quite ready to be friendly, volunteered, "They're getting ready to parade in Chicago and New York next month—to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus." "Who all are going?" I asked, trying to appear casual. "All the big boys and maybe some of the small boys." My blood tingled. I saw trips to these great cities looming up and for a while I seemed to be walking on clouds.

The two companies came to a halt. They dispersed. The drill was over. The bugler sounded assembly. The bell rang. Five minutes later it rang again. Then I saw three columns, two of boys, one of girls, moving towards the school building. The tail end of the small boys company was scarcely outside when Mrs. Given's whistle summoned us back to the assembly room.

IV

Now began a busy day.

The first thing we did was to go to the store room (there was one in each of the quarters) to be fitted out with clothes. Then we reported to a corporal who was armed with a fine tooth comb and stood [behind] a chair to which he solemnly beckoned each of us in turn. As he finished each head he gave it a little shove which started the giggling youngster on his way to the next thing on the program—a bath. In the bathroom was another corporal who showed us how to turn on the hot and cold water, how to drain the tub and how to clean up after we were through. How refreshed we felt when we emerged a half hour later! It was now about noon. There was just enough time left for us to take our belongings to the rooms to which we had been assigned before the other boys began pouring in from school and shop. Our party was distributed all through the quarters. No two of us could room together—not even brothers. The school rule required that each of the three occupants of a room be of a different tribe.¹³ I was billeted with a Crow from Montana and a Chippewa from Michigan and I had barely laid my things down when these two boys came bounding in. "Hello!" said Ed, "going to

room here?" I replied that I was. "Well, you'll have to be good—the captain rooms next door." Frank gave me an appraising glance. They washed their hands, brushed their hair, and rushed out. By this time all the other boys had returned and what a racket there was! But after a few minutes of this pandemonium Mrs. Given's shrill whistle sounded the call for dinner.

"All out for pot pie," yelled a boy as he passed my door. I took the cue and followed the crowd to the assembly room. At the side of the table at one end of the room stood the captain of our company with his arms folded. We sat on benches strung along the sides of the room. Mrs. Given entered and all became quiet. "The new boys will remain seated until they are placed in line by an officer," she said and then nodded to the captain. "Fall in! fall in!" he commanded.

It took but a minute to place the new boys in their proper places and make such changes in the ranks as were made necessary by the additions; a minute more to make us "count fours" and "dress" and about four minutes to call the roll. Then we were off—a hundred hungry boys headed for the dining hall.

We entered in marching order and took our seats at the tables reserved for us. Our block of tables ran through the middle of the great hall. On one side of us were the girls and on the other the big boys. As soon as we were all seated the matron in charge rose. Everybody stood up. Talking and laughing ceased. Then one of the older girls started "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow" and we fairly raised the roof with our singing. At a given signal we all sat down to eat, the company officers at the heads of the tables, serving the food.

The hour during which we had had dinner and a few minutes for recreation slipped by all too soon. The one o'clock bell was now telling us before we were ready that it was time to start the afternoon's activities. For those who had been in school it meant work. For those who had worked in the morning it meant school. The rule at Carlisle was: work half a day, go to school half a day. For us of the New York party it meant reporting to the school principal for examination to determine what grade or rather what "room" we were fitted for.

We were taken over to the school building where we waited in a small room until the principal could see us. One by one we were called out and as each one was examined he was taken to one of the "rooms" by an orderly. There were fourteen of these rooms. Numbers 13 and 14 were for young beginner—children from six to ten. Numbers 1, 2, and 3 were for adult beginners. These later rooms the pupils jestingly referred to as "colleges."

Number 12, the room to which I was assigned, was the senior room. "Gee! I'll be graduating in a year or so and going home!" I thought to myself when I took in the situation.

When I got back to quarters at four o'clock a youngster—not of our party—accosted me. "What number school you go to?" he inquired. "Number twelve" I told him.

"Number twelve! Must be a slick feller! Bet you like yourself all over. Anyhow you ain't all slick," he commented. "I seen two of the New York boys—from big boys quarters—go to number two college! Ya-a-ah! What kind, anyhow!"

Just then came along Leander and we walked off together to talk over the happenings of this day.

V

The next day I dropped into the Carlisle rut.

I got up with the rising bell at 5:45, threw the bed clothes back to air, marched with my company to breakfast, made up my bed, reported for work at eight, had dinner at twelve, polished my shoes, started for school at one, watched the boys drill from four to five, had supper, attended a debating society meeting, and went to bed at nine as the bugler sounded taps.¹⁴

It was easy going until I reported for work and found that my job was to help another boy scrub a hall floor. That gave me a jolt. My only consolation was that other boys were being detailed to do the same kind of work. "Ever scrub before," asked my companion as we went to get the cleaning utensils. I shook my head. He smiled shaking his own back at me. He watched me start work. "You use too much water," he observed, "here's the way I do." And he scrubbed a patch and wiped it dry. I cleaned a spot like his.

Then we got down to business. Sometimes we worked together. Sometimes he let me work alone while he plied me with questions. He had a lot of primitive inquisitiveness. Suddenly he stopped and looked about. "Maybe we better change water now. First thing the scrub major will be around."

With the second bucket of water, I decided I was going to ask some questions too. And I did—a lot of them. My scrubbing mate proved a veritable mine of information about things relating to the school and his conversation bristled with local slang phrases. It amused him to have to translate many of

these latter. Here are some samples with meanings brought up to date:—"hard shot" was plug tobacco, "who give you" or "who let you" was the Carlisle way of asking "how do you get that way," "high spot" was the prototype of "high hat."

All this time the cleaned area kept creeping along towards the end of the hall, and the "scrub major" was evidently satisfied when he came round for he said nothing. I was sorry when we finished the job. Scrubbing wasn't so bad after all!

Friday passed into Saturday. Small Boys Quarters was like an ant hill. Boys, boys, boys everywhere. Some coming, some going. Some carrying pitchers to their rooms, some taking out jars of waste water. Boys were whistling, singing or just yelling. Brooms and dustpans everywhere in action. It was the daily morning cleanup.

And now came the work period. The morning workers again assembled for their assignments. Again there were boys detailed to scrub but this time I was not among their number. "Graduate from scrubbing?" asked my companion of the day before as he passed me in the hall.

I could have been happy that morning with any assignment for I was going to have my first half holiday and Lea and I knew just how we were going to use it.

Directly after dinner we put on our new uniforms consisting of light blue trousers, dark blue coats resplendant with red trimmings and brass buttons, McClellan caps and white standing collars.¹⁵ We were going to town to have our picture taken for the family back home and would spend the rest of the afternoon looking about the town.

Promptly at one o'clock we presented ourselves at the door of Mrs. Given's room to ask permission to go down town. She gave us guard passes and told us how to use them. Off we started in our new outfit and you couldn't have bought either one of us for a thousand dollars.

VI

That evening I became terribly depressed. I wondered how I could stand the life at Carlisle any longer. It seemed as if we were always answering roll call, always reporting to someone, always marching somewhere, always keeping step with somebody, always under an officer's charge.

I tried to shake off this feeling for I knew I should. Of course I did the wrong thing first—I went to my room. There wasn't anybody there. Of all

places one's room was least used in the day time. Rooms were places to keep things in and sleep in, not to live in. I wandered on. The reading room downstairs was vacant and I thought maybe I might find something to read a while. There were books in a glass case but I couldn't get at them and I saw the *Scientific American* and *Youth's Companion* and other periodicals on the reading table and nothing seemed tempting enough to hold me. For want of something better I stepped outside onto the veranda, propped myself against a pillar and watched the boys go by.

This was my salvation.

The big boys were taking their evening promenade. We called them boys though many were really men. There were possibly two hundred. Some were going towards the Guard House at the far end of the parade and others were coming back. Back and forth from one end of the parade to the other, they passed and repassed. Some chatted gaily as they strolled by, others talked in low tones; but the majority followed the crowd without saying a word. Each followed his own whim in the matter of dress. Some wore the school uniform, others, civilian clothes and still others part uniform and part civilian. Uniform trousers and civilian coats were a popular combination. A few, possibly a half dozen, carried canes covered with beads of various colors worked into designs.

Thus passed before me Pawnee and Sioux, Kiowa and Comanche, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Pueblo and Apache, Cherokee and Ojibway and representatives of about forty other tribes.

'Twas my first chance to get "close-ups" of the big boys. There were many fine looking fellows—real Indians—tall, straight as arrows, square jawed, with aquiline noses and sharp, piercing eyes. Worthy of the old days were they. Many short ones passed too—Pueblos and Apaches mostly.

Some of the boys were dull looking, big and slow and friendly like Newfoundland dogs. Others were bright and alert, radiant with intelligence like fox terriers. A number bore evidence of their tribal culture. Some, for example, had tattoos on their foreheads, while others had great slashes in their ears which looked as if a knife had been used to make the incision.

Mrs. Given broke the spell which this living panorama had wrought on me. I noticed her approaching. She stopped now to say something to one youngster, now to say something to another. Now she came to me.

As she walked away, Smith Shawagans,¹⁶ who had been sitting on the veranda railing near by, hopped off his perch and stepped up to me.

"What she say?" he demanded

"She said there would be English speaking meeting at the Chapel tonight."

"What you say?"

"I thanked her and told her I'd try to be there."

"You *try*? Huh! I guess you be there all right."¹⁷

He grinned and walked away.

A moment later the whistle blew in Small Boys' Quarters followed by the bugle in Large Boys' Quarters and the gong in Girls' Quarters. From my position on the veranda I could hear them all. And all through the long halls I heard officers calling out, "Fall in! Fall in!"

Then I understood why Smith Shawagans had grinned.

VII

Before I tell you about this meeting I had better explain how it got its name. In the early days of Carlisle, boys and girls came in blankets and feathers and few spoke or understood the English language. Of course they were taught English and were required to use it in the class room and shop. But the moment they got away from the supervision of their instructors, they went back to the use of their native language. This was bad. In the first place, it retarded their progress in the use of English. In the second place, it kept up tribalism. For since each tribe had its own language Sioux gathered with Sioux, Apache with Apache, and so on. There wasn't the free mingling of tribes which a common language would have helped bring about. A rule was made, therefore, that Indian should not be spoken.¹⁸ The prohibition in itself was a good thing but it took no account of the inherited disposition of the pupils to speak their mother tongue and denied them something which they held as a sacred right. The authorities couldn't enforce it. So the Superintendent decided to try to bring about compliance with the rule by educating the boys and girls to see that it was to their advantage to obey. On Saturday nights he brought them together in the school chapel. In many different ways and by many different examples he showed that a person who knew only Indian was a prisoner—a prisoner to the small reservation to which he belonged, a prisoner to the thoughts of his people. One who could read and write and speak English was a free person. Such a person could travel anywhere, always find somebody who understands him, get a job anywhere

and have the whole field of human knowledge open to him. These meetings were called English Speaking Meetings.¹⁹

By 1892 when I entered the School the talks at the Saturday evening meetings covered many other subjects besides English speaking. One evening the talk might be on the evils of the Reservation system or the pauperizing effect of issuing rations to Indians. At another time it might be about some man who had achieved greatness in spite of great obstacles. Then again, it might be a tirade against some person who directly or indirectly was hurting the cause of Indian civilization—a Buffalo Bill, a Pawnee Bill, an ethnologist, a congressman.

So it came about that the character of the Saturday evening meeting changed but the name remained the same—"English Speaking Meeting."

VIII

Well, as fate would have it, the first English Speaking Meeting I attended was unusual in that various subjects ordinarily brought up singly were bunched together because of the turn the meeting took.

The speaker was Gen'l Richard Henry Pratt, then Captain. Thirteen years before, in 1879, he had started the school and ever since had been its Superintendent and guiding spirit. He made a striking appearance as he ascended the platform in his Prince Albert coat, tall, of massive frame, square shouldered and military in bearing. His head was large, his face smooth shaven.²⁰

He opened the meeting with Scripture reading and a short prayer. Then he read the reports from the various quarters giving the names of pupils who had spoken Indian or used tobacco that week.²¹ It was scandalous to do either. Without comment he laid the reports on the desk beside him, slowly tucking them under the Bible. He appeared to be in deep thought—about what he ought to say, perhaps. Presently, as if he had bit upon an idea, he stepped to the edge of the platform and launched into a discussion of "this old Indian problem," as he called it. I wasn't aware that there was such a problem and I wondered what he was going to say about it. Before he had gone very far, however, he stopped short and shouted:

"How shall we solve the Indian problem? Boys...Girls...Anyone...In just a sentence."

"Abolish the Reservation system." Came one answer from the rear of the hall.

"Abolish the reservation system, says Fred Big Horse of the Great Sioux Nation" repeated the Captain. (I thought he said Great Big Horse)

"Another . . ." "Abolish the ration system, says Chauncy Yellow Robe, another Sioux."

"Another . . . Let's hear from the girls."

And now boys and girls were bobbing up all over the hall, and what a raft of solutions they offered!

All this showed the thoughts by which Carlisle lived.²²

"Get the Indian into civilization and citizenship," thundered Robert Hamilton.

"Good!" said the Captain. *** "What's the matter with the girls?" Why don't they speak up?*** Here's one now—Martha Napawat—of the Kiowas."

"To civilize the Indian get him into civilization, to keep him there let him stay," said Miss Napawat.

"A little louder Martha, so we can all hear."

She repeated the words with no better success. The Captain shouted them. I suppose they were her own. Later I found they were not. They were the Captain's.²³ Martha Napawat was only repeating what she had learned just as she might repeat an appropriate Scripture passage.

Half a dozen others bobbed up offering solutions.

Then Captain Pratt's vigorous speech which followed closed the meeting.

We marched out, seven or eight hundred, to the tune of a stirring old hymn and I knew for the first time the thrill which comes when marching under the banner of a school fighting for a great cause.

Afterword

Howard Gansworth was one of the most successful of thousands of students who graduated from Carlisle. As an adult he personified the ideals taught there. A scholastic success, his Princeton Junior Oration was published in the Carlisle newsletter, *The Redman and Helper*.²⁴ In the speech, Gansworth discussed all of the guiding principles of the school. Arguing from the perspective that Indians have only the choice of assimilation or extinction, Gansworth outlined the obstacles in the path of Indian civilization. His words reflected his time at Carlisle, as he attacked the reservation system and rationing as the bane of Indian civilization. Gansworth argued, "Until these evils are removed,

and new methods of dealing with the Indian are instituted, a large part of the race will continue to be wards of the nation, utterly indifferent to the welfare of its members." For Gansworth, the answer to the "Indian Question" was making Indian people "independent and self-supporting citizens contributing their share of support to progress, civilization, and Christianity."²⁵

Gansworth's words stand in sharp contrast to the focus of contemporary historians: the Indian cultural retention at boarding schools. Embodying the modern notion of an "experiment in extinction," Gansworth fully illustrates Pratt's concept of killing the Indian to save the man. Unlike other educated Indians, such as Charles A. Eastman, Susan La Flesch Picotte, and others, who embraced both their Indian heritages and their experiences in acculturation, Gansworth appears to have retained little use or respect for his Indianness. Howard Gansworth's voice is one of a past that has not been forgotten, but overlooked.

NOTES

1. The original manuscript can be found at the Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society Archives, Buffalo, New York. Howard Gansworth Papers, C69-1. Series 1: Subject Files, Box 1, Folder 8. The editors wish to thank Dr. Daniel Littlefield and Dr. James Parins of the Archive of American Indian Writers, University of Arkansas at Little Rock, and Ms. Barbara Larson for all of their assistance.
2. Gansworth's major is unclear. His records from the Princeton University Alumni Association reveal a program that would now be considered Liberal Arts. Howard Gansworth File. Princeton University Alumni Association, Princeton, NJ. Hereafter cited as Alumni File.
3. The general history of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School can be found online at <http://home.epix.net/~landis>. See also, Richard Henry Pratt, *Battlefield and Classroom: Four Decades with the American Indian, 1867-1904*, ed. Robert M. Utley (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1964).
4. Again, Gansworth's major is a mystery. However, his thesis was entitled, "The Iroquois Confederacy." Alumni File.
5. The General Specialty Company was involved in the manufacture of a device designed to clean boilers. Alumni File.
6. Daniel F. Littlefield and James Parins, *A Bibliography of Native American Writers, 1772-1924: A Supplement* (Metuchen, NJ: The Scarecrow Press, 1985), 217.
7. The manuscript begins on page 2 with these sentences. Emphasis is the author's.
8. Lea is short for Leander, Gansworth's brother.
9. This was a standard Carlisle contract. See David Wallace Adams, *Education for Extinction* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1995).
10. This paragraph was crossed out of the original manuscript. However, because of its value to demonstrating the students' initial reactions to the forced assimilation of Carlisle the editors have chosen

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to reinsert it. For more information see Margaret Szasz, *Education and the American Indian: The Road to Self-Determination, 1928–1973* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1974), chap. 2. See also, Adams, *Education for Extinction*, 55–59.

11. The use of martial verbs such as “squad” and “marched” in this paragraph demonstrate the military-like atmosphere present at Carlisle. See Adams, *Education for Extinction*, 119–20.
12. This is the first time Gansworth referred to any military ideals he held prior to his time at Carlisle.
13. A practice designed to reinforce the use of English, the only common language of all the occupants of the room. See Adams, *Education for Extinction*, 140.
14. *Ibid.*, chaps. 5 and 6.
15. This is a standard uniform at Carlisle. See Adams *Education for Extinction*, 103–8, with a photo on 106.
16. Another student.
17. Emphasis is the author’s.
18. There is little mention of these meetings in sources on Carlisle. General Richard Henry Pratt, because of his determination to enforce the prohibition against “talking Indian,” would have used these meetings in the manner described by Gansworth.
19. Adams refers to “Sunday Meetings,” but offers little explanation as to what occurred there. It is likely that Gansworth and Adams are discussing the same meetings. Adams, *Education for Extinction*, 139.
20. For more information on Richard Henry Pratt and his inspiration for founding Carlisle, see his *Battlefield and Classroom*.
21. A clear demonstration of Pratt’s determination to stop practices that he believed were detrimental to his students and would help solve the “Indian Problem.”
22. This sentence is crossed out in the original manuscript. However, because of the insight it offers into the atmosphere among the students at Carlisle, the authors have chosen to reinsert it. Pratt himself discussed his ideology for the school in *The Indian Industrial School Carlisle, Pennsylvania: Its Origins, Purposes, Progress, and the Difficulties Surmounted* (Carlisle: Cumberland County Historical Society, 1979).
23. Adams also attributes these words to Pratt. Adams, *Education for Extinction*, 55.
24. Howard Gansworth, “The American Indian,” *Redman and Helper* 16 (September 7, 1900): 1, 4.
25. *Ibid.*, 4.

