were part of the special paraphernalia required for the Knife Chant, which was one of the rituals practised by this man. There were also prayer sticks, special bags of corn pollen, some fetishes, some stones from the Sacred Mountains, and a few other objects. We were most interested to see all of this collection and to see the reverence with which this medicine man handled his ritualistic possessions.

Somehow our conversation (and this all through Timothy, Betsy's interpreter) drifted to telling stories. I cannot rmember what prompted us to tell the Greek tale of the Gorgon's Head. After the tale was told, the medicine man asked Timothy to tell us that the Navaho had a story something like that; he wished he could tell it to us, but it was forbidden to tell it in the summer time and he must wait until after the season of the thunder,- besides it would take three days and three nights to tell. Betsy never did find the opportunity to hear the story, so this is one more of the countless folk tales of the Navaho we do not know.

When the storm was over, we were ready to cook our evening meal, and asked our visitor to join us. I broiled the steak over an open fire, cooked the mushrooms, and served what I thought an excellent meal. But the steak was too rare for Navaho taste, and neither Timothy nor the medicine man would touch the mushrooms, so somewhat crestfallen we endeavorad to find something else more to their liking.

In addition to the blessing of every new hogan, the Ceremony is alos conducted whenever a new building is completed in the reservation. At the time of the opening of the large new school at Crown Point, I went over for the occasion. There were many visitors, both white and Navaho gathering for the dedication ceremonies, and there was much preparation of food. It was here that I watched ~~many~~ women making fry bread in the most enormous skillets I had ever seen. A spirit of gaity was present with everyone having a wonderful time.

As the scheduled hour approached, the school children marched into the new building, the many Navaho and white visitors formed in a large semi-circle just inside the western door of the main entrance hall. Then rugs were placed on the floor, the medicine man and three singers took their places on the rugs, the ceremonial basket containing sacred corn pollen, and a special pouch containing stones from the four sacred mountains, was placed before them, and their chanting began. There are no special features in this ceremony, only the reverent, simple prayers of benediction for the use of the building and the blessing of those who partake in its purpose.

In all ceremonies one must leave by an eastern exit. Herbert Blatchford was present at this ceremony, and when it was finished, I saw him step quickly behind the chanters and lock the door leading to the west. Then all went out of the east door to the courtyard where chairs had been placed for the dedication ceremony to be conducted by the school officials. The school band played, the children took their places, parents and all visitors found theirs, and the usual ceremony for such occasions took place. When this was over, the Navaho lingered to talk before going to have their feast.

The Navaho personify the elements; the winds, lightening, 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 prayersticks and sacrificies, so that no harm will come to the people.

The Navaho have sonsiderable knowledge of astronomy. Fire God, according to the legend, created the stars, giving each its proper name, and scattering many remnants over the sky to form the milky way. There is a legend that coyote stole the pouch in which Fire God carried his f fire, and after carefully placing his own star in the southern sky, he threw all the rest far up in the sky which accounts for the many unnamed stars. Astrology is still practised among the Navaho, and the Star Gazers are sought in relation to many of the large ceremonials.

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 indiferent 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 there will do what they can to preserve what is left. This must come from the people themselves.

THE NIGHT CHANT.

one

Of all the long ceremonials, the most frequently given is the Night Chant, or yeibichai. This nine day ceremony is very complex, containing much ritualistic proceedure which must be carried out in minute detail and in exactly the prescribed order. It begins in the evening of the first day when the medicine man, or chanter, arrives at the selected site. His first act is to apply the Yeibichai Talisman to the patient by placing it about the patient(s waist, his shoulders, his neck, and his head. This Talisman is made of four carefully selected pieces of willow, each eighteen inches long, attached to each other with woolen strings, so that they may be spread out into an open rectangle and folded up again. A chanter receives his Talisman from his preceptor and may keep it for life, transmitting it eventually to a pupil.

To describe in detail thes entire proceedings of this ceremony would take many pages and has been magnificently done by Dr. Washington Matthews.* I have seen two of the Last Nights of this ceremony but have seen only small parts of the preceeding days. The Night Chant, perhaps more than any other ceremony, contains the greatest amount of minute detail in the preparation of the many prayersticks, the costumes, the masks, for there are many impersonaters of the Yei, and in the making of five beautiful sand paintings.

The chanter consecrates the Ceremonial Hogan, (and the nearby sudatory) by sprinkling sacred mean as he moves sunwise around the interior of the Hogan. If the patient is a man, he uses white meal, if a woman, yellow. This consecration is repeated on the fourth night, the night of the vigil of the gods. All during the day there is much preparation for the vigil, when the impersonaters keep watch over the masks and other objects until dawn with song and prayer the whole night through. The principal characthr of the Yeibichai is Talking God, the creator of the ceremonies, who utters his call "Wu,hu,hu.hu, at all the important moments to announce

that all has been correctly done.

Usually only the patient and his family are present for the first eight days of the ceremony, with the medicine man and his helpers, but on the nineth day visitors arrive to partake in the final rites. As with the Mountain Chant, the daytime of the last day is filled with preparation for the night ceremony. An area before the Hogan is cleared for the dancers. A wood pile is prepared, and as the people arrive, each family finds a place along the side of the clearing. An arbor of green branches is erected at the far end of the clearing where the impersonaters will put on their masks. All during the day and evening, ritual goes on inside the Hogan.

Shortly before the night ceremony begins, four great fires are lighted. Inside the Hogan, the dancers are being prepared, their bodies painted with a white clay, and the costumes are put on. The masks, the wands of spruce, and the fox skins have previously been placed in the arbor along its northern side. Talking God masks and dresses in the Hogan and when all is ready he gives his cry to clear the dance ground. When all is ready the four impersonators, wrapped in blankets, preceed Talking God and the Chanter, as they go to the arbor to put on their masks. While wearing the masks no impersonater must ever speak, and only Talking God utters his special cry. The dancers costumes consist of short kilts, made of some special material, often hand woven, silver belts from which the fox skins hang from the back, long hand knit stockings, necklaces, and the plumed masks with spruce twig collars attached. Each carries a gourd rattle in his right hand, a wand of spruce in his left. Hastseyalte, Talking God, wears his special mask and collar, is clothed in his deerskin robe, and carries a faun skin bag in one hand. As they leave the arbor, the medicine man leads, with Talking God and the four Yebaka following. The medicine man utters the benediction, scattering pollen asthey cross the dance ground to the Hogan. As they approach, the dancers quietly shake their rattles

singing as they walk. The patient comes out of the Hogan carrying a ceremonial basket containing sacred meal, sometimes, with four special prayersticks on top. While the chanter says a prayer over the mean, the four Yei keep up a constant motion of their feet. After the prayer the chanter assists the patient and advances to sprinle the sacred meal over each of the Yei in turn. Taking a large pinch, the patient lets some fall first on the right hand, then up the right arm, over the top of the forehead, down the left arm and drops what is left in the palm of the left hand, the patient using his right hand and carrying the basket on the left arm. Then the patient and the chanter resume their positions in front of the Hogan door, facing east. Then the Chanter gives the long prayer to each god which the patient repeats after him, sentence by sentence. These prayers are alike except in the mention of certain attributes of each Yei. This is the long prayer ending

"In beauty (happily) I walk
With Beauty before me I walk
With beauty behind me I walk
With beauty below me I walk
With beauty above me I walk
With beauty all around me, I walk
In beauty I finished in beauty.(repeated four times)"

When the prayer is ended, the patient follows the chanter as they pass eastward down the north side of the line and back, scattering more meal as they pass. Then the patient lays down the basket near the hogan door, the chanter sitting to the left of the patient. Both face the east looking at the dancers. All the spectators now become silent and attentive waiting for the sacred song. Talking God who has been stamnding north of the line of dancers facing south rushed to the east, uttering his cry, and holds up his bag as a signal to the four Yei, who are now facing west. They at once advance the left feet, bending their bodies to the right, shaking their rattles they dip them with a long sweep of their arms as if dipping water and bring them up to their mouths. Then Talking God rushes to the west and repeats while the dancers face east

and repeat, face west again always turning clockwise,. Talking God stamps twice as a signal, and the Yei commence the dance step. This is done four times in silence before the song begins, facing east, then Then first 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 ~~comesndsw~~n
The corn plant comes therewith,
The rain descends, the corn comes up
The child rain comes therewith.

The corn comes up, the rain descends
~~Th~~egetation comes herewith
The rain descends, the corn comes up
The pollen comes herewith. "

Continued

Talking God may be standing still or walking up and donw 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 ~~w~~ast. 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 the long Yeibichai dance begins with twelve ~~or sixt en~~ dancers taking p~~rtte~~ 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. They are dressed like the Yeibaka, 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 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 sung, for to the Navaho the bluebird is the symbol of happiness and heralds the break of day.

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

translation
Frances E.Watkins
Southwest Museum.

color plate
Yeibichai mask.

The young Navaho of today face a very different future from that of their parents or grand parents, yet they face it with confidence. A short time ago, as I was driving from Gallup to Shiprock, I came to this young couple walking up the highway some eight or ten miles north of Gallup. I picked them up to give them a lift along the way. We drove more than thirty miles before the young man asked me to stop. We were in one of the empty desert places along this highway where there was not even one hogan in sight. I watched them walk away finally melting into the landscape. I thought of their future as well as looking back on the lives of their forebears, ~~for this year~~ wondering what lay ahead for this young couple. This year, 1964, marks the one hundreth anniversayr of the Navaho Long Walk into exile. I thought of their return 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 civilization. Those essential qualities so characteristic of the Navaho, adaptability and practicality, 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 is one hundred years in in the progress 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 that 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 fear this and who are working to preserve the ways of their people, and we can but hope that those special qualities that are their 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.

PART II

HABITATION
AND
OCCUPATION

(color. covered wagon on mountain)

Navaho homes, or hogans, are scattered far and wide over the reservation. Pasturage for their sheep is the primary reason for this. Each family has grazing rights, and though there is no individual ownership of land as we know it, the individual's rights are strictly respected. No one encroaches on another's pasture; boundries are indicated only by a small pile of stones, and boundry lines follow the contour of the land for there are no stock fences. The same rights prevail for summer pasture in mountain areas where sheep are moved to higher elevations for fresh grass.

The hogan is the most practical building for life in the 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 within the hogan, for the only light is from above, through the smoke hole in the roof. The form of the hogan comes from the creation ~~myth~~ story where the Holy People built the first hogan and set the pattern and the customs. Round, or nearly round is shape, and with a dome like roof, the hogan always 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, symbol of fertility, is sprinkled on the longs or stone while the chant invokes peace and a happy life for the family.

On entering a hogan, one must move from left to right, clockwise, circling the fire in the center of the room. On formal occasion the women sit on the north side of the hogan, the cooking side, the men on the south, while the head of the family and any guests sit on the west, facing the entrance. In early times a shallow fire pit was dug in the earth floor. This still exists though in recent times many

Navaho are using tin or iron stoves, sometimes small metal barrels, with x stove pipes extending out of the roof holes. To the right of the entrance, which may have a wooden door or the old time blanket covering, simple shelves made form empty orange crates or boxes obtained from nearby trading posts, will hold dishes, and food staples. On the west side of the hogan sheepskins, which serve as beds at night, will have been rolled up and stacked away. Handing 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 of the hogan, are boxes, suitcases or even small trunks, in which other possessions are stored. There is a place for everything and there is always order. Following the ancient pattern to which all individuals subscribe, this true sense of order permeates Navaho life.

Where Navaho people have moved to nearby towns and are living in ordinary houses, 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 much contact with cultured anglo homes. I recall an episode in 1932, when Betsy and I took Mrs. Francis and Timothy to Santa Fe to see the wonderful collection of Navaho blankets in the Laboratory of Anthropology. Following this experience, we stopped to say "hello" to friends of ours who lived in one of the loveliest of Southwestern homes. We were all invited to return that evening for dinner for there was a birthday party for the son of the house. Mrs. Francis' acceptance of that evening xds something I shall always remember. She had never been xxay from Red Rock, and her only contact with any white home was the very simple apxartment Betsy had in the old hospital building where for the first time she sat at a table to eat. At our friends' house

that evening, we sat down to a formal dinner for twelve people at a table exquisetly set with shining silver, sparkling glass and 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. 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 that she understood English so she could have known all that has been talked about." As we returned to our motel, I wondered if I could have conducted myself with such perfect poise and dignity if I had found myself in such completely foreign surroundings listening to a language I did not understand.

Depending on the environment, hogans are built of a variety of materials. Where logs are available, there are two or three general types; the old forked stick hogan, (nearly extinct); ones built of upright logs topped with cribbed horizontal logs to build a dome shaped roof; and hogans with logs laid horizontally in hexagonal or octagonal 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 to domed roof. There is a special form of roof construction as may be seen in these interior pictures. In recent times, one finds occasionally that windows have been cut into walls.

Here in a barren area is a round stone hogan. The woman of the family was bringing the sheep home to a 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 chiefly outOof-doors during the summer months. Built of upright poles, the shelter has a roof of fresh green boughs from cottonwood trees, or cedar or juniper. In areas where sheep are taken to the mountains for summer pasture, the winter hogan will be closed. As the Navaho lies 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 food supplies-salt, sugar, coffee, flour etc. The women set up their looms under a shelter, the children watch the flocks, the men hawl water and wood and ten the small farms.

Water is most 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. To-day, 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 Tribal Government is developing new wells, bringing some relief from the long hawls that have been necessary for so long. Water is conserved to the utmost. Once, when 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 showing how the Navaho can wash dishes in a tea cup full of water. She took me quite litterally and measuring out a cupfull, proceeded to wash the few dishes. And they were clean. It is surprising how cool it can be nuder a shelter on a hot summer day, for there is always a breeze, and all one needs is shade.

In the summer of 1954, we made a trip to the Navaho Mountain area in southeastern Utah. This is still a remote region, ane containing much 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-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 of hardships they had endured, the effort of starting life again on their old homesites, and the fight for survival.

This shelter was a natural one, for the low cedar and juniper trees grew in a circle. There was the same pattern of entrance and placement of objects as in a winter hogan. Over the loom area and where the family slept, they had hung canvasses for protection from summer rain storms. We were soon to leanr 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; beyond the Old Lady, looking at my book of pictures, are her grand daughter and great gand daughter. The little girl in the center is the great,great grand daughter.

The sons and grandsons were away at work, and sons-in-law would never be there, for the old rule still is imposed in most areas, that a man must never look at his mother-in-law. We spent several hours visiting this family. They were interested in us and in the things we observed. They looked at every picture in the book with the greatest of interest, pointing out differences in costume, ornamentsm or possessions. We watched the making of knee bread, green corn cut from the cob, put through a meat grinder, salted, packed into the green husks and baked in an outdoor oven. It was very good. We have found when visiting families such as this, that a time comes when their courtesy to,us has been fulfilled, 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 a welcome.

At Navahh Mountain we found a distinct difference in costume from other parts of the reservation. A broader collar on the women's blouses, different stitching, different use of silver buttons. Before the days of American Occupation, the old apparel consisted, for the women, of two hand woven mants secured at the shoulder and tied about the waist with a woven belt. When the women saw the pioneer white woman's long cotton dresses of the 1870-1880 period, they copied them, though they quickly made adaptations to suit their own needs, eliminating the tight bodices and supplementing loose, comfortable blouses. At present there is a change from the cotton skirt, worn for so long a time, to one of rayon and the like, and shorter in length.

Many of the Navaho People who come closest in contact with us, and who now speak English fluently, are wearing clothes like ours. However, velveteen blouses are still widely worn, with a great variety of bright colors, still decorated with silver vbuttons and with belts of silver conchas strung on leather. For a long time dimes and quarters to which silver loops had been soldered, were also used as buttons, but these are fast disappearing. Some men and women still wear moccasins, but the old type man's costume is all but gone. This consisted of white cotton pants, velveteen blouse, and much silver ornament. Strings of turquoise, shell, coral and silver beads are still worn by both men and women, no matter what the costume. Silk scarf head bands and Stetson hats are worn by the men and boys, while the women wear scarfs or Pendleton Blankets.

One summer while we were working in the Red Rock area, we heard about a road up on top of the Lukaichukai Mountains which led to the trading post of Toadelena on the Eastern slope of the mountains. Deciding to explore this, we started on the old road that crossed the Mountains to the post of Lukaichai on the Western slope. As we reac ed the top we found the branch road leading south. At first it was almost impossible, and at one extreemly rough and steep point I remarked as we started a third attempt, " If we dont make it this time we'll go back". Fortunately we did make it and soon we were driving through a beautiful pine and spruce forest with occasional groves of aspen.

As we rounded a bend, before us on a rise a little above the road level, was a beautiful log hogan, built in a small clearing, the pines and spruces towering beyond. Sitting outside busy at their work were two women and a small child, the elder woman carding wool, the younger, grinding corn on an old type metate. They seemed surprised that a car had come from the northerly direction, but greeted us as we approached. We found that neither of the women spoke English, so in a little while I produced my book of pictures and soon they were engrossed in looking at them. Then I heard an exclamation of "Mamma, Mamma!" and it seemed that I had photographed the older woman's mother at some distant point. I took the print out of the book and gave it to her, to her delight. After a while I asked if I might make some more pictures (sign language) and following a nod of acquiescence, set to work. We spent the rest of the morning with these people and as noon approached, we packed up and were ready to continue our journey.

Suddenly we heard it-- a Navaho song--soaring from the woods in the clear, silent mountain air. It was a song of utter joy, of complete freedom of spirit. such as I had never heard. We stood spellbound. Soon there was the added tinkle of sheep bells as out of the forest they all came, the sheep, the man, his little son and a dog. He stopped abruptly when he saw strangers and a veil came down like the dropping of a curtain at the theatre. He approached slowly, greeting us with usual Navaho courtesy. But in those few moments we had glimpsed the Navaho soul. Soon we were on our way enriched beyond measure by this experience.

We never did find the road to Toadelena- we came out at Sanostee insead- but what matter?

When the Navaho returned from Fort Sumner to that portion of their old land allotted to them by the treaty of 1868, trading posts were soon to play a vital role in their lives. By the early 1870s Morman traders were coming down from Utah establishing contacts for trade at the San Juan and Colorado Rivers. John D.Lee initiated a ferry which crossed the Colorado not many miles above the Grand Canyon. Long in use, Lee's Ferry was not abandoned until 1926 when the Navaho Bridge, built at this site, linked the Navaho Country with North Central Arizona and Southern Utah. Licensed by the Government Agent at Fort Defiance, traders began to appear as the Navaho produced wool and blankets. Few in number at the beginning, traders increased in proportion to the volume of Navaho production. Strict rules of trade were imposed by the Government when licenses were issued, and with but few exceptions, the trader never owned the land upon which his post was built.

The pioneer trader was a rugged individual, able to survive in remote areas under the most primitive conditions. He had to build what he needed, to be able to fix anything and everything, and through the years had taught many Navaho necessary construction and mechanical techniques. Built of stone, adobe bricks, occasionally of logs, the old trading posts consisted of one or more buildings with sheep and horse corrals nearby. In addition to the store, there was usually a barn, a storehouse, sometimes a visitors' hogan for the use if Indians who lived far away. Some of the old posts had only one large room with a dirt floor. Around three walls were shelves reaching to the ceiling, stocked with goods of all descriptions. In front of the shelves, and separated from them by a passageway, were high, wide counters, built so for protection as well as use. Beneath the counters were shelves for

an assortment of articles, tools and a weapon or two in case of need. In the center of the room, or to one side, a large old fashioned iron stove gave warmth in winter, and along the remaining wall, benches to accommodate the customers. Hanging from the ceiling were coils of rope, lanterns, buckets, bridles, harness, and other items of trade. For sixty years many trading posts were in isolated spots, far removed from worldly contact. There were few roads, usually bad ones, often impossible to travel at certain times of year. Horse or mule drawn wagons were the only means of carrying supplies or delivering goods for sale.

There are many legendary personalities among those early traders on the reservation: Keem, the Hubbells, the Wetherills, the Hyde brothers, (who were the first to send hides to the eastern market) C.N.Cotton, who saw a potential market for rugs in the east, Sam Day, McSparron, Staples, the Newcombs, Bruce Bernard and others whose names are synonymous with the posts they held. Off the reservation there were the Kirks, the Fred Harvey Co., and a few others.

The traders' abilities were legion. They had to speak a most difficult language, they had to be shrewd business men in order to exist, they were pioneers in every sense of the word. As the Navaho of these early times seldom had cash with which to make their purchases, a credit barter system was devised whereby a Navaho could place certain items of his possesion, chiefly his jewelry, in pawn until that time of year when wool or sheep were sold.

Each trading post was, and still is, a center, like the hub of a wheel, the outer circumference being perhaps twenty or more miles away. To these posts the Navaho have been coming to trade for nearly a hundred years, bringing their produce to exchange for goods they desire or need. They bring wool at shearing time, sheep and some cattle at fall roundup time, hides, piñon nuts, hand made jewelry, woven blankets and rugs.

trading post is where Government Officials come to set dates for spring branding and dipping of sheep, for farm demonstrations, to post notices, and it is the trader who interprets Government regulations and who makes contacts between the Government officials and individual Navaho of his region. And it has been the trader who established outside markets for rugs and jewelry. By and large, the trader has been the best friend the Navaho have had over a long period of time. It has been to the trader that the Navaho has gone for help in time of need, for many a trader has driven miles in good weather or bad, by day or night, to take sick Navaho People to the nearest hospital. There have been a few exceptions where exploitation or unfairness in trade have taken place, but such traders soon disappeared, for the shrewd Navaho quickly detect these practises and simply go elsewhere for their business.

During the past thirty years road improvement has progressed with increasing rapidity until today, new paved raads link the major sections of the reservation. Distances seem to have shrunk as trucks today travel one hundred miles in two hours, where not long ago, they took two days to make the same trip.

The trader's influence has been great, depending on the way he has conducted his business, his attitude to his customers, and his interest in them and their mode of life. In all activities both in the store and out, the trader's actions are observed and noted. He must be ever on the alert for values for tne Navaho loves the game of trading and trying to get the best of any bargain. Spending time in a trading post, watching the comings and goings of the many people who appear daily, is a fascinating experience. Navaho People come in to the post, quietly greet those they know by a gentle touching of hands, then sit on the benches for a long time considering what to buy. One will finally go up to the counter, and pointing to an article, put

down the money for that one item, or if he is pawning jewelry, the trader lists each purchase. Following another long interlude of consideration, this will be repeated. Sometimes individuals will stay at the post all day before the final lot of merchandise has been acquired. Always there is purchase of tobaco, (in early times there was a box of loose tobaco on the counter for free samples), the purchase of candy for children, of pop, as the day proceeds. They observe everything, listen to all conversations, deliberate. When they go home they will remember everything that has transpired.

In every post there is a special place, sometimes a vault, often a small room, where pawned jewelry is kept. Items are ticketed with the owner's name, the date, and the amount owed. Most traders keep jewelry in pawn longer that the legal time of years for the owner to redeem it. Then it may be placed in a case as "dead pawn" for sale to any who will buy. The traders are more than fair about this transaction. I recall an instance when I had been requested to buy some dead pawn for a shop. One piece was a particularly fine concho belt. In had been dead pawn for over two yeasrs. Six weeks after I had bought it, the original owner had ridden over fifty miles to redeem his belt. He was crestfallen to find it gone. The trader took the time and trouble to write asking if it had been sold and requesting its return. Fortunately it had not and the Navaho redeemed his prized possession.

Probably the most famous trading post is the Hubbell Post at Ganado, Arizona. This is one of the exceptions where the land was homesteaded by Don Lorenzo Hubbell, for at that time, 1876, this land was not a part of the reservation. Don Lorenzo, the son of a Connecticut Yankee and a Spanish mother, purchased a store built six years previously at this site, in all probability the oldest post

following the first at Fort Defiance. When Don Lorenzo bought this post, he also homesteaded a one hundred and sixty acre tract of land. He erected a number of fine substantial buildings during the course of his life. His post became a Mecca for anthropologists, archaeologists, writers, and a host of noted visitors, who were all received with the gracious hospitality of a Spanish Don. His family still maintains the post.

Here in Don Lorenzo's treasure room, is his son Roman Hubbell, discussing the merits of a rug that brought in to be sold. On the walls are many relics of the past, Kit Carson's gun scabbard, a fine old gun collection, water containers of many different types, a superb collection of Indian baskets from many tribes, archaeological specimens from nearby early Pueblo ruins. Piled high along another wall of the room are stacks of Navaho rugs all of top quality for which the Hubbell Post was famous. The Hubbells, Cozy McSparron, and later the Lippincots at Wide Ruins, did much to restore the use of natural dyes in rug making. This is one of many instances where the traders' influence has counted most, and today certain areas of the reservation are noted for rugs of widely different types.

Other traders whose interests lay beyond the trading counter, were John Wetherill at Kayenta, Sam Day, Staples at Coolidge, J.B.Moore at Crystal, and the Newcombs to name but a few. Goulding at Monument Valley has done much to promote the scenic beauty of his area. At Shiprock, Bruce Bernard has one of the finest pawn rooms with an excellent system for recording the pawn. His room is a spectale of turquoise, coral, and silver. The wives of these traders also played an important role in their respective areas, teaching many useful household arts, aiding families, learning much of Navaho ways. The hey day of these posts is gone now, and modernization is rapidly taking over, though there are still a few

smaller posts in remote areas retaining some of the flavor of the early years. It will not be long before these, too, are changed and with their passing will go one of the most colorful phases of western history, one so closely bound to the Navaho that it became a part of the Way of the People.