

PART II

Navaho homes,,or hogaghns (hogans in simplified English) are scattered far and wide over the reservation. The reason for this is pasturage for their sheep. Each family has "grazing rights" and though there is no individual ownership of land, for it belongs to the Tribe, the individual's rights are strictly respected. No one encroaches on another's pasture. Boundaries for these rights are indicated only by a small pile of stones, and follow the contour of the land, for there are no fences. The same rights prevail for summer pasture in mountain areas where sheep are moved to higher elevations and fresh grass.

The Navaho hogan is the most practical building for life in desert country. It heats with a minimum amount of fuel, it is cool in summer, and having no windows, it is a retreat from the strong winds of early spring. There is a quiet peace as the only light is from above, through the smoke hole in the roof. The form of the hogan comes from the creation myth where the holy people built the first hogan and set the pattern. Round or nearly round in shape, and with a domed ^{like} ~~shaped~~ roof, the hogan faces East to the rising sun and the new day. When a new hogan is built, it is blessed by a medicine man if one is near, or by the head of the family. Corn pollen, ~~is~~ symbol of fertility, is sprinkled on the logs or stone while the chant invokes peace and a happy life for its occupants.

On entering a hogan, one must move clockwise, circling the fire which is in the center of the floor beneath the smoke hole in the roof. The women, on formal occasion, sit on the south side, the men on the north, while the head of the house and any guests, sit on the west facing the entrance. In early times a ~~shallow~~ shallow fire pit was dug in the earth floor, but in recent times many

Navaho are using tin or iron stoves, sometimes
a small metal barrels, with stove pipes extending out of the roof
holes. To the right of the entrance, which may ^{have} ~~be~~ a wooden door
or the old covering ^{blanket} ~~such as a blanket~~, simple shelves made from
empty crates or boxes, obtained from nearby trading posts, ^{will be found} ~~On~~
the West side of the hogan rolled up sheep skins which serve as
beds at night, will be stacked ~~x~~ out of the way. Hanging from pegs
or nails along the sides, there will be extra clothing, blankets,
and other items of daily use. In other places along the sides
are boxes or suitcases, even small trunks, for other possessions.
There is a place for everything and there is always, order. I
cannot recall ever being in a hogan that was not orderly. Following
a pattern to which all individuals subscribe, a true sense of order
permeates Navaho life. Where Navaho people have moved to nearby
towns, I have seen disorder and a slovenly way of living. The
reason seems twofold, poverty, and following the example of white
people of low caliber, for few Navaho have had any contact with
cultured anglo homes. I recall an episode in 1932, when Betsy and
I took Timothy and Mrs. Francis to Santa Fe to see the wonderful
collection of Navaho blankets in the Laboratory of Anthropology.
Following that experience, we ^{stopped to say "hilo" to} ~~visited~~ friends of ours who lived in
one of the loveliest of Southwest ^{ern} ~~homes~~. We were all invited to
dinner that evening for there was a birthday party for the son of the
house. Mrs. Francis' acceptance of that evening is something
^{I shall always remember.}
I ~~can never forget~~. She had never ~~been~~ away from Red Rock. Her
only contact with any white home was the very simple two room ap-
partment Betsy had in the old hospital building, where for the first
time she had sat at a table to eat. She had not even been to
Shiprock where the Government hospital and school, as well as the
homes of the personnel, were located. At our friends house that

evening, we sat down to a formal dinner for twelve people at a table exquisitely set with shining silver, sparkling glass, lighted candles and all the trimmings for a birthday party. Mrs. Francis quietly watched what others did and with the utmost dignity followed suit as though she were accustomed to such elaborateness. And during the evening Timothy repeated to me over and over, "Oh, I never saw such a beautiful house." His eyes were shining. As we took our departure he spoke to our hostess saying "My relative thanks you very much for everything and she wishes she could have understood all that was said this evening". You see, she knew no English. As we returned to our motel, I wondered if I could have conducted myself with such poise and dignity if I suddenly found myself in such completely foreign surroundings ~~and~~ ^{ing} listened to a language I could not understand.

Depending on the environment, hogans are built of a variety of materials. Where logs are available, there are two or three types; the old forked stick hogan, (now nearly extinct), one built of upright logs, topped with horizontal logs to build the dome shaped roof; and horizontally laid logs, in hexagonal form, all being chinked with adobe mud or clay. In areas where timber is scarce, hogans are built of stone, again either round or hexagonal, with always the domed roof (the inverted sky over the round world). There is a special form of construction as may be seen in these interior pictures. In recent times, one finds occasionally that windows have been cut into walls. Measuring twenty to twenty five feet in diameter, these buildings are more spacious than they seem from the outside. Here in a barren area is a round stone hogan. The woman of the family was bringing the sheep home to the nearby corral for the night. The building seems small in the broad, majestic landscape, yet this interior of the same hogan gives a suggestion of its height and roominess though

the picture contains less than a quarter of the whole.

Near the winter hogan there is always a summer shelter, for the Navaho live outdoors during the summer months. Built of upright poles, it has a roof made of fresh green boughs from cottonwood trees, or cedar or juniper. In areas where the sheep are taken to the mountains for summer pasture, the winter ~~hogan~~ will be closed. As the Navaho lives with a minimum of possessions, ~~there~~ is little to move for life during the summer months. Cooking utensils, some extra clothing, wool for weaving, a few basic supplies, salt, sugar, coffee, flour etc. The women set up their looms under the shelter, the children watch the flocks, the men hawl water and wood and tend small farms. Water in all areas must be brought from wells or from the few rare springs which may be miles away. Barrels filled with water are hawled in wagons sometimes for a distance of twenty miles. Today the wagons are rapidly being replaced by pickup trucks, and where long ago the horse changed Navaho life, now the automobile is bringing another great change. Water is still scarce though the Tribe is developing new wells bringing some relief from the long hawls that have been necessary for so long. Water is still conserved to the utmost. Once, as we were visiting friends under a summer shelter, our friend Paulina was making ready to wash a few dishes. I asked her if I might make a picture to show how the Navaho can wash dishes in a tea cup full of water. She took me quite literally, and measuring out a cupfull, proceeded to wash the few dishes. And they were clean.

Family is very important to all Navaho People. They are proud of many relations. There are to-day ^{more than 60} ~~some~~ 72(?) clans, groups of related people. Lineage is traced through the mother, and a boy must marry

outside his own clan. Marriages are usually arranged by family and relatives when a boy or girl reach the proper age. A dowry of sheep or horses, or other items is presented by the family of the ~~boy~~. Relationships are hard for us to understand for the Navaho have other words for aunts, uncles, cousins etc. I have heard a Navaho speak of "my uncle" only to find quite a different relationship from our interpretation of the word. A true uncle as we know him is spoken of as "my mother's brother". Navaho language is extremely complex. Athabascan in origin, it has many similarities with oriental languages. Inflection, the raising or lowering of the voice, change the meaning of words or phrases. Where English has 71 (?) phonetic sounds, Navaho has 231. It is only in recent years that the Navaho language has been put into written form. Father Berard Haile from Saint Michaels Mission and school, located not far from Window Rock, invented new symbols for certain sounds and established a Navaho alphabet. In the long years of his life on the reservation, he not only became highly proficient in speaking the language, but also translated most of the Myths into English. His research in this field was very great, not only ~~for~~ ~~the~~ for the benefit of English speaking people, but in addition he transcribed Navaho Mythology into written word in Navaho.

In the summer of 1954, Betsy and I made a trip to the Navaho Mountain area in southeastern Utah. This is still a remote area, one containing much of old Navaho life. We spent a memorable day with the family of Old Lady Long Salt at her summer hogan. Through our interpreter who was her ~~great granddaughter~~ great granddaughter-in-law, she told us somewhat of her long life. She was eight ~~years~~ old when the Navaho people returned from "The Long Walk" and she told us of some of the hardships they had endured.

The shelter we were visiting was almost a natural one, for the low

cedar and juniper trees grew in a circle. The same pattern of entrance and placement of objects, as in the winter hogan, prevailed. Over the loom area and where the family slept, they had hung canvases for protection from summer rain storms. We were soon to learn to our astonishment that we were in the presence of five generations of daughters. The Old Lady (94 we figured, and still vigorous) sits at the extreme left of this picture; directly behind her, our interpreter; making knee bread near the fire is the old lady's daughter; near the children and looking at my book of pictures, are the grand daughter and great grand daughter. The little child in the center is the great, great grand daughter. ~~There is~~ The sons and grand sons were away at work, and sons-in-law would never be there for the old rule ~~prevails~~ still is imposed that a man must never be with his mother-in-law. We spent several hours visiting this family. They were interested in us and the things we observed. They looked at every picture in the book with the greatest of interest pointing out differences in costume, ornaments, or possessions. We watched the making of knea bread, green gorn cut from the cob, put through a meat grinder, salted, put back in the green husks and baked in an out door oven. It was very good. We have found, when visiting Navaho families, that the time comes when their curiosity is satisfied, and normal work or occupation must be resumed. It is well to be sensitive to this approaching moment and to take one's leave before wearing out one's welcome.

At Navaho Mountain we found a distinct difference from the costume must usually seen elsewhere. A broader collar in the women's blouses, different stitching, different use of silver buttons. Before the days of Fort Sumner, the old Navaho apparel consisted of two woven mantas secured at the shoulder and tied about the waist with a woven belt. At Fort Sumner the Navaho women saw the pioneer

white woman's long cotton dress. As looms and wool were scarce in the exile camp, the Navaho were given cotton yardage and they began to make long skirts, though instead of ~~a~~ whole dress^{as}, they wore blouses they made of velveteen. This type of costume with some local variations, has been worn for a hundred years, for this year, 1964, commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of the Long Walk to Fort Sumner. From cotton skirts the change at present is to shorter skirts made from the new materials, rayon and the like. Many of the people who come closest in contact with the white population, and who now speak english fluently, are wearing clothes like ours. However, velveteen blouses are still widely worn, still decorated with silver buttons, and the belts are silver conchos strung on leather replacing the woven belts. For a long time dimes and quarters, to which a silver loop had been soldered, were used as buttons, but this too ^{is} fast disappearing. Some men and women both still wear hand made mocasins, but the old type man's costume is all but gone. He wore white cotton pants, the velveteen blouse with much silver ornament. And always strings of turquoise^{coral}, shell, or silver beads are still worn by both men and women no matter what the ~~xxxxxx~~ costume. Silk scarf head bands and Stetson hats are worn by the men and boys while the women wear scarfs or Pendleton blanket~~s~~ shawls. I have never seen a woman wear any kind of hat, and my own treasured Stetson has always caused great amusement. I find it the most sensible and comfortable hat to wear in this country, even if I bear the brunt of ~~off~~ridicule. It is never unkindly meant.