

men such as Big Fly (the messenger), Coyote, Bear (which the Navaho ~~XXXX~~ revere), or other animals and birds. In many sand paintings one sees the Four Sacred Plants, Corn, Squash, Beans and Tobacco, drawn in decorative designs. Many paintings are encircled by the Rainbow Goddess for protection, the opening (for there is never a complete enclosure) is always to the East; some are encircled ~~by~~ with entwined serpents;; some with a simple border.

Native pigments are used in making these remarkable designs. For some ceremonies, such as Blessingway, vegetable pigments are used, crushed petals from flowers, pollens, cornmeal and pulverized charcoal for black. In the large sandpaintings, the pigments are crushed red sandstone, yellow ochre, white gypsum and charcoal made from burnt scrub oak. In the Night Chant, the black must be made from dry cedar charcoal. A grey blue is obtained by mixing white sand or gypsum with charcoal- a pink from a mixture of red sandstone and white,-- a brown by mixing yellow ochre and charcoal. Pieces of bark are used as trays to hold each color, though today one sees paper plates or cups as receptacles. The making of these paintings are done with skill and certainty by many helpers as the pigments trickle from between their thumbs and forefingers in a steady strokes.

At the great ceremonials there will be as many as five different paintings on ensuing days, each with its special ritual at the end; all part of the healing ceremony which moves steadily forward in its prescribed order to the climax of the final night.

~~their~~ bodies painted with a light colored clay which must have been very heat resistant. One of the special events of the night was performed by two of these dancers. One of them lifted a peice of burning pitchy wood from the fire, ^{driftwood} holding it over the cupped hands of another who washed his hands in the burning pitch. Doubtless there were other events of that night which have now faded from my memory, but what impressed me the most throughout the night was those wonderful firelit faces of the people as they sat wrapped in their colorful blankets watching ~~in wonder~~ the sequence of events as they took place. It was a cold night with quite a bit of wind which blew smoke in our eyes stinging them greatly. One family, patients of Betsy's, saw us sitting there, and thinking we had nothing to eat, brought us boiled mutton and coffee. They all gave us welcome and our comfort was certainly considered.

There must have been several hundred children there that night, but not once did we hear a child or baby cry. All were absorbed as long as they could stay awake, then they quietly slept until they were rested. Just before the dawn came, a great lot of logs were once more thrown on the ebbing fire, and as the first signs of breaking day appeared over the cliffs, the fire dancers came rushing in for the last time. They raced madly about the fire, finally snatching burning strips of bark ^{from} the fire, and running to throw them over the corral wall in the four directions, finally breaking open the wall to the south, the west and the north, so that all who lived in each direction could leave the circle in the prescribed way.

As the sun came up lighting the crests of the red cliffs and soon sending rays of sunlight across the scene, we watched the people preparing to return to their homes. Finally I timidly got out a camera to make a few pictures of groups near us as they loaded their wagons

from the hogan, followed by his assistants. Taking his medicine pouch from his belt, he commenced sprinkling corn pollen as he entered the corral, moving slowly clockwise around the circle, singing the blessing song in which the others joined. As he returned to the hogan, the people began to move ~~into~~ the corral, finding places for themselves, some close to the green wall of branches, some in front of them. We entered too, Timothy finding a place for us where we would be able to watch the night's proceedings. We had brought blankets with us for the evening was cold, and we settled down to watch. Soon there were little fires all about, lighted for warmth and always with a coffee pot close by.

Just at dark, when the ritual was finished in the hogan, the medicine man, his helpers and the patient came out, then entered the corral and took their places at the western most side of the circle, ^{facing east} a pathway being kept clear between them and the great bonfire, soon to be lighted. A group of singers came in, each with a rattle and evergreen boughs in their hands dancing around the bonfire as it was ignited and which quickly illuminated the scene. When ^{the} ~~this~~ group of dancers had completed ^{this} ~~its~~ prescribed group of songs, ^{others} ~~another~~ entered to take their places, so that the song never ceased. To this ebb and flow of dance and song, the special events of the night were added from time to time, the tricksters who made yucca grow before your eyes, and who also performed other magic tricks. A girl ~~carrying feather frames~~ danced before a basket containing a single eagle feather which rose on end in the basket, moving slightly with the rhythm of the song. ^{In suit.} A group of four Fire Dancers came in, each carrying a long strand of cedar bark ~~xx~~ which in turn ^{they} ~~he~~ ignited at the bonfire, then they all dashed madly around the fire, flaying both themselves and each other, with the burning bark. They were clad only in a gee strings, their

and harnessed their horses. We treasure the memory of that night ~~so~~^{first} for a number of reasons; the vision of those wonderful faces, the spirit that emanated from them, the friendliness of these people so filled with the benediction of their experience that it gave us a deep insight into Navaho character. There were more than eighteen hundred people there that night and only five or six white visitors including ourselves. Never had we been in such a large gathering where all the people were so well behaved, for at this time, 1932, there were no problems of alcoholism such as too often appears at ceremonials today. Only recently I found a trader who had been present that night, and he told me that of all the many ceremonials he had seen during a period of ~~nearly~~ forty years on the reservation, that night was the finest he had ever seen.

Years later, at the Gallye Ceremony, we saw one of the special
Events from the last night of the Mountain Chant. The dimly
lit singers, ~~knelt~~ ^{knelt} before the fire, while dancers ~~carried~~ ^{carried} great
frames, decorated with eagle & turkey feathers, with eagles
riding high above symbolic means. This recalled vividly the
night we had spent at Lukai chukai so long ago.

The young Navaho of today face a very different future from that of their parents or grandparents, yet they face it with sureness and confidence. A short time ago, as I was driving from Gallup to Shiprock, I overtook this young couple waling along the highway. I picked them up to give them a lift, and we soon dropped into easy conversation. We drove more than thirty miles before the young man asked me to stop. We were in one of those empty desert places which extend for miles along this highway and there was not even one hogan in sight. I watched them walk away finally melting into the landscape. I thought of the tremendous changes that have come to the Navaho as I looked back on the lives of their forebears, wondering what lay ahead for these young people.

The year 1964, marks the one hundredth anniversary of the Navaho long walk into exile. I thought of the return of the Diné to this land after four devastating years, bereft of all possessions, and with the taste of defeat still bitter in their memories as they turned to the task of rebuilding their lives. For a time there was apathy among many who felt frustrated in returning to their old ways and knew not how to adjust to the new, but slowly they did adjust, and now for more than two decades they have marched steadfastly along the road we call modern civilization. Those essential qualities so characteristic of the Navaho, adaptability and realism, are now carrying them forward at a rapid rate, perhaps faster than any other Indian tribe. There are still frustrations, still weaknesses to be overcome, but when one considers how short a time a century is in the ~~histories~~ of a people, Navaho achievement is the more remarkable.

Many who know the Navaho think that the great days of Ceremonialism are past. Possibly this is true, for there are few young men learning the functions and art of the medicine men, yet who can predict whether

there may, or may not be a great revival? There are many thousands of young Navaho wanting to partake fully in our American culture, and who, at present, push away their own traditions. But there are also many Navaho, both young and old who are concerned about this and who are working to preserve the ways of their people: we can but hope that those special qualities that are the birthright of the Dineh, will never be lost. Song and singing are the very essence of Navaho being, and though manifestation of belief may change, as long as the Navaho keep singing they will endure.

to Santa Fe to see the blanket collection in the Laboratory of Anthropology and who dined with us at our friends' birthday party.

Over the years when we were away from New Mexico, we often had letters from Francis, sending us the news of the people at Red Rock, and always asking when we were coming back to see them. It was seventeen years before we saw them again, and we found many changes. Still living in the same little house, they had two daughters, much younger than the boys we had first known. The oldest son had been killed in the European theatre of World War Two, and almost the only object in the room in which we were sitting was the flag that had been over the boy's coffin at the time of his burial in France. Both Francis and his wife seemed dejected and we were distressed over the change. A year or so later we saw them again. They had moved to the community of Shiprock where Francis had some sort of job with the Government Agency. We found that alcohol was the problem. We saw them every few years after that and always matters seemed a little worse. Then in 1962 we were at the Shiprock Fair and found them down by the San Juan River where Francis was selling a large crop of mellons he had raised. They both looked and seemed much more like their old selves, and we felt hopeful that the problem was well in hand, and from talking ^{to} others, found indeed that it was.

In the fall of 1964 we drove into Shiprock over the new highway from Monument Valley. Enquiring for our old friends at Charles Dicken's Trading Post, we learned that Francis had died from pneumonia the previous winter and that Mrs. Francis had moved back to Red Rock, so we drove out to see her. There we found her back in the same little frame house with her two daughters and their babies. Mrs. Francis burst into tears when she saw us and it took Betsy quite a little while to quiet and comfort her. We had taken her out some

fruit and as we were about to leave, Mrs. Francis took my hand and put into it a beautiful hand woven belt she had recently made. We talked to the daughters for a little until it was time for us to go. As we drove away Betsy had them all smiling and happy. But this must have been a nostalgic visit for Betsy. We looked at the familiar landscape find ^{ing} many changes about us. The old concrete hospital building that had been Betsy's home had been completely removed, not a trace of it left. Other buildings also were gone, one, the old barn by the trading post. But there were ^{some} signs of progress, for up the road toward the mountains was a fine new school. Trees had been planted around it which were already of some size. Though she said nothing, I was sure that Betsy's mind was filled with thoughts of the many friends she had made and the work she had done during those three short years of her nursing service. ^{here at Red Rock.} During the past ^{of these families} ~~eight~~ years we have seen again some eight or ten families ~~in this~~ ^{region}, former patients, and with each Betsy received a heart warming welcome. As we have found so often, once an Indian has learned to trust a white person, the bond is lasting.

We drove quietly back over the old familiar road, passing Shiprock, eternal and beautiful as it cast its long shadow over the desert floor in the late afternoon light, filling us with tranquility and peace.

To Ask Annie

Much information on Schools

on Health programs

CAPTION

The skilled hands and the fine ~~hand spun~~ yarn of Daisy Tauglechee.

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there may, or may not be a great revival? There are many thousands of young Navaho wanting to partake fully in our American culture, and who, at present, push away their own traditions. But there are also many Navaho, both young and old who are concerned about this and who are working to preserve the ways of their people: we can but hope that those special qualities that are the birthright of the Dineh, will never be lost. Song and singing are the very essence of Navaho being, and though manifestation of belief may change, as long as the Navaho keep singing they will endure.

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both young and old who are concerned about this and who are working to preserve the ways of their people: we can but hope that those special qualities that are the ^{of the Diné} birthright, will never be lost. Song and singing are the very essence of Navaho being, and though manifestation of belief may change, as long as the Navaho keep singing they will endure.

The Navaho personify the elements; the wind, lightning, thunder, fog, mist, rain. Of all of these only rain has duality, the "he" rain and the "she" rain. The "he" rain is the violent thunderstorm that drives the seeds into the earth; the "she" rain is the gentle one that nurtures the soil and brings forth the crops. The rainbow is considered the path of the Yei, and is depicted in many of the sand paintings. As much damage can come from the elements, these divinities are invoked by prayer and song, and with prayer sticks and sacrifices, so that no harm will come to the people.

The Navaho have considerable mythology concerning the stars, and have both some knowledge and awareness of constelations and period phenomona. Fire God, according to the legend, created the stars, giving each its proper name as he ~~threw~~ them from his pouch and threw them into the sky, scattering the many rmenants over the sky to form the Milky Way. There is a legend that Coyote stole the pouch of the Fire God, and after placing his own star in the southern sky, threw all the rest far up into the heavens which accounts for the many un-named stars. Astrology is still practised among the Navaho, much of which is fast becoming extinct.

4 Father Berard Haile in his book An Ethnological Dictionary of the Navaho, says-"--- the origin and motive of each chant is based upon its own peculiar legend. And it must be a cause for regret that very few singers now living in the tribe are conversant with the chant legends, and, as a matter of record, are very indiferent to acquire such information. In consequence, many chants are becoming extinct." Since this was written, 1910, many younger Navaho have become interested in preserving their past, and a Department of Archives has been established at Window Rock. Already there is the nucleus of a museum with a resident historian, and eventually young Navaho children will have this additional source of knowledge of their forebears.

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There is such a wealth of mythology among the Navaho, much of which is fast becoming extinct. Father Berard Haile in his book AN ETHNOLOGIC DICTIONARY OF THE NAVAHO, says-" ***the origin and motive of each chant is based upon its own peculiar legend. And it must be a cause for regret that very few singers now living [?] in the tribe are conversant with the chant legends, and, as a matter of record, are very indifferent to acquire such information. In consequence, many of the chants are becoming extinct." We can but hope that as the younger generation realizes the value to themselves of such a rich store of myths, that they will do what they can to preserve what is left. This must come from the people themselves.

mention of archive Dept.

*Notion of an archive by Sandpainting
chants & legends
at Window Rock*

the north side. After the masks are off the impersonators may talk. They return to the Hogan without formality where ~~they~~ pray, wash the paint off their bodies and resume ordinary dress.

Following an interval, the long Yeibichai dance begins with usually twelve dancers taking part. There will be six Yebaka (male) dancers and six Yebaad (female) dancers, though the latter are usually impersonated by youths or small men. Both the Yebaka and the Yebaad are dressed alike with the exception of the masks; those of the Yebaad being domino masks.

Again the chanter leads them from the arbor with Talking God next, ^{and} then the twelve dancers while Tonenili, the Rain God, Fringe Mouth, the clown, bring up the rear. They approach the Hogan and commence their dance with songs of many verses and many repetitions. To relieve the monotony throughout the rest of the night, the clown does acts of simple bufoonery, Talking God sometimes joining him. Slowly, with constant rythm, the dance continues, variations being largely in the words of the songs.

Just as the dawn breaks, everyone, visitors and performers alike, stand facing the east as the Prayer to the Dawn is repeated. All inhale the dawn in prayer that its purity and strength may enter into them. When the prayer is ended the Bluebird song is heard, for ^{to} the the Navaho the bluebird is the symbol of happiness and heralds the break of day.

"Just at daylight the bluebrd calls
The bluebird has a voice
His voice melodious that flows in gladness
The bluebird calls, the bluebird calls." *

and repeat, face west again always turning clockwise,. Talking God stamps twice as a signal, and the Yeí commence the dance step. This
Then first
is done four times in silence before the song begins, facing east, then west, eight changes of direction are made during the song. This song has been thoroughly rehearsed in private, for it is the most important part of the entire ceremony. If there is a single mistake, or a misplaced word, the ceremony terminates immediately and the entire nine day ritual is considered valueless.

"The corn comes up, the rain descends
The corn plant comes therewith,
The rain descends, the corn comes up
The child rain comes therewith.

The corn comes up, the rain descends
Vegetation comes herewith
The rain descends, the corn comes up
The pollen comes herewith."

Continued

Talking God may be standing still or walking up and down^{W M} but at the end of each stanza he gives his cry to indicate that he has detected no error. When the song is finished, the singers are facing west. They turn to the east, as Talking God leads, they start for the arbor, at first shaking their rattles, then walking in silence. In the arbor they take off their masks and lay them with their rattles along the north side. After the masks are off they may talk. They return without formality to the hogan where they pray, wash the paint off their bodies, and resume ordinary dress.

Following a interval^m the long Yeibichai dance begins with twelve ~~sixteen~~ dancers taking part. There will be six or eight Yebaka (male) dancers and six or eight Yebaad (female) dancers, though the latter are usually represented by youths or small men. ^{The latter} They are dressed like the Yebaka, with the exception of the masks which are domino masks. Again the chanter leads them from the arbor with Talking God next, then

the twelve dancers with Tonenili, the rain god, and Fringe Mouth, the clown bringing up the rear. They approach the Hogan and commence their dance with songs of many verses and many repetitions. To relieve the monotony throughout the night, the clown does acts of simple bufoonery and sometimes Talking God joins him in this. Slowly with constantⁿ rythm, the dance continues, variations being largely in the words of the songs.

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translation
Frances E. Watkins
Southwest Museum.

color plate
Yeibichai mask.

east looking at the dancers. All the spectators now become silent and attentive waiting for the sacred song. Talking God who has been standing north of the line of dancers facing south, rushes to the east, uttering his cry, and holds up his bag as a signal to the four Yei. They at once advance their left feet, bending their bodies to the right, and shaking their rattles they dip them with a long sweep of their arms as if dipping up water bringing them up to their mouths. Then Talking God rushes to the west and repeats his action while the dancers face the ^{west} east and repeat their action, then face ^{south} west again always turning clockwise. Talking God stamps his feet twice as a signal, and the Yei commence the dance step. This is all done four times before the song begins. First facing east, then west, eight changes of direction are made during the song. Because the song is the most important part of the entire ceremony, it has been thoroughly rehearsed in private. Should there be a single mistake or a misplaced word, the ceremony terminates immediately and the entire nine day ritual is considered valueless.

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Continued with many verses

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CAPTION for back side of page opposite p. 100

The skilled hands and the fine ~~hand spun~~^{ie} yarn of Daisy Tauglechee.

There are seven courts, one in each sub-agency and now two at Window Rock, conducted entirely by Navaho Judges and Officers. I had the very interesting experience of being present at a court session at Tuba City several years ago. I do not know what offence the young man had committed, but I was impressed with the conduct of the court, and ~~when~~ Judge Hadley's handling of the prisoner. The Judge gave the boy a long talk, which ofcourse I could not understand. But I could understand the quality of his voice and the meaning of his words by the inflection and manner in which they were spoken. His voice was persuasive rather than dictatorial, kind rather than harsh or critical, and I felt that the boy was taught rather than admonished. The whole procedure was quiet, reserved, sincere and dignified. I wished that George Washington, looking down from the wall, might have heard this trial.

Now the Tribe is completing a wonderful new Law and Order building, situated within the Window Rock grounds to be ready for occupancy in the late summer. This is a handsome building of modern design containing the last word in police and prison facilities. On the second floor are two courtrooms with adequate chambers for the judges, a law library, and the finest of modern equipment.

When many new projects are commenced by the Tribe, the Council sends for top ranking experts to give advice on the best possible ways to proceed. They ~~have~~ in expert architects, engineers, lawyers, geologists, and men of other professions, their judgement being always to seek the best advice.

Following