

religion, in which Changing Woman plays a predominant part. This does not require the elaborate ritual of most of the other ceremonies, and may be performed by anyone who knows it. As its name implies, it is an act of balance, a blessing for a person, a place, or an act, such as the commencing of a new blanket, and it comes from Changing Woman, regenerator of life, the everlasting One.

Many smaller rites, such as the puberty ceremony, the initiation ceremony, the marriage ceremony, and numerous others are conducted frequently. The great ceremonials, such as the Mountainway or the Nightway, with their variations, are less frequently given. As these particular ceremonies last for nine days and nights, they are very costly affairs requiring much preparation, but others are of shorter duration. While the first days of these long chants usually concern only the patient and family, it is on the ninth day that great numbers of people come from far and near to watch the ceremony of the final night and to partake of its benefits.

During these large ceremonials, sand paintings are executed within a hogan often specially built for the rituals. Directed by the singer, his helpers create the proper design by trickling sand of different colors through their fingers onto a base of neutral-colored sand spread over the hogan floor. Commenced in the morning, the painting is completed in mid-afternoon, when the patient is brought in and placed upon it. The medicine man then takes sand from certain symbolic sections of the design, and rubs it onto the patient to absorb the causes of the illness. When these rites are completed, the entire sand painting is wiped out, but during that brief time when it lies complete on the hogan floor it is an extraordinarily beautiful example of abstract art, every part of which is replete with significance. Hundreds of these designs, some completely abstract, some partially pictorial, all with different purposes, are stored in the memories of the medicine men who direct their execution. Many contain the stylized symbolic figures of some of the Yei, the sun and the moon, or some of the helpers of both gods and men, such as Big Fly (the messenger), Coyote, Bear (which the Navaho 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 paint-

A medicine man with his paraphernalia.

ing, there are diagnosticians who perform this service—these are the hand tremblers, the star gazers, and the listeners who consult the patient and, through their ability, determine the course to follow.

When it has been decided which ceremony is to be given, the medicine man, or singer, as he is more correctly called, who knows that particular ceremony is summoned and preparations are set in motion. Stemming from the Creation Story, more than fifty ceremonies, or chants, of varying range and complexity all lead to the restoration of harmony. Everything must be done in the prescribed way as told in the legends. So it is the spiritual, emotional, psychological, and physical needs, *and in this order*, that are treated to attain this desired harmony and, consequently, healing.

The most revered ceremony, a relatively simple one, is the Blessingway, the Hozhoji, the center of Navaho

ings are encircled by the Rainbow Goddess for protection, the opening (for there is never a complete enclosure) always to the East; some are encircled 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 sand paintings the pigments are crushed red sandstone, yellow ochre, white gypsum, and charcoal made from burnt scrub oak.

In the Nightway 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 is done with skill and certainty by many helpers as the pigments trickle from between their thumbs and forefingers in steady strokes.

At the great ceremonials there will be as many as

five different sand 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.

The Mountainway

In the late fall of 1932, Betsy sent me word that there was to be a Fire Dance at Lukachukai, and that she hoped I would be able to join her, as she expected to go with a number of Navaho people from her area. The Fire Dance, she wrote, was the final night of the Mountainway. She suggested that I arrive early in November, as she was not certain of the date. The

day after my arrival we set forth in our respective cars, Betsy taking five Navaho with her, I taking four with me.

We drove up over the Lukachukai Mountains from Red Rock, arriving at the location in the afternoon of the eighth day of the ceremony. And what a sight greeted us! We found ourselves near the base of the great red sandstone cliffs which jut out into the broad expanse known as the Chinle Wash. Rich green piñon and cedar trees were scattered along the base of the cliffs, and where the slope dropped, soft grey-green sagebrush took their place. We put up our tent on the outskirts of the activity, Timothy eagerly helping us.

He was full of excitement, for he had never seen a Fire Dance. We spent the afternoon watching all the preparations for the day and night to follow. Near us was a huge shelter, newly constructed, where busy cooks were already preparing food for the entire assembly. Here we learned that the patient giving the ceremony and his family furnished food for all who come. It is customary, however, for visitors to contribute to the supply by bringing flour, sugar, or coffee, and we were most courteously thanked for our donations. We watched the butchering of sheep and goats, saw huge kettles being prepared for cooking mutton and goat meat, saw specially constructed stone and mud ovens where women were baking great quantities of bread. We saw men hauling water, and men hauling wood, not only for the cooking fires, but for the ceremonial fires during the night to follow. We watched the making of a great wood pile near the ceremonial hogan. It seemed large enough to last an entire winter for a whole community; yet it was completely consumed the following night. As we came near the hogan we heard the voices of the singers as they performed the eighth-day rituals. We were afraid we might displease our host if we approached, so we listened from afar. It never occurred to us that we might have asked to see the ceremony, and that possibly we might have been invited to watch.

As evening came, a crowd gathered, standing in a circle to watch rehearsals for the dance to be performed the following night. This lasted for some time, then there was silence as a man stepped out into the center near the firelight. In his high-pitched voice, which carried easily for considerable distance, he spoke long and earnestly, then suddenly we heard two familiar words, *Washington* [sic] and *Roosevelt*. We had forgotten that it was election day; it was strangely wonderful to hear the election returns in another language so far removed in thought and feeling from twentieth-century America. Then the singing resumed and finally we crept into our sleeping bags, falling asleep before the singing ended.

A bustle of excitement filled the air the next morning; after our breakfast, we watched a crew of men bringing in freshly cut cedar and piñon boughs and constructing a huge circle, or corral, near the ceremonial hogan. They stacked the boughs more than six feet high, intertwining the branches and completing

the circle, except for the entrance to the East. The corral must have been more than two hundred feet in diameter, the boughs so closely interwoven that little wind came through. One crew brought long dry logs, stacking them on end in the center of the corral for the bonfire to be lighted later in the night. So absorbed were we in watching this that we had not looked about us, but suddenly we were aware of fresh activity, and looking up we saw Navaho people coming from all directions—down through the trees, up from the valley, in covered wagons, on horseback, in open wagons, in a few cars. Most came in family groups, some singly on horseback or on foot; all were dressed in their very best, the women with freshly washed long full cotton skirts and beautiful blouses of reds, blues, purples, yellows, and greens, filling the landscape like a kaleidoscope. Never before or since have I seen anything to equal the color of that day, with the great red cliffs as a background for this medley of color moving through the changing greens of the foreground as this gathering of the Dinéh assembled. All day long they came, tethering their horses, greeting one another by the quiet, gentle handclasp so distinctly Navaho, partaking of the food prepared and constantly renewed within the cook shelter.

As the sun fell behind the distant mesas, the singer emerged 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 walls of branches, some in front, forming an audience several rows deep. 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 with a coffee pot always close by.

Just at dark, when the ritual was finished in the hogan, the medicine man, his helpers, and the patient came out, and entered the corral to take their places at the westernmost side of the circle, where they turned to face the East. A pathway was kept clear between them and the great bonfire, soon to be

lighted. A group of singers came in, each with a rattle in his hand, dancing around the bonfire as it was ignited, quickly illuminating the scene. When these dancers had completed their prescribed group of songs, others entered to take their places, so that the singing 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 performed other magic tricks, a girl who danced before a basket containing a single feather which rose on end in the basket, swaying slightly with the rhythm of the song.

Years later at the Gallup Ceremonial, we saw again one of the special events from the Fire Dance. The dimly lit singers knelt before the fire, while dancers carried great frames or wands decorated with eagle feathers and symbolic eagles riding high above symbolic suns. This recalled vividly the night we had spent at Lukachukai, so long ago.

As the night wore on, a group of four fire dancers came into the corral, each carrying a long strand of cedar bark which in turn they ignited at the bonfire, then as they dashed madly around the blazing logs they flayed both themselves and each other with the burning bark. They were clad only in breech cloths, their bodies painted with a light-colored clay which must have been very heat resistant. Another special event of the night was performed by two of these dancers. One lifted a piece of burning pitchy wood from the fire, holding it over the cupped hands of the other dancer who washed his hands in the dripping burning pitch. Doubtless there were other events which have now faded from my memory, but what impressed me the most throughout that mysterious night was the sight of those wonderful firelit faces of the People as they sat wrapped in their blankets watching the sequence of events that took place.

During the night the aromatic fragrance of burning piñon and cedar wood filled the air, and occasional gusts of wind 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, considering our comfort as we watched the unfolding drama. 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 slept quietly until they were rested.

Just before the dawn came, a great lot of logs were 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. Snatching burning strips of bark from the fire, they first circled it four times, then, running to throw the burning strips over the corral wall in each of the four directions, they broke open the wall to the South, the West, and the North, so that all could leave the corral in the direction in which they lived.

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 and harnessed their horses. We treasure the memory of that night, the vision of those wonderful faces, the spirit that emanated from them, and the friendliness of these people so filled with the benediction of their experience that it gave us a deep insight into Navaho character. More than eighteen hundred people were there that night and only five or six non-Indian 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 that too often appear 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 forty years on the reservation, that night's was the finest he had ever seen.

The summer after we saw the great Fire Dance, Betsy wrote me that she was going to spend several weeks camped on the mountain above Red Rock, as many of her people were there with their sheep for summer pasture, and there had been an epidemic of influenza. She came down to Red Rock to meet me, and after stocking up with supplies at the trading post we drove to a lovely meadow where she had previously pitched her tent.

We took a walk across the meadow where we found some edible mushrooms, which we eagerly gathered to improve a steak we had brought for supper. As we were returning to the campsite we suddenly saw a silent figure standing at the edge of the woods watch-

ing us. He proved to be a medicine man of Betsy's acquaintance who greeted us with quiet reserve and walked back with us to our camp. A sudden summer thunderstorm broke loose, and with Timothy joining us we took shelter under the tent fly to await the passing of the storm.

Moved by a spirit of friendliness, the medicine man asked Betsy if she would like to see his medicine pouch. We watched with interest as he untied the buckskin thongs, greatly worn from long use, and laid out the contents before us. For a medicine bowl he had a turtle shell in which he mixed the herb remedies he carried in a number of small leather bags. This shell had been given him by a very old medicine man who had used it all his life. It was cracked and it leaked; our friend asked Betsy if she could get him another. (This I was able to send her after my return home.) Then there were two strange objects which turned out to be the skulls of wild cranes. We had seen the bills of these bird heads protruding from the pouch. The neck ends were bound with colored worsted and decorated with feathers and small bits of shell. These, we were to learn later, were part of the special paraphernalia required for the Knife Chant, one of the rituals practiced 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 very interested to see all of this collection and to see the reverence with which the medicine man handled his ritualistic possessions.

Somehow our conversation (and this all through Timothy, Betsy's interpreter) drifted to telling stories. I cannot remember what prompted us to tell the Greek tale of the Gorgon's Head, but 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 summertime when it thundered and he must wait until after the first frost; besides, it would have taken three days and three nights to tell. As Betsy never did find the opportunity to hear the story, this is one 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 we invited our visitor to join us. I broiled the steak over an open fire, cooked the mushrooms, and served what I thought was an ex-

cellent meal. But the steak was too rare for Navaho taste, and neither Timothy nor the medicine man would touch the mushrooms; somewhat crestfallen, we endeavored to find something else more to their liking.

The Blessingway

In addition to the blessing of every new hogan, the Blessingway ceremony is also conducted whenever a new building is completed on the reservation. At the time of the opening of the large new school at Crownpoint, I went over for the occasion. There were many visitors, both non-Indian and Navaho, gathering for the dedication ceremonies, and there was much preparation of food.

As the scheduled hour approached, the school children marched into the new building, joining the visitors to form a large semicircle just inside the western door of the main entrance hall. Then rugs were placed on the floor, the medicine man (Manuelito Begay) and three other singers took their places on the rugs, the ceremonial basket containing sacred corn pollen and a special pouch holding stones from the four sacred mountains was placed before them, and their chanting began. There are no special features to this ceremony, only the reverent, simple prayers of benediction for the use of the building and the blessing of those who participate in its activities.

In all ceremonies one must leave by the exit to the East (should there be one in any other direction). At this ceremony Herbert Blatchford was present, and when it was finished I saw Herbert step quickly behind the chanters to lock the western door so that no one could use it. Then all went out through the door to the East to the courtyard, where chairs and benches 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 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. It was here that we watched women making fry bread in the most enormous skillets I have ever seen. A spirit of gaiety was present, with everyone having a wonderful time as great quantities of fry bread melted away and gallons of coffee disappeared.

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Navaho gathering for a Squaw Dance (1934).

The Enemyway

Betsy and I have been privileged to witness some ceremonies in part only, but from these experiences we have realized the great mass of intricate ritual that each ceremony contains. To learn or even to witness portions of them all would take a lifetime, and there are probably but few non-Indians who could fathom the often delicate and subtle differences, the significant symbolism, the true meaning that these rituals have for the Navaho people. But we can comprehend the beauty of many of the ceremonies that we are permitted to see, and become aware of the reverent feeling that exists among not only those conducting the rituals but also all those who attend. From such experiences we can realize how deeply the Navaho are concerned with the proper ordering of life in this world, and the traditional ethics which guide human relationships.

Perhaps the most frequently given ceremony is the so-called Squaw Dance, also called the War Dance,

though its real name is The Enemyway. This is a three-day ceremony stemming from the legend of Changing Woman's twin sons, Monster Slayer and Child-of-the-Water, who went to visit their father, the Sun, to seek his aid that they might slay the monsters who inhabited this earth in order to make it a safe place for the Dinéh to live. After slaying the monster Yeitso, the twins carried his scalp as a trophy, hanging it on a tree before telling their mother of their adventure. While relating their story to her, they swooned and lay unconscious. Changing Woman prepared a potion made of herbs which had been struck by lightning, sprinkled her sons with this, and then shot arrows of spruce and pine over them to restore them to consciousness.

The Enemyway has never been a ceremony to prepare for war, as many people think, even in the days of long ago, but rather it is to rid the patient from the effects of any "enemy." It is a ritual conducted for

persons who are disposed to weakness or fainting, often attributed to the sight of blood, or from witnessing sudden or violent death, or from dreams of the same sort. Therefore, the symptoms are chiefly psychological. An "enemy" is a foreigner, whether he be white or of any other race, or even Indians of other tribes, and the purpose of the ceremony is to drive away the "ghosts" of such enemies. This has grown to be hypothetical, and the "ghosts" may be the effect that any foreigner has had on a Navaho. The slaying of the ghost is now interpreted as ridding a person from foreign influence. Following both World War II and the Korean War, in which many young Navaho served in the Armed Forces, there were countless ceremonies held on the return of these veterans to rid them of the effects of all they had experienced.

As the enemy is to be "fought," a site is chosen at some distance from the patient's hogan where a temporary ceremonial hogan is erected. Since Enemyway is a summer ceremony, this may be a brush shelter, roofed over with cut boughs. Then the patient, who must secure the services of a "scalper," sends a messenger out on horseback after the enemy's scalp. Usually the scalper is an older man, one who has seen blood in some sort of combat. Certain men who qualify for this position keep the necessary trophies hidden away for this special use. These trophies may be a real scalp from long ago, or locks of hair, or bits of clothing from an enemy. In order to signify his mission, the scalper carries the trophy on a stick, holding it out in front of him, so that no one will come too close to him. When he reaches the patient's hogan he is shown where the scalp is to be buried, usually a spot a short distance east of the ceremonial hogan where the scalp is deposited and stones are placed over it.

The most important feature of the Enemyway is the Rattle Stick. As the trimming of this symbol must be performed by a singer who knows the songs of the ceremony, the proper individual must be sought. Also, someone to be the Stick Receiver must be found, someone who knows the rest of the ceremonial and who lives some distance away, perhaps eight or ten miles.

When the singer (the stick decorator) arrives at the appointed time, he asks for an earthen jar which will become the pot drum of the ceremony and whose

function when beaten is to drive the ghosts into the ground. The person who brings the pot to the singer pours water into it, first from the East, then the South, West, and North, and finally from above. Then a piece of buckskin is fitted over the rim of the jar and held in place by thongs. Often pots are kept for this specific purpose. When the cover is in place, holes are punched into it resembling eyes and mouth. The cover becomes moist and taut so that it will produce a hollow sound when beaten. Rather than the usual drum stick, a tapper is made of a native shrub, with one end bent into a loop. Both the drum and the tapper are dedicated to the ceremony by prayers and song. This dedication takes place under a brush shelter which has been erected just east of the ceremonial hogan. Here for the first time the singer sings the important Four First Songs, then all those present join in singing other songs.

At sunrise the next day the singer selects someone to go for the Stick, which must be a piece of cedar or juniper, about eighteen inches long with no flaws or branches. The messenger, who usually goes on

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horseback, notes which side of his selected branch faces to the East before he cuts it from the tree, then, after sprinkling some sacred corn pollen at the base of the tree, he returns to the ceremonial hogan carrying the Stick in a specified manner covered with a cloth. As he approaches, the people in the hogan prepare the ceremonial basket, making a small circle of pollen in it as the messenger enters.

To prepare the Stick with its significant symbols, the singer directs someone to carve the designs with an arrowhead on the sides of the Stick. On the east side he carves a bow, being careful to move the arrowhead in the right direction, from left to right. On the opposite side a queue is carved, again in the right direction, and in both carvings a small opening (the Spirit Path) is left at the end. The symbolic queue stems from the origin legend, for it is said that Changing Woman first tied her hair in a queue before the Twins were born. All Navaho women, and many men, still wear their hair in this fashion. The bow is symbolic of Changing Woman's shooting the arrows over the Twins.

Over the years and at different places, Betsy and I have seen most of this ceremony. But in 1951, while we were visiting at Wide Ruins, we went with Mrs. Lippincott to see the trimming of the Rattle Stick. When we entered the hogan, the singer was about to commence this phase of the ritual. After walking clockwise around the center, we took our places on the north side of the hogan. Here indeed was a lovely scene, for this brush hogan roof was letting the sunlight filter through onto the dark-skinned faces, accenting the color of their head bands and scarfs as they watched the singer examining the carvings just completed on the Stick, while he sang again the Four First Songs in a subdued voice. Then he applied a mixture of burnt herbs and tallow to the surface of the Stick. First he used a black tallow, then some red, while he sang the proper songs. The patient's face was also daubed with the tallow, black on his chin, red on the rest of his face, but the singer was careful to save the proper amount to send to the Stick Receiver later in the day. Beside the singer was a small pile of herbs—sage, grama grass, and other plants—from which he selected certain pieces to be bound onto the Stick together with a turkey feather. Then he added two small eagle feathers and some deer hooves,

Bringing in the stick to be trimmed.

tying them all to the Rattle Stick. While the singer was still quietly singing the proper songs, the women came forth to add further trimmings—pieces of ribbon, bits of yarn, usually red, and, from those who still had some, strips of bayeta—all of which were added to the Stick by means of slip knots. When this was finished, the patient took the Stick, and, holding it with the bow design facing the East, walked out of the hogan where his assistants were holding his horse, saddled and ready for the race to the Stick Receiver's camp some ten miles away. We watched the group of racing horsemen as soon as we were able to leave the hogan.

As we knew where the Receiver's camp was, while the horsemen were racing across the country we drove around by the road, arriving just in time to see them coming into the camp. The Stick Receiver stood before his hogan as the riders approached and dismounted. The patient first handed the Receiver the red and black tallow; then holding the Rattle Stick he pointed it first to the Receiver's feet, then brought it upward, circling his head, and, finally placed it in the Receiver's left hand. The Receiver in turn placed the Stick in a basket to inspect the designs and, deciding that they were properly made, accepted the Stick by bringing the designs close to his mouth, and inhaling deeply, indicating his acceptance. Taking the trimmings from the Rattle Stick, he distributed them among the people of his camp; then with the tallow

The cook shelter for the Enemyway.

brought by the patient he painted the faces of those nearby, and sprayed them with the herb mixture. The Receiver's party also prepared a pot drum. The Stick Receiver was now in complete charge of the ceremony. We did not stay beyond this point at this particular ceremony, but we knew that there would now be a rest period and the eating of a meal.

When the ritual is resumed toward evening, the Receiver selects an unmarried girl to be the custodian of the Stick, and, following her, both parties move to the dance ground where, as at the first site, the Four First Songs are sung over the pot drum as it is tapped. Following this, the people group themselves around the drummer, and with a swaying motion sing a great variety of songs. The dancing commences as each girl chooses a man, and, standing behind him, moves him

in a circle several times, then reverses the motion. If a man wishes to be released, he must pay his partner before she will let him go. Much amusement is derived from this phase of the dance. Toward dawn, the Receiver again takes the Stick and standing in the midst of the circle awaits the daylight, when he takes it inside his hogan while both groups join to feed the entire assembly, which may have grown large during the night.

The following morning, relatives and friends of the Receiver bring small gifts of tobacco, food, money, cloth, and other items, heaping them on a blanket laid out for the purpose just inside the hogan. The members of the patient's group gathered outside to serenade the Receiver. The leader once more sings the Four First Songs at the entrance while the drum is

Gathering for the dance.

beaten, then other songs continue. The Receiver throws the gifts out of the smoke hole in the roof of the hogan, regardless of who may catch them. This is the only Navaho ceremony where an exchange of gifts takes place. It is considered symbolic of appreciation that the earth's productivity has been restored.

Following the throwing of the gifts, the patient and his party return to their own hogan, being very careful to retrace their own hoof prints. As each rider reaches the original ceremonial hogan he must once more circle the fire in the proper direction. Preparations then go forward for the next day, when the Stick Receiver and his party will arrive at the original site. more colored tallow is prepared, more herbs are

burnt, and the spray solution is mixed for the final ritual.

In the evening of the second night at the Receiver's camp, the Four First Songs are repeated and the dance continues as on the night before.

At dawn the next morning, the Stick Decorator at the first site prepares for the ceremonies. The patient and his family wash their hair in yucca suds and prepare for the emesis to follow. This cleansing both within and without symbolizes the removal of any traces of the effects of the "enemy ghost."

Fairly early in the morning of this last day, the gathering of people at the Receiver's camp mount their horses and start for the patient's hogan. The

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same unmarried girl carries the Stick, and a man brings the pot drum. As they near their destination a group of horsemen at the patient's hogan go forth to meet the Receiver's party, discharging their guns as they go, and the two groups meet in a mock battle. Then they all dash around the hogan four times, chasing one another in a wide circle. The Receiver's party make a camp a short distance away while the women from the cook shelter immediately bring them food.

After the meal and a short rest, the pot drum is again tapped at the entrance of the ceremonial hogan as another group of serenaders gather to sing the Four First Songs once more, while friends and relatives of the patient enter the hogan to place gifts for distribution. Those from the Receiver's camp, who caught the thrown gifts the day before, now enter with new exchange gifts. Again these are thrown out of the smoke hole to be gathered or caught by those who are standing around the hogan.

Now the patient is blackened in preparation for the "killing of the scalp." Both men and women may join in this final part of the ceremony, though the patient's wife may ask someone to substitute for her. The significance of the blackening again refers to the original legend, in which Monster Slayer was blackened so that Yeitso could not see him. The men strip to a G string and their entire bodies are blackened.

With Mrs. Lippincott, Betsy and I watched this last part of the ceremony in 1951, as we had earlier watched its beginning. The wife of the patient and a group of women entered the shelter opposite the ceremonial hogan, where we were invited to join the participants. Then we all knelt down while the women held a blanket over the wife as she changed her dress and bared her shoulders so that she too might be blackened. We saw, out of the corners of our eyes, the blackened figure of the patient emerging from the hogan, his small son beside him. In his hand he carried a crow bill, symbolic of the scavenger, as he walked toward the buried scalp. Soon we heard the shot fired to kill the enemy ghost, following which the patient made jabbing motions with the crow's bill, and scattered ashes of the "slain enemy." The ceremony was over and all participants retired to rest and, later, to prepare the big feast in the evening prior to the final dance that night.

Some differences exist in the Enemyway as performed by different singers, and some special rites may be added, but fundamentally this is the story of the most frequently given ceremony among the Navaho. We have found that relatively few non-Indian people have seen the colorful, reverent trimming of the Rattle Stick, and the many daytime rituals of the Enemyway.

The Elements

The Navaho personify the elements: the winds, lightning, thunder, fog, mist, rain. Of all 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 rain 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. Because much damage can come from the elements, these divinities are invoked by prayer and song with prayer sticks and sacrifices, so that no harm will come to the People.

For centuries the Navaho People have led the outdoor life. Their hogans, expertly designed to withstand the elements, provide shelter at night and during storms, but sometimes the Indians are caught away from home by spring duststorms, summer thunderstorms, or winter snowstorms. One needs to experience such as these, alone, out in those great desert reaches when the wind, rain, or snow sweeps the country with gigantic force, to understand why the Navaho have always felt the power of the elements, and have offered a prayer with a song.

The Navaho have myths concerning the stars and have considerable knowledge and awareness of constellations and period phenomena. Fire God, according to the legend, created the stars, giving each its proper name as he took them from his pouch and threw them into the sky, scattering the remnants to form the Milky Way. There is another legend, in which Coyote stole the Fire God's pouch and, after placing his own star in the southern sky, threw all the rest far up into the heavens, which accounts for the many unnamed stars.

A writer in the book *An Ethnological Dictionary of the Navajo Language* 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

The "He" rain.

few singers now living in the tribe are conversant with the chant legends, and, as a consequence, many chants are becoming extinct." Since this was written, in 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 ancestral heritage.

In the long prayer from the Night Chant, there is a portion addressed to the mythological Thunder Bird,

with reference to its flight. The bird is spoken of as a male divinity who is supposed to live at Tsegi.

With the far darkness made of the he-rain
over your head, come to us soaring
With the far darkness made of the she-rain
over your head, come to us soaring
With the zig zag lightning flung out on high
over your head, come to us soaring
With the rainbow hanging high
over your head, come to us soaring.¹

¹ Dr. Washington Matthews, *Navaho Legends*, pp. 273-275.

HERITAGE

The "She" rain.

The Nightway

Of all the long ceremonials, the one most frequently given is the Nightway, or Yeibichai. This nine-day ceremony is very complex, containing much ritualistic procedure 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 successively 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 his pupil.

To describe in detail this entire ceremony would take many pages and has been done magnificently by Dr. Washington Matthews.² It has been my good fortune to see parts of the first eight days, and Betsy and

² See the Bibliography.

I have seen the ninth day and night several times. The Nightway, perhaps more than any other ceremony, contains the greatest amount of minute detail in the preparation of the many prayersticks, the costumes, and the masks (for there are many impersonators of the Yei), and in the making of five beautiful sand paintings.

The chanter consecrates the ceremonial hogan by sprinkling sacred meal as he moves clockwise 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 impersonators keep watch over their masks and other objects as they sing and pray the whole night through. The principal character of the Yeibichai is Talking God (Hastseyalte), the creator of the ceremonies, who utters his peculiar cry, "Wu, hu, hu, hu," at the important moments to announce that all has been done correctly.

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 ninth day visitors arrive to participate in the final rites. As with the Mountainway, 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 where the impersonators will put on their masks. All during the day and evening, ritual goes on inside the ceremonial hogan.

Shortly before the night ceremony begins, four great fires are lighted. Inside the hogan the dancers are being prepared: their bodies are 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. Then the four impersonators, wrapped in blankets, precede Talking God and the chanter as they go to the arbor to put on their masks. While wearing the masks no impersonator must ever speak—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-twigs collars attached. Each dancer carries a gourd rattle in his right hand, a wand of spruce in his left. Talking God wears his special mask and collar, is clothed in his deerskin robe, and carries a fawn-skin bag in one hand. As the dancers leave the arbor the medicine man leads, with Talking God and the four impersonators following. The chanter utters the benediction, scattering pollen as the group crosses 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 meal, the four Yei keep up a constant motion of their feet. After this prayer, the chanter assists the patient, who advances to sprinkle the sacred meal over each of the Yei in turn. Taking a large pinch, the patient lets some fall first on the right hand of each Yei, then sprinkles the meal up the right arm, over the top of the forehead, and down the left arm, and drops what is left in the palm of the left hand, the patient using his right hand while he carries the basket on his left arm. Then the patient and the chanter resume their positions in front of the hogan door, facing to the East. The Chanter now recites the long prayer to each of the Yei, the patient repeating after him, verse by verse. These prayers are similar except in mentioning certain attributes of each Yei. The prayer ends:

In beauty (happily) I walk
With Beauty before me I walk
With Beauty behind me I walk
With Beauty above me I walk
With Beauty all around me I walk
It is finished in Beauty.

[Repeated four times]

This oft-quoted poem, impressive as it is, is far from an adequate translation, for there seems to be no English word to convey the idea of the Navaho concept of "in harmony with." Navaho words, of course fit into the song, while an English translation is difficult to adapt. Gladys Reichard has given the following:

May there be happiness
May there be success
May there be good health
May there be well being.

The entire song builds up to the comprehensive idea of being in harmony with the universe.

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. The patient places the basket near the hogan door, the chanter sitting to his left, as they both face

to the 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 the South, turns and 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 scooping up water, bringing them up to their mouths. Then Talking God rushes to the West and repeats his action while the dancers face

(OPPOSITE AND BELOW) *Awaiting the night ceremonial.*

the West and repeat theirs, then face East 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 the East, then the West, the dancers make eight changes of direction 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.

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 with many verses]

Talking God may be standing still or walking up

EPILOGUE

AMONG THE MANY Navaho people of the Red Rock area with whom Betsy worked, one family, near neighbors, were special friends. Francis Nakai and his wife (we never have known what her name is, so we have always called her "Mrs. Francis") lived in a small frame house directly south of Betsy's quarters, perhaps a quarter of a mile away. During the early years of Betsy's association with them, Francis was one of the outstanding men in the area, a good farmer and provider for his family. They had two sons, Juan and Louis, boys of perhaps eight and twelve when we first knew them. Mrs. Francis was one of Betsy's frequent visitors. She would come, sit for a while, drink a cup of coffee, but, as she spoke no English, conversation was very limited. She had great charm, however, and whenever I paid Betsy a visit I saw her frequently. It was she whom we took to Santa

Fe to see the blankets in the Indian Arts Fund Collection, and who dined with us at our friend's birthday party.

Over the years when we were away from New Mexico and Arizona, we often had letters from Francis, sending us 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 then 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 II, 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 by 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 Indian Agency. We found that alcohol was the problem. After that we saw them every few years and always matters seemed to be a little worse. Then in 1962 we were at the Shiprock Fair and found them down by the river, where Francis was selling a large crop of melons 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; from talking to others later, we 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 Dickens' Trading Post, we learned that Francis had died from pneumonia the previous winter, and that Mrs. Francis had moved back to Red Rock. We drove out to see her, and 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 while to quiet and comfort her. We talked to the two daughters, giving them some fruit we had brought, and, when it was time for us to go, Mrs. Francis took my hand and put into it a beautiful hand-woven belt she had recently made. As we drove away, Betsy had them all smiling and happy.

But this must have been a very nostalgic visit for Betsy. We looked at the familiar landscape, finding many changes. The old concrete hospital building that had been Betsy's home and where she had held her clinic had been completely removed, not a trace was left. Other buildings too 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 her many friends and the work she had done during those years of her nursing service here at Red Rock, a service meaning more to her than anything she had ever done. We have seen some eight or ten families of her old friends during the past ten or twelve years, most of them former patients, and from each Betsy received a heart-warming welcome. As we have found so often, once an Indian has learned to trust a 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 tranquillity and peace.

While the year 1968 will commemorate the centennial anniversary of the end of the Navaho banishment to Bosque Redondo, one remembers the return of the Diné to the land that was their home, after those 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.

A new day has arrived for the young Navaho as they adapt themselves to the white man's way. Many are absorbing this life with eagerness, choosing those occupations sympathetic to their inclinations; some are simply leading a new kind of life, while many still continue their traditional way. Most young Navaho face this great change with sureness and confidence.

A short time ago, as I was driving from Gallup to Shiprock, I overtook a young couple walking along the highway. They had been to the Window Rock Fair, and after I picked them up to give them a lift we

dropped into easy conversation. We drove more than thirty miles before the young man asked me to stop. We were in the empty desert country which extends for miles along this highway and there was not even one hogan in sight. As I watched them walk away, finally melting into the landscape, I thought of the tremendous changes that have come to such young people as these. There are many thousands of young Navaho who are pushing aside the traditional ways taught by their parents, wanting to partake fully of non-Indian culture. But there are also many, both young and old, who are concerned about this rejection of the past and who are trying to preserve the ways of their people.

Many who know the Navaho well think that the great days of ceremonialism are past. Possibly this is true, but I cannot believe that the old ways will really be lost. Another generation will want to know all those things that their grandparents can tell them, and I am sure that there will always be some who can do so, and that a new interest in their traditional past will come. Who can say whether there will or will not be a great revival? We can but hope that those essential qualities that are the birthright of the Diné will never be lost. Song and singing are the very essence of Navaho being, and as long as the Navaho keep singing, their tradition will endure.

APPENDICES

CHRONOLOGY

Some important dates in Navaho history:

- 1550 plus or minus 30 years—Earliest evidence of Navaho to date [1963].
- 1626—First mention of Navaho People by Spanish Explorers.
- 1712—Earliest known Navaho date in Canyon de Chelly.
- 1846—Mexican War. Entry of General Kearney into Santa Fe.
- 1846-1847—Treaty of Bear Springs.
- 1846-1863—The military period.
- 1849—The Washington Expedition.
- 1861—Abandonment of Fort Defiance as troops leave for Civil War.
- 1864—Defeat of Navaho by Colonel Kit Carson.
- 1864-1868—Exile to Fort Sumner.
- 1868—Signing of treaty at Fort Sumner. Establishment of reservation (3,328,000 acres).
- 1869—First trading post at Fort Defiance.
- 1871—Beginning of wool trade.
- 1874—Beginning of trade with Mormons.
- 1876—First licensed trader (other than government post at Fort Defiance), Thomas V. Keam.
- 1878—Establishment of Hubbell Trading Post at Ganado.
- 1882—Creation of Hopi Reservation.
- 1884—Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River.
- 1885—Influx of non-Indian sheepmen in Checkerboard Area.
- 1886—First water development appropriation under President Cleveland.
- 1887—Land and water difficulties in Checkerboard and San Juan River areas. Arrival of first non-Indian prospectors on reservation. Passage of compulsory school act.
- 1890—Sam E. Day Post at Chinle. Beginning of Fred Harvey Company interest in Navaho products.
- 1900—Addition of 1,750,000 acres to the western reservation.
- 1907—Addition by President Roosevelt of Pueblo Bonito Reservation area to the eastern boundary of the reservation.
- 1911—Rescinding by President Taft of Pueblo Bonito Reservation; restored to public domain.
- 1916—Grazing Homestead Act.
- 1921—Discovery of oil in Shiprock area.
- 1922—Establishment of first Navaho Business Council.
- 1923—Election of first Tribal Council.
- 1927—Establishment of Chapter by John Hunter of Leupp Agency.
- 1930-1931—Addition by Congress of the Paiute and Aneth Extension in Utah to the reservation.
- 1931—Increase of Tribal Council to seventy-four delegates.
- 1934—Addition by Arizona Boundary Bill of 792,366 acres to western reservation. Unification of Navaho agencies into one, established at Window Rock.
- 1938—Establishment of voting registration and ballots with pictures of candidates.
- 1940—Establishment of Department of Resources.
- 1950—Discovery of uranium ore on reservation.
- 1953—Establishment of Education Scholarship Fund. Establishment of Navaho Police Force. Repeal of prohibition law for Indians in New Mexico.
- 1954—Repeal of prohibition law for Indians in Arizona.
- 1956—Beginning of construction of Glen Canyon Dam.
- 1957—Discovery of new oil fields in Four Corners Area.
- 1960—Exchange of land occupied by Glen Canyon Dam area for McCracken Mesa Area in San Juan County, Utah. Total area occupied by Navaho people approximately 16,000,000 acres.
- 1963—Completion of Navajo Reservoir Dam. Completion of Glen Canyon Dam.

NAVAHO PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Simplified phonetic vowel symbols:

<i>ah:</i> for <i>a</i> as in <i>father</i>	<i>gh:</i> for <i>g</i> as in <i>go</i>
<i>ay,</i> as in <i>say</i>	<i>i,</i> as in <i>sip</i>
<i>aye,</i> as in <i>aye</i>	<i>l:</i> for <i>lth</i>
<i>ee,</i> as in <i>seen</i>	<i>oh:</i> for <i>o</i> as in <i>so</i>
<i>eh:</i> for <i>e</i> as in <i>bet</i>	<i>zh:</i> for <i>s</i> as in <i>pleasure</i>

Ahkeah	(Ah-KEE-ah)	Hozhoji	(hoh-ZHON-jee)
Atsidi Sani	(Ah-TSI-dee SAH-nee)	Kayenta	(Kay-YEHN-tah)
Beclabito	(Bi-CLAH-bi-toh)	ketoh	(KAY-toh)
Begay	(Be-GAY)	Kiis'aanii	(Kees-AH-nee)
Bekéya	(Bi-KAY-yah)	Lukachukai	(LUH-kah-CHUH-kaye)
Bekiss	(Bi-kiss)	Naatsis'áan	(Nah-tsis-AHN)
Beta-ta-kin	(Beh-TAH-tah-kin)	Nadene	(NAH-deh-neh)
Chee	(Chee)	Najah	(NAH-zhah)
Chetro Ketl	(Chehtro Kettle)	Nakai Tsosi	(NAH-kaye TSOH-see)
Chinle	(Chin-LEE)	Navaho	(NAH-vah-hoh)
Ch'óół'í	(CHOHL-ee-ee)	Sanostee	(Sah-NAHS-tee)
Chuska	(CHUHS-kah)	Shonto	(SHAHN-toh)
Coconino	(Koh-koh-NEE-noh)	Sisnaajini	(SIS-nah-ji-nee)
de Chelly	(de SHAY)	Tahoma	(Tah-HOH-mah)
Desha Chischillige	(DAY-shah Chish-CHIL-i-gee)	Tauglechee	(TAH-gl-chee)
Dibéntsaa	(Di-BEH-n-tsah)	Toadlena	(Toh-ah-DLEE-nah)
Dinéh	(di-NEH)	Tohatchi	(TOH-ha-chee)
Doko'oskííd	(Doh-koh-ohs LTHEED)	Tseghi	(TSAY-ghee)
Dził na'oodilii	(Dzilh NAH-oh-dilh-ee)	Tsihnajinnie	(TSI-nah-ji-nee)
Ha-So-De	(Hoh-soh-deh)	Tsoodzil	(TSHO-dzilh)
Hastseyalte	(Hahsh-chay- YALTH-tee-ee)	Wauneka	(Waw-NEE-kah)
hogan	(HOH-gahn)	Yebaad	(YAY-ee-bah-ahd)
Hopi	(HOH-pee)	Yebaka	(YAY-ee-bah-kaha)
Hosteen Nez	(Has-teen NEHZ)	Yei	(YAY-ee)
		Yeitso	(YAY-ee-tsoh)

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